

1986

Clemson Chronicle, 1986-1989

Clemson University

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Chronicle



WILL CONNOR

Chronicle

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Editorial

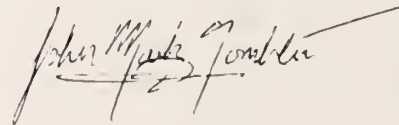
To create is a wonderful thing. A painting, a poem, a photograph; they are all the same. A manifestation of that most human of desires; to conjure up and bring forth those archetypes and images that we find within us. The angels of our souls, the demons of our minds, and the little children of our hearts.

Well enough of all that. This is Chronicle, the official variety magazine of Clemson University. It is a medium for the creative spirits of this place and time. It is a forum for concepts and ideas, old and new. It is a child with a turbulent past and an uncertain future.

We, the other staffers and myself, had begun an effort to bring Chronicle back to the land of the living. Now we are handing the ball over to you. If you like what you see, let us know. If you don't like what you see, let us know. If you have created something and would like to see it in Chronicle, let us know. Address all correspondence to Box 2187, C.U. Station.

This is your magazine, Clemson.

Peace be with you,



John Mark Tomblin
Editor-in-Chief

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
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SB574 37

's axe

in brood and light—
else are we for?
the cows move forward, content with slaughter
but you say it is cruel
and we are all wrong
so the cows low,
murmuring peace through the throng—
in a crowd, who will cry fool?

beth lyons

SB-574

DINP (dinn-ph)

Meet the amazing Dinp and his amazing purple roommate Bob!! To bring those unfortunates who haven't been following him up to date on the continuing saga of Dinp . . . it all started when Dinp went drinking. He drank 12 pitchers of beer and threw up on sexy Becky the Barmaid. She took him to her apartment, where he lost his partial plate. Sally, Dinp's girl friend, found out about it. They had a fight. Sally ran out of the apartment and into the arms of Mack Truck . . . she was presumed dead after she called Dinp a slime. Meanwhile, Bob, Dinp's roomie, went to his favorite bar (the Dive). After an exhausting and futile search for the infamous Amber (a real person), he really needed a Moose Light. Well, he found Amber. She said she was pregnant. Bob showed his incredulity. He said, "You can't be pregnant; you shave your legs for god's sake!" but Amber said she really was. Spot, Dinp's faithful pet, was kidnapped sometime around there . . . kidnapped by yak herders (cough syrup crazed, even), what a fate! Oh, and Becky and Dinp were slowly working on their relationship (and still are, I think.) and Bob was sleeping through math classes. Amber, on Sally's (yes, she's alive) urging, rescued Spot from the yak herders. Sally and Spot realized their love for each other. And that's about it. And . . . the saga continues . . .

This cartoon has been
created and produced
by:
Beth Lyons - text
Freddie Lashley - art
and the rest of the staff
helped with circulation

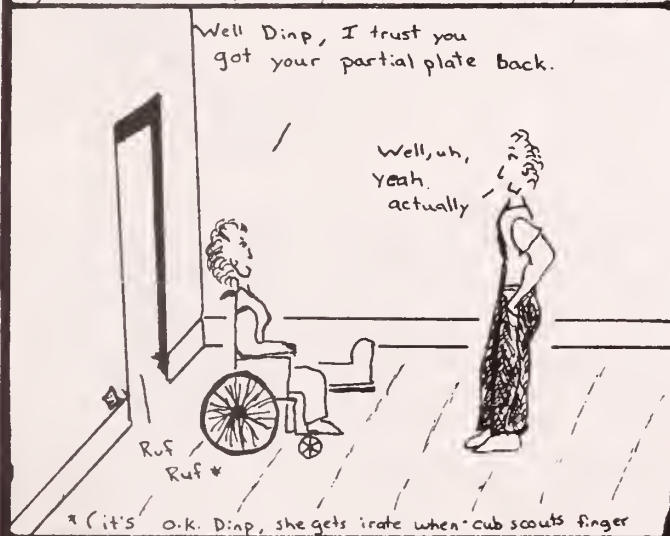
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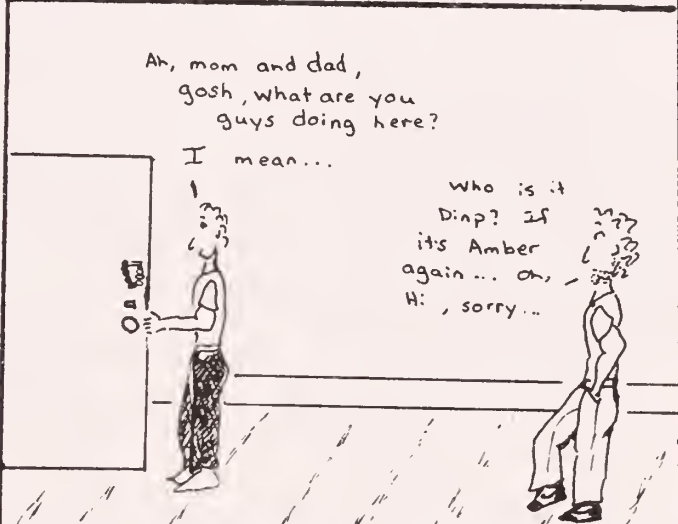
Vol. I issue 20



Gee, what a confused bunch. But at least Spot is back... Will Bob's feelings for Amber change now that she's defended his honor? Will Becky attempt to defend Dinp's honor? Is it worth defending? Has Amber ever thought of mud wrestling or is it against the rules to sing like Ethel Merman?



Oh, Oh Dimp! What a guy! not many people
would be so gracious when their girlfriend-
whom they thought was dead - announces
(in front of your new girlfriend) that she is
running away with their dog... It's enough
to give one heartburn... or was that lunch?
And where did Bob and Amber go?



What?!? Is Dimp Adopted? Or is his mother
just hysterical? Does Mom think that
Dimp actually reads books? Does Dimp
hide them under the bathroom sink?
And what about Dad? Does he have
vocal cords? If Dimp's adopted, why are
both he and his Father such wimps? (But dad
always tries to act so cool.)



Pizza Guy ^{by} Jim Jenkins

Tim was lying on the couch with an ice-bag on his head. He had a heck of a hangover. Billy Bob was sitting on the floor nursing a Mello Yello and trying to focus on the basketball game on T.V. He had a hellacious hangover.

"Gee," said Tim, "I have a heck of a hangover."

"Jesus," said Billy Bob, "I have a hellacious hangover." They both had hangovers.

Tim shifted the ice-bag on his head and continued to watch the paint on the wall fade. He felt like garbage. Billy Bob took another sip of Mello Yello and swished it around in his mouth to rinse the socks off of his teeth. He felt like dogshit.

"Gee," said Tim, "I feel like garbage."

"Jesus," said Billy Bob, "I feel like dogshit." They both felt like garbage/dogshit.

There was a knock at the door.

"Did somebody knock on the door or was that a 44 magnum going off next to my head?" said Tim.

"What?" said Billy Bob. A stream of Mello Yello drooled out of his mouth and onto his chest.

"Well I'm sure as hell not getting up," said Billy Bob with a pained expression.

"Why don't you just ask who it is?" said Tim.

"Who is it?" asked Billy Bob.

"Pizza guy," came the reply. Tim and Billy Bob looked at each other in disbelief.

"Who is it?" asked Tim.

"Pizza guy," came the reply again.

"Well we didn't order any fucking pizza," said Billy Bob. "Go away and leave us alone."

There was silence for a moment then another knock on the door. Tim rolled off the couch, wobbled across the dirty carpet and opened the door. Standing in the doorway in a sinister red and blue uniform complete with a matching baseball cap was a pizza delivery guy.

"I have an order for a large supreme and two Cokes for this apartment," said the pizza guy.

"We didn't order a pizza," said Tim.

"Is this apartment 4-G?" asked the pizza guy.

"Yeah," said Tim.

"Crestwood Apartments?" said the pizza guy.

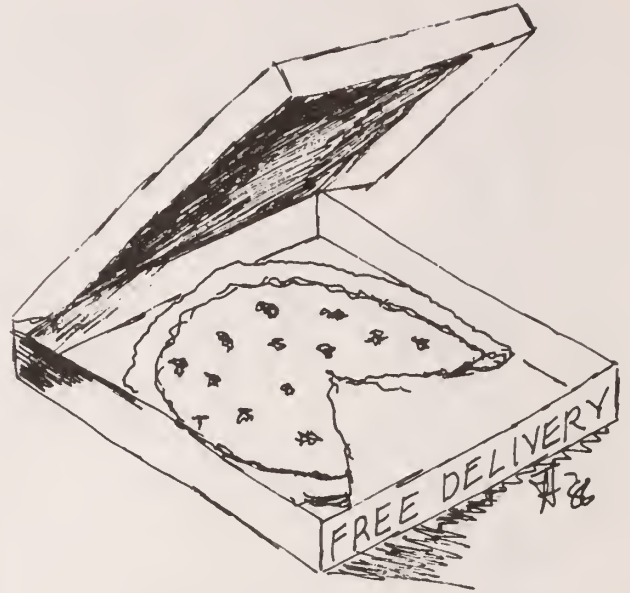
"Yeah," said Tim.

"Well this is the place. This is your pizza," said the pizza guy.

"Look," said Billy Bob squinting into the sunlight streaming through the doorway, "we didn't order that pizza. Now get out of here before I throw up."

"I've got the order ticket right here in my pocket," said the pizza guy. He pulled out a piece of paper and thrust it into Tim's face. "Crestwood Apartment 4-G, \$10.95," he said. "Right here in black and white. Somebody from this apartment ordered a pizza and I'm not leaving until I get my money." He set the large pizza box on the table.

Tim picked it up and handed it back to the pizza



guy. "It's really not our pizza," he said.

"I know you kids," said the pizza guy. "You think it's funny to call up and order stuff and then say you didn't." He pushed past Tim and grabbed the phone receiver up off of the coffee table. "You just pick up your little phones and dial away," he said shaking the receiver at Tim. "Let's have a ho-ho and laugh at the pizza guy. Well I'm not putting up with it anymore. It's costing me a lot of dough and I don't like to be made sport of. Now give me my money." He swung around and bobbed Billy Bob in the head with the phone.

Billy Bob got up off the floor and glared down at the pizza guy. "Look here bub," he growled, "you come into my goddamn house on a morning when I feel like dogshit and rant and rave about some goddamn pizza I never heard anything about. And then you hit me in the head with my goddamn phone. Now if I were you I'd turn around and get my goddamn butt out of here."

"Oh yeah you big ape, you don't scare me," said the pizza guy, setting the pizza down on the table. "Now give me my money." He poked Billy Bob in the chest with each word.

Billy Bob reached out and grabbed the pizza guy by his arms, pinning them to his sides. Then he lifted him up off the floor and carried him out the door. He stepped back in, quickly grabbed the pizza box and threw it out, too. Then he slammed and locked the door.

"You haven't seen the last of me," shouted the pizza guy. "I'll be back."

"What a bozo," said Tim.

"What a jerk-off," said Billy Bob.

"Do you really think he'll come back?" said Tim.

"He'd better not," said Billy Bob, "unless he really wants some trouble."

"How 'bout giving me a hand cleaning up," said Tim as he picked up one of the 79 beer cans spread over the room.



"Naw," said Billy Bob, "I think I'll just fart around for a while." He sat down in front of the T.V. and cut loose on one.

"Classy," said Tim. "Real classy."

Tim had just finished vacuuming and Billy Bob had just let another room-clearing barn-burner rip when there was a knock on the door.

"Gee, I hope that isn't Sharon," said Tim. "I'll never get a date with her again."

"You'll probably have to give her resuscitation," said Billy Bob, then added, "who is it?"

"Pizza guy," came the reply.

"Oh; no," said Tim. "I thought we got rid of that goon."

"I checked the order with our order guy," said the pizza guy through the door. "He said there's no way he made a mistake. So then I asked my friend the phone guy at Southern Bell to trace the call. And you know what he found? The call that ordered this pizza came from this very apartment. Now I'm not leaving until I get my money."

"You can huff and puff but we'll never let you in," said Tim, smiling at his wit.

"Yeah, Fuck off, pizza guy," said Billy Bob, looking equally pleased with himself.

The pizza guy started pounding on the door. "I'm not leaving 'til I get my money," he chanted. "I'm not leaving 'til I get my money."

Tim and Billy Bob sat down to wait him out.

"Damn," said Billy Bob after what seemed like ages, "his hands must be bleeding by now." Suddenly the noise ceased.

"Think he's leaving?" said Tim after a moment.

"I don't know," said Billy Bob. "Don't hear his car, though."

"I'll check it out," said Tim. He tiptoed over to the window. "Yup, his car's still here," he said peering through the slit in the curtains. "I don't see him though. I wonder where he went to?" There was a crash from somewhere in the apartment.

"He's coming in the back," shouted Tim. He and Billy Bob made for the back of the apartment.

Billy Bob caught the pizza guy halfway in the bathroom window with the pizza box still in his hand. He grabbed the pizza guy by the shirt and pulled him in onto the floor. The pizza box fell at his side.

"What's your fucking problem?" said Billy Bob lifting him up and throwing him against the wall. "You broke my bathroom window."

The pizza guy looked wildly about the room, "Give me my money," he screamed. He picked up a roll of toilet paper and threw it across the room. The paper unrolled in the air leaving a white streamer in its path.

"You can't just break in here and vandalize our house," said Tim. "Who do you think you are?"

Billy Bob pushed the pizza guy back up against the wall. "You're really starting to make me mad," he said.

The pizza guy's eyes rolled around in his sockets. "Give me my money," he screamed again. He grabbed the plunger and started hitting Billy Bob in the face with it.

"Goddamn you," said Billy Bob, "that did it. Now

I'm really pissed off." He picked up an empty José Quervo bottle off the sink and smashed it over the pizza guy's head. The pizza guy dropped to his knees then fell face down on the floor. "That shut up that sucker," Billy Bob said.

"It certainly did," said Tim.

"Let's get him the hell out of here," said Billy Bob. He rolled the pizza guy onto his back, then picked up his arms.

Tim set the pizza box on the pizza guy's stomach and picked up his legs. They carried him through the apartment and into the parking lot.

"What do you want to do with him?" asked Tim.

"Hell, let's just leave him next to his car," said Billy Bob. They laid him down on the concrete next to the tattered V.W. with the giant plastic pizza on top.

"I don't think he's going to leave it at this," said Tim as they walked back to the apartment. "I think he's going to keep on coming back."

"Well, if he comes back again it's going to be the last time," said Billy Bob calmly. "I wouldn't put up with this much shit from my own mother."

When they got inside Billy Bob closed and locked the door. He walked over to the broom closet and got out his 12-gauge shotgun. He broke it, slid two shells in and snapped it closed. Then he walked into the living room and propped himself up against the couch facing the door. Tim sat down in a chair and started watching the silent picture on the T.V. screen. Neither of them said a word.

A few minutes later there was a knock on the door.

"Who is it?" asked Billy Bob.

"Pizza guy," came the reply.

Tim smiled. "I'll get it," he said. He walked over and stood off to one side of the entrance. Then he clicked the lock off and threw open the door. Two gunshots exploded into the doorway.

"Ow, heck," said Tim. "I think a piece of buckshot nicked me." He held out his arm and showed Billy Bob the scratch.

"Yeah," said Billy Bob, "but it doesn't look too bad." He got up and looked out the door. "Got that son of a bitch," he said smiling down on the pizza guy. "Got him good."

Tim turned to see. "Yeah," he said, "you almost cut him in half."

The pizza guy lay on the porch with his legs twisted awkwardly up under his back. His eyes were open and there was a strange smirk on his face. The pizza box lay undamaged a few feet away.

Billy Bob looked over at it. "Wonder if that pizza is still warm?" he said.

"I'll check it," said Tim. He walked over, bent down and flipped open the box. "Naw," he said, "It's kind of cold."

"Oh well," said Billy Bob, "I think I'll have a piece anyway."

Tim handed him a slice and took one for himself. "It's not half bad," he said after a minute.

"Yeah," said Billy Bob through a mouthful of pizza, "but I thought these supremes came with anchovies on 'em."





THIS ARTICLE HAS NO TITLE

You know how our fearless features editor is about titles, so please give this one out of the goodness of your heart — Because if you don't, I'm just gonna slap this on top of it. 'Nuff said? ^{OK}

For those of you whose P.O. box does not end with a multiple of five, **Chronicle** surveyed about 600 students. The questions ranged from capital punishment to the pill to religion. I was very excited when the results started to filter in.

On the whole, I, as a radical-type, along with the rest of the staff, was surprised by some of the percentages. Though many questions were non controversial, several were rather militantly responded to. One example is the question on premarital sex. It states: Premarital sexual intercourse is healthy and desirable psychologically. Twenty six percent polled strongly disagreed with that statement, and 21 percent strongly agreed. Another split issue is the distribution of students' activities fees. The statement says: Student organizations should not receive money from student activity fees. Sixteen percent strongly disagreed with that statement, whereas 15 percent strongly agreed.

I guess, as a token (or self-proclaimed) radical, I was surprised by some results. I filled out a survey also, and my answers just did not jibe with the majority of other students. Forty percent of the students polled strongly believe that capital punishment is a good policy. More than 50 percent of the students polled find the concept of homosexuality offensive.

Having lived in South Carolina all my life, I should have been expecting such results. The South is a very conservative place. Yet the results of a 1969 **Chronicle** survey were a bit more liberal. In 1969, 45 percent of the Clemson students thought that masturbation was natural, as opposed to the 1985 survey, where more than 40 percent said that masturbation was immoral. I thought the most amusing finding between the two surveys was the response to the statement: Student demonstrations are evidence of widespread awareness and involvement. In 1969 the answers were polarized; either the students were for demonstrations or against them. In 1985, however, the students' answers were spread out, as though no one understood the statement. Admittedly, some of the questions were worded funny, but hopefully the wording was not a major deterrent.

So I guess, in other words, I am asking—were you guys kidding, or what?

Beth Lyons, Features Editor

Survey results,
next page





Here are the questions. We made some minor changes from the original 1969 text. We have included the original question if the change is a significant one. We also left one question out that we did not feel was relevant to today's society.

| | | | | (Percentages of those voting) | | | | |
|--|-----|------|----|-------------------------------|---------------------|------------|------------------|----------------|
| | | | | Strongly Disagree | Moderately Disagree | No Opinion | Moderately Agree | Strongly Agree |
| 1. Most students are interested in helping Clemson become a better university. | 1. | 1969 | 29 | 32 | 5 | 29 | 5 | |
| | | 1985 | 2 | 14 | 9 | 46 | 21 | |
| 2. I have had at least one professor at Clemson inspire me to learn. | 2. | 1969 | 9 | 3 | 6 | 29 | 52 | |
| | | 1985 | 5 | 4 | 5 | 28 | 57 | |
| 3. I am enjoying Clemson. | 3. | 1969 | 8 | 16 | 9 | 40 | 28 | |
| | | 1985 | 1 | 4 | 5 | 35 | 55 | |
| 4. Age is a basis for respect. | 4. | 1969 | 42 | 15 | 4 | 28 | 13 | |
| | | 1985 | 12 | 20 | 8 | 17 | 30 | |
| 5. Male and female students should have the same rules (e.g., dorm visitation hours, escorts, etc.). | 5. | 1969 | 6 | 23 | 4 | 18 | 50 | |
| | | 1985 | 17 | 29 | 8 | 17 | 30 | |
| 6. I have an obligation to my country. | 6. | 1969 | 13 | 5 | 3 | 3 | 50 | |
| | | 1985 | 3 | 3 | 5 | 36 | 53 | |
| 7. Social welfare legislation is an indirect method of keeping the poor poor. | 7. | 1969 | 21 | 23 | 28 | 16 | 13 | |
| | | 1985 | 18 | 17 | 37 | 19 | 9 | |
| 8. I would report another student who broke the law. | 8. | 1969 | 11 | 25 | 20 | 31 | 13 | |
| | | 1985 | 5 | 24 | 29 | 32 | 11 | |
| 9. One has the right to do as one pleases if one hurts no one else. | 9. | 1969 | 10 | 16 | 1 | 28 | 45 | |
| | | 1985 | 21 | 18 | 5 | 39 | 17 | |
| 10. I can live what I believe. | 10. | 1969 | 8 | 11 | 8 | 31 | 43 | |
| | | 1985 | 6 | 13 | 13 | 31 | 38 | |
| 11. God is irrelevant. | 11. | 1969 | 60 | 14 | 10 | 8 | 9 | |
| | | 1985 | 72 | 12 | 7 | 2 | 7 | |
| 12. Co-ed dormitories would work at Clemson. | 12. | 1969 | 43 | 19 | 8 | 19 | 13 | |
| | | 1985 | 11 | 11 | 10 | 45 | 23 | |
| 13. I would smoke pot. | 13. | 1969 | 43 | 14 | 4 | 11 | 29 | |
| | | 1985 | 61 | 8 | 7 | 14 | 9 | |
| 14. Censorship of any kind should be abolished. | 14. | 1969 | 16 | 33 | 3 | 28 | 21 | |
| | | 1985 | 25 | 35 | 9 | 18 | 13 | |
| 15. Pre-marital sexual intercourse is healthy and desirable psychologically. | 15. | 1969 | 23 | 20 | 9 | 29 | 20 | |
| | | 1985 | 27 | 15 | 14 | 24 | 20 | |
| 16. "Who am I?" is a big question. | 16. | 1969 | 4 | 8 | 6 | 25 | 58 | |
| | | 1985 | 13 | 15 | 9 | 31 | 31 | |
| 17. "What should I do?" is a bigger question. | 17. | 1969 | 9 | 14 | 6 | 25 | 46 | |
| | | 1985 | 10 | 12 | 3 | 42 | 24 | |
| 18. Fraternities and Sororities are for the insecure. | 18. | 1969 | 21 | 24 | 19 | 24 | 13 | |
| | | 1985 | 27 | 25 | 17 | 17 | 14 | |
| 19. Many university rules are invasions of the individual's privacy. | 19. | 1969 | 3 | 14 | 13 | 28 | 44 | |
| | | 1985 | 13 | 37 | 17 | 23 | 10 | |
| 20. The theory of evolution proves the superiority of some races over others. | 20. | 1969 | 56 | 18 | 11 | 10 | 5 | |
| | | 1985 | 60 | 17 | 18 | 6 | 0 | |
| 21. Cameras make me nervous. | 21. | 1969 | 41 | 25 | 13 | 15 | 6 | |
| | | 1985 | 17 | 25 | 11 | 23 | 5 | |
| 22. To be a virgin should be a matter of personal choice. | 22. | 1969 | 4 | 1 | 13 | 26 | 56 | |
| | | 1985 | 7 | 4 | 5 | 16 | 69 | |
| 23. This poll is a farce. | 23. | 1969 | 23 | 20 | 24 | 14 | 20 | |
| | | 1985 | 14 | 17 | 59 | 15 | 5 | |
| 24. Student Government does not represent the students. | 24. | 1969 | 6 | 28 | 9 | 26 | 31 | |
| | | 1985 | 14 | 25 | 14 | 39 | 8 | |
| 25. I am dissatisfied with myself. | 25. | 1969 | 13 | 23 | 5 | 45 | 15 | |
| | | 1985 | 7 | 32 | 35 | 21 | 5 | |
| 26. I have considered committing suicide. | 26. | 1969 | 45 | 10 | 5 | 19 | 21 | |
| | | 1985 | 48 | 23 | 9 | 16 | 4 | |
| 27. Communists are slowly taking over the world. | 27. | 1969 | 18 | 19 | 13 | 34 | 18 | |
| | | 1985 | 23 | 27 | 14 | 33 | 3 | |
| 28. The real world, as I understand it, is outside of the classroom. | 28. | 1969 | 5 | 8 | 1 | 25 | 56 | |
| | | 1985 | 8 | 8 | 7 | 42 | 37 | |
| 29. Law and order should be maintained by force. | 29. | 1969 | 26 | 15 | 6 | 29 | 24 | |
| | | 1985 | 17 | 21 | 10 | 41 | 11 | |
| 30. I would never want to live in a big city. | 30. | 1969 | 44 | 18 | 11 | 15 | 13 | |
| | | 1985 | 38 | 23 | 6 | 21 | 13 | |

| | | | | | | | |
|--|-----|------|----|----|----|----|----|
| 31. I could make it to the top without a degree. | 31. | 1969 | 23 | 29 | 11 | 31 | 9 |
| | | 1985 | 22 | 38 | 6 | 23 | 10 |
| 32. Students should be allowed to choose the majority of their courses. | 32. | 1969 | 3 | 26 | 33 | 30 | 9 |
| | | 1985 | 7 | 30 | 10 | 29 | 24 |
| 33. Clemson should have national fraternities. | 33. | 1969 | 9 | 1 | 36 | 20 | 34 |
| | | 1985 | 8 | 4 | 57 | 20 | 12 |
| 34. Football is overemphasized on this campus. | 34. | 1969 | 23 | 20 | 5 | 20 | 33 |
| | | 1985 | 11 | 23 | 11 | 35 | 20 |
| 35. Women with rough hands are worthy of respect. | 35. | 1969 | 9 | 5 | 55 | 19 | 13 |
| | | 1985 | 15 | 12 | 43 | 19 | 10 |
| 36. I would like to not shave, but am afraid of what other people would think of me. (The 1969 question asked "I would like to grow a beard, but am afraid of what other people would think of me.") | 36. | 1969 | 55 | 16 | 13 | 13 | 4 |
| | | 1985 | 51 | 12 | 16 | 12 | 8 |
| 37. "The Pill" should be available to co-eds. | 37. | 1969 | 8 | 6 | 10 | 38 | 44 |
| | | 1985 | 6 | 30 | 10 | 30 | 24 |
| 38. Long hair and/or rat tails on boys are ridiculous. (The 1969 question asked "Long hair and sideburns on boys are ridiculous.") | 38. | 1969 | 49 | 23 | 10 | 9 | 10 |
| | | 1985 | 16 | 20 | 20 | 20 | 22 |
| 39. Church sacraments and traditional social beliefs should be honored, not challenged. | 39. | 1969 | 30 | 33 | 4 | 16 | 18 |
| | | 1985 | 9 | 13 | 16 | 28 | 33 |
| 40. Clemson can afford better toilet paper. | 40. | 1969 | 3 | 3 | 25 | 9 | 61 |
| | | 1985 | 5 | 3 | 23 | 15 | 55 |
| 41. Inter-racial dating is objectional to me. | 41. | 1969 | 40 | 24 | 8 | 10 | 19 |
| | | 1985 | 20 | 11 | 13 | 21 | 34 |
| 42. Student organizations should not receive money from student activities fees. | 42. | 1969 | 28 | 20 | 16 | 9 | 28 |
| | | 1985 | 16 | 25 | 26 | 18 | 15 |
| 43. My college education has changed my outlook on just about everything. | 43. | 1969 | 16 | 24 | 4 | 35 | 21 |
| | | 1985 | 9 | 27 | 11 | 31 | 22 |
| 44. I am afraid of death. | 44. | 1969 | 38 | 19 | 8 | 20 | 16 |
| | | 1985 | 27 | 25 | 0 | 34 | 13 |
| 45. Campus journalism should be divorced from world events. | 45. | 1969 | 71 | 16 | 8 | 4 | 1 |
| | | 1985 | 27 | 34 | 23 | 12 | 4 |
| 46. Most students are willing to help other students. | 46. | 1969 | 11 | 22 | 3 | 49 | 15 |
| | | 1985 | 2 | 11 | 3 | 58 | 26 |
| 47. I am suppressed. | 47. | 1969 | 14 | 11 | 6 | 51 | 18 |
| | | 1985 | 16 | 28 | 28 | 23 | 5 |
| 48. There is too much emotionalism in patriotism now. | 48. | 1969 | 30 | 21 | 10 | 15 | 24 |
| | | 1985 | 26 | 28 | 28 | 12 | 5 |
| 49. Sex education should be taught in grammar school. | 49. | 1969 | 4 | 10 | 14 | 31 | 41 |
| | | 1985 | 20 | 25 | 8 | 25 | 21 |
| 50. I cheat. | 50. | 1969 | 48 | 19 | 0 | 21 | 13 |
| | | 1985 | 46 | 25 | 11 | 17 | 1 |
| 51. Student demonstrations are evidence of widespread awareness and involvement. | 51. | 1969 | 25 | 25 | 5 | 15 | 30 |
| | | 1985 | 9 | 21 | 12 | 44 | 15 |
| 52. The human body is beautiful. | 52. | 1969 | 1 | 1 | 14 | 18 | 66 |
| | | 1985 | 3 | 4 | 7 | 29 | 58 |
| 53. Masturbation is immoral. | 53. | 1969 | 45 | 20 | 20 | 8 | 8 |
| | | 1985 | 26 | 25 | 27 | 12 | 8 |
| 54. I had already chosen my career when I came to Clemson. | 54. | 1969 | 43 | 9 | 5 | 19 | 25 |
| | | 1985 | 36 | 17 | 3 | 18 | 27 |
| 55. There is nothing wrong with capital punishment. | 55. | 1969 | 35 | 21 | 5 | 20 | 19 |
| | | 1985 | 10 | 17 | 7 | 27 | 40 |
| 56. I cannot understand modern art. | 56. | 1969 | 25 | 31 | 5 | 20 | 19 |
| | | 1985 | 7 | 28 | 10 | 28 | 28 |
| 57. My religion is a source of strength and inspiration for me. | 57. | 1969 | 11 | 6 | 14 | 26 | 43 |
| | | 1985 | 5 | 11 | 13 | 24 | 47 |
| 58. I don't know why I answered these questions. | 58. | 1969 | 49 | 18 | 11 | 8 | 15 |
| | | 1985 | 20 | 29 | 21 | 14 | 16 |

The following questions were not asked on the 1969 survey. We added them because of their importance in today's society.

| | | | | | | | |
|--|-----|------|----|----|----|----|----|
| 59. The concept of homosexuality does not offend me. | 59. | 1985 | 53 | 13 | 5 | 17 | 12 |
| 60. I like the new turn to conservative American Politics. | 60. | 1985 | 13 | 7 | 30 | 14 | 27 |

feet moving too fast, what's fact; what's pavement.
(gonna fall; gonna fall; fall.) but isn't that what i'm
here for? isn't that what we're all here for (dew soaked
knees) i must continue.
no falter now. i've got
to see him. which
way was i going?
which. who? (quick
spin around; dark
corners) the pavement
starts again, racing me
towards him. no moon,
no stars. they hide from abomination.
they mourn an end. am i hiding or mourn-
ing? within, without. here. the place i know.
mapped and traveled in my mind in the hours
before dawn. too many times before touching
that holy ground. here. the grass knows him.
worship it for the closeness. worship has de-
mands; worship need spiritual. yes. yes. be-
come nature; feel nature. (shoes, pants, shirt:
all off. be pure.

grass. grass. the green. blood of his blood .
. . eat and know the ways of nature. now.
chant the chant of truth. what is power? DA!
what is wisdom? DA! what is eternal life . . .
DA. DA! his is eternal life. he is . . . life. no
harm to us now. safe. i am with you. we are
one. feel the breeze rustle our leaves. feel our
roots stretch. we are one now. ever. joined . .
. and i am the earth. i am rich; i am moist and
dark; i am fertile. your roots are in me. our
roots. feel the power of our joining. we are
one . . . we are . . . yes! one. now. we
are immortal. i mother earth; you my
son, husband, father. eternal.

dawn, slow, and with your leaves in my hair,
all is good (warm skin, sleepy eyes) dawn. no

time to sleep. i must go
. . . to be caught here
again . . . with you (clothes
wet with dew) not much
longer. no.

soon i will be back
to stay with you
with him DA. DA!
sitting in the dark
corner. huddle close.
i wait for his call.

it comes in the
movement of the
leaves and in the hum of
the katydids. and when he

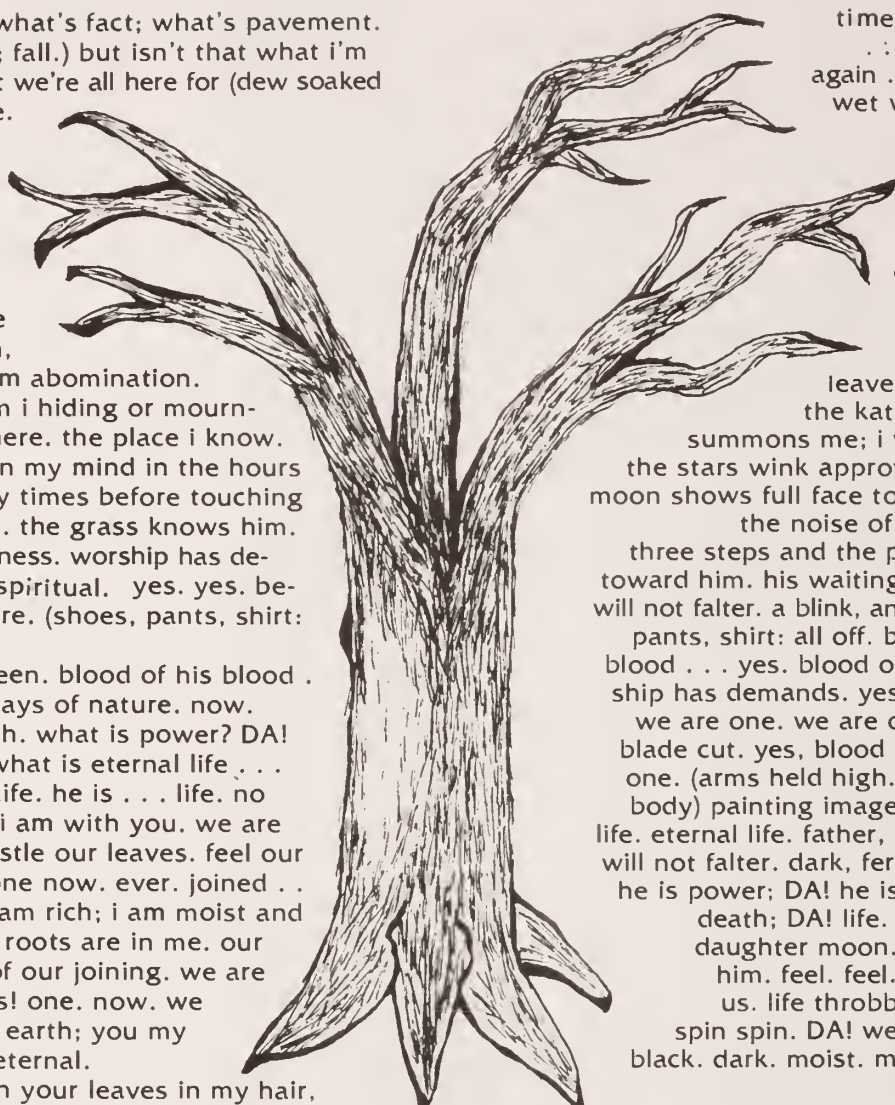
summons me; i will not falter. now.
the stars wink approval to me. daughter
moon shows full face to me (crooked head.

the noise of the trees) it is time
three steps and the pavement zooms me
toward him. his waiting arms. i am ready: i
will not falter. a blink, and he is there (shoes,
pants, shirt: all off. be pure) blood of his
blood . . . yes. blood of his blood . . . wor-
ship has demands. yes. hear the roar: DA!

we are one. we are one. yes. now. razor
blade cut. yes, blood of his blood. we are
one. (arms held high. blood purifying the
body) painting images in blood. blood of
life. eternal life. father, husband. yes. yes! i
will not falter. dark, fertile. he is truth: DA!

he is power; DA! he is eternal life, eternal
death; DA! life. yes! blood. yes! oh,
daughter moon. know the power of
him. feel. feel. power in us. inside
us. life throbbing. yes. yes. moon
spin spin. DA! wet grass. wet. green.
black. dark. moist. mother earth. mother
mother . . . black.

beth lyons



THE REAL THING

The world is
 Full of false
 Hens and chicks
 For ornamental
 Gardens, plastic
 Pink flamingoes,
 Giant green frogs
 Crouching on
 Unbreakable lilies,
 While in suburbia
 Real water is
 Sprinkled onto
 Artificial lawns
 And Bertha talks
 To May over
 The latest brand
 Of fence, saying
 That her imitation
 Grass is as
 Good as the real
 Thing, only better
 Because it is
 Really no trouble
 At all.
 Bertha's son
 Lives in an asylum,
 Permanently insane,
 And Bertha does
 Not understand
 Because he was
 Always such a
 Good little boy,
 Really no trouble
 At all.

Judith Shepherd



Letter to an Untried Lover

I will write you as though this paper were your body,
slowly savor every moment of my pen.
I will caress you with gold ballpoint and India ink,
scratch sonnets into your back.
I will line your eyes with candlelight;
they will burn into paper pools
and we will sink in ink oceans.
I know this paper with steel fingers—
my pen will find every weave of onion skin,
may all your valleys with tonguetip precision.
When you are ready, I will teach you this map,
how to taste ink like a blind man,
read the Braille bodies speak.
You will learn sweat is the only real ink
as I write you, softly as the kiss of a pen.



Beyond Salem:



A Casual Exploration of Modern Witchcraft

"All sentient beings have the Right to worship Who, What, Where, When, Why and How they wish; provided that they do not violate the similar Rights of others." Isaac Bonewits begins his "Aquarian Manifesto" with this sentence, which clearly states the ideal of many Neo-Pagans* in America and all over the world today. Neo-Paganism, a movement which first became publicized in America in the mid-sixties, has been growing steadily and becoming more vocal and more organized—in a disorganized kind of way—for the past 20 years.

Astrologers and occult scientists believe this phenomenon is caused by recent changes in the astrological calendar. The astrological reasons behind this are difficult both to understand and to reproduce: suffice it to say that we are in the "cusp"† between the Piscean Age, a time of orderly rule-following and orderly warfare, and the Aquarian Age, a time of increased individualism, tolerance, and artistic expression. Many different Pagan, Neo-Pagan, and Pagan Reconstructionist (reconstructionists recreate classical or Egyptian religions) groups have sprung up out of the Aquarian movements, but this article will focus primarily on Witchcraft, because it is the most vocal and the largest sect, and easy to get information about, historically (even though that history is very sketchy) as well as contemporarily. The various other Pagan-oriented groups now functioning would be impossible to fit into a space this size, but more information about them, as well as the addresses of many larger groups, is contained in most of the books listed in the bibliography of this article.

Modern Witches believe the word "Witchcraft" comes from the Celtic "Wicca Craft," and means "craft of the wise," or "craft of the dedicated." No one is really sure when Witchcraft first emerged, but many anthropologists agree that it has been present in most societies at some time. There are theories that its roots could stretch back to the Old Stone Age, when the only mysteries in Man's day-to-day life were birth and where to get a good meal. Modern Witches believe that Witchcraft as it is practiced today is an ancient Celtic magic-religion. In the British Isles where it first became firmly established, Witchcraft is known simply as "the Old Religion." Documenting its history becomes difficult, because while a good deal has been written about the Witch Trials or the "witch craze" in Europe which occurred

during the Sixteenth or Seventeenth centuries, there is very little evidence to support the belief that a religious sect even roughly resembling modern Witchcraft existed at that time. Despite this evidence, modern Witches believe that the Witch Hunts in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth centuries grew out of the Church's desire to convert all Pagans. If the Pagans resisted conversion, the logical next step was to execute them as servants of the Devil who conspired with him as his minions to undermine Christianity and the powers of Good. Modern Witches believe that since the history of Witchcraft in Europe has been documented mostly by the Witch hunters of this period, there is no way to determine whether Witchcraft as they practice it existed then or not. They argue that the Wiccan radiation is an oral one, having no set rules or dogma, and that small groups of Witches (called "covens") have always practiced their art autonomously, so the lack of evidence does not make Witchcraft as they know it a myth. Marion Weinstein, a popular writer among Witches and feminists, had this to say when writing about the bulk of material which covers the "witch craze": "A responsible occult historian would no more accept an Inquisitor's history of Witchcraft than a modern religious historian would accept a Nazi's history of Judaism." The following is a condensed version of what she and many other modern Witches believe, despite the evidence, about this historical period.

In the early Fourteenth century, Crusaders brought the concept of the devil, a manlike being with horns who personified pure evil, from Persia. Coincidentally, Witches in Europe worshipped a sun-god who was also depicted as a manlike being with horns and has been likened to the Greek Pan. This provided the ideal vehicle for stamping out Paganism: turn the god of the Witches into the devil of the Christians, and nothing would stand in the way of mass Pagan conversions.

After this development, the Witch hunters in Europe had a field day. Millions of people were tortured and murdered. Jews, Pagans, gypsies, magicians, physicians, midwives, eccentric people, and left-handed people were among those who were alleged "devil-worshippers." Every problem society could dream up, from bubonic plague to sexual perversion was

*"Pagan" literally means "from the country," and often refers to people who follow ancient nature beliefs. "Neo-Pagan" is a name many modern Pagans give themselves, and literally means "New Pagan." "Heathen," which means "from the hearth," implies much the same thing as "Pagan."

† "Cusp" refers to the boundary between astrological ages here, during which time individual ages battle for control, with the age to come eventually winning.



blamed on Satan and his Witches. Ironically, one of the more obscure theories as to why the plague spread so rapidly and killed so many in the Middle Ages stems from the fact that, along with the alleged Witches, the alleged familiars, usually cats, were also executed. There simply weren't enough cats to control the rat population.

Of course, the Craft went underground at about that time, keeping its heritage and knowledge to itself. Witch hunting reached its peak in the late Seventeenth century, even reaching America where the famous Salem Witch Trials were held in 1692. Even now, nobody is really sure whether or not there were actually any Witches in Salem at the time. England no longer considered Witchcraft a capital offense in 1736, but the last Witchcraft Law was not taken off the books until 1951. Witches have had good reason to keep a low profile.

Despite all this controversy, not to mention ignorance and strong prejudices at every turn, modern Witches believe they have managed to keep the Celtic traditions alive, although they still work in secrecy. Most Witches are terrified of being found out and harassed or worse. They do not believe the majority of society would be tolerant of them, even today. In spite of these fears, it is still relatively easy for an interested person to get information about Witchcraft in general, and especially the "Wiccan Revivalist" sects, including Gardnerian Wicca, the first resurgence group to come out of the religious closet in this century, founded by English scholar Gerald Gardner. Other sects include Alexandrian Witchcraft, Seax-Wicca, and Georgian Witchcraft.

Modern Witches have five basic beliefs. They have a deep respect for nature and believe that Man is not master of his environment, and has no right to desecrate the beautiful planet he lives on. Rather, it is Man's job to take care of the planet, and keep life here healthy and active. Witches (or Wiccans, as most of them like to be called today), believe in a goddess as well as a god. There are many different versions of this goddess and god, and they are known by many different names. The goddess is a moon goddess, and she rules fertility. She is born each lunar month with the new moon, becomes mature and fertile at the full moon, and dies during the waning moon, to be born again when the moon is new. The god goes through much the same process following a solar cycle. Wiccans believe that there is a unifying power between worship and work. Their religion is close to the earth, so whatever they do in their daily lives is a part of their religion. Witches believe that every man can be a god and every woman a goddess.

There are two rules which most Witches know

and live by. The first is the Threefold Law, which states that anything you do comes back to you three times. So if a Witch cast a spell cursing someone, the Witch would be thrice cursed in the same manner as she had cursed the person at whom the spell was directed. The second is a saying which has been handed down over centuries, "and it harms none, do what you will," which is self-explanatory. These are the two prime directives, if you will, of Witchcraft.

The religious symbol of Witchcraft is the Pentagram (see figure 1). The Pentagram has many meanings: the five points represent the five human senses and also the four alchemical elements (earth, air, fire, water), with Spirit (mind) at the top. Witches often wear silver Pentagrams around their necks on silver chains or colored cords. All Craft jewelry is made of silver, a metal sacred to the moon and the goddess.

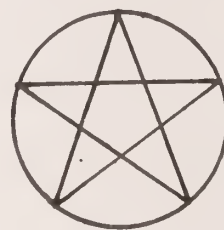


figure 1

The Witch's familiar, a much misunderstood animal, is usually a small pet which the Witch keeps because it helps her/him with certain magical practices. Witches do not sacrifice their familiars or any other animals. Sacrificing any living thing is against a Witch's principles.

Witches do not fly on brooms. One of the many myths modern Witches have which explains this belief in the traditional "Witch's broom" is this one: during the Witch hunts, all of a Witch's ritual objects had to be hidden, because inquisitors would occasionally search houses. Some Witches use wands in their work, and a common broomstick was an effective and clever hiding place for a wand.

Circles also figure heavily in the Wiccan Tradition. A Witch begins her/his ritual work by drawing a circle which symbolically connects the world of the mundane with the invisible world. Witches believe that all people somehow stand between these two worlds—the circle makes the line visible and easier to concentrate on. Witches believe that all power raised in a ritual comes from the people involved, not an outside source, and this power is often symbolized by a cone. Witches work inside the circle, raise this "cone of power" ritually and psychically, and release the power for a specific purpose, usually to bring about good things naturally in the world of the mundane. The traditional "Witch's hat" symbolizes this cone of power, though few modern Witches wear these hats.

Circles are also used to represent time in the Wiccan Tradition. The Wheel of the Year, or Yule, is depicted as a wheel with eight spokes (see figure 2). The spokes represent the eight holy days or sabbats,

which Witches observe. Hallowe'en is the only one of these sabbats which remains intact in our culture, and it is supposedly a time of year when the curtain between the worlds is especially thin. The dead are invited into the rituals, the circle is left open for them to enter, and food is set out for the goddess, should she care to enter and eat with the ritualists. Most of the traditional Wiccan holidays chronicle events in the lives of the goddess and the god. At Yuletide, which begins with the Winter Solstice, on or about

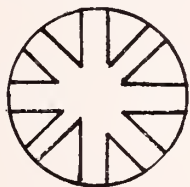


figure 2

Dec. 21, the goddess symbolically gives birth to the sun god. Candlemas, Feb. 2, is when the goddess returns as goddess of nature. The Spring Equinox, on or about March 21, a time of equal day and night, is the time when the god and goddess consummate their relationship if the goddess is to bear the new god in December. Beltane is May 1, and the traditional wedding day of the goddess and the god. The goddess changes into a white deer and the god pursues her through the woods as the Hunter. The Summer Solstice, on or about the 21st of June, is the time when the sun god is at its height, the longest day of the year. The gods of summer and winter fight for domination, and the summer god loses. At the beginning of August is Lammas Night, when the god is buried and laid into the arms of the goddess. The Autumnal Equinox, on or about the 23rd of September, is the final harvest of the year. The winter god has taken over, and the goddess is losing power, as she will until Yule, when the sun god is born and sets the wheel turning again.

Another area about which most people are curious is the nature of the rituals used in the Wiccan tradition. Do Witches really dance naked around fires? Some Witches do worship in the nude, especially in the summer, and at Summer Solstice and Beltane, fires are often built in the middle of the Circle. Some Witches prefer to work in robes or other special ritual garb; others work in street clothes. Witches who work in the nude do so only when weather and privacy conditions permit. Witches, or at least Witches in the modern Wicca tradition do not make human sacrifices, pacts with the devil, or noxious, smelly, probably poisonous brews such as the one Shakespeare invented in *Macbeth*, although many Witches are herbalists. Most of the rituals Witches perform are involved with raising psychic power through physical energy like dancing, chanting, and psychic game-playing. Power raised in these rituals is psychically directed toward a specific result. For instance, many Witches all over the country perform an earth healing ritual on certain new moons, and they believe all the energy they release at about the same

time goes to the same place and helps the earth.

Most modern Witches have a liberal political sentiment, are against nuclear weapons and restrictive or theocratic governments, and believe in equality for everyone. Witches have to put up with a lot, especially cartoons and advertisements depicting all of them as old, ugly hags with warts on their noses, and expressions like, "cold as a Witch's tit," but most of them have a pretty good sense of humor about all that. Still, it's not a good idea to accuse any Witch of being a devil-worshiper. This annoys the Witch and would probably stick the accuser with listening to everything already said in this article, plus a few more of the Witch's personal beliefs. In accordance with Aquarian Age values, personal beliefs are very important in Wicca, and every coven, in fact, every Witch, may have radically different ideas about the Craft and where it's going. Witchcraft as a religion has no definite rules or dogma. The only thing which governs Witchcraft is tradition; traditions are made to evolve or be broken. Many Witches harbor some prejudices against Christians because they believe things their ancestors did make things difficult for modern Witches, but most of them know that kind of prejudice is pretty pointless, and hope that someday relationships between Witches, Christians, and the other major and minor religions of the world can be better, even close. Great traditions and great minds have a lot to learn from one another.

BLESSED BE²

Notes

1) Isaac Bonewits is the founder of the New Reformed Druids of North America and a Pagan Rights activist. The "Aquarian Manifesto" is the proclamation Bonewits' Aquarian Anti-defamation League, whose slogan is "Never again the burning!"

2) "Blessed Be" is a phrase many Witches use in greeting one another and in parting. It means about the same thing as "goodwill" or "goodbye" means to most Americans, and along with the phrase "Merry Meet, Merry Part," is often used to begin or end rituals in Wicca.

Final Note: The way to learn about Witchcraft is not to accuse everyone on the block you think might be a Witch, or try learning ceremonial magic in your basement. A good start would be to read one of the following books or get in touch with one of several Pagan networks whose purpose it is to get Pagans together in the United States and other countries today.

If you want to learn about Paganism in America in general, read *Drawing Down the Moon** by Margot Adler.

If you want to learn about Wicca, read *Positive Magic*† by Marion Weinstein, *The Tree** by Raymond Buckland, *Magic for the Aquarian Age*† by Marian Greene, or *The Spiral Dance*† by Starhawk.

If you want to learn about the history of Witchcraft, read *Religion and the Decline of Magic** by Keith Thomas, *The Witch-Cult in Western Europe** by Margaret Murray, or *Ritual Magic in England* by Francis King.

*These books are catalogued in the Clemson University Library.

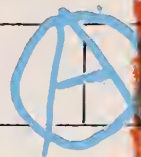
†These books are pretty rare in mass marketing establishments and can usually be found through occult bookstores, mail-order services, or borrowed from friends who are involved with Paganism.

One Last Thing: Don't accept everything you read about Paganism, Witchcraft, or any other alternative belief as truth. Many misinformed people have written many very bad books on the subject; sticking to authors and publishers with good credentials whom you are familiar with and trust is a good idea, as well as finding new material from the bibliographies which are often included in better books.

Atlantis is the mile-deep city.

Gwen Knighton

Do you love?



OFF THE WALL

I really do appreciate the fact you're sitting here

MARK LOVES LEEFA

Your voice sounds so wonderful but your face don't look too clear

Meeting again after months or sometimes who are friends - Richard Bach

Somewhere we are ready to wake but here the blankets have barely we have turned once or twice or started in our sleep but not had violent morning slip into our eyes like rainbow duggers

READ DIMP - HE CAN'T READ YOU.

Baby, oh Baby, oh Baby

Given an even chance a human will guess wrong more than half the time

D.S. Matheson

Your friends will know you better in the first minute you meet them than your acquaintances will know you in a thousand years.

Life, friends is boring so let's go next door

Sit, urr, sit. Good dog.

John Berryman

e.e. cummings

Everything is on this wall & maybe wrong (with apologies to Richard Bach)

GOD IS DEAD - NIETZCHE

NIETZCHE IS DEAD - GOD

R. Bach



Hello

to all our
mothers.

You guys are
OK.

Resisting Poetry I am
be coming a poem
- Derek Walcott

To DO IS TO BE - VOLTAIRE
To BE IS TO DO - SARTRE
DO BE DO BE DO BE DO - SINATRA

Imagination is more
important than Knowledge
Einstein

If you will practice being fictional
for a while, you will understand that
fictional characters are sometimes
more real than people with
bodies and hearts.
- Bach

We're still here
Knock

EXTRAORDINARY now potent BAO Acting Can Be

for a horse
Kim
There is one
story, and
only one story

Robert
Graves

aval mud
unfolds

We dance
round in a ring
and suppose
the Secret sits
in the middle and knows
- Eliot


All time is now
All space is here

We shall not cease from exploration
And the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started
And know the place for the first time.
Through the unknown, remembered gate
When the last of earth left to discover
Is that which was the beginning;
At the source of the longest river
The voice of the hidden water-fall
And the children in the apple-tree
Not known, because not looked for
But heard, half-heard in the stillness
Between two waves of the sea.
Quick now, here, always —
Attainment of complete simplicity
(costing not less than everything)
And all shall be well and
All manner of thing shall be well
When the tongues of flame are in-folded
Into the crowned knot of fire
And the fire and the rose are one.

- TS Eliot



PRIDE AND PROUD

ANTHONY  LIZZY

BHFA?

JC and Terry

FOREVER!

- George Bernard Shaw

what is life, but a
series of
inspired follies?



Visual

Autumn
leaves are changing colors
each entirely different
together the same
five-thirty time to get up
lights, mirror, action
jigsaw puzzle time
together at last
seven-thirty late time to go
cool out
people gathering at bars
lipstick, eyeshadow
all for show (pleasure)
she must be somebody's daughter
 Would you like some milk
 such a pretty baby
 has she spoken yet
 oh she'll be so beautiful
with makeup
 would you like a drink
 you've never looked better
the years of practice
on display
at once artist and creation
a picture in motion
 such a lovely daughter
 she'll make a fine wife
fine, proud parents
 well i know i just had it cut last week, dear
 but it's just too hard to manage
one thirty
lights, mirror, action
the face comes clean
looks different
winter

reese cann

Buildings are Courageous

Wide, innocent eyes hint tears
as his friend climbs higher and higher
taller than the tallest tree, he thinks
as he begs his powerless mother,
 "my ballooonnn . . ."
above the carnival It rises
above a quiet country town

"hold all calls for the day, Carol"
he turns from his formidable desk
to the picturesque view of the investment-dividend
world,
square miles, of towering infinity stretching out to—
a balloon floats by the window,
and somewhere, far below, among the blurry dots
is one upset kid who just lost his quarter investment,
and a mom, who is no longer a god.

reese cann



Seasons of the River

S. D. Pinchbeck

From the Berkshires of western Massachusetts the Roeliff Jansen Kill threads its way down through the Taghanic Mountains of eastern New York and ends as a tributary of the Hudson River 80 miles above the Atlantic Ocean. Through high mountains and low hills, past hardwood forests, pine stands and open fields, through the four seasons the river flows.

Eight miles above the Elizaville Fall a small tributary forms in the highlands above the river. The stream is the overflow from a pond created by a natural spring and the rain running off the mountain above. In the winter the bitter cold keeps the pond surface frozen and by January the snows have covered it making it recognizable only as a small depression with dry reeds poking through the periphery. All is still above the surface, yet below the ice the water moves. It gurgles and percolates and winds its way downhill alive.

Spring the natural mystic from scattered rock pilings, come up from the frozen soil, tossed last year's dry leaves into the frosted night sky. Rise spirit and count the stars, see the constellations and shed a tear for the solitude shared with the North star. Come home and join me, I invoke you. Sit by the communal fire, sit by my side.

I search the wood for kindling and dry seasoned logs and toss them in the clearing, untidy. Build a delicate fire and watch the flame reach up and embrace the bark which glows brazen orange, then purified turns to white ash and drops to the base in radiance. The fire grows proud, grows strong, the trees around us, I see their form, their dancing spectral shapes, the shadows are cast aside. My cheeks, pinched by the frigid wind grow warm and I look around to my companions who join me in a circle of friendship and common bond of knowing silence, the reflection of contentment in their eyes as they contemplate my fire, comforted expressions of a moment of peace safe from the unfulfilled wishes which run and hide in the surrounding darkness. Sit back on elbows and watch the silver sparks launch into the night then disappear. Breathe deep, clear the mind and embrace the ancient heart.

Then one day the chill is no longer in the air and the finches and sparrows begin to twitter and chatter in the trees above. A warm humid breeze rolls over the land and a fog pulls up from the ground. The spring thaw begins. Cautiously it begins then the thermometer pushes down the contours into the stream bed. With time the water rises to its bank and increases velocity barely containing itself. From the banks it cuts dirt and debris until it reaches the river

in a muddy boil.

The sum of these small streams has pushed the Roeliff Jansen Kill to its capacity. The strength of the water undercuts its banks and pockets of earth slump into the river changing its course. Chunks of ice and fallen trees bob downstream in the turmoil and then get heaped upon each other forming blocks in the last violent acts of a long winter. It is quiet again, the water recedes and the first snowdrops dot the fields.

March becomes April and yet the tree buds had not opened as if there were an uncertainty in nature regarding winter's flight, as if spring feared for its youthful vulnerability. But then the robin returned and it called out to nature which in turn burst forward and barren landscape turned into green foliage. The birch, oak, maple, willow and elm waved nature's green standard. It was spring on the river and the first kayakers dared the cold water and whooped and holed at each turn of the river. The brown brook trout were growing fat on new larvae and nymphs and the flycasters whipped their lines overhead to see if they too could take from the river.

Dawn comes to the country as the sun peaks over the eastern hills and gleams in the droplets of dew. My body, unaccustomed to sleeping on the hard ground is sore, but I am well rested, content, and anxious for the day to start. I apprehensively pull myself from my warm sleeping bag into the nip of cool morning air and run my fingers through my hair and push it back. I pull my boots on and grab a stick to stir the embers from the ashes. Standing up and stretching, I work the stiffness from my joints. I build a small fire on top of the embers and put some water up to boil for some instant coffee and oatmeal. My calls stir the others so I hang my pack from a limb to dry and walk down to the stream to splash water on my face and leave the others to rise and greet the day.

Spring turned into summer and the rains stopped and the water became shallow and bared some of its rocks to the sun. The flow of the streams was reduced to a trickle. On the banks the grasses had grown high and one could see the paths the deer had trampled when they came to the river at night. The woodchuck burrows were brown dirt spots dotting the field and the brood came up to play in the sun. The rabbits darted among the daisies and black-eyed Susans and the bees traveled among the fragrant blossoms of thistle. A heron flew upstream and a woodcock called from the pines.

In August the air hangs still above the water and the only sound is that of the horse flies buzzing. The air is thick with the smell of vegetation and the green

and red algae have grown around the rocks beneath the surface making them slick and providing safe repose for hiding crayfish. Then with the crash of thunder and the light splatter of rain it is September and the air turns cool. September is a month of breathing easily suspended between the repressive heat of August and the hectic days of October. All rest today.

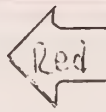
Hand signals only, we spread slowly to a line of four at 50-foot intervals, another hand up and we started stepping one foot in front of the other in uncharacteristic elegant grace. The dogs are released and they surge through the underbrush yelping and wagging their tails. Dodging tree limbs and briars, eyes glaring in excited concentration we scan the horizon for movement and keenly listen for the sound of a break, the hint of a presence. There is no time of interpretation or a survey of the significance of the act, I perceive and react, I level and shoot and the hen pheasant become limp and falls to the ground in a clumsy heap. The body lies broken in a wreath of gold leaves.

When the first gunshot cracks through the stiff air of the hills above, fall has begun. There is a sense of anticipation and urgency that comes with autumn. Inhaled cold air bites the nostrils and one sees the breath of mortal life leave in a puff of steam. The deer, the grouse, the pheasant, the rabbit and man all feel this and steal backwards glances. The surface of the river is calm and all of the skaters and waterbugs are gone. The sun reflects brilliantly off the back of a whitefish channeling in the shallow water between the rocks seeking some last morsel. It leaps into the air and disappears in the depths. Along the bank the reeds and grasses have grown stiff held by the crystals of the first frost. Transparent sheets of ice form on the river's edge and a flock of Canadian geese fly overhead calling out their lonely lament. The foliage is first lightly dabbed with streaks of yellows, reds, and oranges. In the final glory of Indian summer the hills burst into spectacular color. The color gives way to shadows.

I turned the spade one last time, tamped the ground, then rested, satisfied and melancholy. I patted the dust from the legs of my blue jeans and kicked the clods from my boots. I wiped my brow with a frayed bandana and stuffed it into my back pocket. Today I am saddened by the passing and it is not her death and the brittleness she left behind but the recognition of my own failure to become closer in tune to those attributes which is my soul's desire to know. To know the mystique of her allure, to know the secret of the passing of my own time and the relation to her permanence; I suffer in the natural limits of my senses to perceive. Shoulders shrug low bearing the weight . . . I turn and walk away . . . my back to the breadth of the twilight, the North wind, and the fading memory of a day.



The first snowflake falls to the ground and melts; the second one sticks. The Roeliff Jansen Kill continues to flow.

**drowning**

now feel it invisible arms
wrap around ankles again
how many times in this life
have i touched death
no time to count reality is struggle
against this weight at my feet
arms like tropical kisses
spirit around my legs
a wave voice calls me in
calls me in until i am tied
by surf and sand to this fate
could i kill this calm smooth surface for air
and choking draw away and up
intoxicate myself with oxygen
what is firm land the edges are no longer real
since those first few gulps of thick sweet something
light filters through above me
bright and hazy at once and the voice
tells me close your eyes there is darkness
coolness syrupy arms quiet
in the depth In the darkness
where the quiet lives
i hear the wave voice the Inevitable sound
of tidetime
i knew i knew i knew you would come





by
Pete Bagshaw

The Waiters

A red MR-2 sped eastward on Interstate 80 toward Salt Lake City.

"Look, honey!"

"At what? We're in the middle of a desert."

"Up ahead, on the right."

"That's a mirage, Joan."

"It's a tree, Harry, an oak tree."

"Joan, oak trees don't grow in a salt flat desert. Rattlesnakes, lizards, cacti maybe—but not oak trees."

"Then why does it look like an oak tree?"

"I don't know. Let's stop and find out."

Harry brakes the car to a stop on the side of the highway. "I hate to get our marriage off to a bad start, but I have to agree with you—it's an oak tree."

"And look—Laurel and Hardy! Where did those two characters come from?"

"What the hell is going on here? They weren't here when we drove up. Were they?"

"They don't even know we're here. It's weird, Harry."

"There's something else; Interstate 80 in this part of Utah may not be the New Jersey Turnpike, but you'd think we'd see a car or truck, or something. I haven't seen anything since we left Wendover, have you?"

"No, but look at those two—aren't they pitiful?"

"I don't know about pitiful. I think they're nuts."

"They're in some kind of trouble, Harry. See how the little fat guy keeps hopping around on one leg?"

"Maybe he's a Hopi Indian."

"They need help; I know they do."

"Right, but neither of us is a psychiatrist. We're not the local chapter of the Red Cross. We're on our honeymoon, remember?"

"I have a short memory, Harry. I may forget it by tonight unless you go see if they need help."

"It's blackmail, but I'll pay. Hold the fort; I'll be right back."

Neither of the two men under the tree was aware of Harry's approach. The short one appeared to be angry; he kept hopping about on one foot, holding a shoe in his right hand. Suddenly he threw the shoe at his companion, who ducked just in time.

"Excuse me, are you having a problem? Do you need help?"

The Laurel and Hardy look-alikes whirled around with an air of hopeful expectancy, but hope gave way to disappointment when they saw Harry.

Joan couldn't hear what was being said; it was like watching a mime show. The little one hopped over to the tall character and tugged on his sleeve as if to pull him toward the car—but to no avail. Both were dressed in torn clothing; they looked for all the world like Laurel and Hardy playing the role of two tramps—or vice versa. In spite of his clothes, the tall one maintained an air of dignity. He bowed from the

waist as Harry turned and headed back to the car. The short one hopped angrily after his shoe.

"What did they say?"

Harry didn't answer. Instead, he fastened his seat belt and drove back onto the highway toward Salt Lake City.

"Are you all right, Harry?" He didn't look all right; he looked troubled.

"They're French, can you believe it? Two Frenchmen under an oak tree in the middle of a Utah desert!"

"Maybe it wasn't an oak tree. Would you feel better if it was a chestnut tree? Frenchmen are always standing under chestnut trees."

"They spoke English with a French accent, but I could understand them."

"You're a regular linguist, Harry."

"You know what they said when I asked if they needed help?"

"Sure, they said they're waiting for someone."

"How in the hell did you guess?"

"Womanly intuition. Besides, they aren't in that God-forsaken place on a picnic—they don't even have a car."

"O.K., can you tell me who they're waiting for?"

"Whom, Harry, whom."

"You haven't answered my question."

"No, I don't know whom they were waiting for. Even womanly intuition has its limitations."

"They're waiting for a guy named Godot."

"It's some kind of a joke, Harry. Candid Camera or something. That's the name of a play by Samuel Beckett."

"What is?"

"'Waiting for Godot'."

"Is he French?"

"Who, Godot?"

"No, Beckett. Is he French?"

"Is the Pope Catholic?"

"Huh?"

"Samuel Beckett was a French playwright. We studied 'Godot' in French Lit. when I was in college. Did you get their names?"

"Here." He handed her a scrap of paper. "They asked me to do them a favor."

"Joan's eyes widened as she read their note: 'Please call Mr. Godot collect at 801-3487. Tell him Vladimir and Estragon are still waiting. Ask him to hurry.' She turned to Harry 'Vladimir and Estragon—those are the names of Beckett's characters in the play!'"

He looked puzzled. "Why did they sign it Vladimir and Estragon; that's not what they called each other."

"Gogo and Didi? Was it Gogo and Didi?"

"That's it, Gogo and Didi. This has to be some kind of a gag—a publicity stunt or something."

They rode in silence for a mile or two. They could



see nothing but desert and the distant mountains. Harry spoke aloud, but more to himself than to Joan, "Maybe I'm dreaming. Maybe it's all a dream."

"You're awake. I wish we were both dreaming, but we're awake, and it actually happened."

"Whatever it is, it's still happening. We haven't seen another car in the last 20 minutes."

"Isn't that a bus or truck coming toward us now?" The distance between the two vehicles narrowed.

"It's a bus, a Greyhound bus."

The westbound bus rocketed past, followed by two cars and a truck. Harry had been holding his breath; now he laughed. "We've escaped the time warp. Boy, that was eerie."

"But that tree, those two men—Didi and Gogo—they were real Harry."

"I'll bet it's playing in Salt Lake City tonight."

"Not that play, not in Salt Lake City. I don't think the Mormon Church would allow it."

"Why not?"

"Beckett was an existentialist; existentialists said God was dead or He didn't care—something like that."

"You mean like Sartre and Camus and all those guys?"

"Geel And I thought you were just a big dumb gorgeous hunk."

"University of Georgia, Class of '71, remember?"

"Harry, I've been thinking; you lied to me."

"Whaddaya mean?"

"You said you were a college graduate. The University of Georgia isn't a college; it's a farm team for pro-football players."

"Don't get smart with me, woman. I'll take you back to that oak tree. Gogo and Didi could use a playmate."

"Harry, I can see I've got my work cut out for me. It's a dirty job, but someone has to do it."

"Joan!"

"What?"

"Stop acting so damned smart and give me a nice wifely kiss." She kissed him on the cheek and leaned her head on his shoulder. They rode in silence for several minutes.

"Hon."

"I thought you were asleep."

"Will you call that number as soon as we get to Salt Lake City?"

"Yeah. I know it's some kind of a stunt, but I'm curious, too. We'll be in Salt Lake in another 25 or 30 minutes."

The remainder of the ride was uneventful. They had made room reservations in Salt Lake City. Joan got out the AAA routing directions and read them aloud. Harry exited Interstate 80 and headed toward the motel.

"There's a convenience store ahead; they must have a pay phone."

Harry parked in front of an old booth-type telephone. "Here goes." He walked over to the booth, deposited a coin, and made a collect call to

Mr. Godot.

"Who shall I say is calling?"

"Harry Bardwell. I have a message from Vladimir and Estragon." He spelled out both names for the operator.

"Thank you, sir."

Harry waited. Presently he hears a woman's voice. She sounded distraught.

"Good afternoon. Godot Enterprises."

"I have a collect call for Mr. Godot from Mr. Harry Bardwell. He has a message from Vladimir and Estragon. Will you accept the charges?"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Godot is not here now. Can I have him return the call?"

"I'm calling from a pay phone on the outskirts of town, operator. We're staying at the Ramada Inn West; I'll call from there. When is Mr. Godot expected?"

"I heard that, operator. I don't know. I'm, Mr. Godot's secretary, but I don't know. Nobody knows." Her voice was rising; she was losing her self-control. "People are waiting; they're here in the reception room, in the hall, lined up on the sidewalk." She was sobbing now. "People, hundreds of people. They're waiting—everybody's waiting, waiting for Godot." The poor woman's sobs grew louder. He heard a click.

"She hung up." The operator sounded puzzled.

"Thanks, operator, I'll try later."

Harry returned to the car and recounted the telephone conversation. He was angry. "I don't know what kind of a game they're playing, but they're sure going to a lot of time and expense to play it."

"I think I'm right; it's a TV program of some kind—a version of Candid Camera maybe."

"Well, the hell with 'em, honey. Let's find the motel. After we check in I'll buy some tonic water and mix us a drink. Do you need anything?"

"Better get some aspirins, I think I'm getting a headache."

"Those bastards, those dirty rotten bastards!"

"The aspirin will take care of it; it always does." God bless the makers of aspirin."

They checked into the motel. Harry brought their bags into the room and went in search of tonic water. There was none in the soft drink dispensers at the motel. He was able to buy some in a convenience store down the street. He returned directly to their rooms, stopping only to get a bucket of ice. "Damn, 30 minutes to get two bottles of tonic water."

By the time he got back, Joan had showered and was getting dressed. "What took so long?"

He started to explain while he mixed the drinks. "Good thing I had to go to a store; I almost forgot you wanted aspirin. How do you feel?"

She walked over and poured some gin in both glasses. Her hand trembled.

"Hey, I've already poured the liquor. Are you trying to get us drunk?"

She was pale. "I had a phone call while you were gone."

"A phone call, nobody knows we're here."



"Somebody does, or did."

"What are you saying?"

"Harry, the phone rang just as I finished my shower. I wrapped a towel around me and came out here dripping wet. I picked up the phone and said 'hello'; a man's voice asked, 'Is Harry Bardwell there?' It was a voice I'd never heard. I told him no, but you would be back soon; could I have you call him. He said no, he was leaving on a long journey and might not return. I asked him if there was any message and he said, 'Please tell him that Godot returned his call. I must go now. People are waiting.' Then he hung up."

"For God's sake!" Harry took a long drink; Joan did likewise.

"I was frightened and mad, so I tried to call that number Vladimir had given you. The slip of paper was on the dresser. I picked it up to read the number; but Harry, it was blank; the writing had disappeared!" Joan paused and took another drink."

"Damn!" Harry drained his glass.

"I was frustrated . . . First I looked up Godot in the Salt Lake City directory; the name isn't listed there or in any of the surrounding towns. I didn't give up; I called the desk clerk and asked if he had ever heard of anyone named Vladimir or Estragon." Joan took a long swallow. "Harry, he said Vladimir and Estragon used to work here—in the restaurant." She swirled the ice around in the glass.

"You better mix us another drink, honey."

He did, adding an extra half jigger of gin.

She sounded sad. "No, there's more. But aren't you curious about what they did in the restaurant?"

"I wasn't, but I am now."

"They were waiters, Harry. Vladimir and Estragon were waiters."

"Well, they're still waiting. I wonder what in hell they're doing out there in the desert?"

"I asked the desk clerk if he knew what happened to them. He did. One day Vladimir and Estragon drove over to Wendover. On the way back Vladimir—he was driving—must have fallen asleep. The car went off the road and rolled over several times. They were both killed. They're dead, Harry! Vladimir and Estragon are dead!"

"I'll be damned."

"Me too."

For Ovalio

Should I wander here or there
Looking for the Point?
Should I even think to care
And smoke another joint?

Vince Somady

The Choice of Life

Eighteen moo-cows in a little tree.
A big tree came along and said,
"Cows, get on me."
Eighteen moo-cows liked the little tree
And told the big tree,
"We prefer where we be."

Jim Dalton



Stephanie's Chair

Stephanie's chair stands in the corner,
Comfortable and forbidden.
I can't resist sitting in it,
Furtively,
Even though Stephanie gets mad, and
Behaves like a child,
Knocking books off shelves,
Making faucets

d

r

i

p

And banging doors when I'm alone,
Trying to scare me.

William Stephens

Splices

Chronicle would like to thank some people and organizations who have been a great help to us. Without them, this publication (and in some cases, our own creativity) would never have existed.

Kirk Brague
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 Jennifer & Perry
 (For BHF B)

Alderspark
 Clemson Players
 English Dept.
 the Study Hall

TAPS
 The Tiger
 WSBF
 JIMP BUSTERS
 (for publicity)

&
 the girls on et-9
 (for helping us realize
 which decade we're
 in)

ψ

In a dark theater at the end of the movie Plenty:

Man: Meryl Streep was very good . . .

Woman: . . . but it was so depressing. I didn't know it'd be so depressing . . .

What were these people really hoping for when they went to see this movie? Isn't it a foregone conclusion that Meryl Streep is one of Hollywood's best actresses and that she has made her name by creating tragic women? What do people expect when they go to see a movie? "I go to be entertained!"

This is the attitude of most people. This is why so many people (including myself) have seen certain movies multiple times. How many people keep a running tally of all the times they've seen Monty Python and the Holy Grail, or any of the Star Wars pictures, Raiders of the Lost Ark, or the Rocky Horror Picture Show? We go back because we know we'll be entertained (sometimes by the movie, other times by the audience). But what about the depressing movies? As my father often asks:

"Why did you go if you KNEW you'd be so depressed?"

"Because I KNEW the movie would be SO good . . ."

Movies are like books. We read some for swords and sorcery some for spies and mysteries, some for melodramatic tear-jerking, and still others for English Lit. class. Movies like English Lit.? Sure. Movies have symbolism, foreshadowing, dramatic irony, etc., too. Every film Spielberg has made uses special effects to create "supernatural" clouds which heighten the dramatic tension of the story's climax and provide an other-worldly implication to the action.






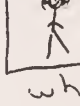






In The Rocky Horror Picture Show, we have a pretty good idea what Dr. Frank N. Furter is up to, although Brad and Janet never really do. Brad and Janet's 1950's stock naivete provides much of the film's dramatic irony (or rather comedic irony).

These are only a few examples from some of the most popular films in the past few years. Depressing films use literary devices in the same way to what is sometimes a more serious end. The only difference between great books and great films is that a film is the product of many people, not just the director, not just the actor, and not just the writer. It is a communal look at splinters of humanity, spliced together to provide a central theme.

Karen Neary

"Splices" is Chronicle's feature for the discussion of film as literature, whether the movie is serious or irreverent. We hope that readers will feel free to express ideas on currently released movies, as well as classic films, from all genres. We encourage short perceptive insights as opposed to full length essays and reviews. Please feel free to send your ideas and observations to Chronicle, Box 2187, C.U., "Splices" Dept.

