



John Whittemore entertains the Pub crowd at last Friday night's Uncommon House.

Briefly . . .

EDITORS' NOTE: It's Christmas and we've decided to be seasonal. Note the Christmas-inspired headlines adorning each and every story. As an additional gift, we've included the special Love Rhombus section. It's a festive holiday edition of *The Southwestern Review*. Enjoy it. Merry Christmas.

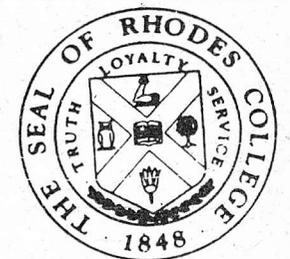
— The Sou'wester Staff

The Sou'wester

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Rhodes College

Thursday, December 7, 1989



ROUNDTABLE: Whoville Whos Build Roundtable Fit For President

by Scott Naugler, Co-editor

December's Roundtable opened with a prayer recognizing the outbreak of freedom in eastern Europe, an opening that was echoed in the second topic of the Roundtable, free speech on campus. The first, and more highly debated subject, was the projected 1990-91 budget for Rhodes.

Dean Boone chaired the discussion concerning the budget, and three primary points emerged from that discussion: the major pressure on the budgeting committee, the effect that the minimum wage increase will have on students financially dependent on work study, and the large increase in student room and board fees for next year.

Compensation of faculty is the single largest drain on the budget, but the constraining factor is not faculty salaries, which obviously must be given for the college to maintain competitive academic standards, but the fringe benefits. Specifically, faculty health insurance, in light of the recent developments in national health insurance policy, poses a threat to future budgets and was a restrictive force in working out next year's budget. Dean Boone noted that there is no allocation in the 90-91 budget for the hiring of new faculty, but this seems to be no surprise as the enrollment will only be up by ten students next year (rising from 1320 to 1330 students).

The question was raised as to how the budgeting committee provided for the imminent increase in the minimum wage (in April the minimum wage will increase by 45 cents, and by an equal amount the following April). Dean Boone said that no provision was implemented in the projected budget, and that the administration would adopt a "wait and see" policy. A year of ex-

perience is what the school needs, says Boone, to best respond to the increase. There will likely be a reduction in the number of hours available for workstudy, however, and there may be corresponding sacrifices in the various departments that rely on workstudy students. President Daughdrill noted that such a trend is nationwide and may be exacerbated by the decrease of federal dollars in the form of Pell Grants and federal work programs. It is entirely possible, though, that emergency funds could be released in order to compensate for reduction of workstudy hours in departments heavily dependent on the workstudy program (for example, Burrow Library).

Dean Boone cited the increase of the cost of food (as asserted by the ARA) as one of the reasons that the cost of room and board increased by so much in the 90-91 budget. Tuition, room, and board have been and continue to be the "pick-me-up" in cases where other revenues may not increase at the same rate as overall expenses. One student Roundtable member asked when this apparent "skyrocketing" of tuition would stop. President Daughdrill responded by noting a graph which showed how Rhodes ranks with the top five colleges in the same class as Rhodes. This compilation showed that Rhodes ranks in the top 25-35 in most categories (selectivity, academic quality of students, student to faculty ratio, and more), while ranking 47th in the comprehensive fee (tuition, room, and board) it charges. So it seems that Rhodes provides, on the average, more services to students than comparable colleges for a lesser price. President Daughdrill's answer as to when the tuition would stop skyrocketing was that it would slow down perhaps before, but certainly as

soon as the comprehensive fee reaches the median of colleges to which Rhodes is compared.

The second topic of December's Roundtable was free speech versus censorship of speech that is deemed as "infringements on the rights of those they demean." The most obviously cited case was that of the SAE wall a few years back that offended people because of the derogatory light in which statements on the wall treated women.

Students JoAnn Lynen and Steve Hambuchen both believed that Rhodes needs a definite set of guidelines to determine what is and is not socially offensive and therefore what is in need of censorship. The point was brought up, however, of the seeming impossibility of the task of setting guidelines of any sort, as they would doubtless not be acceptable by everyone.

President Daughdrill offered the point that by becoming part of a community one must naturally give up some freedoms.

Perhaps the most lucid thought upon the matter came from Professor Sandra McEntire. Her stance was that we (the community of Rhodes) have a special opportunity to engage in discussion concerning problems in the freedom of speech. For, she says, there will always be factions within communities (and these factions create difficulties in freedom of speech); thus our obligation is to be acutely aware of these factions, and engage in discussion and interpretation of these differences. In this way people will be sensitive to the needs and peeves of the different factions, and thus know, without the need for any set of guidelines, the way to exercise freedom of speech without infringing upon any other tradition of rights.

Elves Lament WLYX Silent Night

by Beverly Burks, Co-editor

As reported last week in *The Sou'wester*, Rhodes College officials are attempting to continue Rhodes radio programming by forming a collaborative venture with WKNO-FM. Joining WLYX with WKNO would provide an outlet for news/information programming as well as arts and culture offerings which are currently unavailable in Memphis, according to Dean Harmon Dunathan. However, Rhodes and WKNO cannot move ahead with this plan until the conflicting applications between WLYX and the Memphis Public Library have been resolved. The Memphis Public Library applied to the Federal Communications Commission for permission to broadcast on WLYX frequency 89.3 FM while Rhodes was undergoing a silence period, which it requested from the FCC in order to reevaluate the station and its relationship to the College community.

Dean Robert Llewellyn stressed that in order for the proposed agreement

between Rhodes and WKNO to be valid, "We have to be able to transfer our license to them, and we can't do that as long as the Memphis Public Library is challenging our application." Negotiations with library officials are currently underway.

Under the terms of the proposal, WKNO will operate on the 89.3 FM frequency formerly occupied by WLYX. "Basically, they would operate on our frequency and give us special programming rights," said Llewellyn. He noted that WKNO would move the transmitter and antenna from their current Rhodes location to WKNO property on Getwell Road.

Llewellyn added that student internships were one of the options Rhodes officials asked for in their dealings with WKNO management. On-air programming time will probably no longer be an option for students, although they will have greater opportunities to learn about all aspects of radio broadcasting, from production to marketing and public relations.

Mrs. Claus Renames East As Robinson

This December East Hall, one of the newest residence halls on campus, will shed its compass-point name to become Robinson Hall. The renaming occurs in recognition of the longtime friendship and support of the college by the James Dinkins Robinson family of Memphis.

Robinson, who died in 1983, was the founder of Auto-Chlor System, a manufacturer of dishwashing equipment and chemicals. He was also a close friend of a number of Rhodes alumni and trustees. The family includes his wife Martha Richardson Robinson, chairman of the board of Auto-Chlor, and their children, Myriam Robinson and James D. Robinson, Jr.

East Hall, a three-story building which houses 84 female students, opened in 1985. It was the first residence hall to be built on campus since Williford Hall which opened 16 years before (1969). The building follows the Collegiate Gothic style of the rest of the campus, and it is constructed of stone from Bald Knob, Ark. and slate from Vermont. During the summer it houses guests who are attending special conferences on campus.

Robinson Hall will be dedicated at a private family ceremony to be held during the Christmas break. The name of the building will be affixed to a stone plaque over the entryway, and a bronze plaque recognizing the family will be placed inside the west portico.

EDITORIAL

Peace On Ships, Good Will Betwixt Us

by Beverly Burks, Co-editor

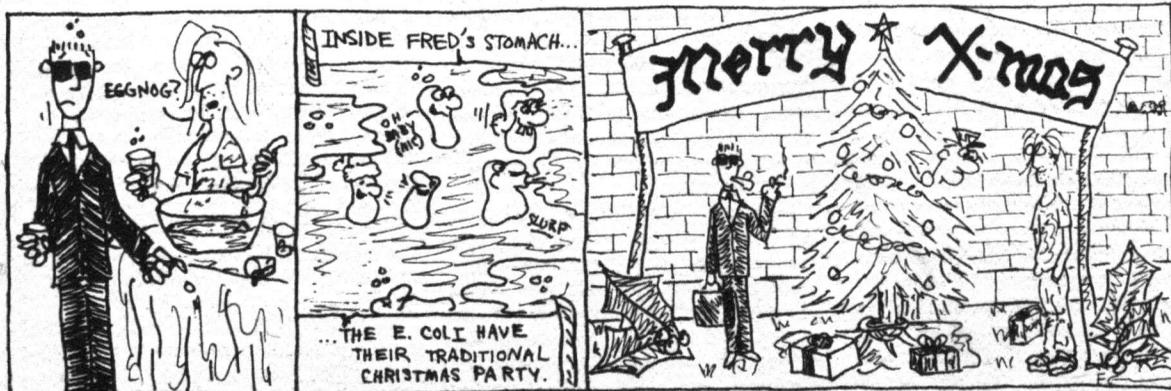
WARNING: This editorial is not going to be well backed up with factual information. After all, I've been too busy worrying about papers and finals and the other petty concerns of my little life to get too worked up about the fate of the free world. Hence, I humbly offer my not-completely-informed opinions about the recent summit and various and sundry other things that have been going on in the world lately.

President Bush and Soviet Premier Gorbachev met in a highly publicized summit on naval ships off the coast of Malta. Two men, two ships, two million minutes of media coverage. While we, the home viewers, were only able to view the pleasantries, sympathetically shake our heads at the terrible weather, and speculate about the nature of the jibes traded between the two leaders (what was going on there, anyway?), the participants supposedly got down to the business of thinking about talking about getting around to reducing the amount of nuclear weapons in the world. They talked about some other stuff, too. That said, let's think about what they really accomplished. The December 4 Commercial Appeal reported that "In his first summit, President Bush moved U.S. policy for the first time since World War II to an openly cooperative political and economical relationship with the Soviet Union." The front-page article also notes that "Bush moved by incremental steps rather than by any bold leaps of either policy or rhetoric." Well, hasn't that been completely obvious for the past month or so? Bush has opened himself up to all kinds of criticism, mostly for being too cautious. When the Berlin Wall went down, what did he do? Expressed pleasure and said we couldn't be too cautious. When Communism began to deteriorate rapidly in Hungary, what did he do? Expressed pleasure and said we couldn't be too cautious. When Gorbachev began to make overtures toward reducing nuclear arms, what did Bush do? Uh-huh. I'm all for expressing pleasure and I'm in favor of being cautious. After all, these are the people that Ronald Reagan referred to as "The Evil Empire" not too many years ago. However, if you will recall, Reagan and Gorbachev got to be buddies. The favorable outcomes of the Reagan-Gorbachev summits, as well as the recent developments in Eastern Europe — the dismantling of the Berlin Wall, the first free elections in Hungary in many years, the tete a tete between Gorbachev and Pope John Paul — have all seemed to point in a new direction. There is a sense of restrictions being lifted, of old burdensome philosophies being rejected in favor of more workable ones. In short, many aspects of the social, political, economic and even religious life in Russia and the other Soviet bloc countries are opening up. This trend toward a more democratic era is gaining speed and velocity almost daily.