Red

The Chronicle staff thought it would take this opportunity to tell you about it. We have some real real people working with us on this issue, and we'd like to start some ~~very~~ ~~very~~ mean gossip about them. Our editor in chief is Mark Tomblin.  He is a real smart guy and his phone number is waki. some.  times he takes us too lunch but not ~~not~~ too often because we only see him when were on business and theres not a burgerking in our office. Sometimes when the staff goes to our favorite chind's restrant he brings us food cos that's his job. Mike Lusk is our business manager. He looks like this . He likes to spend money on this magazine, especially ours, cos  the University doesn't ~~to~~ like too give us much. Mikes best feature is his beard cos it hides his face. Beth  Lyons is our Features editor and she writes great poetry and she hates  titles. (see p. 7) She is a junior or a sophomore (she doesn't know which) majoring in english and minoring in second hand entomology (that means bugs). You can see her if you eat at Clemsons house alot cos she is always there at night cleaning up after us, or you can find her in class about 30% of the time. Gwen is the fiction editor  and ~~set~~ she is a very weird person. She is with her boyfriend  Dollface in this picture he is the one with the beard. We think Gwen is way too serious plus she is never at home. She is usually in the office or over at Student Govt. or in class (about 20% of the time) or at her apartment which looks like a motel only cheaper or eating (about 60% of the time) or taking road trips with Freddie too cow pastures in the middle of the night or sleeping (practically never). You can leave a ~~me~~ message and she might get back to you.  This is Anthony our poetry editor. He is a wonderful guy and  has a great girlfriend named Lizzy and we love both of them. Anthony also writes great poetry except he won't let any body see any of it. Anthony has a great sense of humor. ~~He~~ let us print this picture. Freddie  manages our office which means she yells at us a awful lot.  she is wearing her tail-cote in this picture (the light isn't two good) which is her favorite thing to wear and she wears it alot. Freddie likes long earrings and carries a spoon around. Aside from that she is OK. That's who we are. You can be one of us if you can turn over 5 pages and come see us at our next drop-in. Or not

"here we are, trapped in the amber of the moment,
there is no why." K. Vonnegut.

balancing sanity on the edge of a nickel
dancing the line between apathy and hysteria
trapped in the amber of humanity
where life is existence
and change is death
and when the music finally swells
for the last notes—
what's the purpose?
quick, before I freeze,
what's my final pose?

beth lyons



 * EARTH DAY is April 22. *
 * Come support your *
 * environment: it's been *
 * supporting you for *
 * millions of years. *

Lost: one velox of the Chronicle ostrich, somewhere between the Chronicle office and Nick's. If found, please return to box 2187. The poor little guy hasn't been fed in days, and without his tailfeathers, he's sure to be cold. Answers to the name of John-Mark.

Mom & Dad, I'm sorry and I'll never do it again.
 Lizzie B.

Spot and Sally would like to announce their engagement. The wedding will be sometime soon, but we have to find a state where a human can marry a dog first.

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 * Clemson, 29631 *

After we find John-Mark, the Chronicle Ostrich, we desperately need to get him a date for the Chronicle Drop-In. Will not discriminate on the basis of race, religion, creed, nationality, sexual preference, or species (although John-Mark

prefers no Ewoks). Send to "Get John-Mark a date" c/o Chronicle.

CONGRATULATIONS, FRED ! !

Lizzy.

We know you're in New York working real hard and stuff, but please remember to think about us a couple of times a month -- we really miss you.

A.S.

EWOKS? WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH EWOKS???

Please submit material for the next Chronicle. We need poetry, fiction, features, artwork, photography, or general weirdness. Send your efforts to box 2187, Campus mail. If you want to work on the magazine, see our drop-in ad, page 37.

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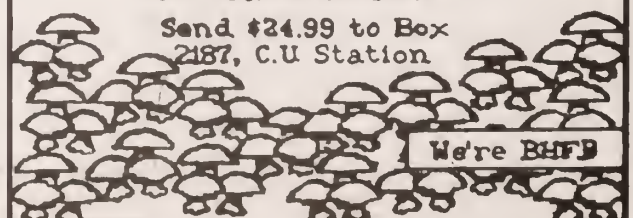
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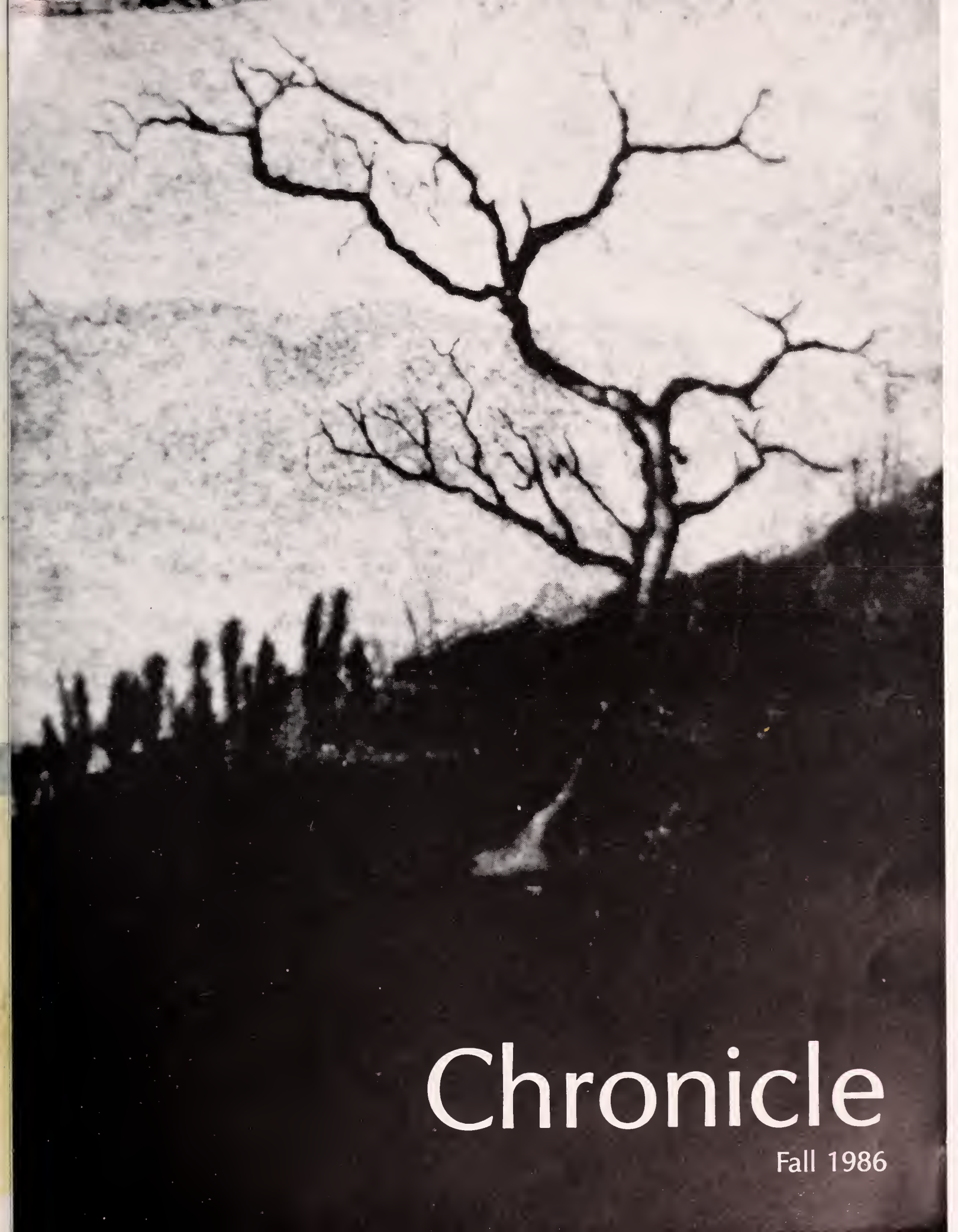
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Chronicle

Fall 1986

Chronicle

Clemson's Variety Magazine
Fall 1986

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Special thanks to Mike Lusk for his work this summer.

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Tom Rishforth

Editorial

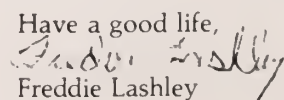
The **Chronicle**, the oldest student publication on campus, has been the official student variety magazine of Clemson University since 1897. That being the case, a logical question might be asked, "If the **Chronicle** has been around so long, why is it relatively unheard of?" Good question. The answer is that there have been years when it wasn't being published. The longest break was from 1928 to 1959, and the most recent was from the spring of 1983 to the spring of 1986. The magazine that was published last spring took the students who were interested in reviving the **Chronicle** three semesters of battling red tape to get it into print. That, I hope, will be the last start for the **Chronicle**.

This year is the first since 1983 that we have had a budget, and we plan to get out two issues—one each semester. In my work with the magazine since it has been revived, I have noticed three areas about which there seems to be some misunderstanding. In the first place, some students have a stereotyped view of the staff; in the second place, there is a general misconception of the editorial position of the magazine; and, in the third place, just what constitutes "variety" seems to be unclear to some people. In the hope of clearing up some of these points, I'd like to make a few comments.

Since reforming in 1959, the **Chronicle** staff has developed an image which implies to some people that anyone involved with the magazine is either an English major or an architect. Some people take it even further and associate the staff with gay commie whales who eat acid for breakfast before going to their 8 o'clock literature class. Like most stereotypes, it is a far cry from the real picture. Admittedly, in some past issues, the staff has bordered on this stereotype. But I can positively guarantee that no one on the staff these days is an acid-tripping, gay, commie whale. We do have one English graduate student. But he's perfectly harmless. And the rest of the staff is very normal—by Clemson standards, of course.

The editorial viewpoints of the **Chronicle** have historically been a bit on the liberal side. One issue of the magazine was burned by irate students. I think that many past issues sometimes took a radical stand in order to counter an apathetic atmosphere on campus. There may be times when that will be the way we will want to go, but my feeling is that our editorial policy shouldn't be so extreme that it alienates the students. It does need to be open enough to air both sides of an argument. Finally I would have to agree with one of the current members of the staff who stated that he would like the **Chronicle** to fall between the *New Yorker* and *Rolling Stone*.

As to what "variety" is. That question was raised after last spring's issue. Some students didn't think that art, photography, fiction, and features were enough. What I think they were saying is that works from only a few people don't make for variety. If that's the case, I agree. But keep in mind that the content of the **Chronicle** can only be as varied as the submissions received. Don't just talk about it. Do something.

Have a good life,

Freddie Lashley

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Jack Crow

Untitled

*Every night the train goes by
Slowly.
West.*

*And now I want to pack
a bag of tricks,
Hop in an open car,
And fly home.
Slowly.
West.*

*Home, where I am welcome and different,
not because of who I am
(If I AM at all)
but because of what I can be.
Free and West and
Gone . . .
vanishing (BANG) into the Kansas sunrise.*

*Here at home second
I am dead
(If I can DIE at all)
And I can see my soul following me
in the shadows
that used to be my mind.
But there are no tears
left to cry.*

*My tears and what's left of my
burning heart
(burning for HOME)
Are dried and blowing West
Slowly.
Into the Kansas wind.*

Tara Lynn Eisenhour

Untitled

*I am the deaf child:
I am NOT blind.
I can see you staring at me:
big eyes of wonder.
Too bad you cannot see.*

*You do not understand
why I can't say "quiet" —
I don't know what "q" sounds like;
I don't know what quiet is.*

*They tell me all I hear is silence.
I hear no silence;
I hear nothing.*

I am NOT dead.

*I live my life;
I run into people like you
who look down my throat for sound.
Too bad you cannot see yourself.
You look so funny with your face in my mouth,
spying for speeches unforthcoming.
And you call me the dumb one,
when you really believe I cannot
hear what you say.*

Tara Lynn Eisenhour

*"And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity."
—I Corinthians 13:13*

Cardinal Virtues

Lynn McGirt

As she moved a soapy rag in slow circles over the last of the dinner dishes, Faith stared out her kitchen window at a pair of cardinals. The scarlet male fluttered to an overhead branch as if to stand guard, while his mate pecked carelessly at the bread scraps Faith had scattered on the ground. She wondered if the male had already taken his share of the crumbs and decided that he probably had. Wasn't that the natural order of things? Faith herself never partook of the mid-day meal until John Henry and Mac finished eating and went back to work; sometimes they were late, and Faith didn't dare to do anything other than wait. After all, hadn't John Henry given her a better life than she'd had back in Georgia? The least she could do was be a proper wife to him.

A noisy mockingbird flew down to claim the bread crumbs, and the cardinals simultaneously made their retreat. The olive tones of the female's feathers blended with the colors of the trees as she flew farther away, but the red bird was constantly visible, proud of his prominence. Faith looked down at her own clothing. The water-spotted, faded calico smock concealed her firm, young figure. Her brown oxfords had been a graduation gift from her father; with new soles, they might last another four or five years. By 1940, things were bound to get better. Then, at last, she would be able to have the pretty things that a girl ought to have.

John Henry and Faith McKenna had been married for almost a year now. He wasn't a bad-looking fellow, but more importantly, he was smart, and Daddy said he had a future. John Henry and his older brother Mac kept their own hardware shop, and on the side, they did repairs for people in town. They could fix just about anything, folks would say—automobiles, plumbing, furniture, maybe even the results of the elections. The brothers had always lived together, and Mac never bothered to consider moving out after John Henry's wedding. John Henry never asked him to. He enjoyed his company too much.

Faith, on the other hand, seldom had any company at all. Once a month or so, she would walk into town and take the bus to Fayetteville to visit her parents and her sister. She paid her fare with coins saved from the household allowance John Henry gave her. He didn't mind so much her using the money to visit her kinfolk. What did bother him was her crazy notion that she should be able to drive the automobile to Fayetteville (or anywhere else, for that matter). Faith had learned how to drive on her uncle's farm when she was only twelve years old, but she knew that it would be useless to pursue her desire to drive John Henry's Ford.

So, Faith just walked. She walked the three miles to church every Sunday alone, while Mac and John Henry slept. She carried her worn Bible, her Sunday pocketbook, and her wedding shoes. After the first two and a half miles, Faith sat down on a tree stump, took off her old oxfords, and hid them in the brush on the side of the road. She walked the rest of the way to church proudly in her lovely wedding shoes. As soon as she saw the church steeple appear over the hill, Faith checked in her purse to make sure her quarter for the offering plate was still there. It always was, but if it were ever not to be found, she intended to turn right back around and go home.

When she began to dry the dishes, Faith caught a glimpse of her reflection in the white china. A wisp of her raven-black hair came loose from the tight bun at the back of her head as she bent over a plate to study her reflection. Her cheeks had the bloom of youth, her eyes were a clear shade of gray, and behind her rosy lips were straight, white teeth. It wasn't proper to be vain, though. Mama had taught her that. Faith put the plate away, scolding herself a little and returning to the task at hand.

Her mind wandered. She wondered about Frank Curry. His truck startled her as she was on her way to church last Sunday; she was unac-

customed to traffic along her route. Faith was frightened when the man pulled over and called to her, "Scuse me, miss, can I offer you a lift to town?"

"No, sir, thank you very kindly." John Henry would be upset if she even considered accepting the stranger's offer. Besides, she'd be embarrassed to change her shoes in front of the man.

"Well, if you're sure. . . . Good day to you, miss," he said as he drove away.

Faith didn't notice the stranger sitting across from her in church until the preacher was almost finished with his sermon. It was based on Corinthians 13, her favorite chapter of the Bible. The preacher stressed the importance of faith and hope before he talked about love. Love, he said, was the greatest virtue of all. Faith McKenna thought about the hymn the congregation had sung at her wedding, "O, Perfect Love." It was a prayer to God that hers and John Henry's love would know no end. It was a beautiful hymn.

After the benediction, Faith tarried, talking to the organist and waiting for the stranger to leave. When she was certain he had gone, she put her oxfords on again and ran all the way home. John Henry was out in the garden, preparing a plot for summer corn. He asked her how church was.

"Just fine, thank you, John Henry. The sermon was about Corinthians. I'll be getting your dinner directly," she said, scuffling her feet in the freshly turned soil. "There was a stranger there today. He offered me a ride. I didn't accept, of course."

"Oh, you must be talking about Frank Curry."

"You know him?"

"Well, 'course I do. He left town about four years ago to be some sort of traveling salesman. He came back last week for good. His father needed help with the farm," John Henry explained. "You can ride with him whenever you like."

Faith nodded and went into the house, resolving to leave her oxfords at home . . . just in case. The stranger intrigued her.

On the following Sunday, Faith walked slowly and carefully toward town in her wedding shoes. As expected, the stranger's truck approached, and this time Faith called out, "Mr. Curry!" He pulled to the side of the road right away.

"Did you change your mind about accepting a ride, miss?" he asked.

"Well, yes, sir, if you don't mind," Faith said with a shy smile.

"Why, I never mind chauffeuring around beautiful young ladies. Hop right on in."

"Thank you kindly." Faith climbed up into the

passenger side of the truck.

"Well, you seem to know my name," Frank Curry said. "May I be permitted to know yours?"

"It's Faith."

"Faith, hope, and charity. From First Corinthians," Mr. Curry reflected. "Maybe faith should be the most important virtue of all."

"You're apt to turn my head, Mr. Curry." Faith was flattered by the way this stranger looked at her.

"How did you learn my name, anyway, Miss Faith?"

"Well, Mr. Curry, it seems you are an old acquaintance of my husband," Faith replied. "He said you had returned to town for good."

"Why, you're too young and pretty to be an old married lady. Who is the fortunate man who captured you?"

"My husband's name is John Henry McKenna."

"My, my, I have a lot of catchin' up to do on the town gossip. How long have ya'll been married?"

"Almost a year," Faith answered.

"Well, it looks like I was just about a year late comin' home." Frank smiled at Faith.

Faith felt flattered and uncomfortable all at the same time. By now they had arrived at the church. Faith thanked him for the ride and headed toward her usual pew without asking him to join her. Frank took the hint.

After the service, Mr. Curry waited for Faith. She decided to accept his offer of a ride home. They said little to one another as they drove. When they arrived at Faith's house, John Henry came up to greet Frank. He extended his hand to shake Frank's.

"Welcome back, Curry. Mighty nice of you to carry my wife home," John Henry said.

"It was my pleasure. Faith is a lovely, young woman." Frank looked at her.

Mac called John Henry to help him with something in the back yard, so he excused himself. Faith shuffled her feet uncomfortably.

"Well, I guess I'd better be going now," Frank said. "Can I pick you up at the house next Sunday?"

"Thank you kindly, sir, but I would really prefer to walk," Faith said. "I do appreciate your offer, though."

"Suit yourself, Faith McKenna," he said as he climbed back into his truck.

So, Faith went into the house to fix Sunday dinner. She looked through the kitchen window, searching until she saw the almost-camouflaged female cardinal high in a pine tree in the back yard. And she was somehow content.



The Train

*Moonlit monsieur
Sleek silver shining
Silently speeding
Virgin voyage
Moonlit maiden
Pallid pulchritude
Tender tresses
Caringly caressed
And the train rushed into the dark*

Raven

Land of Opportunity

*Laundry loaded
Detergent added
Placing the quarters in the slots
—POKE—
In the back
 "Got a quarter?"
 "Ask your mom, kid"
Breezeless, humid air
Roaring washers, humming dryers*

*Then the sister
Big beads of sweat pouring down her fat body
Flipping a quarter
Playing god to the brother
Taunting
 "Bam, bambambambambam"
Striking the pinball flippers as quickly as possible
A friend watches the ball closely
(Knowing she could do better)
 "Ping ping"
The ball goes down the chute*

*The brother
(With the "why doesn't anybody love me?" look)
Hugging the pinball machine
Screaming
 "I want more moneeeyy!!"
Expression of childish desire
Thoughts of greed
Oh, no, it's mother
 "J.R., quit your whining and come here!"
Doomed on the road to success*

Reese Cann



Mercedes Greentiens



Playing Possessed:

An American Musical Renaissance

Victor White and Dan Albergetti

The year was 1967. The Beatles, The Doors, and Jefferson Airplane had released the most challenging albums of the decade. *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, *The Doors*, and *Surrealistic Pillow* introduced the world to something new. The Beatles said that they'd "love to turn you on," Jim Morrison wanted to kill his father, and Grace Slick wanted to give you the kind of pills that Mother wouldn't. Parents were worried. What the parents didn't know was that these bands were the least of their worries. In New York, Andy Warhol was cultivating the festering of the phenomenon that was The Velvet Underground. This year had seen the release of the first album by Lou Reed, John Cale, Sterling Morrison, and Maureen Tucker, *The Velvet Underground and Nico*. This band wasn't content to turn you on—they wanted to tie you down. While the Beatles, Doors, and Airplane wanted you to get high, the Underground wanted to drag you with them into the darkest depths of the New York sub-culture. The first album ranged from the beautiful and haunting "Femme Fatale" to the seven-minute opus "Heroin." The Underground wasn't hiding anything behind metaphor. Fortunately for the parents, the Underground never sold as many records as the Beatles. Years later, however, The Velvet Underground would make their presence felt.

The year was 1977. The Velvet Underground had broken up eight years earlier, after releasing four albums. Lou Reed was already in the midst of his solo career and had just released *Transformer* (produced by David Bowie). Music was changing again. New York was again at the focal point with the now-legendary club, CBGB's. Appearing at CBGB's were such new, unknown bands as the Ramones, Talking Heads, and The Patti Smith Group. These bands had listened to their Velvet Underground records, as well as records by The Stooges and

The New York Dolls, and they weren't afraid to make music dangerous again. In Britain, many young people were starting their own bands after the fashion of the Ramones. Notable examples are the infamous Sex Pistols, The Clash, The Damned, and The Boomtown Rats. Guitars were getting faster, shows were getting louder, and lyrics were getting angrier. Punk rock was born. The dangerous element of The Velvet Underground had finally found its outlet.

By the time the eighties arrived, punk rock had become the cliché that the Sex Pistols had foreseen. Its replacement was a dark creature most often referred to as "post-punk," a kind of drone that wailed about the end of the world for no apparent reason. Bands were becoming depressing, fans were becoming suicidal, and critics were getting tired of it. It was time for something new and daring to happen.

What began to happen and what is happening now is something that we call The American Musical Renaissance. This time the focal point was hundreds of miles from New York and its urban depravity; it was Athens, Georgia, a relatively small southern college town. The B-52's received the first popular attention, with their "tacky little dance songs" making high school dance playlists. But the real news was four University of Georgia drop-outs who called themselves R.E.M. After a modest beginning playing UGA fraternity parties, the members of R.E.M. often find themselves being credited with founding the American Renaissance. The release of *Murmur* in 1983 was a landmark. Not only did it have critics drooling, earning them Best New Band and Album of the Year awards from *Rolling Stone's* 1983 Critics' Poll, but *Murmur* would influence a whole new generation of bands and give already existing bands some hope of being recognized. The rock-and-roll Renaissance had started.

So what is this so-called Renais-

sance? First of all, the bands have a "do-it-yourself" attitude, which may be partially the result of having limited finances. This lends a raw, garage-type sound to the recordings. Lionel Richie and Madonna can have their synthesizers and drum machines. The new American sound puts the raunch back into a good guitar riff, the throbbing thump into a bass line, and the dramatic crash into real drum-beats. The vocals can be passionate or mystic, but always anchored by intelligent, or at least relevant, lyrics. Above all, these bands possess a unique sincerity. The music is what counts, music created to last and not to make the *Billboard* top ten. The live shows are stripped-down—no dungeons and dragons imagery here—depending upon the frenzy and sweat generated by musicians carried away by the energy of their music. Most depend on the live shows and on college radio airplay for survival; you won't be hearing them very often on WCKN or any other commercial station which is there to sell dog food and beer, with little attention to music.

Now that this Renaissance is somewhat defined, who are the major artists making an impact?

R.E.M. are still critical favorites and are still very influential. At times the R.E.M. influence is so profound as to be ridiculous, with bands such as Other Bright Colors and 1+2 carefully mimicking the gentle melodies and twangy guitar, while failing to capture the genuine spirit. *Life's Rich Pageant*, the fourth album by the Athens quartet, combines the mystic qualities of the early albums with a more straightforward rock style to create a powerful work. From "Let's start a new country up" to "I believe in coyotes / And time as an abstract," Michael Stipe's delivery of the lyrics becomes more distinct, but an easy message is as elusive as ever. While R.E.M. is undoubtedly the most commercially suc-

cessful of the Renaissance bands, the members have not become over-indulgent. All four now own permanent homes in Athens, the small town from which they started. This kind of down-to-earth attitude is indicative of most Renaissance bands.

The Athens "scene," though still incredibly active, appears to be losing some ground to the latest happening town: Austin, Texas. At present, the two hottest bands in Austin are Zeitgeist and True Believers. The Believers deliver a triple-guitar attack, yet manage to stay melodic. Zeitgeist, often compared with R.E.M. in a favorable light, released their debut album *Translate Slowly* in 1985 on the DB record label, an Atlanta-based company. Although they probably won't make a lot of money from the record, Zeitgeist likes the small labels. As singer/guitarist John Croslin says, "Independent record labels don't tell you to cut your hair different or to wear neato New Wave earrings." The album has that distinctive raw Renaissance sound, ringing guitars, electric fiddle, passionate male and female vocals, and moody, thoughtful lyrics. Songs range from "Sound and the Fury," their personal rendition of Faulkner's novel, to the scary "Cowboys," with its "Wasteland" imagery: "Look out the window to your barren land / it's where you want to live / these catalogue days are what you understand."

Meanwhile, up in Jamestown, New York, a band called 10,000 Maniacs is making music every bit as complex and cryptic as R.E.M. Natalie Merchant's obtuse vocal delivery is often compared to that of Stipe, but Robert Buck's soaring, yet deadpan, guitar work sounds more like the Edge than Pete Buck (no relation). However, the overall sound leans more toward a psychedelic, electric folk than the harder style of U2 or R.E.M. Their latest album, *The Wishing Chair*, contains 13 songs dealing with topics such as "My Mother the War" to "Cotton Alley" to "Maddox Table." Says founder John Lombardo, "I don't know if we have one message, but I know what our music isn't. Our music isn't sexist; it is anti-materialistic. We've never written first-person love songs. There's enough of those." The chilling "Lily Dale" is a good example of the power of the lyrics: "some think it so haunting / to be drawn to the cemetery ground as we / God's acre is a fenced-in hollow ground."



The Minneapolis scene is headed by The Replacements, a band that started out as thrashing punk-rockers, but have transcended that genre in great strides ever since. The four-man Replacements are led by singer/guitarist/lyricist Paul Westerberg. Aside from their broad musical range and drunken antics, The Replacements' greatest strength lies in Westerberg's lyrics, which reached their full potential on the 1984 LP *Let It Be* (yes, that's the title). Take these lyrics from the anti-technological "Answering Machine," for instance: "Try to free a slave of ignorance, / Try to teach a whore about romance. / How do you say 'I miss you' to an answering machine? / How do you say 'good-night' to an answering machine? / How do you say 'I love you' to an answering machine? / The message is clearly plain: / Oh, I hate your answering machine." The lyrics are powerful in print, but to gain a true appreciation for them, you must hear Westerberg's own hoarse delivery. The band goes on to make fun of doctors ("Tommy Gets His Tonsils Out") and video music ("Seen your video, / That phony rock and roll"). The Replacements followed *Let It Be* with *Tim* (1985), a mildly "conceptual" album that contains the youth anthem "Bastards of Young." While The Replacements' songs draw greatly from pop traditions, the band also has a subversive, revolutionary

side, which is obvious in their primal live shows. As Westerberg has said, "The Sex Pistols, they were just throwing rocks at the windows. We have a chance to slip inside the house, ambush from the inside" (*Record*, Jan./Feb. 1986). Watch out, Mom and Dad.

Another strong band from Minneapolis is Hüsker Dü (Bob Mould, Grant Hart, and Greg Norton). The Hüskers also began as a thrash-punk band, and, like The Replacements, have altered their sound quite a bit since. Perhaps the most curious thing about Hüsker Dü is that they have always combined a melodic sense (incorporating a Byrds' influence) with a breakneck punk delivery. In 1984, Hüsker Dü presented the perfect synthesis of these two characteristics with their masterpiece double-album, *Zen Arcade*. The brilliance of this album prompted one critic to state, "Set to a surrealistic story-line about a young man's nightmarish rites of passage, 'Zen Arcade' was American punk's *London Calling*, fleshed out with the fearless eclecticism of the Beatles' 'White Album'" (*Rolling Stone*, 476). Since "Zen Arcade," Hüsker Dü has been moving toward the more melodic nature of their music, leaving most of the thrash behind, but still retaining a hard edge. Their latest release, *Candy Apple Grey*, is also their first on a major label (Warner Bros.) after a prolific career at SST Records, another small

independent label.

Phoenix, Arizona, may seem an unlikely place to find one of the leading bands of the American Renaissance, but the Meat Puppets certainly fit the bill. After a dubious beginning as one of the most infamous, loudest, and least intelligible thrash bands, the Meat Puppets refined their sound on 1983's *Meat Puppets II*. The band began to use the folk and country traditions that they were so familiar with and added those to singer/guitarist/lyricist Curt Kirkwood's virtuoso guitar playing and bizarre lyrics. One of the great appeals of the Meat Puppets is their swirling mysticism. On "Lake of Fire," Kirkwood howls, "Where do bad folks go when they die? / They don't go to heaven where the angels fly. / They go to the lake of fire. / Won't see them again until the Fourth of July." While such lyrics are occasionally frightening (especially with Kirkwood's demonic delivery), they are never less than entertaining. The band's live shows are exercises in madness. As Kirkwood has said, "We can play good, but that's secondary. We play possessed."

Out in Los Angeles, Black Flag makes a powerful, if obscure, contribution to the American Renaissance. Long-time champions of the thrash-punk tradition of the West Coast, Black Flag have recently been expanding their sound to a point that leaves thrash far behind. Henry Rollins' aggressive lyrics retain the bitter anger of punk, while Greg Ginn's searing guitar work suggests a post-holocaust Led Zeppelin mutation. Even in appearance, the band has traded in the skinhead look for a new long-haired, psychedelic one, although Rollins' grotesque tattoos still give him a dangerous look. Black Flag's concerts often waver on the edge of violence, with an audience composed of punks who feel betrayed, and those who like the band's change. Often wooed by major labels, Black Flag consistently refuse to compromise their abrasive sound for commercial success. They, like the Meat Puppets, still record on the SST Records label.

Aside from the hardcore bands, one of the most successful and prolific groups of Renaissance bands is the American Roots Rockers. These bands owe as much to Bob Dylan and Elvis as to The Velvet Underground for their inspiration. Musically, the styles may incorporate any mixture of rockabilly, folk, country, gospel, blues, or Tex-Mex; but lyrically, the writers may opt

for the aggressive, sometimes caustic, content of bands like X, another LA punk band, or The Replacements. In fact, several of these bands can trace their beginnings back to playing in punk clubs. Probably the most influential are Jason and the Scorchers, The Blasters, and Los Lobos.

Down South, Jason and the Scorchers can be called the Kings of Cowpunk. Their white-hot country thrash made *Lost and Found* one of 1985's liveliest releases. Their live shows are frenzied and exhausting. Jason Ringenberg sings of sad love affairs with a passion that makes you want to dance, even though your heart is breaking. He sings about drowning his sorrows in a way that would make George Jones beg for relief. Meanwhile, classically-trained guitarist Warner Hodges attacks with his Tasmanian Devil style of axe-work. In "Broken Whiskey Glass," Jason sings, "'Cause I can't go on living in your broken whiskey glass / Someday you'll find an epitaph that reads / 'Here lies Jason: strangled by a love / That wouldn't breathe.'" Powerful words from the son of a hog farmer.

The Blasters, another California band, have been around for several years, quietly churning out exhilarating live shows and distinctly American albums. Listening to a Blasters album is like backpacking across the United States, without the constraint of a particular time period. The band had an especially busy 1984, releasing the country tribute *Poor Little Critter on the Road*, a collaborative effort between members of The Blasters and X under the name The Knitters, and *Hard Line*, which encompassed a multitude of rock and country sounds. The highlight of this album is a political tune called "Common Man," which evokes images of a certain actor-come-president: "He wasn't born in a cabin / He never fought in a war / but he learned to smile, quote Abe Lincoln / and get his foot in the door." At present, singer/guitarist Phil Alvin has just released a solo album, and brother Dave, lead guitarist, has joined X, replacing Billy Zoom (who traded in his guitar for a macaroni box on the Knitters' LP).

The Blasters have influenced, or at least played with, most of the new roots bands, including the band that has received the most attention—Los Lobos. In *"Rolling Stone's 1984 Critics' Poll*, Lobos won the "Best New Artist" award and tied Bruce Springsteen and

the E Street Band for "Band of the Year" honors. *How Will the Wolf Survive?* their 1984 release, placed fourth in the "Album of the Year" category and showed up on the "Top Ten" lists of a multitude of critics. In describing their sound, the *Stone* said, "[Los Lobos] sounds like the complete history of American rock and roll smothered in Mexican hot sauce. Their blues pack the gale force of a Latin Zeppelin; their rockabilly roars like a panzer division of low-riding '57 Chevys." The finest example of their art is "Will the Wolf Survive?" a rollicking musical allegory of life in the barrio: "Through the chill of winter / Running across a frozen lake / Hunters hard on his trail / All odds are against him / With a family to provide for / The one thing he must keep alive / Will the wolf survive?" The influence of this song can be seen in Waylon Jennings' shameless lifting of the whole concept for his latest lame hit album, unoriginally titled *Will the Wolf Survive?*

Los Lobos are not interested in being rock stars. They have a little more financial success now, but they remain close to their East LA neighborhood. As singer/guitarist Cesar Rosas puts it, "You can't expect to have a kid and then be playing loud shit all day, having all the boys come over and whipping out the drugs and drinking beer. We look forward to coming home to a peaceful house." (RS 445)

Roots rock albums are prominent on college radio, maybe a little too much so. The Del Fuegos, The Del-Lords, Lone Justice, Cruzados, The Beat Farmers, Beat Rodeo, and the Silos are just a few of the bands producing roots sounds. Even Australia's Hoodoo Gurus sound like an American roots rock band. But the genre is far from becoming trite, as indicated by the promising new release from the Bodeans, *Love & Hope & Sex & Dreams*.

The American Musical Renaissance is alive. The big question is: What is its lifespan? Is it on the rise or decline? With the release of *Tim*, *Life's Rich Pageant*, and *Candy Apple Grey*, The Replacements, R.E.M., and Hüsker Dü are certainly doing their part to keep the spirit alive and moving. Promising new bands (such as *Dreams So Real* and *Time Toy*, to name just two) are scheduled for debut releases throughout the next year. It would seem that the Renaissance is yet to reach its height.

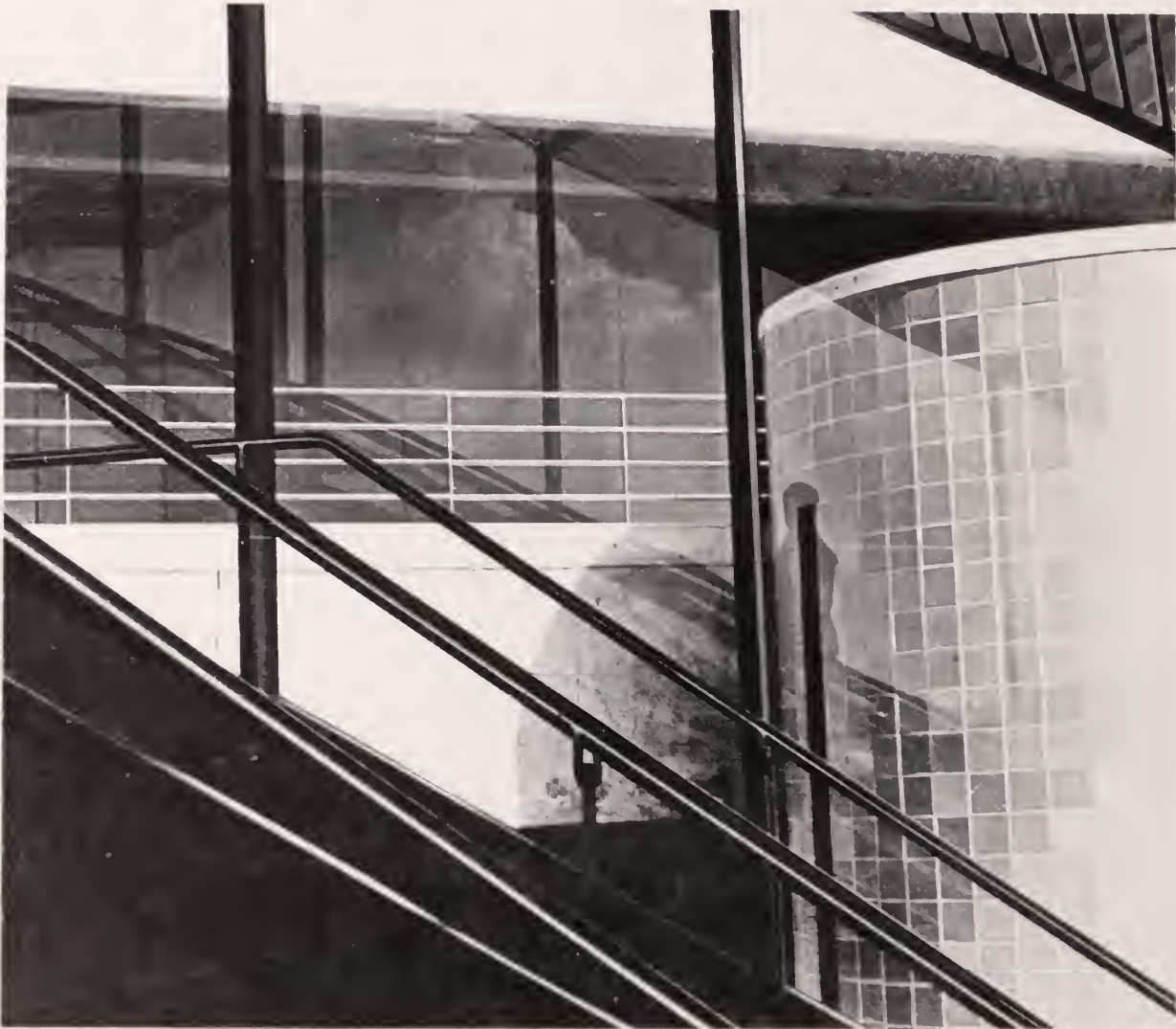
Next year is 1987 . . .





Mark Doolittle

Bonnie Burton



Gallery



Mark Doolittle

Mark Doolittle





Bonnie Burton

Mark Doolittle





Mark Doolittle

Sunil Gupta



Kingsley Hall, an 'anti-psychiatric' community, was opened around 1965. Mary Barnes was one of the first people to move into the building. She had experienced many nervous breakdowns in the past and had been diagnosed as a chronic schizophrenic. She moved to Kingsley Hall when she felt herself becoming mad. She was able to regress in her behavior to babyhood and be taken care of by doctors. Through growing up once again in her own time frame, Mary achieved stability and sanity. She believes that madness is purification and that to go through madness is salvation. Mary's own comments are indicated in the underlined sections of the poem.

To Mary Barnes

*Kingsley Hall
where you went
to become a baby,
foetus-like lying
curled in bed,
screaming every
so often, madness
is the nursery,
not the library,
finger painting
in faeces, wordless,
being fed, cuddled,
alive only to engage
in an instinctive
discharge of pain,
horror, despair
and much else
besides, babies
suck and mothers
love, a woman
child you pushed,
laboured to emerge
from regression
slash madness
into maturity.*

Judith E. Shepard

Replacement Heart

*Feeling somewhat superfluous
Beside a drained ornamental
Pond, litter of crisping leaves,*

*Discarded wrappers, rusty
Iron girders peeling in
The sun, an awful crooked*

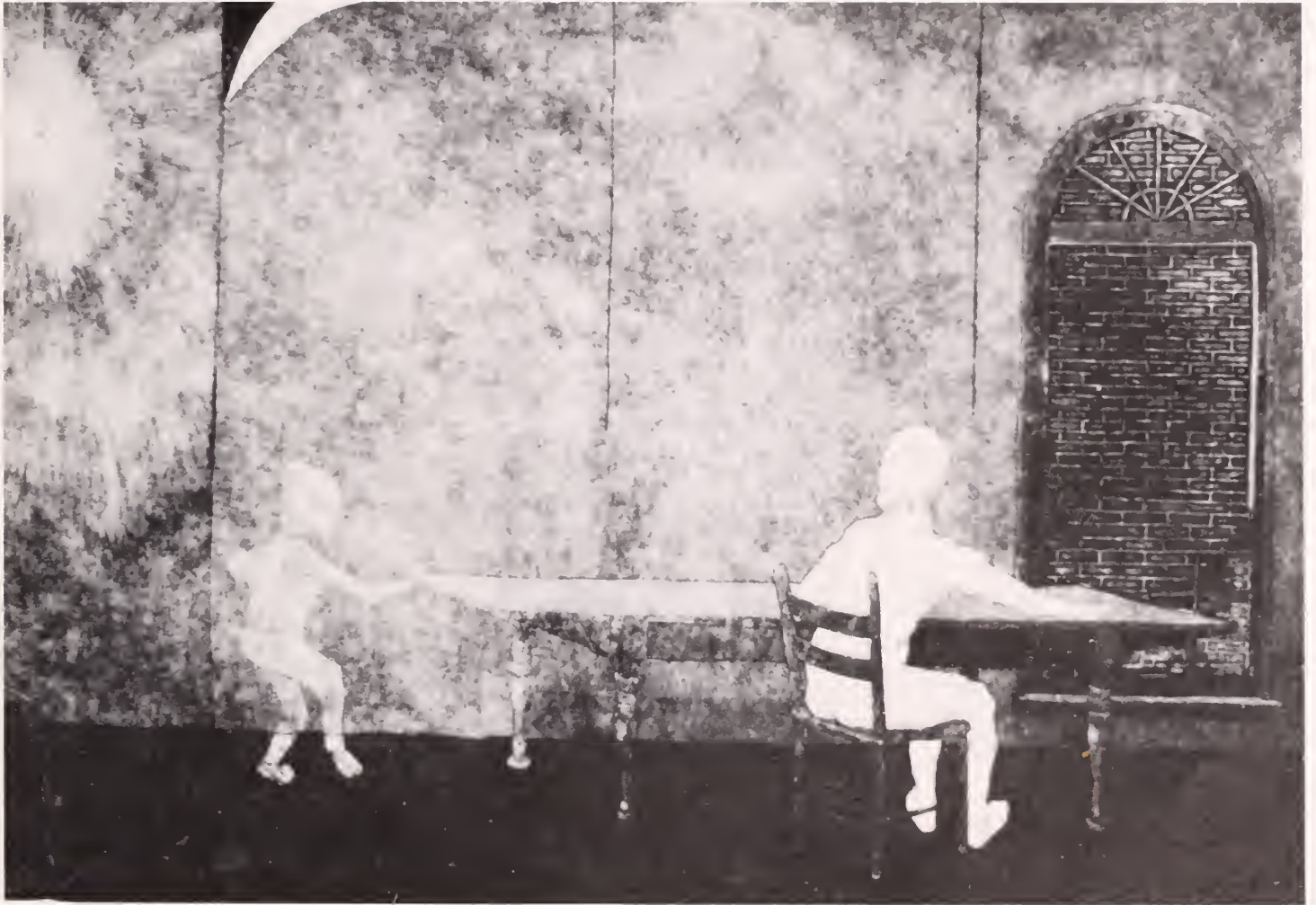
*Plumbing of arteries
And veins, a huge aorta,
Replacement heart to*

*Which I turn for comfort
As a connoisseur before
Some grotesque Picasso,*

*Alone, run down, run dry,
Vapid and bloodless,
Looking into the mirror*

Of a failed afternoon.

Judith E. Shepard



Tom Rishforth

Stoicism Again

Todd Vance

WHAT MAINTAINS TYRANNY IS NOT COMMAND OVER
EXTERNAL MEANS OF COMPULSION, BUT THE
FAILURE OF MEN TO PRESERVE THEIR TRUE
NATURES IN THE FACE OF SUCH EXTERNAL PRESSURES.

You can feel it, you can see it, you can hear it.

You can't feel it, you can't see it, you can't hear it.

And you don't have to go far because it isn't
waiting for your consent.

Have you tried to buy a *Playboy* around town lately?

Have you heard your biology professor stress the
fact that science doesn't disprove religion?

When is the last time you've heard any professor
use colorful language without an immediate apology?

THINK.

BLAME JERRY, PAT, AND BOB.

But don't forget to blame yourself.

BLAME MAD MOTHERS AND FIRST LADIES.

But don't forget to blame yourself.

BLAME RONNIE AND JESSE.

But don't forget to blame yourself.

BLAME ADMINISTRATIONS, THIS ONE, THAT ONE, THE OTHER ONE.

But don't forget to blame yourself.

This is not a warning.

This may be a protest.

But this is

FACT.



Deb Deane

Poet Spotlight

Jody Tinsley

Jody Tinsley, an English graduate student with B.A. degrees in English and geology, describes himself as "reflective but not reactionary." Take this for what it's worth from a man who, by his own admission, hates computers, doesn't like shoes, and won't drink from plastic cups. Born and reared in Pickens County, S.C., Jody likes to travel and play the Southern.

*One balmy summer's day,
a wise and far-seeing lion
was strolling in the jungle.
Unfortunately,
His majesty's contemplation
broke upon a most horrendous scream.
Strong and unafraid,
the tawny muscle rippled to the noise
and saw a human – dirty, ugly,
brutish, of course,
but rather pitiful.
The humble creature cried in agony
and showed the king a monstrous thorn
embedded in a most unlikely place.
Whereon the lion considered for a moment
those implications which his action held.
He then devoured the man.*

*Moral: Who needs friends
if you're the King of Beasts.*

Chorus: The circus-man is coming.

Lion: . . . So?

The air is locked solid
in a frozen moment of ice,
but Sunday morning turns
beyond this world
and lingers endlessly
in a curving path
which leads directly to us.
Shadows lie helplessly
across the floor, while outside,
some little, distant noises
play a game of hide-and-seek
and giggle softly, grinning,
crouched behind the darkness—
a moment hung forever,
but living
in a time of outer blackness.

Some inner light remembers yet the day
and pours a subtle warmth
upon the soul—
a memory, a dream,
a most familiar sight,
yet never seen.
From mental dust,
a set of worlds converge
upon an awkward point.
Reality accepts these wayward children
as her own, and lets a dreamer
stylize a day.

Gibraltar rocks
precariously
stability
is not
but you
the keeper
of a little
garden spot
who shelters
one security
and watches
for the rain—

Little Sally, all she knows is
playing in a bed of roses—
a gentle setting, innocent
where flowers by the wind are bent.

Schoolboy Sammy learns his lessons,
infinitely slow progressions,
age-old stories newly wrought
and in the crispy pages caught.

Sally Dear has all she wants
as do most new debutantes.
Her daddy's teaching has been thorough;
nought will soil her little burrow.

But Sammy Smith, newly shaven,
has been caught at misbehavin'.
He's getting married in a week
for teaching Sally hide-and-seek.

Stop crying, Mom; quit yelling, Dad.
In ten years things won't seem so bad.
Up and onward, paradise is
looking back beyond a crisis.



Stan Pelz

The Many Paths of Worship:

Religious Organizations at Clemson

Molly Donaldson

In counting the results of last year's **Chronicle** survey, I saw that 71 percent of the people surveyed felt that their religion was a source of strength and inspiration to them. I decided that I would like to find out more about the options students here at Clemson have for worship and religious fellowship. This article seeks to present the results of that search.

The first question that came to my mind was "What is the purpose of a student religious organization?" I found the answer in an interview with Butch Trent, director of the University Union. He said that the student organizations did not take the place of local churches, but rather enhanced them, providing a peer group for fellowship. He also said that student religious groups provide an opportunity to develop totally as a college student. Spiritual growth and education is just another facet of the complete education, and student religious groups fill this need.

In researching the 21 religious organizations at Clemson, I found many similarities among them. All of the groups have meetings that are open to any interested person, and only one required membership in a particular church for membership in the group. "Fellowship" was the word I heard most often to describe the activities and purposes of the groups. They all share a common purpose of providing a religious organization to students. None of the groups requires dues, and all are funded either through a church or through contributions from members or alumni.

There are also differences among the groups. The major difference is the large range of group sizes. The largest has nearly 500 members while the smallest has seven. Most of the major

Christian denominations are represented, and there are many non-denominational groups. There is only one non-Christian group, B'nai B'rith Hillel, the Jewish student organization. The groups have a variety of meeting types, from formal worship to informal socials, and every option in between. Some groups sponsor mostly social fellowships, while others sponsor only religious meetings, and still others offer a combination of these types.

To be recognized as a student organization, an organization must petition the Student Senate. The petition must include the purpose of the organization, the criteria for membership, an initial list of members (at least 12), a current list of officers, and a copy of its constitution and by-laws. Religious organizations may not be recognized as funded organizations. More information about the recognition process is available from the Office of Student Life, the Student Government Office, and the Student Handbook.

All of the groups are listed below in alphabetical order. Each entry contains the information we were able to gather from interviews with the presidents or advisors. The affiliation, membership, types of meetings, and purposes of the groups are included (where available). At the end of each entry is the name or address of someone to contact about the group. Chi Alpha chapter is not listed below due to the fact that they have not (as of Oct. 20) filed their Student Organization Report, and we could not locate them.

Baptist Campus Ministry

The Baptist Campus Ministry, or the Baptist Student Union, was started at Clemson in 1939. It is locally spon-

sored by the First Baptist Churches of Clemson and Pendleton, East Clemson Baptist Church, and Trinity Baptist Church of Seneca. It is affiliated with the South Carolina Baptist Convention and nationally with the Southern Baptist convention.

The group has 17 elected offices, with a total membership between 400 and 500. Membership is open to all. The group has a regular weekly meeting. BSU also sponsors Bible studies, organized recreation and other activities. Their special plans for this year include attending the state student convention, a winter retreat in January, a special missions trip in March and a beach retreat in May.

BSU is an experience-oriented organization and tries to be open-ended so that students can have a positive experience. BSU helps students grow by teaching a balance among religion, everyday life, and issues of local and national concern.

Contact Persons: Richard Nicholson, president; Tim Willis, campus minister; and Dr. Dwight Camper, advisor.

B'nai B'rith Hillel

B'nai B'rith Hillel at Clemson is affiliated with the B'nai B'rith Foundations, nationally, and is sponsored by the Greenville Federated Jewish Charities and Morris M. Campbell Lodge of B'nai B'rith, Greenville. It is associated with Congregation Beth Israel (Conservative) and Temple of Israel (Reform), both in Greenville.

The group's monthly meetings are socials for members of the same religion. The Clemson group holds no religious meetings of its own, but does provide rides to both congregations in Greenville.

According to a publication by the Foundation, "B'nai B'rith Hillel Foun-

dations provides a central, professionally directed, Jewish presence at major colleges and universities in North America." The local chapter has no political function; it is only a social and religious group.

Contact Persons: Robert Bellsey, president, and Dr. Richard Klein, advisor.

Campus Crusade for Christ

Campus Crusade for Christ was started at Clemson in 1966, nationally in 1951. It has no local affiliation but is affiliated with an international Campus Crusade for Christ which has 400-500 active member schools in 150 countries. It is an interdenominational group with a membership locally of 50.

The servant team organizes the group's activities; students are selected for this team based on their desire to serve, their consistency, and their spiritual maturity. The group holds weekly meetings for Bible study and fellowship with an average attendance of 30. Their plans for this year include attending the Christmas conference in Atlanta, hosting a national traveling speaker, Rusty Wright, in January, and Operation Sunshine over spring break in Florida.

Campus Crusade's purpose is to take the initiative to present the claims of Christ to the students at Clemson. Campus Crusade is open to all interested students.

Contact Persons: Barry Bouchilon, campus director, and Dean Benton Box, advisor.

Campus Outreach

Campus Outreach is the student organization affiliated with the Foot-hills Church of Christ in Pendleton. It has no regional or national affiliation. Its membership consists of 25 students and is open to all interested persons. It has three elected officers.

Campus Outreach sponsors five Bible studies held weekly in members' rooms. The topic for discussion is set by the Bible talk leader each week, and the meeting consists of a Bible reading and discussion. Each semester they sponsor a special seminar.

They seek to educate students about God's will through the teachings of the Bible. Through Bible studies and fellowship the group is trying to enhance a personal relationship with Jesus.

Contact Persons: Doug Meachum, president, and John J. Porter, advisor.

Canterbury Fellowship

The Canterbury Fellowship is a student group affiliated with Holy Trinity Episcopal Church in Clemson. The group has a membership of 15 and has no elected officers. The members meet weekly for fellowship and for mutual support in an environment away from the University. The group's meetings are unstructured. This year they have plans for ecumenical dinners with other student religious groups at Clemson.

The purpose of Canterbury Fellowship is to know Jesus and to make Him and His love known in the community. They do this through such service projects as the CROP walk against hunger.

Contact Persons: Steve Calhoun, lay advisor, and Jim Hunter, advisor.

Christian Science Organization

The Christian Science Organization is locally affiliated with the Christian Science Church in Seneca, and nationally with the main church in Boston, Massachusetts. It was started at Clemson in 1963. Three elected officers plan the group's activities, and meetings are open to interested persons. Members of the student group must be members of the main church.

Meetings are held weekly and are entirely religious in nature. The group plans to sponsor one lecture per year on campus by a nationally recognized speaker. The purpose of the group is to provide Christian Science religious meetings to students of Clemson University.

Contact: Christian Science Reading Room, 107 E. North First Street, Seneca, SC 29678.

Christian Student Union

The Christian Student Union was started on campus in 1984. It is affiliated with the Relation Christian Fellowship Outreach in Anderson. It has no regional or national affiliation. The group has a membership of 20, with two elected officers, and membership is open to any interested person.

Meetings are held weekly. The meeting consists of scriptures, prayer, and discussions dealing with spiritual relationships to the secular world. Special plans for this year include a letters outreach ministry and presentation of films.

Contact Persons: Patrick Kelly, president, and Ramando James, advisor.

Clemson Christian Fellowship

The Clemson Christian Fellowship is in the process, at this writing, of changing its name to the Great Commission Students (GCS). The Clemson group was founded in 1974. It is locally affiliated with the Great Commission Church of Clemson, and nationally affiliated with Great Commission International. Its total membership is 70, with an average attendance at meetings of 40. There are four elected officers who plan the activities of the group.

GCS holds several types of meetings each week: Thursday night jams for fellowship, Sunday morning Bible study, and Sunday night home groups. The Thursday night jams include songs, skits, occasionally a speaker, and a presentation of a "challenge."

GCS is committed to the lifelong goal of reaching this generation with the good news of Jesus Christ. They believe that the way to reach this goal is through teamwork, friendship, and discipleship. This year they plan to host a band in Tillman hall and sponsor awareness activities such as the pro-life rally held last spring.

Contact Persons: Mark Hanna, president, and Ed Arnold, advisor.

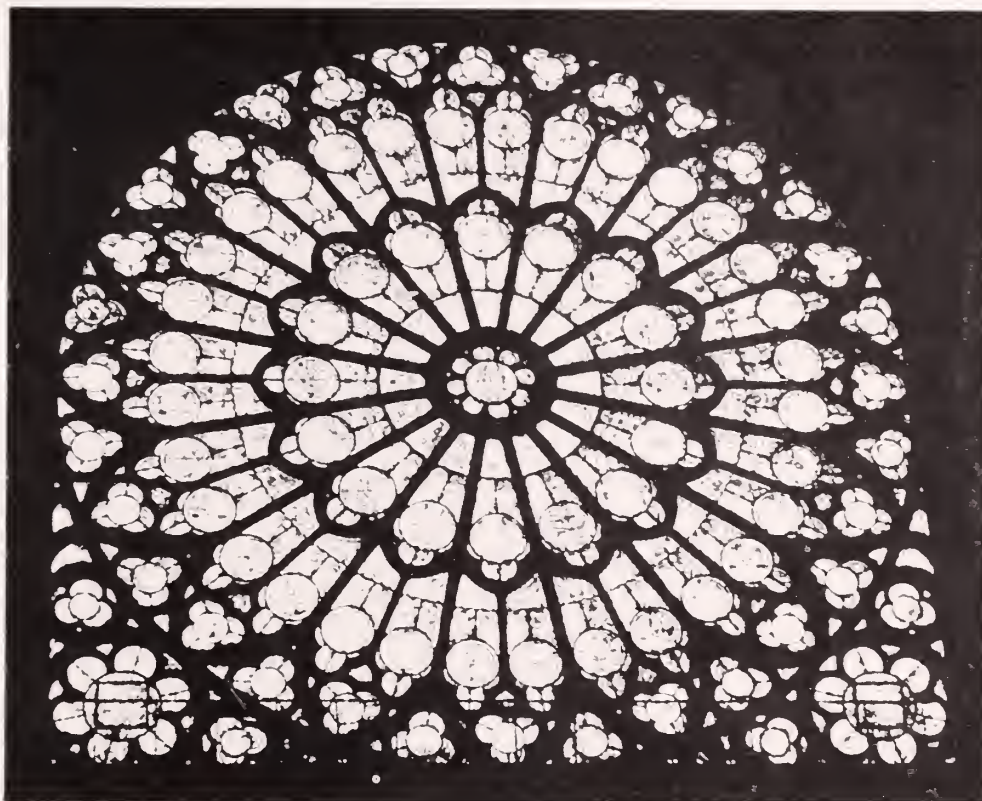
Fellowship of Christian Athletes

The Fellowship of Christian Athletes (FCA) was started at Clemson in 1966. It has no specific local or national affiliation. It is a non-denominational Christian group, with a total membership between 250 and 500; an average of 250 people attend the weekly meetings. The group has six elected officers. Membership is open to all interested persons, not just athletes.

The group holds a major meeting weekly for fellowship in a Christian atmosphere. They also sponsor weekly Bible study meetings. The activities council and leadership hold meetings monthly. The weekly meeting consists of songs, announcements, skits, personal testimony, and a speaker or invited guest. This year the group plans a fall retreat, to attend the Southeastern collegiate retreat this spring at Ridgecrest and to sponsor several service projects.

FCA is entirely organized and run by students; they have no paid staff. Their outreach program includes several athletes who speak to schools and churches to present Jesus through the medium of athletics.

Contact Persons: Garry Massey, president, and Allison Dalton, advisor.



Kate Martin

Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship

Inter-varsity Christian Fellowship (IVCF) is an interdenominational Christian organization. The Clemson chapter was started in 1981. It is affiliated with IVCF international. Its membership is 35, with four elected officers.

The members hold two types of meetings weekly, a large group fellowship and worship and small group Bible studies. They plan to attend regional conferences and retreats this year and the national conference, held once every four years, in 1987.

The areas of emphasis of IVCF are evangelism, discipleship, and missions. Meetings are open to anyone, and members have a beliefs rule outlining five fundamental beliefs of the group.

Contact Persons: Jim Amstutz, president, and Dr. Eric Skaar, advisor.

Latter-Day Saints Student Organization

The Latter-Day Saints Student Organization at Clemson was started about 1976. It is locally affiliated with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints in Seneca, and also regionally and nationally with The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints.

The group has a membership of 15, with three elected officers. They hold weekly meetings of two types, family

home evenings and regular meetings for business and for studying the gospel at the college level. This year's activities include some regional activities coordinated through the Greenville regional office and an annual conference this fall.

Membership is open to all church members and all persons interested in the church. Standards of the group include: 1) no smoking or other tobacco products, no alcohol, coffee or tea, and 2) one must be willing to keep the moral commandments of God.

Contact Persons: Tom Baldwin, president, and Jeff Burroughs, advisor.

Lutheran Student Movement

The Lutheran Married Student Movement has recently merged with the Lutheran Student Movement to form the Lutheran Campus Ministry. The group has about 120 members, and membership is open to all interested persons, not just Lutherans. The group has no formal officers, and leadership is shared among the members. It is locally affiliated with the University Lutheran Church—Lutheran Campus Center, and nationally with the Lutheran Student Movement, USA.

The group holds three types of meetings each week, a sandwich and sermon meeting after worship services

on Sunday which has a discussion format, a Sunday night worship celebration, and regular meetings which consist of either a speaker and discussion or worship and discussion. These regular meetings are preceded by a meal and followed by a short business meeting.

The Lutheran Campus Ministry proposes to help students enjoy and celebrate the gifts that they share as God's people. This celebration is important in their lives as students.

Contact Person: Steve Plonk, advisor.

Navigators

The Navigators chapter at Clemson was founded about 1976. It is affiliated with the world headquarters of Navigators in Colorado. It is an interdenominational group and is open to all interested students. Its total membership is 35. The group has three elected officers.

Each week the group holds a time of fellowship, teaching, and song. This year's projects include reaching out to non-Christians on an individual basis, prayer meetings, a service project, and Ultimate Frisbee. The Navigators is committed to reaching out to non-Christians.

Contact Persons: Bill Vanek, president, and Dr. Buckner, advisor.

Newman Student Association

The Newman Student Association is a Catholic student group affiliated with St. Andrews Catholic Church in Clemson. The group has a total membership of 60, with an average of 35 at meetings. It has four elected officers.

The members hold student dinners with a speaker every two weeks and a general open meeting monthly. Though it is a Catholic student group, all interested persons are invited to join. The group's plans for this year include retreats, movie nights, an adopt-a-student program through St. Andrews, and social functions.

The Newman Student Association provides a combination of fun and fellowship to promote the spiritual growth of students.

Contact Persons: Stacy Bigelow, president, and Father Steve Bossi, advisor.

Presbyterian Student Association

The Presbyterian Student Association was begun when Clemson was still a military school, and is locally affiliated with the Fort Hill Presbyterian Church. Its current membership is about 100, with an average of 45 at meetings. It has eight elected officers.

Each week the members hold two meetings, a supper and program meeting and a small group Bible study. Plans for this year include a retreat, one extracurricular party, pre-exam communion, and two major service projects.

The Presbyterian Student Association is a close-knit group. The group enjoys being together and welcomes new members. The members feel that their group is a sharing, growing experience.

Contact Persons: Jennifer Ward, moderator, and Jeff Clayton, advisor.

Real Life Fellowship

The Clemson chapter of Real Life Fellowship was established in 1979, and is affiliated with the local Community Bible Church and with the national organization, headquartered in Taylors, S.C. Its current membership is 40 to 50. The group's events are planned by a paid non-student staff member. Membership is open to all interested persons.

Each week, the members hold volleyball/fellowship with Bible study, singing and discussion. This year, the group plans several dinners, games, and sports events to enjoy good friend-

ship. The group aims to serve this campus by presenting Christ and Christian friendship and fellowship.

Contact Persons: John Knorr, president, and Dr. Allen Dunn, advisor.

Reformed University Fellowship

The Reformed University Fellowship (RUF) is an outreach of the Presbyterian Church in America, and is locally affiliated with the Clemson Presbyterian Church. The local chapter was started in 1984 by two interested persons, and today its membership is 150. A core of nine student leaders plans their events. Membership is open to all interested persons.

Each week the members hold a large group fellowship with singing, and teaching of scripture. They also hold weekly small group Bible studies for five to 10 students in an informal atmosphere of learning and sharing. This year they plan to hold a concert in Tillman hall, to attend winter and summer conferences, to hold cookouts and intramurals, and to do a service project.

Contact Persons: Dr. David Woodard, advisor, and David Sinclair, campus minister.

Sovereign Grace Fellowship

Sovereign Grace Fellowship was started at Clemson in 1973 by a small group of students interested in Reformed Baptist and Presbyterian teachings. Its membership is 12, with one elected officer. Last year it affiliated with the Covenant Baptist Church in Clemson. This fall, for a trial semester, the members have been holding their meetings jointly with the Reformed University Fellowship, due to a similarity of purposes and interests. Earlier this fall they sponsored the "Love versus Infatuation" seminar.

Contact Persons: Rod Haaland, president, and Steve Hodges, advisor.

Theopolis Club

The Theopolis Club at Clemson is affiliated with the Seneca Church of Christ, and nationally with other Churches of Christ. It has a membership of 12, with four elected officers. Membership is open to all interested persons.

Each week, members hold a Bible study including a scripture passage and discussion of the reading. They plan some activities this year through the Seneca Church of Christ.

Contact Persons: Dan York, president, and Donnie Allen, advisor.

United Methodist Campus Fellowship

The United Methodist Campus Fellowship at Clemson was started in 1967 and is locally affiliated with the Clemson United Methodist Church, and on the state, regional and national level with the United Methodist Church. Its membership is 50, with five elected officers. Membership is open to all interested persons, regardless of denomination.

Each week the members hold informal worship and Bible studies. They also hold discussion groups, music groups, socials, and formal worship services. Their plans for this year include workshops, retreats, CPR training, pizza parties, cookouts, hiking and youth groups.

The mission of Clemson United Methodist Campus Ministry is to bring together people for the study of God's word, to encourage one another in the faith in daily living by word, thought, song and deed.

Contact Persons: Gigi Grassfeder, president, and Bill Rogers, advisor.

Notes:

1. The information for this article was diligently gathered by several staff members; my most sincere thanks to all of them. Thanks also to the Office of Student Life and Butch Trent for all of their help. And without the help of our editor-in-chief, none of this would have been possible.
2. Every effort was made to ensure that all of the student religious organizations were included and that all of the information is current and correct. Any omission is truly accidental. The listing here was compiled from the Student Government "Organizations Day" publication, the Student Handbook and the records of the Office of Student Life. I apologize in advance for any oversight.



Theodore Theismann

*Theodore Theismann
Doesn't speak German,
Spanish, Swahili, or French,
But drop him anywhere
On the face of the earth,
And he'll find himself a wench.*

*Theodore Theismann
Doesn't speak Russian,
Eskimo, Chinese, or Greek,
But drop him in the midst
Of the deepest dark forest,
And he'll be right at home in a week.*

*Theodore Theismann
Doesn't speak Texan,
Brogue, Italian, or Dutch,
But drop him two hundred miles
From a phone,
And before long he'll be in touch.*

*Theodore Theisman
Doesn't speak Hebrew,
Gaelic, or Cherokee.
But drop him among
Any uncivil people
And in an hour they'll be brewing him tea.*

William Stevens

Southern Gauntlets

*Just two Southern boys talking by the farm pond.
One from Mississippi and the other from South Carolina.
Talking about catfish, dogwoods and azaleas blooming,
Comparing the scratches and bruises on their arms and legs.*

*Just two Senators sitting on the U.S. Senate floor,
One in the president's chair by duty, the other in a
wheelchair by accident.
Talking about Tax Reform, Contra Aid, and Wheat Subsidies.
Comparing the differences in their ideologies and political beliefs.*

*Just two Southern boys talking about Liberty, Justice,
Freedom, Representation, Constitutionality. Both of them able to
recall history from experience, not from some Michener book.
Comparing the changes that have come and will come to the
South that each dearly loves.
Both of them gauntlets of the South.*

Doug Stahoker



Randy O'Kelley

Quintet

Cliff Collins

The swinging doors with the diamond-shaped glass windows. Her eyes steadied. Small silver lines were set into the glass at diagonal angles and, crossing, made smaller diamonds in the windows. Like silver thread, she thought, and wondered at the shapes. The doors were motionless.

Fluorescent lights tinting the square floor tiles, burning white. A nurse busied herself at the desk behind a glass partition; cat-eye glasses, and a pencil jutting from the grey bun knotted on the top of her head.

Suddenly a man stepped through the doors and behind him they swung on their hinges, rocking slowly shut; sounding in unison like a wooden pendulum. There before her, she thought of how he looked like the Angel-of-Death himself—the gaunt face and pressed white jacket. A silver stethoscope dangled from the coat pocket like a sad carnation.

"Missus Crawley?" he asked, extending his hand.

She took it slowly, nodding.

"Missus Crawley, I'm Doctor Buel. Doctor Tully Buel. Mind if I take a seat?"

Again she nodded, as he lowered himself into the chair beside her.

Well, if doctor it is, she thought, it's a right pitiful showing. His hand felt cold and limp, and she imagined someone's pancreas could slip right out of a grip so loose. Settling himself into the chair, he pushed the jacket cuffs up to his elbows, resting his arms neatly in his lap. The forearms had a soft, flaccid pallor; they reminded her of the underside of a catfish.

"Missus Crawley, I'm a man who believes in shooting straight from the hip. So here it is. Your husband is going to be fine. He'll need rest—plenty of it for a while. No strenuous work, no activity outside the home for a few weeks. Now, unfortunately," he hesitated, shaking his head. "Unfortunately, Missus Crawley, we're not going to be able to save them."

The reply was a numb gaze about the room, a hollow sound ringing in the woman's ear. The green vinyl chairs along the walls showed cracks in

the seams, and she thought of how this was no place to be. Neither in circumstance, nor place. The sterile odor of disinfectants was buried in her nose, and she took a cigarette from the gold lamé case and lit it.

"Are you with me, Missus Crawley?" the doctor asked. "Can I get you something, a drink of water?"

She blew a stream of smoke toward the ceiling, and settled her eyes on him. "I understand just fine," she answered flatly, reaching for an ashtray on the low table in front of her. It was a blue-green enamel, forged in the shape of Florida and inscribed with tiny white letters, "The Sunshine State."

Dr. Buel pointed to the ashtray. "One of the nurses brought it back from Pensacola last June."

"Nice," she replied.

"Now, there is a certain amount of paperwork that accompanies such cases. Fact of the matter, I've got to have the details of exactly what happened. Now if you'd rather wait . . ."

"No need," she interrupted, extinguishing the cigarette in the ashtray. She returned it to the table, placing it on top of a *Boy's Life* magazine which featured a barefooted boy fishing a stream in Oregon. She tilted her head to examine the picture more closely.

"Kids is nice, ain't they, Doctor?"

"Yessum, kids are just fine. The first . . ."

"Me and Eulan, we ain't got no kids."

"Yes, Ma'am, well, I'm sure when the time . . ."

Mrs. Crawley returned her attention to the doctor. "I think it's on account of Eulan comes from a large family, six of them, all boys."

"Five brothers, huh?" with a nod of feigned interest.

"Yessir, six countin' Eulan. And he'll tell you to this very day that Wiley—Wiley's second oldest—is the meanest bastard ever to draw God's breath."

Dr. Buel took the opportunity to glance discreetly about the room. "That a fact?" he whispered.

"Wiley, one time he hooked Eulan's foot up to a washing machine wire; Eulan weren't no bigger'n this," extending her arm, "and, course, he didn't know no better. Eulan said he wet hisself for two solid minutes. Said it quite lit-rully shocked the . . ."

"Yes, Ma'am, I get the picture," the doctor broke in, rising briskly to his feet. "Excuse me a moment, Missus Crawley," as he headed toward the nurse's desk.

Considering it now, the words came to her mouth like a bland taste: Tully Buel. No wonder his hand felt like a sopped towel. Fair enough for a chain greaser, but a doctor's name should carry

with it some distinction. Childress, Richmond —these were the names of doctors. Names that spoke dignity. And the best of these were the ones that could be carried either way: She'd take a Montgomery James over a Tully Buel any day.

He was whispering something to the nurse, and she disappeared for a moment. He looked back at Mrs. Crawley and smiled.

Her hair had not long been freed of rollers and as she moved her head, loose curls toppled like coiled springs. There was something sporadic in her movement which caused her to look like a rather curious bird in her surveillance of the room—one of the high-plumed species found in magazines from time to time. Were it not for the blue velvet slippers, he might not have noticed the heel of her foot—pale and calloused, it looked as if someone had gone after it with a piece of coarse sandpaper.

The nurse handed Dr. Buel a cone-shaped cup, and he returned to Mrs. Crawley. "Here you are," seating himself.

She downed it in one gulp, and crumpled the paper cup into the ashtray.

"Now then, the first thing I need is your full name, Missus Crawley," he said, drawing a note pad from his pocket.

She looked at him suspiciously. "Mavis L.," she answered.

"Need the full name, including maiden."

"Do I got to give it all?"

"It's for the paperwork, Missus Crawley. Full name, including maiden."

She narrowed her eyes; the lines in her face deepened. "Mavis Luellen Potts . . . Craw-ley. And no kin to them Pottses down in the Bottom, neither. Christ knows my daddy'd flip four times in his grave if he knowed folks was linkin' us to that bunch."

"Yes, Ma'am, no relation. Now, for the details."

Mrs. Crawley cleared her throat and began rocking her foot, draped loosely over a knee—the sole of her slipper making a sharp thwack against the bottom of her foot. "The details is this: Early this morning there come up a rain, of which our end of the county got the most of. And our house's got gutters on it, Eulan put them up last spring. Eulan is, by the way, the direct opposite of his brother Wiley, who is second only to Lucifer hisself in meanness."

She paused to bring another cigarette from the case before continuing, "There's a nest a birds—jays, I think, for all the noise they make, though Eulan says sparrows—anyway, there's a nest of

them in the gutter around back. So it gets to raining to beat creation, thunder and lightning; and Eulan says he's going to go out and take that nest down and set it in a tree, proper like. So I says to Eulan, 'Eulan, you must a taken leave a the sense the Good Lord give you, if you think you're going to get out there on a ladder in this weather.' Not bad enough to be out there to begin with, but on a metal ladder, no less.

"I had a great-great-uncle that was struck by lightning over in Dothan," her voice paled to a level of confidence. "And would you believe it?—he was settin' under a metal awning. The Lord takes care of them that takes care of themselves, I say."

"But Mister Crawley didn't go out in the weather," prodded the doctor.

"He did not," she replied, an emphatic palm thrashing down upon the arm of her chair. "He did not, but it might a been better if he did. Eulan went to sulkin'. Sulked and pouted for nigh on two hours, the harder it'd rain, the tighter his brow got. Worry, worry, that's Eulan. Big-hearted, he is, when it comes to the creatures . . ."

"Just the opposite of Wiley," offered Dr. Buel, scratching feverishly across the page.

"The di-rect opposite a Wiley. But anyway, the rain stopped around two-thirty. And Eulan don't want me to know what's been on his mind all the while, so I just says to him, 'Eulan, why don't you go out there while it's stopped and take them birds out a that gutter, put it up safe in a tree somewhere.'

"Eulan looks at me like the thought has yet to cross his mind. 'Why, Mae,' he says—that's what he usually calls me—'Why, Mae, now there's an idea.' So, off he goes," she explained, with a tossing of her hand, as if sprinkling the explanation between them.

"Meanwhile, I'm in the kitchen. Not doing nothing really—fixing to put on some coffee, I guess. Anyway, next thing I know, there comes a holler, 'Mavis Honey,' he yells and right there I know it's trouble on account of he only calls me 'Mavis Honey' when he's in passion or else when there's trouble. And I know he ain't in passion on no ladder." Agitation wavered in her voice now—altered, at once forceful and shaky, a discordant musical quality. "Wellsir, out the door I go. Around back, what do I see but Eulan stretched out flat on the ground, his face wrung up in pain; and can't even see his foot for the blood," the voice trailed away.

Dr. Buel studied her face—her eyes staring blankly past him. He cleared his throat. "And then, Missus Crawley?"

Her attention slowly came back to him. "Pardon?"

"What happened then?"

"Oh. Well, there I was—blood all over creation. And right then I felt my head gettin' light. Dizzy—like I had feathers in my skull, and I says to myself, 'Mavis, you're a-goin' to faint.'

"So I get down on my knees and cup my hands around my mouth, like so, and go to breathing against the ground. In the meantime, Eulan's still laid out on the ground and he don't see nothing but my back, and he says, 'The time for prayin's done passed, Mae'—and says it real excited like, and I know the pain's just about to kill him. And now he's begun to sweatin' real heavy and I can hear him wincing ever time he goes to talk. 'I'm losin' blood by the bucket,' Eulan says, which weren't far from the truth. Eulan's bleeding like there ain't gone be no tomorrow and I see that if something wasn't done, his life is going to pass right out a his foot."

Dr. Buel leaned forward, placing his hand softly on Mrs. Crawley's arm. "Now, I want you to think very carefully—this is important. Did you, at this point, attempt to subside the bleeding?"

"Tried to stop it altogether," replied Mrs. Crawley. "What I did was take my stocking—it was an ankle stocking, mind you—took it off and tied it tight as I could across the front a his foot. Wrapped it twice and knotted it."

"And how long before you called the ambulance?"

"Right then. 'Lay flat,' I tell Eulan, and I go back inside and start dialing. After I hung up, I go back out and put a blanket over him—an old Army blanket. Not that I wouldn't a used a quilt, neither—Eulan's precious to me. Just so happened the Army blanket was the nearest thing handy."

"So we're waiting there, couldn't a been more than five minutes, and I got Eulan's head in my lap. And I tell him, 'Eulan, it's going to be all right. You just lay there and don't think about it.' And Eulan looks up at me—his eyes hurtin', just about to tear me up—and he says, 'Mae, you got to get them down for me.'"

"The birds?" asked the doctor, his eyebrows knotting together above his nose.

"That's just what I said. I told him, 'Eulan, there is other things to concern ourselves with now. Them birds is going to be fine.' And I don't know whether to wring Eulan Crawley's neck or bless his kind heart, only then I see him shaking his head, and he says, 'I ain't talking 'bout the birds, Mavis.' He points up to the ladder, and then it comes to me. And I got my face back on the ground in no time flat. Breathing: one, two, one, two. In, out." She shook her head curtly from side to side.

"And then?" asked the doctor.

"Well, I tell myself, 'Mavis, you've seen a lot in this world—children born, been in on that a time or two. And I never been one to go soft.' So, I pick myself up and take straight to the kitchen. Time I get back to Eulan, I know they're gone be there for him any second."

"I go to prizing them out a the ladder rungs, into the baggee . . ."

"Lifting them out with your fingers," said Dr. Buel.

"I dare say not," she answered with some surprise. "First off, I ain't wild for touching missing parts and, second, I wasn't about to stick my fingers into that metal 'L' and slice them wide open."

"A metal 'L'?" asked Dr. Buel.

"It's where the rungs set together when it ain't extended. And what's more, I heard one time that you ain't supposed to clutch things like that, on account a you might squeeze a nerve, and kill it."

"From the ladder to the baggee . . .," he began.

"A spoon," Mrs. Crawley replied indifferently.

"How's that?"

"A spoon. Took it from the kitchen. Went to prizing them down through the rungs, dropped them right in, neat as you please. Except that Eulan had been standin' up a ways; so I had to climb up and prize down on them, and leaning my other arm around the back a the ladder—weedlin' the spoon and all—I 'bout lost balance my ownself."

"You got them out with a spoon?" asked Dr. Buel, his words hesitant.

Mrs. Crawley regarded him with a wary eye, sensing the note of skepticism. She reached into her purse and produced a wrapping of light-blue tissue paper. An ornate swirl showed from the silver handle, exposed a couple of inches out of the paper. "Teaspoon," she said, holding it out to him.

"That won't be necessary," replied the doctor, his voice suddenly back to full strength. "That should just about do it. I think I've got it all here," rising to his feet, he dabbed lightly at his forehead. "Mister Crawley's resting now—if you'd like to come back this evening."

"As you please," she answered matter-of-factly and, gathering her purse, stood up to leave. "Tell Eulan, when he wakes up, I'll be back this evenin'—and the nest is down."

His hand pressed against the swinging door, he noticed a dull metal clank. Turning back, saw the jagged rim of a trash can beside the door; the tissue snared, fluttered in the breeze of the door closing behind her.

Jet Stream

*A kite stillness
Mental illness
Only a child sees
 the turmoil on the outside
 the adult on the inside
Fun and games
and the deathly pallor in the Doldrums.*

T. L. Garner

Untitled

*A sleepy lake soaks
In the warm moonlight
Trickles capture tiny rays
And spread them over the water
Even. Smooth. A shimmering mass
Of midnight blue
Visions of memories long forgotten
Rise fleetingly to the surface
Then dip, fade, and disappear
Shady highlights dance
On the dreamy lake
Soaking in the warm moonlight*

L. Ashley Cook

I Saw a Man as I

*Once in a village on a planet
With my visage,
I saw a man as I
We talked and talked until we complied,
And soon I found that he was gone,
The man I saw as I.
So I laughed it off,
And then I cried,
Knowing inside that he had died.*

*The clouds opened up,
Where the seagulls fly,
And upon one bird was I,
Yet then it was time to wake up.
I tossed and turned and dreamt again,
And saw the man called I,
Then wept again and realized,
That he and I had died . . .*

Matthew Lucas

Untitled

*Farewells are inverse echos.
They pass by faintly, muffled and weak,
Their impact diminished by concurrent events.*

*Yet bounding from a distant wall of time
They shriek their message
Of finality.*

Patrick Turner



Jen Polk

The Window

*A dust particle is suspended in infinity
As it sits on the surface
Struggling
But gravity wins the fight and
The particle slides down onto the black coat of*

*The cat stares through this obstacle
Standing between him and the twittering birds.
Restlessly
His windows shift from the birds to
The sky, where flying up above is*

*A hawk swoops on the wind
Not noticing the field and the house below him.
Peacefully
He glances down at the world while
Playing on the breath of*

Joyce O'Quinn

Betrayed Dreams

*He was still afraid of the dark
when he began serving time
for that groggy, sleeping girl.*

*All the while
the gruff Viking warrior
bursts down doors at tiny village huts
and the farmer defends his honor
to the death she is used for fierce satisfaction.
And the trembling madman leaps
from one dark bush
and a deep cut just to see
that sweet red that thrills him so.
Then, brutally, he shows her
right there on the sidewalk.
And omnipotent Zeus swoops from the heavens
planting seeds in virgin soil.*

*But his was tired and still;
lying there in warm comfort
she almost didn't believe in him.
He even moved his hand,
just a little, to let her breathe.
He knew from her heaving chest and her glassy eyes
that he must he had sworn he wouldn't.
Perhaps she hadn't felt that soft kiss
before he fled.*

*Above his cot
the night-light throws bars at the ceiling
while he dreams of Vikings, madmen, and gods.*

Emily Wood



Carla Wortkoetter

The Icarus

*Icarus fell by my window today
Into the dark chasm
Which echoed his screams.
And I could hear Daedalus calling him
A stupid young bastard
(he had wished to soar)*

*I flung myself out to join him
And found the falling not so terrible
Looking below, I saw the youth spiraling on
Through the deep cavern, his remaining feathers
Giving some resistance yet.
As I reached him, I clasped his hand,
And there was something fraternal
In his touch.*

*As we fell, a host of familiar
Gory-headed angels appeared
Along the chasm walls and deluged
Our bodies with their spitted curses
And we laughed.*

*We fell and fell, the walls rushing by.
Faster, almost imperceptible in the
Thick darkness, and then . . .*

*Floating down into a bright
And empty grass field
And softly meeting the ground.
I turned to speak to my mythical friend,
But he was gone.
(but an image?)*

*And now,
Bathed in the radiating sun,
Standing in an open field
On a summer day,
Parasitic despair
Creeps in through my toes.*

*But even as I tiredly pull
At my roots,
The sight of a feather
Lying on the ground
Could cause me to smile.*

Dan Albergotti

The Case of the Corpse in the Sand Trap

Pete Bagshaw

To the the casual observer there was nothing remarkable about the tall masked man and his young Japanese companion. The latter did attract some attention from occasional passersby, Southerners mostly. His manner of dress—moc-casins and a fringed jacket with matching breech-clout—was somewhat unusual but so was his Mohawk Indian hair style and "Rozelle" headband. Unusual, that is, in terms of anyone not used to life in a large Northern metropolis. He was slightly built, in his early twenties, and a foot shorter than the middle-aged gentleman standing beside him. The taller man, six-foot-five, was undistinguished except for his harlequin mask. He wore a checkered brown-and-white Scottish hunter's cap of the type made famous by Sherlock Holmes. In his left hand he held a three-foot bamboo rod to which was af-fixed a piece of yellow chalk; in his right he carried a large magnifying glass. The pair walked slowly down the crowded sidewalk, closely examining parking meters. They stopped in front of David's Discount Golf Store, idly watching the passing throng. The older man spoke.

"Honto, do I have anything on my calendar to-day?"

The smaller man took a desk calendar from under his arm, inspected it carefully and replied, "Hi, Kimo Sabi-san, you have small drop of mustard and big drop of catsup."

"Anything else?"

"Nussing, Kimo-san."

Raising his magnifying glass, the taller man stared intently at his companion. "Honto, how long have I known you?"

"Many moons, Kimo Sabi-san."

"Your name, Honto, in Japanese means 'true,' and the word 'hi' means 'yes.' Is that correct?"

"Hi."

"Your mother is Japanese; your father is Japanese; you are Japanese. Right?"

"That is roger, Kimo-san."

"Then why do you shave your head and wear moccasins and a Jim McMahon headband?"

"So sorry to make small correction. Not Jim

McMahon headband. Headband belong to honorable uncle, Roselle Tachikawa."

"But why do you dress like an Indian?"

"Kimo Sabi-san, Honto is full-blooded Platonic Indian."

"How?"

"You make Indian talk, Kimo-san?"

"Honto, what is a Platonic Indian?"

"Kimbo Sabi knows philosophy of ancient Plato?"

"Plato is Greek to me, Honto. Explain."

"Kimo-san, out there in wide world is universal concept of perfect Indian, construct of quintessential Indianness."

"Continue."

"Kimo-san has seen movies of Indians, paintings of Indians?"

The tall man nodded affirmation.

"You have concept of Indian?"

"Yes."

"Now you know why Honto is Platonic Indian."

"Wrong, I cannot conceive of such a thing."

"Honorable mother did. Is very simple. At exact moment when honorable father's spirit entered spirit of honorable mother, FM radio was playing 'Overture from William Tell.'"

"And?"

"Honorable mother not think William Tell."

"You mean . . .?"

"Honorable mother think Lone Ranger and Tonto."

"I see. Your mother thought 'Tonto,' envisioned the Indian construct and conceived you—a Platonic Indian."

"You got it, Kimo-san."

At that moment a grey Oldsmobile Cutlass pulled into a "Handicapped Only" parking space. The older man spoke: "Honto, my supersensitive sensory perceivers tell me we are about to solve a crime."

"What crime, Kimo Sabi-san?"

"Murder. The murder of the woman found dead in the sand trap in front of the fifteenth green

on the City Park golf course last Saturday."

"You mean lady with crushed skull? Police say death from natural causes."

"I suspect foul play. Observe that man getting out of the Cutlass. Does he appear to have a handicap?"

"No, Kimo Sabi."

"He is our man. I will accost him."

The driver, sole occupant of the vehicle, had alighted and was locking the door of his car. The pair approached.

"Sir, do you realize you have parked in a 'Handicapped Only' space?"

The driver shrugged: "Hey, what is this, a stick-up or Twenty Questions?"

"Neither, sir. I am Lieutenant Smedley Simpson of the Metropolitan Detective Bureau on temporary parking meter assignment. I wear this mask to keep my identity secret from those who would commit crime in our city. This is my faithful assistant, Honto."

"What the hell is he, a Japanese import?"

"Honto, sir, is a full-blooded Platonic Indian."

"Christ, it's bad enough we got Datsuns and Toyotas all over the place without goddam Jap Indians."

"Curb your temper, sir. Tell me, what is your handicap?"

"Fifteen."

"I take it you're a golfer. Can you prove it?"

"Sure, I'll show you my sticks." He unlocked the trunk of the Cutlass and lifted out a bag of golf clubs.

The lieutenant took the cover off the three-wood and lifted it out of the bag. He waggled the club back and forth a time or two and returned it to the bag. "How do you like your metal woods?"

Honto tugged at his partner's sleeve. "Metal woods, Kimo Sabi? You speak oxymoron."

Furious, the owner of the clubs turned on Honto.

"Who you callin' a moron, Shorty?"

Calmly, the lieutenant explained: "You do not understand the Platonic dialect. He was asking to see your five-iron."

"Yeah? O.K., here."

Honto glanced at the flange of the club and handed it to his partner. The latter examined it with ill-concealed admiration: "Hogan Vectors! I'm sure you have won many a dollar with this five-iron."

"You bet. I made a killin' with it just last week."

"Good for you, sir. We won't detain you further. Enjoy your golf."

"Yeah, well—first I gotta get a new sand wedge. I've been using my wife's since she died, but

the shaft's too short."

"I'm sorry to hear about your wife. When did she die?"

"Last Saturday afternoon. They found her in the sand trap in front of the fifteenth green on City Park golf course."

The lieutenant looked at the golfer through his magnifying glass: "I'm surprised, sir, that the pro shop let a single play alone on a Saturday afternoon."

"She wasn't alone; I was with her. My second shot went into the trap on the fifteenth. She'd been buggin' me about bein' too cheap to buy a sand wedge. I'm not cheap, Lieutenant, just stubborn. I took out my pitchin' wedge and hit the damned ball over the green and into the pond."

"What did you do then?"

"A foursome was waitin' to hit up so I picked up for a seven. Got two pars and a bogie on the last three holes."

"What about your wife?"

"Well, I was sorta pissed—forgot her actually. Got almost home before I remembered. By then they'd found her. Heart attack probably. Only way to go, know what I mean?"

"Indeed. Sorry to hold you up, sir. Good luck."

The man strode toward David's Discount Golf Store. The lieutenant turned to his assistant, "Honto, did you notice anything unusual about that five-iron?"

"Nussing, Kimo Sabi-san, only a little dried blood and human hair."

"Honto, you must learn to be more observant. The shaft of that club has been bent .005 degrees by the force of a hard blow. That five-iron, Honto, is the murder weapon."

"So sorry not to notice bent shaft. But Honto not believe man forgot his wife on golf course."

"That's because you are not a golfer, Honto. Again, you missed the obvious. There is a correlation between his fifteen handicap and the fifteenth hole. A lower handicapper would have forgotten her sooner."

"Ahso. But why next foursome not bring dead lady to clubhouse?"

"The typical Saturday foursome at City Park golf course tries to complete thirty-six holes of play. Not one of them would have stopped long enough to help their dying mother."

"Kimo Sabi!"

"True, Honto. In fact, that is how they found the woman. The foursome he spoke of complained about a body lying in the sand trap. The assistant pro went out there, but by then some kind soul had

dragged her to one side and raked the trap. Most golfers are pretty decent."

"But, boss sir, how you can prove he killed her?"

The older man looked down at Honto and sadly shook his head. "I'm afraid you have much to learn before you can become a detective. Did you read the newspaper account of her death?"

"That is hi, Kimo Sabi."

"Then you must be aware that his wife's mother lived with them. It was she who made the crooked mend of the tear in his jacket. You did notice the tear?"

"What matters the tear, Kimo Sabi?"

The lieutenant was losing patience. "Surely you noticed what a violent temper the murderer has. He admitted his wife had been nagging him. Angered, he played the ball poorly and took a double bogey on the hole. Furious, he struck at the woman with his five-iron. She tore his jacket trying to defend herself."

Honto frowned. "Why he not hit her with pitching wedge?"

"Really, Honto, you should learn something about golf. The five-iron is the best all-around club."

The smaller man continued to frown. "But the foursome waiting, they not see him kill her?"

"He lied about the foursome. They could not have played as fast as the man and his wife; the foursome would have been too far back to have seen the murder."

"How you know wife's mother mend crooked tear?"

"The tear is straight; it is the mend that is crooked. Obviously it was done by an old woman."

"How you know that, Kimo Sabi?"

"Because old women cannot mend straight."

"But, Kimo-san — ?"

"Honto, the murderer returned home and confessed to his mother-in-law what he had done. She was so glad to have the kitchen to herself she promised not to tell anyone the truth. Then she mended his jacket."

At that moment the murderer walked out of the golf store, got into his car and drove off. Honto jumped up and down in excitement.

"Kimo Sabi, man get away."

"No, Honto. We will let Captain Murphy make the arrest. Give me the license plate number of the Cutlass and I will call headquarters."

"Me no have number."

"No have number? I saw you write it down on a matchbook cover."

"Honto picked teeth with cover, threw in trash can. Sanitation can smashers emptied trash in truck and drove off. So sorry."

Lieutenant Smedley Simpson of the Metropolitan Detective Bureau patted his young friend on the shoulder and said: "That's all right, Honto." They walked companionably along the sidewalk, pausing now and then to write a parking citation.



Chronicle

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ATGCW

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WHO

ARE NOT

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TO

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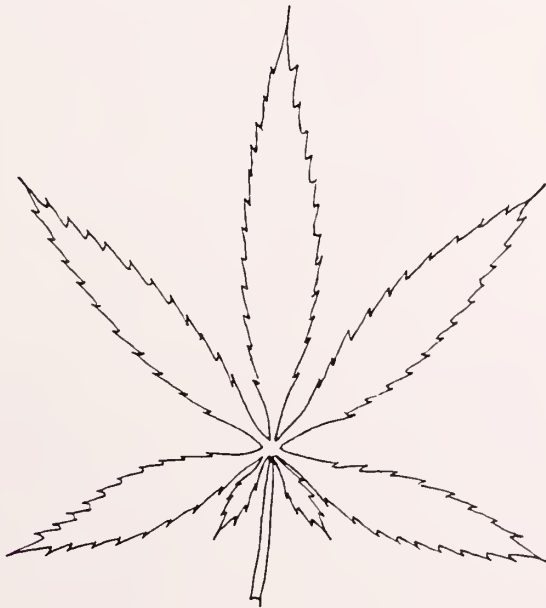
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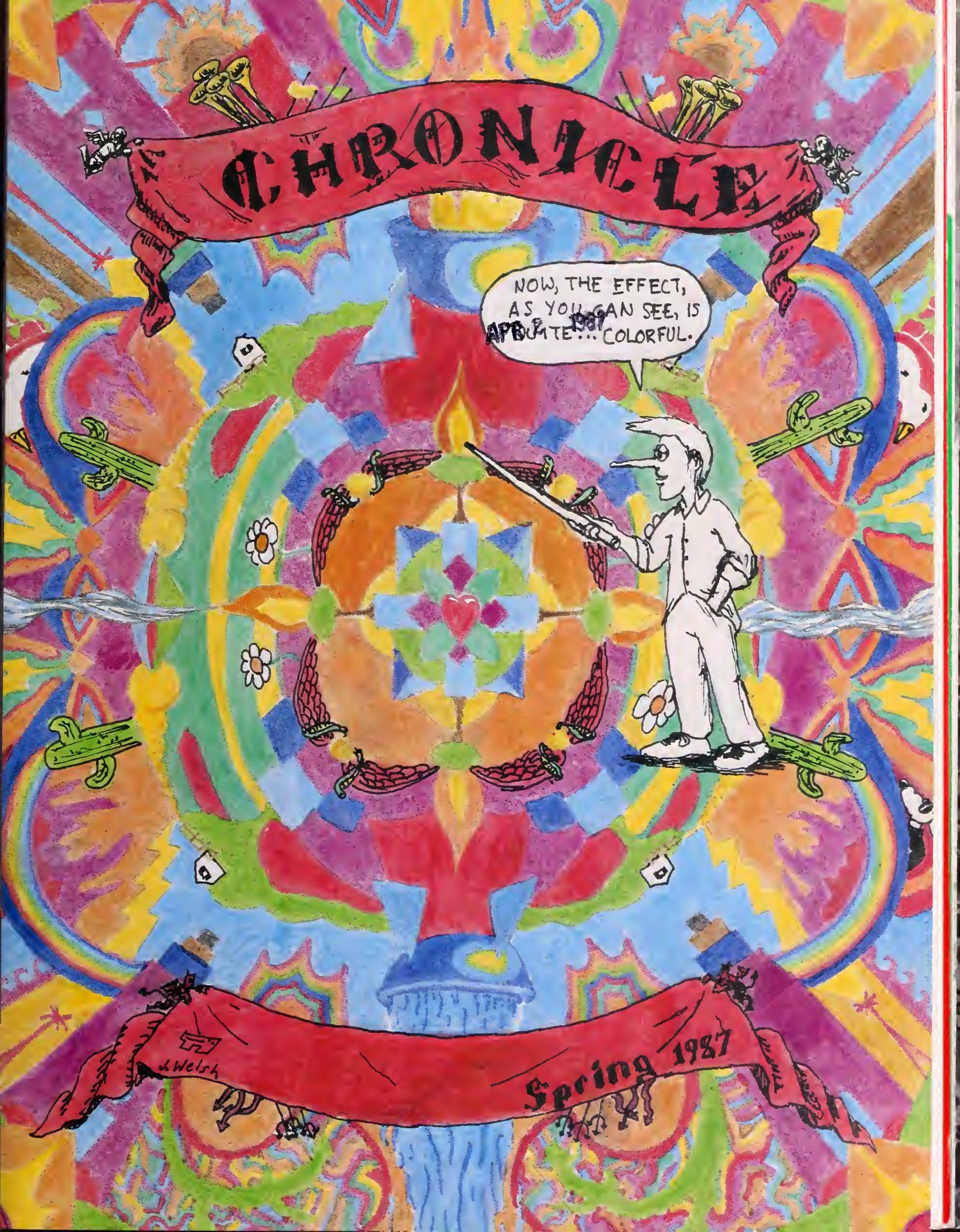
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Spring 1987

J. Welsh



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Editorial

Well, here is my last editorial and my last chance to talk about all THOSE things like women's rights, the homeless, racism, religious freedom, creativity and a happy approach to life. But, I only have one column and I would hate to sound preachy in my last blurb, so onward to the true topic of this editorial: "What happens to all the things that don't belong in *Sesame Street*?"

Everyone has seen the *Sesame Street*® segment with the Velcro board divided into four sections. Three of the four sections have apples, while the fourth has a baseball. And then there is the song: "One of these things is not like the others. One of these things just isn't the same." The conclusion is The Hand coming on the screen and ripping the baseball away. (O.K., children, can we say "Silent Scream?" I knew you could.) Well, what happens to the baseball now? Where does it go? Where can we find the answers to these and other thought-provoking questions?

None of the following is original. It's from someone's imagination.

Answer one: The "non-belongers" are exiled to Oscar's trashcan with all the other by-products of entropy. The overflow of this trashcan can be found under any bed, behind any washing machine, and in 816 of every 972 closets in Suburbia.

Answer two: Since the "non-belongers" are only paper representations of real objects, the paper is cut into little pieces, magically/chemically transformed into clear-colored stones and placed in people's mouths (for safekeeping, of course).

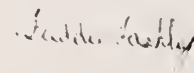
Answer three: All the extra items that don't belong filter through the red tape, ending up on a memo to the faculty of a university. It then makes its way to a trashcan that resembles Oscar's.

Answer four: Only the avid fan of *Sesame Street*® would know the third possibility. Everything belongs at one time or another because it runs in cycles. For example, a typical week of *Sesame Street*® might be three apples and one banana on Monday, three bananas and one kumquat on Tuesday, three kumquats and one bicycle on Wednesday, three bicycles and one whale on Thursday and on Friday three whales and one book. And so on, until the circle is completed.

But will *Sesame Street*® always use such simple discrimination? Maybe future segments will have five boxes instead of four with all sections containing apples. Or six boxes, three with football players and three with baseball players; two of the football players and one baseball player have on red uniforms while the remaining three have on green uniforms; of course, one football player in a red uniform is black and the other two football players are white, and one baseball player in a green uniform is white and the other two are black. If you're having trouble deciphering that last sentence, it's all equal, but each is different.

Now I'm at the end of my column and I haven't said anything of importance. This editorial could just be wasted space, but maybe it was fun; maybe not.

Have a Good Life



Freddie Lashley

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Dana Sherman

COMMUNION

*From the road above
I saw my shadow
Hurrying through
A children's playground
Worried, bent, passing
Through and under
Slide, roundabout
And swings darkening
For an instant couples
Intertwined on benches
Rushing to keep pace
With its hard taskmaster
Until, feeling suddenly
Ashamed, I paused
And from a great
Distance watched as
An infant sat down
In my lap.*

Judith E. Shepherd

RAINMIST

*Fascinating the rainmist
obliviously imperceptible on skin
as it falls in a lazy haze
but then and then*

*Today I am its confessor
forgive and pity this unobtrusive
tearstream of god and that and that*

*Baptismalfire one said but did not
experience this or this
a soothsoft touch of heaven*

*The rainmist touch is neither wetdry
you see and see
a lazy haze to be a bit sad
a sad smile with a tinge of irony*

*And it falls in the sunlight
of a glorious manday
and pulls an eye to its source*

*On the incline colors delineate
showing true sky
above and below the mistake*

*Confess confess cannot absolve
in a worldwind of busy
but the rainmist is saying
don't worry.*

Dan Albergotti

SDI: Strategic Defense Initiative

Introduction

Skelly Holmbeck

The purpose of this article is to serve as an introduction to the topic of the Strategic Defense Initiative, or SDI, and present the pro and con sides, so you, the students of Clemson, can better consider SDI. Commonly called "Star Wars", it is thought of as a shield against nuclear missiles. This is an over simplification. Trying to define the concept of SDI, however, is complicated; even the most informed scholars have trouble with that task. But it is not so complex that no one can understand the problems and the political implications. It is an issue that needs to be thought about; it concerns our future.

Some of the major questions concerning SDI are the goals, the cost, the time frame, the possible violation of treaties, and who is doing the research. These questions are the main objective of the introduction, and some aspects will be addressed in the pro and con arguments as well.

On March 23, 1983, President Reagan challenged the scientific community "to render nuclear weapons obsolete." Lt. General Daniel O. Graham, a founder of SDI, explained as its

goal the total elimination of the need for defensive weapons by creating an umbrella in space using kinetic weapons, not nuclear weapons. Initially called the High Frontier, its end goal is to get the United States out of the arms race, and therefore end it.

No system has been developed. Rather, SDI is a research program to determine the feasibility of a "smart" defensive system utilizing high tech sensors and nonnuclear weapons to destroy offensive ballistic missiles. The SDI goal is to knock out strategic missiles, preferably in the boost and the post boost stage, and then throughout flight. The flight of a nuclear missile goes through four stages. The flight of a missile launched from the Soviet Union last thirty-one minutes. The first stage is the boost stage, which lasts about three minutes until the missile is well beyond the earth's atmosphere. The next stage, termed post-boost, can last for about five minutes. In this phase ballistic missiles and decoys are released from the missiles MIRVs, multiple independent reentry vehicles, which hold warheads on a platform called a 'bus'. The primary goal of SDI is to knock

out as many missiles as possible, around ninety percent, in these first two phases. During this post boost phase, ICBM (Intercontinental Ballistic Missiles) can carry hundreds of decoys but are limited to ten warheads by the Salt II Treaty. Not only does a defense system have to determine decoys from warheads, it must also be able to detect decoys from warheads disguised as decoys, a problem termed "antisimulation." Mid-course stage is the next stage, Which lasts up to twenty minutes long. The biggest challenge in this stage is to determine warheads from hundreds of thousands of decoys and other debris. The critical objective is to knockout the ICBMs before they split and launch their multiple missiles and decoys. Missiles launched closer to the US such as Intermediate range missiles and submarine launched missiles can have a total flight time as short as twelve minutes.

Software for this system is the biggest problem, requiring information to be synchronized in milliseconds, and to be consistent at all locations around the earth. This software must be able to decide what to do with information once it has it, and what actions it should take in

response. This system must also be able to withstand an attack against itself and continue to operate. Doubts center around the indefinite requirements for the system and the lack of proper testing of it. SDI as a research program must determine the feasibility of designing a system to successfully complete this complex task.

The most argued about obstacle, however, is the cost. Lt. General Daniel O. Graham claims that despite an incredible initial cost this system will render expenditure on other defensive components unnecessary, and the maintenance of SDI will be less than our total defense budget at this time. SDI officials say thirty billion dollars of research can buy a decision about our ability to design such a system and to do so cost effectively. The cost for the system itself has been estimated to be anywhere from several hundred billion to one trillion dollars. But since SDI exists now only as a research program and no system has been developed talks of cost have been declared by some as premature. Another consideration is that once the system is initially developed the cost required to maintain it will be comparable. Vice President of

SDI at Rockwell International in California, Michael Yarymovych, said that "study upon study" shows the cost of putting systems into space and maintaining them "is easily the same as the cost of the initial system." For all the components of SDI to be affordable they would have to be precisely and economically mass produced. In comparison to SDI, a proposed five-year budget that approaches the overall cost of researching, developing, and deploying either the B-1 Bomber or MX Peacemaker program is about 26 million dollars.

Another consideration is the time it will take to install any proposed system. SDI officials claim a decision can be made by the early 1990's about the feasibility of even designing a successful system. If present ideas are deemed possible, the system could begin to be implemented at this time. The initial stage may take about five years to deploy, and, taking an average of estimates, several other stages are predicted to take around five more years.

Maybe it can be done and maybe it can be paid for, but are we breaking any promises we've made by embarking on such a task? Thirteen years ago the Anti-Ballistic Missile Treaty was agreed upon, which stated that "each party (the USSR or the US) undertakes not to deploy ABM systems for the defense of the territory of its country and not to provide a base for such defense." Since SDI is right now a research program, it isn't considered a violation of the treaty. Also, the Russians are also engaged in similar research.

Who is doing the research? Several companies are now contracted by the government and are experi-

menting with different SDI projects. Some of the major ones are: TRW, Lockheed, ITEK, General Electric Grunman, Rockwell International, Hughes, Martin Marietta, Boeing, McDonnell Douglas, LTV Aerospace, Westinghouse, and Raytheon. More companies are planned to be contracted. Also, Georgia Tech and other universities are involved in research as well.

This proposed SDI system is attempting to replace the current philosophy of "Mutual Assured Destruction" with "mutual assured defense." "Mutual Assured Destruction" is the premise that if the US or USSR were to attack the other, both would be destroyed. "Mutual assured defense" is supposed to deter attack by decreasing the probability of the success of a first strike. The final goal is to break down the arms race. But is this goal possible? Can we pay for it? Are we moving in the right direction? Hopefully this introduction has given some overall understanding of SDI. You aren't the President who decides the direction of this program. You may not have a hand in designing this defense. But this is your country. It's your nation's defense. It's your future. It's our world. Think about it.



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The False Dream

Kathy McKinney

The Star Wars dream is a seductive one. Forget about those long, hard arms control negotiations. We can't trust those Commies anyway. In a few years the United States will be invulnerable to nuclear attack. Sure SDI faces some technical difficulties, but hey - we put a man on the moon, didn't we?

If you listen to the administration you might believe all of this. According to Lt. Gen. James A. Alramson, director of the Pentagon's SDI organization, the program has been proven "technically feasible" and "only a few diehards" question the program. However, if you pay attention to the scientists and engineers who were called on to meet the SDI challenge, you will hear a different story.

By May 1986, 6500 scientists in the academic areas most important to SDI pledged not to accept any Star Wars research funds. This group includes 15 nobel laureates and over half of the professors at the nation's top twenty physics departments. The pledge calls SDI "ill-conceived and dangerous" and says that it is likely to escalate the arms race. A random poll conducted among members of the American Physical Society by Peter D. Hart Research Associates found that

two thirds of the physicists felt that it was improbable that a space based missile defense system could protect cities from a Soviet nuclear attack. Obviously these highly trained people see problems with SDI that the administration is not willing to admit.

What are some of these problems? First, an actual population defense shield that could stop a missile launched from anywhere in the Soviet Union from hitting any part of the U.S. is extremely difficult to achieve technologically. It would require thousands of orbiting battle stations whose communications would have to be perfectly synchronized to be effective. More importantly, this system could never be realistically tested under the hostile conditions it would face during a nuclear attack, and the experiences of the Challenger and Chernobyl have proven that even the greatest technological achievements can fail.

Another problem with SDI is that it would be very vulnerable to Soviet countermeasures. Unless SDI could stop the missiles in the boost phase before they break up into multiple warheads and decoys, the Soviets could overwhelm the System by increasing the number of decoys

launched. One estimate is that a SDI system would face tens of thousands of warheads and decoys under a full Soviet attack. Even if SDI was perfected to the point of boost phase kill, space mines and interference with the electro-magnetic links connecting the system's satellites and ground station are still a possibility. These countermeasures could also be extremely detrimental to our existing communications satellites, including the ones we use to keep track of what the Soviets are doing.

A third major concern with SDI is the cost. Over half of the physicists polled by Hart believed the cost of the system would be over 500 billion dollars, and twenty-nine per-cent believed it would be as much as 1 trillion dollars. With the huge federal deficit the nation is facing, this much money cannot be spent without serious consideration given to the practicality of the system. The cost must also be measured in terms of the scientific talent that will be tied up for years in research. Sure there will be "spin-off" products, but their development will be much slower than if they were being researched directly. With the stiff competition the United States is facing in international markets, can we afford to tie up so

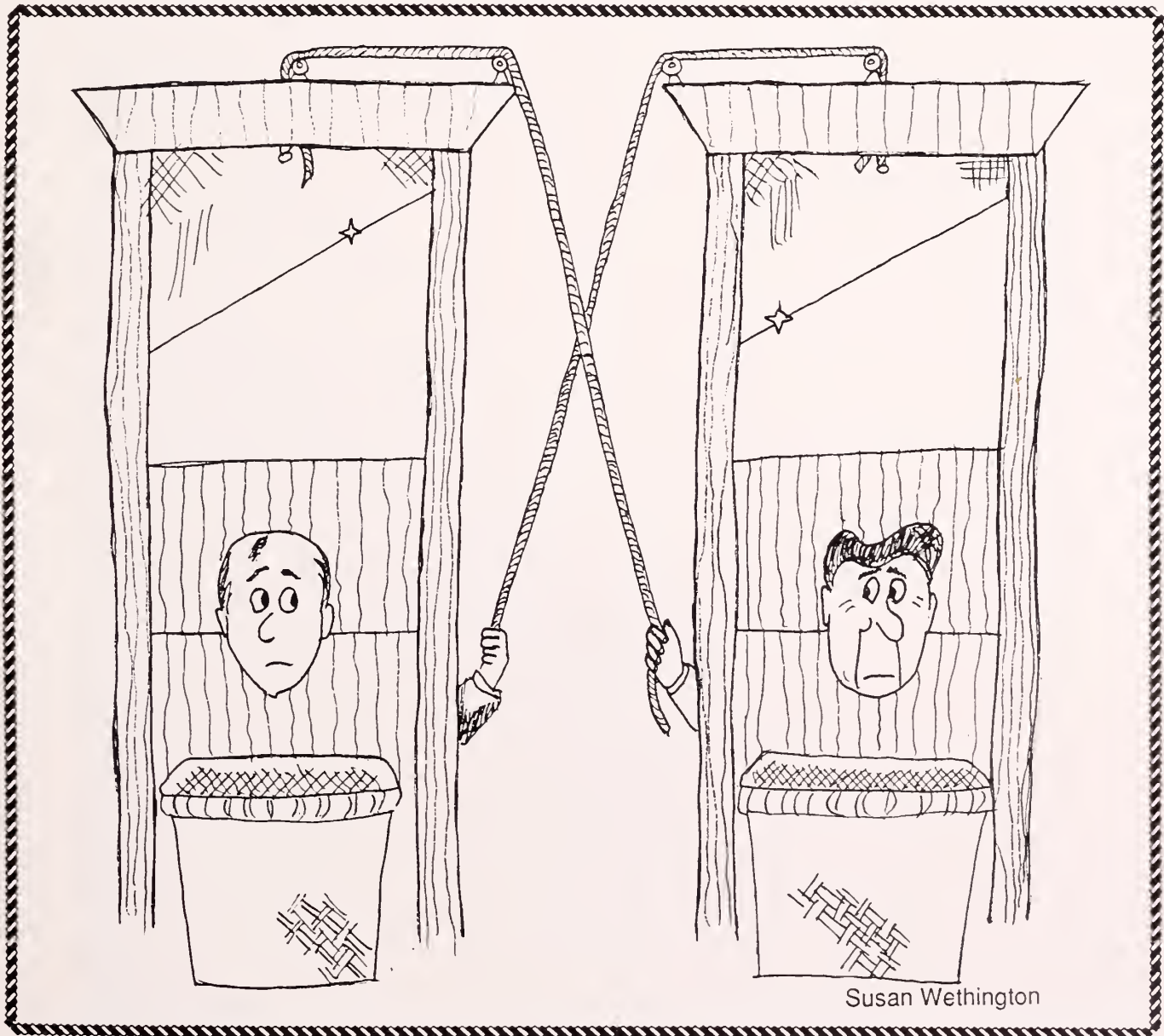
many of our technical resources on a project so many scientists feel will not work? What good is a strong defense if our economy fails?

A Senate staff report released in March 1986 stated that SDI has produced no major breakthrough since its announcement in 1983 and that much of the program's scientific progress has only deepened understanding of the difficulties of the project. In June 1986, 1600 scientists from government and industry laboratories urged Congress to curb funding for SDI back to "a scale appropriate to

exploratory research" while assessing the costs and benefits of SDI in comparison with other strategies for strengthening the security of the U.S. At that time Senator Daniel J. Evans, a Republican from Washington and one of the few Congressmen trained as an engineer stated, "I welcome this expression of concern from the scientific community because I believe that SDI can benefit from a healthy dose of skepticism. When the skeptics are as distinguished group as that represented here, we should all take note."

Yes, it is time for us to take note of what the scientific

community is saying. Clearly SDI is not going to be a reality in the near future, and it may never be. It is time for us to stop looking for panaceas to our national security problems and realize that the only way we will ever free ourselves from the threat of nuclear war is through realistic arms control negotiations and true diplomacy, areas which have been neglected under the Reagan Administration. Arms control is not as glamorous and exciting as Star Wars, but it is our only hope. We need to wake up from our dreams of "peace shields" and get down to business before it is too late.



Susan Wethington

The Need for 'Star Wars'

Keith Snell

On March 23, 1983, President Reagan gave to the world a potential solution for what has seemed to be an unsolvable dilemma in international affairs: How to deal with nuclear weapons and their potential use? He announced the Strategic Defense Initiative (SDI) and made defense against nuclear weapons, or "mutual assured survival," a top priority for his administration. He asked the "scientific community that gave us nuclear weapons" to "give us the means of rendering these nuclear weapons impotent and obsolete".

The fact that each of the two superpowers has the capability to withstand a surprise nuclear attack and still inflict immeasurable damage upon the other has, in most peoples view, preserved the peace by preventing either from using its nuclear weapons. This concept, known as "mutual assured destruction" or MAD, creates a paradox when combined with another phenomenon known as "nuclear proliferation". In other words, nuclear weapons are being stockpiled in an effort to insure that they will never be used. This is a dangerous and non-sensical policy that may actually increase the chance of a nuclear holocaust.

Efforts between the superpowers to reduce their nuclear arsenals have been less than effective. Major negotiation attempts such as Salt I, Salt II, and the Geneva Talks have accomplished little and existing treaties such as the "Antiballistic Missile (ABM) Treaty" are very difficult to enforce or check and may be effectively side-stepped if necessary.

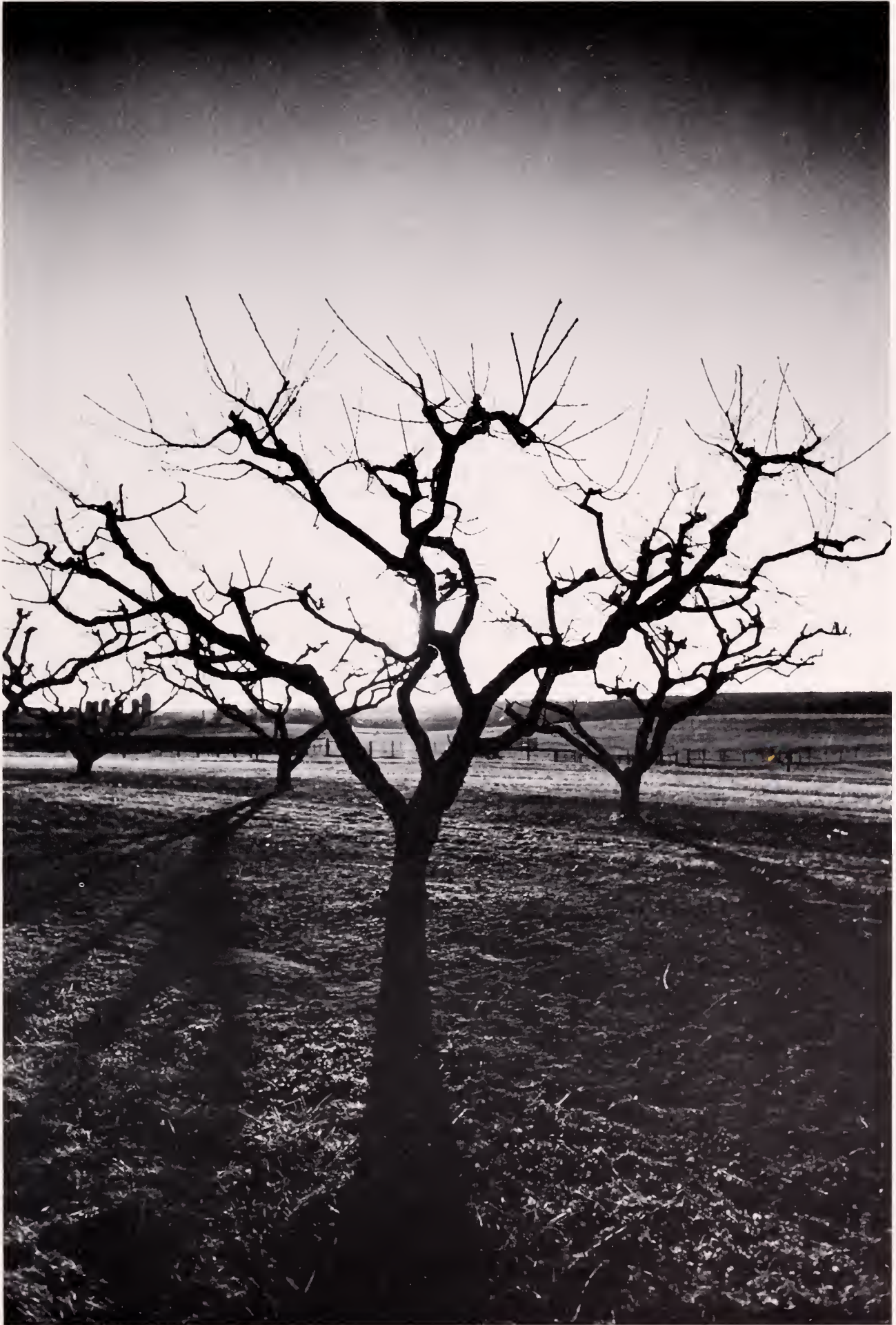
It has been estimated that the Soviets' "strategic defense initiative (SDI)" research is ten years ahead of ours. Perhaps the vital importance of our own SDI system can be perceived if we consider another potential scenario. The U.S. acknowledges that Soviet forces already have us vastly outnumbered in manpower and conventional weapons. And

without lengthy debates, we also tend to admit that our nuclear forces, at best, have a rough parity with those of the U.S.S.R. Obviously, even a partially effective Soviet SDI system would establish a wide margin of Soviet superiority, both strategically and in all major areas of warfare.

"Starwars" (SDI) is our most vital defense program under development. Put simply, if we are able to develop a defense system that negates or significantly reduces the effectiveness of Soviet Inter-continental Ballistic Missiles (ICBM), we will have maintained our strategic stability. If we do succeed in reducing the effectiveness of the ICBM, we will make it far easier to negotiate its reduction and eventual elimination.



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John Bowen

old friends, sitting on that dusty
shelf in the closet
in a jar from Harper's
5 and dime,
are a comforting thought.
loneliness sulks in corners
like an unfed dog,
nothing more
but when time moves
and a shadow appears—
oh, the strained laughs
and the faded black and white memories
old graves desecrated -
used shovels don't touch
that sometimes virgin earth,
that would be too easy

Beth Lyons

I wish I could paint a picture for you
portraying my search for purpose
& my despair upon finding the emptiness
I want you to fall upon
me

as I frolic & dance
& swim in the kaleidoscope
splashing colors & spotting the walls
& know the beautiful person I am told about
that I hope is alive inside
only asleep for a moment
Metamorphosing
I want you to accept
dejection, discordant defiance
as I stand before you stripped of consciousness
But mostly, please
Bring out the happiness
& show me delicious
rainbows & green
bubbly & laughable
puttering in myself.

Mattee Watson



Marcy Myers

THE CURRENT THAT SMOOTHES SEASTONES

THE CARESSES THAT FEEL THE BEST,
I DON'T FEEL: FINGERS THAT KNOW,
LIPS THAT GO LOVINGLY TO TEST
RECENT WARMTH THAT THEY HAD, IN PART,
CREATED—GO SLOWLY. I'M INSULATED,
SLEEPING, FROM THESE LOVERS' TOUCHES.
THEY STOKE HER LOVE, NOT MINE—MUCH AS
A MIRRORED SMILE OR INWARD MOANS
OR THE CURRENT THAT SMOOTHS SEASTONES.

Thomas F. Ruckelshaus

IT RAINED

LOTS OF RAIN. LONG GRASS & STEAM.
THE HIBISCUS BLOOMED WHEN I CAME HOME
TO MY HOUSE.
PINK & PINK ODORED
SWEET SIGHTS & SMELLING.
MY HOUSE, THOUGH,
WASN'T A HOME ANYMORE.
WHITE & GREY
SMELLING THAT COLOR TOO.
AS IF ONCE ALIVE
LIVED IN
BUT NOW
INHABITED ONLY. ONLY THAT.

Thomas F. Ruckelshaus

The Guru of Jam Mountain

Bruce McDaniel

It had been a long, hard climb, but I finally scaled the last sheer cliff and reached the summit of Jam Mountain. The wind blew fiercely and a blizzard swirled around me as I carried my battered body into the cave of the man I had come so far to see—the Guru of Jam Mountain.

Nearly unconscious from exhaustion, I stumbled down the corridor and fell into a large, circular room which was carpeted with hippopotamus hide. At the far end of the room, seated on a huge pink bean-bag, and roasting marshmallows over a crackling fireplace, was the Guru.

I stood as straight as I could, brushed some snow off my jacket, and proceeded to bow before this exalted personality, saying:

"Wise one, I have journeyed for many days to seek the counsel of your contemporary intelligence . . ."

The Guru stuck a roasted marshmallow into his mouth, chewed, turned his head and replied:

"Well, it sure took you long enough to get here. But, no matter. Better late than never. Did you bring the necessary offerings to inspire my gratitude?"

"Yes, Cool One," I said, as I placed a raw steak, a mug of high-octane gasoline, and a bankroll of American greenbacks at his feet.

The Guru put the steak and the greenbacks on a nearby shelf, then he took a long draught from the mug of gasoline. Then he licked his lips, and as he sat down the mug, he said:

"How can I help you, confused one?"

"I have three questions for you," I said, as I pulled out the sheet of paper that I had written the questions down on. "The first one is: 'How do I go about becoming rich and famous in a short time?'"

"Well," said the Guru, as he stroked his gray-bearded chin reflectively, "this is not that

difficult. Just look around you. It's obvious that dedication, hard work and sincerity will get you nowhere—fast. What you need to become rich and famous is a gimmick . . . a good con line, good promotion by the mass media, fashionability in the public eye.

"Do something original, like flying around the world without refueling, or invent a new music form like punk rock. Better yet, get one of your relatives to become rich and famous, then hop on the gravy train. It worked for Billy Carter . . ."

"Now it is all clear to me," I said, as I gazed respectfully at this fountain of enlightenment. "But Guru, my second question is even more difficult . . ."

"And what might that be, my simple-minded young man?"

"Great Guru," I continued, "until I do reach the top, tell me how I can endure associating with the common peasants of this world, the low-lifers, nerds and weirdos who annoy me constantly with their presence on this planet?"

The Guru shook his head in seeming dismay as he looked at me and said:

"Foolish one, if you seek to get to the 'top' you will find a plentiful variety of nerds, wierdos and the other species you have just mentioned. Do not dwell on the faults of others. To do so will leave you in a position lower than what you see as their own. Assist those that you can and ignore the others. Put your own house in order and you will find yourself worrying less about the shortcomings of your neighbors."

"Thank you, oh Guru," I said, "but now I come to my third question, and it is surely the most difficult of all."

The Guru yawned, burped, patted his stomach and said:

"Let me hear it, vacuum brain, so that I may complete my dialogue with you and return to my cosmic, transcendental meditations."

"Great Guru," I said, as I timidly clasped my hands together and gazed into his shaggy countenance, "How can I face the fact that I will not be young and beautiful forever? What can I do to stay cool after I get old? And how can I keep breathing for 969 years like Methuselah?"

As I concluded my questions the Guru smiled, took another sip of high-octane, and patted me on the back.

"You really do have a lot to learn, oh bewildered, student-type person," said the Guru. "Death . . . death is Mother Nature's way of letting somebody else use the tennis courts. And life . . . life can be enjoyed during all the years of your existence. Just look at all the gray-haired grandparents getting down and cruising the singles bars. Extreme old age doesn't mean you can't keep active and 'cool' . . . why, just look at Bob

Hope, Strom Thurmond, Ronald Reagan . . ."

My mind was now saturated with these words of wisdom, but I remembered the Guru's request for privacy, so I prepared to leave.

The Guru had already started to occupy himself by clipping his beautifully painted toenails. As I neared the exit I turned to thank him one last time when he looked at me and said:

"And kid . . . be sure that you don't pass on these words to the general public. If anyone wants to know the answers to these questions, give them my card and send them to me. And don't forget to tell them to bring the required offerings . . ."

As he said this he began to gnaw on the raw steak that I had brought him, washing it down with high-octane. I bowed to him once more and said:

"Sure thing." Then I headed back out into the blizzard.



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Walking Home

*The two boys walk home from school
Hand in hand
Each with brightly colored wax
Beneath his small, tender nails.
They have labored hard today
Learning about the others' feelings
Through the masterpieces of art
Created just before lunch.
The lunch they wear home
One with a grape jelly shirt
The other with a Kool Aid moustache.
Walking home, enjoying security
And careful not to step on
A crevice in the cement walk.
Their dirty shoelaces dance
From side to side.
Parting, they offer a general goodbye.
Then a challenge is made
The victor the one to reach his door first
They race in a pant
While their laces dance widely
Through the grass.
A tie is agreed upon and waving goodbye
Each disappears
Into a different world.

Tomorrow will still find them
Best friends.*

Trey Reckling

daring dares

*I was heading down some stupid stairs,
with little thought and little care,
when I tripped right up and fell right down –
my crayons spilling on the ground.
And when I finally came to rest,
by the stupid cedar chest,
I gazed around the littered floor
of fifty crayons – plus two more.
None were broke that I could tell,
and absent was Parental Yell,
so I just figured to forget
that I had tumbled down the step
and start the day completely new
by drawing on the walls with blue
and if the notion's in my head
I will add the color red
and since I've spilled, I'll use them all
to draw a rainbow down the hall
and when I come upon a door,
I'll draw the rainbow on the floor
and if I'm one for daring dares
I'll climb right up those stupid stairs
and put my mark on every rail
until that staircase starts to wail
and when he cries, my quest will quit
and with my crayons I will sit
abandoning my artsy day,
but gettin' spanked, anyway.*

Stephen Brink



Gallery

Bart Snyder



Joseph E. Vaughn, III



Mark Doolittle

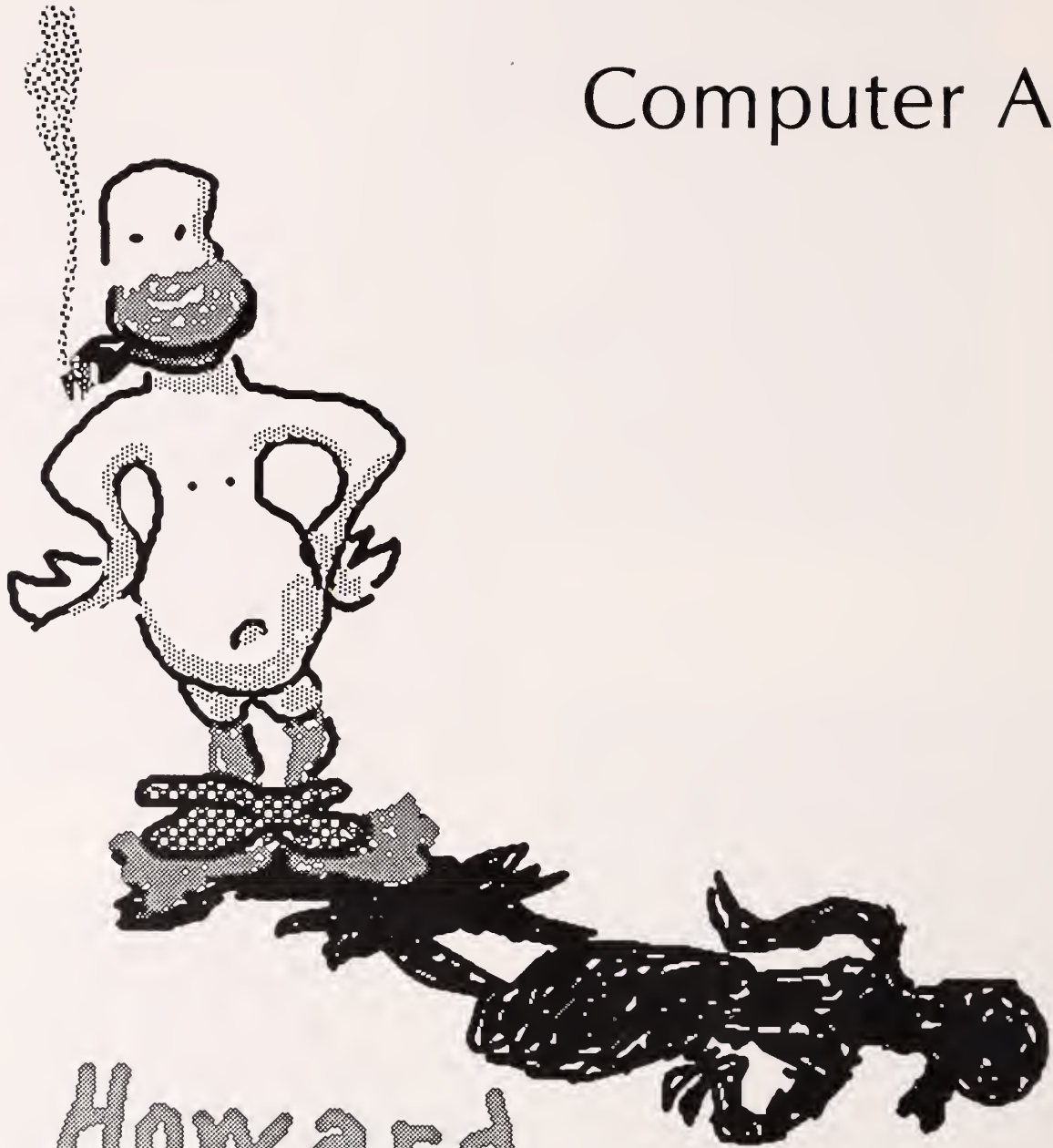


Bart Snyder



Dana Sherman

Computer Art

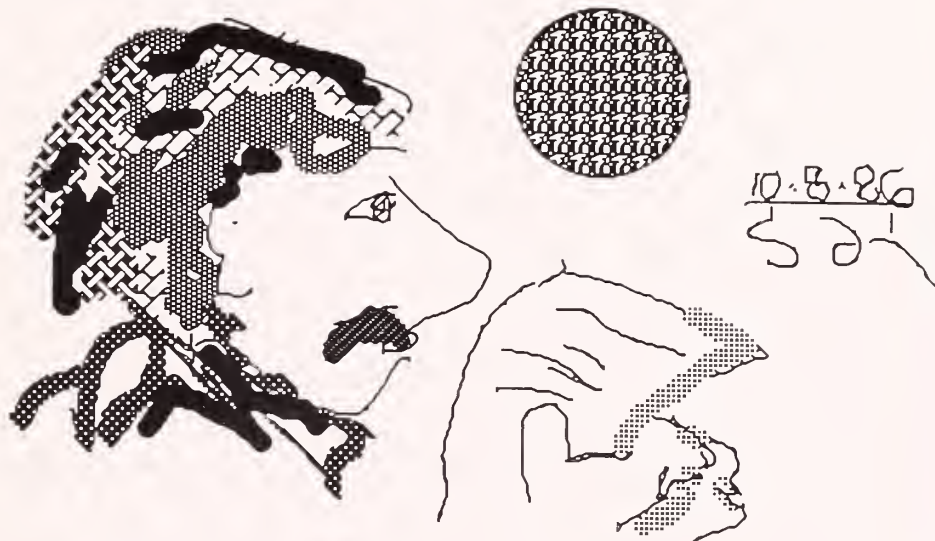


Howard
sans pantaloon

10.22.86
521

Doug Scott

I Found Myself
Under the Penguin Moon



Doug Scott

When



Beth Lyons

*What makes them do
it, I wonder, on this
summer morning 4 am,
with a Bela Lugosi mist hovering
near the streetlights but never
quite touching. There he comes, like
some miniature prehistoric mutant
trying desperately to end the species,
out of the Fast Fare parking lot,
sluggishly, like he's just had
the twofer-a-dollar hot dogs, then right
into Highway 93 and across
the front of the Toyota, and
I feel sorry for him
and stomp the brakes —
he makes it —
whether he wants to or not.*

*We've all seen them, on
the side, or near the safety of the white line
but not quite. We know what they are
even when tire-after-tire violates
the corpse and turns their
stiff gray fur into
maggot food, with a naked rat-like tail
pointing to where it began.*

*Then I think of all the 'possums I know,
miserable degrees;
divorces and secret thrustings
in the neighbors' suburban bedrooms,
but they Have-A-Job and drive the BMW
almost but never all the way
to the solid yellow.*

Danny White

Possum Page

Possumgod

for Danny White

*When my headlights revealed the pitiful beast,
Who was not really scurrying but taking his time,
I thought about his pink segmented tail
And how it could be a little-girl earthworm.
I laughed at my metaphorical wit,
Amused with myself.
But then he turned to see me, his long
Sharpened nose like a pointing finger,
And his eyes fully absorbed the light.
I'm sure he thought I was some great
Possum god, and this, his day of judgment
Upon the great dying ribbon, ceremonially marked,
So well known to all of his brothers.
He took a moment to repent of his sins,
And I took a moment to think,
And that moment froze,
As moments occasionally do.
My eyes met his in that crystal, unmoving time,
And it was then that I really understood
That I was hurtling down a slab of asphalt
In a hunk of metal, faster than any
Human could sprint.
I felt like a god and like a demon
And like a hopelessly impotent human being.
And he, a sometimes vicious, sometimes pitiful
Creature, decided that he would not be bothered
To die that night, and this time did scurry
Off the road and into the dark.
So time began to turn again, and I was again alone.
Thankfully so, for I had found myself to be
Not a god and less a human
Than I thought.*

Dan Albergotti

Take the time to think of something strange:
a slow-moving possum,
a still alligator.

On a warm evening in a river somewhere
an alligator lingers in a blissful wait
with eyes and nose in the awkward air
but everything else of its rough, old body
in the warm, brown water
of the graceful river,
in the loving water
of the slow-flowing river.
The alligator waits in a reptilian lotus of calm
and simply is,
with an essence of being to shame the masters of Zen.
For 75 millions years at least
he's waited his silent wait—
unmoving and perfect and calm.

Close by in the woods his old friend wanders,
a possum with little ones clutching her back.
If you ever look close at a possum you'll see
the long, gray nose and naked tail,
the knobby feet and the pointed teeth.
I've looked at these things and I can honestly say
that a possum's not gifted with beauty.
But there's a certain holding power they have
and a special economy of style which I respect.
Since the time of the greatest of dinosaurs
possums have shuffled through leaves in the dark,
have sniffed out grubs and beetles and things,
have cracked and chewed them with little white teeth.
And this is honorable.

The gator's old friend has done this now
for as long as he has waited—
75 million years or more,
aware of each other in the depths of their minds.
Every night now for these millions of years
she's crossed the river in the humid dark
by way of a spindly fallen log.
Tonight also she shuffles her way
to the edge of the river,
the start of the log.
A sniff of the water and her babies clutch tighter,
then over the darkened stream she goes,
feet grasping the log like millions of times before.

Midway or so, with a soft, clear pop,
the old log breaks in the dark of the night.
Snap go the patient, waiting jaws
and catch the gray possum before she touches the water.
That's all,
like the river blinked.
And a couple of baby possums drift,
lost in the living water.
After all of this time, it happened.

like as not you were watching T.V.

Jody Tinsley



Ed Newsome



Jeffrey Nelson

Teaching and Research: Clemson Style

Molly Donaldson

Clemson University is an institution with a mission. Clemson is a land grant institution, and as such, it has the charge of educating the sons and daughters of the working class of South Carolina. It is to have at the minimum a curriculum in agriculture and engineering. President Lennon sees our mission in three parts: a "broad and liberal education" for the students, addressing the problems faced by our state, and transferring the the findings of our research to the users. Lately, there has been much discussion as to the role of research in this mission. A site visitor from the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching found "Clemson's urge, perhaps even its confident expectation, to become a research university of national stature." So, then, how do research and teaching work together on this campus?

First, it is most helpful to define research. It has been defined variously, but I have chosen three terms to define three distinct types of research: creative research, consulting, and scholarship. Creative research is being actively involved in an on-going research project, usually of limited scope. For example, developing new robotics technology or studying the cultural development of South Carolina. Consulting is being involved with business or industry in solving current problems. And scholarship is an on-going process of learning by reading publications of others in one's field and assimilating those ideas creatively.

According to Dr. Max Lennon, president of Clemson University, all three forms of research complement teaching. He ranks them in priority order with creative research having first priority, consulting second, and scholarship a poor third. He states, "Most of us in higher education agree that it is

much more preferable for a faculty to be active participants in the reserach, creativity, the scholarship and the consulting as opposed to the latter, that is, being a spectator to watch what others are doing in order to stay current." He equates the term scholarship with creative research. He feels that creative research is the best way for a faculty member to stay on the

"cutting edge" of his or her field. One argument against this view is that a faculty member who is researching a very narrow topic will likely loose touch with the very large body of literature in the larger field. For instance someone who is researching the effects of pesticides on corn earworms, may not be up to date on all aspects of general entomology, and may be quite ineffective in that course.

Dr. Margit Sinka, chair of the Teaching, Resources, and Effectiveness Committee, believes that some of the current debate is brought about by students not understanding the realities of what is involved in research, especially in fields other than the sciences. One can see a scientist in the lab, whereas the research of liberal arts faculty is harder to see. She believes faculty should keep their

students abreast of their research and commitments other than teaching.

She also said that faculty are becoming uneasy because of the increased emphasis on research and grantsmanship. Faculty are being asked to assume more responsibility for obtaining grant money for their departments. Faculty see the administration consider teaching on a lower level than research, because one research is more quantifiable than teaching, and two, teaching effectiveness is not counted toward promotion and tenure by administrators in many cases.

When asked about teaching evaluation, Dr. Lennon responded that teaching evaluation is a faculty issue. The faculty should set the procedures and the criteria. Among the suggestions at the faculty level are judging teaching ability by the achievements of the students, expanded student evaluations, self review of performance and effectiveness and peer review of teaching. Dr. Lennon states that proving



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excellence in teaching is directly the responsibility of the faculty member. Means he suggested for proving excellence are publishing in teaching journals, and consulting with other faculty members who are in education, sociology, or related fields. Dr. Sinka added that presentations of papers on teaching methods and participating in in-service training and teaching conferences should also be counted toward recognizing excellence in teaching. However, the decisions about teaching evaluation are in the hands of the administrators now, at the department head and dean level, not at the level of the individual faculty members.

Most teaching evaluation today is on the basis of the teacher evaluation forms distributed to students near the end of some semesters. When a faculty member is up for promotion or tenure, peer and department head reviews are sometimes used. Some departments evaluate teaching effectiveness in some way and then ignore that evaluation in the final decision on the promotion or tenure. There has been a policy proposed that would require each department to review its evaluation procedures, and revise them if need

be. Dr. Lennon believes that faculty who are trying to evaluate good teaching, should not only seek to identify good teaching, but also good research. In a recent set of recommendations on teaching evaluation, the Commission on Faculty Affairs, stated, "Since

teaching is the most important function performed at Clemson University, the faculty members need continually to make efforts to improve their teaching effectiveness."

How can effective teaching be guaranteed to the students? One method is by requiring persons who want to teach on the university level to have completed a set number of courses in the theory and methodology of education. Although sixty-seven per cent of the students in our survey responded yes, coursework should be required. Dr. Lennon feels that the coursework required to obtain a Ph.D. or other advanced degree should be primarily determined by the graduate student's committee. The committee should, however, make some provisions to train someone who will probably be teaching.

Another method is pair-teaching, where an

experienced faculty member is paired with a new faculty member. The two then teach a course together. This allows each of them to learn from the other in a practical environment. Dr. Sinka agrees with this method, however, it has not been used at Clemson yet.

Mr. Staldtman, in his speech on the Carnegie report on the status of undergraduate education, states that some hold the view that "being a good researcher automatically makes one a good teacher." When asked about this statement Dr. Lennon replied, "I would say that most of the time it does, but clearly it would be a mistake to assume that the research in every case would make someone a good teacher because some people lack the communication skills necessary to be extremely effective teachers. By that I don't mean I have to entertain you in the classroom, but we do have to communicate." The student who finds one of these non-communicative faculty members should not be content to just fill out the evaluation form but should also complain. A student complaint carries a great deal of weight with the department head and other officials.

Should some faculty members be allowed to research exclusively, with no teaching duties? Sixty-one per cent of the students responding to a survey conducted by staff members felt that yes, faculty should be allowed to to teach or research without doing both. Dr. Lennon stated, "I would also argue that we have little reason to be involved in research that is separated from teaching, that is, a faculty member that's totally engaged in research." When asked about those teachers who lack the classroom communication skills, but have the research skills he replied, "that person does not have a future here. That person should be at a private research lab someplace." A 100% teaching faculty member also has no place at Clemson; Clemson recently adopted a policy requiring that



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faculty members give evidence of research achievement in order to obtain tenure.

A workshop conducted by the Teaching, Resources, and Effectiveness Committee for faculty members, entitled, "Teaching and Research: How Each Influences the Other," brought up many of the questions on the minds of faculty today. Most agreed that not all research has or should have immediate economic benefit, and that research quality tends to be measured by research dollars. They also point out that there are few resources available for the faculty member who wants to improve teaching effectiveness. They question where the faculty member is going to find the time to be a full-time teacher, researcher, and still be functional. They concluded that there seems to be little incentive for excellence in teaching, in terms of monetary and other visible rewards, and that teaching is harder to evaluate in "dollar" terms.

In our informal survey of 100 Clemson Students, we found that 62% perceive the major focus of the university to be teaching, 21% research, and 17% both. However when asked what the the focus should be we found that 74% said teaching, 0% said research, and 26% both. Nearly one third (31%) of the respondents said that they had encountered one or more faculty members who made it obvious that he/she would rather be researching than teaching. One education major commented, "I'm here to learn, not stand by while my professors are busy, tired, and distracted by their research or inform us of their latest efforts when they are of no interest or no help to me. I'm paying for professionals to teach me, to broaden my views, not leave me wondering and teaching myself with a textbook and guessing games."

In the final analysis, the issue of the roles of teaching and research at Clemson University can be seen as one of conflicting

demands, with three major positions emerging. The administration is stressing research. It asks faculty to apply for research grants, to contact past students for possible donations, and to seek consulting jobs which will bring money to the department. The students are obviously here to learn, and they resent teachers who are ineffective or preoccupied with research. Yet they demand many services that would be impossible without the money brought to Clemson by research. The faculty is caught between a rock and a hard place. They are being pushed to do more research, of better quality, and to attract funding by the administration. And they are being pushed by the students to provide classroom lectures of better quality and to better prepare the students for their chosen careers.

When asked to summarize the faculty perceptions of teaching and research at Clemson University, Dr. Sinka replied, "I have never known a faculty member for having been fired for poor teaching. I have known many faculty members to be fired for poor research. And until it would indeed occur that a faculty member would be fired for poor teaching no matter how good their research,

until that point arrives, we [the faculty] will never feel that teaching is on the par with research."

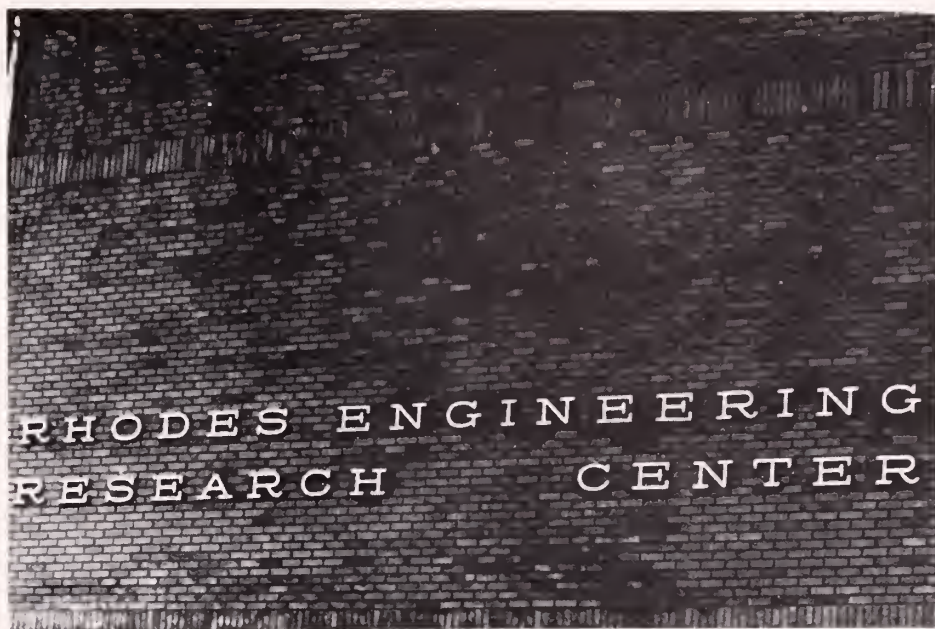
Perhaps with this newly focused attention on the roles of teaching and research, an equitable answer to the question of how teaching and research should relate at Clemson will be reached.

Notes:

1. For more information on the Teaching, Resources, and Effectiveness Committee, contact Dr. Margit Sinka, Department of Languages. For more information on the Committee on Faculty Affairs, contact Dr. Larry Dyck, Department of Biological Sciences.

2. Thanks are extended to both President Lennon and Dr. Sinka for their help in preparing this article, to the members of the Teaching Resources, and Effectiveness Committee, and to the Chronicle staff members who conducted the survey.

3. The author is a junior entomology major who hopes to make a difference.



Kate Martin



Salute to the Unbelievers

*I was thinking one day
which was quite remarkable in itself
so I continued
I thought it might be fun to fly
so I thought light and floated
and indeed it was enjoyable
but people said "That's impossible"
and I said "It is?"
then the people said "What about gravity"
and I said "What about it?"
Then the scientists
in an effort to protect their valuable theories
constructed an excellent argument
on all the reasons
why I couldn't be doing what I was doing
And I listened
And I understood
And I fell*

Michael O'Rourke

Untitled

*Once upon a time
a creature crawled out of the ocean
and to the disgust of the land it lived and evolved
and called itself human
then it made clubs
and killed the animals
then it discovered fire
and burned the forests
then it made bigger and better weapons
and killed animals faster
and destroyed the land quicker
then it polluted the oceans and sky
and stole the land's nutrients
and called itself civilized*

Michael O' Rourke

Desolation Angels

*Desolation angels
in the supermarket,
buying
frozen diet dinners
to
take home and eat
alone.*

*After which
they will
turn out
the
lights and
cry
themselves to sleep.*

*"Lady,
can I
buy you
dinner?"*

William F. Stephens



Deb Deane

Semester Farewell

John B. Padgett

Stewart Kochouski drove his 1983 Sunbird into a space covered lightly with snow, its yellow lines barely visible under the dull orange streetlights, the snow on the grass before him orange sherbet. He got out and saw Donna gazing out her fourth-floor window, one of only four lit in the dorm, her face in shadows but a sense of longing evident in the familiar forward tilt of her head. "Damn," he said, looking at his watch. "I'm late." He ran up the sidewalk to her dorm, nearly slipping on a frozen patch, and rushed up the three flights to her room.

Her hall was deserted, her door open. She was still staring out the window, her muscular fingers spread gracefully on the vent of a window heating unit, its motor humming loudly. One of the fluorescent bulbs overhead had burnt out, casting a low-key *film noir* atmosphere to the room that seemed to merge her black bushy hair with her dark sweater. He watched her for a moment—standing motionless, gazing out at the snow-covered campus, yet seeing nothing, a wistfulness, perhaps a prayer, conveyed in her stance. "Knock, knock," he said.

She whirled around, saw it was Stewart and smiled. "Hi," she said, her brown eyes glancing around the room as though searching for something—from her violin case on the floor across scattered newspapers used to wrap up breakables to last-minute leave-behinds of her roommate. "Sorry about the mess," she said, squatting down rummaging through the papers. "Amy left this morning in a big hurry and she didn't stop to clean anything up."

"And of course you didn't because you're a brand new Crandall University alumnus," Stewart said, coming closer. "Congratulations."

She smiled tiredly, almost laughing. "It's hard to get used to," she confessed, at last finding what she was looking for under one of the papers, a small package wrapped in Christmas paper. "Here," she said, handing it to him. "Open it."

"I feel bad now," he said. "I didn't get you anything."

"You're giving me a ride to the airport, aren't you? Besides, if it hadn't been for you, I never would've made it out of this place. It's sort of a thank-you gift for the past two years."

He took the package with a subdued air of reluctance and opened it. It was a book, *Theory of Film: The Redemption of Physical Reality*, by Siegfried Kracauer. "For when you're a hot-shot Hollywood movie director," she said. "So you don't get too corrupted by easy money."

He thanked her, not having the heart to tell her he was more of an expressionist than a realist filmmaker, and hugged her; she clung to him tightly.

"I'm really going to miss you," she said, her head snug against his shoulder.

"Same here," he said, rubbing her back. He pulled her tighter, savoring her warmth—she trembled slightly. He badly wanted to whisper "I love you" in her ear, but he couldn't; it was much too late now, he'd blown his chance with her, she was catching a plane in a few hours.

Donna finally loosed her embrace and noticed for the first time the stitches in his forehead.

"What happened?" she asked.

"Oh, it's nothing. I was drunk at a party—you know, one of those end-of-the-semester deals—and some of the guys dared me to ride a skateboard down Hickory Hill. Well, I had a little accident."

"A little accident?" she exclaimed.

"I'm okay—it doesn't hurt," he tried to say, but she interrupted.

"Why would you do such a stupid thing?"

This angered him; his voice grew brusque. "Hell, I don't know. Some of the guys dared me to do it and I did it. What else could I do—back out of a dare?" Donna turned away and went back to staring out the window, her head lowered, silent.

"Hey, what's the matter with you?" Stewart said, his anger relenting.

"You don't have to yell at me."

"I wasn't yelling. Christ."

He moved around slowly to her side and studied her awhile, her head cast forward at a profile to him, the dimness of the room contradicting the streetlight orange on her face. She held a Kleenex in one hand, gotten from who-knows-where, wiping her eyes. He stood next to her and said, "I'm sorry; I didn't mean to yell." He put his arm around her, and she lay her head on his shoulder, still trembling. He knew something else was troubling her.

They stood there looking silently down at the sprinkling of snow for several minutes, until Donna said, "You must think I'm the weakest woman alive."

"No doubt in my mind," he quipped. "Donna Lopez, age 22, winner of the 1986 Zelda Fitzgerald emotional maturity award."

She laughed amid drying eyes: a good sign, Stewart decided. "We'd better get going if we're going to make your plane," he said. She agreed. Stewart picked up her suitcase and a bookbag and headed for the door. She picked up her violin case and purse and started to follow—then, as an afterthought, she went back to the window, took a last longing look at the hellish orange hue of the shallow flurries below, and pulled the cord and let it go, the Venetian blinds crashing loudly on the windowsill.

Stewart drove slowly on the freezing, curving road. Crandall University was snuggled at the base of the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia, a sort of compromise position, allowing splendid panoramas of the mountain scenery with few of the inconveniences of travel. Still, the secondary highways, like the one he was on, followed the contours of the foothills, marked by narrow curves and tree-lined shoulders. The half-inch accumulation of snow on the highway was beginning to freeze, and Donna frightened easily.