So what does this mean for us? The United States is in a precarious position nowadays. No longer the biggest kid on the block, we're having to redefine our role in the international arena. What would be the best position for us to take? Wouldn't it be more advantageous for us to appear forward-thinking and progressive? To jettison all the baggage that goes with posturing and playing at being such a tough-guy nation? How's about we follow Bush's lead and become a kinder, gentler nation? One that is interested in furthering the cause of peace and harmony, even if we have to drop our defenses just a little bit to get it, or at least to show other countries that we're open to the possibility and aren't interested in perpetuating the cold war anymore?

Don't get me wrong. I'm not calling for unilateral disarmament right here and right now. It's way too premature to think about that. It probably won't ever happen. We need to concentrate on what is happening, though, and express not only pleasure and caution, but a marked desire to move ahead.

FRED COBALD: Anarchist



Professor Michta Rewrites "The Night Before Christmas"

by Linda Fisher

It is the general consensus of Professor Michta's classes that he is extremely informed about anything to do with world events, no matter the time period, nor the region. This opinion is verified in his recent work **Red Eagle: The Army in Polish Politics 1944-1988**. I would highly recommend it to anyone doing research concerning current upheavals in Poland. The notes and bibliography alone make up 1/4 of the text. Also the introduction provides an outline of the book which makes it easy to follow and to extrapolate isolated information. The book begins with an in-depth look at the military tradition of Poland and leads into a comprehensive discussion of the Polish People's Army. It then describes the rise to power of the present leader, General Jaruzelski, and his 1970's integration of the Army into the political system. It follows into an analysis of the rise of martial law in the 1980's, the formation of Solidarity, the illegal labor union, and Jaruzelski's attempt to normalize the political situation against the workings of Solidarity. The book also looks into the Soviet attitude towards Poland and their fluctuating opinion of Jaruzelski's control of the country. It ends with a discussion of the challenges to the Polish government in the face of the socio-economic problems and the changing political structure.

In light of the recent events throughout the Soviet bloc, the book presents a timely overview to the events that led into the rebellion against the traditional communist governments. Professor Michta recently quipped that if events continued in this manner he would be teaching history instead of International Studies. In his book he manages to bring forth both these aspects in a manner that is easy to read. He has a glossary of terms at the beginning that makes for easy reference and his writing style is not so highbrow as to make it unreadable to the layperson.

White and Whittle

Fa la la la la, la la la la

by Mark Albright

News of the Bush/Gorbachev summit repeatedly interrupted television broadcasts this past weekend. We heard about the big boat, we heard about the meals, the meetings, and most importantly the weather. News anchors even mentioned that unofficial word had been passed that the two world leaders had in fact managed to spend several hours in substantial conversation about relevant issues. However, the engaging newscasters steered clear of such unsubstantiated reporting, and stuck to the hard, important facts of the summit: the food, the mood, the weather, etc.

The early news reports told of the crucial first meeting between Bush and Gorbachev, including greetings and pleasantries, and even an exchange of smart remarks. I can imagine President Bush wanting to tell the one about the Priest, the Pig, and the One-eyed sailor. Presidential aides would have advised him not to use that one, because of the political implications of a priest in a country that claims no official religion. Gorbachev probably wanted to tell the one about the One-eyed Prostitute and the Sailor with a lisp, but was warned that Americans don't appreciate sexual humor.

Of course, one of the big disappointments of the summit was the weather. The weather was so bad that at one point, President Bush was temporarily prevented from returning to the Soviet ship because of rough seas.

President Bush assured the Soviets that his delay was not to be taken as a source of conflicts, and that the sea was in fact quite rough. The Soviets seemed to buy it.

Newscasters were concerned about the potential damage to tourism in Malta, due to the continued references to the bad weather, and the live reports from the ship's deck in huge winds. Reporters appeared unflustered by the 60 mph winds tugging at their coats and occasionally throwing them off balance. They assured potential tourists that this weather was completely unexpected and that the island of Malta, and the Mediterranean Sea in general, is normally a vacation paradise in December.

These live news reports continued to interrupt television broadcasts all weekend. The reports always followed their descriptions of the weather, the tables, and the ships, with the assurance that important discussions were indeed taking place. Yessir, very important discussions. Actually, I read in today's paper that the two world leaders achieved some very important breakthroughs on issues of the Soviet economy and political conduct in Europe and indirectly in Central America, among other discussions. The important question here is: Why were my Saturday morning cartoons wrecked by these inane reports about a summit the substantial details of which could not be well addressed on live television?

The Sou'wester

The Sou'wester is the official student newspaper of Rhodes College. It is published every Thursday throughout the fall and spring semesters with the exception of holidays and exam periods. The office is #10 in the Briggs Student Center. Staff meetings are held there each Tuesday night at 6:00 and all students are welcome to attend.

Interested parties are encouraged to write letters to the Editor, which may be delivered to the office or sent via campus mail. Any letter for publication may be edited for clarity, length, or libelous content.

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2000 N. Parkway • Memphis, TN 38112

726-3970

Christmas Non-Sequiturs

These are some things that occur to me as I sit here and think about Christmas.

Every year when they were a group, the Beatles put out a special record for the members of their fan club. Often-times, they'd release their album for Christmas.

Our modern conception of Santa Claus is the product of cartoonist Thomas Nast, who also invented the republican elephant and democratic donkey.

Someone last Friday said something I thought was a really good idea. The school ought to provide a fresh Christmas tree for every dormitory. The residents could decorate it and exchange gifts around it. I bet we could get a good deal with a Christmas tree seller, too, for bulk purchases. I really think a tree in East, Voorhies, or White social rooms would be really nice. While we're at it, why doesn't Rhodes do more Christmas decorating than it does these days? I think a nativity scene in Rollow Memorial Avenue of Oaks would be nice. Is there room for that in the budget?

Thinks to President and Mrs. Daughdrill for their lovely senior open house. I knew it would be the blast it was. (No, I am writing this before I go to the party, so I hope everything turns out or I will be awfully disappointed).

What's the earliest you have ever gotten up for Christmas morning? I once went to bed at nine and got up at eleven. My parents were still wrap-

ping stuff, too.

What do you do if you have to go out of town for Christmas? My family is always torn about whether we should open the presents in advance or try to cart them off to Knoxville. If any of you have any advice, please write me through campus mail.



Does anybody exchange presents on Epiphany at Rhodes?

And about this commercialization of Christmas. I'm torn between thinking it really sucks because they're using an important holiday to make more money, but then, starting Christmas season the week before Halloween has its advantages, too. Not only does it prolong the Christmas spirit, which is a really neat spirit—people are mostly nicer to one another during Christmas, but black and orange go really well with green and red.

And while we're on the subject, why green and red?

Isn't it true that with all the hooplah about Christmas, Easter gets short shrift?

Don't forget Hannukah.

Why are they dedicating East while all of us are gone? I'd really like to see

by F. Grant Whittle

it. (I wouldn't make trouble, either. I just think it would be interesting.)

What's the biggest thing you ever got in your stocking? All I ever get is candy.

My dad's philosophy of gift giving seems to me to be a really good one. He tries to buy something for a person that he'd never buy himself. Like getting Lloyd Templeton a signed copy of Guns'n'Roses' *Appetite for Destruction*.

Does it ever get cold in Bethlehem? And while we're at it, does anybody really believe that Jesus was born on December 25? I mean, isn't that date suspiciously close to the winter solstice to be mere coincidence? Well, it probably doesn't matter, anyway. People don't think about Jesus enough at Christmas, I don't think. I mean, it is his holiday, isn't it? Santa (nice guy, don't get me wrong—we had dinner just last Wednesday) tends to dominate things. I guess that's because he's always leaving gifts.

You don't hear as much about that star as you used to.

Why are the shepherds only in Luke and the Wise Men only in Matthew? And where did those Wise men get their names? They sure aren't in my copy of the Bible. Where can I get some Myrhh?

Well, look. Merry Christmas to all of you and Happy Hannukah and may your vacations be nice. I hope to see you all next year.

Peace.

Christmas Hugs in Bathrobes

God, what a wonderful day! The joys of children in wishes-come-true. The wonder and amazement of Santa Claus that teaches us so much about gifts undeserved, about mystery and wonder, about love and joy.

Thank you for the warm hugs of our family in bathrobes as we unwrapped gifts—these are touches of love that will warm our souls forever.

Happy birthday, Jesus! Be born in our hearts and our home this day. We feel your nearness today especially—we feel warm, and loved, and full. Stay in our home and in our lives. We know you will as we make a place for you. Thank you for living, and for dying, and for rising, and for living with us.

Amen

Christmas Eve with the Family

God, we thank you for Christmas Eve! It doesn't seem like another whole year is past! We remember last year's joy in the children's faces as the lights of the tree sparkled in their eyes. We remember happy times together. Thank you for memories. Even the sad times have made our love grow for you and for each other.

God, we're glad for the occasion to give gifts to each other!

We included so much love—so much of ourselves, as we wrapped the packages that are under the tree. Thank you for the joys of giving. Thank you for tears of joy.

Thank you for the birth of Jesus, the Christ, our Lord.

Amen.

by James H. Daughdrill, from his book
Prayers for Men

On (Get This . . .) Christmas

"Wrapped up tight in swaddlin' rags, Jesus got a brand new bag."

"Jesus Got a Brand New Bag" Jump Back! It's a James Brown Christmas - Polygram

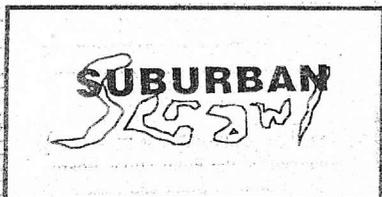
And with that we usher in the Christmas season. Far be it from me to bemoan the commerciality of what is part high holy day and part pagan ritual. And I'm certainly not about to complain about the superficiality of all the "Have a good Holidays" with which we, the valued consumers, are deluged at this time of year. In all honesty, there's something rather nice about a mumbled "Mer'Chris'mas" from the drunk on the corner.

Christmas albums. Back in the fifties and sixties, large corporations gave away lushly arranged albums of carols as premiums. "A Firestone Christmas: with the Norman Luboff Choir" was a nice thing to do for your customers, while pushing your product. Everyone has these. Mom likes to play ours when we decorate the tree. Everyone gets appropriately misty-eyed when the male soprano sings "Adeste Fideles."

But the past ten years have seen the release of numerous cheap and tawdry imitations. "Do They Know It's Christmas?" was an interesting attempt to bring social consciousness to the realm of Christmas music. Besides, picking out different voices ("That's gotta be Bob Dylan") was somewhat diverting. From there, its

downhill. "A Country Christmas" makes me want to chew my arm off. Barbara Mandrell singing "The Christmas Song" is enough to make the most sane among us commit grievous personal bodily harm. Makes you wish that certain family lines still ate their young immediately following birth.

Malls, are, without a doubt, the



worse offenders, insofar as general Christmas excitement is concerned. Go to a mall during the holiday season (generally defined as all months ending in "R") and something akin to an orgy is taking place. Rivaling the wretched excesses of Caligula, the average mall is a seething fleshpot of sight, sound, and smell. Watching two blue-hairs fight over a pair of red and green jockey shorts is enough to cause the most stalwart among us quake with apprehension.

Smells abound. Just try to make it down the main aisle in Goldsmith's without getting shot by perfume samples. I saw one rather hirsute Schartzzenagger wanna-be wrestled to the ground by a woman half his size

by Web Webster

wielding a bottle of Claiborne for Men. Between that and the all pervasive smell of potpourri (po-puh-ree, n. noxious combination of plants soaking in water, not to be confused with collard greens, which boast the same characteristics), the olfactory assault is enough to strip even the hardiest nose of any sense of smell that the perfume-mongers haven't destroyed.

Christmas ornaments represent one of the last frontiers of the commercial Christmas endeavor. Regardless of the millions spent on market research and development, the powers that sell have yet to come up with an acceptable alternative for the pine cone rolled in glitter you made in kindergarten. Every ornament tells a story.

Take that chewed-up little Santa Claus holding a candy cane. Don't you remember the time the dog tried to eat it as you decorated the tree? You damn near lost your fingers as you tried to pry it out of his throat. And there's the pottery thing that looks like a star. Your Aunt Eustacia made that when she was in her pottery period.

Christmas is a time during which many of us get uptight and feel somewhat depressed. Somehow the idea of total bodily immersion in relatives doesn't appeal to us. For freshmen, it will be the first extended period of time that you've had to live under house rules in six months. Though things will be all sunshine and Santa Claus for the

first few days home, the bubble will burst the first time you try coming in wasted at three o'clock.

It's all so easy to avoid. Don't even try to stretch the rules. Regardless of the level of enlightenment you've achieved in six grueling months of academic monasticism, you're still the same little kid that left in August, forgetting all your underwear. Don't try to convince your Uncle Fred the coal magnate that socialism is the only true way of life. It turns his food to acid to hear things like that. Try to forget the fact that they call you "Lord God King of Keg Hits" at school. At home you're still the same essentially dependent 8 year old you've always been. Laugh now, but see if it doesn't happen.

Finally, try to do nice things for people. Tell the checker at Gold-

smith's to have a nice holiday before he or she tells you to. Stuff a five in the Salvation Army pot. Christmas is the one time where it's socially acceptable to do nice things for people. Try going to a midnight Christmas eve service. Take in your holy place at its most beautiful—greenery on the altar, choir music and all the rest. At the height of the commercial insanity that has become Christmas, it is a blessing to know of a place where you can still see what Christmas is—the celebration of the birth of a simple man with a big dream.

Wherever you are headed for break, may evil and pettiness become confused and lost on the way to your house. My best to all of your families. And, finally, (damn the cliches, full speed ahead) here's wishing you the best for your Holiday Season.

Merry Christmas from
HICKS COMPOSITION SERVICE
THE TYPE PEOPLE
Worth Knowing
614 Poplar



The Rhodes College Singers performed Christmas music Sunday night in Hardie Auditorium.

Singers Go A-Wassailing

by Lee Phillips

The Rhodes College Singers opened up the Christmas season with their annual Christmas concert on December 3. In Hardie Auditorium, the Singers performed Christmas carols and other songs to put one in the Christmas mood.

The Singers gave beautiful renditions of Christmas favorites such as *Away in a Manger*, *Here We Come A-Wassailing* and *A Merry Christmas*. During the song *In Dulci Jubilo*, the Singers stepped off the stage and surrounded the audience to sing.

In addition to their concert at Rhodes, the Singers also performed at St. Mary's Cathedral and were the guest choir at Evergreen Presbyterian Church.

The Rhodes College Singers sang splendidly with Tony Lee Garner, Conductor and David Ramsey, Associate Conductor and Accompanist.

A Jolly Old Look Back At The Eighties

by Jonathan Smoke

I don't know about you, but I think if I see or hear another retrospective of the '80s, I'm going to throw up. But alas, I received the task of writing the final retrospective for the last '80s issue of the *Sou'wester*, so I now offer one more article to add to the excess of "The Decade of Excess".

No matter what has been said about politics, religion, and science, it seems to me that one area that doesn't look a bit like it did in the '70s is music. Here are a few examples of the massive changes which have occurred in the music scene over the last ten years:

1. 8-tracks were finally canned for good in the early '80s, even including the television ads for Slim Whitman's Greatest Hits. (And this is one change

I'm sure most of us are thankful for, except maybe Craig Gibson.)

2. At midnight on August 1, 1981, MTV was born, and the first video aired was the Buggles' "Video Killed the Radio Star". Though we now know that video did not kill the radio star, we do know that video changed the radio star dramatically, and that fad channel has turned into an industry itself.

3. With the help of MTV and a burgeoning new attitude towards music, the '80s and in particular 1982 finally brought color to the music played across the nation and world. Paul McCartney and Stevie Wonder's "Ebony and Ivory" was at the top of the charts for seven weeks. Prince released the very influential *1999*. And even bigger no doubt was Michael

Jackson's *Thriller*. These black artists broke the barriers and set the style for the rest of the decade.

4. Much of today's Alternative/College Music began in 1983 with the appearance of groups like R.E.M., the 10,000 Maniacs, Husker Du, and the Violent Femmes, to name a few.

5. In November 1984, several British pop stars named themselves Band-Aid and released "Do They Know It's Christmas?", starting a new trend in music that would produce USA for Africa, Live Aid, and Farm Aid.

6. Though rap had begun in the '70s, it certainly did not come of mass age until the '80s. Over two million copies of Run DMC's *Raising Hell* were sold in 1986, and Tone Loc's "Wild Thing" single sold more copies than any other single in history except for "We Are the World" in a time when singles were almost extinct.

7. 1988 saw two concert tours achieve box office success at the movie theater—U2's *Rattle and Hum* and Prince's *Sign O' the Times*.

8. The Gender Gap was bridged by artists like Joan Jett, Blondie, Cyndi Lauper, Janet Jackson, Tina Turner, Belinda Carlisle, Tiffany, Debbie Gibson, Edie Brickell, Suzanne Vega, and Tracy Chapman.

9. Heavy Metal was transformed from a few leading groups to an array of bands and artists as broad as the industry. Achieving great success were bands like Van Halen, Bon Jovi, Ratt, Poison, Motley Crue, Def Leppard, AC/DC, Living Colour, Metallica, and Guns N' Roses.

10. Finally, as almost a parallel to the crashing and burning of the 8-track, the '80s saw the birth and explosion of compact discs. We began the '80s with records, 8-tracks, and cassettes, and we end them with cassettes, cds, D.A.T. and much happier ears.

Claus Elected Assembly Prez

by Liz Orr

University dorm will be torn down this summer and as a result, Rhodes will be thirty-one rooms short. Although a solution has not been decided upon as of yet, there have been suggestions to increase the incentive for students to move off campus, or to actually put the Cabanas into the room draw for next year. On another dorm note, East dorm will be renamed after break to Robinson dorm, and remember \$200.00 room deposits for next year are due in February — don't forget!

Wondering what happened to WLYX? Well the silence was scheduled to end November 30 but Rhodes has asked for another extension of the silence in order to pursue a joint venture with WKNO, a national public radio station. If such an arrangement is established, the student broadcasting will be much different than it has in the past. The internship programming will be more structured and given over to WKNO. We will, however, keep

our name WLYX, despite a joint operation.

Internships have been dropped from the English Department's curriculum for next year. This is as a result of lack of availability of faculty to take the job and the lack of administrative support. It is vital that you tell your representatives how you feel about this subject and raise questions to faculty and administrators about your concerns.

Minors in Music and some foreign languages have been approved by the faculty. If you would like to minor in a subject, see your advisor about changes and requirements.

A letter was sent to the faculty to remind them to turn in their book lists early so that students will be able to sell their books easier at the end of this year.

Please don't park on University street in front of the houses! Although there aren't any signs or curb markings, that parking is off limits and is listed as so in the parking regulations received when registering a car. If you park there, you will get a ticket.

Frosty Celebrates Opening Of New Sorority At Rhodes

by Stephanie Gordon

The traditionally black sorority, Alpha Kappa Sorority, Inc. is in the process of chartering at Rhodes in the fall of this academic school year. Although AKA is a traditionally black sorority, membership isn't exclusively black; there are members of other races, creeds, and colors.

Presently, there are nine active members on Rhodes' campus: Creshelle Nash, president; Dayna

Miller, vice-president; Sybil Ransom, secretary; Sharonda McMurray, assistant secretary; Stephanie Gordon, treasurer; Veronda Carter, parliamentarian/chaplain; Sharon Simpson, dean of pledges; Cassandra Morgan, Ivy Leaf Reporter; and Anita Davis.

The sorority initiated another pledge class December 3, 1989, and the pledges are: Renee Robinson, Kimerie Tate, Melanie Elliott, and Jeanine Jackson.



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North Pole Makes Arms Deal With America

by Frank Howell

It was early Monday when I heard the phone bellow out those dreaded two quick rings. I dared not move, figuring that finally my parents, the IRS, American Express, or my bartender would catch up with me if I picked the dadgum thing up.

However, the monotonous ringing continued for what seemed like an eternity. In the true spirit of Russian Roulette, I got up to answer it, lighting a smoke and searching for my Skynard tape as I picked up the brown phone.

"Hello," I said nicely, like there was not a care in the world and anything that the caller wanted to make hay about was probably just a misunderstanding that could easily be worked out with a simple explanation (and a trip to the local liquor store with a sawed-off shotgun).

"That's the last time I ever let you buy me drinks," screamed some slightly peeved voice on the other end.