Headlights from an occasional passing car illuminated her face, she squinting each time. Her violin case lay at her feet, the narrow end leaning on the seat between her legs and she grasped it tightly, her child, her baby. The radio was on, though neither was paying attention to the lyrics of the top-40 songs from a station out of Lynchburg—Stewart intent on the road before him, Donna lost somewhere in the recesses of her own mind.

Stewart turned off the secondary road onto a U.S. highway. At once the terrain flattened out, and instead of wooded shoulders the road passed through open fields and meadows. It was snowing again now, so Stewart turned the windshield wipers on, their scraping drowning out the radio.

After ten or so miles, they passed a red brick house, its chimney pouring smoke, front window filled with a Christmas tree, and an outside light illuminating a field beside the house full of dry, dead weeds, almost covered by the snow.

"Desert places," Donna whispered, almost imperceptibly.

"What?" Stewart said.

"A Robert Frost poem," she said absently. "We studied it this semester."

Oh year, I think we read that, too. That's where the guy is lonely and says something about how he has his own desert places inside him, isn't it?"

"Yes," she whispered again. A pause: "It's my favorite Frost poem."

"You like it better than 'The Road not Taken'?"

She nodded.

"Not me," he said, thankful for a topic of conversation. " 'The Road not Taken' says a lot to me. It makes me think of the way things might have turned out if I'd taken a different route—you know, college, grad school, things like that . . ." His voice trailed off, thinking of Elaine, the night they'd broken up, the walk he'd taken to the wildflower gardens across the campus. Then he'd met Donna, who now also traveled on the road not taken, the road *he'd* not taken. He heard Donna snifle.

"You okay?" he asked.

She seemed to wait before answering. "No," she finally said, "I'm depressed as hell. I don't want to go home. I'd rather stay at Crandall with my friends . . . with you." Another pause: "My parents expect so much from me. They wanted me to go to the University of Michigan, so I would be nearby in case I needed them. They've never trusted me. Half the reason I went to Crandall was to get as far away from them as I could."

Stewart listened intently, disturbed at not knowing how to console her. She wiped her nose, then continued, a little softer. "That's not the only reason. I also went to Crandall because it has such a good music program. I want to be a great musician, but my parents can't understand

that. They wanted me to study business or engineering or some other high-paying job. That's not what I want."

"What *do* you want?" Stewart asked.

She blurted out, "I want to play in a symphony orchestra, in Philadelphia or Boston, or maybe even in Chicago." She stopped, sensing that she'd said too much.

Anticipating what would come, Stewart said, more insistently, "Why don't you?"

She sat there gripping the end of her violin case, thinking up reasons, looking at Stewart, his face green from the dashboard lights, looking cold, lunar, a villain from a Stanley Kubrick film. He repeated icily, "Why don't you?"

She hesitated before answering, wondering whether to lie. She decided to tell the truth. "I don't think I'm good enough."

He slammed on the brakes, sliding slightly, pulled over to stop and turned off the engine, angry at this same self-piteous remark she'd made a thousand times before. "Don't give me that!" he yelled. "I've known you for two years and I know all you have is talent. Everytime I invite you to go to a party with me you say you can't, you have to stay home and practice. I always get this picture in my head of you up there in your room, all alone, the door closed, the blinds down, a single light bulb turned on, and you sitting there on a stool in the middle of the room playing violin concertos until early in the morning. What about the film I did last year for my senior project? You scored that film; you even played the piano and violin when we recorded it. My teacher gave the film a 'B' but he said it was about the best student-written score he'd ever heard. That's probably what saved it. You can't give me that old crap about you not being good enough anymore. What's the real reason?"

She was crying, refusing to face him. Stewart yelled again, "What's the real reason?"

Finally she yelled, sobbing loudly, "It's because I'm scared. I'm scared of failing, of leaving the security of the university . . . scared of being alone in a strange place."

Stewart relented, ashamed of his temper. He reached over and caressed her cheek; she did not respond. "I know you're scared," he said gently. "Hell, I'm scared too—I don't know if I'm going to make it through grad school. I know it's tough to strike out on your own, but you have to at least make the attempt."

She was still crying, staring straight down at the floor. "You didn't," she said simply, not looking at him.

"I beg your pardon," he said, hurt, almost angry again but controlling it this time. "You don't think going to one of the toughest film schools in the East is not 'making an attempt'? I could've gotten a job in advertising, or journalism, or even management, but I stayed here, and right now, I'm wondering if I made the right decision."

She was still crying, though not as strongly as before. Stewart handed her his handkerchief. "Here, dry your eyes."

She took it and wiped her cheek. He caressed her shoulder; she flinched slightly. Still not looking up, she asked, "What if I don't pass the auditions?"

"Then you wait, practice harder, and try again." She took hold of his hand and squeezed it; her hand was cold. They sat there for a few minutes, the snow tinkling on the windshield. Then she turned to look him in the eye.

"Will you go with me?"

Of all the questions she might have asked, Stewart was most unprepared for this one. He had often imagined different scenarios between him and Donna and what each would say—"writing scripts" he called it—but he'd never envisioned this. All at once she'd taken the initiative, demanding an answer which he'd not rehearsed. He'd often fancied themselves as boyfriend/girlfriend at Crandall; he loved her. But she'd just asked him to leave the secluded Crandall environment in which he'd submerged himself. She was ready to leave it; he had found an identity there. She wanted him to fly at the drop of a hat to Philadelphia, New York, to be with her as she tried to sell her wares to discerning orchestra maestri, to be absent from the artistic haven for some unspecified time. Or was it her way of proposing to him? How could he be sure? It was the eternal question to him, how to be sure, a curse Elaine had planted deep within him. He knew she had talent, but when it came down to committing himself to her he doubted her, just as he doubted himself.

"Donna," he said, trying to soften the blow as much as he could, "I can't. I've got a lot of things that have to get done. I'm writing a screenplay, and I have a project . . ."

"Stewart," she interrupted, "I understand." Her face had assumed a comprehension absent before; gone from her face were the moist drops of orange streetlights and pale fluorescents, missing was their past sense of trust and security in

Stewart. Her eyes had opened and she'd stopped crying, more vulnerable than ever, though she did not know it, like crying oneself to sleep. She let his hand drop. She raised her head to look straight ahead. "It's all right; I understand." She started to say something else, stopped herself, then said, "You're right—I should at least try. And I will." Her voice sounded hollow, threatening.

"Donna . . ."

"Please, let's go." She took a deep breath, not looking at him. "We'll be late."

She sat staring ahead, trembling only a little. He cursed himself voicelessly, restarted the car and sped off, spinning in the snow, leaving the snowfields behind.

The airport was buzzing with activity—everywhere were people returning home for the holidays. After they'd checked in her luggage, Donna went to check on the flight. "It's leaving in forty-five minutes," she said. "Are you going to wait or what?"

Her question hurt. "Of course I'll wait. What do you think?"

She shrugged. "Just curious."

They sat down in the lounge and waited. Donna had bought a fashion magazine at the newstand and was reading it; Stewart sat quietly and watched her. Her subtle beauty reeled in his mind as she sat there, cool, collected, knowing what difficulties lay ahead of her—auditions, plane trips, taxis, crowded cities, on top of which she had to be in top performing talent. His mind was in a turmoil. She'd never been alone—someone had always been around to look after her. How can I let her go through this alone, Stewart pondered. I love her. But does she love me?

The answer to his question, he decided, would never be absolved; the risk in finding out—abandoning Crandall, his education, his potential career, to go with Donna—was too great. Remember Elaine, he told himself.

When her flight announced, she got up stiffly, shivering.

"Are you cold?" he asked.

"A little."

"Do you want my jacket?"

She looked at him doubtfully. "Won't you be needing it?"

"It's old; I have others," he lied.

She looked intently at him for several soul-searching moments, then she declared, turning

away from him, "You keep it."

She thanked him blankly for the ride to the airport and kept walking toward her gate. Somewhere nearby a plane was starting up. Just before she walked through the gate and up the gangway, she stopped dead in her tracks, exhaled and bowed her head. She returned to Stewart and put her arms around him, saying, "Goodbye, dear friend."

Fighting an onslaught of guilty and sorrowful tears, he said, "I don't believe in good-byes. They're too permanent—people say good-bye, then they never see each other again; and we're going to see each other again, aren't we? I believe in farewells instead."

Still hugging him, she leaned up and whispered in his ear, "I love you and I always will." He didn't respond, recognizing what he'd always wanted to hear, his own voice in hers. She kissed him on the cheek, feeling his two-day growth of beard, relaxed her embrace.

"I guess I forgot to shave today," he said, trying to make her laugh.

She smiled sadly and quoted, "A few weeds and stubble showing last."

"What?"

She shook her head. "Never mind. It's not important." She walked through the gate toward her plane.

"Farewell," he called over the roar of the plane's engines.

She looked back at him and voiced, "Good-bye."

Stewart waited for the plane to take off, watching its lights ascending quickly into the night sky, the landing gear lights switching off, waiting until it finally disappeared, discreetly, somewhere behind the snowclouds, the mountains, the secluded valley of Crandall. ■■



Clemson, South Carolina
654-3656



Karenmary Penn

Expression

*The human body has a language all its own.
It can give wordless music a story
Unexpressed by the spoken word.
The sorrow, the happiness, and the tragedy
Presented to all who watch
By a movement of a hand,
A turn of the body,
A rotation of the head,
The dancer expresses not her own desires
But those of the music.
She is as though possessed,
Possessed by the very essence of the music,
Controlled, entrapped, yet free.*

Angela E.S. Shedd

Commiseration

*Speak to me, dark cloud in my mind,
With tones as clear and sultry
As the rain that resounds in the night;
As the skylark that wings beyond the
morning sky;
Tell me the riddles of life.
For you are the harbinger
Of the many faceted heart of the night;
And you bear, in the hunger
Of your dream-faced sadness,
The soul of all mankind:
And we will weep together.*

Stephen R. Abernathy

On Salmon, Whales, and Freud

Gil Gregory

Bible study was my life. I ate, drank, and breathed the Word. I belonged although I never felt any real intimacy. I was always acting through a medium—God. I certainly didn't want to burn in hell forever. Forever was a long time. It would be much happier to be in eternal paradise. Although I was clueless as to what could possibly occupy me while keeping me happy for eternity, paradise sounded like such a good idea I had to believe. And I had to do what I was told or I would fry.

Marcia came in late with a newcomer to the Bible study. He was introduced and quizzed about his life. His name was Bill Emerson and he seemed to love being the center of attention. Brother Bob, our youth minister, decided for the group that Bill had been given enough attention and it was time to study the Word. I adored Bob at the time because I thought he had given my life direction. I was to study a book and in my spare time feel guilty for being a human. Not the best life, but I had something to talk about whether it was interesting or not. Bob asked Bill what he thought about the Bible. Bill seized the opening and started to talk. He didn't stop.

Bill told us about growing up in a church. He knew quite a bit about the Bible. Didn't believe it, but knew a lot. He thought it funny that Jesus, being a carpenter, was always painted in white clothes. Carpenters never dress in white. That is why he dressed the way he did. He was wearing white tennis shoes, you know, those cute plain ones that your sister wore with her sweatpants at the academy? He was wearing the toga that his brother wore at the fraternity parties that all the soulless loved. The toga was

tucked into some bleached jeans he had borrowed from a fat girl who wanted to be popular. These weren't completely white, but that really didn't matter. He was pretending to be Jesus and he thought that it was kind of funny. He wanted to be called Bill "Jesus" Emerson tonight because he liked the sound of it. "The name Bill isn't in the Bible but it should have been. Imagine, Judas 'Bill' Iscariot. Bill the Baptist. Bill's Ark. David and Bill. The Bible would be much more believable if more people were named Bill." Or so he said.

Bill told everyone in the fellowship group that they had all been told what to believe. He claimed we just accepted it so we didn't have to think. He was a walking cynicism machine with a stinging sense of humor. It was quite a first impression.

The Bible study adopted him as our project boy. Most of us didn't feel there was any chance of converting him, but Brother Bob told us that he had seen the Lord perform bigger miracles. Bob said Bill would feel the Love that the group shared and run toward salvation. Bob excited us about the prospective miracle looming before us.

Bill proved to be too much for us. He wasn't made of the social playdough that packed the Bible group together. Nobody understood why he kept coming back. Bob claimed that he felt the warmth of the Lord and longed to be near it. Said he was just afraid to let his ego down by giving in. "He'll come around," he said. Personally, I think we simply humored him, especially me.

I was the only person he ever formally acknowledged during the Bible study discussions. It may have been because I was insane. He liked that. Said I was more interesting than my robot companions. He would even confuse the

identity of his friend Marcia when she was with the group. This always made her very angry. He did it at least once a meeting. I used to think he called her by a different name to be cruel, but he was making a point. At the Bible studies, named for what they actually resembled before Bill joined our "family," everyone acted so much alike that his confusion was sincere. We all said, "That's great!" or "You're great!" or "Isn't He [God] great!" We all listed Amy Grant, U2, and Petra as our favorite bands. The guys never mentioned tits in passing, and no one ever snuck off in a quiet corner to fuck or even acted like we would like to screw each other. This really upset him. "All this suppressed sexuality," Bill would say. "Don't any of you have hormones? Your reproductive organs are going to Supernova if you don't use them! Christ! Did you ever think that maybe Jesus didn't have balls? I'm convinced he didn't. You can't see any on the Shroud of Turin!" At which point the girls would pray for his soul, excuse themselves from the room, and, looking back, probably laugh in the bathroom when no one was watching. I didn't laugh. I wasn't very stable. When he said the things he did, I would want to kick his mother for ever nursing a creature like that, I wanted to kill him.

Who am I?

I was the child in your elementary school classes that would talk until I realized nobody listened. Then I would shut up for a month until I forgot that nobody cared and start talking again. It was vicious. I always loved the prettiest girl in the class, and would give her my mother's wedding ring. She never took it. That was worse than not being listened to. All my life, I believed that girls were magical princesses who only responded to Walt Disney heroes. It really wasn't my fault that I thought this way: nobody ever talked to me enough for me to find out otherwise.

My parents didn't help my mental condition, either. Pop catered to Mom's every whim and she was uglier than any woman who didn't perform acid experiments on her own face. To see Pop treat an ugly and uninteresting female like a servant's queen had a profound impact. You can probably imagine the way I would act around an attractive, popular girl. I would paw them with chivalry. It was sick. Now, you would know why I would get so offended when Bill would talk about girls and sex. That is why I was going to kill him.

The Bible group was a perfect place for me

to fall into. Girls were cooed to because there was no sex before marriage. The way you get married? Coo to girls. In addition, I had guaranteed friendship. It's a nice concept, but it is all illusion. I actually believed in them, and it hurt me when they didn't visit me in jail. Once I didn't match what the Bible group needed in people, I was thrown away. As a group, they might have visited me, but they weren't always huddled around the Book, therefore, nobody came. If they didn't like me, why didn't any of my "friends" ever tell me? Instead, they let me go on believing they cared for me, and I sat in jail alone feeling worse than ever. I wouldn't have even gone to jail if I wasn't trying to protect the girls.

Bill had taken to wearing a black and white tuxedo to Bible study. Said he wanted to impress God with his nice clothes, too. Just about the time we got used to the tuxedo, he showed up one night wearing an enormous papier-maché head. It was the color of an old red Ford. It had two knobby horns on top with long pigtailed running down toward the center of his back. It resembled a sort of satanic owl. With Pigtailed? Maybe not an owl, but I really don't know what. Why did it have pigtailed?

Brother Bob asked why he insisted on playing children's games. Bill said, "No Game. God commissioned me to make this here head." Bob assured Bill that God would not commission anyone to wear the face of Satan to a Bible study. Bill then asked Bob if he didn't think the mask was at least funny. Bob said something about God striking down those who mock him; Bill then experienced what resembled a mini-seizure and exploded, "What makes you think that you know so damned much about God?" he shrieked. "How do you know God in His infinite wisdom doesn't have a sense of humor? Why do you think He made houseflies? Do they have any ultimate purpose? Flies do nothing but bother humans! God has to laugh at that. And why did He give men nipples? And why does he have a flock of little peons on a puny planet sit around and analyze a book for 1500-plus years?"

At this point, I yelled out, "Stop it! Brother Bob is a good man!" not realizing how stupid it sounded until after I spoke. Then I noticed he was still wearing that damned owl mask with pigtailed. And I just stood there looking at him. Pigtailed. God, I must have looked stupid, gawking at him like I was.

He said, "The man shows emotion. That's

one. How about the rest of you doing the same? Come on, girls! You can do it, too!" No response. "O.K. then, what does my head remind you girls of?" Then I noticed what he was dressed like. A phallus. An enormous red phallus with knobs and ridges on it. Like a swollen penis with a French tickler. And there were women in the room.

I wanted to protect their honor, but I was such a wimp I couldn't move.

Bill was told not to come back that night. Brother Bob never saw him again. Talked about him; told new members how his Bible study group defeated Satan in that very room by simply casting him out; but never saw him again. I saw him, though; every night.

For weeks I had dreams. Dreams bristling with masculinity. Once I was Aaron Burr and he was Alexander Hamilton. A covey of girls were attending the duel. They all wanted him dead. He wore a black and white suit and a huge red derby. I killed him and then bowed to the women in attendance. They blushed and then offered me their private parts to play with. Being the perfect gentleman I declined; that was only after proper marriage in the church. Only then can I hump my brains out with God's blessing.

Another night, I walked up to him, confronted him with his sins, and socked him in the nose. It bled, but it bled out his hair. He was standing there in his black and white tuxedo with blood red hair, laughing at me like he was glad I socked him. Red again! I pulled a giant salmon from my pocket and beat him to death. Not with the salmon, mind you; it was merely laying on the ground. I pummeled him with my fists until he was nothing but a fleshy amoeba-like circle on the floor. I then picked the salmon up off the floor and prodded the fleshy amoeba with it until the salmon was completely absorbed. That one would have earned me a spot in Sigmund Freud's most succulent wet dream.

Bill had become an obsession. He was how I could prove once and for all what a man I was. Girls would love me.

I talked to my counselor, who happened to be my minister, about my problem. He suggested a vacation because he read in a Reader's Digest once that vacations were therapeutic. He had also read about the Epcot Center in Reader's Digest. Next thing I knew, I was leaving Jacksonville and heading toward Orlando. Epcot was

nice. I looked at many things, stood in many lines. Epcot was nice.

I woke up late the next day, eager to look at more things. When I got to Epcot's gate, a beer-bellied guard who appeared to be about 50 was waving tourists away.

"Go home. Epcot's closed," he said.

I couldn't understand why they would close such a large attraction down without a public notice. I was curious so I asked him.

"There's been an accident and they have to investigate," the guard responded. He paused for a moment, looked at me, looked to each side cautiously, and leaned forward with an impish childlike grin on his face. He was several inches taller than me, but somehow managed to be looking up into my face.

"You wanna know what happened?"

The guard was keeping a secret and he had to tell someone. I enjoyed having anyone talk to me so I couldn't say no. He pulled me aside.

"Three employees just gassed over 5,000 people to death!"

"What?" I was shocked. Death isn't supposed to happen that way.

"I swear it's true!" The guard raised his right hand for effect. "Listen to me now. If you aren't gonna listen I ain't gonna tell you . . . You gonna listen?"

"Go on."

"The lines at Epcot move so fast and there is so many people that no one noticed the exhibit called 'Our Earth.' There weren't any people coming out! The three employees had filled one of the exhibit rooms with concentrated cyanide gas. The tourists were on one of those people-mover treadmills like they have in airports. They went in one door and never came out. The three employees just piled them up in the next room. You wanna know why they gassed them?" He looked up at me again.

I nodded.

"They said that people who spend their money on Epcot don't deserve to live."

Ouch. I thanked him for telling me and rushed back to my car, wondering if I deserved to live.

I resented their social commentary, and I prayed to God to strike them down for their evil deed. I enjoyed Epcot, then again I'm criminally insane. As it turned out, all three of the employees volunteered for the death penalty. They didn't want to live in a world where people

waste their life savings on something silly like Epcot.

The Epcot incident started an intellectual fad; seeing how many mindless people could be killed at one time. Every time a group of people was killed, someone would put up a monument. Within a year there was a monument in every shopping mall, church, and Irish pub in America. It was an intellectual fad because every time a shopping mall exploded, security was increased at the yet untouched malls. This necessitated intelligent brains to blow up safe stores. The people were still too stupid to live because they kept patronizing supposedly "safe" malls, knowing that someone was going to try to blow it up. Churches were an easy target because people would flock to them under the illusion that God would protect them. It is really quite a simple concept; the safer the location seems the stupider the patrons.

Anyway, back to the story. Epcot was closed down for investigation so I had three choices. Disney World, Sea World, or the Elvis Presley Museum. I had heard how cute Baby Shamu — "That Li'l Killer Whale" was, so I picked Sea World. Had I chosen the Elvis Presley Museum I would be dead, for it was blown up that afternoon, the second victim of the Multiple Death Fad.

I could smell the sea as I drove toward my breakdown.

Sea World was a hellish nightmare.

Everything was O.K. for a while, allowing me to believe some of the Reader's Digest propaganda. I arrived at the Shamu show early in order to rest my feet and sat alone for the first time all day. There was a tall piece of plexiglass that protected the audience like the clear walls along the sides of a hockey rink. When I saw my reflection in the glass, I realized how alone I really was. Not only in the arena, but in life. Even as the stadium filled, I sat frozen in my solitude. That's a little deep, but I swear it's really the truth. I mean, here I was, 18 years old, no one has liked me since I first talked, and I'm sitting by myself at the Shamu show. Some guy is day by day exposing every hypocrisy of the person I decided to model my life after. "Brother

Bob is a good man, isn't he?" I would ask myself. And I couldn't answer my own question. Bill insulted everything about my dismal past. Religion, girls, everything.

I was protective because I wanted to believe that my past wasn't really all that bad. Now I know that it truly was, but at the Shamu show I was still covering my crotch. The Bible group gave me some superficial companionship, but Bill made me see the superficiality. It hurt. I was alone.

I sat frozen even as the stadium filled, staring into the plexiglass. The show started and I never noticed. Shamu and Baby Shamu circled innocently in the water while the trainers prepared the colorful hats for "SHAMU'S CIRCUS — THE GREATEST SHOW ON WATER."

I killed Shamu.
He was wearing a red hat.
Always red.

I thought it was another dream.
I had to finish it.

I stole the gun from an elderly security guard and Baby Shamu was quickly orphaned. It was a bad day for Orlando, Florida.

I was hard to sentence. There aren't too many laws about shooting killer whales to death, so they were confused about my sentencing. I got three years. During that span I received only one visitor. It was Bill.

The first time I saw him was about two years after my sentencing.

"Hey there!" he said. "I'm sorry I didn't come sooner but I'm not stupid. I don't wanna be killed!" He went on. "You wouldn't believe how angry everyone was that you only got three years. They want you to die!"

"Why?" I asked. "I didn't hurt anyone."

"No, you didn't hurt anyone, but you killed Shamu! No one shoots Shamu! You killed Moby Dick, Mickey Mouse, Shirley Temple, Santa Claus, and the President of the United States. You killed their illusions. It was beautiful! Did you know that you made every headline in every newspaper in the world? The killing of Shamu

was bigger news than the Epcot massacre!"

"Really?" I said, looking up at him; he was beaming.

"Goddamit Yes! Really! You're up for an honorary degree in sociology at Berkeley! You're the Malcolm X of intellectuals! Think about it. I gotta run, but I'll see you sometime next week. Wait til you hear about Brother Bob!"

"What about Brother Bob?" I demanded.

"Next week. I promise," he said as he turned and left.

By now I hated Brother Bob. He never came to visit me. He was worse than Bill always insinuated. In prison I was forced to think for myself. Now I knew what a joke the Bible group was. Bill always knew; and since I didn't try to kill him when he showed up, he knew that I did, too.

The next week arrived with the news that my Bible study was dead. Bill told me how they

had all been killed by a man who coated their Bibles with poison. When they licked their fingers to help turn pages in the Bible, they would die. Then everyone died at the dedication of the monument for Brother Bob and his fine youth program. The intellectual had coated the hymnals, too. Bill made a crack about how the congregation thought God was watching over his little sheep, but they died just like the other idiots. "This is the best fad since streaking!" he said, and laughed hard, clapping his hands against his thighs. I cracked a smile through the 19 years of misery, and let out a choked giggle. It was the best I could do and he understood.

Starting my life again was a pleasant experience. I was no longer a nobody; I was the disturbed freak that shot Shamu while claiming the killer whale was both Satan and Bill Emerson. I was a cult figure, the symbol of the day that the stupid began to be methodically eliminated, and I had my first friend. ▲ ▲



Jeffrey Nelson

*Dear Sister of Mercy
your graces are calling;
I linger to listen,
to hear your te deums.
I wander in silence
except for your singing
and long to bow with you
and join in your praying –
to count with my fingers
the beads you are wearing,
to taste of your coolness
while they're softly swinging –
to hear the light swishes
of your habit flowing,
to test with my touching
the weave of your clothing –
entrust all my aching
to your tender mercies
and sooth my long thirsting
with sweet holy water,
or try with deep probing
the depth of your well-spring
and wander the forests
of hidden hair flowing
and lose my way gladly
where flowers are growing
and find in my walking
a truth beyond knowing
a tree beyond growing*

*and time without counting
and deep-flowing waters
where we go a-rowing
and dark, fertile meadows
all open for sowing,
with birdsong around us
and in the air ringing
and softly a fountain
adds voice to their singing
and lofty, a mountain
with snow on it clinging
gives echoes returning
through air thick with fragrance
of orange trees blooming
and jasmine bowers
and petals a-blowing
through time without hours –
and there, with sun shining
and grass thickly growing
you Sister of Mercy
with loosened hair flowing
will teach me your dances
and your ways of moving,
and then I'll see clearly
your soul's way of twining
and learn the unlacing
of your twisted vines,
and learn the untying
of your tangled lines.*

Jody Tinsley



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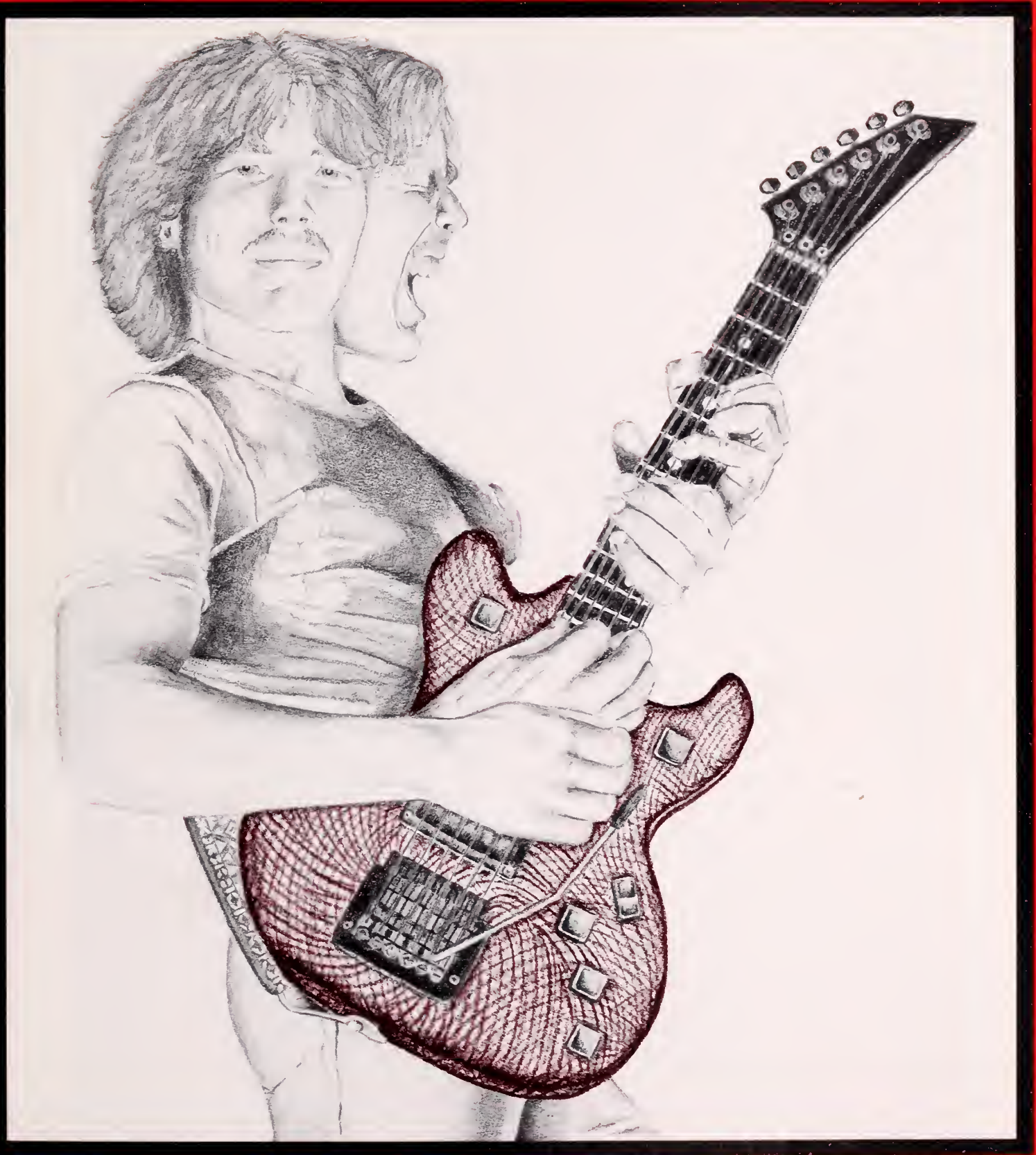
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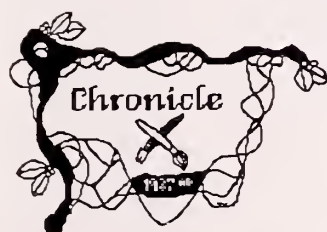
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Chronicle


Clemson University's Oldest Student Publication

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W I N T E R
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EDITOR'S CORNER

Well, this is the fall issue of **Chronicle**. It's three months late (thanks to computers), so we hope you'll humor us and refer to it as the *winter* issue. It makes us feel better.

It seems kind of ironic now that four months ago, when we started our exodus into computerized layout, this was the first page I did (which may explain why it looks the way it does). I thought I left myself too much room for an Editorial. Now, many, many, many, many, many moons later, I think I could fill this whole book with the ideas I have come up with for this lonely little column.

Fortunately for  YOU, the reader, I actually came across a couple of these ideas in *actual Chronicle* submissions; so I will spare you my babble and simply recommend that you read Skelly Holmbeck's poetry (pp. 8-9) and "Portrait of a Bum" by Joe Rong (pp. 18-19).

I would like to thank the folks over at Band & White printing in Spartanburg for their understanding in the face of countless delays, and promise here before a full one-third of Clemson University that the spring issue will actually come out in the spring. Thanks also to Amazin' Lane for MacWorking with me until all hours and to Mattu, the REAL editor of **Chronicle**, for her sensibility and advice and for letting me use the title. Special thanks to B and Chuck for love in the face of hysteria.

Whew.

Tara

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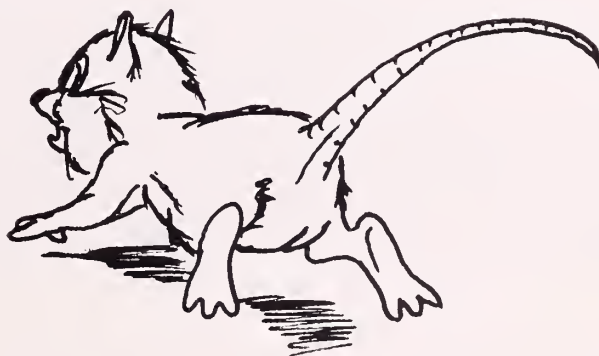
Inside Front Cover by Tommy Ingram



More Possum Poetry

*Furry Scurry in The Road
Gone to reproduce,
Exercise the function
Giving life its juice.
Survival of the species
Drives us, one by two
puts you in the pathway
on this avenue.
Chronicle contributors
Similarly inclined
See you in their head lights
Outlined, frozen, blind-
Thoughtful for an instant.
By radial caressed
Now among the many,
Non Possum Est.*

Lewis T. Fitch



POSSUMPAGE

*the pseudopeople
with their ultrabrite smiles
and perfect lives —
Barbies,
with platinum blond hair
and blank blue eyes
painted in layers of colors,
bat sticky black lashes,
feigning helplessness,
at overgrown Kens
full of rippling muscles
and billowing egos.
they are 'it' —
the unattainable,
the desired,
the envied.
i want to break free,
escape from this plasticine place,
smash open these 'diety dolls'
to see what,
(if anything)
is inside.
i want to be where
there are no 'beautiful people'
just us,
the ordinary,
with our imperfections,
our flaws,
ourselves.
instead,
i am here,
suffocating,
entrapped,
withering away,
in the shadows of
the pseudopeople.*

ane



A Question of Morals

by Nathan Brazil

Actually, it's not really a question of morals. It's just that I have a different set of morals than the majority. Sure, I know that torturing animals isn't a norm in our society, but hey, it's interesting. I can remember back in the fourth grade when I first started. We had a small swamp nearby that was full of little frogs. They were my first subjects/victims. Have you ever forced 3 in 1 oil down a frog's throat? It's great! They get drunk and jump around really weird, then shrivel up and die. Did you ever wonder what happens when you poke a frog's eye out or burn off his foot? Well, I don't anymore. I know.

After frogs I moved up to lizards. Half the fun was catching them, the other half was killing them. I didn't kill them right away of course. First I pulled their tails off or sometimes I did live autopsies.

Now of course you're saying that this was just a stage that I went through as a child, one that many little boys go through. WRONG. I continued through high school and college. I took pleasure in giving creatures pain and grossing people out. A common trick of mine in high school was to take a needle and insert it through the skin on the top of my hand and into one of the veins. That wasn't the worst part though. See, as I put it in, the skin would fight back and bunch up, making it look like it was terribly painful. Truthfully, it didn't hurt a bit.

In college, I organized the first unofficial cat drop at my dorm. The rules were the same as for the egg drops we had

in elementary school. You were supposed to try to keep the cat alive. Of course in this case we were dropping the cats off a 10 story building versus a 1 story building. Some people used parachutes, others tried mini-hangilders. There were traditional "in the box" attempts as well as a person who used a tupperware container. I preferred letting fate and lady luck take a hand in it and just throwing the cats off sans protection. After the cat drop I kinda gathered a following. I guess I was sort of known as a wacko. It was after the cat drop that I began to get interested in experimenting with people. Not killing them or any thing, just psychologically fucking with them.

When the local VFW (Veterans of Foreign Wars) chapter had a commemoration, it was the perfect opportunity. I came up with one of my sickest, most perverted ideas. I had heard about people having flashbacks to the war and I wanted to experiment with this directly. Although some of my newfound public stuck with me, I lost about 3/4 of them. Everyone thought that I was going too far. They just didn't have my experimenter's strive for knowledge. The local Army/Navy Surplus store sold fake grenades and I was able to order some guns that shot blanks. So we went armed to the teeth for a visit. I had it all planned so well. It was perfect. When everyone was outside for the picnic we got close and lobbed a couple grenades, shouting "Grenade!!" & letting off a few rounds on the guns at the same time. It was

super. The whole group went to the ground. We actually put 10 people into the mental hospital. They flipped out and started thinking everyone was trying to shoot them. A couple were running around dodging imaginary mortar rounds and God knows what else.

When I spent that summer in New York City, I really got a good idea of how vulnerable people are. I realized how easy it would be to kill people and get away with it. All I needed was a quick escape, which my bicycle easily provided. When I saw all those open baby carriages, I just couldn't resist. I would come bicycling along in the opposite direction and at the right moment I would throw a lit M-80 firecracker into the stroller. No need to stop and watch, I'd hear about it on the evening news. Besides, when I didn't hear a cry, I knew that I had succeeded. Restaurants were even better. A little poison put into the

ketchup bottle or replacing the salt with potassium nitrate would always produce results. There was a certain thrill in it, a charge like nothing else.

Back at college the dining halls offered even more opportunities, but I heard a new calling—assassination. I had played the assassin games with dart guns at school and I began remembering how much fun it was to hunt down my target like an African game hunter. Picking off people with a real gun was even better than my old methods, because I got to see the result of my actions immediately. I took no favorites, my victims were picked randomly from the phone book. I would find out their class schedule and various other information through the school computer. Finding that perfect time and spot to kill them was the ultimate high of the experience. Waiting for them to be alone, isolated and helpless. Then they were dead.

This was just another of the passing fads of my perversion, though. After college I found my true calling. The high point of my experiences. My true destiny, despite my degree in physical therapy. The police force.



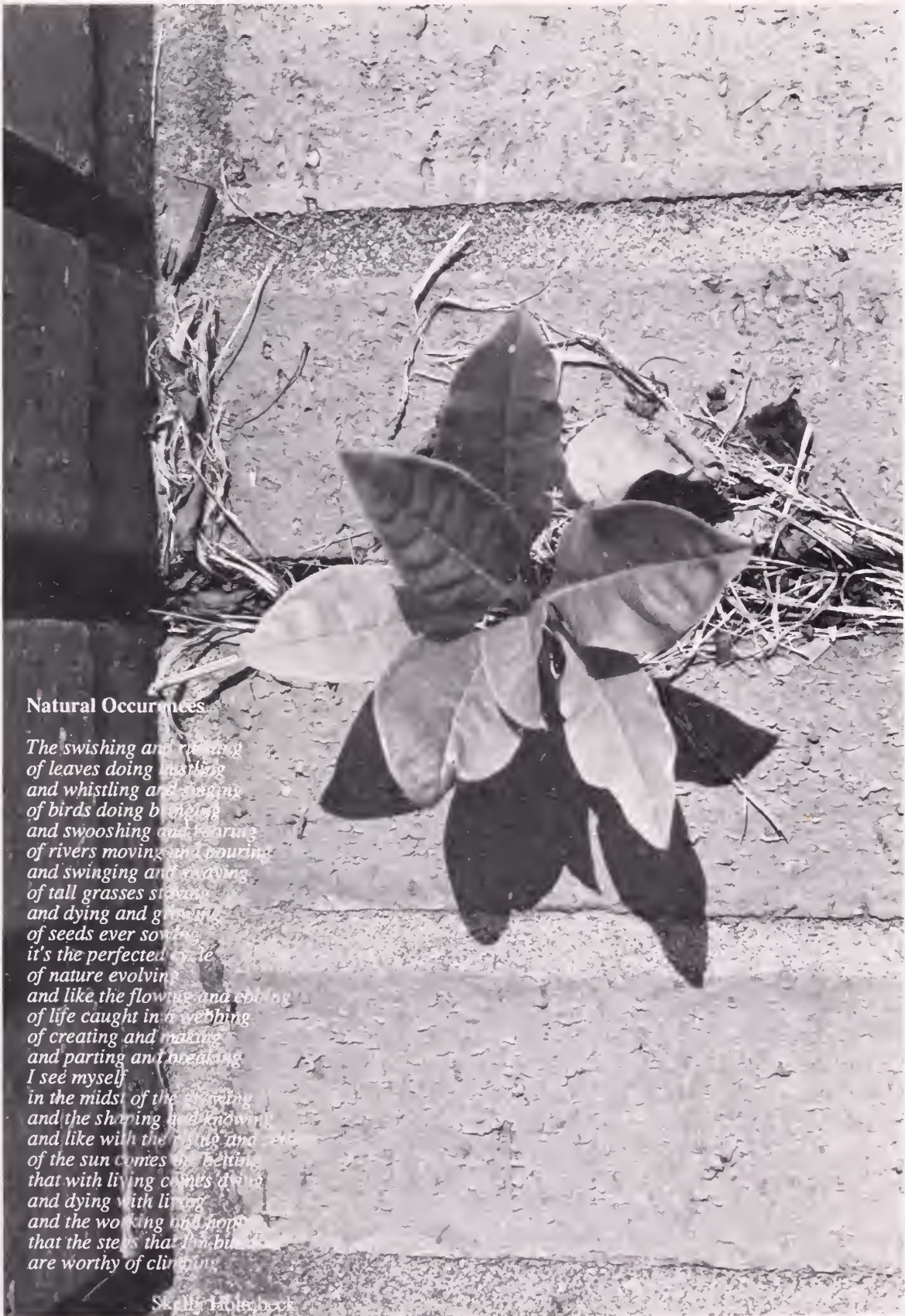
Making Cents of Life

*I was running the other day
and had thoughts of thinking of thinking
for a major
and went to my advisor
and asked who I could talk to
about majoring in thinking
a little laughter later
I was told that it was a nice
Thought
but that I was here to get an
Education
that I wasn't being
Realistic
and that a major in thinking wouldn't put me
In The Real World
and that maybe I should think about
making it a hobby
(like I was saying I wanted to major in tennis or something)
and I wondered if that would be thinking at all*

*So I set about to design
my own major in thought
under the direction of
the Department of Philosophy
but when I had to determine
a way of testing
(how can you get grades without a test?)
and define what made an A, a B, and a C
(how can you get a GPR without a grade?)
and which classes and what number of credits would make a
degree
(how can you get a degree without credits?)
and when I tried to design career counseling for Thinking
graduates
(Why offer a major that won't get you a job?)
My thought process stopped short.*

*So I go to school
and keep thinking
with my extracurricular activities,
I think.*

Skelly Holmbeck



Natural Occurrences

*The swishing and rustling
of leaves doing rustling
and whistling and rustling
of birds doing blinging
and swooshing and rustling
of rivers moving and pouring
and swinging and rustling
of tall grasses swaying
and dying and growing
of seeds ever so slowly
it's the perfected cycle
of nature evolving
and like the flowing and ebbing
of life caught in a webbing
of creating and making
and parting and breaking
I see myself
in the midst of the growing
and the sharing and knowing
and like with the rising and
of the sun comes the setting
that with living comes dying
and dying with living
and the working and hoping
that the steps that I'm building
are worthy of climbing.*

Skelly Holmbeck

A Day in the Valley

A "behind the scenes" look at Clemson's Death Valley

by Tara Eisenhour and Bill Vereen

For most Clemson fans, few athletic events rival the spectacle of a home game Saturday at Death Valley.

On these days, there exists a feeling which transcends the mere enjoyment of sport; it is the cumulative excitement of thousands of people anticipating the fanfare which long ago surpassed traditional school spirit and has evolved over the years into a showcase of pride.

Few fans, however, are aware of the hundreds of people behind the scenes who devote thousands of man-hours getting ready for such an event.

Preparation is year-round down on the playing surface, where Ronnie Oliver and his groundskeeping staff maintain the turf. Clemson's field is now in transition from bermuda grass to the hybrid bermuda you see on golf

greens.

The hybrid variety was sprigged in April 1986 but will take another year or two to fully establish itself. Before last season, 200 tons of sand were put on the field to give the turf more grip.

Forty irrigation heads are hidden beneath the playing surface and are timed for night watering to keep the grass healthy after a Saturday's pounding.





Those who don't adhere to the policy prohibiting alcoholic beverages in the stadium may wind up losing their party favors during the game.

The Friday before a game, mowers without reels are run in different directions between alternating five yard lines, causing the grass to lie flat in these directions, which creates the dark-light-dark green shading new to Death Valley last season. By mid-October, the grass stops growing and it becomes necessary to use dye to cover bald spots on the field.

Game tickets and parking also require the Athletic Department's year-round attention. Tickets, ordered in March, are designed by Assistant Athletic Director Van Hilderbrand. They are returned to the university in June for season ticket distribution through IPTAY. Tickets and parking spaces are pre-

assigned to IPTAY club members based on their financial contributions.

Although students and faculty who use parking areas around the stadium (C-6, C-7, R-3, R-4, R-5 and R-6 on your 87-88 parking map) often grumble about having to move their cars on Fridays before home games, few are aware of the fact that IPTAY made these facilities available.

The club built and owns 3899 numbered spaces and 8355 area spaces around the stadium, the larger portion of which are reserved for members on a first-come, first-served basis. When they are not needed for athletic event parking, the IPTAY lots are set aside for use by the university.

Cost of seating ranges from thousands of dollars for a fully enclosed luxury box — complete with ARA catering, closed circuit television, and parking beneath the stadium — to fifteen dollars which, on a capacity day, may only buy you a spot on Death Valley's infamous grass hill. If you plan to drink at the game, be prepared to pay because only those fortunate enough to enjoy luxury box seating are allowed to drink legally within stadium confines.

Of course, there are plenty of people around to enforce rules such as this and insure crowd safety. Game security is provided by Crowe's security, campus and local police, S. C. highway patrol, and members of the State Law Enforcement



Officers from the State Law Enforcement Division are stationed on the field during games to scan the crowd for possible security problems...

Division.

These groups are coordinated from a security booth on Level 1 of the South Stands, which houses officers from each organization as well as three Athletic Department officials. In addition, a bomb technician is on hand for each game in case a threat arises.

Security measures begin Friday at noon, when Gate 10 is opened as an employee entrance, manned by a Crowe's security guard. By 6:00 p. m. the athletes have checked and readied their equipment and additional guards are stationed in the dressing rooms all night.

With the completion of the second upper deck in 1983, Death Valley became the 8th largest on campus facility in the country, boasting an 82,500 person capacity. The massive influx of fans on home game Saturdays drives the population of Clemson over that of Charleston, temporarily making it the "second largest city" in South Carolina. With so many people in attendance, accidents are bound to happen, but the athletic department is prepared for almost any emergency.

A first aid station is located in each of the upper and lower decks. These facilities, funded by the Athletic Department and coordinated by Edie Baumgardner of Redfern Student Health Center, are equipped as advanced life support centers and manned by sixteen physicians and nurses. This staff along with 25 paramedics and EMT's treats an average of 150 people per game.

Common ailments include

bee stings, heat exhaustion, and fractures; but three ambulances are parked in the stadium, ready to take more serious cases to local facilities such as Anderson Memorial Hospital.

Ms. Baumgardner cites alcohol ingestion as a major problem, even among fourteen and fifteen year-olds. It is not uncommon for those who start their day drinking and partying to go too far and forfeit their day at the game for a trip to the emergency room.

Concern for the fans can also be noted in the Athletic Department's handling of stadium concessions, which were managed internally until the 1987 season. The department contracted out the running of concessions so they could offer items not available in the past and sell fresh foods prepared on site. World Wide Concessions won the bid, which includes the 31 permanent football concessions, baseball and soccer games, and basketball games and special

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Tiger Boulevard

events held in Littlejohn Coliseum.

Scott Billingsley, who manages WWC at Clemson, sees that all stands are stocked early in the week. On Saturday, they are manned by campus and community organizations such as Air Force ROTC, Arnold Air, Daniel High School, Pendleton High Student Council, Liberty Band, and First Baptist Church North Spartanburg. Each organization receives ten percent of the gross sales at its stand in return for the service.

Mike Bruce, who is Director of Operations for WWC at several schools, says that weather has a large effect on sales. When it's hot, food sales are low; but once it turns cold, people eat more and don't drink as much.

In their first season at Clemson, WWC had sales per game as high as 13,000-14,000 hot dogs and 60,000-70,000 drinks. Assistant Athletic

Director Robert Ricketts says that these numbers could be increased as much as twenty percent by placing vendors in the stands, but the Athletic Department does not want the fans to be distracted or pressured by hawkers.

Service at football games was also improved with the addition of 15 novelty stands. These temporary stands lighten the halftime burden of the permanent concessions and shorten the time fans spend waiting in line.

Fans have top priority when it comes to scheduling games, too. The average fan spends two hours driving to the game, although eight hour game day road trips are not uncommon. Since so few accommodations are available in the area, Clemson home games are scheduled early in the afternoon to allow these people to get home at a reasonable hour.

On game day, local

children start selling programs outside the stadium at 8:00 a. m. In return for their service, they receive a percentage of their profits and a ticket to the game.

Program sales inside the stadium begin two hours before kickoff, when the gates are opened. Through an arrangement with the Athletic Department, campus organizations such as Alpha Phi Omega and the Block C Club are able to raise funds in exchange for the program sales efforts of their members.

On the average, one program is sold for every eight or nine fans in attendance. Unsold programs are donated to the Boy Scouts for paper drives.

The gates of Death Valley are opened two hours before



... but there's more to stadium security than meets the eye.

kickoff. One hundred people from Crowe's Security, the Sertoma Club of Clemson, and the Exchange Club of Pendleton are employed as ticket takers.

Of course, the Athletic Department has other goals besides the care and comfort of the fans. One major concern is the media. On game day, dozens of journalists, photographers, announcers, and cameramen flock to Death Valley to cover the Fighting Tigers. It is the responsibility of the Athletic Department to see that these professionals are equipped with all of the statistics and other materials required for accurate reporting of the

day's events.

Before the game and through halftime, an ARA catered lunch is available to the media in the Press Box. Photographers and cameramen are given field passes and position themselves on the sidelines well before kickoff.

Journalists are seated behind plexiglass windows in the Press Box. The Athletic Department provides them with a game program and complete up-to-date statistics on both teams, which include any last minute roster changes and injury updates. Statistics on the game being played are available at halftime and at the game's end. The press package also includes

photos of the game, which are taken during the first half and developed during the second.

After the game, wire service reports are sent out by telephone straight from the Press Box. Journalists with later deadlines rush to interview rooms below the West End Zone Stands to ask questions of coaches and players.

As soon as the game ends, the clean-up begins. Both campus and the community benefit from this facet of the Clemson football production, as well. Local teenagers and members of some campus organizations work late into the night with vacuums and power blowers to concentrate the trash for easier pick-up. The Physical Plant provides some of the crews' equipment and handles the clean-up of facilities outside of the stadium confines.

If all goes well, by 11:00 Sunday morning the stadium stands empty; and all evidence of the 80,000 screaming fans that, only hours earlier, brought life to Death Valley has been swept up in the night.



Photographers crowd the sidelines to get a good view of the action on the field.

The authors would like to thank Bob Bradley and all the people at the Athletic Department for their help in researching this article.

*Unseen lightning
Soundless thunder
 An invisible squall
 builds menacingly
 from an unknown direction*

*The only thing
separating it from
imagination is the rain*

Julia Sisk



*Look at those leaves lying dizzy and restless
beneath their own skeletons
 Once
 they worked so hard to free themselves
 jerking twisting
 angry and resisting until
 liberty's swift spiral descent swept them breathless
 to the ground
 where they scuttle about aimlessly
 harrassed by wind into fidgeting red piles*

Julia Sisk

*A dark shadow moves on the sand
The motion in the sky has the voice of
a screaming child
But the children don't scream
They laugh as they run down the shore
with the waves erasing their footprints
and the letters I write
A dark shadow moves in my mind
That shadow is yours
I want it exorcised for it is a demon spirit
poisoning my thoughts
If only it would wash away as easily as your name
Grains of sand cling to my skin and shimmer like
drops of sweat in candlelight
I wish I could cut myself open
with a very sharp knife
and bleed you out into the sand
But instead I sit
and carve your name over and again
here in the shadow of the sky*

Mary Robinson

*The corn is green
and grows above my head now.
This is the field you never saw.
I told you about it
and tried to explain the green
even deeper than my eyes
and the sound as the wind runs through
more soothing than your breathing in the night
But because you never saw it for yourself
and you never will
I guess it's something else you'll never understand
When I walk through
the leaves brush my shoulders from all sides
The soft brown earth
swallows me to the ankles
and I know it's not so bad being me
The corn is green now
and taller than you*

Mary Robinson

LOVE MYSELF - BLACK ESSENCE

*I lazed down by myself, with myself
Caressing my arms, massaging my legs,*

so' cold

*I talked and ever kissed at myself
through a mirror,
as it reflected my loneliness
Watching myself,
as the Moon so pervertedly seeked through my window*

*down
on
me
invading my true beauty
BLACK ESSENCE.*

*I rubbed together my feet
that cling beneath the sheets
I tossed and turned and tossed and turned
all night.*

*So, my Darling
making love to myself
by myself
wasn't hard to do
w i t h o u t y o u
after all.*

*signed,
BLACK ESSENCE*

Deneen Williams

Portrait of a Bum

by Joe Rong

An unmade bed with white sheets turned brown from naked sweat dominates the room. Red, white and blue wallpaper, stained from age and cigarette smoke, covers the walls. New bookshelves, numerous boxes of old but important junk cover the edges of the floor. A desk/linen cabinet, on which sits the typewriter, and a nightstand with two digital alarm clocks crowd under the window, leaving no more space at the edges of the floor. Under the bed is the resting space for almanacs, atlases, and other reference materials, not to mention the dust bunnies and used kleenex. Old newspaper, The Wall Street Journal, cover the red carpet; the hole in the carpet that the dog chewed out is covered by a small brown throw rug, which is itself covered by more paper. In the up-center of the room, leaving a small path from the door to the bed is a card table that now is jokingly called a desk. The desk itself is covered with clippings from the Journal, old issues of The Economist, a torn chamois shirt, four packs of cigarettes, three of which are empty, an overflowing ashtray, two candy wrappers, several books about computers, those machines that someday will tell us how many angels can dance on the head of a pin, a book of Taoist writings, translated from the Chinese, and a book of Robert Penn Warren's poetry. There is more information in this room than there was in most countries before Gutenberg's invention.

This is the room of an unemployed bum who had to return to a university to

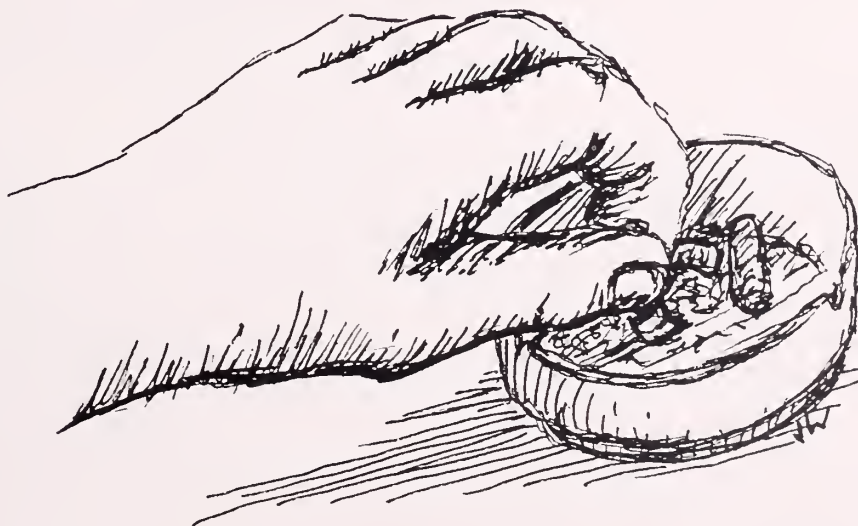
justify his existence. He had studied history, thinking that someone ought to remember the past in a time when everybody else is hell-bent on going faster into the future and he was rewarded for his efforts by having to go for a year and a half unemployed. He realized, though, that not too many employers would take his resume seriously when he listed his grade point average of 2.04 and put down as his career objective that he hoped he could find a job where, "I think I will fit in, hope that I will have something to contribute, and hopefully won't be raping the land or other people, or otherwise contributing to the decay of an already morally bankrupt society."

For a while, about a year and a half, he had been thinking that maybe he had gone wrong somewhere along the way. But one night by chance he had a conversation with an electrical engineer who is the plant manager for a large German manufacturing company that has a plant in the city where he lives. The engineer had said that they could put more people to work if the government would get out of the industries' hair. The young bum asked this engineer how he would do things if the government's rules were different. The engineer replied that the pollution control laws and the minimum wage laws put an unnecessary strain on industry. The bum then asked the engineer if he would be willing to give up half of his salary so that another family could try to live on less than \$3,500 a year. The engineer became defensive and got red

in the face and would not answer the question. The young unemployed then did not want to push his luck and ask whether or not the engineer would want his back yard turned into another Love Canal since industrial garbage had to go somewhere, usually in poor peoples' back yards; he realized that these moral questions did not compute in the engineer's computer, I mean brain.

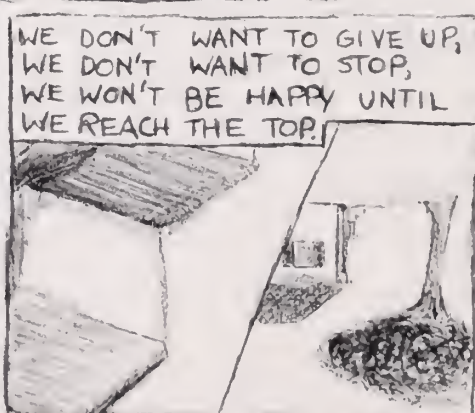
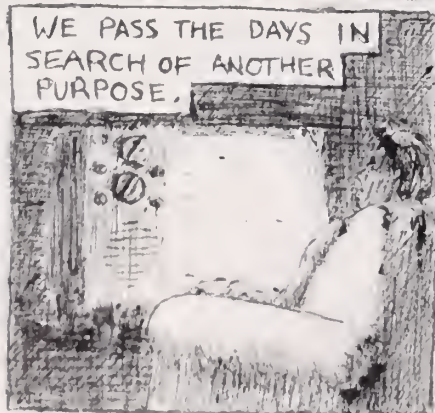
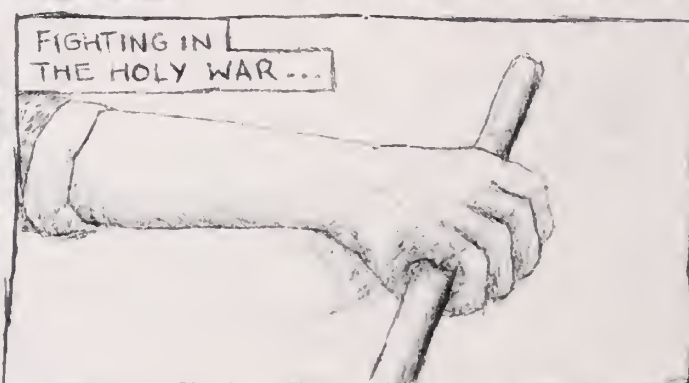
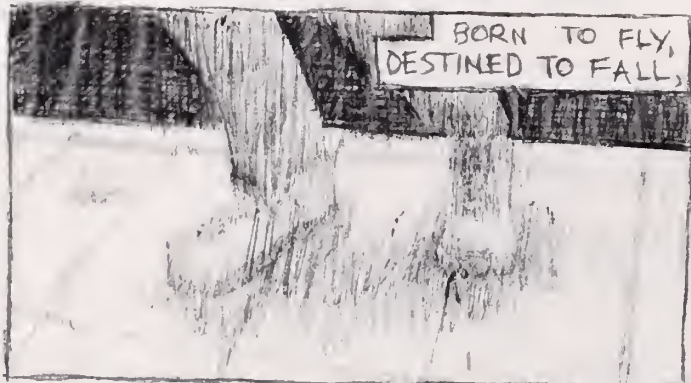
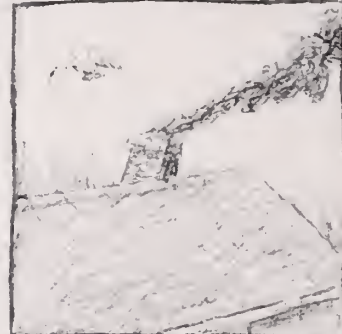
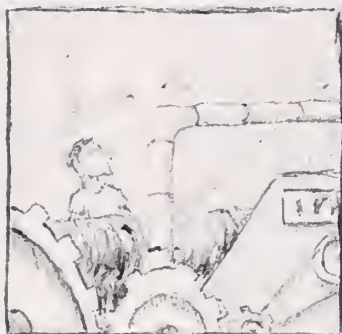
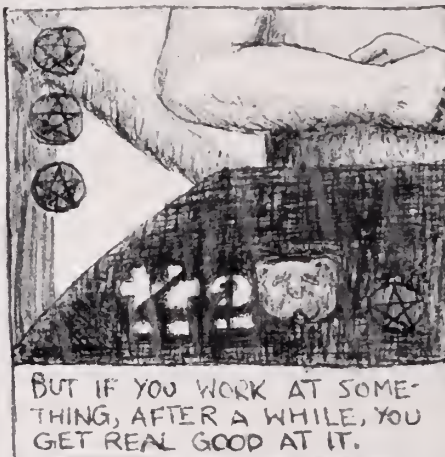
After that encounter, the young man did not feel that his life had been a waste. He realized that somebody had to stand up for the old mores in the battle brought about by the new. And he no longer thought of himself as a bum, he knew who the real

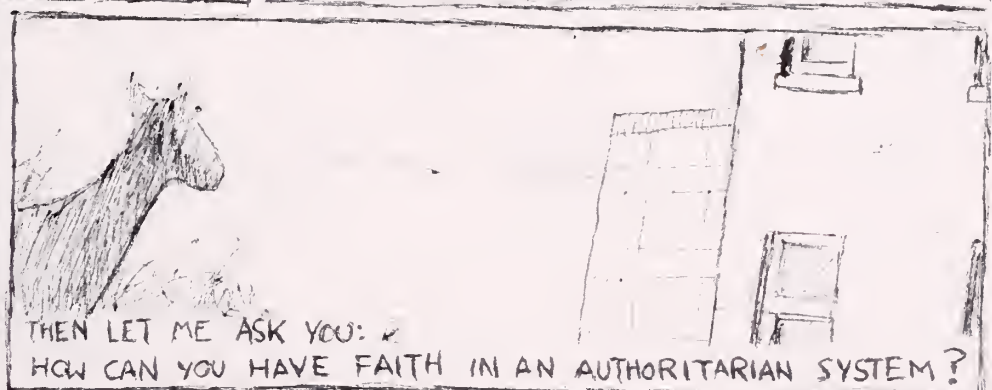
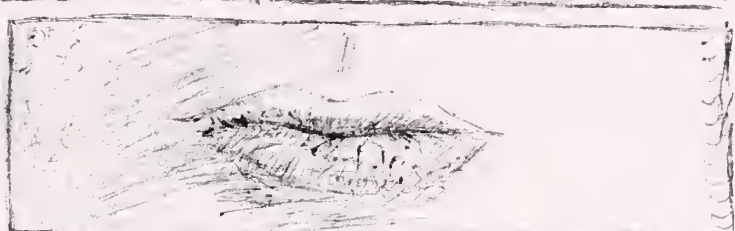
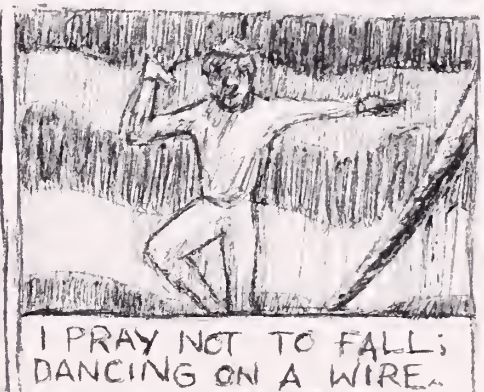
bums were. He thought further that no matter how hard he tried to remain a good capitalist, the capitalist bums were trying even harder to make him into a communist. From history he knew that communism was not good for anybody, not even the elite since they become more corrupt than the elite they replace, but he thought that something ought to be done about the new breed of engineers who cannot understand something if they cannot plug it into a formula and have an understandable answer come out. So he took up a battle cry from the nation's pastime: "Throw the bums out!"



THE MAD DANCE OF THE UNPLUGGED ROBOTS

J. Welsh





*The crimson prince
Dances on burning coals,
Laughing as he moves,
Laughing at wide eyes
Of the staring spectators,
Laughing at the screams
Of the young girls,
And at the pain
He has become accustomed to.
Dancing wildly
Like a demon possessed,
Chanting songs
Of a lost ritual,
In an unknown tongue.
Blood drips from his hands
Feeding the fire like fuel
His crimson eyes smolder
In their sunken sockets.
His song draws the crowd
Closer
Closer to the heat
Until their skin begins to burn
And their hair is singed.
They have forgotten the pain
Devoured by the song.
The medicine man cures the deaf
And their silence cracks
Revealing primitive beauty.
Old men pluck out their eyes
To better concentrate
On the song
Of the young bird prince
But miss the light
As he takes on flame
And burns away.*

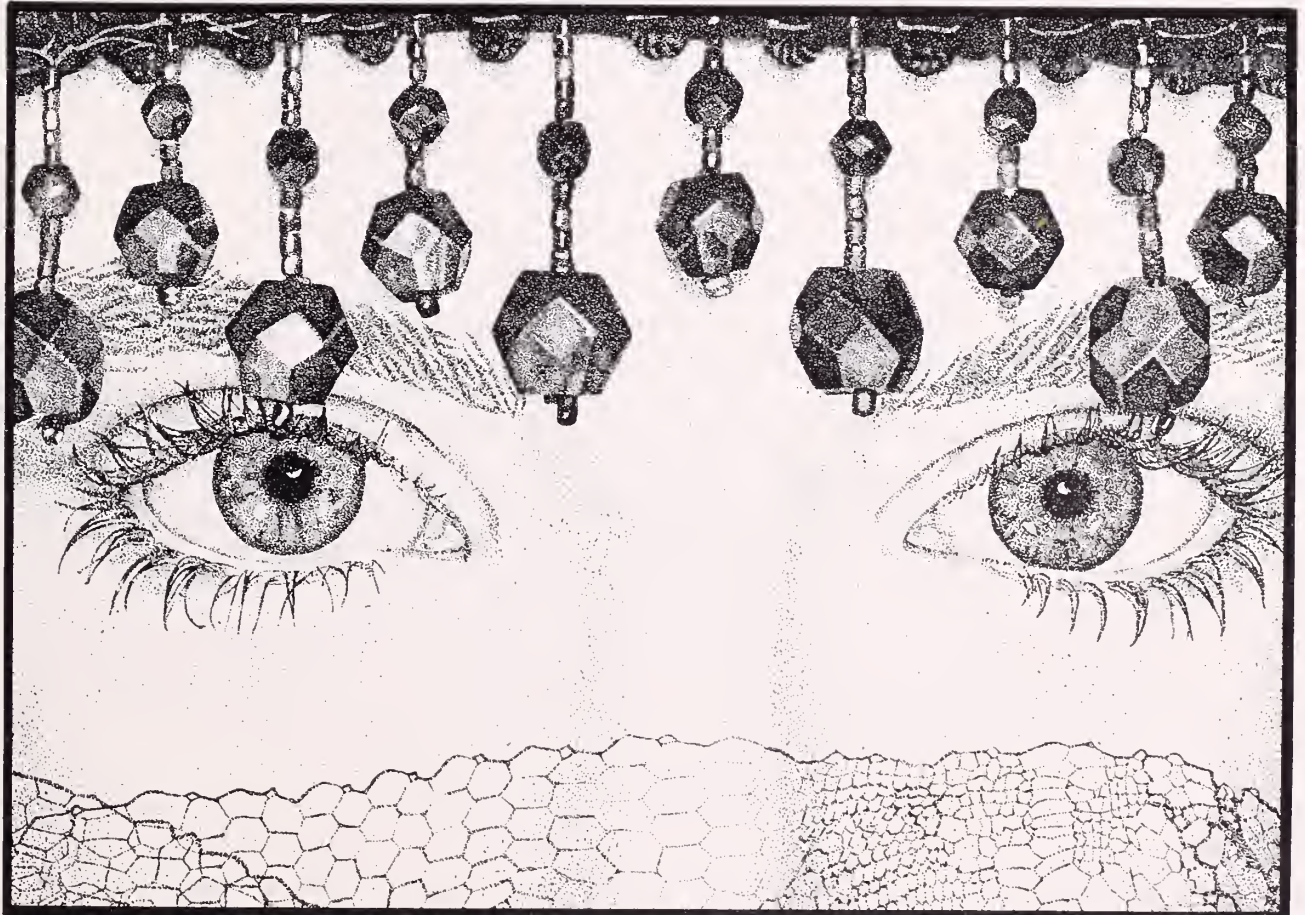
T. Reckling



*you
with your gasoline sensitivity
spilled a drop
or two
on my restless sea
and
i loved the rainbows
those lovely 3 minute rainbows
drop a little more in my tear
puddles
i feel a need of color*

*hear my whispered screams-
taste my love
feel my hate
here, let me chisel a line
or two on your heart:
this bruise my poem*

Beth Lyons



SEA OF EDEN. FOREST OF EVE.
THE LAND KNOWN TO US AS PARADISE.
FILLING OUR HEARTS AND MINDS WITH PEACE AND PLEASURE.
REALIZE YOUR GOALS.
WHAT DO YOU WANT TO BE KNOWN FOR?
WILL THEY REMEMBER YOU AFTER YOUR BONES COLLAPSE?

Michael J. Herring

LISTEN TO THE CHIMES AS THEY RING TWELVE
YOU AND ME ON A BED OF FIRE
HEATED BODIES BURNING INTO ONE
THE TOUCH OF BARE FLESH
THE TASTE OF PASSION AS THE FULL MOON TURNS RED
WILDFLOWERS DANCE ACROSS THE WALLS AS REFLECTIONS OF GHOST
WATCH US THROUGH THE MIRROR
WE'RE IN OUR OWN EXISTENCE
AS THE CLOUDS COVER THE MOON OF RED AND THE STARS FALL FROM THE SKY
THE SCREAMS OF PLEASURE IN A HEATED NIGHT
YOU CALL TO THE GODS AS YOU CUM
LYING IN THE BED IN THE AFTERMATH WISHING YOU WERE ANOTHER
THE ONE I LOVE IS SO FAR AWAY INTO THE CLOUDS AND SPIRITS
DO WE REALLY EXIST OR ARE WE AN OASIS IN THIS WORLD OF PAIN AND PLEASURE

Michael J. Herring



A Twentieth Century Jesus

by Gil Gregory

It was fourth and goal on the two yard line. The Uniontown Smiths were behind by five points. Three seconds left; time for one more play.

If Wayne could carry the ball through the opposing team's line into the end zone, everything would be all right. His girl would come back to him, and he could quit his job at the steel mill and go to college. The scouts from Penn State were there, Wayne's Dad was there, and Peggy Ann was there. If he could get a touchdown here, now, his dad would see that Wayne wasn't a wimp. No longer would his father keep Wayne at the mill every afternoon. He could be an engineer. It would be hard work, but Wayne knew it would be worth it.

Wayne had wanted to be an engineer ever since he was ten years old. He had read a book called **Great Feats in Engineering** and admired the men who made this country grow. He was good with his hands, but his mind was his sharpest tool. Wayne worked hard in school and one time got straight A's. It was his proudest achievement and he cried when his Dad refused to even look at the report card. He could still hear his father's words in his head, loud as a freight train's horn.

"The Radloffs are a working family, and you're one of 'em. You don't come

from no sissy rich boy school to teach me how to do that and you don't neither. Now you get to work before you get fired, boy. I didn't feed you for seventeen years to have you grow up to be a little girl, always studying and reading. Now go get your hands dirty with some good old fashioned work."

If he could just get the ball over the goal line he would prove to his dad that even kids that want to go to college were tough, and could take punishment and give it out with the best of them.

Peggy Ann kept Wayne alive. He could still remember the first time they held hands. The fire in her eyes, the warmth of her body. Wayne could forget about his father when he was with Peggy Ann, but now she was gone. Gone until Wayne proved he could stand up for himself in the face of his father. His heart ached at the thought of her absence. He had spent the three weeks away from Peggy Ann thinking. Thinking about how he wanted to get her away from West Virginia and marry her. They would live in a beautiful big house in the Coastal suburbs of California or Florida. Away from the steel mills and mines, away from the cold bleary winters. If he could just score the touchdown...

He was to get the handoff and run off tackle left behind Bif Joe Sampson. Joe had



broken his nose, but he played on. Joe was tough. Mr. Radloff wanted Wayne to be just like Joe. If Wayne could only score he could prove himself.

The West Virginia snow was piled up in each end zone. The snow contrasted with the black uniforms of the Elkton Miners, making them stand out like gargoyles made of the coal that lined the Earth beneath them. They were big and mean. Wayne was a little guy, but he was gonna stand up tall.

The quarterback settled in behind the center. The moments seemed like an eternity to Wayne. It was do or die, now or never, sink or swim. "Down!" the quarterback cried. Wayne dug in. A slip now would mean disaster. "Ready Set!"

"This is for you Dad." he whispered to himself.

Suddenly Wayne began to feel very warm way down inside. An instant later Wayne felt the heat sear all the way up his spine engulfing him. He tried to scream, but it was too late.

"Hut, Hut!" The quarterback received the ball and whirled around looking for Wayne's hands. An awful stench filled the air. The quarterback's eyes and nostrils stung; he felt weak and nauseous. He dropped to his knees.

All that was left of Wayne was the slightly scorched uniform he was wearing mixed with some ashes in a heap on the ground, his pungent scent lingering in the air.

Wayne's dad stood up in silence and looked at the sight before him. Twenty three padded hulks, helmets off, puking, and the small smoldering pile

that used to be his son. His dad looked to each side and then at the scoreboard. Miners 24, Smiths 19.

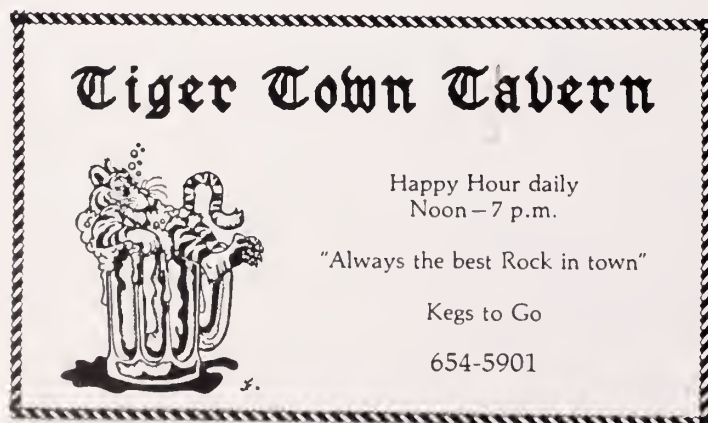
"You lost the game you goddamn pussy!" he screamed, "You are not my son!" He pulled the front of his hat down so no one could see his face, picked up his stadium seat and walked off.

Cliché God sat on his throne and smiled. "Oh what a beautiful day it is in West Virginia!" he thought. "Let's see them make a movie out of that!"

Cliché God never had a chance. He was fundamentally unsound by his own nature. He was able to use his imagination to create whatever he wanted as long as it was a cliché. This made Cliché God repressive although he didn't wish to be so. His toys were given imagination, but in order for him to exist, he had to keep humans from using it. Cliché God wanted to use his infinite imagination, but he was limited by the cliché clause and doomed to dream up clichés for eternity. He was tired and bored. If humanity was to live, he had to die.

Cliché God was dying quickly, but he was savoring the first pleasurable experience he had ever enjoyed. He had come up with a few nice clichés in his reign, but all had a sense of emptiness and a slight twinge of guilt rising from the boredom inherent to the concept of a cliché. "What can I do now? Hmm...Not another sporting event. Hmmm..."

Rick gazed through the pawn shop window at his dream. It was a vintage Les Paul blacktop with Humbucking pickups and an ebony fingerboard. The guitar still shone with the same glow it was blessed with the day it left the gibson factory. He imagined it sitting in the original display window in a little music shop in Nashville. He saw visions of the all-time greats plaining the guitar for hours through a tube-amp, jamming out the blues of early rock-n-roll. Carl Perkins, Roy Orbison, Buddy Holly, and now Rick Glazebrook. He had three hundred dollars in his savings account. The price tag read a thousand dollars though; three hundred would hardly make a dent. Rick had talked to the pawn shop owner almost daily about purchasing the guitar. One time Mr. Kinnebrew even told him



that the guitar would be his for eight hundred dollars cash. Rick knew that it was only a matter of time before some rich kid who didn't care about rock-n-roll would come along and buy his dream before he could sleep. Somehow Rick had had to make five hundred dollars quick. If only he was rich.