It was Bubba, who was just back from Thanksgiving on the Nile. He was referring, of course, to last Monday night before break when he saw fit to shoot Tequilla and arm wrestle in the bar.

Then for the reason he called. It seems he was concerned about something and needed help. I listened as he explained.

"What happened to the good old days, when things were black and white and no disputing the modus operandi. There were half-breed mongrel, militant, ungodly, and ugly Russians vs. patriotic, democratic, peace-loving, intelligent, heavenly Americans.

"You either stood on our side or theirs. If you didn't choose a side, then your geographic importance in the world was just obliterated. The world was a good place, the side of good counteracting the evil. Everyone knew their place and the machines rolled on, uninterrupted."

It was an eloquent summation of the post-WW2 world, but I stressed to Bubba that something I had ingested last night was making a little noise and he best commence to tell me what his problem was real soon.

"These recent events spell doom for good old USA and consequently the world, as we have kept it on an even keel for several decades. But just look at all what's going on.

"The Japanese are kicking our economic ass. Some smart-alec sushi-digesting literary misfit teamed up with chairman of one of those companies that sells technological crap that makes them rich and mesmerizes our children. Anyway, the book slammed God's Country, saying we were lazy,

racist, idle people who were doomed to failure. They even went so far as to hint that they will no longer jump when Washington calls and they may start selling superconducting something or other to, GASP, the EVIL EMPIRE.

"Now all those worthless, poor East Europeans are rising up against Mother Russia and exercising their freedom. And all their buddies in Western Europe are slobbering all over them like they haven't seen them in 45 years.

"In almost 2 years, the European Community will be a reality, and NATO and the Warsaw Pact may be thrown out like yesterday's trash. What an injustice!

"But you know what scares me the most is those damn Germans. First, reunification. Secondly, global conquest. They don't fool around when it comes to such things. All of this balance that we created after the war is going down the drain. It will be just like before the war, when it took us years to get out of our idle isolationism to finally reestablish our dominance."

What's the solution? I asked, knowing of course he had one.

"We must wake up, educate ourselves, strengthen the post-defense buildup economy, and not let ourselves fall behind anymore."

Well that sounds all peachy-keen, but we need some concrete solutions.

"Well I don't know anything off the top of my head, but let's get together and talk about it."

"Go purge yourself from last night's binge, take a shower, and get dressed to go deer hunting."

I've got class and a job.

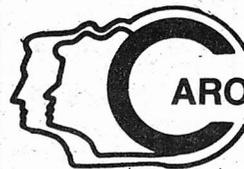
"Blow it off. We'll take my Toyota truck, you bring the beer. Then we can talk about some concrete ways to put those Krauts and Japs and all other potential agitators in their place. I think we must start at changing our work ethic and revamp our educational system. We can discuss it from those two angles on the deer stand."

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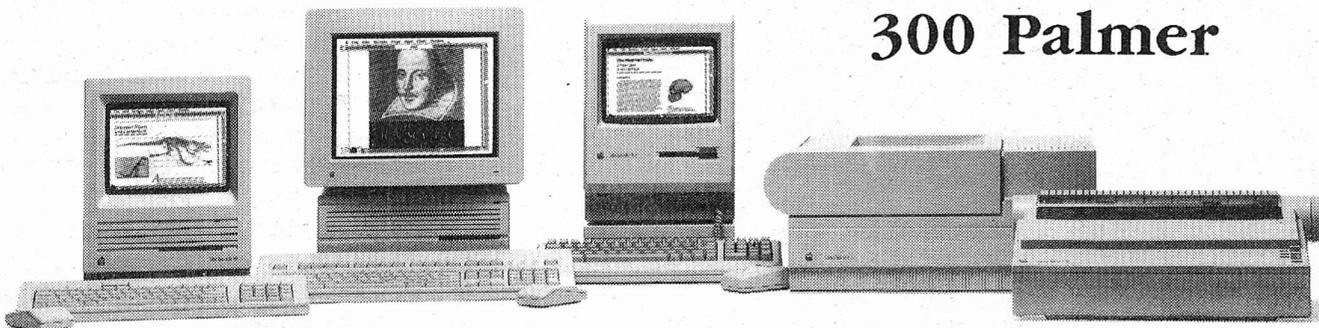
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A Yuletide Poetry Review: The Zone Journals of Charles Wright

by Laura Blankenship

In his first four books of poetry, Charles Wright has proven his skillful use of the English language, and in his newest book, *Zone Journals*, he once again proves his skill. The poems in this book are filled with sharp, vivid images. They are written with the absolute control over diction which is the mark of a good poet. *Zone Journals* describes the situation and the emotions of the poet in different times and places or "zones." Each poem is distinct, controlled, and powerful.

Wright begins the book with a rather short poem entitled "Yard Journal." As in many of the other poems, Wright uses nature imagery, particularly, tree imagery. He begins this poem with such an image: "—Mist in the trees, and soiled water and grass cuttings splotch/ The driveway." The predominant image in the poem, however is light, but light combined with nature: "Light weights down the azalea plants," "Wax-like flowers of sunlight drift through the dwarf orchard . . ." It is this intertwining of nature with other things which makes many of Wright's images so successful.

The next poem, "A Journal of English Days," is the first of a couple of poems which seem to deal with the poet's own mortality. In this poem, the poet first watches a funeral and then visits the graves of several famous authors or artists. As he describes the scenes of England, he recalls the death dates of several people. First Sir Philip Sidney: "October 17, Sir Philip dead/ 397 years today." Then Cezanne: "He (Cezanne) died there today/ seventy-seven years ago, October 22 . . ." And then he gets a little more personal: "At Pisa it all came back/ in a different light/ In the wind-sear and sun-sear of the death cages, /

Remembering . . . the names of dead friends . . ." In relation to death, the poem ends on a religious note: first he says "God is an abstract noun," and then he moves to Buddha with the last image: ". . . Skin that recovers me and slides me in like a hand/ As I unclench and spread/ finger by finger inside the Buddha's eye . . ."

"March Journal" is one of the most controlled of the poems. It begins with an extraordinary image: "After the Rapture comes, and everyone goes away/ Quicker than cream in a cat's mouth . . ." The poem consists of many sharp images in juxtaposition, seemingly unrelated until the last line which ties them together: "Form is finite, an undestroyable hush over all things." The images show how man tries to place form and structure on things which should not be formalized.

Very few poets tackle the art of writing in a poem, but Wright does this in "Night Journal." The subject of the poem is words, which Wright compares to several different things — "thousands of pieces of shot film"; "birthmarks"; "blown kisses." Each image adds a new dimension to the word, particularly the written word.

"The Journal of the Year of the Ox" is the longest poem in the book, whose central image is Long Island on the Holston River and the Blue Ridge area. Around this image, he centers a personal questioning. Though he uses many other images, he always returns to this one, carefully controlling the direction the poem takes. This poem is very ambitious, and seems to be the integral part of the book as a whole, touching on many themes which are seen in other poems.

As a whole, *Zone Journals* is one poet's exploration of himself, which in turn causes the reader to explore himself. It's worth reading just for the beauty of the language, but behind this beauty is also great meaning.

Elvis To Appear In Memphis In Tribute To St. Nick

A Premier exhibition of 40 photographs of Elvis Presley, taken in August 1956 by internationally recognized photojournalist Jay Leviton, will be exhibited at Lisa Kurts Gallery - Downtown from December 1, 1989 - January 13, 1990.

"Elvis: August 1956" opened Friday, December 1st during a reception honoring Leviton's photographs and the presence/memory of Elvis. Lisa Kurts Gallery is located at 112 S. Front, 3rd Floor on Cotton Row in downtown Memphis.

In 1956 Atlanta-based photojour-

nalist Jay Leviton was given an assignment by *Collier Magazine* to photograph the then rising star Elvis Presley. Leviton traveled with Elvis for 3 days during Presley's tour of Jacksonville, Tampa, and New Orleans.

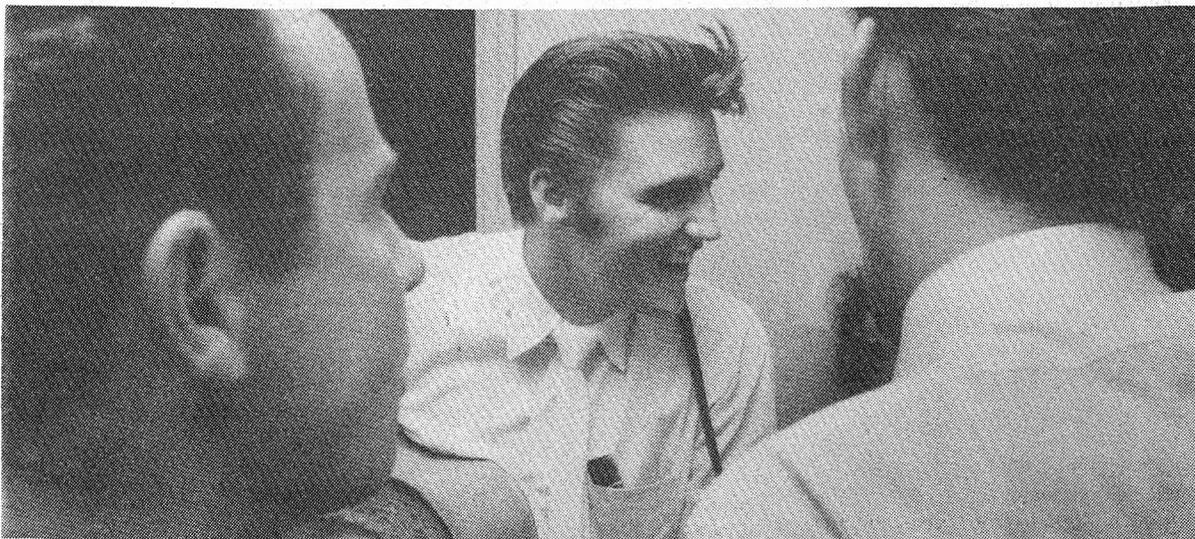
Collier Magazine folded before the photographic essay of the celebrity-to-be was published. The photographs were not published until their compilation in *Elvis Close Up*, the 1987 collection of the Leviton photos published by Simon & Schuster.

Similarly, the photographs had not

been exhibited until October 1989 when Leviton coordinated an Atlanta showing. Following the exhibit at Lisa Kurts Gallery, the photographs travel to The New Orleans Museum of Art.

"Elvis: August 1956" will be on exhibit at Lisa Kurts Gallery - Downtown from December 1-January 13, 1990. Gallery hours are Thursday-Saturday 11:00-3:00, and by appointment.

For further information about the photographs of Elvis or Lisa Kurts Gallery, please telephone 901/683-0041 or 901/527-2787.



Rare photographs of Elvis taken in 1956 by Jay Leviton will be on exhibit at the Lisa Kurts Gallery through January 13.

The Grinch Looks Good In Black And White

by Cay Chastain

Now through January 4 at TheatreWorks is an exhibit of black and white prints by Pete Ceren. The show is called "Woman." Ceren takes pictures of the female nude to explore such themes as pregnancy, birth, motherhood, and mysticism.

The prints themselves are good. Ceren successfully deals with technical difficulties such as extremely bright and unusually dim lighting. His models, however, appear self-conscious. Their poses look contrived. One nude woman steps into a lake; she holds a child in her left arm, and twirls a single lock of hair with her free hand. In others, women gather in a forest draped with Spanish moss and dangle infants over a huge glowing ball. In several, an extremely pregnant nude woman stands alone in what appears to be an empty space.

Overall, too many images are too closely reproduced. After viewing half of the exhibit, one feels that one has seen the whole thing. What is most disturbing about the show, however, is what Ceren manages to say, unconsciously, about the feminist movement in Memphis. Though I think he feels he has brought attention to womanhood in a positive manner, in fact I think he feels he glorifies woman to a certain extent, all he has really managed to do is perpetuate the idea that all being a woman is about is having and raising children. He has not demonstrated that he is aware of any of other issues pertaining to women today. Maybe a better title for this exhibit would be "Motherhood."

Rudolph Reddens At Exhibition Of Egan And Northern

by Crickette Rumley

Warning to the faint of heart — do not go see the exhibition of erotic art currently at the Memphis Center of Contemporary Art.

Featuring the works of local artists Antonia Egan and George Northern, the exhibit will run through the end of the year.

Egan's works focus on the parts of the body during the act of sex. The paintings are very repetitive, showing over and over again the lips, breasts, arms, legs, and genitals, but never the faces, of the participants. It is an almost surreal amalgamation that forces the viewer to examine the work in order to identify every part of the body. The final effect is one of motion and confusion.

Egan's work is technically perfect, but almost too perfect, because it takes a cold and calculated approach to an act that is not, under most circumstances, cold. The muted colors, grays, browns, and beiges, contribute to that sense of coldness.

On the other hand, Northern's work is so graphic that no one can be left cold. One is either repelled or enthralled. His portrayals of sex, masturbation, and other related acts are more explicit than what comes out in *Penthouse* every month.

However, that is not the point of his work. Northern seems to be comparing the importance of sex to the im-

portance of religion, by using religious iconography as the base for many of his sexual works. For example, two of his works, *Love Songs and Exorcisms 1 and 3*, are painted on the traditional triptych. Both explore the ideas of heat and darkness as related to sex. His *Communion* series parallels the act of taking communion with the act of oral sex.

Besides using the religious iconography, Northern paints only with the brightest, most jarring colors. No muted browns and beiges here. His work immediately attracts the viewer's attention with not only the violent oranges, reds, and purples, but also in the rather crude form of painting. One remark I heard that night was "juvenile", but it seems more like the primitive quality of his paintings was contrived to appeal to the primitive emotions of the viewer.

Although both Egan and Northern are showing under the heading of "erotic" art, I would argue that their work is not erotic. Egan is too cold and disinterested and Northern is trying to prove some kind of point by being sexually graphic. Neither comes off as being erotic.

Nevertheless, this is a fascinating exhibition that shows contrasting approaches to a similar theme. On a scale of A to Z, I would give it to an A, and of course, an X.

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Lynx Rip Maryville in True Christmas Spirit

by Brad Todd, Sports Editor
The Rhodes College men's basketball team swept the Rhodes Classic this past weekend to run their record to 6-2 with only one game left before the Christmas holiday layoff.

The Lynx ripped Maryville of Missouri 85-52 Friday night then came from behind to defeat Maryville of Tennessee 61-60 Saturday night.

The Lynx hosted Christian Brothers College last night to end the first semester schedule.

Rhodes led Maryville of Missouri from start to finish. Rhynia Henry poured in 20 first half points to lead Rhodes to a 36-19 advantage at intermission. Head coach Herb Hilgeman said good defensive play also contributed to the early lead.

"We played a half-court trap defense early on and it just took them right out of their offense," said Hilgeman.

Four players wound up in double figures for Rhodes. Henry led with 24 while David Lewis and Mike Webb each chipped in 12 and Wade Harrison contributed 10.

The Lynx didn't have it so easy on Saturday as the Scots of Maryville (TN) rolled in with a 5-1 record. The Lynx led 36-31 at halftime only to see the Scots storm back and take the lead. Rhodes got some last-second heroics from juniors Taylor Curtis and Eric Teal to clinch a one-point win.

Curtis made a big steal with 55 seconds to go and the Lynx trailing 60-58. Teal, who had canned a big



James Burden catches his breath during a lull in the Rhodes-Maryville game. The Lynx defeated the Scots 61-60.

3-pointer moments earlier, drew net on a second bomb that put the Lynx ahead 61-60.

The Lynx then held the Scots on defense for the final 40 seconds to seal the win.

Burden paced Rhodes with 27 points while Henry scored 9. Burden, Henry and Mike Webb earned All-Tournament honors for Rhodes, along with Jesse Robinette and Bret Farnier of Maryville (TN). Henry's 33 point effort earned him the Most Valuable Player award.

Hilgeman said that he has been

pleased with his team's performance through its pre-Christmas schedule. "For not having much experience, the guys are really playing well," he said. "They are a lot of fun to coach. They play hard . . . and have been able to do what it takes to win."

Burden leads the team in scoring and rebounding, averaging 18.5 points per game and 5.5 rebounds per game. Henry is averaging 15 points and 5 rebounds while Lewis averages 13.8 points. Curtis averages 11.6 points and leads the team in assists with an average of 4 per game.

Santa's Christmas List

by Crickette Rumley, Arts Editor

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7:

North End: The Thursday Night Group
Proud Mary's: the Crocodiles
Pyramid Club: Hoi Polloi
South End: Secret Life with Klaudia and Rico

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 8:

Antenna: The Scam and 611
North End: Sid Selvidge
Proud Mary's: Human Radio
Pyramid Club: Barking Tribe
South End: Kaya and the Weldors
A Restaurant: Randy Haspell, acoustic musician (365 North Main)

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9:

Antenna: Beanland
North End: Sid Selvidge
Proud Mary's: Everyman
Pyramid Club: The Rattlers
South End: The Five That Killed Elvis
A Restaurant: Randy Haspell

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 13:

Antenna: Subculture and Harpo's Peaks (All age show)
North End: Argot
South End: Blues Too

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 13:

Antenna: Clockhammer and Night Strongarm (I am not sure about these names . . . give them a call)
Proud Mary's: An Acoustic Showcase
Pyramid: Hoi Polloi
South End: Nairobi Trio

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 15:

Antenna: The Angels and Burning Blue
North End: Sid Selvidge
Pyramid: The Gunbunnies
A Restaurant: Randy Haspell

A Day in the Life of a Rhodes Student During Exams Shows A Yuletide Sign of the Decline in Western Civilization

I woke up around ten o'clock, but went back to bed because I drank so much coke last night while playing Mario Brothers on the Nintendo machine. Finally got up at one-thirty and ambled into the kitchen where I petted the cat for about ten minutes before kicking him. I do this to liven up the cat's normally dull life and to relieve pressure caused by papers being due in any time less than five hours.

Turned on MTV to catch the last of Adam "Barbie Doll" Curry's show then switched to Cinemax to check for cheap Horror flicks. None are on, so I pick up the book I am researching and recline on my easychair to study.

A few hours later I wake up, remembering once again that it is impossible to study in the most comfortable chair in the world. In fact, the only two things possible in the chair are sleep and television vegetation, so I turn on the T.V. (by remote) since I've just had a refreshing sleep.

After I've watched all the reruns of daytime drama I can stomach, I notice the pooch of my own stomach and decide I am in need of exercise. So jumping out of the chair, I make a big dinner, making sure to flex all of the muscle groups.

Hack movies are on all night, and I chew a lot of tobacco.

SPORTS SHORTS

Compiled by Brad Todd

Lady Lynx Remain Unbeaten, Sing Carols

Amy Culpepper scored 34 points and yanked down 16 rebounds Saturday to lead the Rhodes College Women's Basketball team to a 75-60 victory over Maryville College in St. Louis.

The Lady Lynx kept their record unblemished at 6-0 Saturday with a 58-53 victory over Fontbonne.

The team played Christian Brothers College last night in the final game before the holiday break.

Rhodes opens its second semester schedule with a tough road trip that includes games against three Women's Intercollegiate Athletic Conference teams in three days. The Lady Lynx face defending champion Centre in Danville, Kentucky January 5 then go to Berea College January 6 before closing out the trip at Maryville Tennessee January 7.

Rhodes next home game is against Berea January 13.

★ ★ ★ ★

Intramural Hall-Decking Results

Randy Hatley's Diamond Cutters took first place in the men's A-League post-season volleyball tournament while Jay Conte's B-Hitters took first in B-League. The women's title was claimed by the Faculty-Staff team.

Graham Butler's Sigma Nu team finished second in A-League, Web Webster's ATO-Smokestacks team took second in B-League, and Carol Hendrix's Chi Omega team finished second in the Women's division.

After one semester of competition, Sigma Alpha Epsilon leads in the overall A-League standings while the Baptist Student Union leads B-League and Chi Omega leads the Women's Division.



Lynx Basketball Coach Herb Hilgeman encourages his players. The Lynx upped their record to 6-2 this weekend.