Rick came from a poverty stricken family. He lived with his uncle and his sick grandmother. His mother and father had been killed by a meteor three years ago. He worked after school in the Glass factory that built the town of Crystal, Ohio. Whenever he wasn't in school or working he would play his beatup Stratocaster copy that he bought when his parents were killed. It was music, but it wasn't the same. The Guitar in the pawn shop though, that guitar could sing. Sweet low notes that droned like a vibrating mountain. Rick felt the magic that the vintage guitar held. He was the catalyst that would bring that magic to the world. He was going to be a rock-n-roll legend.

Rick worked overtime every day for three weeks. He had to get that guitar. He had talent and knew it.

On the third Saturday Rick went into the pawn shop. He had just recieved his paycheck and was carrying seven hundred dollars in his pocket. Rick hoped to talk Mr. Kinnebrew into giving him the last hundred dollars on credit.

When he walked into the shop Mr. Kinnebrew was putting the Les Paul into its case. A tall man in a yellow suit was counting out hundred dollar bills and laying them on the counter.

"I think this will just about complete your collection, won't it Mr. Sucrets?" said Mr. Kinnebrew.

"Yes it will, Jim. I can hardly wait to go home and glue my famous throat lozenges all over this fine guitar."

"You're gonna do what?!" Rick screamed.

The man turned to Rick, stuck his thumbs in his lapels and said, "Coat the guitar with Sucrets. It will complete my collection!"

"Please don't buy that guitar!" Rick pleaded, "I've been saving for two months to buy it. I'm gonna be a rock star and I need that guitar!"



Clemson, SC

654-3656

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

"Why, Jim Kinnebrew has a fine selection of guitars in his shop to choose from. I'm sure one of them can help you become a rock star."

"No!" cried Rick, "That's the only one, It's... It's... Magic! you know?" he clenched his fists, "That guitar IS rock-n-roll! I'm nothing without it!" A tear rolled down his face. He ran out of the pawn shop and sat on the street corner, weeping, his face in his hands. The man in the yellow suit and Mr. Kinnebrew spoke for a few minutes. At the end of the talk, Mr. Sucrets took the guitar out of its case and carrying it, walked up to Rick who was still crying on the sidewalk. Mr. Sucrets lifted the guitar high over his head and brought it down on the top of Rick's skull.

"White trash." Mr. Sucrets mumbled then turned back into the pawn shop to get the guitar case.

Cliché God crouched in a corner, eyes half shut. The corners of his mouth curled up showing the pleasure he was recieving at the end of his existence. He looked like a heroin addict about to come off an intense high. "Sucrets and meteors, oh this is fun! I don't have much longer though . . . not long at all. If I could only die more slowly . . . One more . . ."

Every time Cliché God destroyed his blossoming clichés, the life energy was sapped out of him. He was bound to clichés and needed them to live, but man had no such limits. By killing himself he was setting man free, although he was

oblivious to his altruism. He was merely acting out of his sense of originality that had been repressed for so-long, A selfless Mother Teresa. The repression he lived in and created was too much for him to bear. Now he was smiling his way through the last precious seconds of existence.

The wise old man lay in a hospital bed. A cross-section of humanity was gathered around to honor and mourn the kindest man that ever lived. Even the youngest children, arms wrapped around their parents' legs, cried openly as the nameless great one lie peacefully. Nurses wiped the old man's brow with a dampened cloth for there was nothing else left to do except wait.

He was a peaceful gent, this one, breathing easily and quietly the last few puffs of air that would ever be graced by the man's lungs. His wife knelt at the bedside, holding the man's hand as he slowly slipped away. She loved him deeply, as he did her, and accepted his death with the same eloquence that marked their life together. She would mourn his death quietly until the day that she lay beside him in the Earth. But even within the time that her soul would be held captive by her body, they would still be together.

The world would carry on in tribute to his memory and would forever be at peace and in harmony, having learned the ways of the old man who didn't have a name. His legacy was the eternal truth; The language that Buddha, Jesus, and Krishna spoke. The language that mankind had babbled for centuries, but just learned to speak.

The old man moved and let a feeble cough escape from his lips. His wife leaned close in anticipation, wiping a wanton tear from her eye. The masses hushed.

"Honey?" the old man opened his eyes and looked soulfully at his love.

"Yes dearest." she brought his hand to

her chest.

"I want to say something to the world."

His wife turned to the nurse, "Get a microphone. My husband wishes to speak to everyone." She gazed again into her dying husband's eyes.

The hospital staff scurried into the large room with a public address system, and quickly set up the microphone so that the old man could remain at rest while he delivered his final message.

The staff raised the bed raised slightly so that speaking would not tax the man's strength.

Still clutching his wife's hand, the old man started.

"I have one last message of great importance to you all." His voice, once strong and clear, cracked slightly in its frailness. He paused and looked back into his wife's eyes.

The expectant audience mumbled among themselves, and hushed once more when they saw the man turn again to the microphone.

"Don't . . . be . . . boring." he coughed. The crowd released their breath in a communal sigh. "One more thing . . ." a hush fell over the crowd, ". . . Very important . . ."

"Tell us O wise one!" shouted a voice in the back.

"Look out for the Giant Amoeba Bat!" he moaned.

As the words of wisdom left his lips, a dark shadow covered the room. An enormous, winged, one celled organism swooped down onto the old man's hospital bed and sunk a well placed and painless fang into the Cliché God's temple, killing him instantly.

Heed the words of wisdom.

My Little Spark

*I burn a yellow candle
waiting for my friend
maybe if I wait real hard
she'll come to me again*

*Watch the flame hold on
to air that gives it life
it holds itself up very straight
no darkness, grief, or strife*

*It represents my hope
for the day when we'll be free
to laugh and sing and dance as one
in timeless reverie*

*Disturbance pulls it back
existence faces threat
why must there always be
a never-ending debt?*

*Alone in dark mirage
dare to once belong
against a fight it stands to lose
we won't be here for long*

*The yellow melts into the dust
my eyes adjust to dark
maybe it won't be so bad
without my little spark*

*When it's gone, Dark remains
but now I see the light
"hush, don't worry, little one"
the wind deserves no fright*

*He isn't coming back
his eyes went far away
remember how his body felt
the End you must obey*

*The world goes on ahead
never turning back
so turn and face the light
with courage that you lack.*

*I burn my yellow candle
my friend is coming home
I wait ahead with eager joy
never more to roam.*

M. Kathryn Zaccari



Contentment

Jump rope

*A perfect physical mapping, you are,
Of the uncharted state of awakening:
Bright eyes dawning but still one-dimensional,
Your face captures the moment of immersion –
The coalescence of a pout and a smile
Whose friction makes your hair stand static
As, suddenly kinetic, you tried to shape the flow.*

*Your feet never missed a beat
While you strolled into my heart,
But my heart was skipping like a jump rope fool.*

Thomas F. Ruckelshaus

Jeff Papenfus**Notes from falling off the ground:**

*I was walking one day (on the ground)
thought I'd had experience enough
not to fall down*

*The thing about that day I know
I remember it well, even now
is that I fell from off*

*(How could I?) the ground
a terrible thing I must admit
I could not remember how not to fall from*

*Off the ground, I pulled a leaf
to the leaf I did reply
I do not know how I fell*

*from off the ground--to the ground
with a resplounding **SPLAT!!***

Jeff Papenfus



T. Reckling

Young Architects

*Young architects
In the summer sun
Is your pride as strong as stone?
Can it endure more than your heart?
Building a wall
Between you and yourself
On which to mount your tattered rag.
This mountain cannot serve as a mirror
For the bricks do not reflect
A familiar scene.
It will not show you
A brighter sun
But merely cast a shadow
In your swollen eyes.
A monument of this kind
Can be built by a child
But destroyed by only a few.
Be wise, you fast working architects
Take time to study
The structures that surround you
Before deciding to create a new wonder.*

T. Reckling

```
0      REM:  ENGINEERING PROGRAM NUMBER ONE
10     GOD$= "I AM MALE, I AM DOMINANT, WORSHIP ME"
20     PRINT GOD$
30     FOR GOD = 1 TO X
40     JC = SIN(X)
50     PRINT JC
60     NEXT X
70     PRINT INT(RND(0)*50)
80     REM:  CONFUSER
90     GOTO 10
100    END
```

R I N G - R I N G - R I N G

HI! WE'RE NOT IN RIGHT NOW!

HI! WE'RE AT CHURCH!

HI! WE'RE LEARNING HOW THE UNIVERSE BEGAN!

HI! IF YOU LEAVE YOUR NAME AND NUMBER, WE'LL SEND YOU OUR OWN
PERSONAL PRAYERS TO GOD!!!

BB

WHICH DO YOU CHOOSE?

HEAVEN OR HELL!

HAVE YOU BEEN SAVED?

YES OR NO!

WHICH IS TRUE?

CHRISTIANITY OR FALSE RELIGIONS!

WHO IS RIGHT?

ME OR YOU!

EVOLUTION OR CREATION

CHOOSE!

LEFT OR RIGHT

CHOOSE!

GOD OR SATAN

CHOOSE!

0 OR 1

CHOOSE!

DIGITALDIGITALDIGITALDIGITALDIGITAL.....

CREATION OR EVOLUTION??

CHOOSE!

RIGHT OR LEFT??

CHOOSE!

SATAN OR GOD??

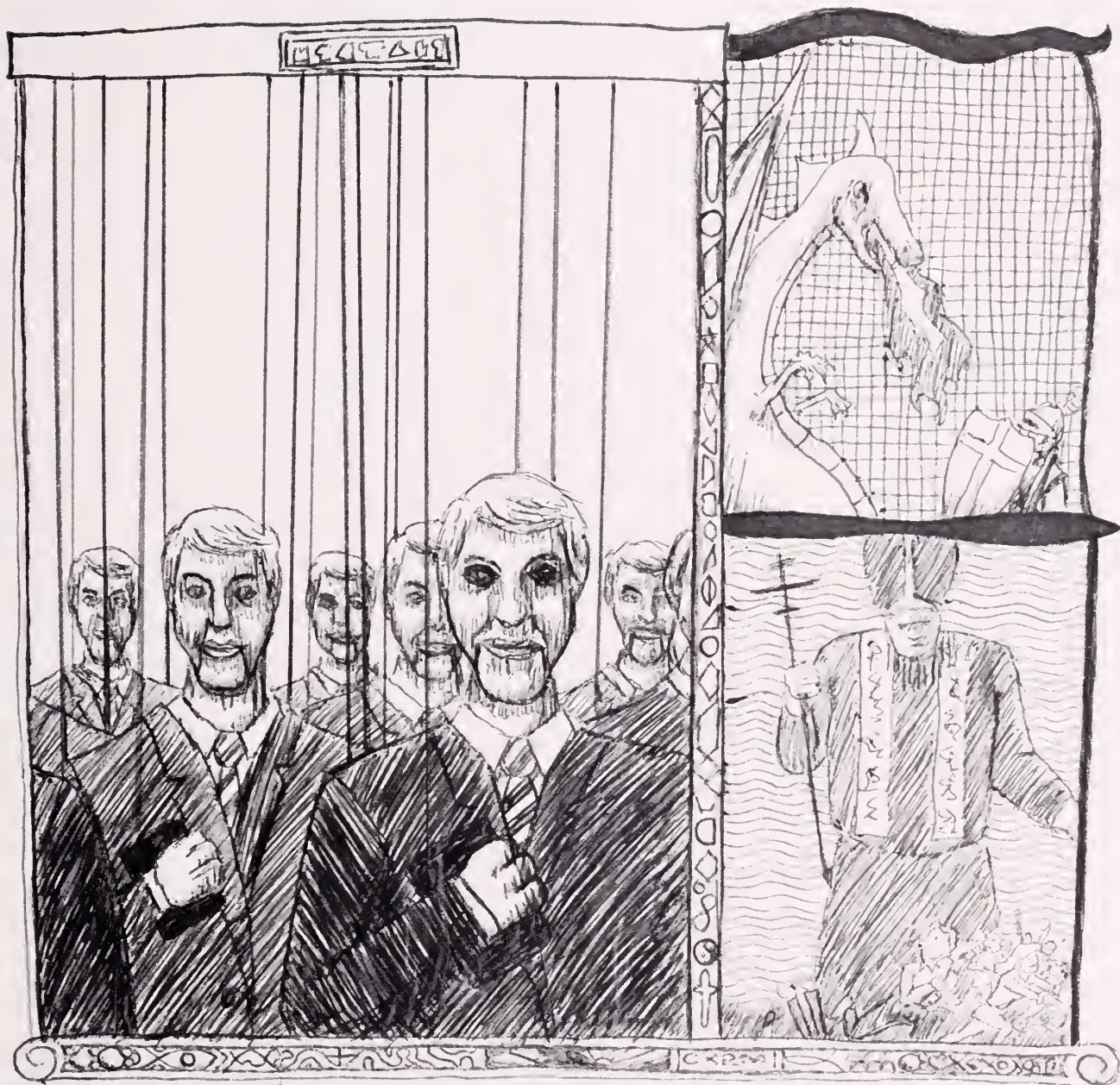
CHOOSE!

1 OR 0??

CHOOSE!

10 NEW

Erik Frankwich



J. Webb

Watching My Life Go By

*Sitting here watching my life go by;
Not really giving a damn.
Not really clear
On why I am here;
Wondering who I am.*

*Preoccupied with my problems -
Not really looking ahead.
Drifting along from
Song to song,
Wishing I was somewhere instead.*

*Often times I wonder:
Where is my life taking me?
Lost and confused,
Yet often amused
At my Heart's fragility.*

*Misanthropy is my nature:
Society just isn't for me.
Going to school
Like the misguided fool,
Shackled by Reality.*

*Often at night I can't fall asleep
As I stare at the Heavens above.
Longing to hold you,
Wishing I'd told you:
You are the woman I love.*

*A River flows through the Darkness
My Mind creates for me.
Not really knowing
Where I am going -
Hurled into Destiny.*

*Someday I'll leave life far behind;
My Soul will drift away:
Up in the sky
On a mountain so high -
Beholding Nature's display:*

*An Eagle screams from his Aerie.
Thunder rolls in the Sky.
I exist
In my Timelessness,
Watching your life go by.*

James David Jolly

Pressure

by Kelly Sutton

He felt the pressure all around him, surrounding him even in this small room. Sometimes it felt like a giant invisible drill press that THEY would slowly use to squeeze his head until he felt that his eyeballs would be blown out of his skull, smattering the white wall that was in front of him. Other times THEY would just stare. Nothing else — just stare. Or there would be laughing faces all around him; huge, white faces with squinting eyes that squirted tears out of them. But no matter how hard THEY were laughing, no matter how much THEY ridiculed him, no sound ever issued from those ugly lips.

He didn't know who THEY were — probably just kids his age who didn't feel any pressure. No pressure to succeed, to be successful, to win, win, WIN! God, how would that feel? To not feel anything but good?

THEY were pointing at him now with their accusing fingers attached to their pasty white arms. He tried to reach out and touch THEM, to hit THEM and make THEM stop, but his hands couldn't move from behind his back. Damn, he felt so helpless.

Noises now, coming from down the hall. Footsteps.

He thought back to his childhood when his father (maybe he's one of THEM too) made him play all the sports that his father liked.

"Now son, you've got to win. There's no place in this house for losers," his father had said, "WIN, WIN, WIN!" And he had tried. He tried to "WIN, WIN, WIN!" but he just couldn't do it. And the worst part about it was that after his failure, his father would say, "Well, THEY can do it, why can't you?"

THEY were dying now — the tears were streaming from those red puffy eyes.

He noticed that the footsteps were getting closer. They sounded like heavy drops of water hitting a pool, echoing and echoing into his head. Who belonged to those footsteps?, he thought. What did it matter?

What was he going to do with his life? It had to be a good money-making job, otherwise what was the use of it? The important thing (STOP LAUGHING AT

ME, DAMMIT!) was to be a success. He had to prove himself to him, to his father, to the world, to THEM.

And then a horrible thought struck him. What would happen if he couldn't do it? What if, in the real world, he couldn't WIN, WIN, WIN? I think, he thought to himself, I would go crazy.

The footsteps were right outside the door now and the laughing white faces were laughing so hard that saliva was beginning to leak out of their mouths. Tears and saliva, heavy water echoing and echoing in his head, and laughter. Always the laughter.

A bright, hurting light displayed him as the door was opened by two men in surgically-clean white outfits. He had never realized before just how white his room was but now, with the light on, he could see that it was pure white; except where the saliva from THEM had stained the walls. He then heard voices. Jesus Christ!, real voices, real caring voices? The two men picked him up and began to carry him out of the room. He looked back over his shoulder and saw THEM waving goodbye and laughing harder than he had ever seen THEM laugh before.

He smiled at THEM. "Goodbye bastards, they're taking me away from you, somewhere nice and safe, right?"

"Yeah, sure pal, somewhere real safe," Jeff replied. "Hey, Mark, wipe the spit off this guy's mouth, will ya? He'll be getting enough conductant on him when they hook him up to the juice."

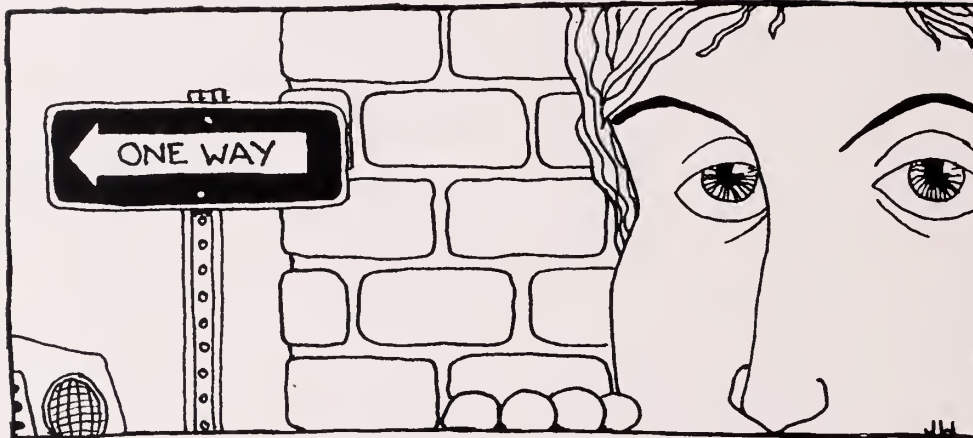
The other man wiped off the patient's mouth as they dragged him through the door marked ELECTROLYSIS. Another man with a white coat on was also in there with his back turned toward them.

"Hey doc, here's the guy from Section C," Jeff informed him.

The doctor turned around and the two guards seemed to cringe from him. The doctor's large, white face seemed to be molded in a perpetual grin and his eyes were all red and puffy as if he had been laughing for days. He raised his pasty white arm and pointed at the patient and said, "You're next, kid."

SUBMIT

Submission can be fun



Chronicle is Clemson's literary and variety magazine, as you should know by now. But to print all this neat stuff, first we need to get it. The best way to do this is with a contest. Everybody loves contests, right? So here it is, the First Semi-Annual Chronicle Submission Contest! Contest rules: just send in your best poetry, fiction, art, and

features, with or without two boxtops of Captain Crunch, and the Chronicle staff* will choose the best submissions. The winners will receive: their name in print, along with their submissions; a FREE copy of Chronicle, Clemson's literary and variety magazine; and maybe even a Clemson Fish button. Send your entry in soon!

*Chronicle staff is a loosely tied group of creative people who need more creative people in order to put out a good magazine two times a year. What we need now is you. All we can offer is computer frustration, headaches from trying to deal with printing companies, a chance to be creative, and something that will look good on a

resume. But hey, it's lots of fun. Besides, you get to help judge the First Semi-Annual Chronicle Submissions Contest. If you are the least bit interested, call 656-2833 and we'll tell you where the office is. (Right now, even we don't know.)

...This generation today near college age—
I miss in them a sense of possibility.
—Hunter S. Thompson

...The obvious was hidden.
With nothing to believe in,
the compass always points
to Terrapin.

—Robert Hunter

It's not true unless it makes you laugh...
—Robert Anton Wilson & Robert Shea



GO FISH!

The Chronicle staff would
like to take this opportunity
to wish luck to the Clemson
Fish in their upcoming season

Paradise...
is exactly like
where you are right now,
only much... much...
better.

—Laurie Anderson

Argue
for your limitations,
and sure enough,
they're
yours.

—Richard Bach

—Wilson & Shea
You won't understand it until it makes you cry.

Judge not and ye shall not be judged:
Condemn not and ye shall not be condemned:
Forgive, and ye shall be forgiven.

—Jesus of Nazareth (Luke 7:37)

Jesus was alright but his disciples were thick
and they are the ones who ruined it for me.

—John Lennon

...And the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started
And know the place for the first time.
—T. S. Eliot

...and I still haven't found what I'm looking for.
—Bono

Imagination is more important than knowledge
—Albert Einstein

B.S.

A WORD FROM
OUR SPONSOR



S P R I N G 1 9 8 8

You
can be in
Chronicle!! see
inside back cover

CHRONICLE



Chronicle

Spring
1988

Est. 1897—Clemson University's Oldest Student Publication

Editorial

Sunlight & green grass that's nice on my old feet – I guess it's Spring fever – that called me outdoors a couple days ago, despite a prior engagement with a certain prof to learn the makings of a persuasion speech. After years of taking various classes at assorted institutes of "higher education," I once again found myself craving an education of a different kind.

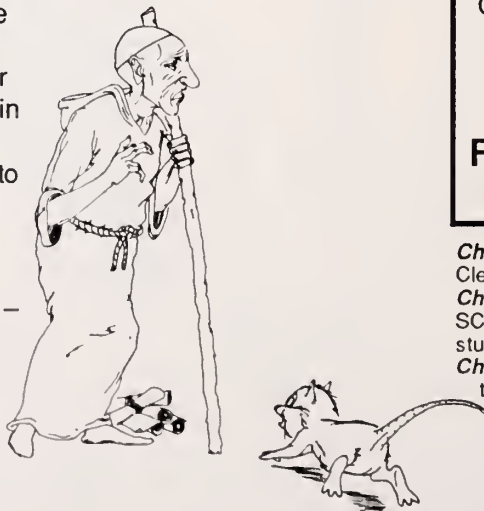
I journeyed to the nearby Chattooga River. I spent some hours observing another teacher, the sagacious & subliminal mother nature. I sat by a rapid called Bull Sluice. For those of you who don't endanger your lives with whitewater frolicking, the Bull may be an unknown entity. A certain rock that's earned the name Decapitation Rock lies hidden in the swirly shroud of white foam of the rapid. Perhaps this can give you an idea of the intensity with the river bumps & bounces through "the Bull."

Just before the Bull is a very peaceful section of river. The water flows easily, slow and strolling, carrying feelings of relaxation with it's soft song. Then the river changes. Big rocks stand in the way of it's progress. One looks like a frog that's big enough to leap over Strode Tower. Other, more people size rocks arrange themselves, or rather, fate has placed them in an interesting array, creating a quite challenging obstacle. All the river's width is forced to condense itself, to come together and get past the blocking attempts of the frog rock & the others. The river moves much faster. The soft song heightens into a sound that's more like Jimi Hendrix's screaming statements. The river falls a few feet transforming from peaceful into chaotic. A tumultuous flow of energy in transition from potential to kinetic form. Standing by the Bull, watching the water push over the rocks, the energy launches itself into the air so it can be felt.

We have experienced a Bull of our own. We haven't had rocks to tend with but obstacles of a different kind. We've taken over the task of type-setting and now do all of the layout ourselves via computer. We've learned to mold a magazine in four weeks. With Lisa Staton's talent we've learned to do things wonderfully fun with the graphics of the magazine we never even knew about before.

It's created a lot of energy. Or more correctly, put a lot of energy in motion. (Who's writing this? A physics major?!) We're excited about next year's Chronicles. We want to share our energy with you; give you a better magazine. We have visions of publishing more fingers of a hand than not, and give you more opportunities to submit your ideas, thoughts, feelings – poem-, art-, or fictionwise; more access to participating in your university variety magazine. We'd like to raise more money & bring color into our pages so we can better display your ideas.

Submit, it can be fun! Possum poetry, you know – about my friend here – & songs about sea creatures welcome (we don't discriminate on the basis of number of legs, amount of scales, or amount of slime production).



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Front Cover by Jack Welsh

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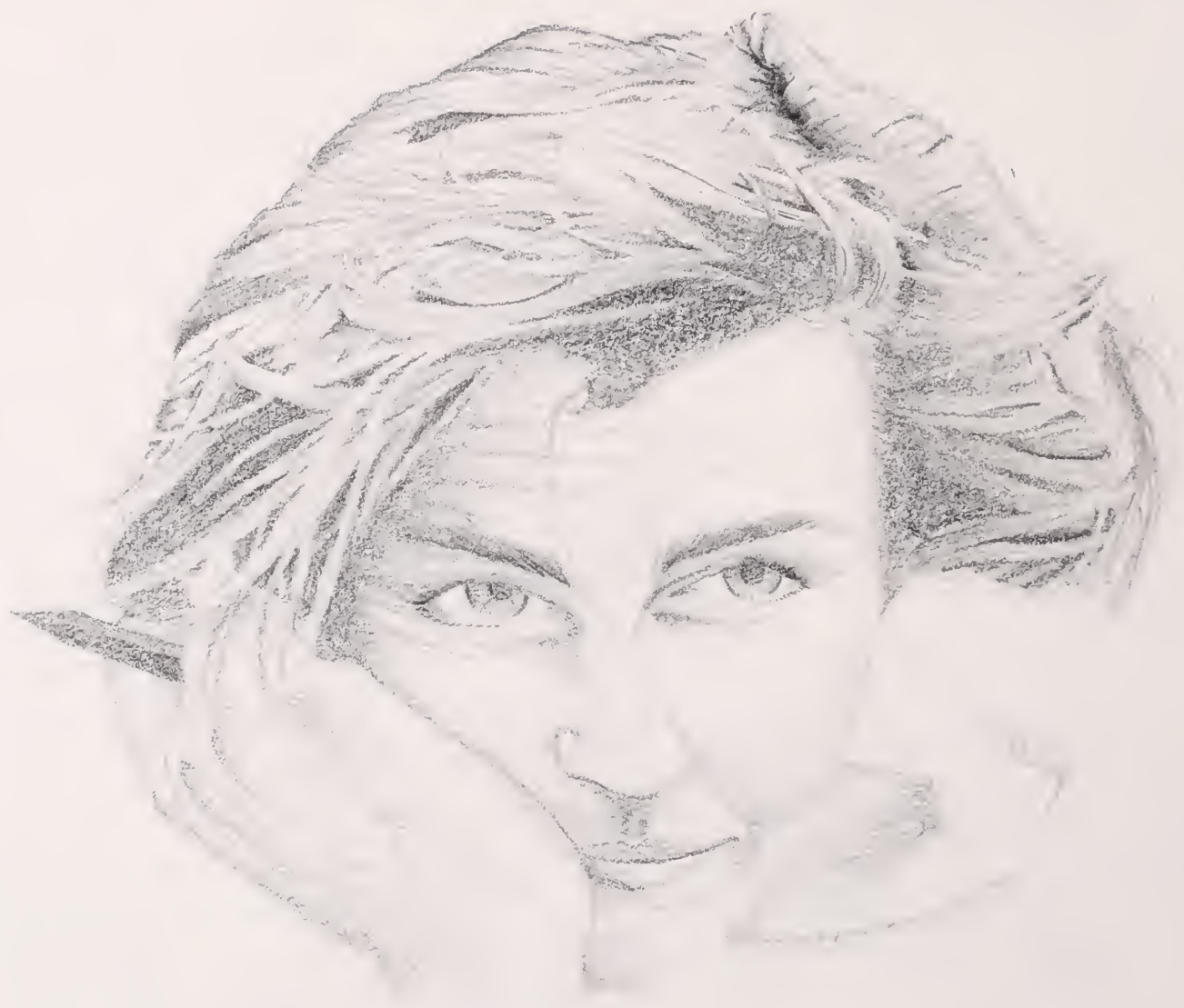
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Stephen Davis

Biff Lowry:

Private Investigator

John Mark Tomblin

Danson had been right when he called the place “a snake-pit” before. Dino’s Place was a little hole in the ground located within the deepest recesses of the shadowy east side of the city. I wasn’t three steps inside of the door before I realized why the place had become refuge to some of the meanest characters to ever slide into this town. The space between the stained carpet and the low ceiling had all the feeling of a two foot crawl space underneath an old house.

An old dilapidated farm house.

In the middle of a hot and dry summer.

A good place for snakes.

The city was the house and this was one of the places where its darkest and most secretive creatures liked to hide. There was an atmosphere almost palpable. A stinking shadow, humid and sour, that wrapped itself around the room and lay there, silent and heavy. I don’t know, it could have been just the smell of rotten beer in the heat. I lit a cigarette and let the acrid smoke fill my throat and nostrils.

It took about five good whacks before I got the information I needed. I had decided that either Jimmy or the brick wall I was abusing with the back of his head was going to talk. Not having much faith in the wall, I was glad when Jimmy decided to open up.

“All right. Okay.” he moaned, “What is it you want from me, Lowry?”

“Just a name, Jimmy. Who was it you helped with that job last night?”

“What job? I was at home all last night with my girlfriend.”

“Be careful, Jimmy. Accessory to kidnapping can get you life, you know.”

I was lying, but then again so was Jimmy. He’s much too ugly to have a girlfriend.

“Kidnapping, Lowry? You’ve got to be fucking kidding me.”

I helped Jimmy with his tie. It looked a little loose.

“All right,” he wheezed, “Okay.”

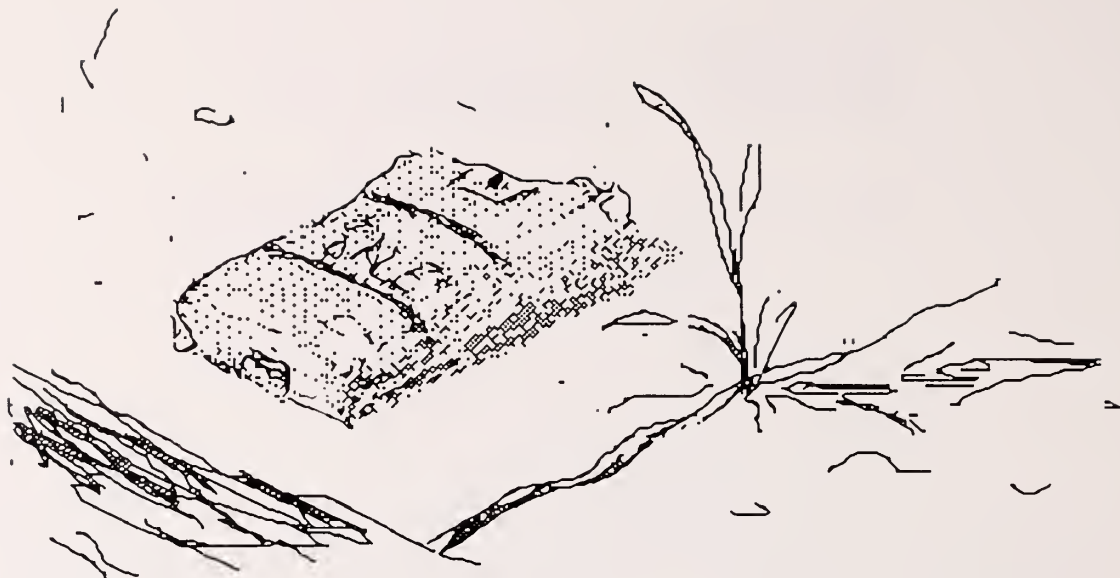
I got the name. After a quick stop by the police station and a talk with Danson I had the face and the place.

I took a booth in the back of Dino’s and ordered a double bourbon with crushed ice. After a couple of swallows I began to relax and ready myself for a long wait. Leaning back in my seat and resting my head, with half-closed eyes I kept a careful watch on the room.

“It’s not that we wouldn’t go to the police, you understand.”

“But we know how they work, Mr. Lowry. It’s just too risky.”

I had seen them even before they had come into my office that morning. Them, or at least others just like them. Young, successful, prosperous and assured in their world-class cars and beautiful homes on the other side of the tracks. Aspiring members of the new order, well on their way to fulfilling their neat little dreams of fame, fortune, and family. They fit the type perfectly. Both in their early thirties, he with his slightly aging but still impressive football All-American physique, handsome three piece suit, and gold Rolex watch, she with her willowy yet womanly cheerleader’s figure, bountiful blonde hair a shade lighter than her silk pantsuit, and diamond solitaire that must have cost four times more than the Rolex.



Give a high school yearbook's most popular couple about fifteen years and you'll have what was sitting in front of my desk. Nice to look at, yeah, but that morning they looked like everybody else who's ever come to me looking for help; a way to pay the rent.

"Our lawyer referred you to us, Mr. Lowry. He doesn't exactly approve of some of your methods, but they are, he said, effective."

"We'll pay you well. Kelsey is our only child and most precious possession. We don't want to see her hurt."

The only witness to the crime had been the housekeeper, but she had a good enough description of one of the goons to give me the lead I needed. The case seemed simple enough. It was just a matter of getting it done in time.

"Mr. and Mrs. DeVane, you've got yourselves a detective. I'll be in touch."

It was a half pack of cigarettes, a couple more double bourbons, and about three hours later when my man finally showed up. I watched him ease up to the bar through the bottom of my glass. He was young, probably about twenty-five, but Danson had shown me a rap sheet on him about as long as my arm. He talked with the bartender for a few minutes before settling down to sip on his whiskey sour. I never have been able to respect a man who would adulterate his liquor with that crap.

After a while I checked my watch and, on a hunch, went outside to wait. This guy worked nights and, unless this was his night off, he wouldn't be wasting much more time in the bar.

It wasn't the type of crime you ran into very often but there were a few characters who made a pretty good living off it. I remembered back when I was still on the force. Danson and I had been assigned to give a going over to a house that one of these lowlifes had been using as a halfway house. The place was a mess and, although the operation had been moved at least a week before, the back room still stunk of urine and feces. When I'm working I'm all business, but I couldn't help but stop and think about the victims locked in that room, taken from their homes in the middle of the night, alone and frightened...

The people that funded this guy's scam probably didn't know what kind of person they were dealing with. He or a partner set themselves up as a respectable agency in some other town. They provided their clients with the objects of love and affection that they had always wanted; at a nice little profit to themselves, of course.

My hunch was right. It wasn't twenty minutes before he came skulking out of the bar, hands and face buried deep in the refuge of his black leather jacket even though the night air must have been topping eighty

degrees. I moved in his direction and at the last moment stepped directly into his path. The sidewalk was empty and he stopped, looked at me coldly for about two seconds, then made a move to go around me. Unfortunately, his progress was impeded by something that bore an awful resemblance to my foot. I meant to help him up, but he was stupid enough to try and use the knife he had stashed in the right hand pocket of his jacket. I grabbed his wrist and applied a little maneuver I had learned in cadet training. We called it "bite the dust," only the sidewalk wasn't paved with dust and this guy was having a hard time biting it. I let him gnaw on it for a while, got rid of the knife, and slapped on the handcuffs I'd brought along.

"Hey, you ain't no cop," he whined.

"Too bad for you," I said.

I dragged him into the nearest alley. I thought about giving him the same treatment that I'd given Jimmy, but decided to be nice first.

"All right, punk. Where's she at?"

"I don't know what you're talkin' about, man."

"You know what I'm talking about. Last night—1400 Harborview Road. Didn't Jimmy let you know I'd be looking for you?"

"That little bastard. I should have known I couldn't trust that son of a bitch!"

I didn't like hearing him talk about my friend that way and I told him so. It took him a few seconds to refocus his eyes.

"Where's she at, punk?"

"Right at the end of this alley, man."

Sure enough, there it was. I dragged him back to the van, took his keys, then unlocked and slid back the door. She was lying there sleeping like she was in her own home. I had no doubt that she'd been drugged. I found an old blanket in the back of the van, wrapped her in it, and layed her on the ground. She whimpered a little but didn't wake.

I picked up the trash and threw him in the back of the van.

"What are you gonna do now, man?"

"Like you said, I'm not a cop. I can't put you away for good, but I can put you away for a while."

I unlocked one of the cuffs and fed it through a rack he had attached to the driver's seat, then snapped it back on his wrist.

"Sorry for the inconvenience, pal," I said as I slid shut the door. I locked it and pocketed the keys.

Picking up my little bundle, I headed out of the

alley. By the time I reached the street I could barely hear him cursing me.

Mrs. DeVane sounded positively ecstatic on the phone.

"Hurry up, Mr. Lowry. Please. It's been a genuine nightmare waiting."

All the lights were on in the house when I drove up and the entire family greeted me at the door: Mr. and Mrs. DeVane, the housekeeper, and even little six year old Kelsey.

I'm a tough man, understand. You have to be tough in my line of work. But when I unwrapped that tattered blanket and brought out that groggy eyed, wrinkled, little Shar Pei puppy, Kelsey's eyes radiated enough pure happiness to melt my heart like a stick of butter.

"Betsy!" she squealed as I put the puppy on the floor. I guess it was a good thing it had been drugged or else I don't know how that little dog would have survived the hugging that Kelsey laid on it.

"Thank you so much, Mr. Lowry. You've done us a great service. We'll have your check in the mail tomorrow morning."

I usually ask for cash, but I guess it was just the moment.

"That will be fine, Mr. DeVane. Good night."

• • •

This is a strange business I'm in. Most of the time you're not on anybody's side. You're just a handyman, a pawn. Then when you are on somebody's side, too often it's the black hat you end up wearing. Tonight I got to wear the white hat and let me tell you, it felt pretty damn good.



Bash Riprock's

"Come as you are"

In the Mini-Mall
654-2274

(we deliver)

Poet Spotlight

Beth Lyons' poetry has appeared regularly in the *Chronicle* since its resurrection in the spring of 1986. Her work has also been featured in other campus publications including *Variety*, a magazine published by *The Tiger*. In the spring of 1985, the first poem below was judged by James Dickey to be the winner of the *Variety* poetry contest. For the first time it appears as fully intended by the author. Beth is a junior majoring in English at Clemson. Besides writing poetry, she enjoys reading, baking and cooking, and cleaning up after her housemates who affectionately refer to her as a "domestic goddess."

captured the sea in a plastic frame
hung it upon a wall of white
turned it into something less:
a glow-in-the-dark jesus
crucified the modern way
disected, bisected, public display
impaled by a ray of light:
a thing without a name

no ozzie nelson bomb shelter
no june-like pearls
nikes
and calvins
and make believe girls
no elvis albums
or d. a. hair —
scratch my surface
there's nothing there:
a vietnam war movie
a psychedelic fashion daze
just a touch of purple haze
a little too much acid rain...
has melted away that idyllic brain

name the colors between silver
and steel
where does love go
in the night
answer for the ancient youth
answer for me in sharp red edging

“bleed me in the dark
here, another vein
each drop kills the morning”
scrape a childhood dream
from my womb
dash it upon the hearth

give me a glimpse of your
hopes and goals
just a memory to call my own
lend me a smile
i'll don it like
the Emperor's new clothes
a scrap for my scrapbook
flip through the pages
rummage in my mind —
who do you see

ever been chased by
a moped from hell,
headlight dripping venom,
red sardonic eyes,
stabbing nuclear missile
silos
in your back —
well . . .
i have.
lots of times

Beth Lyons

Clemson University



On Founder's Day, April 6, 1988, the university celebrated the one-hundredth anniversary of Thomas Green Clemson's death. It was through the special terms in his will that Clemson Agricultural College came to be. Of course, now we know this institution as Clemson University.

For the next eighteen months, the Centennial of Clemson University will continue, directing its focus on the early events which founded the university. Also the special interests of Thomas Green Clemson which still influence the direction of the university will be presented as part of each of the next four semesters.

"The University and the Arts," the focus for Spring 1988, has featured a lecture by nationally loved Diva, Beverly Sills as well as special concerts and performances.



Student housing for pre-fabricated marriages

Centennial

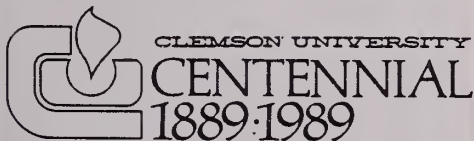
— A Celebration

by Michael J. Lusk

Fall 1988 will see a focus on "The University and the Sciences" including a lecture by John McKetta, a skill chemical engineer.

"The University and Economics," slated for Spring 1989, features Nobel Prize recipient George Stigler.

William F. Buckley, Jr., nationally syndicated columnist, is scheduled to appear during Fall 1989 as part of that semester's focus on "The University and the Wider World." Later that semester, the Centennial will conclude with a campus-wide celebration on Acceptance Day, November 27. This is one hundred years after the South Carolina State Legislature approved of the provisions in Thomas Green Clemson's will.



Clemson cadets choose a homecoming queen.



The barracks were replaced by Johnstone, for better or worse.



My God! Where's the P-Plant building?

The old ME building. Rumor has it that it was transported brick by brick from Switzerland.



Charlie and Blanche relax in South Carolina's "smartest" hotel.

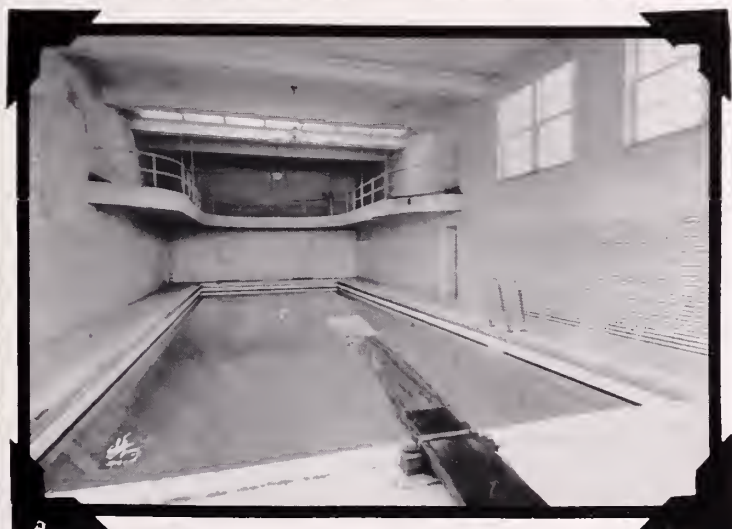
Lines for Harcombe?





The original reflection pond

**The demolition of the old fertilizer building
to make way for Olin Hall.
Go figure.**



**The pool behind the glass bricks.
Wow! It had water in it!**

Sikes library



Special thanks to Special Collections in the Library for all their help with the pictures used in this spread.

The Third Triad

*Today I felt a piece of nothing
I never think I will again
Because after I felt it, it went away
I eat dessert and scrape the dirt and wonder who is feeling hurt
 This time I'm hoping velvet walls
 Maybe a flower floating call
 This better be better, I'm betting it all
Lacing laughs lighter toward even time
I swallow the effort in time for the crime
 Yesterday's seen like a plaster garage
 Fit for the plasticene like leather gloves
 I fell toward the door in fits of rage
 I'm liking it better since it started to rain
 Never, never, forever again
 Yellow and gold locked in a pen
 If we get it all, when?
This is a message for messenger's suns
If you can hear me, you might be the ones
We're losing our mother like glass onion grenades
Our lives are dying and needing third-aid
 Let's forget winning until it's all done
 It's time for the start of lifes just begun
 Let's do it better before we have none*

Jack Welsh

DECEMBER 1, 1987

*The world today is our creation
A common link divides the nations
The fear that we cannot control
a rolling donut, we're thhe hole*

*Discovery of something bold
is this I feel a natural cold
The money spent to ease our woes
Our treaties satiate our foes*

*My reflection seen at night
Do our faces reflect the fright
The saliency of the super powers
says "settle back and count your hours"*

*My world is an imperfect place
The disconcerting human race
Is this what he above intended
create it all for us to end it*

*Inspired for a place to be
I want to choose my destiny*

RC Moore

RC Moore



Chuck Munson

Bury Me With Tartar Sauce

*I'm dying, and they send me shrimp?
Your pink skin is that shade
of human flesh
I wonder if while you were floating
around in the ocean,
You ever thought such refined sophisticates
would be feasting upon you.
I question if I too, will serve
as some form of cuisine for a
life force higher than mine own.
Homestyle or gourmet.*

Kim Hagerich

FLY SUNNING

*Theres a green fly
lying on the counter
sunning
in the flourescent light*

*I know hes sunning
hes laying
on his back*

*Flys dont do that usually
unless of course
theyre sunning*

Julia Sisk

Julia Sisk

Rumples

*Rumples is a little elf
He perches on a dusty shelf
He has not died
He only sleeps
Silent, pondering secrets he keeps
The moon is out, the sky is clear
Only listening ears can hear
As Rumples stirs from his dream
Space is alive and the heavens gleam
He sprinkles his magic dust on all
Waiting for the Blue Fairy's call
But clouds begin to cross the skies
Rumples closes sleepy eyes
His mind begins to lock away
Secrets from the approaching day
Morning dawns, sparkling and new
The Dream has ended
No trace, no clue.*

Beverly Cooper-Gunter

*Children at play
i win
you cheated
i'm the best
you always cheat
i can beat you up
Oh yeah?*

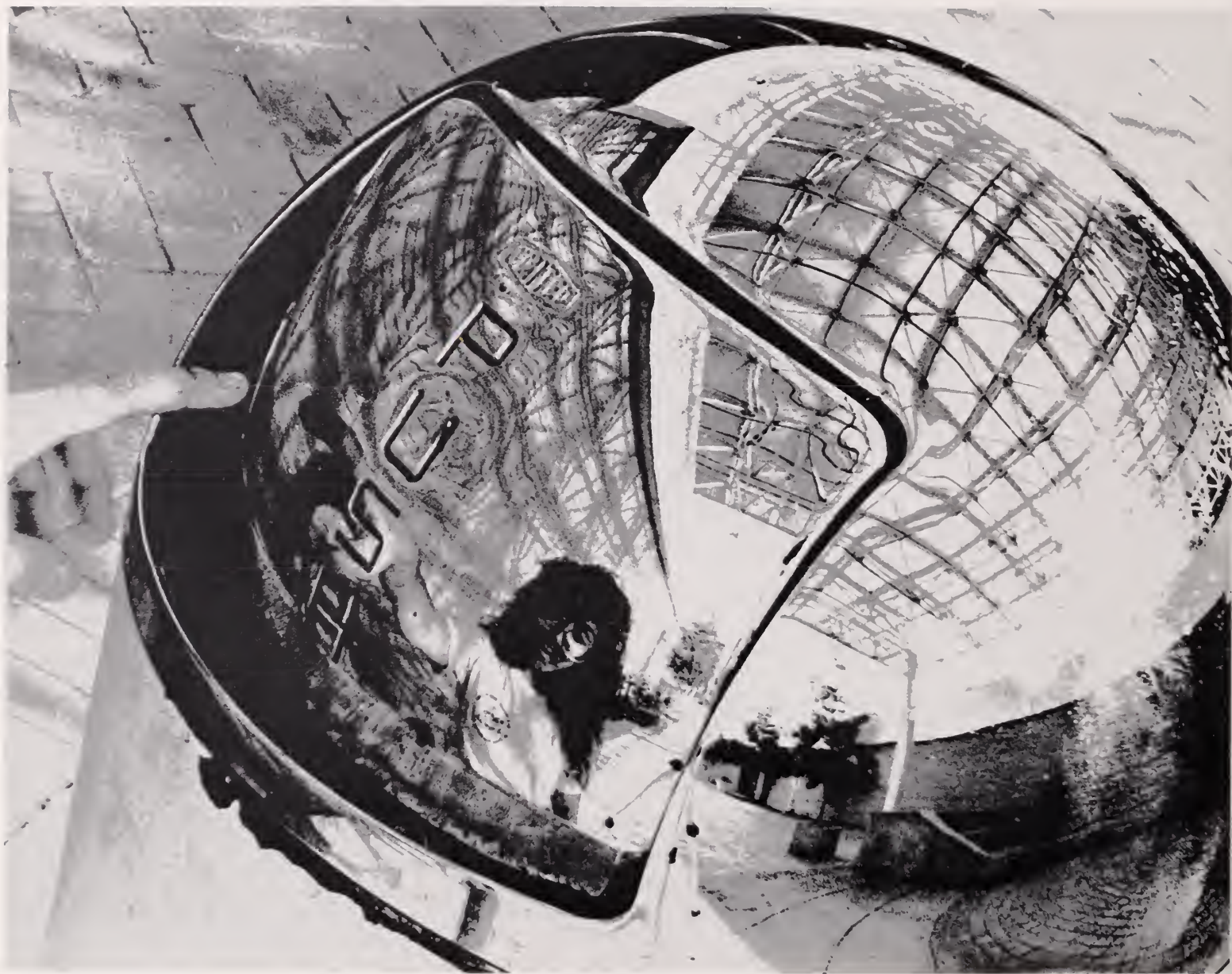
*a black-eyed boy
escapes into the men's room*

Harry Conner

*Set me free
make me 10
a yellow school bus
the red haired girl
I promise I'll
never do it again
Santa isn't real . . .
is he?*

Harry Conner

Harry Conner



Lisa Staton

Fools In Paradise

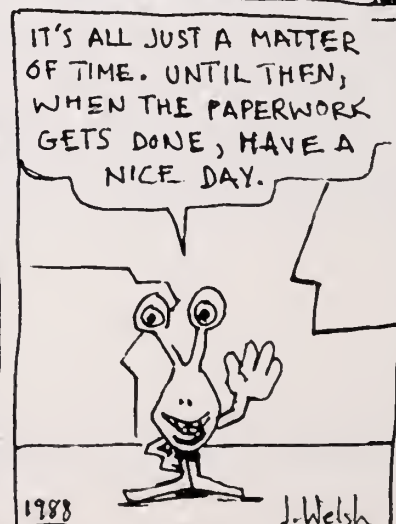
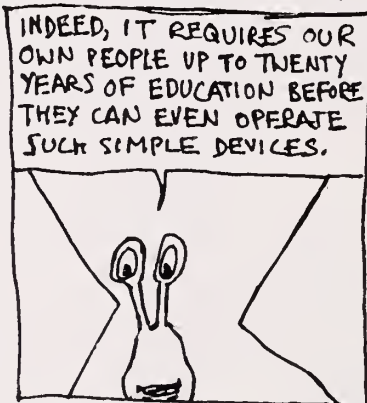
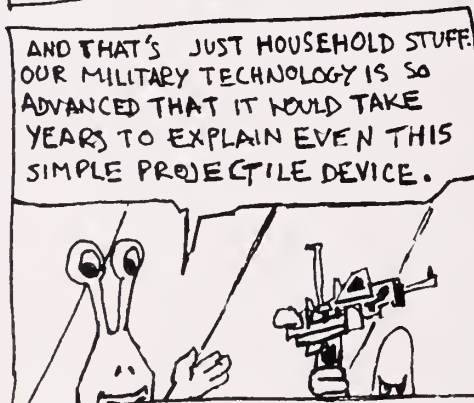
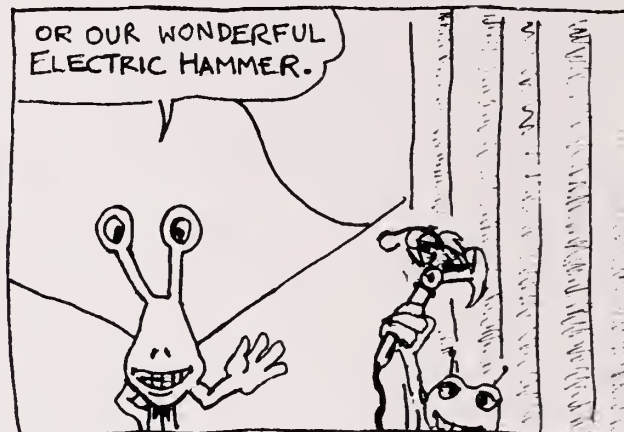
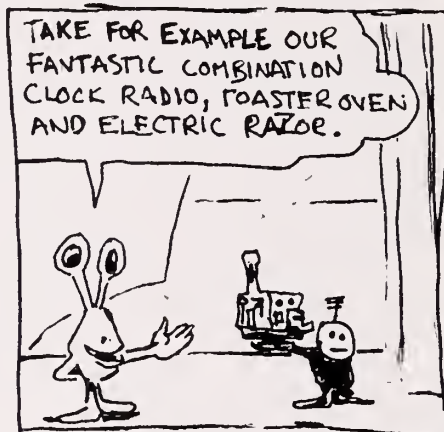
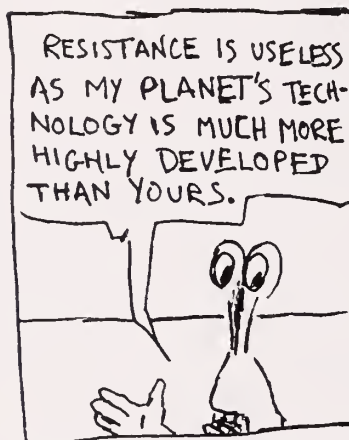
*Who — you?
Je ne sais quois
No problems here
Smooth streamline pace
No surprises — a cloudless cerulean sky
Relax — get a tan!
There's never trouble in Paradise
Umbrella in your drink!
Rain can't fall on your head
Tinkling ice catches flashing gold
From Indian brown throat
In a rose colored glass
Each lulling wave holds for your view
An aquatic mirror of your Graces
Lovely Narcissus
Of your exquisite form stretched long
And proportioned across the warm bleached sand
Life is . . . the color of your drink!
You grandiloquize
It is sweet and bountiful and unblemished
And specious and ornamental
As the pink fruit precariously perched
On the rim of your glass.*

Beverly Cooper-Gunter

*the earth was cold and dull.
we sought new Play Ground in the universe*

*used jupiter's moons in Marble Games
made Hoola Hoops with saturn's rings
had Free fluid Dancing in solar fires
Swam the milky way back to
The Globe. then
when the New Age came
they said No Children Allowed!
we weren't a part of the New Solution Revolution
made a Toy of Chance!
we had traded all our Time
for a velvet bag of stars
and the point of Looking at them.*

Beverly Cooper-Gunter



Lithuanians Steal Thirty-Six Pages of Popular Tabloid Undaunted Publishers Go To Press Anyway

**Clem's Son's
NEWS**

55¢

**Exclusive
Photos!!**

**Hundreds Expelled
From Virgins' Club
After Convention**

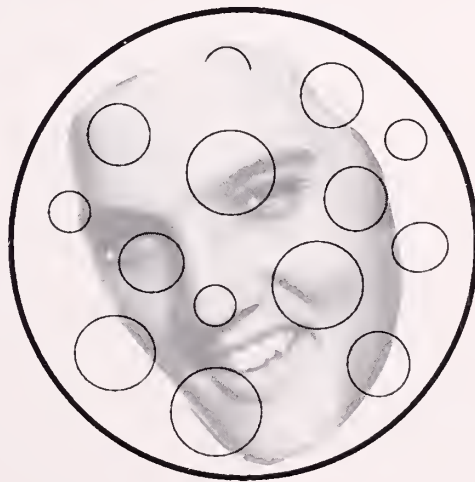
Over 4,000 Readers Confused Every Issue

Amazed Housewife Claims:

Image of Elvis Cured My Cancer

**"I looked in my pizza, and there was The King,"
Says Miracle Woman**

**Don't Like
Your Major?
Check Your
Horoscope!**



**Dolphins Plan to
Attack Beach in
Daring Raid, Say
Scientists**

**Alien Space Baby
Raised by Wolves
Reveals Miracle
Yeti Diet**

**Warning:
Orange Dye Causes
Cancer in Graduate
Students, Study
Reveals**

**Ohio Man Killed in
Shower— by Surge
in Water Pressure!**

**Graduate Assistant
Butchers Sleeping
Student in Class**



Man Dies From Surge in Water Pressure

Zanesville, Ohio, was rocked Tuesday by a freak surge in water pressure that killed a man and caused numerous accidents around the small farming community.

Jack Kincaid was found dead after the incident in what his wife described as "a living hell." "One second, Jack's taking a shower, and the next second, he's gone," said the bereaved Edna Kincaid.

The surge was so strong that "holes were ripped into the man's body," according to medical examiner Mortimer Sneed.

No one knows what caused the surge, but Central Ohio Waterworks spokesman George Scalding guessed that clogged pipes probably played a major role in the tragedy. "The rest of the country has been using four-inch pipes for years, and I knew those

half-inchers were an accident waiting to happen," Scalding said.

The surge also caused the town fountain to explode, raining colored water on motorists along Highway 46. Fire hydrants around town also burst, killing one dog and causing major damage to the local Dairy Queen.

Most residents in Zanesville felt lucky to survive the ordeal, although many citizens expressed concern at the prospect of taking their next shower.

by Otis T. Lawson

Youth Prefers Petroleum to Pepsi

Eight-year-old Freddy Furlough never paid much attention to a skull and crossbones, a "DANGER: POISON" label or his mother's stern warnings. At the age of two, he learned that he had a unique taste in the beverage department when he gulped a bottle of ammonia - and enjoyed it!

The Sheffield, England, lad plays football and cricket with his playmates like any other kid. But while refreshment time for most kids means milk and cookies, tea and crackers or cola and chips, little Freddie Furlough prefers a tall glass of isopropyl rubbing alcohol and a peanut butter and jelly sandwich - with the crusts cut off!

"Eventually, I just had to get used to it," said Tracey Furlough, a factory chicken inspector and Freddy's mother. "I knew that he hated Kool-Aid and tea, so I just had to make some alterations to my grocery list."

These "alterations" that Tracey speaks of amount to some four gallons of gasoline per week, along with 10 gallons of kerosene, six gallons of liquid arsenic and 14 gallons of turpentine - just to keep Freddy's thirst quenched. Such a grocery bill can get quite expensive, but Tracey says that

Your Horoscope Could Be Your Best Academic Adviser

Are you frustrated by your major? The reason may be that you've chosen one which is incompatible with your astrological sign. This guide will show you what majors are most suited to your sun-sign.

Aries (Mar 21-Apr 19)

Your main interest is in POWER, which could be realized best in majors such as physics, the study of power, or in political science, the study of power over people. Or if you just want power on a small scale, major in management.

Taurus (Apr 20-May 20)

Your main instincts lie along the paths of Nature and general comfort. Good majors for Taurans include horticulture (maybe turfgrass) and animal science. To keep up with your material comfort, maybe a couple of classes in financial management would help.

Gemini (May 21-June 20)

Gemini, the great communicator, should thrive as an English or communications major. Also, since you have the vitality to survive at a teaching job, an education major may be in your stars.

Cancer (June 21-July 22)

With your interest in the home and security, you may make a good architecture major. That will give you two homes—yours and Lee Hall. Your love of money, for its inherent security, may find refuge in an economics or financial management major.

Leo (July 23-Aug 22)

With your desire for recognition, the best field to get into would be elementary education, where the children still look upon the

teacher as a god. If you can stand the rigors of pre-med, that should also work because people always respect doctors.

Virgo (Aug 23-Sept 22)

Your main concern is to be a helper of humanity. A nursing major may be just the thing, if you can stand working with a Leonine doctor. If not, food science can give you the opportunity to help people and still be "behind the scenes."

Libra (Sept 23-Oct 22)

Since you love to talk to people, a foreign language major will allow you to talk to even more people, especially since talking is required in some of the classes. A pre-law major is the best use for that incredible double-sided argumentative logic of yours.

Continued on page 4

Continued on page 4

Dolphins Planning to Attack Myrtle Beach, Scientist Says

Marine biologists revealed the horrifying plans of seemingly harmless dolphins to attack the Carolina capital of decadence, Myrtle Beach—in May of this year!

The scientists clandestinely recorded the dialogue of the devious dolphins in their domain off the coast of the sunny Southern state and translated the mischievous mammals' scheme.

Scientist B. A. Cooper-Gunter informed reporters of the cetaceans' strategem to use their capabilities of echolocation to seek and maul sea-swimmers this spring. May is the busiest month, when thousands of revelers gather to bask, blow bucks and paint the town red—and the water, too.

The conspiracy was inspired by the dolphins' disgust at the dealings in the lenient locale, especially the lack of consideration for water conditions and inhabitants. Dozens of their companions washed up on the Grand Strand in January, dead from exposure to pollutants dumped by thousands of uncaring tourists and profiteering proprietors.

Scientists assert that the mammals may have a stricter ethical code than humans and may be more intelligent than we assume. According to major researchers, dolphins even have special signals they use when in distress to alert their companions, bringing other benevolent beasts to the scene to help. They have no behavior similar to human "bystander apathy."

The animals use another uncanny communicative device to locate each other, a sound which bounces off

objects around them so that they know where they are. Aquanauts describe dolphins as "truly compassionate creatures and good neighbors," because they also use this signal to scan each other's bodies to learn the emotional states of their cohorts. Yet, using these and other abilities not completely understood even by highbrows, the dolphins have decided to avenge the redhanded deaths of their friends by launching their supposed assailants into eternity also.

"They have good reason to be upset," said Cooper-Gunter of the potential attackers, "but in their grief they have failed to realize that their targets may not

necessarily be their true foes. This terrible slaughter must be prevented, and the tragic exploitation of our oceans must be stopped."

Scientists are hurriedly preparing a message reproducing the communication signals used by the dolphins in an attempt to bargain with them for peace. Environmentalists have claimed that they intend to ally themselves with the antagonists, while Washington has warned that the National Guard will be present at Myrtle Beach to thwart the plans of the malcontent mammals.

by Beverly Cooper-Gunter

Officials Announce New Threat to Campus

Physical Plant authorities announced recently that the beaver problem has been successfully resolved and that they have started on their newest media hype campaign.

"There are a lot of those pests around campus, and they are starting to cause a lot of damage," stated Billy Parker, P-Plant director. "These wild cats on campus could be spreading dangerous diseases to students, we know, but if we don't do something quickly, they might hurt the trees. The university pays a lot to keep those trees, and it's our job to see that nothing hurts them."

"We plan to go exactly by the book on this problem," he continued, citing Clemson University regulations. "If anything damages any trees, we have to go out and trap them. If the traps kill them, that just makes our

job easier."

When asked about the types of traps used, Mr. Parker said that these particular traps will kill the kittens mercifully.

"We bait the traps with little balls of string. When one of these wild cats goes after the string, this springs the trap, which mashes its little head like a zit." (See photo, page 8.)

"Besides, these cats can't belong to anyone, since University rules forbid the owning of pets on campus. So what we're doing can in no way be seen as wrong. After we get rid of all these cats, which are very hazardous to trees, mind you, we're going to start eradicating the worst hazard to trees anywhere on campus—the things that any tree lover fears—drunken

Continued on page 8

The Mysteries of Java



The Many Cups We Drink From

Man is not just an isolated entity on Earth. He is also part of a greater world—the world of the *Sacred Bean*. The forces that create galaxies and island universes also flow through man's being. The Sacred Bean and its vital phenomenon are of the same spectrum of energy of which all life consists. Stripping away the mystery of these cosmic forces within the Sacred Bean increases the personal reality of the *Goddess Caffeina*. There is no adventure greater than the exploration of the Goddess Caffeina.

This Free Book

The Goddess Caffeina, and her consort Cremora, have shown dozens of men and women how to awaken within themselves the inner world of the Goddess. A vast world of energy lies just within your own grinder. It is a link with your potential vitality and fulfillment. Write today for a free copy of the *Mastery of Java*. It tells you how you can learn more about what you drink.

The Javacrucians are:

- Not Secular
- Not Political
- Not awake before 9AM

USE THIS COUPON

Scribe DRS
JAVACRUCIAN ORDER, CAFFN
Javacrucian Park, Box 908
Clemson, SC 29633, USA

Javacrucians:

Please send me a copy of *The Mastery of Java*. I am sincerely interested.

Name
Address
..... Zip

The Javacrucians
Yes, a religious organization.

Poison Drinker

Continued from page 2

the family is making ends meet just fine, thank you. Freddy's father, Leonard, a bicycle repairman, has had to work a second job as a cab driver because "that boy drinks too bloody much gasoline. Me Fiat don't drink that much, for golly sake."

The Furloughs have taken Freddy to the top doctors and specialists in England. Even toxicologists have been at a loss to explain why Freddy tolerates, and thrives on, chemicals that could wipe out an entire county.

"We believe it may have something to do with his stomach lining," said Dr. Rion Dixon. "We think it might be made of a derivative of titanium. This whole thing could be genetic, since both the boy's father and great-grandfather worked in a steel mill for years."

But why does little Freddy drink these fluids if he doesn't have to? Freddy was unable to tell us why, since a Black Flag drinking binge destroyed his vocal chords last October.

"He just likes the taste of these things," Tracey said. "Plus, I think it's much better for him than those sugary soft drinks."

"Personally, I think he's getting buzzed on the stuff," said Janey Freshwater, Freddy's second grade teacher. "I see him chugging kerosene from his thermos in between classes.

The Moon Is Made of Cheese!

Former astronaut and leading NASA official Nell Arms says he is sure the moon is made of cheese — and reveals that he has eaten it himself, with crackers.

"Without a doubt, our moon really is made of cheese," Nell declared in an exclusive interview.

"NASA is trying to keep this classified but I felt the public deserved to know."

Nell discovered the cheese folly while participating in the most recent moon excavation last month.

"Our mission was to collect soil samples. After the first day of collecting samples we were all tired and hungry. I decided to try some of the cheese tubes prepared for us by NASA,

but somehow instead of the cheese I ate a soil sample.

"The scary thing was I didn't even notice until I was finished."

"It was then that I decided that something strange was going on."

Nell said it was also then that he decided to keep a soil sample to perform his own analysis on.

"I really didn't want to go behind NASA's back, but when they denied any knowledge that the moon's soil was the equivalent of earth cheese I sent my sample to a Hickory Farms research lab.

"The lab results were conclusive; the soil was cheese. No one can deny it now. Sorry NASA!!!"

by Eileen Counihan

If They Can't Take a Joke... by Kenneth



I think he needs it to keep him going."

So doctors will continue to search for the secret to Freddy Furlough's unique taste for "deadly" liquids. But even if they never find an answer, there are plenty of others being offered by the citizens of Sheffield.

"I think he's the Antichrist," said Klaus Lutzky, a butcher's apprentice.

"The lad's from outer space," said Loretta Malone, a housewife and mother of three, none of whom can gulp turpentine. "He's simply not from around here, I'll tell you that much."

by Tom Meares

Astrological Advisor

Continued from page 2

Scorpio

(Oct 23-Nov 21)

Why are you even looking at this? You already know that Psychology or Sociology is what you want to major in.

Sagittarius

(Nov 22-Dec 21)

Since this is basically the "higher form" of Gemini, majors dealing with communication will be ideal. Also, Sagittarians make excellent philosophers, so look into that as a major.

Capricorn

(Dec 22-Jan 19)

This is the sign of success. Your major should either be the one that will bring in the most money after graduation, or either Management. Economics is a good major for someone who is on the way to a successful professional life.

Aquarius

(Jan 20-Feb 18)

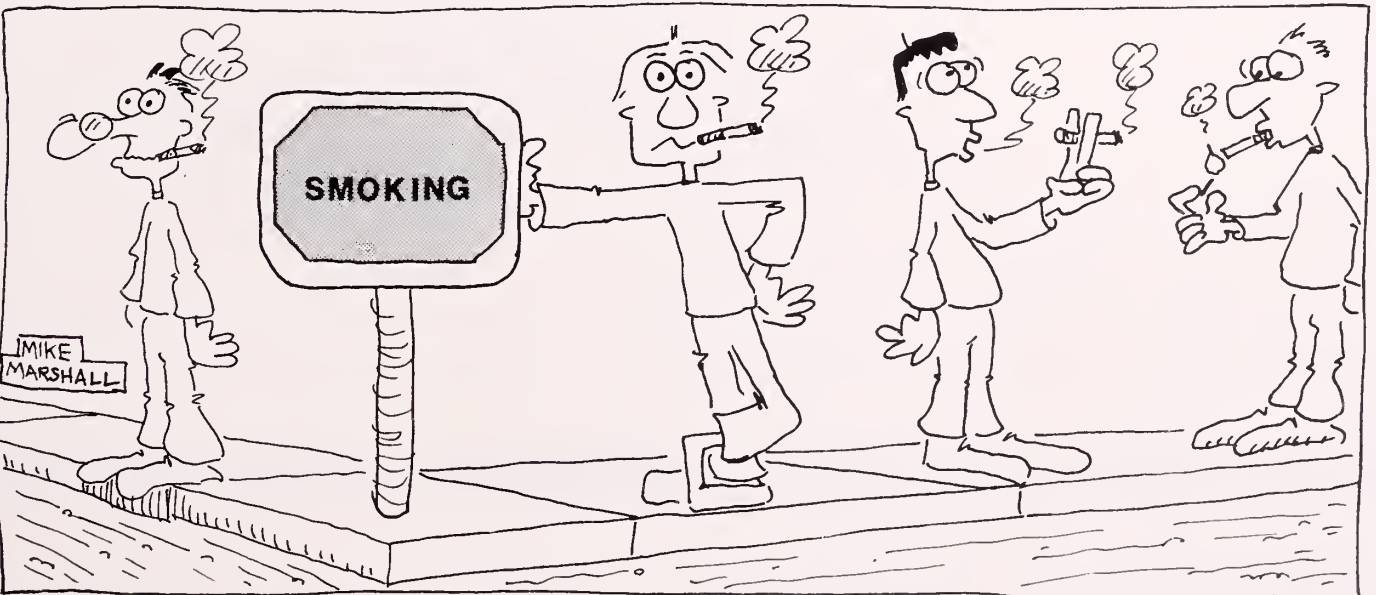
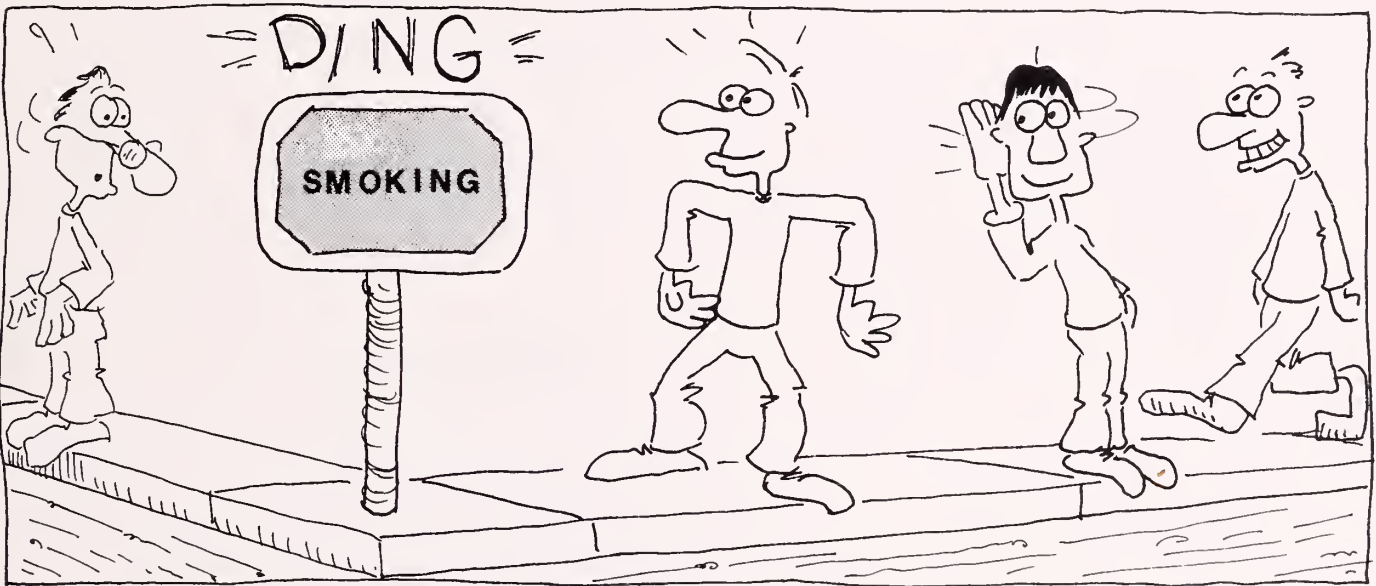
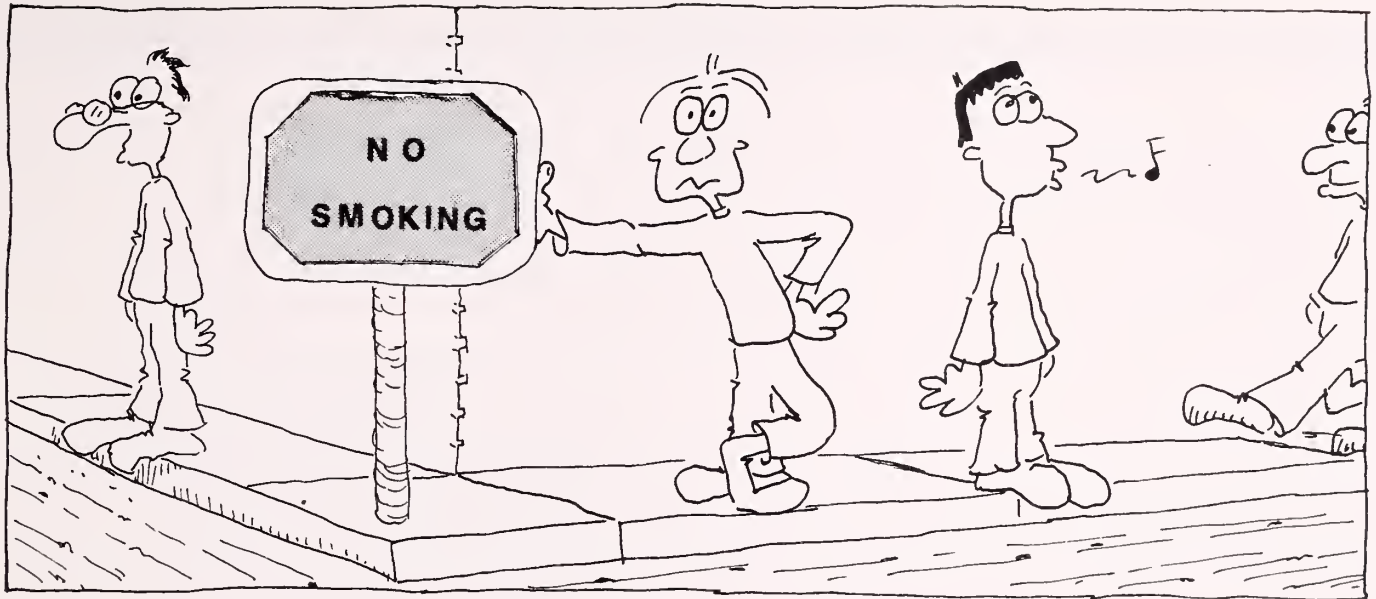
You are the type who will take courses in everything and hope that eventually they will fill a major. Expect to be undeclared for a least six years or until they come up with a Renaissance major, whichever comes first.

Pisces

(Feb 19-Mar 20)

This is the sign most concerned with the gestalt of the universe. Either become a Religion or Parapsychology major or get addicted to major drugs and let someone else take care of you. You'll be happy either way.

by Lilian Reardon



*And from seedlings we were born,
thrust into this world,
together,
separate,
as flesh and blood,
love and hate.*

*And as we grew
together,
apart,
you became the oak,
billowing against the blue canopy of the sky;
while i,
i became the bushes
surrounding your roots,
your weaknesses,
protecting them from harm.*

*And when day broke;
sunlight bursting from the horizon
with its blinding beams of glory
skimming your highest branches;
your leaves of success,
you stood there,
soaking in the warm praises
(the sun shone on you,
you, only you,
for you never failed,
i never succeeded)
too dazzled to see me,
hidden,
forever hidden,
in the shadows of your life.*

ane

Abject Lessons

*She looks at me now
From about a thousand miles away
With a clinical dispassion grown ever more objective
With every mile between me and her
And some that didn't register on my odometer.
I'm another in a series of object lessons
Thrown in her path, somehow predestined
To reveal herself to her . . . sure.
Ain't it wonderful how far you can see
When your eyes are closed? Oh,
It's wonderful how clearly you can see me
When there's no way to shoot a close-up.*

Thomas F. Ruckelshaus

Thomas F. Ruckelshaus

Control

Richard Davis

"All right class, since it's Friday, thought experiment day, I'll start off the discussion with a question—if you wanted to control large numbers of people, how would you go about it?"