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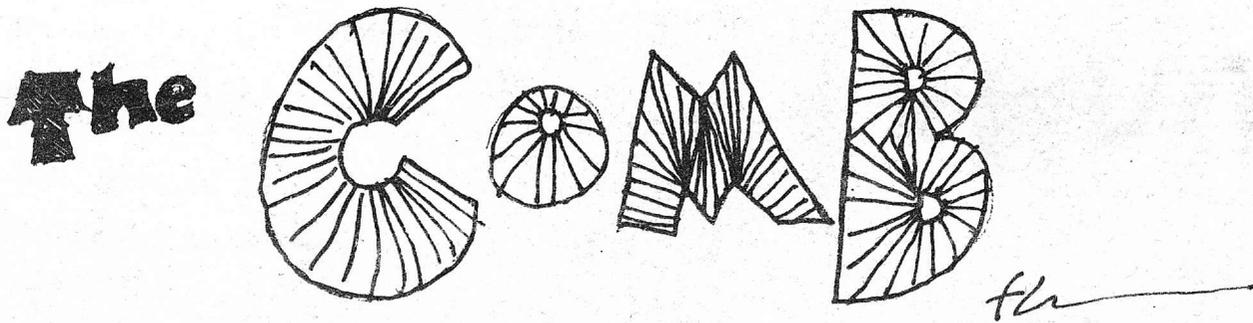
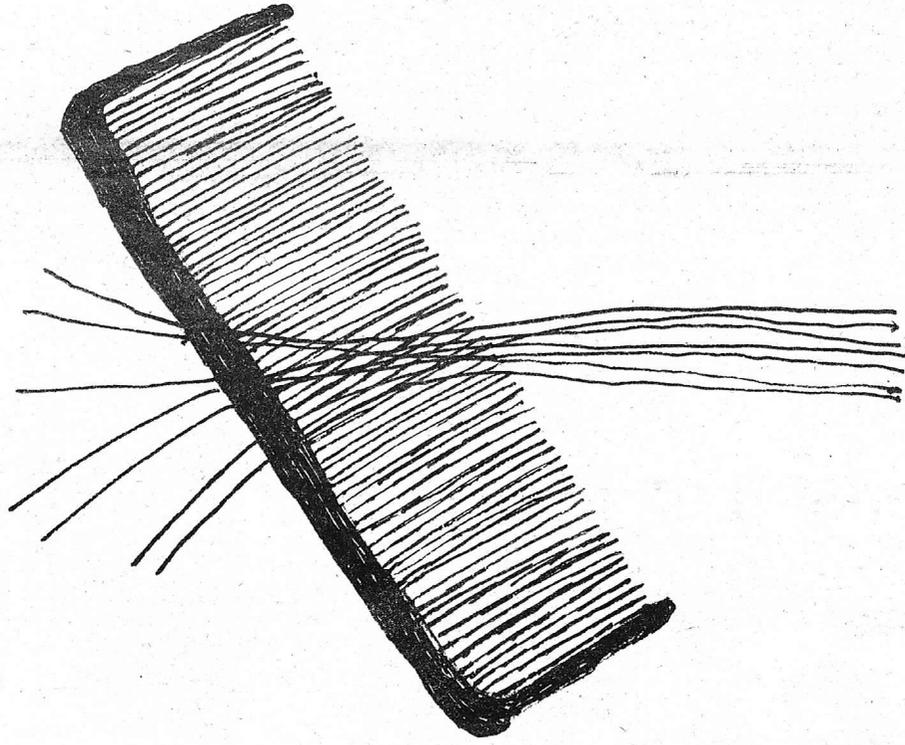
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Edited by F. Grant Whittle and Jason Files

Associate Editor, Steve Karnes

That Evening Rain Scott Naugler

And so it was, I was feeling pretty black. I just didn't like Montana at all—I was coming from Seattle and had been driving for a day and a half straight east, which was a bother in the morning because the sun was always there on my face and my neck. I saw hundreds of Montana plates—they all said Big Sky and I could see why. There were big rolling hills everywhere all the color of grass that hadn't had water for a month. But there were no trees, not anywhere except for these little scrubby bushes, the kind with lizards under them. And because there were no trees, the sky went on forever. *Really forever.*

I was feeling pretty black partly because I saw all of these really little houses in clusters for miles because the sky was so big. And then there were lots of trailer houses, and I always imagined that on the insides trailers had too many empty beer cans and dirty brown shag carpet and overstuffed chairs and children standing in corners.

But I kept driving, straight into the sun that was still in the east but almost overhead. It was getting hot, and the sun came straight on, through the big sky and the windshield and my sunglasses. In the distance the heat was coming off the black asphalt in waves and it looked like there was a delicious water slick on the road. I was amazed when I saw this forest rising up behind the shimmering heat, a big solid forest with mostly hardwoods like oaks and elms and black walnuts. I could see that most of the leaves were brown because they matched the color of the surrounding desert, and the undergrowth was thick with thorny blackberry brambles. Then a car came from the east, and the whole forest just vanished, leaving the wavy heat rising. I thought *Whoa, you are drifting* but I was thinking of this girl with black hair that I recently knew, and the big sky and straight-on sun and trailer houses were making things a little unbearable.

I was driving to Arkansas, which is a long drive from Seattle, so I made little sub-goals along the way. My next stop was Butte, Montana. It sounded like a desolate deserted place, but that's probably just because I was feeling pretty black at the time, and Arkansas was still on the other side of the earth.

Arkansas! with its rolling hills, and lazy lakes, and big mama hillbillies, and Weideker wine. Not two days ago I said to the girl with black hair, "We're going to Arkansas," with a flicker of rainbow trout silver in my eyes because I knew she would say Yes.

But she said, "No, you go ahead,"—just like that—with relief in her face and I knew it was over.

As it turned out, Butte wasn't all that bad. It had a McDonald's and a Shell and was fairly large. I decided I would rest my car there. I've always thought that if you rest your car it drives better. And I thought since I was resting my car, I might as well take a lie-down too.

So I found this deserted lot in the middle of a poor residential block where the paint was peeling from all the houses, and dogs had rubbed away most of the lawns leaving bare brown patches. I didn't see any kids playing in the streets either, which reminded me of Tucson

when I was little, only not in a good way. Anyway I stopped right in the street next to this lot and got out to stretch my legs. I thought, *Jee-sus, this is worse than a desert*, because the ground was cracked and sore looking because it had been sun-baked for so long, and little prickly brambles stuck out of the cracks and there were little faded yellow flowers everywhere and not a drop of green. There were even a couple of tumbleweeds bumping around.

I laid out this big blanket on a little plot that seemed the least prickly, and plus I didn't see any ants there, and lay down on my back with my sunglasses still on. I looked at the clouds and tried to see shapes, like a cow, or a castle, or a buddha. But all I saw were these lonely little wispy white clouds in strips.

I heard a bike in the street and I thought, *Well good, there is some life around here after all*, because kids riding bikes always reminded me of life. I heard it pass a few times, and it bothered me a little that there was only one bike. But then I thought that I must look pretty great, just lying in the sun in the middle of this sand

"Arkansas! With its rolling hills, and lazy lakes, and big-mama hillbillies, and Weideker wine."

lot desert like I was on the beach or something. So to forget about the kid on the bike who was probably looking at me I looked at the sky and after a few minutes found a buddha—a really skinny one because the clouds were so thin. Then I heard the bike again, only this time it was coming toward me. I said *Jee-sus* real low because I didn't want to talk and the wind was blowing another cloud into the buddha, which was getting fatter. But I looked over and there was this girl about twelve years old sitting on a banana seat bike with long curvy handlebars. She wasn't shy at all because she looked up at the sky then down at me and said,

"My sister thinks you're real cute."

"Uh," I said. I didn't want to talk to anyone and the clouds were getting together. So I turned my face upward, but she looked at me, just stared at me with these big sky eyes, and said, "You from here?"

"No," I said, "I came from Seattle and I'm going to New Jersey." I don't know why I said that, but New Jersey sounded pretty great compared to Huntsville, Arkansas.

"Geez," she said. She had on tight little shorts and a wavering tank top, just the kind of outfit girls wear before they find out about fingernail polish, eyeliner, and stuffing bras. I couldn't smell any perfume, either, only the strong dry smell of dust. "Do you know Bruce Springstein?" she said.

"No," I said, a little more savage than I meant to.

"Like driving real fast?" she said.

"No," I said, which wasn't true. I used to speed around all the time with the black-haired girl in the passenger seat laughing.

"Like horseback riding?" she said, and

rocked on her bike so that her straight blond hair moved in waves up and down.

"No," I said, which also wasn't true, because I like horseback riding, only not alone.

"Huh," she said in a scratchy voice, and I couldn't believe it when she rode off. I had this same feeling (only a little less) like when the girl with black hair I once knew wouldn't talk to me for a week, and my stomach ground away every day of that week.

I was thinking *that is one lonely girl*. But I looked up, and the sun was still straight-on, and there was a tidal wave of clouds building up in the west and the air was starting to get heavy. Times like this you feel like Atlas holding up the world because the air is so heavy on your shoulders.

My sister and I used to live in a trailer house with two of my friends when I was about thirteen, and I never thought about it, but we never played with her. One time she got mad because we were all painting the house and we decided to paint her when we were done and there was nothing she could do about it. After we let her go, covered with yellow paint she started screaming and chasing us with a stick, but she couldn't catch us, so she finally sat down, exhausted and crying at the base of our favorite pine tree. The sky was ripe with rain, and now I know that the air was heavy on her shoulders.

A tumbleweed rolled over me in a sudden gust of wind, and I caught it because my hand closed over it like a reflex and I had never really seen one up close. I saw that it was like a regular bush, like one you'd see on Olive Street in the suburbs of Tucson, only without leaves and all dried out, and it had thorns, too. I used to chase tumbleweed around when I was little and lived on Olive Street. I ran after them as fast, fast as I could, over the dry desert, until Dimsey, my best friend, rode up on his bike.

"Quit chasin them things," he would say. "Let's get some candy at the Circle K."

And I, swollen with relief, would hop on the handlebars of his bike so he couldn't see my face.

The girl came back then. I didn't hear her because of the wind and I jumped a little when she said, "I'm back." I dropped the tumbleweed and it rolled away.

I looked away from her and at the clouds massing and said, "Don't you have any friends?" I think I was angry all of a sudden because she scared me a little and I remembered that she had left for no reason before.

"I don't like those kids," she said, and pointed. I had to sit up to see half a dozen kids riding bikes up and down a little dirt trail with ramps and rocks and fenceposts for obstacles, "They say I'm a liar."

"Oh. Well, what about your sister?" I didn't want to know she was a liar because everything was going fine right then and I just wanted to believe in her.

"They say I tell them I'm gettin things all the time and then I never get them so I'm a liar," she said.

Continued on Page 2

Love Letters

Derek Van Lynn

Common grandmother confusion
Is when she sends Easter cards
In February, wishing me "Success."
I don't know what she means
But I can understand what she feels
Sitting in the same house
Constructed by the mortar, brick, wood
Of her husband and son-in-law's hands.
They even did the wiring and
plumbing.

So for twenty years of table settings
She gets to watch the sun
Through the picture window.
From the comfort of the living
room sofa,

She is brought to life by a 27" screen
And three grandkids once in a while.
I write back on an art-print card,
Expressing emotional status quo,

What If?

Gabriel Shirley

Bell drops through Halliburton's tower
Pipes, metal, glass shatter

Development collapses,
money disappears

President spills
guts and air
prayers coughed up as phlegm

Dean flattens,
fastens to chair
pen bleeds ink
ink covers seal

Prospectives wait
no interviews
tours not scheduled
carpet spoiled
display cases shattered

Bell lies on ground with glass and blood
Grains of sand mix with sweat and
mortar.

Ocean Sunfish

Carroll Tigrett

I'd like to be the great Mola Mola,
weighing a ton

Floating near the surface in the Pacific
Spending my days basking in the sun
Eating Vellela Vellela polyyps as they
pass by.

2 Love Rhombus

Muse

Rod White

I've been in his poems before:
A set of training wheels screwed
To his hips, a whore bending over
A Subaru, or an idiot bulldog smelling
A great dame, but I've never been
The speaker—he won't let me
Because he's scared shitless
I might tell how it really is.
I might yank off his purple cape
That says 'Poet' on the back
And leave him shamed and naked
Like the victims in his poems.
I don't have his cute way with words
But at least I speak the truth.

Let me tell you what he's like
Beyond the flowery verbosity.
I call it the real narrative
Of Rod White without benefit
Of form, sound or voice; without
Benefit of anything important to say.
He writes riddles and steals freely
From Akhmatova to Zappa.
The kids in his poems are cardboard
Peter Pan pop-ups of himself;
Pitiful, sentimental extensions of a boy
Too weak to grow up.
Don't let the little boys in trees
Or in back of the classroom fool you.

If I were the bitch he says
I wouldn't bother to read one line
Of that 'modest talent he pins
To a page,' I wouldn't bother
To even write one word about him
Because it wouldn't matter at all,
But it does. His words stick better
On paper than to his lips.

Rain (from pg. 1)

I don't know why, but I said, "Do you?"
She looked over at the kids playing on the
dirt trail, and she was still looking at them
when she said, "Sometimes," and her voice
was real low.

Damn, Damn, Damn! I felt like I just slapped
her or stabbed her or something, but I saw that
she was smiling a little and rocking on her bike.
To cheer her up I said, "That reminds me of the
time my mother tied me to this big rock and no
one came and saw me for weeks, and pigeons
came and pecked at my feet."

"Really?" she said.

"No," I said and laughed a little laugh.
"But I think that did happen to someone once,
and he turned out all right when it was all
over."

"That's my house over there," she said. It
was a dirty yellow house with a broken down
gray picket fence. "We have a bog rock in the
backyard, only no one's been tied to it except
for our dog."

"I like dogs," I said, and hunched up on my
elbows to look at her. She was still looking at
me, only I wasn't feeling so self-conscious any
more.

Suddenly, and I couldn't believe it, I felt a
splash of water on my calf. I looked up and the
sun was still shining, but clouds had edged up

Indian Summer in Memphis

Jeb Griffith

White streaks linger
from roaring silver jets
on a pale blue sky.
Golden cones of ginkos
line the left fairway
of Overton Park's eighth hole.
Dented cars race past magnolias
guarding the Old Forest.
Cherokees replaced
with joggers, bikes,
and gays in slow cars.
The setting sun stretches
dogwoods on the fading
greens of Indian Summer.

Landscape N.M.

Ann Goodson

The chocolate-red ground
fades into orange
and yellow
with streaks of green
as it flows up
the mountainsides.
Scattered across this clean surface
are short aching trees
and raw exposed rocks
lying as if
migrating elsewhere
before frozen
here by mistake.

to it and it was starting to rain. The girl was
staring up and said, "It hasn't rained for a long
time."

I jumped up and headed for my car. The
clouds were moving fast and soon the sun would
be covered completely and rain would be
coming down in sheets. I knew this, because it
always rained suddenly and in sheets after a
long dry spell. And just after I had thrown my
blanket into the back seat and jumped into the
front seat it came down, and the air was thick.
There was a lonely claustrophobic feeling in
the car and I wondered where the little girl
was. Looking out, I saw she had not moved,
and her face looked up into the straight-on rain
that had replaced the sun, her big sky eyes
meeting the big sky.

I rolled down my window and yelled, "Get
in the car!" She turned her head slowly, then
dropped her bike and ran toward the car with
her arms and legs stretched out and her eyes
barely open so the rain wouldn't blind her.

She jumped in, and the car got even more
claustrophobic because she brought water and
hot, heavy air with her. She just sat there for a
minute looking at the dash, with lines of water
tracing down her face from her dirty blond
hair. It looked like she might have been crying,
but I couldn't tell on account of the water
everywhere.

We didn't say a word to each other while it

Detention

Derek Van Lynn

Handsome Chris found himself
Troubled in a large brick building
Off Interstate 70 by the state line
In November, when the trees
Further out in the county
Look like veins gasping for new blood
A new start, Chris, leaving behind
All those pressures, teachers, tendencies
And habits
Maybe you'll get used to the new ones
Under constant supervision
By a tanned seminary student making sure
You sweep the chapel and
Put away the ping pong table and
Stay in the room after lights out/quiet time
No more Zeppelin at two a.m.
Instead, you get "contemporary Christian"
Because he's the rock that makes them roll
So bury your head in the pillow
Or stare at the walls or down
At another delinquent bunkmate
When you rise at six for coffee
And eggs and Matthew Seven
Give yourself time to think of me
I'm praying again

Cactus

Ann Goodson

The cactus are starting to bloom
and against the sunset they stand
as glowing red stars—
dark points of solidity.

was raining. Then it was over, and the clouds
were moving on, raining ever eastward. I
remembered one time when the girl with black
hair sang *sing for the sunshine, pray hard for the
rain*, and she said everything was good, and at
that time I believed her. But as we stepped out
of the car, I knew that everything was not
good.

I said, "Look for a rainbow," and we looke-
daround desperately, as if not finding one
would be some black omen. Finally I found
one in a little puddle of oil near the car. I called
the girl over and we looked at it for a few
minutes, and blew on it so that the colors spun
like a whirl pool. I saw the colors in her eyes
and said, "Call it craziness, but I think that
someday you will grow up and be beautiful
and everyone will wonder what your name is
and where you came from."

She looked up at me and said, "I don't have
a ister," and the sun was drying her bangs and
they were curling up like a little flame, and she
was not embarrassed at all.

"You know," I said, "really I'm going to
Arkansas. There are forests and lakes and
grass and rivers there. The sun, too."

And she said, "I wanna go."

Then I wanted to kiss her on the forehead
and shout *Yess, Yes! Come with me!* I reached
out and grabbed her shoulders and held them
hard and looked straight at her and she looked

Happy Hour at Three

Melissa Coggins

In the early afternoon,
golden sunlight streaming
thru smoky barred windows
barely brightens corners,
shadowy, empty, and dusty.
A lurid neon sign
hanging over the door
flashes on, then off
over and over again.
A cracked greasy mirror
hanging crookedly
over the cash register
duplicated the people
sitting at the scarred bar.
Two old men, perched
on stools side by side
buy each other drinks:
cool Scotch on the rocks,
pungent Whiskey Sours,
whatever comes to mind.
Grizzled gray faces,
stupid toothless grins,
glazed empty eyes,
two men sharing nothing.
A younger man slumps
near the end of the bar,
idly grasping a beer.
Eyes narrowed and hard,
he stares at the wooden door
waiting for it to open.
The bartender slouches
behind the sticky bar.
With half-hearted quick sweeps,
he wipes away liquor
sloshed by careless men.

straight back, and the works were almost form-
ing on my lips. I was thinking that I would be
her family and friends and she would be mine
and Arkansas would be our home. But even as
I saw her eyes bright with life and anticipation
I felt a sweet pain in my stomach and saw a
fleeting shadow of the girl with the black hair,
and I knew I could not take the little girl with
me. But it was not bad, only sad at the moment,
only unfortunate.

I became calm and felt the flush drain from
my face and I squeezed her shoulders and then
let go. "I will take you with me," I said, "right
here," and I pointed to my head and to my
eyes.

I just climbed into my car then and drove
away. It was well rested, I could tell, because
it was driving well into the oncoming east-
ward night. Or maybe it was that the heavy air
had lifted and I felt my shoulders carrying the
weight of the world easily now.

As I flashed past the darkening trailer
houses and little clusters of mining homes I
knew that it was all right that I had let that girl
with black hair slip through my fingers, be-
cause life was like that, and that evening rain
would always come and wash it all away.
Then you could just hear everything grow.

The sun was falling behind me like a candle
melting, and I was hard on the heels of the
eastbound clouds.

Death of a Millionth

Megan Jones

In Tokyo, on a Wednesday during a monsoon
Damp and fetid air crammed with the smell
of millions will surround
my coffin, which will sink slowly
in dense ochre mud, slick
with the rain falling
like tiny bells onto the ground.

My name perhaps will appear briefly in the
Tokyo
newspaper written in the strange stick-man
characters
sprinting across the page, perhaps a name
which means something beautiful in Japanese.
Compact women and men, will still dance
a quick path around me, the silver
tinkling bells of the monsoon lying
in jet hair like tears.

And no, the tiny children built from black
and white of yin and yang will never know
the color of my hair
long stories of my life
(punchlines forgotten)
or the alien sound of my voice in the market.
The will not know to miss my smile.

I could disappear in death, as I had
disappeared
in the city, melted into the Japanese sea where
the fish
swim, and their seaweed grows.
The boats rock on the water which is whisked
by the wind of the monsoon. And as I alone
had walked
before on the crowded sidewalks

my coffin covered by rain and mud
the smell of my perfume meets the wind
and mingles with the smell of fish
and sweat, enfolds the soft
harried footsteps of the millions.

Impending apology

Scott Naugler

You are silent
and twitching your fingers
like a cat's tail.
Do not think
I don't see how
you are cracking those pecans
into bits so tiny
no one will eat them.
Although the sound is not obvious,
I hear quite clearly
your shoes tapping the floor
faster than my watch ticking.
I wanted to apologize, really.
But all this damn
twitching, cracking, tapping
pounds into my head like thunder.
It makes me wonder
whether I should wait
until you finish,
or crack some pecans under my heel
to break up my dead silence.