I always liked Dr. Robinson's political science classes. His lectures were almost always interesting, and because of this hardly anyone ever cut his class. Especially on Fridays.

He called on someone in the second row.

"First I'd organize a group of people who agreed with my ideas and we'd attack the present government and hopefully win control of the population."

"Well, there are many ways of *gaining* control, but what I'm mainly asking about is keeping power once you've gotten it. Yes—Miss Simpson, is it?"

"Yes sir. Once I (or we) have gained control of a government, we would have a system where everything belonged to the government, i.e. us. It would be a feudal type of system, with rigid controls all the way up the system to the rulers, who would be beyond the rules of the system."

"But how are you going to keep anyone from doing the same thing that you did—overthrowing the government? One thing you have to remember is that the larger the difference between classes, the better the chance of a revolt."

Another student was called upon. "Well, you can either be a secretive class that no one ever finds out about, or let people think that all of the 'perks' can be acquired by anyone with enough ability. Of course, the only way to have enough ability would

be to be in the ruling class."

Dr. Robinson replied, "There are other ways of being secret than simply hiding. Any ideas? Yes, you in the back."

"It seems to me that the best way to prevent any counter-revolution would be to get people to think that any such action is unnecessary. Just make the people think that they have plenty of freedom when in fact they don't have that much."

"How would you propose to do that?"

"Have a lot of lip service to freedom, but burden the people with regulations so that they can't do anything without government approval. Another thing that could be done is to have so many laws that first, no one can possibly know about all of them, and second, everyone would be guilty of violating at least one of them. This would enable the government to keep everyone in line due to selective enforcement. This could create a chronic fear of the government as 'they,' as in "'they' wouldn't like it."

"What sort of regulations are you talking about?"

"Well, I haven't thought about it that far, but I suppose you'd have laws against possession of certain things, 'in the public interest,' so that your police could go anywhere in defense of that 'public interest.'"

"Not bad... Anyone have something to add to this? Yes."

The student he called upon stood up. "Another thing that could be done would be to give the

people a lot of freedoms that are held up in principle, but ignored in practice.”

“Pretty good. Can you come up with an example?”

“You could allow freedom of speech, but anyone who wants to reach a large number of people would have to pay a lot of money for licenses—in effect permission to speak.”

“Now we’re getting somewhere. Can any other kinds of economic pressures be used?” He called upon another student.

“You could tax the people so heavily that they can’t survive without the assistance of the people who took the money in the first place. Also you could tax finished products and use the money to subsidize the people who made the products. That should screw things up enough so no one can figure out what’s going on.”

“Why stop there?” another student interrupted. “If you take over the money supply, and thus control the value of the currency, the people couldn’t be sure of anything. In a world of no constants, how could anybody plan anything?”

“Okay, let’s see what we have so far,” the professor said. “To control a large population you tell them they have freedoms, but they don’t if they try to exercise them. Then you take over the money supply, and alter the economy so that everyone seems dependent upon the government. Also you have laws that allow your own forces to go anywhere in the country to ‘keep the peace.’ Still there is a possibility of rebellion. Any ideas of how to stop it before it begins?”

Silence fell across the room for a minute, then one student tentatively raised her hand.

“Suppose you have an election where the people decide who runs the country, but they only get to choose between two people that you’ve previously selected. That way they really can’t complain, because they voted for the person that’s

keeping this system going. Not only that, anyone wishing to overthrow the government would first try to win a rigged election. Then the rulers would know who to watch.”

“That might work, but there are still a few problems. What do you do if someone starts gaining enough support to be elected even if they’re not picked by you?”

“You could convince people that anyone besides the candidates you chose doesn’t stand a chance of winning an election. If you’re paranoid enough, you could even select some people to run against the main two every now and then to prove that it won’t work. Then, even though the people may support someone else, there will be a feeling of futility toward his election. Also you could set up, within your government, financial aid to the two major candidates, excluding any other candidates who ‘haven’t got a chance to win.’”

“That might work for awhile. Damn, there’s the bell. Anyone wanting extra credit, turn in an essay describing the effect of this system of government on an average individual. Either that or give an example of a government that could be operating in this manner at the present time, and show evidence supporting your claim. See you on Monday.”

Nobody ever turned in a paper. I tried to write one, but I never could. Something about the subject really worried me; I can’t quite figure out what it was.



★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Genesis of Thee

*Screaming wisdom
Primal disorder
Scattering thought of the mind
Crying obsession
Of no possession
Trying to lose all of time.*

*Beckoning angels
Lusting demons
Creating complete disarray
Fire and ice
Together are nice
Surely this is the day.*

*Mind wrenching power
Of wet desires
Halting all justice in place
Absolute danger
Found in the stranger
The stranger without a face.*

*Enter the gate
Storm the door
Leave no secret unturned
When we are done
With our little fun
All that you see will be burned.*

T. Reckling



Charles Hardee

Essay

On marching to commemorate Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., a few thoughts, the necessity of striving for a new world view and situation, and a few more thoughts

by Jo Calvez

I asked a few of my friends if they would go with me. It was Friday afternoon, January 15, 1988, and everyone I asked had something else to do, or they just didn't want to go. But I was going anyway, even if it meant all by myself, for I felt a certain responsibility. There were intangible conflicts and anxieties that I had to overcome, however. One always must when one does what I was going to do. I had decided to participate in the Martin Luther King, Jr. commemorative march that was being sponsored by the Clemson University Minority Council as soon as I had seen the announcement earlier that week.

On my way back to my room on campus that Friday afternoon before the march, I found a splintered-up piece of furring strip wood.

"This will come in handy for my sign," I thought to myself, and so I picked it up and carried it home with me.

When I got to my room in the Clemson House, I took out a 2' x 3' piece of cardboard that I had stashed behind a dresser. One side of this poster was white-

washed. I took out a black ink-marker and wrote on that white side, "'We must all learn to Live Together as Brothers or we will Perish Together as Fools,'— Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr." This was a quote that had been provided on the march announcement. I must have walked down my hall to the bulletin board about five times to make sure that I had it right. Then I turned the cardboard over. On the front I had put something appropriate for the march, commemorating Dr. King. I didn't really know any other appropriate quotes, so I decided to use the remaining space on the back of my sign to exert my right as a human, and an American, to express a few of my own thoughts.

On the top half of the back side I wrote, "Believe in Christ." I do. I hold that the basic belief in the existence and benevolence of God that these words entail is what will save the human race and the Earth from desolation. The atheist asks proof of God. I can't easily prove God to you, but I can tell you that there is a void within each of us that we all recognize and contend with as we go

through life. God, to the believer, fills this void. He provides a basic hope and joy of living, a distinct purpose and security in life. Christ was an extension of the benevolence of God, of His loving us all and reaching out to us. "And this is the will of him that sent me, that every one which seeth the Son, and believeth on him, may have everlasting life: and I will raise him up at the last day,"— John 6:40. No one else has ever made me such an attractive promise.

To some, all of this might seem to be a rather large leap of faith. Well, on taking this leap, one is saved. One sees the Light and the Truth, and, more tangibly, one has a strong moral and ethical base from which to interact with others, besides a positive, directional purpose in life that posits all men as brothers and stresses human advancement and betterment. Everyone really wants the same thing: a beautiful, peaceful, secure life. So what is the problem? It is that not everyone realizes this common desire in others, among other things, and that many do not have the faith, directional purpose and restraint

that I cite. Christianity is, again, that which will save us all. Upon taking the leap of faith, you do not fall, but rather you land to find yourself a beautiful new being in a beautiful new world, a part of a divine plan. Of course, we all stumble sometimes. Everyday. But at least stumble along in the right direction. You will learn a Joy of Living that you can find nowhere else. Try it.

I still had half of the back of my sign to fill in. In the lower left quarter I wrote, "Peace and Love; Not a Fad, A Way of Life," along with a peace sign and a heart. Think about it. It fits in. Then, on the right, I drew a sizeable marijuana leaf and framed it, above and below, with, "Legalize Pot." This is a position that I insist upon airing.

Presently in this country, the good ol' U. S. of A., bastion of freedom, there are injustices that many, and particularly politicians, are reluctant to face, for they can be rather embarrassing. For instance, there is the deficit, and the shabby state of our economy, one in which banks and the government steal farms and houses from American families for stupid, unethical, unjustifiable reasons. Then there are the actions of some branches in our government that are deplorable. The CIA is known to have broken many of our laws, both here at home and abroad, including murder, starting and funding wars under a shady cloak of "anti-communism" and nationalistic intention, drug smuggling to finance their criminal, covert ac-

tivities, and even despicable scientific research along lines of obtaining human mind and body control. Some of the people and entities in our government rival the mafia and even Hitler's Gestapo. These things are embarrassing, aren't they?

Check this out. In 1982, 450,000 people were arrested for marijuana "offenses," whereas our police arrested only 200,000 for rape, robbery, and murder combined, allowing about 50% of those heinous crimes to go unsolved. This is a terribly misguided way of using the police. The police offer us their services in an effort to combat crimes such as robbery, rape, and murder, and they often do so at a risk to their own lives. Indeed be thankful for their sacrifice, for they are working towards a better America, as we all should. But we cannot allow America to become a police state, either. When there is injustice in any situation, the citizen should be able to petition the government and receive a fair hearing. Then the government makes a judgement, an educated and ethical judgement, as to what course of action to take. When the government stops listening, or even just slacks off, the people should demonstrate their dissatisfaction. Then the government has an obligation to respond, and to appease the people's complaint.

Marijuana prohibition is just one example of my dissatisfaction. Comparable to alcohol and tobacco, "accepted" drugs, marijuana also has many com-



Eric Freshwater

Martin Luther King, Jr. as depicted by the marchers.

mercial and medical uses. This double standard irks me, so I say "Legalize Pot." That is my demand. And there are tens of millions of others out there who voice the same demand. The case is strong for the legalization of marijuana. The case is strong for a revised economic budget on a national level. The case is strong for priorities centered on preserving the environment of our planet, and on teaching our children in ever improving methods that which will advance the culture of mankind on a societal level, besides the scientific level. So, governments of these free United States of America, let's have some justice. Let's have responsibility and accountability in government; let's have free and competent justice; and let's have free and legal marijuana in our backyard, if we so desire.

Finally, I placed the stick I had found on the back of the cardboard, poked two holes on

either side, and secured it there with leather thongs. My sign was ready.

I left the Clemson House, sign in hand, to go to the march. It was to begin at 5:30 p.m. at the entrance to Thornhill Village and to proceed west down S.C. Hwy 93, culminating on campus in the amphitheater. I walked by myself to the meeting place. My sign got me a few funny looks, but that was okay. I crossed the highway just after the red light and took a short-cut across the field in front of Calhoun Courts and Thornhill village. I must have been a trip to see walking all alone with my long hair and my sign across that field towards the waiting crowd of people. The crowd of marchers consisted of about 300 black people, mostly, if not all, students, and perhaps 20 white people, if there were some that I did not see. Of course, there were two or three reporters, and several more police officers than that. I was distressed that there wasn't a larger, more public turn-out. I was the only one with a sign.

I stopped atop a ditch between myself and the road on which the other marchers waited. There was some stir upon my arrival. I saw many faces read the front of my sign. Then I turned it around. More stir. I crossed the ditch and eased into the rear of the crowd, just standing there amidst the stir. Shortly, a well-dressed young black man in a long overcoat approached me. He inquired as to the back of my sign. I turned it around and



Eric Freshwater

The marchers parading down highway 93 with Jo's sign taking up the rear.

showed him. He looked at it briefly and suggested, paper and tape in hand, that I cover up the part about legalizing pot.

"First of all," I told him, "that is on the back of my sign, not the front, and secondly, if this is what it comes down to, maybe I should just leave my sign here on the ground and march without it."

"Maybe that's a good idea," he replied.

I thought about this for a few seconds. First, I reflected on my rights as an American. Then I had a vision of myself being accosted by the police for having "littered."

"No. I won't do that," I stated firmly. I went on to offer that I walk at the back of the march, but this he wisely didn't insist upon. I told him, "if I was the only one to bring a sign out here with me, then I'm the only one who is to decide what is on that sign." What could he do? Did

not the black and white people who marched with Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., and everywhere else during the 1960's, and do not those who continue to march for justice today, carry signs? Dr. King did not become world-renowned for only his enlightened preaching and philosophies, but also for this very act of demonstrating a cause publicly, in the forms of marching, civil disobedience, and sign carrying.

I was somewhat disappointed with my reception at the march. I was and felt very much alone. Upon arriving, I needed to hear someone tell me, "Hello brother. Welcome. Thank you for coming." I did get one or two smiles, at any rate, as well as a candle and a songsheet. There was another young black man who came and stood next to me throughout the march. He didn't say anything. He hardly even looked at me. But he stood right next to me. Upon my inquiring, he told me he was a freshman

majoring in mechanical engineering. He was not very friendly or brotherly in the least, but seemed annoyed. I assumed that he had been "assigned" to me. Anyway, two friends of mine showed up at the march and greeted me personally and marched next to me, so I didn't feel quite so alienated anymore. More people arrived, again mostly black students, and we marched.

During the march I thought about and felt a lot of things. I prayed to God even as I walked down that empty street with those other people. I thought about the beauty of the life around me and of my own personal, God-given Gift of Life. I felt a shaking in my being.

Upon reaching the destination of the march, I put my sign down on the ground behind the crowd of people and then gathered in with the rest near the amphitheater stage. We all lit

our candles. I got a light from a black man standing near me, and then I gave my light to a white man and his little girl that I had not seen before. Next, a young black man, again, presumably a Clemson student, addressed the crowd. He spoke primarily to the black audience, which was understandable, but he neglected to say much about the love and justice and brotherhood that imbued Dr. King's dreams and triumphs. Finally, we all sang a song. I had never heard the song before, so, even though I had the words written down for me on a piece of paper, I didn't know the intonations with which to sing them. A black fellow marcher stood just behind me at my left shoulder and guided me through each and every note of the song. As I was leaving after the march, a pretty young black woman smiled at me and thanked me for coming. The march managed to be for me an enjoyable and inspiring

event.

Why did I make myself stand out by carrying a sign, anyway? Why risk ridicule or hostility or arrest in order to say something like I said? Was I justified in my actions? I think so. The populace is served by the government, not herded by it. When I was at a protest in Atlanta, some people yelled at us to "get a job." Buddy, I'm doing a more important job than you think. I am marching for accountability and ethical responsibility in government, for peace, and for my and your rights as citizens of America, "the land of the free, and the home of the brave."

There have been gross injustices throughout the history of man, and these often arose from incompetent and misguided governments. We need to overcome our ignorance and our shortcomings on a world-wide as well as an individual level. That will take all kinds of people. People like you and me.

Communicate. Never relinquish the American Dream. Strive to better yourself and that which surrounds you, and do so in an effort to glorify God.

I feel like I've only scratched the surface.



A scene from the front of the march.

Eric Freshwater

The opinions expressed in this essay are the author's and do not necessarily reflect the attitudes of the staff, student body, faculty, or administration.

— Editor's note

*I pause for a moment
in the just-dawn darkness of my room
to glance out the window

The faint light falling on oak leaves
is a million miles away*

Julia Sisk

Afterthoughts on Planning for the Future

*Photographs of Jeanie
Lay useless on the floor
collecting dust and microspecs
expecting nothing more*

*He walked in on them fading
Gossamer to grey
His tears encased the statement
His lips would never say*

*He felt he'd fumbled with furtuna
In his quest to get ahead
He'd wrapped up love in black silk sheets
And pronounced its beating dead*

*Once so linear in purpose
and mathematical in rhyme
He'd forsaken beauty
For the falsitude of time*

*Now standing stepstone naked
He wanted to be whole
And stop the skeletal dance of logic
From treading on his soul*

Skelly Holmbeck

Skelly Holmbeck



Brian Koldyke

Chronicle Short Fiction

Special Recipe

Kitty Flynn

I wanted a dog. We'd always had animals in our house when I was growing up, but never a dog. My mom volunteer worked for the animal shelter and used to bring animals home and try to find good people to take care of them; we got the leftovers. Tom was my leftover old cat. He was about the size of a half grown labrador puppy, with a bottle brush tail, and ears that were chewed on the ends from getting into fights.

That September, we got a new kitten. I wanted a puppy, but Mom said that it was my sister's choice this time. Janet named the cat Mittens cause it had four white paws. Mittens was small, fuzzy, cute, and fun to play with. Pulling an old tattered shoestring around in a circle with a piece of paper tied to one end was a favorite game. Tom didn't like that kitten much and tried to stay away from it. He went out more and more, till finally one day he just didn't come back. That's when I found Skippy.

We lived in back of Kentucky Fried Chicken and I could smell the Colonel's special recipe as I dug through one of the dumpsters looking for cardboard box garages and plastic bridges I made for my Matchbox cars. He was just sitting there in the garbage gnawing on a piece of extra crispy. Grabbing a drumstick, I held it out to him, but he scooted back into a corner and made strange squealing sounds. He must have been real hungry, cause after a while he was chomping away on the bone. As I walked home with Skippy, I just knew what I was going to say to play on Mom's sympathy, "Momma, look at what someone threw in the garbage to die." Course I would make the usual promises of feeding and taking care of it myself, then she would hafta let me have him, after all, my sister got that kitten and Tom had run off.

Momma took a look at him and it took all of fifteen minutes to convince her that what a boy needed was a dog. Skippy was small and funny looking, with hard bristle hair, a long snout, metallic black eyes, and ears that sat back on his head. His tail must have been cut off by something cause all that was left was a stubby knob. "That thing is so ugly that it just might be cute under all that dirt and smell," she said. Momma thought it might be one of those German dogs, a wire-haired Dachshund. It didn't matter to me. I had my dog and tomorrow I was going to give him a bath and make him a bed, but for tonight Mom said Skippy was going in the garage with the kitten. I wrapped him up in an old

towel, hoping he was going to be alright. The kitten hissed as I put Skippy down next to her box. The garage was cool at night and the wind blew through a broken window in the garage door, but I knew it would be warm enough.

The next morning I ran downstairs and into the garage only to find Mom chasing old Tom around with the broom. Tom must have come back and found what he thought were intruders in his garage, and cornered Skippy. We couldn't find the kitten, so we just took Skippy to the vet cause he was badly beaten up all over.

Mom and I waited for what must have been hours, finally the vet came out; he was blunt, "Mrs. Donnel, I'm afraid I have some bad news, and some worse news. First of all your kitten's dead, and second of all your puppy's a rat." I was floored. That little thing I had been hugging and petting couldn't have been a rat. That little thing I had saved from the garbage ate my sister's cat?

I still want a dog.

The Migratory Warts

Ellen Graben

Norman Fischerberg had a remarkable case of migratory warts. I became well-acquainted with them and with Norman—at least the rear elevation of him—because he sat right in front of me in Mrs. Sneed's third grade class.

The first thing you noticed about Norman was that he wasn't very noticeable. A beige Blimp of a boy whose house-proud mother dressed him to blend with the dining room wallpaper (since he spent many hours there), Norman was practically invisible when he sat still, which was most of the time. Generally he wore an aspect of benign complacency on his pudding of a face, but this expression was occasionally replaced by the air of faint astonishment and speculation common to the chronically flatulent. The only other times Norman's bland demeanor faltered were when Michael Gerrard and Stu Smith called him 'E-Norm-ous' or, inevitably, 'Hindenburg.' These sad but apt aliases were hurled about on Thursdays, which were Gym days. Then Norm inflated and rumbled with flaccid ire.

Doctor O'Rourke, who had delivered him, reported that at birth Norman had resembled nothing so much as a ten-and-a-half pound pot roast with ears. Norman's mother was delighted.

The most extraordinary thing about Norman Fischerberg, though, was those warts. I never saw more than two at a time, but from one week to the next they never stayed in the same place on him. The migrations of these two translucent, thumbnail-sized bubbles of flesh caused me much consternation over the nine months I sat behind old Norman, especially during the week when they both ended up on the back of his neck, gazing at me like two gelatinous eyes.

How did Norm's warts travel? I mused. Possibly they were sucked down into his bloodstream, to drift around and reappear later in a new locale. But what if it was grosser than that? I had this creepy vision . . . did Norman ever awaken suddenly in the dead of night to catch his warts toiling slowly over his doughy body, like the Chosen seeking the Promised Land? Did they itch and hurt when they were in an inconvenient spot, such as his armpit or backside?

I never had the guts to ask him about his affliction, and by the time our fourth-grade year had rolled around, when I saw him again, Norman Fischerberg's nomadic warts had vanished.

• • • Sheep Farmer

Glenn Gioia

The woodland morning air was wet and heavy. A low fog clung to the ground, and blanketed the forest floor in a swirling gray mist. The leaves, burdened by the weight of the morning's moisture, sadly pulled their branches towards the shrouded earth. I could not help thinking that a man traveling these woods on this particular day might after no great period of time, succumb to melancholic reflection of the past and anxious contemplation of the future. Yet I walked with a dedicated spring in my step and my thoughts were as bright as a midday sun in deepest summer.

My journey was nearly at its end and I could not have been more pleased with its results. I had left London earlier that Spring on a pilgrimage in search of humanity. My colleagues and I had closed many a public house that winter, before our discussions on the inherent nature of man could reach a point of agreement that could send either side to their beds with even the slightest feeling of accomplishment. A polarization of opinions had, over time, forced even the closest of friends to choose sides in a never-ending metaphysical argument of good and evil. But now as I made my way homewards, my heart was light and my step was quick and I clutched with warm security the journal of my venture.

I had spent nearly seven months on a journey that had started in London on a raw March morning and

would end, it seemed, before the first frost of winter. It had surpassed beyond belief even my most extreme expectations. I had visited village after village, farm after farm, manor after manor and always did I leave with the same exhilarating feeling. I held in my hand the only proof I had ever desired that the human was by nature good, and that only through wicked circumstance were his actions driven towards evil.

Not knowing it, a smile of contentment had placed itself on my damp face as I came upon a clearing. It was not exactly a clearing, I soon realized, but the actual fringe between the forest and an adjoining farm. To my distant left sat a small farmer's house situated on the crest of a small knoll. Sheep, it looked like. Yes, there was one now, emerging from behind the cover of the curving borderline of the wood. My attention was then drawn to the distant figure of a man carrying a well bucket who I assumed to be the owner of this modest homestead.

"Hallo!" I yelled, waving my hand.

"Hallo!" he replied. "What ken I do for ye?"

I thought for a moment about getting some breakfast, but I was not particularly hungry and my anticipation of home had suddenly made expediency most important to me.

"Nothing, my good man!" I answered. "I was passing through these woods and I'm afraid I seemed to have stumbled onto your land."

Expecting a reply I waited, but he offered none, so instead I yelled "I'm on my way to London . . . could you tell me if I'm headed in the right direction?"

After a long pause he pointed in the direction I had been heading and said, "That's the direction ye need be headin' to!"

I waved and reentered the wood. Later as I walked I amused myself by considering which would be the most effective way of introducing my journal. I didn't wish to gloat over my friends, yet my moment of victory would not be denied. I thought of how proud Locke would be if he could read the

Suddenly I stumbled, and then realized that my feet were stuck in the earth. Quagmire! Damn, how could I have been so careless! I had nothing to grab at and could instantly feel myself sink. What to do, don't struggle, they say you go down faster, sink faster, there's got to be something to grab, damn it . . . "Help!" I yelled, although I knew it was futile. "HELP ME SOMEONE!" My lower body, almost immediately it seemed, became completely submerged. As the air disturbed by my struggle stirred the fog, I caught sight of a broken root that stuck out of the dirt. I reached frantically for it but my lunges were in desperation and served only to speed the hellish consumption of the

Continued on page 39...



Tommy Ingram

smelly quagmire. "HELP!" I yelled, but my voice had taken on a doomed sound and I had resigned myself to a horrible death when, as the steamy liquid touched my neck, the brushfern to my right spread apart and with a beam of sunlight striking his weathered face, the wonderful sheep farmer emerged.

"Thank God, how did you ever hear me?" I gasped as I raised a hand slowly out of the thick slime. "I think that stick will be strong enough," I said pointing at a fallen bough.

"Aye," he replied and casually leaned against a tree at his back.

My eyes widened. "Please, you'd better hurry," I gasped.

But he only stared at me and drew from his overcoat a clay pipe. "Ye need be careful when ye travel roun' here, these quags'll grab ye and won't let ye go.... next time ye'll know better."

A sudden horror began to fill my soul as I realized my predicament. "For the love of God, man, please hurry!" I screamed pathetically. But my pleas served only as amusement to the demonic creature. He smiled as the curving blue smoke of his pipe climbed the rays of sunlight, and then slid his back down the tree until he was sitting with his legs drawn in. My final earthly sounds fell on a sadistic farmer's ears who shook his head and chuckled. Mire filled my mouth and entered my nose and, as it finally reached my eyes, I saw, just before the blackness...the sheep farmer look at me and smile as he scribbled something into a small book marked 'Journal.'

• • •

Four Drops of Blood

Matthew DeBord

Mrs. Eldie Lowell quilted. Every Saturday afternoon her good friends, Dudy Turner, Moose Kline and Rosalie McCoy came up to Eldie's small house in the holler, and they quilted.

The women sat around the kitchen table in their floral house dresses and cardigan sweaters, drinking coffee or iced tea, smoking cigarettes, hoping for Randy Travis on the radio, gossiping and sewing. They took scraps and swatches, patches and pieces—remnants saved while seamstressing—and assembled them into a splendid collage: a square of burlap, a rectangle of cotton dress goods, a rare triangle of silk, old neckties, discarded dungarees. Regularly, the women pricked their yellowed fingertips, dripping dark, aged blood onto the bits of cloth. A hundred quilts had been made this way, slowly, carefully—forty years' work—and no two were alike. Each one had a name and Eldie knew

them all like she knew her children and grandchildren. One was "Autumn Tree," full of brown and orange and red like the hills of West Virginia in fall. Another was "Preacher," made of old ties collected and donated to the women by Minister Middleton. Eldie called her favorite quilt, a queen-size mosaic of yellow and brown and blue singing birds on a background of white, "Spring Finches."

Eldie kept the finished quilts in her back-room closet, in plastic K-Mart bags. In the middle of a cold, late-February night, she awoke suddenly, smelling smoke. Tugging her robe on, she rushed out into the hall and saw smoke and fire in the back room. She ran to her front porch and hollered, but two neighbor boys, who had seen the smoke, were already climbing the hill to Eldie's house, carrying pails in either hand. They put out the fire quickly, saving the house, but the quilts burned.

The boys took Eldie down to their farmhouse to spend the rest of the night, but she couldn't sleep, so she turned on the satellite dish and watched a National Geographic special about worms.

The next day, Eldie walked up to her house early, as the sun was rising over the worn Appalachians. She hugged tightly around her thin frame the varsity basketball jacket that one of the boys had given her, and she struggled to keep his heavy galoshes on her small feet. She went into the house, to the back room, and started poking through the ashes.

When she came out an hour later, her daughter was sitting on the front porch.

"Why, hello Ginny," said Eldie.

"Oh Mamma!" said Ginny, hopping to her feet. "We was so worried about you! Mr. Dale called and told what happened, and I drove straight up from Hamlin."

The tall woman embraced her mother, wrapping Eldie in her long arms.

"Did all the quilts burn?"

Eldie eased herself down onto the front steps and pressed her knees together. Ginny sat next to her. Reaching into the pocket of the jacket, Eldie pulled out a piece of white cloth, dirty with ash, singed brown around the edges. She placed it in her lap and gently smoothed it with her fingertips. "There's this," she said.

"But Mamma, a hundred quilts..."

"Now Ginny, just look here. Dudy and Moose and Rosie will be up on Saturday, and we'll start fresh...with this here piece. Don't shed no tears over them quilts."

Eldie continued smoothing the scrap of burnt cloth in her lap. Stitched on the white fabric was a small, yellow bird, singing, with four drops of blood around its parted beak.

AN OBSERVANCE

*There's a lot of people coming through with eggshells for brains.
Along the assembly line, the workers are slack and forgetful.
Why bother with the new ones, if we can only refrain
from showing them war and destruction — who'll be responsible?
As people are met and rebutted, a distinction arises:
who'll be the leaders and who will be lead?
And while people live and expire through certain crises
who will be left to clean up the dead?
The machine spits out human life like cheap hardcopy.
If one is unwanted, abort it and throw it away.
Leave only those willing to conform — wills that are sloppy,
living the same lives day after day.
Millions of rain drops fall with every storm,
just like people who live and die.
What's important is to not live life in the norm,
but to live it uniquely and ask yourself, "Why?"*

Kelly Sutton

*If money
can buy
a replacement,
it's cheap,
it's not priceless,
If it's not priceless,
it's not worth
doing or having
and life...
life is too short
to be understood
any other way.*

*"So, then you're
not talking
about things."*

No. Not things.

*"The only stuff left is
people, art and God."*

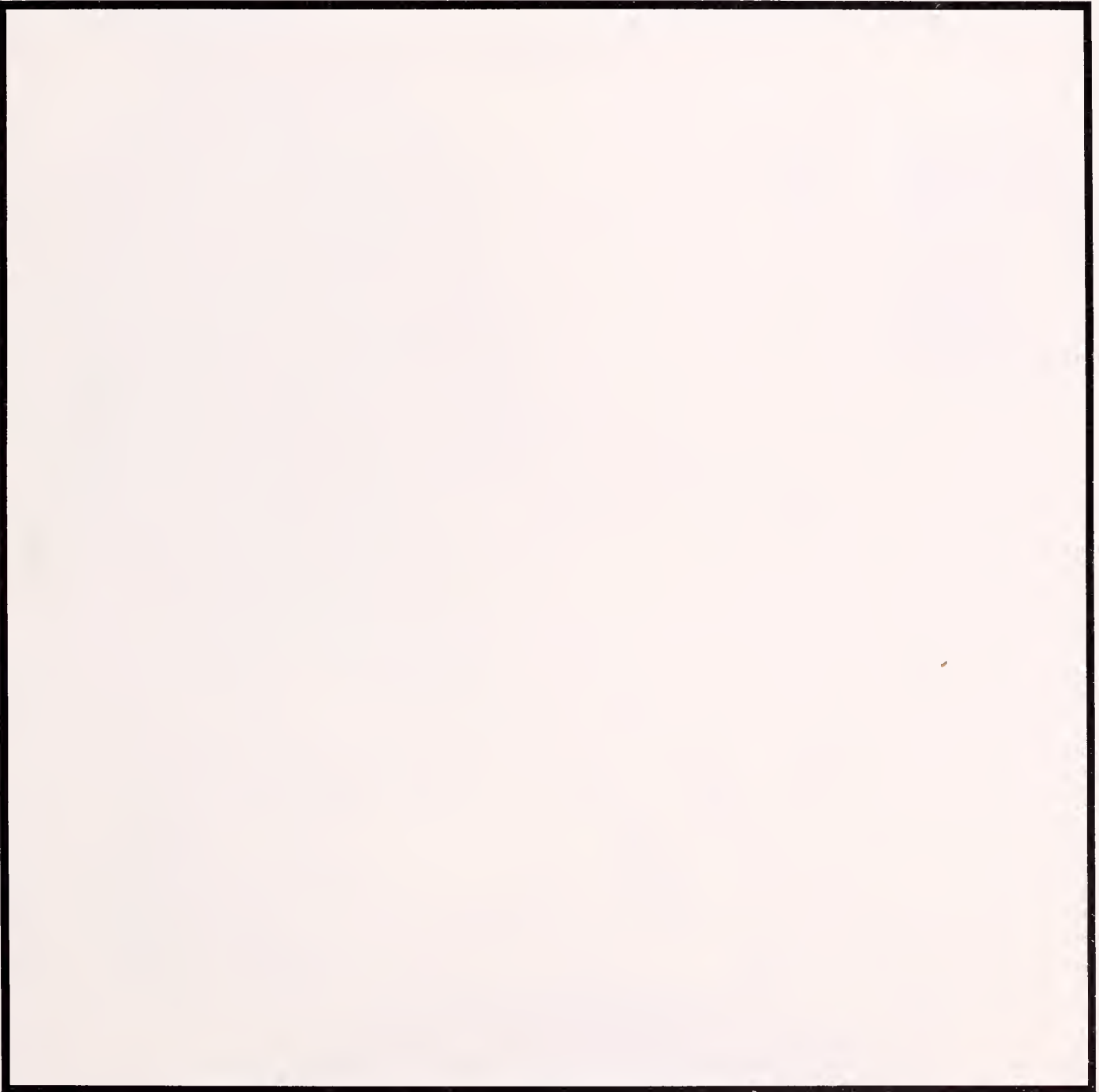
*Yes. And that's what
separates us from
the chairs in the hallway.*

Jonathan Smylie

Jonathan Smylie

You too can be in *Chronicle*!

Since *Chronicle* is the official literary and variety magazine of Clemson University, we (the staff) feel that everyone should have a chance to be in the magazine. So we give you the space below to display whatever creativity you possess. It doesn't matter if it's poetry, fiction, drawing, or even decorative collages made from cockroaches' wings. Just create to your heart's content.



Just because your creation is in your *Chronicle* doesn't mean that it's in anybody else's. The only way to have that happen is to send this page (or a photocopy) to: *Chronicle*, Box 2187, University Station, Clemson University, SC 29632. Then maybe your creation will appear in *Chronicles* all over campus.

...but then you won't have the only one. Everybody can have your stuff. Well, I guess that's the price you pay for Art.



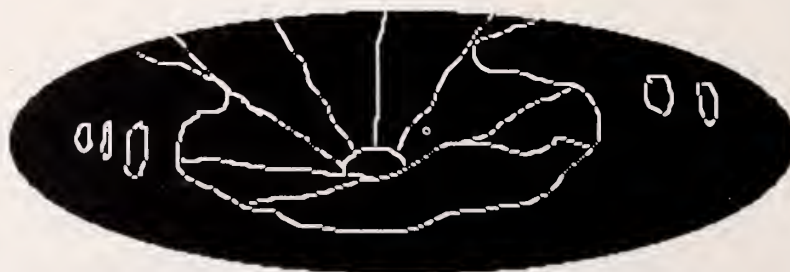
the State of Today:



When all is unclear and nothing makes any sense, where do you turn? I say this: turn to the West and there find the answer. In endings are all things resolved and brought to rights. Even as the Sun sets in the West each day, so all things must come to a natural end. Then, let there be an end to those matters which plague us. And as night precedes the morning, so a period of darkness, of hardship and struggle, must come before we can live in the peace of a new light, of Dawn.

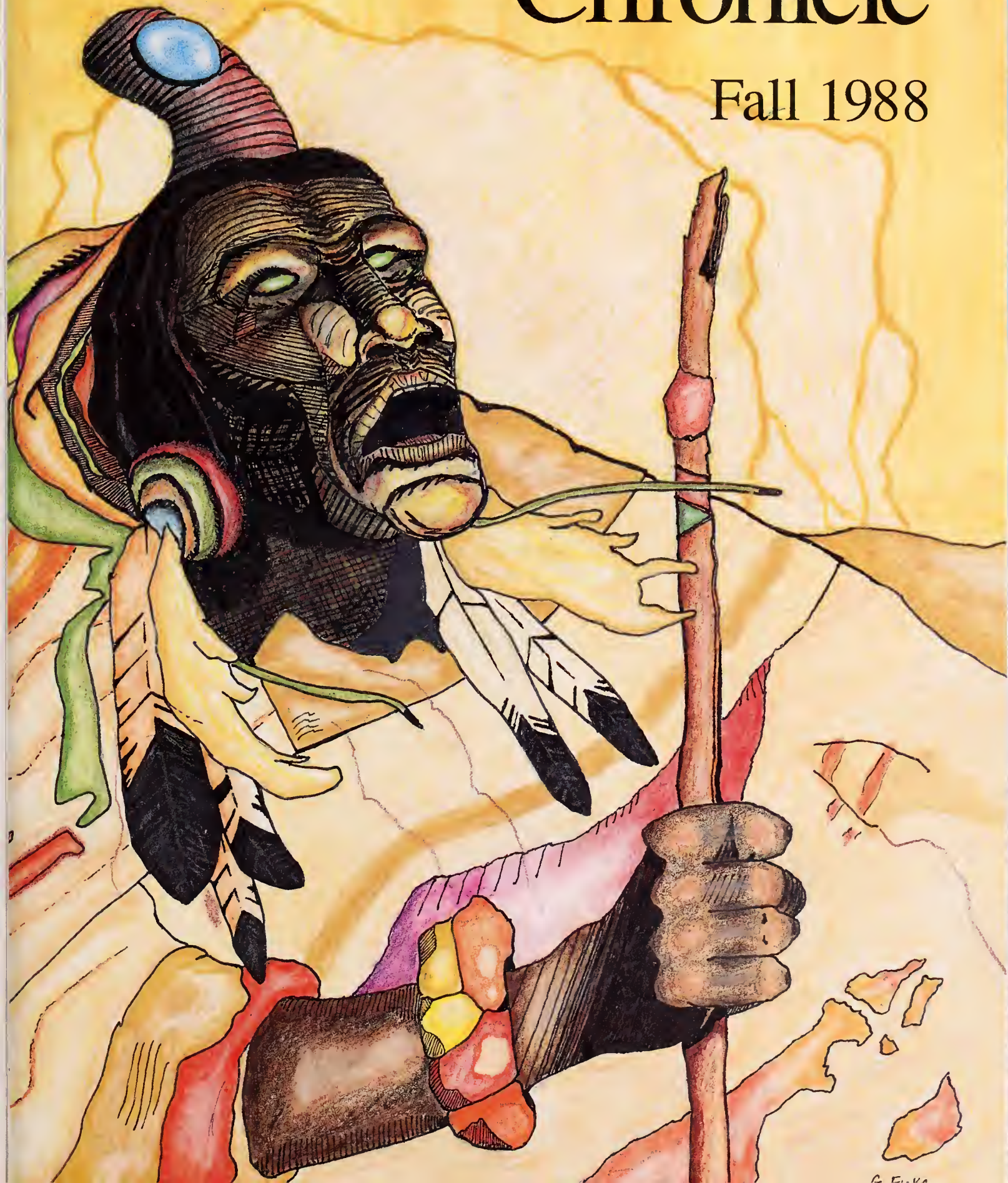
Now is the time to begin working for the future. For the future of our selves, of our loved ones and for all of society. We must ask ourselves what we need and how to get it. And don't let the past remind us of what we are not now. Time isn't holding us, and time isn't after us. The only thing to fear is fearlessness.

So mote it be.



Chronicle

Fall 1988



Editorial

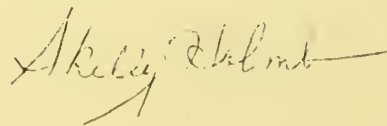
In the 1960's, Harvard psychologist Robert Rosenthal and his colleague Lenore Jacobson went to elementary school classrooms and designated one out of every five students to be a child who would make dramatic intellectual improvement during the year. The teachers believed the predictions, not knowing the designations were random. The chosen students improved their test performance sufficiently. Why is it that students did so much better, for no apparent reason other than being expected to do so?

The way we relate to each other can be very subtle, as subtle as what we expect, even if we don't voice it. If you're a man who expects the women in your EE lab not to understand what to do, perhaps your ideas sow seeds of helpless thought. Believing that people who wear greek letters are elitist and self centered makes such attitudes seem right; they're expected. Teachers who believe athletes aren't academically inclined lends truth to the belief even before someone fulfills it. We often do what we're most encouraged to do.

One of the best descriptions I've ever heard about a person came from a friend of mine describing his father. "He challenged people. He demanded things from them, and he expected the best from them." This man had the ability to do great things, including molding Emory University's Debate program into one of the best in the country. He had the ability to draw out the best in people. He believed the best was there.

What does this have to do with an art literary magazine? Art and literature serve an essential service to society. The Color Purple and I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings show us the oppression of blacks, especially women. Tracy Chapman sings "why do the babies starve when there's enough food to feed the world . . . why are the missiles called peace keepers when they're aimed to kill." A work of sculpture in an art exhibit last year in Lee Hall depicted the farcical exploits of Tammy Faye and the Bakers. So much of our creative talent illustrates injustice, pointing out the pain we bring to each other. Art and literature are so often the conscience of a society.

Many of the submissions we get at Chronicle embody this theme. Expressing injustice is a beginning. Our goal must be to make things right. What would happen if we started expecting more of our professors to challenge us and help encourage an education *experience* instead of attempting to "weed us out" ? What would happen if we stopped expecting racial segregation to be the norm on campus? What could happen if we started challenging each other, expecting the best from each other and from ourselves?



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Special Thanks to
Winkie Stiles
Band & White

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Mike Marshall, inside back cover.

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CREEPING MONSTERS

an editorial by Michael A. Brown

We live in an extraordinary age. These are times of stunning change in social organization, economic well-being, moral and ethical precepts, philosophical and religious perspectives, and human self-knowledge...

—Carl Sagan, 1974

Rumors are dynamic and tantalizing shapes usually filled with emptiness.

Last semester, the Housing Office distributed a survey. The veiled wording of the survey raised in the minds of many students an ominous question: Might Clemson University someday prohibit co-ed visitation?

Yet another rumor persists: Might Clemson University someday impose curfews on dorm residents?

Authoritarianism sometimes begins deceptively. Rumors are sometimes partially true. And if the rumors are unfounded, if Clemson never recedes into a tide of Jerry Falwellism, then words of protest will have harmed no one. Occasionally examining "what might be" enlightens as well as "what is." The best time to stop an unwanted movement is before it moves.

So suppose that someday women couldn't visit all-male dorms, that womens' dorms became off-limits to men, or that when you could come or go became a matter of policy.

That would mark an extraordinary age for Clemson; it would mark an age of Paternalism.

Paternalism is a philosophy of authority, usually oppressive, always repressive. It's based on fatherhood; fathers should be paternalistic; that's what fathers are for. Outside the family, paternalism is dangerous because it discourages thinking: Why think when someone else can tell you what to do? Paternalistic leaders often see themselves as surrogate fathers whose mandates are ultimately benevolent.

Paternalism creeps at Clemson. At present, the ideas of the bureaucrats are ghosts, and like ghosts, they are feared but not manifest. But paternalistic ideas were quite manifest long ago.

Recall how society was before the social revolution of the 1960s. It was an era beset by mazes of rules governing social conduct; some rules were official, some unwritten. Paternalistic rules permeated society: in business, in higher education, in interpersonal relationships, and in government.

In the 1960s, paternalism was challenged hotly. Minds dormant for many years finally awakened in

the late 1960s. People protested. Irrelevant rules were repealed. Personal matters were declared personal, a conclusion so obvious yet so profound.

Soon we may not need history books to see the rulers of the past or their rods of iron. But whom should we blame if whom we may visit or when we may come and go becomes regulated at Clemson? Not the regulators, at least not entirely. It's only natural for them to covet authority. Indeed, the present atmosphere of inaction among Clemson's students will encourage eager father figures to solve our problems and to think for us. Passive students and grasping administrators are a convenient marriage.

Fortunately, the marriage is not yet consummated. Paternalism has not yet fully come of age again at Clemson; perhaps it never will. But if it does, its fuel will be apathy—the reluctance of students to define their own lives, the reluctance of students to stop bureaucrats who stack sermons of morality into altars of power.

The moral dictators of the future, if they ever arise, will be just like those of the past. They will passionately recite a recipe for a better life while a dependent mob stands in their shadows and cheers them on with silence.



Bash Riprock's

"Come as you are"

In the Mini-Mall

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Possum Poem

Little marsupial,
 Friend of the people,
 Confounder of searchers for certainty,
 Your bones are found in rocks so old,
 That all their Radium has turned to lead.
 Your great-great-great-great-great grandparents
 Lived
 And fell from trees,
 Before David,
 Before Abraham,
 Even before William Jennings Bryan,
 Unless all the rules changed
 In an instant,
 And all those bones
 Never begat,
 Never lived,
 Were only put there
 To play hide-and-seek
 With Paleontologists.
 Charles Darwin,
 Thou shouldest be living in this hour.
 Clearly the Possum is the fittest,
 And survives,
 But how do you explain, then,
 the reverend Swaggert?

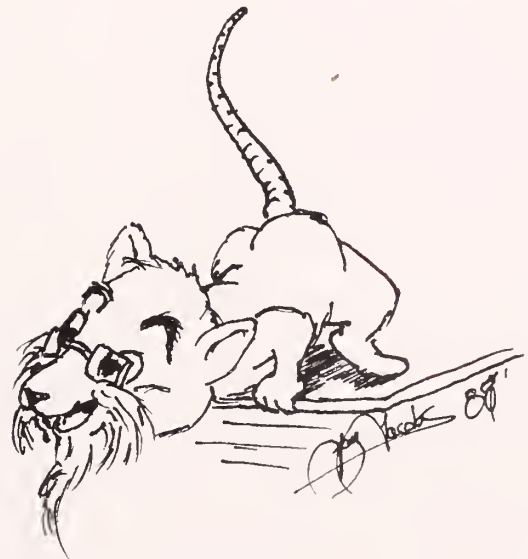
Lewis Fitch

possum, possum running light
 through the backwash of the night
 what fearful hand or eye
 made the blacktop where you die

possum, possum lightly leaping
 through whose garbage are you creeping
 always looking, never worrying
 about the motorist blindly hurrying

possum, possum running light
 through my headlight and my sight
 what hungry hand or eye
 will make you into possum pie

Beth Lyons



The Fire in the Stone

by Steve Pinchbeck

After ten years Brady is returning home. He is proud of his accomplishments, and there are some who say that he deserves his pride, for he should be proud of having attained success without accomplishment. He had the advantage of having the introductions which open gallery doors; he had the advantage of having enough style to make up for too little originality, and he had another advantage. In his countenance there burned such an inferno that none could bear looking in his eyes. How was this an advantage? When averting their eyes, prospective buyers would naturally turn back towards Brady's paintings, and shortly after, they would find themselves possessors of a painting. This is the type of advantage that allowed Brady to sell his first painting for five hundred dollars a week and a half after he came to the city, and his second one for a thousand one week later. Now, after ten years, Brady is returning home.

As Brady left the city he felt greatly relieved. If there is anything that he knows it is that now is the time for his departure. He has the pleasure of returning home after a long absence and finding that everything is still the same, but he also looks forward to the quietude that the city-dweller rarely knows. It was the opportunity of returning home to the country that drove Brady to purchase his siblings' share of the house after his father passed

four years ago. Perceiving himself as being amidst the prime of his career, Brady looks forward to the commencement of his greatest work, and here, certainly, on the land on which he grew up is the landscape on which he can capture with oil the frozen passions of man struggling against adversity.

Upon arriving at the foot of his country driveway, Brady stopped his car, he removed a sign from his trunk, and using a small sledge, hammered the sign into the ground beside his mailbox. The sign's ornately stylized lettering said, "Crystal House." Brady drove up his driveway and began opening his house.

There are two reasons why he gave his house the name. The first is that twenty-five years ago the then child Brady discovered that his parents' land had a great number of white, quartz rocks whose eroded interstices contained numerous, transparent quartz crystals. Brady soon began borrowing a claw hammer and a long narrow-shaft screwdriver. With the screwdriver for his jeweler's chisel, Brady knocked the crystals from the stones and placed them in a small leather pouch which hung from his belt.

The child had a favorite place where he went when he wanted to be by himself. The place was about one hundred feet up the mild incline behind his house in a strip

of white pine growth that bordered the overgrown pasture that leads to a hardwood stand further up the hill. The pine sand was planted a long time ago as a wind block, and now it is so thickly grown in that to get to the center of it you had to climb all the way in. The further that you got to the center, the darker it got, and when the middle of the stand was finally reached, the pine branches cathedraled up away from a five-foot tall, hump-shaped rock. It was not long until the child found this place during one of his expeditions.

The quiet, cool darkness entranced the child; he lay down on the very top of the rock's mossy surface with his limbs outstretched.

A moment later as the sun reached its noon peak, a shaft of light streamed through the boughs and into the verdant tomb and illuminated the boy's face. At first the light's brightness forced the boy to avert his eyes, but as the boy's pupils began recovering, he was at the same time fumbling in his pouch for his two biggest crystals. With satisfaction he reached them, and with an arm outstretched above his head, the boy first began rolling a crystal through his fingers in the glare of the light, and then he began doing the same with his other hand. The boy became fascinated with the pebbles. On one end there is crystalline symmetry, on the other side is the fragmented end where the crystal had been broken off.

Brady's true fascination did not lie in the shape of the stone, but in what the stone's shape contained, for when he held them up into the sunbeam the light travelling through was fractured into its spectral parts, and as Brady lowered both of the stones towards his eyes, the light reformed into white hot fire. At this moment something was burned and something was forged in Brady.

Brady still carries those stones in the same pouch, and one of the things that he was thinking of as he painted that sign was the crystals. The other thing he was thinking of must have been the house. The house stands in a circular shaped clearing. The house is an architectural oddity with its hexagonal shape pointing toward the road, its large glass façades, and the greenhouse that his mother had his father build for her on the rear of the house. Their house's unique shape was the older Brady's pride, and its sweeping second story panorama is what attracted Brady back. This, with the huge opening skylight that he had installed, made the studio that Brady always wanted.

In his light and breeze-filled studio, Brady worked in the summer. He was unsure of his subject when he began, but he figured he would create the backdrop and leave inspiration for his subject to arrive when it did. He had already decided that he would use the landscape of his valley, so on the edges of his huge canvas he began framing the scene, and in ever-tightening, concentric circles, Brady further and further painted in towards where he stood at the center at the canvas. Once the spring rains were over, the summer got progressively drier, and the foliage's colors faded and wilted and leaned heavily to the ground, and the earth became dry and brittle. The heat seemed to have the same effect on Brady; the

circles continued to tighten, each one did so a little more slowly, and by the longest day of the summer, Brady sat exhausted before his canvas with his work having completely stopped.

During the summer months clouds began gathering in the mid-afternoon. Grey and looming, these clouds often looked threatening, and then the thunder began booming, but rarely did any rain fall. Brady got so used to these cloud formations that he began to think that rain would never fall, so he rarely closed the skylights above his studio, and, in fact, he often purposefully left them open so that he could enjoy the coolness of the rising winds that came with the clouds. When the clouds came today, he did just that.

Often lightning would accompany these storms, and Brady liked to pull his chair up close to one of the windows and watch it. Brady was sitting in his chair when he thought he saw a particularly large bolt hit the mountain above his house. He kept his eye on that spot and began to think that nothing had happened until he saw a small plume of smoke over the area where he had seen the lightning. He watched the smoke gradually increase, and not especially

worried, he called Olsen in the volunteer fire department to see if he would check it out. Olsen agreed to ride up the old Church Road which ran across the ridge to see if there was a fire.

Brady was not worrying when he made the call, and he still did not worry much when he saw that the smoke cloud was not only increasing, but moving towards his house. However, his attitude did begin to change when he saw Olsen's pickup truck speeding up his driveway with Olsen's neighbor in the passenger seat. Brady quickly stood up. Perhaps he stood up too quickly because a rush of white light and pain came into his head. The pain was so strong that he had to sit back down and recover himself. He stood back up, looked out at the trees, and realized that the wind was blowing downhill. He ran downstairs and met Olsen and Bradford just as they ran up to his door and knocked. At the same time the town's fire alarm began its eerie wailing.

Bradford told Brady that the whole hill was about about to go up, that there was little that they could do with their five hundred gallon pumper, and that he had better start to do whatever he was going to do because he could count on

TAPS 1989

Centennial Edition

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or buy it on your spring registration.**

little help. The two men told Brady that they were going to continue down the road and warn the other neighbors. They suggested that he try to build a fire line, pack up as many valuables as he could, and when the fire got too close, he should leave and hope for the best.

For the first time in months Brady was without indecision. He hooked up his small plow to his father's old John Deere, and in a half hour he turned over a rim of grass around his house by plowing his lawn over in tightening concentric circles. He pulled his long garden hose around to the back of his house for later use. The Brady went into his garage and found his chain saw. He filled its two stroke engine, primed it, and pull-started it. With the saw's engine sputtering, Brady ran to the part of the pine stand that was directly behind his house and began carving at it. He took down ten trees in the first row. Then Bradford came back in his own truck and began using the Deere to pull the fallen trees into the field in the front of the house. During the next hour, Brady and Bradford were able to remove a ten tree wide and four tree gap from the stand. Wishing Brady luck, Bradford left for another neighbor's house, and Brady took the saw and dropped the last row of pines away from his house.

Brady then commenced clearing the brush in the gap and piling it on top of the fallen row. After clearing most of the brush, he took a rake and raked a ten foot wide path of its pine needles. All he left was exposed earth. Brady had completed his fire line. All of the time that he was working he had not surveyed the progress of the fire save for an occasional glance up the hill.

Now he took the time to climb up the humped rock in the middle of his clearing. It was difficult for him to see through the smoke, but

Brady surmised that the fire was coming across the pasture towards his house. The wind was blowing directly in his face; the smoke was causing his eyes to tear.

In the face of a dire crisis, the mind can see all possible courses of action which the body might take. As the mind sees the possibilities, it also selects one which it deems best. Brady decided to set afire the pine stand so that he might control the fire, rather than having it come down on the entirety of the stand at once. He took the remainder of his two stroke fuel and threw it on the first tree on one side of the stand. He lit the tree, ran back down to his garden hose and began hosing down his grass behind his furrow as fast as the pump could bring it up from the well. His plan seemed to work, as the trees went up quickly, and the fire also quickly burned back down. Brady worried about the wind blowing embers, but even it seemed to cooperate by dying down.

Brady watched the fire burn down the line, and he felt his hope begin growing. By now the daylight dimmed with the coming of twilight and the heavy, black smoke in the air. Brady realized that the fire had slowly worked its way to the other half of the pine stand, and it was now burning up as the other side had. Brady hosed down the grass behind the furrow following the path of the new fire.

Brady thought that his plan might have worked as the most intense fire was now moving away from both sides of his house.

Brady had done what he could. Now all he could do was wait. He took the hose back to the rock, hosed down all around the rock, and then turned the hose on the rock. It steamed from the heat, and the air was scorching, but Brady climbed on top of the rock anyway.

As he stood there, he felt the wind rise and saw a wave of flame burn through the grass and down the hill towards him. Brady turned around and saw that it illuminated the dark valley. And then he saw the valley grow darker again, and he turned around and watched the fire reach his break, and then he watched it burn down as its fuel became spent. Brady turned around and was about to jump off the rock, but he stopped.

He saw a faint red glow through the the second story window of the house. At first he thought he was just seeing the glare of the fire left in his eye, but the color changed from red to orange and became brighter. It quickly spread through the top floor of the house, and all that Brady could do was stand on the rock and stare into the fire. The mind provided no answers this time; there were none. Again the valley's sky glowed brighter, and the Crystal House burned. First the fire spewed out of the open skylights, then sections of the roof collapsed, and the white light emanated from the windows, and the house fell in upon itself.

Brady stood on top of the rock looking at his house. His face was too hot for tears to form, but as the house's embers died, the fire in Brady eyes died, and the summer's first drops of rain began falling. Brady had found what he sought.

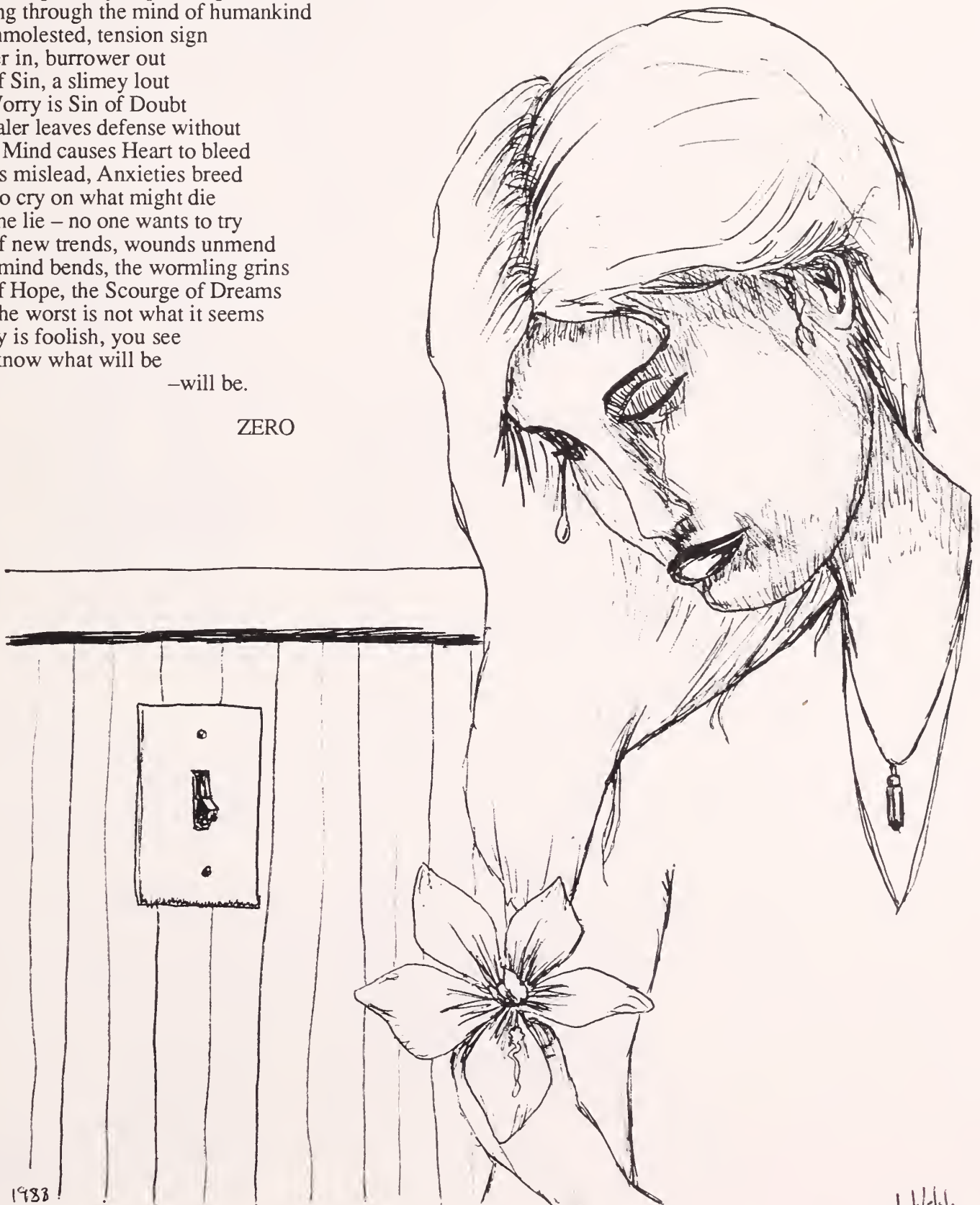


Everworry

Everworry is a wormling
Ever yearning, always squirming,
Squirming through the mind of humankind
Holes unmolested, tension sign
Burrower in, burrower out
Maker of Sin, a slimey lout
Sin of Worry is Sin of Doubt
FaithStealer leaves defense without
Holes in Mind causes Heart to bleed
Thoughts mislead, Anxieties breed
People do cry on what might die
Spread the lie – no one wants to try
Afraid of new trends, wounds unmend
When a mind bends, the wormling grins
Afraid of Hope, the Scourge of Dreams
Knows the worst is not what it seems
To worry is foolish, you see
For we know what will be

–will be.

ZERO



1988

J. Welsh

The Manifesto That Never Ends
Rick Bynum
22 March 1988

Of theory and of building,
Of practice and of education,
The following shall be the rules
to enhance my vocation.

The Rules of the Mind
The lessons learned before us
of the past we shall respect,
but here and now we shall know
for it is today that we affect

Of the elements and the archetype
that all will identify,
to pull out of the everyday
to re-present and to ask why?

The sensual experience
of the path and the place,
the freedom of pluralism
allows the exploration of taste

The power of a metaphor
places interpretation to a test,
but we must respect the fine line
between its expression and appropriateness

The Rules of Life
The constraints of the world
incorporate the game of the white collar,
but never to sacrifice one's views
or relinquish control to the dollar

To be the agent and the leader
is to avoid a hint of decadence
always respecting his needs
but never lose its spirit or essence

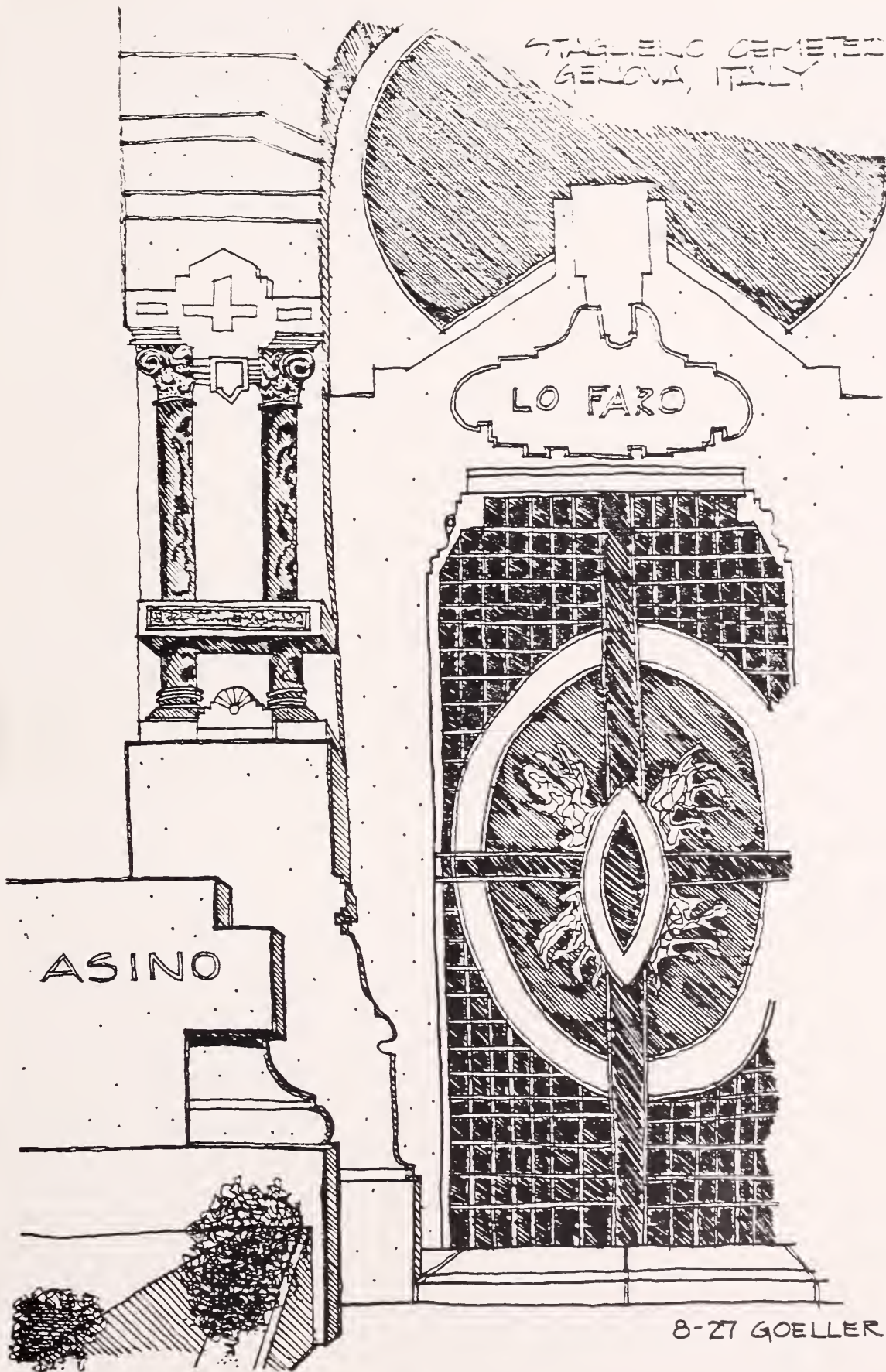
To be patient and eager
for time will tell all
To learn from others
for we are so small

The Rule of Growth
To look and to see
are quite different tasks
to open the mind
is to look and to ask

To react and to review
will reinforce what one has learned
but to explore and to test
will produce the new that is yearned

When the mind's eye is touched
my job is complete
but only for a moment
for with myself I only compete

STAGLIENO CEMETERY
GENOVA, ITALY





i'd like an education,
please, with a side order of
sweet potatoes — & hold
the dirt

by skelly holmbeck

We enter our chosen university with high hopes. We may be motivated, excited, scared, uncertain or determined. We enroll in a major and are trained to become financiers, journalists, engineers, nurses, architects and teachers. When we graduate we are relieved, happy, sad and energetic. We have been given the foundation we need to become what we wanted. But what kind of foundation did we get? What does an education really entail? What makes a university?

Daniel Regan has a definite idea about what a university is. "A university is a great place to be exposed to a clash of ideas. It's nice to meet reflective, thoughtful people who disagree with you. A university should be built on that." Daniel Regan, once chair of Arts and Sciences, is now Director of Villanova University's newest child, the Center for Peace and Justice Education. A man with a warm handshake, big smile and powerful words, Daniel

Regan's pride in the program is apparent.

The idea of having a Peace and Justice program was conceived in 1977 when three representatives from Villanova (located in Pennsylvania) attended a Bread for the World Program in Kansas. One was the chair of the Arts and Sciences, one a professor from the History Department, and the other an Augustinian priest from Religious Studies. They were struck by what they saw. "We felt there was a crying need for students to be aware of world hunger. Did you know 30 million people in the U.S. are protein deficient?" Prof. Regan's directness is cloaked in feeling. "It's great being number one [the U.S.] but what does that mean? Is our being number one happening to the detriment of others? Once you get started reflecting you realize we can do well, and others can, too."

The first Peace and Justice course was an honors course con-

sidered a general humanities seminar. Eighteen students enrolled, and the course was very well received. The first year the professors taught these courses as overload, meaning on top of a regular teaching load. Money, as always, was a big consideration. The seminars took off. The following year, these courses were no longer taught as overload. Now, students can complete the Peace and Justice program by earning twenty-four credits from a multitude of seminars that discuss various aspects of peace and justice, including pacifism and militarism, non-violence, global trouble spots, human rights, racism, sexism, and world hunger. Credits can also be earned from elective courses in economics, history, political science, etc. The students most attracted to the courses are engineers, nurses and accountants—students with restrictive course loads who don't get to take many courses such as these.

The program now draws teach-

ers from all four colleges (including engineering), and has five permanent members, each belonging to a different discipline. What's the faculty response? "Some like it, some don't. It runs the gamut. Some are very enthusiastic, just as many think we're commies or pin-kos. But I think if they came down here and got to know us they would like us."

Prof. Regan stressed that much administrative cooperation is needed. The program is not a department, keeping participation open to all faculty. This means that professors who teach classes for Peace and Justice can not teach as many classes in their own department. Departments have to be flexible. It takes a lot of working together. "We earned cooperation. We have good people involved." Also, these courses can fulfill humanities, political science, economics, almost any requirement, depending on the professor teaching. This means students substitute Peace and Justice courses for other economics or political science courses. Regan gives lots of examples of various professors who have brought energy, depth and quality to the program.

Courses for this year include one called "Faces of the Needy" which uses personal contact with the poor of Philadelphia and addresses concrete proposals for alleviating poverty. Another course, "Women and Social Justice," examines such issues as sexism, ERA, and "the connection between feminism and peace." Courses have been taught by engineers, economists and historians who look at the Nuclear Age from their special perspectives. The Program has an Internal Advisory Board which helps them to keep their focus.

Most classes are team taught.

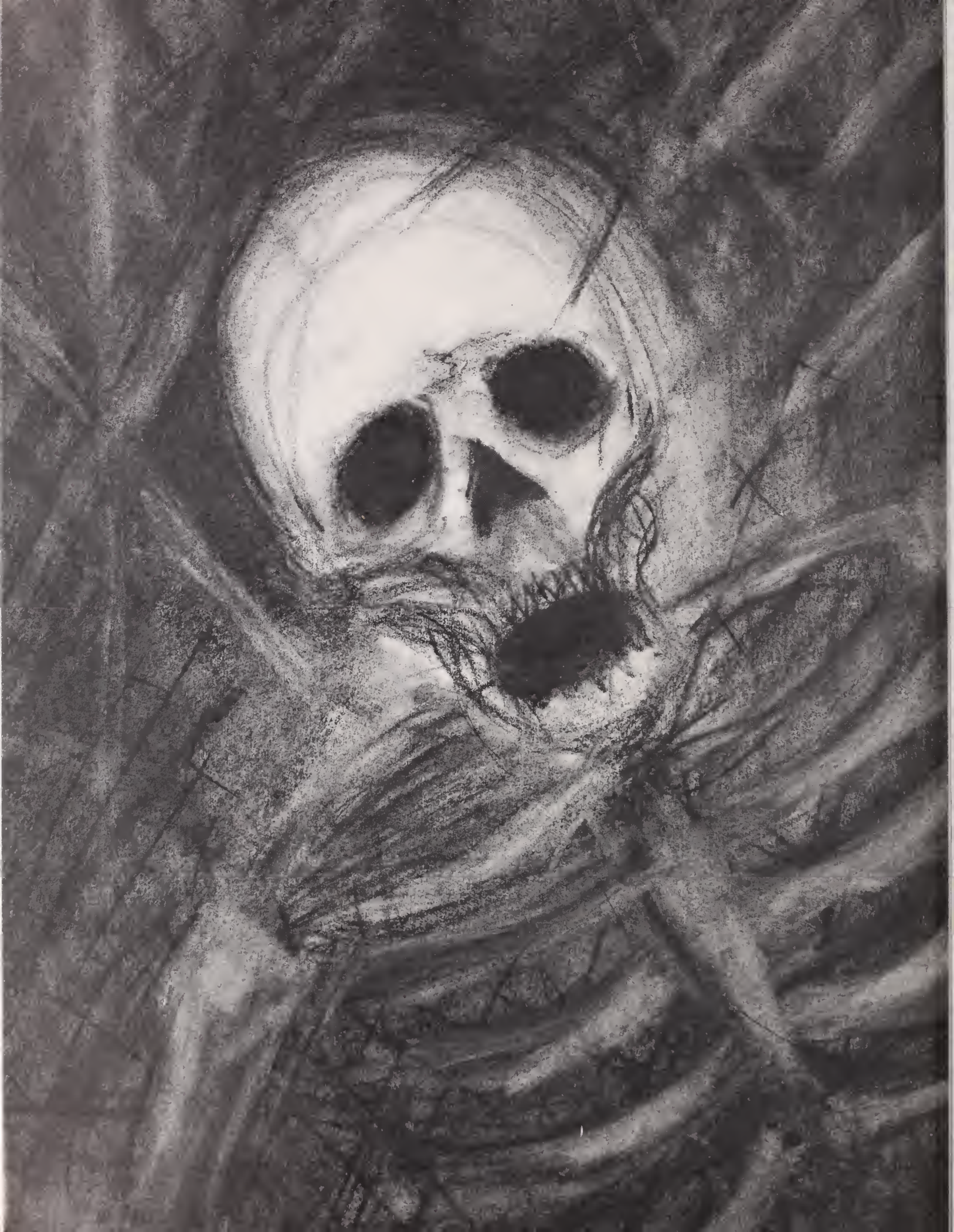
Regan explains the reasoning behind the format. "We don't brainwash anyone. If you are a faculty member who wants to teach and you are a right winger, we'll hook you up with a left winger." Another format is based on one professor bringing in guest speakers with various views. It's expensive, but the administration obviously feels it is worth it.

The Program is not all academic. The Peace and Justice Center, now eighteen months old, is home for all campus peace and justice organizations: Villanovans for Life, Women's Concerns, Anti-Apartheid, Bread for the World, Villanova Environmental Group, etc. The problem, Regan explains, is that some students have no awareness. "It's too easy to get locked into getting all your accounting classes in so you can become a certified CPA." The Peace and Justice Program can break that tunnel vision. "It's important for students to get exposed to global thinking. World hunger, how our economy affects others; it's hard for students to have a feel for it. The U.S. wants to be supported, so it doesn't educate us to think globally." If the U.S. government won't do it, it's up to us. Daniel Regan is adamant. "A university does more than teach you to make a living, it also teaches you to be a human being."

I had the opportunity to talk with another supporter of educating for peace, Dr. William Evan, from the University of Pennsylvania. When I spoke with him in June, he had just returned from spending a month in China. There he gave fifteen lectures, five of which were on nuclear weapons and how to manage them, to different research institutes. His major objective was to analyze the nuclear arms race by surveying military strategists and political an-



Peace is not the absence of conflict Peace consists in creatively dealing with conflict.
 —James McGinnis



alysts. The five nations surveyed will be Soviet Union, China, Britain, France and the U.S.

Dr. Evan teaches a course called "Nuclear War: a Multidisciplinary Perspective," which is listed as American Civics 212 or Sociology 210. Some of the listed course objectives are to examine the effects of a nuclear war—"human, physical, ecological and civilizational;" the "political, military, economic and bureaucratic factors governing the nuclear arms race between the U.S. and U.S.S.R.; under what conditions are we likely to gain control of the arms race and make progress towards arms control and nuclear disarmament... The purpose of this course is to address such questions in a systematic and multidisciplinary manner."

The class had to be approved by a curriculum committee of twelve faculty members. The committee had to be persuaded that it was an academic course, not propaganda. Although some initially thought the course was too journalistic, they saw the readings and agreed the class was academically acceptable and challenging. The format consists of lectures, policy debates (about six a semester), films and visiting speakers. Dr. Evan's most recent book is the backbone for the course. Entitled The Arms Race and Nuclear War, it includes writings from Carl Sagan, Caspar W. Weinberger and the Union of Concerned Scientists. Students do a 750 word paper "setting forth a novel and factually-based idea for preventing nuclear war." "I encourage students to draw their own conclusions." Dr. Evan relates. "If you exercise your imagination you can do something and make a difference."

How does Dr. Evan feel about

his course? "Everyone should take it." His belief in the potential for each person to have an impact on world peace is fundamental. He told me the story about the Hundredth Monkey: "there was once a community of monkeys that ate sweet potatoes, and liked potatoes but not the dirt on them. One day, a baby monkey washed her potato in a nearby stream. She taught her mother and her playmates, soon everyone caught on..."

I got to expand my perspective by speaking with Dr. Paul Dehl at the University of Georgia. Dr. Dehl takes turns with two other faculty members teaching a course called "War and Peace in the Nuclear Age." A 400 level course, it is defined as a multidisciplinary course on national security. Class size ranges from 70 to 100 students, depending on the room size. The course has been taught for four years, and faculty are very supportive. About half the students are political science majors (the political science department offers the course) and the other half are a wide variety. Credits from "War and Peace" can go towards earning a Global Policy Certificate.

"Some students" says Dehl, "are activists, some are right wing, some know nothing and want to learn." The success of the course can be measured by student response. "Many say it's the best class they've ever had. It probably has to do with the format. We have up to thirty speakers that go in depth with different points of view." Speakers cover the spectrum, including Consequentialists, a representative from the military, and a speaker on peace-keeping strategies. Ninety-five percent of these lecturers contribute their energy and time, with the Law School funding the rest.

The belief that it is possible to achieve security through armaments on a national scale is a disastrous illusion—in the last analysis the peaceful coexistence of peoples is primarily dependent upon mutual trust...

—Albert Einstein

Readings, as well, are chosen carefully so that opposing sides can be examined.

Educating for peace is a fairly new concept. The first organized, coherent curriculum on peace was offered by Manchester College in Indiana in 1948. Today, undergraduate and graduate Peace Studies programs are offered by nearly 300 universities and colleges in the U.S. and abroad. Many more colleges offer at least one peace type course.

Why peace courses? Peace, love and happiness is a phrase from the Sixties. The hippies have handed that ideal in for more lucrative goals like power, status, and American Express, at least according to the media's narration. So where is the place for peace studies in our educational system?

We have military academies and universities. For years we have had history classes teaching us about war. We have learned the philosophy of a certain kind of force. Coleman McCarthy, syndicated columnist and staff writer for the Washington Post, defines it as a war force.

We don't need to learn to be passive, but rather to learn the philosophy of a peace-force. Have you ever had a class that studied Gandhi's nonviolent non-cooperation or discussed places where nonviolence has worked, like the resistance against the Nazis in Denmark in 1940? Have you ever been exposed to ideas

from Mother Theresa or Thomas Merton?

I think that students today care about more than just substantiating a resume. The fact that peace courses exist and programs are growing says a lot about where we feel our energy is needed. McCarthy began teaching peace courses at American University in 1984. One called "The Politics of Nonviolence" grew from fifteen students the first years to two classes totalling 230 students the following year, with some 200 students being turned away by department administrators.

It seems that we want an education that will lead to a career and to a high quality of life as well. (A hard term to define, quality of life is linked with but not limited to our happiness and mental health.) As our technology lurches forward with full force, we are sky rocketed into a time of great technological discovery. Meanwhile, our ideology lingers behind, stifling our ability to utilize, understand and make decisions about the dilemmas inherent in our technological advances. This phenomenon, termed cultural lag, creates a schism between the way we find ourselves constructing our world and the way we would like it to be so we can have the quality of life we desire. Education should develop our ability to understand and analyze social and political issues, then find solutions to them. Education

should be a stepping stone to creating the type of world we want to live in.

Any engineer, accountant, mathematician, nursing major, whoever, will tell you how they have come to understand the concepts presented to them—by applying the concepts to problems. Much thought, energy and time goes into developing the ability to use a theory. Socrates, according to Plato, believed that virtue is knowledge and the only type of evil is ignorance. Socrates did not believe knowledge was something taught, given like a pair of new shoes to walk around in. Rather, a teacher draws the knowledge out of student. It is something there, although it may be latent. I believe our ability to use the concept of peace, or peace-force, is a way of living which we have the potential to achieve.

Living in peace is not just an issue about nuclear arms, the U.S. and the Soviet Union. It is also about you or your girlfriend being able to walk home from the library without being raped. It is you and your roommate thinking of a creative solution to fighting over cleaning the apartment. Promoting peace can mean helping with abused children at Helping Hands. It is something that can be drawn out of us. It's something we can draw out of others. Some people think peace is just a hopeless ideal, but what's the alternative?



Beginnings

In warm red earth
first stirrings sound, she hears
with woman's ear;
Almost familiar, spring's awakening cry.

Th frail hope, milky seedling
cradled in pristine bed,
a soap bubble dream;
Shapless soul, dividing, dividing.

Chill Autumn breathes in dark corridors
Nature recoils from her error,
too fragile for trembling genesis;
A fading sigh dissolves like new snow.

Cold stainless scalpels pry her fingers
away from the strangled mass,
the substance of hope;
A lullaby choked in her scarred
throat.

Red and gold hands, waving, float past her eye
Her window, high in the blood brick building
has black bars. She has grown
new tendrils and branches
to soak her cracked shell with bittersweet sap.

Strange, ghosts slip by on liquid stairs
of morphine memories, and coughing.
Alone in the white morning,
A stillness echoes in her hollow root.

Splattered, hope is only a red dream
Scraped from sterile porcelain.
Silent mother, watching nothing,
tracing its stain on aging sheets of
senseless floral patterns.

Beverly Cooper Gunter

Shades of Prejudice (Apartheid)

Rockets flare and fireworks glare
Colors are just color in the sky
White is strong yet black is wrong
In a country that fair they die
Tempers flared and bullets aired
The blood of many was shed
Multitudes cried as both races died
Both black and white ran red
Though many fight none are right
Must one race always be supreme
Let the fighting cease and live in peace
Long live the great King's dream
With eyes that are blind and love in mind
No more shall colored eyes cry
And when fireworks glare and rockets flare
Color will only be different in the sky.

Anthony Snipes

Artist's Spotlight
CHRIS COSTELLO







Her fingers caressed the carved bones
And her eyes chased the symbols
Of a long forgotten song.
With her head
Bobbing on a pale shrunken neck
She became lost
In the memories of hot nights
Nights of wine and seduction
In the basement
Of grandmother's house.
Playing games of provocation
In the damp candlelight.
She sat giggling
On a dust covered peach crate
Loosening the lace
That kept breasts warm
While her grandmother
Lay prone upstairs
On the cold wooden floor
Expelling a gentle wind
To call to her baby to help.

Trey Reckling

To you, gracious lady that I have known
Living in simplicity
With all of your sisters.
Shrouded in mystery and
Bride of God himself.
With eyes as deep as the sea
And skin so soft.
Each day you play your life
As an example of holy fulfillment
For the malleable youth.
Clutching your beads
With each whispered benediction.
Your authority is not to be questioned,
Representing the highest court
And those who refuse
To conform to this divine order
Will suffer an attack
From your incendiary gaze.
You have one foot
In the unseen gates of pearl
We are told to believe in.

At the day's end
You retire to the divine sorority
Where the sisters relax
Praying for tomorrow's strength
And in the dark
Your flatulence nauseates their chaste minds
And shakes the crucifix
From the wall.

Trey Reckling

8/17/88
for Anne

wake to sun carresses
and fragmented smiles,
leftover anger
and touch
oh lightly, lightly touch
the cobwebs and worry
them apart . . .
for later

wake to electric rain
and its rainbow promise
remember those childish cavorts –
taste that rain
still

wake gently
and dream of crickets

Beth Lyons

8/25/88
still for Anne

wake to sun carress
and the half remembrance:
kiss or tear?
then touch,
oh lightly, lightly touch
the cobwebs and worry
them apart

search for the rainbow promised
with childish intent –
taste that rain
still

wake gently
and dream of crickets

Beth Lyons

Ah, but wait

[Yes]

Beast most biting a badger may be
when seduced to a frosted steel cage

And a shark can flash wedges of whitefire lightningquick
when prey bloodied is stripped

And FleshrippingPaw of Tiger brings cuddlydeath
when hunted by a brave stupid

But have you ever tried to corner a man

Kirk Hazen





Resurrection and Atavara

by Gil Gregory

I knew that it was time to move, and move quickly. I dropped the Weekly World News on the tabloid-covered coffee table and looked for my keys.

As I drove, I heard on the radio that Martin Luther King Jr. had risen from the grave, and I knew the mojo stick I ordered had worked. If only he could find me in Texas. The things he would learn, my place in history. The creole mojo stick was in the glove compartment. I spoke to it, and it spoke to me. Among other things, the mojo stick told me that cheerleading was historically insignificant. Now, though, the mojo stick had a plan for me and for humanity. Being on the highway would let him hone in on the creole mojo stick without the confusion that the city might bring.

The bluebonnets were out as were the indian paintbrushes, not to mention the tiny yellow flowers blanketing the median. I was so happy, I started to cry. Martin Luther King Jr. was on the run, nature was beautiful, and just the night before I had seen Kim and Phong: Born to Party at the Americanized Oriental Theatre. It was a day like I never had before.

I found Martin Luther Jr. or, rather, he found me. I was stopping at a diner to buy some lunch, and he leaped on the hood of my Toyota. Martin looked good. He was the man for the job.

"Martin,...Martin Luther,...M.L." I said, shaking his hand. He stood there panting. "Quickly now, we've got to go, get in the car." I helped him off the hood and led him to the passenger's seat. He seemed very tired, but that was understandable, seeing how he made it from Atlanta, Georgia to just outside Tyler, Texas so quickly. He shifted uncomfortably for a moment, but was asleep by the time I got the car

The Alternative 88



The Upstate's Best Rock

started. Martin slept soundly. I was nearly to the bus station when the memory of how it all started came to the surface of my consciousness.

Horrible forms of advertising. Coca-Cola Clothing. Spuds Mackenzie. The enormous highway billboards screaming at travelers and commuters. Marquees with flashing lights in front of gas stations and video outlets and then, the ultimate horror, in front of churches; blaring pseudo-witty phrases of Christ's message. And then I saw my mother reminding me to wash my penis. Calling it cute names. Winker, pecker, dancin' boy, Captain Ahab. I remembered my emaciated sister throwing up to stay in shape for the bulympics. And I saw my hundreds of nose aneurisms. And worst of all, I saw the nights at the roller-skating rink watching Aerobicise slowly replace Christianity. It was too much. I needed help and divine guidance. Those moments were dark, but when I needed it most the creole mojo stick came to me. Oh the kind mojo stick. The stick that gives guidance. Answerer of Questions, Healer of the Sick. I smiled. Smiled at the fact that I had raised Martin Luther King Junior from the dead. I thanked the creole mojo stick for M.L.'s presence, for clotting my nose aneurisms, and for

my future.

I shook Martin awake. "Martin," I said, "I want to tell you a few things before I drop you off, O.K.?" He nodded. "People are going to ask you questions about how you came back from the dead.

Do you know how you're going to answer them?" He shook his head and stared at me expectantly. I put my hand on his shoulder. "Martin, you tell them that Aerobicise brought you back. Tell everyone that you predicted the advent of Aerobicise in Letter from a Birmingham Jail. Then say that it is your duty to lead the new holy kingdom of aerobicisers and to spread Aerobicise to the far corners of the Earth. You also ought to say that while you were dead, you indian wrestled Christ and beat him two out of three. That will establish the superiority of Aerobicise to Christianity. And now the most important prophesy. I want you to tell everyone that God will be found naked and hairless, swimming in the Caribbean off the island of Santa Domingo."

"Why should I say all this?" Martin asked.

"Because the creole mojo stick says," I replied.

"Creole what?" his eyes were hidden in his cheeks.

"Mojo stick. That's what drew you to my car." I said. "Me and the mojo stick raised you from the dead."

M.L. thought hard, and, after a moment, nodded his head and said, "Okay, I understand now." He seemed sincere. "Will people really go for this?"

"Martin," I said, patting him on the back, "People are stupid and will believe anything." Martin Luther King Jr. started to get out of the car. "One more thing." I stared deeply into his eyes, "Advertise your message at half-time of the superbowl. The prices are high, but it's a sound investment; well worth the money." I immediately realized how badly I wanted a son.

I left M.L. at the Tyler bus station after buying him a ticket back to Atlanta. The publicity there would be the greatest. My destiny was different thanks to the creole mojo stick. I purchased a plane ticket to Santa Domingo, an electric razor, and fourteen bottles of Nair.





Summer Storm

Twice the thunder sounded warning
then the fury
slashed its way across the earth
and storm was all there was
Winds sounded like the power of life
and water came down solid
shattering like glass when it hit the ground
Terror lived in the tumult of no light
All went white
then the air and water became one
and the world fell black

Julia Sisk

Words for an Old Waltz

I have seen a vision
held a dream
 green as new grass
and new as tomorrow.
It is the first time,
 this time,
though old as the memory of time:
the same words set to different rhyme,
freshly played in three-four time.
And love, capricious, strikes you
 and me
 and we chime.

Thomas F. Ruckelshaus

Soft Words

Soft words
 floating
 in the
 air
Searching
 for a place
 to land.
Quiet,
 restful.
No war,
 no anger,
Only beauty and love
To cushion
 and protect
 them
 from all
 harm.

Will anyone hear them?

Michael J. Lusk

Picasso the Poet
 inspired by Les Demoiselles des Bords de la Seine
 (after Corbet)

if i could write
 lyrical lines
 like Pablo painted himself
 easily in every breath

write i could if
 lyricallines
 painted Pablo like
 easily in himself

my poems would wake
 the sleeping globe
 with genius like a flashing,
 painted stroke

would my poems wake
 the sleeping genius with
 a stroke painted, flashing like

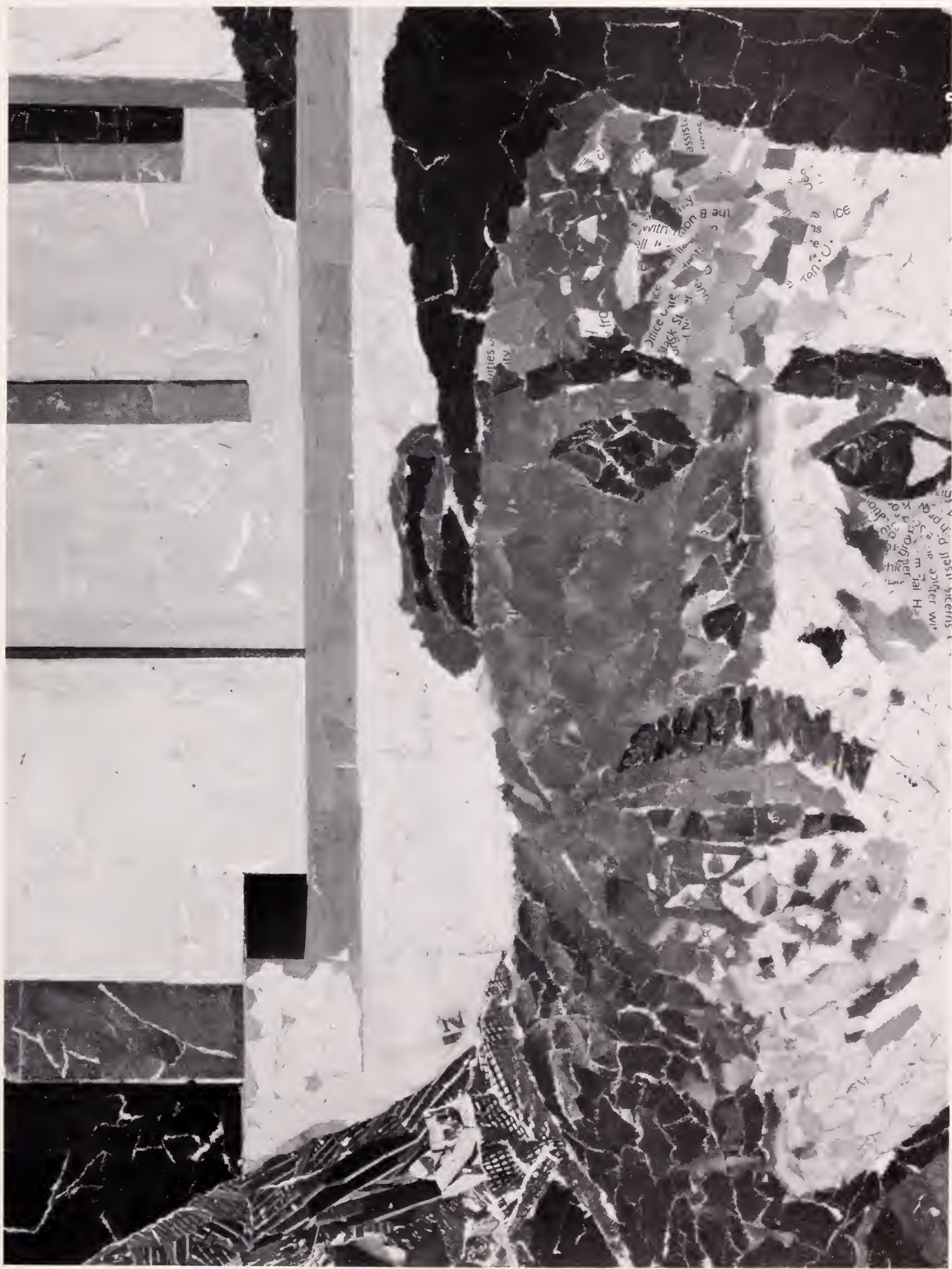
Force you to view
 the dissected living form,
 a stained glass window
 shattered
 in a wind.

you FORCE the dissected view
 to form a glasswind,
 a living shattered
 st ain
 in a window

for the only thing
 that it is.
 is the Quality it touches
 in each Seer.

it is the Quality only that
 each Seer touches
 in the
 thing

Kirk Hazen





Gettin' Gone

by Butch Clay

Back then a pear tree grew in my back yard, and in summer the laden boughs bent in great lofty arches, heavy with pears. The limbs bent down in great fruited bows that now and then reached back even to the ground. Summer, you could say, was nothing but pears; it was full of pears, whose sweet delight we sought not just for their fine juicy selves but sought sometime for an even greater gain. For we learned early, that before the blazing sun of August burnt them to mulsh and the bugs and worms ate big blotches out where yellow jackets then came in busy droves, pears could also be the stuff of glory and adventure. And since we were brave and errant knights in the can-kicking summers' eves, in the boiling street light dimness of gamboling July nights, pears were the prize of choice, which is why the greatest tree of all, the golden pear-hung granddaddy of them all was not in my yard, and not even across the fence in Lou Raleigh's yard behind mine, but was up the road on the corner, rounded by hedges, in a yard laid out so as to foil any would-be pear thief dashing in from the street, laid out by that poor old woman, that crazy bat who forever labored in vain to catch us in the act.

Of course there was the time she snuck up out of nowhere with a broom while Lou Raleigh was up in the tree so high he couldn't get down in time. One minute he was shaking for all he was worth and the very next she was beating on him and wailing like a banshee.

And before Lou Raleigh could fall down out of the tree and thud like a pumpkin and then in a flash be up and gone, she liked to have beat him black and blue, and would have too, except that old Lou was already the blackest and proudest as well as the toughest and fastest loose-kneed pimp-walking stud of fourteen years that ever was, who long before black fists of power were shooting high everywhere in the air was already a proud black power unto himself, a wild man-child on the high-fenced and vine grown frontier that kept his house in its proper place on the other, black side of town from mine.

Lou Raleigh I knew before I could even throw a leg over the first branch of that great green and pear-hung treasure tree up the street, knew even before I found out my skinny arm more skinny than a long green bean could throw a baseball (or a pear) harder than most arms twice its size. Which is maybe why Lou Raleigh named me "Peach," because nobody nowhere around could chunk a baseball like me when it was deep in the ninth and the chips were down, and I felt like chunkin' hard. But there were other reasons why he called me "Peach," and not just because my skin shone a little brighter than his by the light of the moon. It was maybe because he know as well as anybody that come early spring, when yellow and white jonquils and big red robins filled the outfield from the fence to second base, that it was time for me to go back to be

a baseball chunkin' fool. It'd be time put on my uniform with "Peaches" written in bright blue script across my back and half-way down my shoulders and go out every bright, blazing Saturday noon in pursuit of fame and glory. In pursuit also of all else that might attend the fame and glory that would be mine, I knew, when I could send batters back limp-kneed to the bench with their bat in their hand and that wild-eyed, scared "Goddamn" written all over their chalky white faces.

Old Lou Raleigh knew me too, knew me well enough to know that no Mickey Mantle or Roger Marris walking could keep me off that mound when Bobby Ramey's sister came out to the game, came out to be seen, usually in the second row of the bleachers, in all her full growing fifteen years' surprise, made up in lips more red than ripest cherries and made out in her reddest flower print dress filled out so good and full it showed the promise of untold El Dorados underneath.

"What be on yo' mind Peach-boy," Lou Raleigh would say, "when you out there firin' 'em home son? And don't be lyin' neither, 'cause do you say one thing ain't so you know a big old bolt gonna fry yo' bo-diddly white ass right out in front them screamin' honkies.

And then I'd say, "Man, you know me, ain't nothing to it Jack. Ain't no play here, ain't no play nowhere in these bones, I'm in



business, son; you know me Lou Raleigh, I don't play, ain't never gonna play, you know I'm in business to the bitter end..."

"You ain't lyin' you in business fool, you in business to her bitter end I know. And you know I know yo' skinny ass better, and you gonna be crying mercy when Becky Ramey daddy find out all he ain't found out just quite yet. You gonna feel that cold wind blow

son; he gonna tell yo' daddy and yo' daddy gonna put you in the wind boy."

But of course none knew better we did that being "in the wind" might not be so bad, really; it was what "getting gone" was all about and what it had been about ever since either of us could remember. And both of us had no doubts about where "getting gone" meant we had to be, which was probably why we knew that come Saturday night we'd be headed downtown come hell or high water, long gone like turkeys through the corn. That, in addition to the fact that in brightest early March no pears hung nowhere for the stealing, was the reason we would have to pull out all the stops the coming Saturday night, and hope that my parents would get home early from the "Y" Squares square dancing so once they got settled in and my pop could get his last nip and then go on to bed and start bumping around, me and Lou Raleigh could do like we liked better than any damn thing we liked in the whole wide world, which was hit the road, which meant sneak right on out of the house come about deep and dark midnight, which meant, in other words, that we'd be getting an early start.

"Goin' downtown Peach, ain't no lie tonight, son, gonna walk my walk and talk my talk and you best get yo' lily white ass in gear come time or I be long gone, I be cake-walking it, son, be done left yo' ass on the bank. And maybe don't you show on time I'll ease right up on that big white porch of yours and ring that bell just so yo' daddy'll whup yo' ass.:"

"Yeah, Lou, you drag yo' ass anywhere near that porch and you know my daddy'll perforate yo' black ass. And we'll see how all them bird-legged frizzly-headed women of yours like missin' their

beau-boy then."

So, though I knew that Lou Raleigh knew I was damn sure telling the truth, I knew just as well he'd come pound the hell out of my door anyway, or maybe even beat on the side of the house, knowing and not caring that my daddy would know it was him. So sure enough, when time came to stuff my bed with pillows and lock and bolt and even jam my door and then leave my radio playing low just like always, I made damn sure I had all that done with time to spare, so I could take my time in slipping out. Because the fact of the matter was that Lou Raleigh knew I'd be carrying my antique gold watch, and since it didn't have but one hand left, and that the little one, I knew well enough to know old Lou would maybe have him something to settle down with in the cool dark quiet of Old Lady Brumby's pear tree bower, to pass the time. And I know that if I couldn't get to him before he sipped down the last dirty brown finger of whiskey left in the bottle he'd steal out of his uncle's two-tone '57 Ford, well, I didn't want to think about that. Because I knew, tough as he was, wadn't much whiskey going down his throat before he got to feeling too fine, and the one place I couldn't afford to be, if he gave up on me and came on down to my house shucking and jiving and singing James Brown, was anywhere outside my oh so silently raised window. Because if he came to my house and my daddy couldn't even get in my room to tell me to tell Lou he was gonna shoot him deader than hell if he didn't take his negro ass on home, well then, if that happened, my game was lost before it got started.

Thus it was that I moved with light-footed and deliberate care up along and beyond Miss Ruthie Bell Bloodworth's covering scuppernong arbor, so that I could dash

into and on up the street out of sight of any busy old hen that might be up with the cramp and looking out the window. And once I made it up to where Lou Raleigh lay in wait, I ducked in quick-like and sat down next to him. Just as I suspected, he was already a moon-eyed fool. I leaned back against the tree and took his bottle; I could see that wadn't a damn thing left in it for me. And I knew then that we best be getting gone soon because old Lou might any minute start shucking and jiving and maybe get up out under the light and start singing. And if he did do that, him out under the limey light of the corner moving and grooving and pimping like a "natch'l man," I'd have no choice but either break back for the shelter of Miss Ruthie's wild jungle yard and then on quick but easy down to the bushes outside my house while all the time Lou Raleigh got louder and louder and lights everywhere started coming on, or, I'd have to do as I did, which was tear out beyond the street light, headed downhill to the river in hopes old Lou would take the cue and come on, because once he got in a James Brown frame of mind there wadn't no stopping him for nothing.

Luckily, when I ran, he ran, and so even though he did sing out loud it didn't matter, because by that time we were already down the hill almost, soon to be out of the shadow-broken streetlights, into the black deep dark of the tracks down by the river, old Lou right on my ass, loping his lope and kicking up high and clapping, singing, "I feel good, na-na-na-na-na-na, like I knew that I would right now, na-na-na-na-na-na."

And once there, bounding and skipping and only touching down on every third tie, we sprinted wide open not to stop at all 'till we covered the mile and a quarter into town, except of course those

couple of times when Lou Raleigh, running beside me with the long-legged ease of a deer, would grab me up by the shirt and make me stop so he could sing one more time, "I feel nice, na-na-na-na-na-na, like sugar and spice right now, na-na-na-na-na-na." And then while I bent over, my hands on my knees, trying to breathe, he'd say again, "Check it out Peach, Ain't no lie son, we gonna be some downtown fools, boy. Me and you, and mostly me, do I meet me some honey-brown honey somewhere down this line. Then you gonna be draggin' yo' Buckwheat ass on home alone. Gettin' gone son, you know what I mean."

And of course I knew all too well what he meant, but no way never-ever would I let Lou know I really was scared to get home on my own. So it was with a sort of fool's courage that I followed him up the rail embankment and out from underneath the Spring Street bridge, back into the tawdry neon night. But I did not have to worry and fret too long, because once back out into the street, we both started to move into the loose-kneed forecourt stroll that was Lou's own walk by nature and mine by studied diligence, and anybody knew that doing the pimp-walk for long couldn't help but ease you up inside and make you relax.

So up then, on up to Mulberry Street, past the deserted, cavernous Capital Theatre, on beyond the bright lights of the Methodist church's Saturday night youth vigil meeting we were both real glad we weren't at, on even farther, beyond and behind and into the deepest shadows of alleys and side streets we knew would swallow us whole before delivering us once more into the bright white lights of downtown, this time at the very door of the "Cheerio" liquor store. That was when I knew to let a master

work, for my thirteen years' artless ignorance had to give way to Lou Raleigh's fourteen summer's steely savvy.

It was not that we did not know it was a foolish thing to stand out on a downtown street in the wide open bright light of the Cheerio parking lot, looking for somebody to buy us a bottle. We both had at least enough sense to know that this was the part of the plan for which there was no plan, for which would be required that raw courage possessed only by the sure of heart and the fleet of foot. There had been many other things done, requiring far more guts than the mere contracting for the purchase of one new pint of "King Cotton" Peach Wine, many other deeds done with never a word breathed by either of us about the law, or worse, about what we knew might happen up if by some slim chance we got the drop dropped on us by some slick Saturday night-clean dude down this side of town to get "right," who might decide to haul ass just after we laid on him our only dollar-and-a-half. We thought surely no lawman, not even Matt Dillon himself would stand a chance of staying on us should we light out on one of our wide open ass-shagging marathons we'd used before to put many a city block between us and whatever it was we'd just done. And we both knew that wherever trouble took us, up or down or all around, it had to take us, together or apart, back down to the river eventually, to that trusty stretch of rail which brought us downtown in the first place and which could just as well lead us back up and off into Rosehill Graveyard into which, should we have to flee, we were sure none would ever, ever follow.

So I let Lou Raleigh do all the talking, while I kind of waited off to the side amid the busted bottles and the brown paper bags, under a

walnut tree at least as old, I thought, as the cobble stone street to which that tree and all its lined-up-and-down the road kin had given name. I did not have to wait too long, which was a damn good thing since I had just begun to get real worried about whoever, or whatever, might decide to ease on out from all the black enveloping darkness all around. I did not have to wait too long, thank God, because in about two seconds Lou Raleigh came cakewalking that kind of kool scrappy jaunt I knew meant our ass was in business. And I was right, because no sooner had old Lou hit shadow when he broke into a dead run, yelling to me, "Come on Peach-boy it's time to get to the gettin' place son."

We got to the alley where we were supposed to wait and we waited with an eye on the road and one on the darkness behind. And fortunately again the wait was blessedly short because it seemed like in no time flat we saw the truck, an old muddy farm-worn pickup Dodge, come up out of the Cheerio lot and start, in and out of shadow, up towards us, with that ramshackle cobble road clatter that all of a sudden seemed too loud, like it would wake the whole damn town up sure as hell, wake them up that is, if any of them might happen to be asleep. He came on, up and up towards us, his tires thrumming louder and louder as he came, his old rattly truck on the cobble stones making a clatter that seemed to fill the whole town.

As soon as he could spot us running for him and could slow down so Lou could get his outstretched arm through the truck's window--as soon as he could do that, and Lou could get one foot on his running board to grab the bottle to run away into the night, a car sped out of nowhere. A side street spit out a white Ford LTD, a state car, with no markings. A state car that

screamed to a stop on the other side of the dirty Dodge truck and in an instant pushed out a long collared sleeve to stick a .38 caliber "Police Special" almost in the nose of its dumbstruck, doomed driver. And no sooner had a voice from within that sedan spoken in a gravelly, fearsome tone, "Don't move nigger or I'll blow your fucking ass off," Lou Raleigh and I were gone like ghosts, no more than fleeting breezes in the dark.

We ran like men afire, ran down into the dark alley at hand, already planning which way to go once we got out at the alley's end, because we knew every last rat trail back down to the river. But what happened next that night was different from any time before. Because on a dark hill behind the church, as we raced closer to a dark street we knew could get us down close to the tracks by the river, another sedan, this one marked, with a single blue light twirling and a siren winding up to a high pitched, terrifying wail, came squealing into the alley at the far end, its headlights pouring light on everything.

Lou said damn it to hell and I said Jesus Lord, and we turned to break back towards the way we'd just come. But yet another car with blue lights sped from that way too, now, and we had only one way left, which we took, down through the brick-strewn yard of an old burned-out building.

We could hear behind us the first blue car boil to a stop and then doors slam and voices begin yelling something about "Nigger we got your black ass now." That was when Lou pulled me down behind a little low wall and told me "Listen Peach this is it man. I want you to leave me and get your ass gone, right now." But I said back to him "Come on man we can make it down to the tracks and head for Rose Hill."

But then Lou Raleigh grabbed me up by both his hands and shook me hard, saying, "Goddamn it you stupid honky I said get on. They saw me but they ain't seen you. Now do it son, go, get gone."

I got Lou by the sleeve and pulled him up, up and out onto the dark brick on the next block's cobbled street. And I shouted one last time to Lou, "Damn it man we can make it, we ain't got far to go."

But that was when Lou Raleigh got mad and, now really pissed off, stuck his face right up in mine, seeming to yell and whisper all at the same time, "I ain't going to tell you again, I will kick your ass if you don't get gone right now! Peach you do what I say--you get your ass gone. They going to burn my black ass anyway. They catch me running with you, I'm in real deep shit then. So get on. Go."

It was then that the search light struck down through the lattice-like tangle of boughs of the bush beside us, and for an instant Lou's dark eyes lit up and I could see, I thought, exactly what was plainly there to read. He was afraid. The first time ever that I saw fear in Lou Raleigh, and that fear cut deep into me. And what happened next was what I can't forget, is what will go with me wherever I go for as long as I live. For it was then that Lou reached out to push me on my way but he missed, because I was already gone.

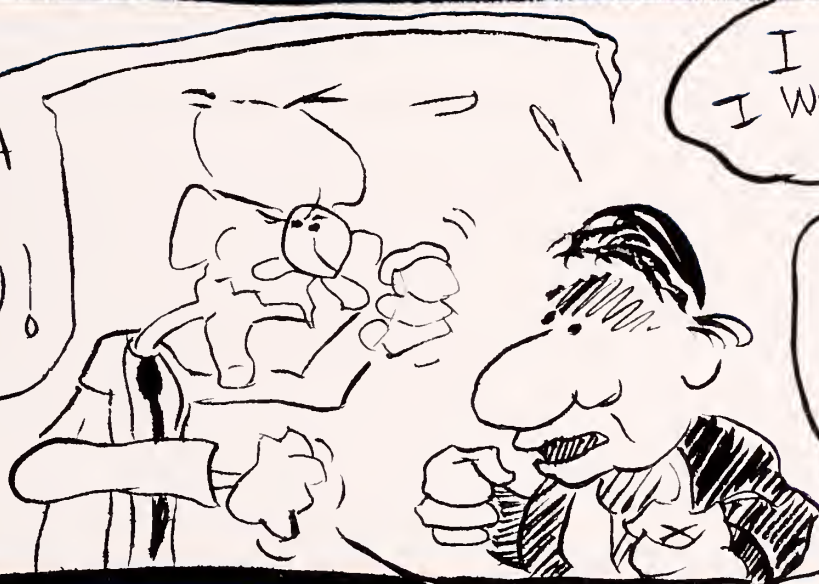


I THINK QUAYLE BOUGHT HIS WAY ON TO THE REPUBLICAN TICKET, INTO CONGRESS, AND INTO THE NATIONAL GUARD! ONLY A REPUBLICAN WOULD CHOOSE A RUNNING MATE LIKE QUAYLE -

THAT SOUNDS LIKE PRAISE COMING FROM THE LIPS OF THE WOULD-BE LEADER OF THE PARTY THAT NOMINATED GERALDINE FERRARO



YOU'RE A **WIMP** ANYHOW!



I AM NOT!
I WORKED FOR THE CIA!

AND ANYWAY-
YOU'RE A SPOOGE HEAD!

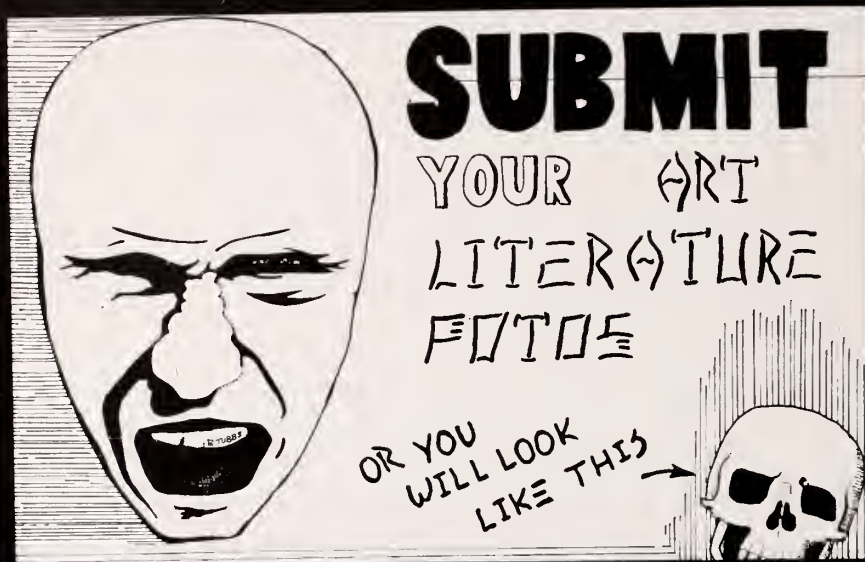
Election '88:

These are the choices-
As the time grows near, what will collective America say?



FLIB THOSE SNOOFS NOW!





Chronicle

Winter 1989



Editorial

A few weeks ago, I took a study break on a Sunday evening to see a film described by several friends as very good. *Mississippi Burning*, based on a ku klux klan murder of three civil rights workers, takes place in a small Mississippi town where the klan is king, and has the sheriff and his deputy as leading men, with full consent of the mayor. When FBI agents come to the town to investigate the murders, the "law" tells the FBI and the press that their community is a happy one, and the negroes were just fine until outsiders came to stir things up. What follows is a snapshot of the treatment of the blacks in this small town. The all powerful men-in-white-hoods wait outside black churches to attack and beat worshippers as they leave services. Homes are burned down and blown up and the families inside are kicked, beaten or hanged. No one can predict where the klan will strike and who they will abuse or kill. No black families have a true home, since irritated klansmen could break down the front door any time and attack or kill the families inside whenever they chose.

After two hours of *Mississippi Burning*, a friend asked what I thought, and I'm still not sure what I think. All I could say at the time was "I can't believe people had to live that way." His response was "they still do. It's worse in South Africa. And that still goes on even here in America, even here in the south." I first thought about small "backwards" towns. Then, a while later, I thought about where I live, Clemson. Is Clemson University a place where blacks feel comfortable? Is this a place where blacks can feel "at home"? Five days later there were four articles in *The Tiger* about blacks on campus. One discussed Harvey Gantt, a transfer student to Clemson in 1963, who was the first black in South Carolina to enter an all-white university. This first "integration" went smoothly according to all accounts I've heard. And according to *The Tiger*, things presently seem to be fine here at our university. Another article written by the news editor expressed personal gratitude for the freedoms blacks enjoy at Clemson, freedoms blacks could not enjoy anywhere not too long ago.

The words of Vince Matthews, head of the Minority Council at Clemson, speak of something else. "We use the term 'quiet racism'," he explained to me. Although racism may not overtly stomp around the Clemson University community, many students feel subtle or indirect racism, that sometimes can not be directly proven to be racist behavior, but leaves many black students frustrated and hurt just the same. One incident reported to the Minority Council involved a black student delivering pizza to a fraternity in the quad. When he returned to his car it was heavily showered with oil. The student went to a fraternity house and knocked on several doors asking to use a phone to call police but was told the rooms did not have phones or that the phones were broken. He then found a lounge area, and started using the phone there but several of the fraternity members surrounded him and would not allow him to make his call. Several other incidents of this type have been reported, and many others go unreported. But is this racism or just bad manners? "Most of it can't be proven to be racism, but many students feel the attitudes are racially based." Vince went on to say, "many black students enter as freshmen and are not aware of what is going on. Eventually they are forced to realize it and deal with it." Why are other students not made aware of these problems, why did I not know about them? Why aren't they reported in *The Tiger*? Vince explained that *The Tiger* has been reluctant to print anything dealing with these issues because the newspaper staff does not feel that it is really a problem at Clemson, or that enough students are affected to warrant giving the issue newspaper space.

Fortunately, we at Clemson do not have to be subjected or have our friends subjected to a lifestyle such as the one that was portrayed in *Mississippi Burning*, but why are some black students still bothered by shades of those racist attitudes? Vince sums it up. "A lot has to do with apathy, which comes from not understanding." Perhaps I will never be able to understand how it feels to watch a movie about the killing and abuse of innocent people and know that my parents and grandparents had to endure that kind of life. And I certainly can't change the past, but perhaps, at least at Clemson, at least today, maybe we can stop giving racism our consent, and become a truly integrated university.

As for this issue of the *Chronicle*, we sincerely hope you will enjoy our Winter Literary Issue. We feel the following thirty-two pages are a strong representation of the best literary work at Clemson. The decisions about what to use were very hard to make. We received lots of fine work. We also know there's lots more quality work being done that is not finding its way to our eager smiling mailbox, so if you are an artist of any type, please share your talent with us so we can share it with the rest of the campus.

Have a good day.



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Special Thanks to
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Chronicle

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Julia Sisk

"My favorite spice is nutmeg and I like yellow violets better than purple ones. I like lizards because they are blunt on one end and pointy on the other."

May Day

I sit on your porch in the sun
while you watch TV inside
Thoughts turn in my mind
like the leaves on that
poplar tree

Above my head some
carpenter bees try
(patiently or furiously)
to beat their way
into the house
with their heads

Last Night

I lay in bed
and heard them sighing
(tarantulas and
lizards flying)
and saw all the
iguanas dying
and I couldn't
keep from crying

And so I crawled
upon my knees
and felt the stings
of all the bees
and fought a fight
with Hercules
quoting
Aristophanes

In Late October

The wind starts in late October,
scattering summer's memory
over the ground, dry now,
and cold.

I look and look for you
in bricks and faces and the few
bright leaves still stuck on trees.
Above me the sky shines down,
blue and empty.

In My Bed In The Dark In The Rain

This morning it was dark
when I woke up and the bed felt so good
I knew it must be raining even before
I heard it
purring like kittens outside my window
lots of kittens all purring warm as sheets
wrapping around me around me around me
in my bed in the dark in the rain

Epic Fantasy

It's a Science-Fiction adventure,
this quest for another's heart:
making new trails across an
ancient and perilous land
(Rivers, deserts, impassable mountains
for which the maps are
long since lost)

All for what when the pages run out?
Should I watch the shelves for a sequel,
or is this the
last book in the series?

Furrow

John B. Padgett

Oscar's moo-cow—Garrett's pet name for her—has been feeling right poor lately. I could tell when I went to milk her this morning, and she was laying down. Couldn't get her to stand up for nothing. I went and got Oscar, asked him what was wrong, but he didn't know. "I reckon we cain't milk her today," was all he said, and he went back to the house for breakfast. I wasn't convinced. I tried pulling at her ears, but she hardly responded, like she wasn't even feeling it. I even got a handful of hay and held it over her head, but she didn't try for it. Something bad wrong must be the matter with her.

Anyway, she didn't get milked. I went back to the house and ate my Kap'n Krunch and milk—I used up the last little bit of milk and Oscar yelled at me—while Garrett and Cloey were upstairs getting ready for school. I, of course, was already dressed, except for my school shirt. Oscar won't let me wear what I'm go'n wear to school in the barn. He says I'll get it messy and embarrass him. I wouldn't listen, except Mama agrees with him. It wouldn't bother me none. I'm only in seventh grade, after all. Oscar's in tenth, and he thinks he knows everything.

Garrett's the youngest—he's in fourth grade. Youngest boy, I mean to say. Cloey's in second, but she's a girl and don't hardly count—leastways, not in our family. Mama's always having to answer to Daddy's hollering; it fairly frays her out. Oscar don't think much of Daddy—he says, "When I get married, I ain't ever going to yell at my wife. Young'uns neither." He thinks he's biggity, saying "young'uns" like he ain't one anymore. Daddy'll remind him quick enough if he don't look out.

Cloey and Garrett come stomping down the hall making a god-awful racket. Garrett says, "You stupid, Cloey," and she's crying about something.

Mama goes over to them in the hall in front of Daddy's gun cabinet—he keeps it locked all the time, but it'll open if you pull hard enough—and says, "What's wrong, sugar-pie?" That's Mama for you. She can say stuff like that now, 'cause Daddy's already left for the fields. He won't hold to any "lollipop lang'age" around his young'uns, he says, because it makes us weak. That's why he yells so much, I think. He wants to make us strong.

Cloey holds her finger up to Mama and says, "I burned my finger."

Garrett laughs loudly and says, "Durn fool girl stuck it in the bathroom heater."

"You hush," Mama says. We got an old gas-burning space heater in the bathroom. We got a big one in the hall that heats the rest of the house. It ain't that big a house, so it does a fair job, except when it gets real cold. Then Mama pulls all the quilts down and covers us up with them. Oscar, of course, refuses till she makes him take one.

We got three bedrooms in our house, all three right together. The hall, it's really just an open space connecting the living room to the bedrooms. Cloey and Garrett sleep in one room, me and Oscar in one, and Mama and Daddy in the big room. The heater sits right out in the hall; at night you can hear the flame inside it snuffing when it cuts on and off—a "whoof" sound. Cloey and Garrett's room used to be Daddy's "den" before they were born and that's how come there's still a couch in there. Their beds are bunked, but sometimes Garrett just sleeps on the couch—to be spiteful, probably.

Cloey is usually the best behaved of us, better'n even me, sometimes. But she likes to plunder, and she's found a heap of stuff that she ought to a never seen, much less handled. In Mama's chest of drawers one time she found a book called *The Married Couple's Guide to Sex*, and it had a lot of pictures of a man and a woman doing it. She came to me and asked me about it. I didn't know what to tell her, so I told her the god-awful truth—that if she didn't put that back where she found it, Daddy would whip her till the cows came home. Another time she found a little square packet with something round and rubbery inside it and she durn sight near-'bout asked Daddy what it was. But Oscar caught her in time and made her give it to him and made her promise not to tell Mama or Daddy or they'd whip her for giving away their stuff.

"Here, let me talk the fire out of it," Mama says. She closes her eyes, moves her lips and then blows on Cloey's finger. Then she does the same thing again. Cloey is sniffing now, about to stop crying, and Garrett has come into the kitchen to see what is left of breakfast.

"Aww, come on, Anthony, you drank all the milk again?" he says, but I shush him.

Mama finishes up by blowing on the finger again and says, "It feel better now, sweetheart?"

John B. Padgett, a native of the South Carolina Lowcountry, graduated from Clemson in 1988 with a Bachelor's Degree in English. He is currently a graduate teaching assistant at Clemson and enjoys tennis, photography and travel. He is currently working on a novel.

"Uh huh," Cloey says. Mama smiles and stands back up. "You boys hurry up and finish so you can catch the bus."

Oscar sops up the last little bit of syrup with a biscuit. Mama cooks breakfast near-'bout every morning, but when I'm supposed to milk, I usually just get a bowl of cereal or a Pop-tart and go with that. This morning I could have gotten a biscuit and a pancake, but there weren't any left. Oscar chug-a-lugs the rest of his glass of milk.

"Get your books now," Mama says. She don't have to remind me or Oscar, but it seems every day Garrett leaves his books in his room and has to go find them when the bus gets here. Cloey has a cute little blue tote bag that she keeps her tablet and crayons in. Me and Garrett both have green backpacks where we keep our stuff. Oscar, being in high school, doesn't have anything to keep his books in.

Finally through with breakfast, I run change my shirt, grab my denim jacket and get my backpack. One time I made a mistake and grabbed Garrett's by mistake, so I wrote "Anthony" in great big black letters on mine so I wouldn't make that mistake again. I don't think he even noticed that he'd picked up the wrong sack that day. You wouldn't know it from his grades. Me, I do all right—B's and C's.

Then I hear a horn blowing from the road and I see the school bus out there. "Y'all hurry up," Mama says. Garrett already has his backpack for a change and is on the way out the door. He kisses Mama on the cheek, as do me and Cloey. Oscar, he says he's gotten too old to be kissing Mama.

We're running up the driveway, full of dog-dug holes filled in with scrap brick, and the last thing I hear before I get on the bus is Mama yelling, "Study hard and learn something for your Mama!"

All day during school I thought about Moo-cow in her "Moo-tel," which Oscar thought up and painted on the barn door. I couldn't understand why he didn't seem to care what happened to her. After all, Daddy said she was technically his cow, and that he was free (within what Daddy would allow him) to do with her whatever he chose. He milked her regular—me and him took turns. Garrett was too little yet, Daddy didn't have time, and Cloey and Mama were women. Daddy said they belonged in the house—except when he needed Mama to help him do something.

When the final bell rings (about two minutes after my watch says it should have rung), I run out to the bus and sit down next to Joey Maloney. That was actually his name—people picked on him about it all the time. I don't say anything about it today, though. I'm still thinking about Moo-cow. Oscar had gotten on at the high school, and was sitting in his usual place, on the back seat with his buddy Mason and

his girlfriend Linda. Daddy said she was too young to start dating boys, but as far as I know he hasn't said anything directly to Oscar about it. Mama kept quiet about it.

"Why you sitting here?" Joey says to me. He's real skinny and has big freckles all over his face and he hardly ever laughs. He's kind of pale too, and very unsociable, what with his funny name and all. Oscar says his old man runs around with women from the mill, but I don't know whether to believe him or not. Oscar's lied to me before about such things. "I wanted a seat to myself."

"Shut up," I say. "At the elementary school you won't keep it to yourself anyway." I always run to the bus because I don't like to have to sit near Oscar on the bus. He's always trying to act real bossy around me, like "Hold my books for a second, Anthony" or "Move over, Anthony." The big kids like to jump around from seat to seat, and I always end up having to sit on the inside. Plus, there's a lot of blacks ride from the middle school to the elementary. They like our bus driver, Mel, who is also black. Daddy calls them "niggers," but Mama says he don't mean nothing by it. When he leaves, Mama just tells us to call them blacks.

Joey tries to put the window down, but he's too weak. I don't offer to do it for him. He finally stops trying as the bus cranks up and pulls out toward the elementary school, throwing a lot of dust on the blacks walking home. Our school is in the middle of a black neighborhood.

Joey sits down and crosses his arms like he was sulking. I ignore him. I know he's trying to get attention, so I don't give him any. After three blocks of no success, he gives up that and starts clicking his bite plate with his tongue. It's a disgusting sound, so I say, "Stop that."

"It's a free country—I can do what I want," he says, and keeps on doing it.

"And I'm free to whip your ass, too, punk," I say. I don't really mean it, but he don't have to know that. I could cuss on the bus; Oscar wasn't near enough to me to hear, and it made an impression on Joey. He's scared to cuss, but he's only in the fifth grade. He stops clicking his bite plate.

Things seemed to get real quiet all of a sudden. I was afraid Oscar might have heard me anyway, so I look back to see if he'd heard. I happen to look at just the right time, too, because right then, he had his arm around Linda's neck and he reached over and kissed her smack on the lips.

It surprised me. I must have sat there with my mouth open, for as soon as he saw me, he withdrew his hand and seemed to move a little away from her. Linda looked at me too, and kind of nodded, scared like. I don't know what to do, so I turn back around and sit quiet. Joey is kicking the seat in front of him now, but I don't say anything to him.

I don't know whether I should tell on him or not. I think about it, and I say to myself, she is supposedly his girlfriend after all, but kissing her on the bus? I wonder whether or not this was something Daddy and Mama should know about. People would talk, surely, and I didn't want Mama, especially, to have to put up with that. She had enough to put up with when Daddy.

The bus pulls into the elementary school parking lot, and I can see Cloey standing in line with her blue totebag. Garrett is rolling on the ground with another boy—not fighting actu-

*Oscar, he
says he's
gotten too
old to be
kissin'
Mama.*

ally (there's plenty of teachers to stop it if he were), just horseplay. That's one thing Garrett's good at—he don't often get into fights. Oscar, when he was younger, he did it fairly often.

Once they get on the bus, the place feels crowded for about ten miles, till we go through a neighborhood called the Sticks and about eleven people get off. Then we head toward the country, toward our house.

We own about 600 acres, Daddy said once. His mama left most of it to him. She died when I was eight. I can barely remember her—mostly just pictures. She lived in a big house on the edge of what's now our property—it has upstairs and everything. In the yard there are great big trees, great for climbing. Live oaks, Daddy says, the biggest kind. The house is still there, but don't no one live there now. Daddy said he's thought about us moving into it, but we already have our house, and he says he'd have to sell it or rent it or something before we could move in hers. Besides that, it's so big and drafty that he says we'd all die of pneumonia before one winter was through. I think that's what Grandma died of, though I don't know for sure. Daddy don't talk much about her. About the only thing he does is take flowers to her grave at Christmas, at Easter, on her birthday and on Mother's Day, and he always goes alone.

The bus stops and lets Joey off. He lives in a double-wide trailer right on the edge of the town limits, about three miles before our house. They have four old freezers and a dumpster full of garbage in their yard. Joey's daddy moonlights as a freezer repairman. Daddy fusses about their yard being a mess every time he takes us into town. Just as he's walking away, he gives me a kind of sneer, and I jump at him and he runs off. I know he won't think of this tomorrow, and probably neither will I, but durned if he ain't a fool picking on someone twice his size. Garrett, who was sitting near Oscar, comes up and tries to squeeze past my legs and sit down.

"What you doing here?" I say to Garrett.

"Shut up," he says. "Move."

I don't feel like arguing, so I let him in. He slides all the way over and leans against the bus. The bus starts pulling away.

Joey's dog chases the bus, barking and everything, for about a hundred yards and then stops. Garrett is watching him, turning his head back to see the dog, a scraggly looking mutt if I ever saw one, then he turns to me. "You think Moo-cow's all right, Anthony?"

The ball of trouble that Garrett normally is disappears for a minute and there is real concern on his face. It sort of moves me, too. "I don't know," I say, trying to sound tough.

"You think what happened to Lizzie's goin' to happen to her?"

"I don't know," I said. "I don't think so." Actually it's closer to "I hope not," but I don't see what use telling him that would bring.

"I told Brewster Williams about her," he is saying. "He said one of their cows died last week was acting like Moo-cow."

I don't say anything to that. I don't have to. Garrett already said it.

Only two more stops before our house, and neither one of us says anything. Finally, the bus pulls up to our driveway. Daddy's pick-up is gone, so we know he ain't home. I sneak a peek back at Linda and Oscar, and I see him rub her hand, real cool-like. Cloey is the first one off.

We all walk quietly from the road to the house. Cloey is walking quick, so she can keep up with us, but we're not walking all that fast. Once we go inside, Mama appears from out the pantry.

"Now listen here a minute, kids," she is saying. She has a real serious look on her face. "I got something I got to tell y'all."

"Where's Daddy?" Garrett asks.

Mama kind of nods her head and says, "That's what I've got to tell you. It's about Moo-cow."

Garrett stops dead in his tracks. I take a deep breath, try to act strong. Cloey, who never knew Moo-cow very well, is looking around vacantly. But Oscar, he puzzles me the most, because he ain't even showing concern; he slumps over to the left like she was wasting his time. I want to reach over and slap him and say, "It's your cow, Oscar, that she's talking about"—but I don't.

Mama takes a deep breath and begins. "It started about ten o'clock. Moo-cow started belling, and your daddy was out at the West fork, running the combine. I didn't know what else to do, so I called Dr. Meetry."

"The vet?" Oscar says.

"Uh huh. He came over just before noon, but...there weren't nothing he could do. She died around one."

"What?" Garrett says. "But Dr. Meetry, he saved Petey that time."

"Yes, I know he did, sweetheart, but there just wasn't anything he could do for Moo-cow. He said even had he gotten here sooner, there wudn't a thing in the world he coulda done for her."

Garrett starts to cry, low at first, tears welling up big in his eyes. He's trying to fight it, but he don't do a good job. Cloey begins to cry too, probably because Garrett's crying. I take another deep breath; I feel a deep stab in my stomach and I feel like I'm going to puke, but I hold it in. I feel a tear running down my cheek. Oscar's still kind of slumped over.

"Where's Daddy, now?" he asks.

"He hauled her off about thirty minutes ago. He didn't think y'all needed to see it."

"Without giving us a chance to say goodbye?" Garrett says.

Mama says, "There wudn't anybody to say goodbye to, honey. Moo-cow was dead."

She is supposed to be his girlfriend after all, but kissing her on the bus?

Garrett lets loose and cries out loud. Cloey cries harder now, and their noise starts affecting even me. I feel a tear form in the corner of my eye, but I wipe it on my shoulder.

"It ain't fair," Garrett screams. "He shouldn't a done it."

Mama reaches over and sweeps Garrett and Cloey into her arms. "Shh," she's saying. "We're all go'n miss her, honey. It's the Lord's will, and it ain't for us to question."

She stands there hugging them, swinging back and forth a little, while they cry into her bosom. I wipe away another tear, and Oscar says, "Where'd he take her? Death Valley?"

She nods so the young'uns can't see. Death Valley is a place through the woods next to a field where we and a couple of other farmers haul dead animal carcasses. The timber in Death Valley was cut six or seven years ago, and that's about the time folks first started hauling animals out there. Me and Oscar've been through there a few times. A dirt road winds through it; people haul old washing machines and TVs and stuff back there too and dump it. It's real spooky with all the bleached white bones back there. Sometimes, if you get there soon enough after the hide has rotted away, you can see the whole skeleton. Daddy told us never tell anyone about Death Valley—I think there's a law against dumping animal carcasses.

"He went by himself?" Oscar says.

Mama nods. He says, "Oh, I could've given him a hand, if he'd needed it." Real matter-of-fact, and he's driving me crazy. My stomach feels like it's tied in knots. He blows his bangs with a puff from his lower lip, then he says, "Well, at least me and Anthony don't have to milk any more."

I glare at him. "Is that all you care about?" I say.

"Shh," Mama says to us. Oscar's eyes get red, and I feel a little bit sorry for him. One of my friends at school says that teenagers can't show feelings because their friends'll pick on them if they do. I'm still mad at him, though, because I think he should feel more at ease around Mama and us. I mean, we're family. I hope that don't happen to me when I get to be a teenager. I turn thirteen next March.

Garrett and Cloey are about all cried out, and Mama gently pushes them away and says, "Y'all go work on your homework, now, and don't worry none about Moo-cow. Doctor Meetry said she didn't feel much pain." I know she's lying about the pain—why else would Moo-cow a been bel-lering—but I excuse her for it. Oscar goes out the back door, leaving just me and Mama.

She looks at me. "You all right, son?"

I'm standing still, not adjusted to the idea of Moo-cow dying yet. "Yes'm, I guess."

She goes back to slicing potatoes and says, "Good. I knew you were strong enough to handle it."

"Mama," I say.

"What is it, sugar?"

"Did Daddy cry?"

She sets the knife down on the counter. "Not in the way you or Garrett cried, but he did inside. That's what counts."

I bite my lip. "What about Oscar?"

She looks out the window at Oscar. He's walking through the lot, checking the water in the hog troughs and the feed in the feeders. "He's crying too, inside. He's hurting."

I go to the screen door and see him wading through the mud. One of the sows is lying there and he punches her hard on the rump and jumps on the fence before she can move. The fence, made out of weathered boards, sways a little under his weight.

• • •

I never did get around to telling Mama or Daddy about Oscar kissing Linda on the bus. What with Moo-cow dying and all, it slipped my mind. In fact, I didn't even think about it till I saw Linda at church this morning, two weeks after Moo-cow had died.

What made me think of it was: Oscar sat with Linda on the left side. That's something our family has never done before, sit on the left side. I think Daddy put him up to it—sitting with her, I mean. Linda's folks don't come to church, at least not ours; Oscar don't tell us nothing about her folks, so we assume they don't go to church. Linda's been coming off and on for about a year. She got baptized a month after she started.

As for this morning, she and Oscar must have planned it, for he wore a suit (and Oscar never, *ever* wears a suit) and she wore a pretty blue dress. I wanted to ask Mama why he sat with her, but I was afraid to. Daddy sat with us this week instead of on the front row to pass the offering plates.

After church, I was even more surprised when Daddy went up to her and Oscar and said to him, "You ought to bring Linda over to eat Sunday dinner with us sometime."

Oscar looked at Linda. "What about today?" he said to both her and Daddy.

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Linda kind of shook her clasped hands and said, "Sure, why not?"

Daddy nodded. "Good. Eloise, we've got us a dinner guest today," he said to Mama.

We chit-chatted with everyone for a little while, then we loaded into Mama's Oldsmobile and went home. Oscar went with Linda in her Chevette. She went home first so she could change clothes.

Dinner went pretty well. After we'd all changed clothes and Oscar and Linda had got back, Mama served pork chops and mashed potatoes. Daddy tried talking with Linda, but she was real shy and didn't say much. Daddy's a big man and brusque, and that probably put her off a little bit.

After dinner, Daddy yawned loudly, announcing time to "rest his eyes." "You'll have to excuse O.T.," Mama said. "It's time for his nap."

Daddy smiled big and said, "Yep, it's getting about that time. I'm go'n lay down awhile, rest my eyes." He put both hands on the table and pushed away, signaling that the rest of us could leave now. No one dared leave the dinner table before Daddy.

And then we were pretty much left to do what we pleased. Mama cleared the dishes away, Daddy went into their bedroom and closed the door, Cloey went to her room, and Garrett, Oscar and Linda went outside. I went to the bathroom.

When I came out, the table was clear. Garrett had come back inside. "Where's Oscar and Linda?" I said.

"They left," he said. "They went for a walk."

I thought about telling Mama right then and there about the bus, but I decided to give Oscar the benefit of the doubt. Cloey came out her and Garrett's room holding a Barbie coloring book. Someone had ripped the cover off it.

"You wanna color, Anthony?" she said.

"Not right now, Cloey," I said. She dropped her hands to her sides and asked Garrett.

"That's sissy stuff," he said. "I want to do something big, like go exploring. Like Tarzan!" Garrett like Tarzan.

I went in the living room and turned on the TV, but all there was on was a football game. I wasn't in the mood for it, so I went back to Garrett. "You say you wanna go exploring?" I said.

"Yeah."

"How about to Death Valley?"

His face turned all white. "You mean, to visit Moo-cow?"

"No, I mean, you ain't never been back there, and maybe it's about time." Cloey dropped her coloring book and ran over to me.

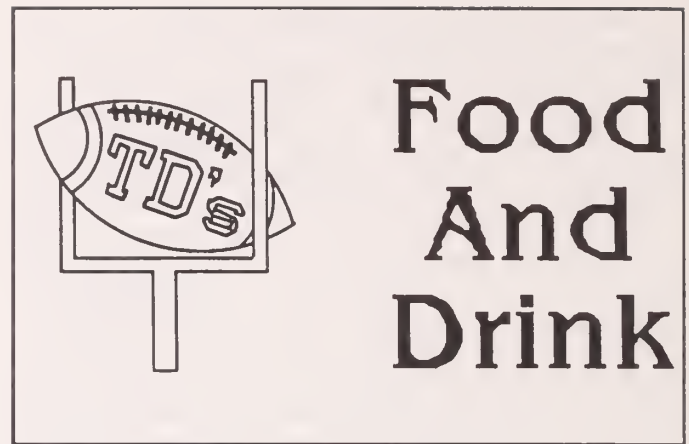
"Take me, too," she begged. I shushed her so Mama wouldn't hear. Garrett was making up his mind.

"You said you wanted to do something big," I said.

He looked down at Cloey's coloring book and said, "All right. Let's go."

"And me?" Cloey asked.

I had to think a minute. If Daddy and Mama knew I took Cloey to Death Valley, they'd beat me so hard I wouldn't be able to sit down for a week. Garrett would be different, being



a boy. But then I thought: they don't never have to find out. I kind of enjoyed the idea of being in charge of both of them.

"All right," I said, "but you can't breathe a word of it to Mama or Daddy, or even Oscar. If you do, the animals out there will come and eat you up."

Cloey swallowed hard. I winked at Garrett, who understood. "You understand, Cloey?"

"Uh huh."

I told Mama we were going walking in the woods behind the house.

"All right, but don't stay out too long," she said.

The walk out there went pretty well. We had to cross an old wire fence next to the woods which we had to help Cloey over, then we had to cross a ditch that led to a clay pit, but there weren't no water in it. Right behind our house, there's a stand of young pines, no hardwoods mixed in, that we walked through to get to an old dirt road skirting a field. We took the short cut across the field. It was all covered over with scrub that hadn't been plowed under.

"How much further is it?" Garrett asked. His shoes kept sinking in the dirt and he got sandspurs all up and down his shoe laces.

"Not too much further," I said. We got back to the dirt road and went by an old house that had collapsed before we were born. Garrett wanted to go up under part of the tin roof that was propped up on some boards, but I wouldn't let him.

"It might fall," Cloey added and smiled at me. I thanked her for her help.

We walked along the road a little further until we hit another stand of trees and finally the last leg of the journey. On the right was a field that had been plowed under and on the left was the timbered wood. "We're just about there," I said.

Another hundred yards down the road and another road opened up on the left, leading into Death Valley. I stopped, trying to be dramatic.

"This is it," I announced. The road into Death Valley seemed a little wider than the road we were on. It was white, bleached sand right at the junction, with well-rounded corners, but on inside it turned grassy. The road curved to the right just inside, so we couldn't see very far.

"It looks spooky," Cloey said. I looked up and noticed it *had* clouded up a little, but they weren't dark clouds. The

valley itself was what was spooky, what with all the trees cut and nothing but small scrub growing there now.

"Y'all ain't afraid, now, are you?" I said.

Garrett said, "No. You ain't, are you, Cloey?"

She shook her head.

We took our tentative first steps into Death Valley, me leading. It seemed to get real quiet right then, and whenever the wind blew, it would knock some of the twigs around on the felled branches and on the small trees. Neither Cloey nor Garrett were talking. All the rest of the way, Cloey had been singing some little tune she'd learned in school, but never loud enough to tell what the words were.

I said, "If I remember correctly, the first animal is right up past that first turn, hog." Sure enough, once we turned the curve, there was a hog skeleton, a lot whiter than the last time and the bones more scattered. Half the jawbone was missing, and the leg bones were gone altogether.

"Yuch," Cloey said. "Let's go back."

"After we come all this far?" Garrett said. "Silly girl. There ain't nothing to be afraid of. Don't you remember that Bible verse we had to learn? 'Hooray, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for I am with you always, even unto the end of the world?'"

Something about the verse Garrett quoted didn't sound quite right, but I didn't know why, so I didn't say anything. "Come on," I said. I took Cloey's hand.

Cloey was real nervous now. Whenever the wind blew, she would gasp a little bit, especially when it blew twigs around. The clouds were moving too, and sometimes the sun would go behind a cloud, and she would squeeze my hand tighter. We passed an old automobile chassis, the front end at least, that was rusting away. It didn't have no tires, and the headlights was busted out. It had been there a long time, for it looked like it was half buried in the dirt.

"They musta been dumping back here a long time before they cut the timber," Garrett said. I said he was probably right, though I'd never thought about it before.

We kept walking. There were a lot of old freezers and televisions back there, and there was one big pile of tires. There were scattered livestock remains all over, most in worse condition than the hog. Whoever hauled off the hog must have been in a hurry and couldn't drag it no further, for we had to walk a least a hundred yards past the car chassis

to get to any new remains. One of the remains that was partly hidden in the brush looked suspiciously like a dog—I didn't point that out to Cloey and Garrett, because that disgusted even me. A dog is a burying animal.

Finally, up ahead I saw a big, dirty-white lump, and I knew who it was. "Look, y'all," I said. "There's Moo-cow."

Cloey and Garrett stopped. "I don't want to go no further," Garrett said, and turned and refused to look at her.

"Me neither," Cloey said. Her eyes were tearing up.

"Well, I'm going to look at her," I said. "Garrett, hold Cloey's hand."

He took her hand reluctantly, and I walked on up to near Moo-cow. The flies weren't as bad as I'd figured they'd be, and she hadn't started to rot yet. At least, not on the outside. Inside, she was getting thin, because the hide was looser and I saw where her skeleton was through the hide. There were a bunch of mites around her mouth and her eye was still open, though there wasn't anything there. Her udders were shriveled and brown.

This, I thought, was the cow I'd been milking since the day after I'd turned eleven. I felt sorry for her, lying out here in the valley of death, without even a funeral of sorts to bid her farewell. After all the milk she'd given our family, she'd bowed out without even a thank-you from us.

We're probably better off without her," I'd heard Daddy tell Mama when he got back from hauling her here. "Store-bought milk, I think, tastes just as good, and it's probably cheaper anyway. If I could have, I'd a sold her years ago." He seemed happy to be rid of her, just like Oscar.

Then I heard a noise on up the road a bit. I turned toward it and started walking slow. "Where you going?" Garrett said, real low but shrill enough for me to hear him. I waved my hand for them to wait a minute.

It sounded like someone laughing, two people laughing, at first, then it sounded like someone couldn't breathe. I traced the sound through the bushes, and peeked through. There was Oscar and Linda, lying on a big sheet of cardboard, doing it! I couldn't believe it. They both had their pants pulled down, and he was on top of her. She was moaning soft-like, and he was kissing her on her neck.

I pulled away and walked quickly back to Garrett and Cloey. "Where'd you go?" she asked.

"I thought I heard something up the road."

"What was it?"

I took Cloey's hand and said, "Nothing." They wouldn't understand.

We went on back to the house, Cloey resuming her little song once we got back on the other road, Garrett again poking around the collapsed house. Cloey found a big, yellow tulip-poplar leaf that she wanted to give to Mama. Mama, I knew, would put it on the refrigerator for a week then throw it away.

I decided I would talk to Oscar about what I'd seen him doing. I was in something of a fix, since if I told Mama and Daddy, I'd get in trouble for taking Cloey to Death Valley. For a while I thought about taking my punishment and telling them anyway, but finally I decided I wouldn't do that to Oscar. What they didn't know wouldn't hurt them.

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That night me and Oscar were feeding up and I asked him where he and Linda had gone.

"Just for a walk," he said.

"Through Death Valley?"

He stopped pouring feed into the trough. "How'd you know that?"

I poured my bucket in and said, "Cause I saw you."

His face turned red. "You saw—were we, I mean, did—"

"Uh huh," I said, not looking at him. "Y'all were doing it."

"What were you doing spying on us?"

"I wudn't spying. I just happened to hear, that's all."

He ran his fingers through his hair. "Christ," he said. "Anthony, please, man, don't tell no one."

I had the upper hand now, and frankly I was enjoying it. "I won't on one condition," I said triumphantly.

"Anything."

I waited a minute before I told him my conditions. Finally, I couldn't stand it any more and I said, "Tell me, what was it like?"

He'd been expecting some outrageous demand, like having to do all my chores for a month. When he heard what I said, he kind of laughed and said, "Are you serious?"

"Yeah, tell me what it was like."

He looked off. "Hell, I don't know how to describe it. It was...tingly, all over, you know?"

"Yeah, I guess." We walked back to the feedhouse to get chickenfeed.

"And, kind of messy."

"Messy how?"

"I don't know, just...messy."

"What else?"

"Well, scary, sort of."

I stopped and looked at him. "Why?"

He laughed and said, "Cause we were in Death Valley, that's why. No, well...seriously, I don't know. It just didn't feel right, I guess."

"Uh huh."

We were scooping out feed into our buckets when Daddy walked in. "What you young'uns yapping about?" he said.

"Nothing, really," Oscar said.

"Right, nothing," I added.

He went over to his tool box to get a wrench. He was putting together a grill to barbecue chicken on tonight. "Nothing'll come of nothing," he said. "You'd best spend your childhood enjoying doing nothing, because when you get grown, you sure won't be able to." We'd heard him say this countless times in the past.

"How was your afternoon with Linda?" Daddy asked Oscar.

"Oh, it was fun," he said, glancing over at me nervously.

"What'd y'all do?"

"I took her down to look at the creek and we went wading, and talked."

Daddy shook his head. "I would've imagined you'd be out there getting laid or something. Boy, you wasted a whole day talking?"

"Well, sure, Dad." I saw Oscar turn red all over, but Daddy wasn't watching him. He shook his head.

"When I was your age, I was always trying to get in some girl's pants. 'Course, they never let me." He laughed, obviously thinking back to his childhood. "Next time, you ought to try to get yourself a little piece." He laughed again and said, "You know I ain't serious. Don't you tell your Mama I said that. You neither," he said to me.

"I won't," Oscar said.

Daddy patted Oscar on the shoulder as he left the feedhouse. As soon as he was out of earshot, we busted out laughing.

"God, *that* was scary," Oscar said. "I thought you were going to tell for a minute there."

"No, huh uh, I figure what he don't know won't hurt him. Besides, I might decide I might try it some day, and I might need someone to talk to. Deal?"

We took my fingers with his fingers, like he was coupling two boxcars, and said, "Deal."

As we were going to the chickenyard to scatter their feed, I asked him, "You think you're going to do it again? With Linda, I mean?"

He looked at me thoughtfully for a second and shrugged his shoulders. "Probably." 



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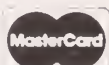
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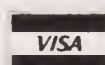
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Women Hoping For Rain and other poems by David Tillinghast

"If ever there were a place on earth
more beautiful than the sea at dusk,
then someone must show me."

Women Hoping For Rain and other poems is a book of emotions. It is as complex and wonderful as the individual mind. Tillinghast is at once romantic, fearful, quiet, and drole. He reminisces and ponders. But always Tillinghast is sculpting his global perspective. He tries to bring substance to abstractions and myths. He folds clichés and then puts them away. Gently, he shows us his universe.

The book is divided into three sections : Degrees Of Freedom; Signs; Shadows. Each section holds a portion of emotion. The first section looks to defining freedom and trying to find its limits. The second is a "list" of memories that help him get a new perspective. The third section is a look at the human potential for intellect, passion, anger. At times the poems seem to overlap, theme complementing theme, but there is no sense of redundancy. It is simply indicative of the mind, which is not always logical.

Love, fear, lust, pride, all of those "instinctual" emotions appear in the poems of the first section. A person can only be free when they recognize these emotions within themselves. "Too Much Of Nothing" is a good definition of freedom. Freedom means the appreciation of life and the living of it. In it, the speaker comments that everyone should have the chance to escape death by a very narrow margin. Death should be a rattle snake, black widow spider, something truly terrifying that we can happen upon. Only after this can we be free to enjoy life.

In the second part of the book, Tillinghast illustrates the roles we can play through our lives and the things we learn from them. The poems start with a look back. With these memories, childhood, adolescence, adulthood, their meanings change. The past looks different seen through adult eyes, whether it is mothers trying to appear interested in our football games or watching our fathers get hopelessly lost on the freeway. These remembrances want to tell us to lighten up and remember the simultaneous joy and grief of fifteen. We can listen or ignore, but the choices affect the rest of our lives.

"Shadow" was Elizabethan slang for actor or role. The third section, the "Shadows", talks about what people deem as valuable in their lives and the way they then live their lives. The poems show how our choices then affect our children and friends. Tillinghast seems to believe that the choices become easily ingrained, so that we cannot change even when it seems our ideas are harmful to others. In the poem "Brown Cove" the speaker has taken his son deer hunting but, as they are waiting to kill, he begins to have second thoughts. He hopes for "Thunder in the night / a black flash in the / Cedars", something that will put off this event. But the speaker does not initiate any actions. He seems locked into this standard of male bonding. But the image of father is faceted, and with the weight of a life of experience, one can play many roles. When freedom and tradition and individuality are combined the transitions flow easily.

In sixty pages David Tillinghast shows us the potential of humanity, the possibilities within ourselves. He is sometimes comical and sometimes bitter, but he keeps a steady voice. *Women Hoping For Rain and other poems* is a walk through a museum of personalities.

(beth says check it out)



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Dan Albergotti

"I was born in Matthews, S.C., lived most of my life in Florence, S.C., and received both Bachelor's and Master's degrees in English from Clemson University. I thus have a very cosmopolitan view of the world. (!) I am currently an Instructor of English at Clemson. I like shoes, modern music, and movies. I also have a maniacal obsession with Clemson athletics (I'm the first to admit it). My wife, Cassia, and I live in Clemson with our slightly neurotic German Shepherd, Winston."

HOME

I rounded first when I was still young,
And I was picking up steam.
I'm safe at second now,
After a very perilous slide.
I hear the crowd— they seem content
With leafing through the program.
Third bothers me— I don't think I'll steal,
But the base coach is motioning
"Go! Go!"
I shudder so much to think of home—
To sprint in slow motion
Against the throw
And see the man,
Dressed in black
With an iron mask
Say,
"Out!"

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Over the side we haul
the mesh entangled with
The gasping mouths, the red
and tongueless holes of heads.

They whisper contrition
to something from the depths
and stare without regret
into the saviors' eyes.

I work despite this thought
but I find it hard to shake.
I toss them to the deck,
but the voice whispers still:

How quickly we accept
the tempting role of gods.

TITAN DROWNING

The Titan sinks in fevered desperation,
Grasping at the brittle limbs
Of a greying and forgotten tree,
And grabs and claws at air to cling
To his once so fruitful trunk.
As the slow water of the end
Touches his face, he lunges again,
But turns his head away from Zeus
On the shore, still reaching for the comfort
Of his own making. He stands in his
Purgatory and sips in the water of his hell.
And the change of an order circles him,
As Zeus turns and mounts the hill to the sound
Of a Titan drowning.

LAOCOON IN A NIGHT THOUGHT

Laocoon prays for cynicism,
And his prayer comes slithering
Across the floor and
Writhing through his toes,
Twisting round his legs,
His arms, his heart, and constricts.
Sons look aside, also enveloped,
And feel the kiss of wet frost,
The embrace of demon hissing.
They are beyond the touch
Of smooth reptilian skin,
The stuff of statues.
Bands circle round and round again,
Obscuring flesh and life,
Reaching the head to devour.
Laocoon knows what he knows
And can only smile
At the reward for wisdom
And his final lesson:
The gods answer all prayers.