The Highest Point in South Florida

Gabriel Shirley

9,000
used tires
80,000 ind pens,
4 million pill bottles,
and still-pink hot dogs
after twenty years. 2 million
2-and 3-liter bottles, 50,000
Zip-Lock sandwich bags, "over
15 billion" Big Mac boxes. 5 million
Farm Pride Grade A Large polystyrene
cartons, and 30 million Huggies disposable
diapers, 37,000 used syringes and needles, 8.9
million copies of the Miami Herald, 642,000 Coke,
Sprite, and Pepsi cans, 28,000 Heinz Squeezable!
tomato ketchup bottles, 978 million tons of green grass clippings,
7 million Swanson's Chicken Dinner trays, 16,000 Peter Pan
Peanut Butter shatter-proof jars, 49,000 individually-wrapped
bite-size Snicker bar wrappers, 60 million Glad (Keep America
Beautiful!) plastic trash bags, 27,000 Hi-C Fruit Punch boxes and
172,000 honey-, pineapple-, and strawberry-cream cheese containers.

JaRa's Tiger

Ann Goodson

A growl and then a snarl as the tiger sneaks its head
from under the bed and stares at the small boy
who is trying to sleep until the tiger begins to sharpen
its claws on the pillow by the boy's head. To send
the tiger back to its home the boy rattles
and rattles the side of the crib, chasing the beast
back into its hole where it will stay, for a time.
And he laughs and giggles at the frightened beast
that he controls, yet wary of another attack he stays
alert, thinking of the tiger licking its bruised
nose where it was smacked by the shaking crib.
He calls to make sure it is safe and jumps
at the "uhrgrrrrr" that answers him, worried
that he offended his friend. But peering over the edge
he sees the tiger hanging from the springs by its claws
trying to catch its tail between its teeth.
With a triumphant snatch, it traps the tail but forgets
to hold onto the bed and falls on its back
with a "whhshhmpfh" of released air, and glances up
quickly to see if the boy noticed. Then embarrassed
it crawls into the corner for a nap and the boy himself
yawns and lies down among the stuffed animals to sleep.

Funeral Home (A Posthumous Address)

Derek Van Lynn

To protest would be folly
(Please, God, I'm only 81)
But the popularity of this final engagement
Escapes me
Children have come all the way from Toledo—
A trip they could have made this summer
Just to sip lemonade with me on the lawn
Of the Woodland Hills Continuous Care Center
But now, each one; Edwin, Helen, Bill Jr.
Clutching engraved invitations
And scotch and soda
Speaking softly of things like one's "time"
And "going peacefully"
All the while, Travis, my youngest grandchild
Squirms in the corner of a big black couch
And scuffs his Sunday shoes

P.S. Her Name is Ariel

Rod White

Dear Mom,

I got the package of rubbers last week
Thanks, only you would send them
with an AIDS pamphlet.
The whole hall thought it was hilarious.
We saved the rubbers, and taped the AIDS
thing
on the door. Girls think it's cute.
Right now the stereo next door is shaking the
walls
and I can't think well, but I like the song.
College life is amazing.
I'm trying to get to the halfway mark
of *Moby Dick* before Xmas
or before I go blind. The test is tomorrow.
Maybe I should skip a term
to find myself. Just kidding.
Got a B on a Psych. midterm.
I'm learning about penis envy, Mom.

Amy and I broke up.
Don't worry, I'm o.k.
I don't know what happened.
One minute we were in love.
the next—couldn't talk.

Actually, I do know.
I saw her dancing with this guy:
a friend. Everything
was fine. But then they kissed
for a long time. I don't know who
kissed who first. It was both.
The whole time I kept thinking—
God I've been suckered again.
I walked over to them, forced a smile,
and said "Goodbye"
like an adult. You would be proud.
It was harder than telling Dad
I wrecked the car.
I saw it coming.
Tell Dad and Suzy
I broke up with *her*

I met a new girl today—a blonde
and I know I said all blondes are the same,
but this one is different.
I was walking out of Annie Hall
again, and a girl in pink overalls
tapped my shoulder and said
"I would never join a club that would have me
as a member. Would you?"
Her number is 638-8878.
She has green eyes and little ears,
and she has seen every Woody Allen movie.

Wish Tracy good luck in algebra,
and tell Dad to pull the lions through
Got to go—

Love,

4 Love Rhombus

One Quiet Morning Carroll Tigrett

Walking along the dirt road
Kicking rocks that got in my way
I looked to my right and saw them,
150 head of cattle had come up to the
fence

Watching my every move,
I placed my hands in my blue-jean
jacket

And focused on the ground
I hated it when they watched me like
that

Didn't they know the feeding man
Wouldn't come till the afternoon?

Turning my back,
So I could see the pasture,
On the other side of the road,
I caught a glimpse of what
I was looking for
The old longhorn
Who stood alone
Lingering among the trees
Grazing on the dew covered yellow
grass

"Come here," I yelled over the fence.
"I've got something for you,"
I said holding out some grapes.
He lifted his head for a moment,
And I thought he was going to look my
way

But he took a few steps forward
Found a new patch of grass
And bowed his head,
I could see the muscles in his legs
contracting and letting
Loose of each brown and white leg as he
walked,
So strong, majestic, yet he seemed
gentle

At the same time
And I thought for a moment
Maybe I could jump the barbed wire
fence
And stroke him
Without getting butted by his horns,
But I didn't want to take the risk
So I waited for him to come for awhile
Leaning on the barbed wire fence
I watched him graze on the sweet grass
But after sometime I grew bored
And I flung the grapes out into the field
So that they would be there if he
wanted them
And then I walked on down the road
Kicking a new stone.

The Other Ocean Cindy McCraw

Yes, it was the bright, cheerful morning
Of a slow but gleeful day
When I stood upon the beach
And allowed a crab to approach
Me with a shuffle, crawl, and slide,
"I know I seem shy," he sighed
With hat cocked and eyes wide,
"But today's been a mess already,
And you see it's only morning."

I sat and began to listen to
This creature from the sea, as

The sun emitted rays which warmed
My bones to no degree. "My life's
A mess," this crab whined, "I'm
trapped

In a commitment, for I swore so
Long ago to swim in just this ocean.
Last night I slept, though, and drifted
Through my sea, and found some
Safer waters—more suited to me."
I pondered—what a problem; to
Never leave a home which holds
Him and hoards him away from the
world

"I wish to leave my ocean!!"
The crab screamed in desperation.
Meanwhile, heat streamed through
Beads of perspiration. "I know
I'd be happy and free to experience
Life in a different light, in different
Waters, and yet..."
Claws crossed and antenna waved
In the air. My reply was
Discreet and somewhat simple
"It's your choice, my friend.

I'd move, I know, but it is up
To you. It's not my place to tell
You what to do." He paused and
Appeared to cry. "My commitment,"
He croaked, (odd for a crab) "I
Must stay, no choice. Thank you;
Good-bye." That's the last
I ever saw of that little guy.
The sun began to set, amid
Late night dew, and before I knew
I too, wished he'd moved to some other
ocean.

What it Must Be Like Being Stephen King's Son Rod White

First, you must have proper perspective
When you wiggle into your parents'
room
At night and see only the flashing red
glow
Of the clock on the far table—12:00
Don't worry at all when the door creaks
And suddenly a red pair of eyes blink
On the foot of the bed: it is only
The cat. Go over to your dad's side
Of the bed slow, shake him lightly
Until you hear a groan under the sheets,
Then a warm tongue licks your toes—
But don't worry: it's only the cat again.
Your dad jumps and grabs
Your arm, pulls you to him
Whispering "Shhhh don't wake up
Mom."
Don't even think about Jack Nicholson
Leering "I had a bad dream, Dad,"
You tell him softly
And she smiles like crazy.

La Chatte et la chouete Trish Puryear

<<M'enviez-vous? je le mérite, moi, ma
vielle amie,>>
taquine une chatte, svelte et noire.

Souriant sardoniquement et aiguisant
ses griffes, la
fanfaronne continue,

<<J'ai de la chance, moi. Hier le voisin
a tiré sur moi
un bon coup, et ce matin je me suis fait
tuee quatre fois
de plus:

A l'aube je suis tombée du toit qui m'a
couté une vie.
Une heure plus tard je donnais chasse à
un gros lapin, et
je me suis fait écrasée, et encore deux
fois le grand
chien m'a bouffée.

C'est la vie, hein? Quelle chance qu'il
m'en reste
d'avantage!>>

N'ayant rien dit, la chouette cligne des
yeux et regarde
la Précoce qui s'en va embeter le chien.

Toute seule parmi les feuilles de son
arbre, elle hulule:

<<Vous êtes tous bêtes, les chats. Vous
ne vous souvenez
pas comment vos vies vous échappent.

T'en as perdu trois quand tu étais
enfant.>>

Paisiblement, elle saute de la branch et
prend la fuite

Painting Clay Combs

I dreamt that I was Michelangelo.

And day after day, as I labored,
lying flat on my back to paint
the chapel ceiling,
My dear friend Auguste Rodin
worked diligently at the base of my
scaffold to complete
his masterpiece of a contemplative
man.

And day after day, as I labored,
I would stop and survey my work,
stretching out my tired, cramping arm
over the edge of the scaffold.
My dear friend Auguste Rodin
would observe tiny drops of paint,
falling down like thick rain
from my extended brush onto his
sculpture.

To April Sommers (1988- 1989) Melissa Coggins

Mornings. Just after sunrise,
I often walk through Roselawn,
the cemetery just behind my house.
Tucked in the far corner: the baby
section,

where a weathered picket fence encloses
neat rows of tiny graves.
Today a new one is there.
A bunch of white day lilies are strewn
across the red mound of dirt and rocks
marked by an aluminum head plate.
Leaning against the fence,

I imagine this:
a man frying bacon,
the hiss of pink meat sizzling
around the prongs of a fork
as the grease spits on his wrist;
a woman working a crossword puzzle
listening to the burble
of percolating coffee.
Neither speak.
A lacquered high chair is pushed
far back from the table
and a plant
the edges of its leaves curled
and brown, droops
on the sunny ledge above the sink.

Front Porch Blues Festival Scott Naugler

The house I live in is a comfortable old
stone one,
well-heated in the snow-ridden months,
though we didn't know that when we
moved in.

The dressers and cabinets arranged,
most of the drawers and cupboards
filled with my food and my clothes,
though there is always room for more.
Across from the easy chair in the living
room

is a yellow couch upon which no one sits
(although it has been sat on before),
and just because the chair and couch
do not quite fill up the room
doesn't mean that they're not enough.
Often I sit on a swinging chair
that itself sits on the front porch,
setting my coffee in the place next to me.
Sitting and swinging I listen
to the background traffic,
or maybe for the telephone to ring.
The only thing of note I have heard lately
was the crash of a picture
my cat knocked off my bookshelf.
I looked at the broken glass
and wanted to say aloud,
"Look, I did not do this."
This was not on purpose,
but I didn't because no one was around
anywhere.