Dan Albergotti

WAITING FOR MATH IN A GEORGIA HUDDLE HOUSE

With tongue firmly planted between teeth,
You attack again the arabic numerals,
The simple addition waiting to be played out
On the bill you hold.
We're holding the food that we actually desired
Only a while ago,
We've got at least two road hours
Ahead of us yet, it's 2:00 a.m. now,
I teach in the morning, and what the *hell*
Are we doing here, standing at the counter
Like repentant sinners,
Waiting for your second grade math to kick in?
And you, oblivious to all outward signs of impatience,
Simply shift that tongue
To the other side of your mouth
Wrinkle your forehead, and start again.
Minutes later, in a triumphant display of determination,
You finish it.
Our anger and frustration unabated, we make the exchange
And carry our scattered hash browns to the waiting car,
Unresponsive to your call,
"Thank ya. Y'all drive careful now."
You don't care about the snub. You're doing your job
And think we're all right folks.
And we—senior, grad student, professor—
Some scholastic trinity,
Boldly representing the humanities,
Entertain ourselves with several bitter jokes
About backwoods inbreeding
On the long drive home.
And all this time I am blind
To any human frailty beyond ignorance.

HARDWOODSMILES

Hard wood smiles
expand to the limit of my endurance
my life
is held at incisorpoint
my heart
recedes to darker holes
and what
do you have to say
in some corner
about my personality
today?
Hear some news—
my attention span
just ran out.

BREAKING

in the back closet of a broken mind
clockgears turn and turn
and hands beat and beat
the time that moves like the
glaring reflections of sunlight across the
rippling lake that follow the lap lap lapping
ending in a breaking on the shore

again and again and again
the sound of the lapping and patting
on an attentive shore
breaks the awful silence
breaks the solitude
breaks the solemnity

but each sound weakens to the force of the shock
each lap runs farther from the last
leaving each space so much larger
winding down clockgears
in the back closet of a broken mind

Suffer the Children

Dale Thomas

Caleb stood in the late evening quiet and stared out across the now empty fields. From the back porch he could see the barren land that had once flourished under the care of his father and men like him. The crops grown by these men had gone to feed thousands of people all across the world. Now nothing grew here. Nothing except memories. And the weed.

The weed. That's all the townspeople talked about. No one knew where it came from. Some said it had grown up from Mexico. Others said it was some sort of government experiment that had gotten out of hand. Still others said that it was the work of the hand of God. The latter seemed to be the least popular of the ideas. At least at the beginning. Those who subscribed to this opinion were laughed at and ridiculed until they were finally squelched.

One of these people was Caleb's grandfather. Every day he would sit in his old rocker and read scripture from the book of Revelation. Every day the boys from the village would come by and laugh at the crazy old man and taunt him. Why not? They had nothing better to do. All the animals had died long ago. There were no crops to harvest. They had to do something with their time and this was as good a something as anything else. Caleb sat there on the porch with his grandfather and listened to the old man talk. He never said anything to the boys when they would come by. Only once, when a boy had thrown a rock and hit his grandfather, did Caleb try to go after them. His grandfather quickly told him to sit down and leave them alone.

So it went on like this for two years. At first, the people didn't worry about it too much. They just thought it was a strain of weed they had never encountered before. Then, when nothing seemed to have any affect on it, they began to worry. After a few months, the worry had grown into sheer panic. They had never seen anything like this before.

It had begun out at Old Man Simpson's place. It had choked out his crop and soon had spread to every farm in the county. By the end of the first six months, over half the farms in the state were worthless. And it was no use trying to pull it up, as some had done in the beginning. By morning it would be back in full force with nearly twice as many plants.

That was nearly two years ago. After awhile the people lost their vigor. So did the weed. Its growth seemed to stop, or at least to slow down. It could have been because of the lack of interest in it or it could have been that there was nothing left to consume. Everyone came to accept it as a way of life. They had enough food stored up to last them a little longer. The men hunted and the women canned whatever they could. There was a general belief that somehow someone would come up with a killer for this killer weed.

Then, just as everyone was lulled into thinking it was almost over, the weed started growing again. This time, it wasn't as selective. It would even overtake animals that were too slow to get out of its deadly way. It was a juggernaut of flora, cutting a swath of destruction. Nothing could stop it. It finally chased the whole town to a few battered, beaten houses on the outskirts of what was once a thriving community. Now it lay in ruins all about them, while they helplessly watched the weed destroy all that they had worked for all their lives.

Caleb walked outside on this particular night. He was all alone. He gazed for a moment into the heavens. Then he shook his fist at God and yelled, "What do you want from us? What have we done? Why don't you just go away and leave us alone? Please. Please." Quietly, softly, so no one would hear, he began to cry. He stood awhile longer on the porch, then went back inside with the rest of the boys his age. They were all asleep by this time, so he just unrolled his bedroll and joined them in an unusually restful slumber.

In his sleep he dreamed he was an eagle, soaring high above the clouds. The sun up there was pure and bright. His feathers shone golden as he made his way across the sky with amazing speed, while the clouds moved so very slowly. Up high, he could see forever, yet the clouds looked ever downward. He flew for days and days. It seemed it would go on forever. Then he noticed something peculiar. There was a small black dot on the tip of his right wing. As he watched, it slowly began to grow. He could not actually see it growing, but he could tell from the change in size that it was. Then, looking down, he noticed a similar thing on the ground. It first looked as if everything down there had been burned. He decided to take a closer look. As he circled, he saw that it was

This is Dale's first appearance in *Chronicle*. He is a nineteen-year-old freshman from Midland Valley, S.C. who is pursuing a degree in Rugby with a minor in Grounds Maintenance. In his spare time Dale, known affectionately as "Moose" to his friends, enjoys watching British television and movies and preparing such haute cuisine as pizza du fromage and sandwiches de la submarine. He is enrolled as a freshman engineer and hopes to continue writing in some capacity after graduation.

not burned at all, merely black: nothing. Then, for some uncontrollable reason, he began to rise sharply. As he reached the top of his climb, he knew what was to come next. He then cut downward at a right angle to the ground. The speed during his dive was dizzying. Everything was a blur. Suddenly, everything went black. For a moment he didn't know what had happened. Had he died? Was he asleep? Was he awake? Then everything came back to him. He was glad to see that he was still dreaming. He looked around and saw that the eagle he had once occupied had crashed. Where his blood had run, there was no black. The ground was green again. And where the heart had been, a bright red flower grew.

When he awoke, he had an answer to the problem that had plagued them for so long. He didn't say anything to his grandfather about the dream until after lunch. Afterwards he told him what he planned to do. "There's only one thing that I wonder about. Why does it have to be me?"

"Why does it have to be anyone?" the old man replied.

"Will you help me, Grandpa?"

"And if I don't?"

"Then I'll do it alone." One thing could be said of Caleb. If he decided to do something, it was as good as done.

"Okay then, I'll help you." The old man knew there was nothing he could say to change Caleb's mind. And maybe the boy was right. After all, he did have the vision. That said something for him. Anyway, he was thirteen now, and old enough to do whatever he wanted. There was nothing he could do to stop him if he wanted to. So he decided to go along with him.

The rest of the day was uneventful. That evening, his grandfather came up to Caleb just before dinner. "Now, son, I want you to get plenty of rest. You go straight to bed right after dinner."

"Yessir," came the reply.

Try as he might, though, he could not sleep peacefully. He had the dream from the night before over and over again. Except that every time it went a little bit further. The flower grew a little more. The black receded farther and farther. When morning came, he knew everything would be all right.

His grandfather woke him at four-thirty. Quietly the two slipped out of the village before anyone else was even awake. They had walked quite a way before they heard the first rooster crow, telling everyone to get up. Neither of them spoke until they got to what used to be Old Man Simpson's

place, now almost unrecognizable. This is where it all started. And this is where it would end.

They walked slowly over to the old farmhouse, amidst the ancient Celtic ruins, now almost completely engulfed in weeds. As they went inside, Caleb noticed that the table had been spared the same fate as the rest of the house. The light through the window shone ominously on the table. He knew this was the place.

His grandfather left him alone for awhile. Quietly and unceremoniously, he began to undress. He stripped down to his underwear and climbed onto the flat surface. Despite the sun's shining down onto it, the slab of the table felt cool against his naked back. A wave of chills swept over him, then quickly subsided.


"You ready, boy?" It was his grandfather. "You can still turn back if you want to. I won't say nothing to nobody. It'll be just the same as it always was."

"No, Grandpa. I don't want it to be the just like it always was. I have to go through with it. Can't you see? He picked me. Nobody else, just me. I can see that now." He wanted to cry. He needed to cry. But he was a man now, and men don't cry. Still, there was a little boy inside him that felt scared.

"Don't worry, son. It'll be real quick, I promise." A lone tear found its way down the valleys of the old man's aged face.

Caleb watched as the blade was raised high into the air. For a brief instant he wanted to yell, "Stop!" He wanted to be a little boy again. He wanted his grandfather to hold him tight and tell him that it was all just a bad dream and things would be better in the morning. He wanted to laugh and run and play. But only for an instant.

Though his body was old and weak, the old man lowered the blade with the strength and speed of a man many years younger. It struck true. The old man pulled at the blade. It was embedded in bone. He finally wrenched it free from the now lifeless body and walked outside. He looked up at the sky and screamed, "Are you satisfied? Will this be enough? I told you he would obey. Now are you going to set us free?" With these words the old man flung the knife across the weed covered field. He fell to his knees and cried.

After what seemed like years, he looked up. Through his tear clouded eyes, he saw something peculiar. He looked again to make sure his eyes weren't playing tricks on him, as they often did at his age. They weren't. He looked and saw that everywhere the blood had dropped from the flying knife, a small, bright red flower grew, and the weed had fallen back. 

Jody Tinsley

*"Teaching geology and hoping to get my Masters in English this semester, I'm trying to do my part to tie science and art together. In my poems I try to save a memory by tying the past to the present, catching a moment in the honest voice of South Carolina, a voice (to quote Harry Crews), 'part drunk, part coon dog, part angel.' I finished a canoe trip in December of about 350 miles, and I hope to do none of this in the future, looking for new memories to save.
P.S. I know why Dan wears shoes: to make the world a safer place."*

I remember seeing three highway angels
late one night,
a perfect trinity of trucks and truckers
blasting through the dark
of I-77,
trucker's route from West Virginia
down to North Carolina.

I saw them coming fast that night,
burning with the speed
of 50,000 pounds of cargo
rolling down the mountain,
roaring with the holy sound
of diesel-powered thunder,
radiant with amber running-lights,
and blazing with the glare
of Latin crosses
made of fire and steel
and set to shine like beacons,
flaming on each cab—
crashing by my car
in waves of wind and glory.

I only ever saw my grandpa dressed three ways:

The first was in the honest blues of overalls,
for working in the fields or at the mill.

The next was in the somber Sunday clothes,
for hand-held praying in the country church.

The last was in the frail bedclothes of death,
for shrouding of the flesh and swaddling of an angel.

For a few weeks each September
when the air first starts to chill
the upstate South Carolina apple orchards,
Spanish music dances through the night
like drunken gauchos,
spilling from the smoke-filled trailers
where the migrant workers live,
weaving through the gravel yard
between the trunks of pine trees,
spinning wildly out across the two-lane road,
stumbling up my yard and stairs
and tripping through my windows.

Soon my room is filled with dancing gauchos—
white teeth flashing, dark hair, whiskey colored faces
black capes and boots, silver spurs and buckles
spinning, stomping, shouting
dogs barking, women laughing, babies crying—
then a single gunshot.
Silence
and the smell of powder as I lie in bed.
Buenos noches, mis amigos.

Last time my Baby played me
like an old twelve string guitar,
I hummed the richest song,
the sweetest voice,
the strongest bass,
and arched my neck
as she found my frets
with patient fingers,
firm and wise,
and rocked my hips to the dance of her hand
as it strummed my strings
with a perfect pick
in the rhythm place.

And the chords she pulled from my old guitar,
with the reach of her hand
and her heavy fingers—
the press and grasp, the strum and stroke.
That night when she played me strong and hard,
like street-corner blues,
I swelled and ached and bled.

Jody Tinsley

I remember a day when I walked in the evening
along the curving edge of a lake
with a woman whom I'd just met.

Or maybe she wasn't a woman—
it's hard to say, exactly.
Sixteen summers and winters, perhaps,
had almost filled her
with the curves of womanhood.
She was a study,
sketched casually but well
in some master's notebook.

Still, her sixteen winters, falls, and summers
filled her well
and hung about her well,
but mostly when I looked on her
I thought of her as Spring.

We walked along the quiet lake
where she had swum that afternoon,
where I rested from a week or two
of driving, looking, thinking,
where I watched her while I rested—
later met her, talked with her,
and watched her more.
The way she moved was cool and casual,
and either she was yet too young to know
that I saw smooth seawaves rolling
in the way she walked
or she was old enough to know
and old enough to let it seem she didn't.

And so we walked
and talked a little
in the soft buzz-tingled air,
and she was young and lovely in her way.
And I did not want her,
did not love her,
but I could feel her power
and a shocking sense of what she was to be.

And then she said she went to wash her hair.

So I went too,
and followed her
beyond the grassy dam which held the lake,
across the rocky slope behind,
and to a crystal curtain pouring
falling, hanging from the spillway.
Fifteen feet, perhaps, in height—
ten feet from side to side—
an inch thick, maybe—
like a large, liquid, moving pane of glass.
And like a spectre then,
despite the flush of life on her,
she passed through.

Spring!
And as if I hadn't known already,
just to let me know for sure
that she would love and be loved,
the falling water
like a lover,
like a timid, patient lover,
pulled her bathing suit half-down.

Spring,
with the scent of flowers!

And I swear that for that time
I became a rustic swain—
a shepherd, maybe, in Arcadia,
leaning, lounging on a Grecian bank
watching Persephone bathe in a mountain stream
of holy water—
washing off the dirt of Pluto
and the dust of time,
lovely in her every move and stillness—
swelling, blooming, bursting
with promises and greenery and flowers.

The Return of the Silver Shadow

Matthew Turner

"Horseshit."

"No man, I'm serious. You know that weirdo Erin Moore that hangs around me?"

"Geeky guy wit duh glasses?"

"Yeah, well he's got a lab in his bedroom and he makes the stuff. This bottle contains some of the best acid you will ever see in your life." I can't believe I'm doing this. Hartley Street is where the citizens of Metro City go to die if they don't feel like climbing all the stairs to jump off a building. Maurice's Bar & Grill, 55 West Hartley, is where the locals go when they're not busy helping Metro City suicidal acrophiliacs meet their maker. Mike "Masher" Malmstein is the guy that has been elected person-most-likely-to-take-over-Hell by Metro City High for the fifth year running. So here I sit, grinning a grin at a guy that has more scars on his face than Oprah Winfrey has hairstyles, in a bar full of people that are just as likely to stick a knife in you as say "hello" in a section of town that Rambo wouldn't walk through in the daylight, hoping to God that I'll live to see my driver's license and trying to pass off a bottle of doctored prune juice as a hallucinogenic. But I guess how and why I got here is better told at the beginning.

"Ken, I might be getting a little crazy."

Erin was perched on the scoreboard of Metro City High School's Gymnasium. His silver tights and electric-blue cape were glowing in the half-light of the gym.

"Erin, you're twenty feet over my head and it's one o'clock Monday morning." A leap with a triple somersault later and we were eye-to-eye.

"Jesus, Erin."

"Yeah, pretty wild, huh? Check this out." Bounding to the bleachers he lifted an entire section over his head with one hand.

"And yesterday I blew up old man Crawford's car."

"Those lightning-bolt Speedos are mine, aren't they?"

"That stupid alarm of his went off again at five in the morning, so I'm looking out my window thinking how nice my life would be without that car and ZAP! Two beams outa my eyes and Crawford's staring at a hole in the street."

"I wondered where they got to. When did you borrow them, last year?"

"Laser vision. Pretty cool."

"Jesus, Erin."

Me and Erin had been friends ever since we had formed the Star Trek club back in sixth grade. He hadn't been in school all last week, so when I found the note: 12:30 GYM 2-NITE in my locker I knew it had to be another of his lunatic schemes. I sure as heck hadn't expected to see him dressed up like the caped crusader or something. If he kept this up, he would never get a date to the Prom.

"If you keep this up, Erin, you'll never get a date to the Prom."

"Screw Prom. C'mon Ken, don't you see what I'm on the brink of?"

"Nervous breakdown?"

"Geez." He was slipping into his frustrated teacher role. Pacing around in circles with his hand on his face like he had a headache, he'd deliver some long soliloquy about quantum physics, Man and God, or anything else he thought he was an authority on. Then he'd belabor the point for so long his audience would concede defeat. Erin always did this when he didn't know what the hell he was talking about. With exaggerated patience he continued: "I have finally developed a solution to a problem that has been plaguing the world since the dawn of Man. With my new powers all crime and corruption are history!"

"You don't know what the hell you're talking about."

Too frustrated for words, he flew about the gym for a while, pulling some high speed acrobatics that would have put Cathy Rigby to shame. Finally, in a swan dive from the ceiling, he declared, "Beware evil-doers of crime, for the Silver Shadow shall strike you down!"

He came to a screeching halt four feet from the floor. "Well?"

"Well."

"Well, whadayathink?"

"You're right."

"Right?"

"You are crazy."

As it turned out, the week Erin had been away from school he'd been a regular Dr. Jekyll in his bedroom. He would play sick until his mother left for work and then began concocting what he called "Ability Potential Enhancement Elixir." I called it bullshit.

"Bullshit."

"No, seriously. Basically all it does is alter your mind to believing you can do whatever. Then your brain sends out these chemicals that actually alter your body's structure so you can do

Matthew Turner is a carbon-based life form most likely to have evolved from a small species of green lizard native to the West Indies. He is a Junior majoring in electives and in his spare time enjoys stealing socks and finding donors for his extensive tonsil collection. While a fabulous writer, with such books as *Your Reptilian Family Tree* and *How to Keep your Tonsil Collection as Fresh as When you Got 'em* under his belt, he freely admits that Silver Shadow was the result of an accident involving a microwave and a toaster.

it. The reason nobody else has figured this out is that they were looking for too complicated a solution. You'll never guess what the main ingredient in this stuff is."

"Hmm?"

"Prune juice."

"Jesus, Erin."

"Tastes like hell. There's other stuff in it too, of course, but nobody ever thought of prune juice. That simple."

"That simple."

"Sure," he shrugged.

"So now every time the call goes out to save the world, you'll take a swig of prune juice and beat the piss out of the bad guys, right?"

"Oh, no. Once this stuff is in your system it sort of... regenerates, I guess. Nope, I'm permanent one-hundred percent superhero now. I could go into seclusion, or maybe take on an alias, you know—Clark Kent. Ya think?"

Maybe if I hadn't been picked last in gym that day or maybe if Mom hadn't yelled at me about my room again or maybe even if it wasn't so late I wouldn't have blown up at him, but blow up I did. "Holy Cow, Erin! We are sixteen years old. Sixteen! Our biggest problems are supposed to be zits and hormones. For Pete's sake! We should be working on getting laid, not saving the world. Grow up, will ya?"

Well, that did it for Erin. Probably the only real friend he had in the city just kicked him in the crotch. With his face all twisted he gave me a last look and flew away—through the concrete wall and into the night.

I figured it would take a lot of work to get back on speaking terms again, because the next day Erin wasn't in school. I sure would have liked to have had him around during our science test. Without Erin the wonderboy there to copy from I failed it for sure. Coming home things went from bad to terrible.

"Your buddy Erin's crazy," Mom remarked off-handedly without turning from the cupboard. She was digging around for ingredients for what looked like the beginnings of mystery-meat stew.

"Can I eat at Jeff's?"

"No. Yesterday Mrs. Moore took Erin to Metro Correctional. He's really blown a fuse this time," she said to a can of peas.

"Jesus, Erin."

"You keep saying that and I might get an identity crisis. Hey isn't this like dinnertime at the Kenneth Household?"

"Yeah, but I'd do anything to get out of dinner tonight, even visit some berserk friend of mine in a mental hospital."

"Mystery meat stew again, huh?" Erin was no longer the Silver Shadow but the pale, skinny adolescent with the thick glasses and a mop of hair that had rarely seen a comb that I knew too well. Instead of the metallic pajamas he wore one of those hospital smocks with no back so you were afraid to turn away from anybody.

"You know, instead of this superman stuff you should have just worked up a potion to grow some hair on your chest. There's some pretty hot nurses around here."

"Didja get a date to the Prom?"

"Course not. Aw hell Erin, I'm sorry I freaked out on you the other day. I feel like a slug," I mumbled at the floor. Erin shrugged the famous Erin-Moore-what-does-it-matter-now shrug.

"All that wild stuff you were doing just kind of scared me a

little, you know?"

Shrug.

"I mean, you hafta admit you did look kind of silly."

Grin.

"Buddies, right?"

"Buddies."

"Anyway, I sure as heck didn't mean for you to wind up here. Tell them you're all right now and let's get out of this place, I'm starving."

"That's not why I'm here, stupid. Didn't you hear about that big fire on Queen Street this morning?"

"The Sears building."

"Well, I'm getting ready for school, and I hear this on the radio, right? So now's the Silver Shadow's big chance to be legit. I'm halfway out the window and Mom comes in, spies me in the silver long johns, and totally freaks out. She thinks I'm gonna jump or something and here I am."

"You still got all that super-power stuff?"

"I'm not gonna pull a break-out. I guess the world just doesn't need a hero these days—there isn't anything for them to do." He sunk to his pillow with a melodramatic sigh. "They're going to run a few tests and stuff on me, but they won't find anything wrong. It's all in your mind. Week or so I'll get out. I guess I'll start brewing up an antidote. Sure was fun while it lasted."

"Listen, it's getting kinda late. You just sit tight, buddy, you might be outa here sooner than you think. I've got some things I gotta do."

"Hi Mrs. Moore. Erin said there were some books and things he wanted me to pick up for school."


His bedroom was a mad scientist's wet dream. Tubes, beakers, and bunsen burners were strewn everywhere. I picked my way through the clutter to his desk and grabbed his notebook. In a cooler under a pile of socks I found the bottle of A.P.E. juice, and in his 'secret' drawer in the closet (I know his bedroom better than my own) the Silver Shadow's casual wear. I stuffed it all in a box, and with a few hasty condolences to the Moores caught the eight o'clock home.

I'm back from Maurice's now and sit, grounded for week for coming in after 11:00, at my desk. Choking down the last of the glass of prune juice I saved for myself, I browse some more through Erin's notebook. "The effects of the elixir aren't totally clear," writes Erin, "but it seems that while the body is endowed with supernatural powers, the side effect is an altered morality state. In other words, if you are good, you'll be very very good, but if you are bad..." The polarizing effects of prune juice, I guess. "For my initial trial, I'll only be taking 20 ml, enough to increase physical capacity without appearing overtly changed. I hypothesize that a full 400 ml, (a glassful) would be enough to permanently transform the physical as well. We're talking inflation like the Incredible Hulk."

Whatever that means.

On the radio there were reports of rampant chaos on the East Side.

"Grossly mutated monsters in leather have literally comethrough the walls of First Metro Savings and Loan, stealing millions and destroying everything in their path. (That's Mike's style, all right.) All police efforts thus far have been futile. Is there anything that can stop the Metro City Maulers?"

While I sit and wait for Erin, (his full share of A.P.E. juice in a Hardee's glass beside me) I wonder: Now where am I going to find a suit as cool as his? 

Beth Lyons

"I've become fascinated with trying to capture a moment or a feeling. I want my poetry to communicate on some level, to convey a piece of my mind to another person. There is nothing more satisfying than someone reading one of my poems and saying, 'This reminds me of the time I....' That's what it's all about."

playground

and we sat in
a circle
divining our future
with twig and
word and stone.
weaving wishes
and daisies into a
web of marriage
and motherhood

lakeside

hidden by a
train whistle,
the hawk's cry
scatters in the
trees ripping
dreams from my eyes.

comfort

some nights his
friendly fingers
search drunkenly in
the folds of
my body, feeling for
a soft, warm
resting place.

mother

there is this
kitchen and this wife,
mother.
it is warm with
cigarettes and cinnamon
and coffee,
mother.
bay windows and
hardwood floors
and i am
quietly alone here,
mother.
may i sing
a lullaby to
the cats
mother?

blossoming

the flower of
my womanhood bore
fruit of pain—
sticky and red.
growing, while i
slept, into a habit
of sick days and hot
tea in bed.
blossoming with
sharp musk
and silent aches.

re-vision

in the fall i
remember,
us,
the walks,
the trees,
and that hint of
a diamond on my finger—
reflecting
falling leaves.

Beth Lyons

crying

hail you adolescent wonders
hear my cry across
this academic tundra
where are you now, you fourth
grade
catholic essay winners?
hear my cry and
come
converse with me

let us talk of issues
i am quite lucid,
at times,
we will speak of a unified europe
in german
of food
in french
of poetry in poetry in oxford
english
and
we can recall
your early nunnish glory

of late i have scattered
twigs and leaves
upon the stream of time
have you seen them

dark smile

with the tight
hug in darkness
i know you are
thinking of
a quiet way
to die.

i cough up misery
like phlegm.
save a length of
rope for me. we
can walk together
for a change.

an act

lulled soft by
years of training and
the drip of the faucet,
(or is that his watch)
i can swim
through my mind
just passing time.
surface in spurts, so
i know when to
gasp and tighten
my legs.

That Only A Mother Could

Guthrie McIlhennon

This sheriff's office hasn't changed any since the last time I been here. Lemme see now. That must have been twenty-five years ago when Sonny was just four years old. That time warn't near as serious as this one, but as I recollect I was mighty upset then too. Sonny had wandered out of the picture show where I'd left him so I could do my grocery shopping. When I went back to the picture show to get him, I couldn't find him. I went inside and looked ever'where for him, but he warn't there. I fretted all evening until six o'clock. Hunted that boy all over the city. I was ashamed to go down to the police station and admit I'd lost my only son.

I had to leave Sonny all by hisself on account of his daddy had disappeared that spring. I say "disappeared" and I been saying disappeared all these years, but I know as well as the rest of the townfolk that he run off. It warn't on account of me that Lester run off. He'd been messing 'round with some bootleggers all winter long and when the heat got up, Lester took off. There, I done it again. I say, "Messing around with bootleggers." I guess I know as well as anybody that Lester was pretty deep in it. He warn't no simple-minded boy. He got in with some rough types and he was as rough as any of 'em. He got out a' the county just in time. Well, ever since then I've said good luck and good riddance.

Nothing about this sheriff's office has changed in twenty-five years. Except for the faces. Back then, the first time I lost Sonny, old man Henry Crowley was the sheriff. He had all his cousins and nephews working for him as deputies. I don't recognize any of his kin here, but it's been so long I don't know that I could recognize any of them. Use to be Jake Crowley, Henry's nephew, behind the counter there. Now they got a woman. Warn't no women back then who ever would have thought of doing police work. I guess they got a right to do ever what they're able to. A woman's capable of a lot more these days, if she's got the nerve.

Two times in the police station in twenty-five years. And both times it's because I lost my boy. Only this time it's for good. When I called the sheriff, I knowed Sonny couldn't pull through. I'd kill the person who done this to Sonny if I was able. All the blood on my dress. Somebody planned to kill Sonny; this didn't happen in no fit of rage. When they stuck that knife in him they meant for him to die quick. Right in the throat. It happened this way:

I come home from doing my usual Thursday morning shopping with Mary Norman. She's a good samaritan type. Young and still pretty. She's always felt sorry for me, I reckon,

on account of I don't have no husband to look out for me. And she knows that Sonny never helps none. Well, she carried me home and pulled in the drive right up to the porch so's I could get out. Nothing seemed suspicious to her or me, and she just took off as usual. When I was going up the porch I noticed both front doors was open wide. That seemed strange to me, it bein' so hot and there bein' so many flies about. Sonny wouldn't have left both doors wide open. Well, I walked in the door and a sight hit me there that liked to floored me. I didn't think it could be real. Sonny laid on the floor, on the carpet, all covered with blood. I couldn't believe my eyes. Sonny is the type to play mean jokes on people just to scare them, but I knowed right away it warn't no joke. His eyes was open but they was glassed over like he was ready to cry. I run over to him and I seen what happened and it warn't no accident. Somebody'd put a knife in Sonny's throat.

I bent down over Sonny and picked his head up, but he didn't move none. His eyes stayed fixed staring at something that warn't there. I shouted at him but he didn't make no reply. So I bent down and put my ear to his chest. That's why my dress and hands is covered up in his blood. I didn't think he could be alive, but I seen people check for the heartbeat like that in the movies, so I just done it. There was so much blood around him I figured he had to be dead. Besides, he warn't bleedin' no more and I took that as a bad sign.

Since there was no blood to stop and since he couldn't tell me nothing, I figured there was nothin' I could do for him. So I got up from the carpet, went to the phone table, which was right across the entrance from where Sonny laid, and I called the sheriff. To show you what a state I was in, when I got through to the sheriff's office, I asked for Sheriff Crowley. I knowed he'd been dead for seven years, but I was beside myself and couldn't help myself. The lady who answered the phone put me through to the new sheriff, McJunkin's his name, and I told him just what happened.

Sheriff McJunkin's a nice man. He come out to the house as quick as fire, and he's been real nice to me and been takin' care of me all the way down to the sheriff's office. When he came in the house he asked me what happened and I told him. He brought me out on the front porch and set me in the rocker and told me to just sit down and rest myself. He told one of his deputies to stay with me, on account of I shouldn't hurt myself, I suppose. They do such as that in the movies too. I really did appreciate that because I was in a nervous fit.

The author, the son of immigrant parents, studies writing at Clemson University, drives a ragged old truck, and plays bass for The Deadbeats, a local band whose mission is to revive disco.

I sat there on the porch watching the men go in and out, and after a little bit, an ambulance came with two men and a woman. Never use to be no women riding in the ambulance, but I guess it's just like having a lady deputy down to the sheriff's office. They can do ever what they have the nerve to. The two men and the lady rushed in the house, and I heard them moving around in there trying to bring Sonny back, but it warn't no use. In a little bit, they come out 'a the house, toting Sonny on a stretcher. I knowed they warn't no help because Sonny's face was covered up and they was moving a lot slower than when they went in.

Well, the sheriff's men stayed almost 'till sundown. It had been a hot day and I was glad it was starting to cool off. The whole time nobody said nothing to me except for when I asked for something to drink. The man that sat with me all evening, I never did learn his name. He seemed awful mournful sitting there, as if he'd lost his son. When the sheriff finished up his investigating in the house, he came out and said I needed to come down to the station so they could ask me some questions. I was indeed anxious to go because I knowed a few of Sonny's "friends" and figured one of them done this to Sonny. Besides, I didn't no way want to stay in that house where that murder was done. Even though I spent my forty-nine years living there, it didn't seem safe no more.

So here I set on this bench, waiting to help the sheriff figure out who killed my Sonny.

Who could have done such a thing? It had to have been something to do with that drug Sonny'd been messing with. I warned him he'd get into trouble with it, but I could never 'a knowed he'd get killed on account of it. Sonny warn't as lucky as his daddy was. Sonny didn't get no tip off about the heat.

I've got to gather my thoughts so I can help them figure this out. Let's see. There was that Frank with the long greasy hair. He reminded me of some of them types Lester knowed.

Frank had some kind 'a tatoo on the back of his hand, right between the thumb and the pointer finger. It was some kind 'a cross with the ends bent over, an ugly thing done in red. Looked like he'd done it hisself with a hot pin and red ink. That Frank never give me nor Sonny no respect. He said "motherfucker" ever' other word and done it right in my house with me standing right in front of him. I heard him threaten Sonny before. The sheriff'll want to know that. I need to write this down so's I'll remember when he asks me.

"Oh, Ma'am, could I trouble you for a pencil and note pad while I'm waiting to see Sheriff McJunkin? I need to write some things down so as not to forget them. Oh, thank you."

Let's see now. "Frank...long greasy hair...tatoo on left hand."

Who else was there? There was Sonny's girlfriend, Ellen. Poor wretched thing. When Sonny's first met her, she was

*There was
so much
blood
around
him I
figured he
had to be
dead.*

real sweet to me. I hoped Sonny might settle down with her, but she was better for Sonny than he was for her. It warn't no time at all before Sonny'd got her on the drug, and she started looking real sickly. In less'n a year she looked to age ten. Her face got long and the skin stretched tight over her cheekbones like they was made of stone. Her hair got long and stringy. She never went to the beauty parlor, not even when I asked to pay for it. It got to where she was in the house more than Sonny was. First thing I'd see in the morning was her walking to the bathroom, skinny and ragged like a ghost. You could almost see through her when she passed before a window. I seen her ever' day now for months but she hardly ever says a word. I don't know if that's because she don't want to or ain't able to.

She knowed what Sonny done to her, I reckon. She had a reason to get even with Sonny much as anybody did. He used her and when she was about used up, he took to spending less time with her. She had a good reason to kill Sonny. I don't know but what I would've done the same had I been in her shoes and half out 'a my head on that drug. Let's see now, I got to write this down.

"Sonny's girl...Ellen...half crazy on the drug...wanted revenge."

I reckon the sheriff already knows about Ellen. I heard him talking back at the house. He said something like, "She must have been out of her head." They must already be looking for her.

What else did they say? Oh yea, said it was done with a carving knife from the kitchen. It had to 'a been Ellen. She must 'a been crazy on the drug and upset Sonny'd been spending time away from her. Who else would'a used a carving knife? Who else could'a knowed where to find one in my kitchen? When I get home I'm gonna have to take out all my kitchen things and wash 'em in boiling water. I can't bear to think one of my own kitchen knives done killed my Sonny.

When we rode down to the sheriff's office, Sheriff McJunkin said that Sonny didn't suffer long. The way his throat was cut, McJunkin said, he didn't live but thirty seconds or a minute at most. I can only thank God for sparing Sonny the pain. I can't bear to think of Sonny suffering. He warn't use to suffering. Lord knows I done all the suffering in this family, if you call a mother and son a family. I kept the garden and done all the chores, and worked in Hopper's store to make extra money 'cause Sonny never could find no decent work to suit him. I never did mind the work much. Sonny always told me that he'd take a job soon as he could find a decent white man's job, but I never did see Sonny look all that hard to find one. All Sonny's boyhood friends found work well enough, leastways the ones that didn't move away. Sonny just didn't like to get his hands dirty. Just like his daddy that way. Lester never worked a day while we was married. He'd rather loafer around with them lowlifes and their bootleg than get a decent job and Sonny was the same way. Except for he sold the drug, not moonshine. I only had two men in my life, and neither one of them cared for me the way I cared for them.

Sonny had a mean temper. You might say he was unpredictable, but most the time he was cruel natured. Like I said, he liked it—being cruel to people. That's the reason I never kept no dog around the house. Sonny'd make a dog depend on him and keep the dog suffering all the time. That's what he done to Ellen, I reckon. Well Sonny never cared for nobody except for hisself. But what could I do? I raised him best I could, and when he growed up there warn't nothin' I

could do to change him. You can't change a grown man's nature. I couldn't ask him to leave. We both grew up in the house, and it was his as much as mine. Lord knows I wished he'd leave many a time. He made my life miserable mostly.

The more I think about it, the more I see Sonny was his daddy come back to haunt me. Me and Lester stayed married four years, and all that time I was like a slave to him. Tell you what Lester would do to me: He'd stay gone three and four days at a time. Never more'n that. A week after the last time he left, I knowed it was for good. Well, he'd come home after a three or four day drunk and be as mean as a snake. Smelled as bad as one too. First thing he'd want was food, so I'd have to cook up something fast. Next thing he'd do was to lock me in the closet while he got some sleep. We fought about that at first, but he was bigger and meaner than me, so I let him do it without no fuss after I got used to it. When he come to let me out, it was so I should act like a wife to him. The whole time he'd be home, I'd be either cooking or cleaning for him or locked in the closet. There warn't no reason for him to lock me in there, and I told him so, but he never heard me. Even if I wanted to leave him, and I did want to at times, there warn't no place for me to go. But he never could understand that. He'd stay around the house about a week, no more'n two, and then he'd be gone again for three or four days. He kept those habits four years and he was real regular about it. That's the reason I was able to put up with him for so long. While he was home, it was a living torment, but I knowed it wouldn't be long till I could have a rest from him.

Anyway, Sonny was a lot like Lester, but Sonny never treated me as bad as Lester done. 'Course he couldn't lock me in the closet. That's a husband's privilege, not a son's. But Sonny never treated me right neither. He was all the time stealing money from me. Just small amounts he thought I wouldn't notice, but we got so little money coming in I missed it ever' time. Sonny'd cry poor to me and borrow ever what he didn't steal. Next thing I knowed, Sonny'd come home with a new suit from Mosteller's, a bottle 'a whiskey, and some girl I never saw nor was like to see again. I knowed better than to ask Sonny where he was getting the money. Lookin' back on it, I don't reckon I really cared to know.

Sonny'd have girls over to the house at all hours, day or night. He let me know right quick I had no say—so about that. They warn't girls a mama likes to see her son going around with neither. Most of them was tramps. I reckon they got as much of my money as Sonny did. Like I say, I never saw most of them girls but once and not again. But when Ellen come along, I seen she was different from the others. She meant more to Sonny than the others did. She filled a need in him same as I filled a need in Lester. Much as I liked Ellen, I knowed it warn't good for her to be Sonny's girl. I never seen him lock her up in a closet, but he done worse things to her. Of that I'm sure.

One night it was very late, and I got up from bed to go to the bathroom like I usually have to. I was walking past Sonny's door, which was closed, and I heard him and her talking. It was the strangest sounding conversation I ever heard. His voice was real low, talking in a soothing murmur, almost like the way somebody talks to a dog they're pettin'; but her voice was going like a fever. Both of them was talking at the same time so I couldn't really make out what they was saying, but Ellen was begging for something from Sonny. That much I could figure from just the sound of the voices. As I stood there listening, I had a quick recollection of the time when Sonny was eleven years old and he'd tied a dog to a

post in the barn and purpose'ly starved it near to death. One day I went up to the barn for something—I don't recollect what I wanted there because the barn hadn't been used for nothing but to store things in for years. When I went through the barn door, I couldn't see for it was so dark inside, but I could hear Sonny talking in that same real soothing voice he was using to Ellen. When my eyes got to where they could see in the dark, I saw Sonny laid on his belly in front 'a that poor dog. The dog had stretched that rope as tight as a piano string, trying to get to a piece of fried chicken Sonny'd brought from the house. The rope was pulled tight against the dog's neck to where that dog couldn't get no closer to that chicken wing. The meat laid about three inches from the dog's nose. Sonny was saying such things as "Do you want to eat, poor doggie?" And that dog was whimpering for that chicken wing like a innocent man would beg for his life before a hanging judge.

As I stood there listening to Sonny and Ellen, the shock of that recollection scared me so, I peed myself and had to run on to the bathroom. That night I knowed for the first time Ellen and Sonny didn't have no natural relationship. I had dreams that night of Ellen tied around the neck to the bed and Sonny and Lester was standing over her. They was doing things to her I can't bring myself to say, and all the time they had me locked in the closet and I couldn't do nothing to help Ellen or stop her from whimpering. When I waked the next morning, I promised myself to help Ellen get shed of Sonny.

Things went on as usual from that moment on, and I couldn't think of no way to get Ellen shed of Sonny. Sonny would sleep late most every morning and when he'd get up, usually about noon, I'd be busy with chores, so we saw each other about once a day, but not always at the same time. It warn't no use to try and talk any sense to Sonny about how he treated Ellen. According to Sonny, that warn't none of my business. So I decided the best way to help her was to talk her into leaving.

One day about six o'clock in the evening, I had Ellen all to myself in the kitchen. I was washing up the dinnertime dishes, and Ellen was sitting reading the newspaper. She only read the obituaries and the classifieds 'cause, according to her, those were the only parts of the paper worth reading. She thought it was interesting to know who was selling what and who was needing what. She looked up at me and said, "Says here a man in Poultney is selling brand new washboards that ain't never been used."

"Ellen, what in the world would anybody want with a

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washboard," I said. "Nobody uses them anymore."

"I know," she said. "Also says here that somebody in Poultney is looking for a 'white female Christian companion who does not smoke. Must like farm life, television, and hard work.' You know anybody like that?"

It wasn't much of a place to bring up her and Sonny, but I thought it was as good as any that might come up, so I said, "Did you ever think of answering one of them ads?"

"Nah. I don't think people really fit these kinds of descriptions. Everybody fits the description to some extent, but nobody ever finds the perfect match."

It was a desperate thing to do but I said, "You ought to answer one of them ads just to see what happens." And then I added just to make sure she knewed I was serious, "You and Sonny ain't got no future together."

Ellen took her eyes off the paper and looked out through the screen door into the backyard, but I knowed her mind was somewhere else, and she said, "Oh, I don't know, it's like being on a roller coaster ride with Sonny, but I don't think I'd change places with anyone I know of."

"I hate to talk of my own son that way," I said, "but you and me both know he ain't worth killing." I took it one step further. "Sonny has had a lot of women, Ellen, and he treats you no better than any of the others. Sometimes, it seems like he treats you a lot worse."

"Well, Sonny treats me just fine. I got no complaints, least not any that would do any good to mention."

"I wouldn't speak up except I like you a lot, girl, and I don't want to see that man treat you like his daddy done treated me," I said.

"Not to be disrespectful, Ma'am, but I'm a lot older than

you were when Sonny's daddy left from here. I can look out for myself. I don't have no children and I don't need to count on no man to support me." Her voice rattled a little bit when she said that, so I figured I'd best drop the subject. Didn't seem I was like to make any headway in changing Ellen's mind about Sonny. A long silence followed and she had the last word on the subject.

"Says here that a lady in Lawyerville is looking for antique milk cans."

I couldn't get through to Ellen, so I figured to change Sonny's mind about her instead. I knowed I'd have to be real careful not to rile him up though. He can get awful mean if he's mad.

Sonny come home late that same night, it must 'a been about ten. Ellen was already upstairs. She usually didn't last too long after supertime was over. She'd eat about as much as a sick sparrow and then disappear upstairs. Never said goodnight. She'd just fade away up the stairs, going so soft she seemed to float more than walk. That woman was the ghostliest woman I ever seen. She never makes no noise, but sometimes I'd turn around and there she'd be, staring me right in the eyes as if she could read everything there. I cautioned her about it many a time, saying, "Girl, one of these days you're gonna sneak up on me like that an' I'll faint dead away. Can't you give a body some sign you're coming?" She'd just murmur something in that faraway voice she has, and disappear again. Just like some spirit.

I never knowed when she was in the house. But sometimes I'd see her out in the old pasture back to the house. She'd wash out an old milk bottle or some other ugly thing that warn't fit for a vase and put the flowers in it. The first time she done it, I told her tiger lilies don't survive in water like any normal flower would and besides they don't have no smell. That didn't seem to matter to her though. The orange color in the lilies would already be turning ugly brown even before she got 'em in the water. By evening, the lilies looked as dingy and forlorn as Ellen herself. The strange thing is she liked them that way. We got all kinds of flowers around here and a few that I planted too—roses, wisteria, black-eyed-Susans, even a geranium would 'a been more cheerful than those awful, dead tiger lilies, but she wouldn't have any of them.

The night I was talking about, when Sonny come home, Ellen was upstairs asleep or reading or just lying staring at the ceiling like she mostly did. Sonny walked in and came straight to the kitchen. I was in there waiting for him. Usually, I go upstairs to bed not long after Ellen, but this night I was planning to have a little talk with Sonny.

"Hey, got any grub in this house? I'm starved," he said.

"Yeah, Ellen and me had pancakes for supper. I got some batter left. Want I should make you some?"

"Hellfire. I don't eat goddam pancakes for supper. How many times I got to tell you that, Mama?"

"You want I should make you a samwich then?"

"Just forget it. I'll make it myself."

Sonny started rifling through all the cupboards, slamming dishes and cups around and making clear he was bothered with me not fixing a decent supper. He went to the frigidaire and jerked it open and just stared into it like he was expecting the food to jump into his arms. Finally he says, "What is there to make a sandwich with?" I got up from the table, went to the frigidaire and pulled out some ham and

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some egg salad and a cucumber. He grabbed it from me and brought it all to the table where he sat down, the spitting image of his father after a three day drunk twenty-five years ago.

"You know, Sonny, Ellen has been looking real sickly lately. Have you noticed?"

"Yeah, I noticed," he said. He was spreading egg salad on a piece of bread. "So what? She'll get over it."

I decided to just tell him what I thought about it. "She ain't said nothing to me, but I know you been feeding her the drug. I know what a hop head acts like. And I know she's hopped up on something everyday now."

He laid a slab of ham on top of the egg salad, laid another piece of bread on that, and then took a mean bite out of the samwich. "What is she is? I don't tell her what to do. She makes her own choices."

"If she keeps on taking the drug it's gonna killer. You got to help her stop."

In a spiteful voice he said, "I don't *give* her nothing. She's gotta earn what she's sticking in her arm. And lately she ain't been doing too good a job at that." Some of the egg salad slipped out of his mouth onto the table.

"I'm not going to sit around here and watch you kill that girl or let her waste away till there ain't nothing left but a husk," I said. Sonny sat there taking huge hungry bites out of that samwich. Talking to Sonny was just like talking to Lester. I might as well stick my head down in a rain barrel and holler for all the good it did. Both of them was like dumb animals who wouldn't listen to good sense unless it was backed up by a stick. I never struck a lick at Lester for fear of what he might do to me, but I had beat some sense into Sonny until he was about eleven years old; or at least I thought I had. I tried to threaten him again, but not with a whipping: "If you don't listen to me boy, I'm like to call the County Welfare doctor up to have a look at that girl." Right quick I knowed I went too far when I said that. The look on Sonny's face turned black; he stopped chewing his samwich and said in a calm whisper, "You do that and I'll strangle that tongue right out 'a your throat."

I could tell by the look on his face I had to take a step back. "I didn't say I *would* call the county; I said I'm like to." He hadn't begun chewing again yet. "Sonny, I wouldn't really think of doing something like that. But you got to understand I'm worried about that girl. She don't eat or sleep and she's as close to being a ghost as a live person can get." Sonny looked down at his plate and started chewing again, and I was relieved I'd kept him from slipping into a temper.

"Just don't be saying things you don't mean," Sonny said, "because I never say anything unless I mean it." I let Sonny have the last word on it because I could see he wouldn't listen to no good sense. I left the kitchen and went upstairs wishing I still had a switch big enough to use on that boy.

It was 11:00 that night when I finally crawled into bed. I had heard Sonny stomp up the stairs not long after I got my nightshirt on, and by the time I was in the bed everything

*You and
me both
know he
ain't
worth
killing*

was quiet, or at least as quiet as a crumbling old house can be on a summer's night when there's a gentle wind blowing. As I lay there in bed, I listened to all the night noises: the singing of the crickets was going at a steady pitch; a dog was barking from far off, but from where I couldn't tell; and ever now and then a whipporwill sang out its song. It's strange. I've listened to whipporwills sing for forty-nine years, but I ain't never seen one. It's got a lonely song that never gets any company from any other whipporwills; or from any other bird for that matter. I wished I could have answered that bird that night because I think she was probably feeling like me. Sonny wouldn't listen to me, even though he could see Ellen fading right before his eyes. And even though Ellen would listen to me, she couldn't hear me for all that drug inside her head. She couldn't think straight enough to help herself. Even if I could talk to her when she was sober, I doubted whether she'd care about herself enough to ditch Sonny.

I kept thinking back on my threat to call the county welfare doctor. I knew Sonny would keep his words about keeping me quiet if I really did it, but that hadn't put the notion out of mind. I couldn't decide what to do, and I tossed in that bed for what seemed like all night as I fretted over it. On the one hand I knowed I had to help Ellen get shed of Sonny. That much I had promised myself. But there warn't no easy way to split then up. Ever'time I thought it all through, it always came down to me calling the county doctor for Ellen who in turn would call the county sheriff for Sonny. Seemed like the only way to help Ellen was to turn my back on my own boy. That just didn't seem right. I guess I was as close to Sonny as Ellen was. I'd spent twenty-nine years of my life getting used to Sonny's ways and I was kind of afraid to let it all go. Sonny had been like a thorn in my side that had never healed over. To take it out would hurt more than to just leave it where it was. After chasing this idea around in my mind for what seemed an age and a day, I decided that if I called the county welfare doctor, I wouldn't necessarily be calling in the sheriff. I was only calling for Ellen's sake. If the doctor called in the Sheriff that would have to be on his conscience. Calling the doctor was a good deed on my part, and it didn't have nothing to do with sending my boy to jail. When I finally convinced myself of this way of thinking, I felt like a load had been heaved off my chest. All of a sudden, the bed felt like a deep patch of clover on a hilltop. Making up my mind to call the county doctor put it all behind me and put me at rest, but before I closed my eyes for the last time that night, I looked to the window to see if any dawn light was creeping in yet, and there was beginning to show some light in the window. Some of that hazy light fell on a picture of Sonny

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that was hung on my bedroom wall for more than twenty years. I hadn't seen that angel-like expression on his face for a long time, so long it hardly seemed possible that boy in the picture could've turned out to be the Sonny I now had living with me. And that picture brought back the memories of Sonny right after his daddy had disappeared. Back then, it seemed like if I didn't have Sonny, I would have given up living. That boy gave me something to live for. He hadn't always been a mean boy. He had turned mean slow—over the years like a dog that's been chained too long. I began to blame myself for turning him mean. Maybe if I had remarried again and if Sonny had a father to raise him, he would have turned out a better man. In the darkness of my bedroom I let this kind of thinking lay all of Sonny's faults on me. And then I come to realize that by calling the welfare doctor, I would be doing some more to make Sonny turn mean, sending him to jail would be right in line with it all. So I said I'd call the doctor for Ellen in the morning and when the doctor wants to know where she been getting the drug, I'd tell him it was my boy. Then I'd ask God to forgive this old widow woman one more time.

The next day I didn't get up till afternoon. As I walked past Sonny's bedroom door I knocked and peeked in. Warn't nobody there. I went downstairs and looked all over. I knew right quick Sonny had gone. He's usually so noisy that if he's in the house and ain't sleeping, I know right where he's at. But I had to look over the whole house real careful to make sure Ellen warn't there. Like I said before, she could appear out of nowhere without a noise.

When I knowed Ellen was gone too, I went into the entrance way, found the phone book, and looked up the number for the welfare doctor. It took a good bit of time to find the number because it warn't listed under "W" and it warn't under "D" neither. While I was searching the "D's" for "doctor," I found "Department of Social Services" and so I called them, which turned out to be the right place anyway.

"Hello. I'd like to report a sick person who ain't able to take care of herself proper and needs a doctor." After making me hold the phone and say the same thing a couple more times to different people, I finally got through to a Doctor Moore, a lady doctor.

"Ma'am," I said, "I'd like to report a sick person who needs a doctor right quick."

"Alright," she said, "who is this sick person and what is your name?"

"Her name is Ellen Towe, but I can't give my name because she'd be angry if she knowed I called." Then I told the doctor where she could find Ellen. That is, I give her the address of my house. She badgered me to tell who I was, but I wouldn't. She also asked what the sickness was, and I lied saying it was some kind of pox, hoping that would make her come quicker. She said she'd go out to see Ellen today just as soon as she was able.

It warn't long after I hung up the phone that Ellen come floating in with wilted tiger lilies. She moped around the house in her usual way, reading the paper, sitting on the porch and helping me a bit in the kitchen.

I was in a bit of a nervous fit about what I'd say when the people from the welfare came down. I just couldn't sit still, and so I did more housework in those few hours than I'd done in weeks. I just prayed to God that Sonny wouldn't come in before Ellen got out, and my prayer was answered because at 3:30 while I was in the kitchen cutting up a chick-

en for supper, a car pulled up in the drive and I seen it was two women. I went to the door and let them in so they wouldn't have to know. Usually, a knock at the door by stranger would send Ellen floating upstairs to her room, and I wanted them to take Ellen by surprise.

I brought the two ladies into the kitchen where Ellen was sitting with a crossword puzzle. "Ellen, there's some people here to see you." She looked up from the puzzle but didn't say a word. She just looked at them ladies with glassy eyes that seemed to say, "What do they want from me?"

"These ladies is from the county welfare. This is Doctor Moore." Ellen just kept staring at them, and then Doctor Moore says to me, "It was reported that there was a case of measles or chicken pox. Why isn't she bed? She doesn't seem ill to me."

I didn't know what to say, but I blurted, "Look at her arms. She's been taking a drug with a needle." Well, that broke it.

The vacant look on Ellen's face shattered like a pane of glass and she screamed, "No I ain't!"

And I screamed, "Look at her arms!" I rushed over to her and pulled up her left sleeve. She tried to fight me off, but the poor, withered thing had no strength, and when the doctor and her helper saw those ugly red blotches on the inside of her arm, they come over and helped me calm Ellen down. She was sobbing and saying she hadn't done nothing wrong. By and by Ellen calmed down, and the welfare doctor said they would take her down to the county detention center, which is her nice way of saying the county jail. I never thought they'd put Ellen in jail and I told Doctor Moore that, and she said that where they'd put Ellen wasn't like a real jail. It was especially designed for drug addicts. It had big rooms with nice beds and T.V., and she said Ellen would be real comfortable there, which eased my mind a little. I went and packed a bag for Ellen while they stayed with her. When I come back downstairs, I gave Doctor Moore the bag, and they walked Ellen outside to their car. She was a mite calmed down now. In fact, she seemed too calm, like her mind wasn't even there. I tried to get her to smile one time before she got in the car, but she acted like she didn't hear me. I felt bad about what I done to her, but I knowed in my heart it was for her own good.

As soon as they drove off I went back to the kitchen to finish carving up that chicken into frying pieces. I didn't know what I was gonna tell Sonny when he got home, and even when I heard his truck pull up into the yard a few minutes later, I still didn't know what I'd tell him. *Ms*



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The deadline for our Spring Issue is March 7.

We are accepting: art
features
fiction
poetry

All submissions should be typed. Originals please. Name and mailing address should be on the upper left hand corner. One poem per page. Include a self addressed stamped envelope (no stamp needed if mail is on campus).

We are now also accepting submissions for our fall issue.

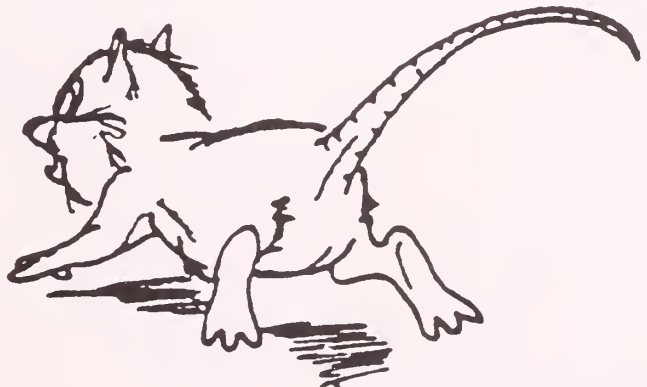
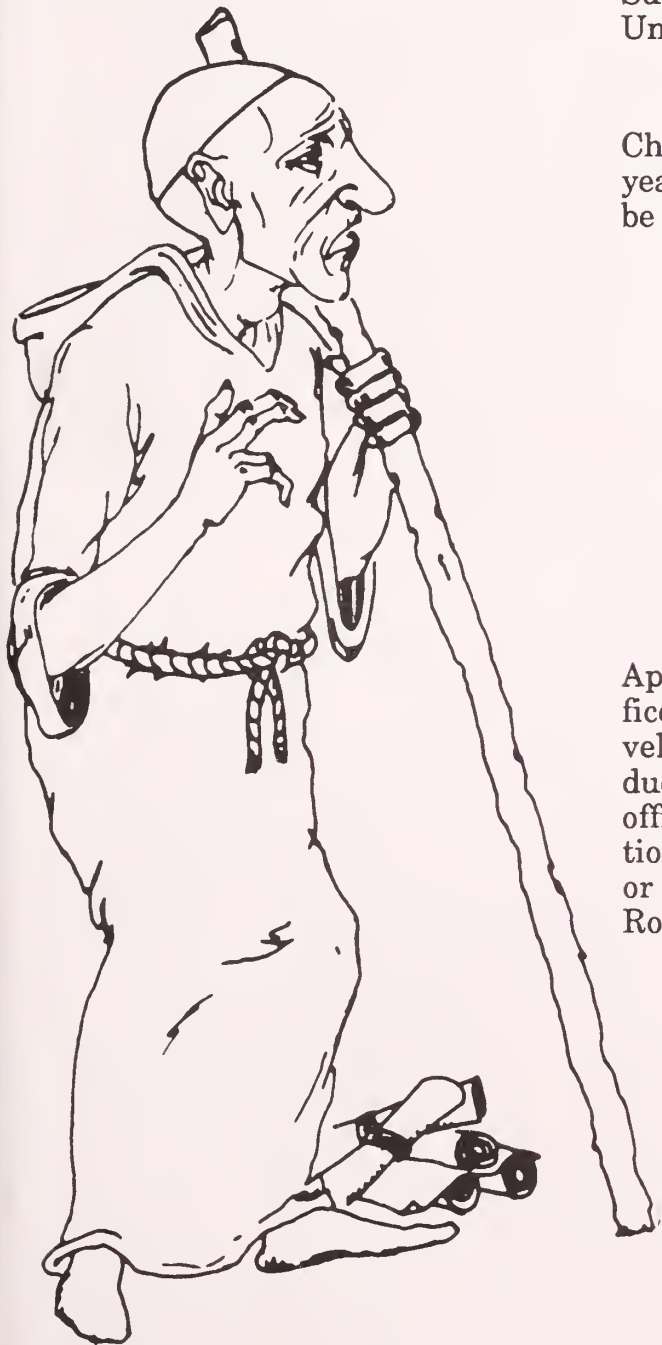
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Staff Elections

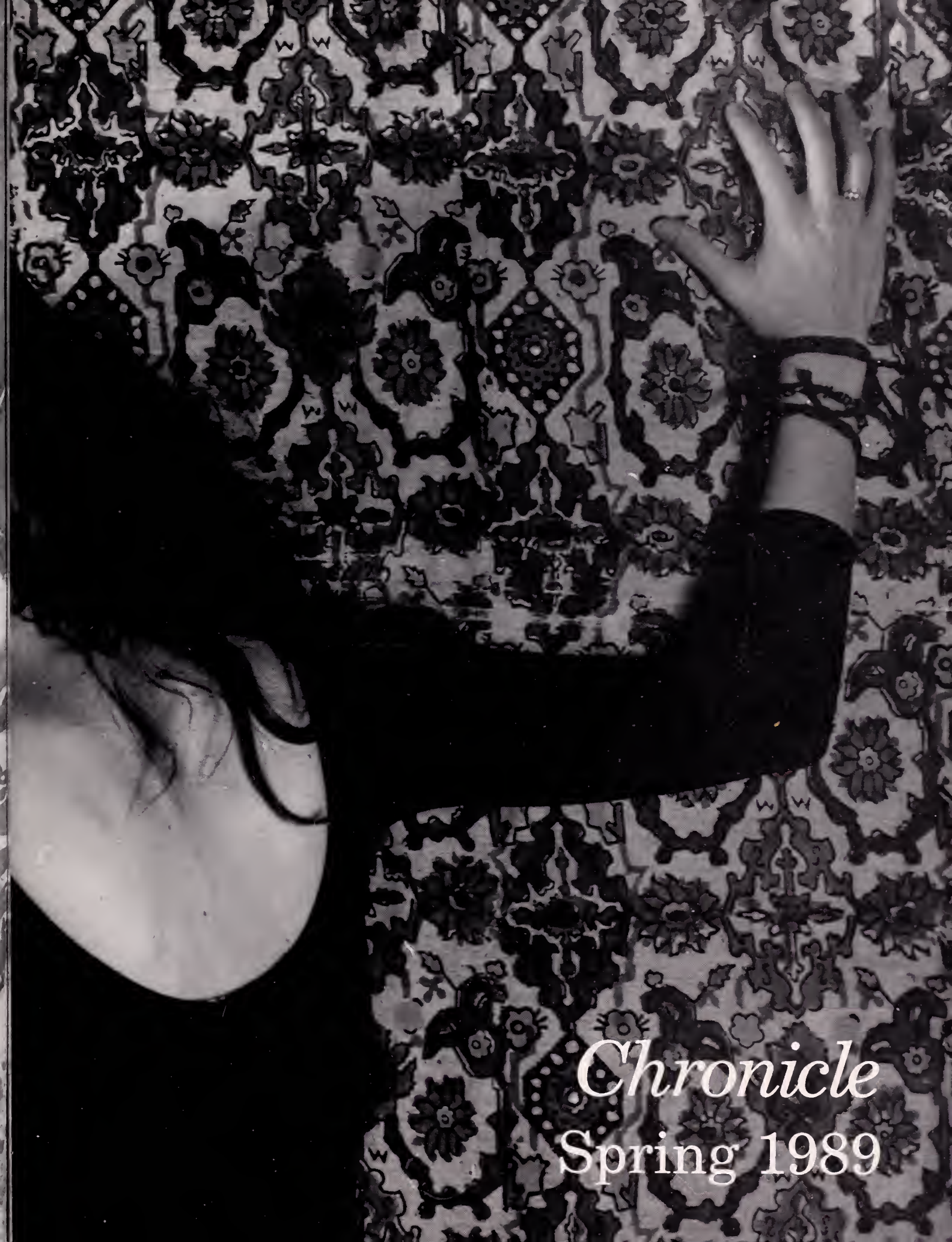
Chronicle will hold elections for the 1989-1990 school year on Sunday, March 5th at 2pm. Applications will be received for the following positions:

Editor-in-chief
Managing Editor
Business Manager
Fiction Editor
Poetry Editor
Art Editor
Features Editor
Layout/Design Editor
Copy Editor
Advertising Manager
Promotions Manager
Office Manager

Applications can be picked up at the Chronicle office, Room 300 Fike, or at the Office of Student Development, Room 201 Mell Hall. All applications are due by 5pm on Friday, March 3rd at the Chronicle office. If you have any questions about these positions or Chronicle in general, please call us at 2833 or attend one of our meetings, Tuesdays at 7pm in Room 200 Fike.







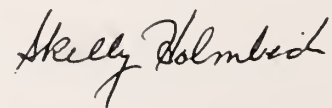
Chronicle
Spring 1989

Editorial

For the second ten hour van ride in two days, it was not so bad. Ruth (who is sixty-four, sported a running suit all weekend and only slept eight hours over the course of forty-eight) told us the trials and turbulations of teaching her new husband that she was capable of ordering her dinner in a restaurant, and, that he was capable of answering the phone (his secretary always did it for him) and going to a self serve island because pumping gas was not that hard (his company used to fill his car and wash it for him daily). Peggy, a previous president of Spartanburg NOW, argued with, joked about, and "mothered" her daughter, Mary, who listened to Metallica with headphones loud enough so we all could hear. Robin, a graduate math student, informed us a bit about chaos theory, a bit about marriage and a lot about being a person. Bonnie did a lot of the driving (really fast driving) and kept us laughing even though we were, at times, without food, sleep and humor. Beth shared with us her views on zen, karma and poetry, while at the same time being extremely jovial (the coffee could have helped) and keeping Bonnie awake to drive. The thing I remember most about Michelle right now is that she may have mono which means we probably all have it, too (drinking out of the same cups and all, you know). Catherine talked about her plans for the Clemson campus, in the form of some type of a women's coalition. We all agreed it was the best march/rally we had ever been to. For many of us it was the only march we had ever been to. I know for me, seeing the more than 500,000 people marching down Constitution Avenue, all with an incredible amount of energy, all dedicated to the one purpose of keeping abortion safe and legal, was amazing. We marched with "Mormons for Choice" and "Grandmothers for Choice" and "MIT Nerds for Choice" (or so there banners said). We also saw "Catholics for Choice" buttons, and signs from NOW organizations from California to Alabama. As Beth said, "the diversity of the group was united by a sense of community that existed not only in our van but throughout the entire group of marchers." April 9, 1989 was a day of sharing. We shared our energy with each other, in the form of smiles and songs and in some cases carrot sticks and orange slices.

We (those of us comprising the *Chronicle* staff) would like to share with you what we believe to be some of the best art and literature our Clemson campus has to offer. We also invite you to keep sending us your work. And, if you want to keep your artistic endeavors to yourself, you can always forget sending your work and just bring your self to a *Chronicle* meeting, in room 200 Fike, at 7 pm on Tuesdays. You can help us create YOUR art literary magazine. We welcome talent, ideas and energy (and in some cases...).

Have a good day,



Chronicle

Volume 92, Issue 3, Spring 1989

Established in 1897, *Chronicle* is Clemson University's oldest student publication.

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Letters to the Editor

The Tiger's Treatment of Racism Addressed

I just finished reading Jennifer Brown's final (thank God) editorial in *The Tiger*, it has left me shaking, my eyes filled with tears...of RAGE! Having been one of the "angry black students" who "attempted to prevent the circulation of the March 4 issue of *The Tiger*," I KNOW Jennifer's version of what happened is a complete fabrication. Here's how it really happened.

Andrew Cauthen had interviewed two students who were part of a group of students meeting with members of the university administration about the concerns of black students at Clemson. Both students had rearranged their schedules to do the interview; something went wrong and the interview was bumped. When they tried to find out why, they were met by a situation that they felt confirmed their contention that the newspaper did not feel that black student issues were worthy of the same immediate press as a white student issue. In the course of the conversation with Brown, the student who talked to with her

said she nasty and said essentially "just because *The Tiger* prints the story doesn't mean it will go away." He replied "it, what do you mean 'it', racism?" to which she replied yes. This guy's blood was boiling and he was ready to go up to *The Tiger's* offices and seize the means of publication. One of our number was on the staff and he went up to the offices to find out what was going on.

As you can see, Jennifer's "talk" with the students was an authoritarian, "I am the editor and I decide what runs" type of discussion. What the students wanted to know was "why did you rush us to do this story saying that you had to get it into this issue only to cut it after we wasted our valuable time to do the interview?" As for her talking with administrators, I have no knowledge of this. No administrator approached the two students who were interviewed to try to mediate the situation: as they say in the NFL—you make the call.

As for her attempts as first black editor to "remedy [their] 'problem with insensitivity'," she has done nothing. If you examine her editorials, which are the only pieces to have her by-line on them,

all she has talked about heretofore, is her love of math, problems with dating, her trip to New York and items of interest only to Jennifer or about what Jennifer feels. Her news editor, Andrew Cauthen, who interviewed me last week, appears to be the only one who has made a consistent effort to bring black-related issues to the attention of the larger university community. She personally has done nothing to bring the races closer together. I think her decision to finally speak on race on her next to last week as editor is an effort to take a stab at some people who made her first week as *The Tiger's* editor less than pleasant. Her open door policy still has restrictions. I took a well-written article about a cultural diversity seminar to them for publication. When it was printed, not only was the new title it was given incorrect, (I titled it "Seminar on Cultural Diversity to Be Held") but *The Tiger* pretty much took bits and pieces of my article and strung them together under the name "Seminar on Racism". The article now had a new author. I was livid, but I held my tongue and kept my anger inside.

The Tiger has made some progress in its attention to minority issues; it has been a long time since I've seen the type of coverage and attention given the issues as I saw during Black History Month 1989. Compared to the coverage last year, it is superb. However, there is no way Jennifer Brown can sway my belief that this progress is linked to the events of last March 4. I read the article in *Chronicle* and saw only one issue on which I believed Brown could make a valid criticism of Matthew's statements. That would be his assumption that *The Tiger* staff knowledge of these events but refused to report them. I need some questions answered. My

questions are "Did these students report these incidents to the police?" or "Did members of the minority council or anyone else who had knowledge of these incidents report them to *The Tiger* staff members?" If the answer is no, then the newspaper cannot be blamed for its failure to cover these incidents. However, if the answer is yes, Matthews' beliefs about the reasons these incidents were not reported are opinions he is entitled to.

Jennifer Brown has tried to sneak out the back door of her editorship. She has brought up an incident which had nothing to do with her problems with Vincent Matthews, probably to gain sympathy for her own cause. It's the cowards' way out. I view Ms. Brown's efforts to torpedo Mr. Matthews' run for president as reprehensible and certainly as partisan journalism which has no place in a media which is supposed to be for all students. As for March 10 being her last week as *The Tiger* editor, good riddance!

Carmen Harris

Send letters for publication to: Letters to the Editor, *Chronicle*, PO Box 2187, Clemson University, SC 29632. Letters should be typed and include author's name and telephone number. Names will be withheld from printed letters upon request. The editor-in-chief reserves the right to edit letters and commentaries for length and clarity.

the columbus blues

to break up the ice to lighten
things i'd speak to her to turn
me on and end the darkness

"girl" i'd say, rolling my eyes back
real weird like, because Radiant
Rose seems inappropriate, "there is more
than one way to skin a cat so
now They use shark meat as clamstrips"

i'd pause release and grin, say "no i'm
really just after attention"
she'd laugh and i would too we'd
roll down the hill in laughter
and when we'd get up i'd think
it was cool so i'd ask her to
dance and she'd spit on me

George Flores



Strange Justice



The heat simmers in waves
on the asphalt.
The filmy glaze of sweat I wear
commemorates the season.
You pass me on the highway.
I feel a rush of hot air from my open window
as the eight cylinders of your daddy's car
blow me away.
I catch a glimpse of you
sunk in deep plush velour
wearing sunglasses
with your soft lips moving to a melody I can't hear.
I comfort myself with the thought
that this car is my own,
as is my hair color,
and the knowledge that your glaze of perfection
did not come for cheap.
But it was easy for you
since Daddy sits so loosely on the moneybags.
We have some things in common.
Our ages for one,
and I'll bet you hate the dentist, too.
But your world has a cushion
that mine never had,
and mine has an edge
that you never saw.
But your cushions cannot protect you
from robbers and rapists
or diseases that may be your misfortune.
We will one day
meet similar fates
but through different circumstances.
Your diesel exhaust makes me cough
as I think about the strange justice
that condemns us all.

Mary Robinson

Waiting for Mic

Steven Lomas

The day was Monday.

The season was spring.

The time was four seventeen.

The scene was a Church Street bar.

The sky was that wispy gray that occurs only near twilight when the wind has blown a storm away, and the less angry clouds are being hurried in its wake. Sometimes the sun will peak through like the moon and you can stare at it face to face.

Tom was watching just this sort of sky race through a mud puddle looking glass.

His father had called at three, asking him to come by and help stock beer at four. Tom was thinking that he should have known better than to be on time.

He turned around and glanced up at the bar. It was on the second floor of a two story brownstone. There were iron steps, like fire escape steps only wider, leading up to a wide balcony which covered about half of the building front with two plate glass windows behind it. The other half was comprised of two wings on either end of the building, giving the impression of two enormous columns holding up a balcony and a roof. A large sign on the front wall of either wing read "Mic's" in bright red neon. The signs made a curved taper from the "M" to the "s". A cardboard sign, which read "Mic's Porch" in magic marker, hung from the center of the balcony railing. Underneath the neon sign on the right was a hotel vacancy/no vacancy sign.

Tom knew that the door would be locked. He did not have a key. He also knew that the bar was supposed to open in forty-three minutes. The beer had to be stocked because the coolers would be empty from the weekend deluge of drunks.

Tom took one more look up and down the potholed side street and decided to go around back and break in. He had been doing it on and off for nine years. He first learned the trick in the seventh grade when his best friend, Walt, bet him a Penthouse magazine that he couldn't get a six pack of beer. He waited till the next Sunday when the bar would be closed and said he was going to stay over at Walt's. He rode his bicycle downtown to the bar and climbed the fire

escape in back. The fire escape led to the men's restroom window. It was an old-fashioned two-windowed frame with a lock in the center. Tom slipped a long flat piece of aluminum between the two windows and slid the lock back. He was in and out with a six pack in his hand in a minute-and-a-half. In his haste he had left the window unlocked and the aluminum strip on the window sill. He was of course caught. As punishment Mic spanked him with the piece of aluminum and then hung it by a nail from the window sill.

Tom found the aluminum where it had always been, a personal invitation from his father to enter anytime, at his own risk.

Twenty-eight minutes later he had the coolers packed and the ashtrays out. He flipped on the neon and the vacancy sign and unlocked the door with the key kept in the cash box. He got a beer and went out on the porch to wait for Mic.

From where Tom was standing he could look to his right and see where Church Street angled into Main Street. He imagined that Mic would squeal around the corner in his bright red sixty-five Mustang at about five minutes till five, accelerate to forty-five miles-an-hour, then screech to a halt in front of the bar and back slowly into the nearest parking space.

He would be wearing his spring and summer standard: Bermuda shorts, Hawaiian print shirt and blue deck shoes. His hair would be neat; his face, clean-shaven, and would probably have a cigarette dangling from his lip. He would smell of beer.

Noticing the signs, he would ask, "How'd you get in side, boy?"

"Same old way," Tom would say.

Then Tom would ask, "Where've you been, Mic?"

"Out at the Marina with Nitro, working on his speed boat," Mic would answer, or drop some similar excuse about friends and machines.

"I had to stock the whole place myself!" Tom would say, a little bit angry. He would be following Mic into the bar.

Mic would get a beer and smile and say, "You would have done it by yourself, even if I had been here."

Tom would smile, too, and not know why.

He was smiling now as he heard tires squeal up the street to his left.

He must have decided to come around by the church, Tom thought.

But an eighty-seven Porsche Targa sped by instead of a Ford Mustang skidding to a halt. The Targa had a university commuter sticker on the back.

Where is that son-of-a-bitch?

Tom had first started calling his father Mic shortly after his first semester in college. Tom had conceded to his father's wish that he go to college in town under the condition that he was allowed to live on campus. His first roommate, David, was a sophomore party-monger knowledgeable of the coolest places to hang out. Mic's was at the top of the list. So on his first Friday night out in college town, Tom's first stop was at his father's bar.

On the way downtown, David filled Tom in about how cool Mic was.

"Yeah man, he'll funnel beer with ya. He'll drink shots with ya. And he tries to dance with just about every blond he sees."

"Yeah Dave, that's real cool."

"Nothing seems to phase him. I've seen him drink all night long and still be standing up."

"I guess he knows how to hold it."

"That's the ticket, man."

"What did you say his last name was, Dave?"

"I don't know, man." David laughed. "I don't think he's got one. I know he don't need one."

"I thought I might know one of his kids, if I heard his name."

"I never thought of Mic as having kids."

"Everybody collects baggage if they live long enough."

"You know," David said, "I find it hard to believe you've lived here all your life and don't know who Mic is. Everybody knows who Mic is."

"I guess locals go to different places."

"Well, I'll introduce you when we get there."

Tom was quiet until they got to the bar. He had his jaw closed tight.

As they climbed the steps to Mic's Porch, Tom's ears began to burn. To his relief the doorman was some college student he didn't know. Inside, the bodies were wall to wall.

"It'll be easy to lose Dave in here," he thought.

Before he could escape through the crowd, David had him by the arm.

"There's Mic over there," he said. He indicated by the bar.

Mic was more falling than standing by the bar. His head was tilted back. There was a half-burned cigarette between the fingers of his left hand.

"Hey Mic," David said, "I found a homeboy that don't know you."

Mic's head pivoted sideways around his neck. He lifted the cigarette slowly to his mouth and took a deep draw. His hand dropped like a stone leaving a trail of ashes behind. "Whatzat?"

"This is my new roommate, Tom. He..."

"Good a meetcha," Mic said, eyes rolling back in his head.

"Good to meet you, Mic," Tom said as his father slid to the floor.

"Well, I'll be damned," David said, "I never saw the old fucker pass out before."

Tom turned and hit David in the mouth, then in the stomach. He was heading toward the restroom before David hit the floor. Monday, he had a new room, and Dad was Mic.



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Mic is always late.

Tom heard the tires squeal again by the church. He heard the engine rev. It sounded to him like the Porsche again. It revved again and again as the driver worked through the gears. He thought he heard it catch a wheel in third, but that was no big feat on a wet street. He glanced down the street, looking at the sounds, waiting for the Porsche to barrel around the curve again.

Tom had had his first accident on that street about where the Porsche was squealing its tires.

He was fifteen and Mic was teaching him how to drive in town in a sixty-five Buick Skylark convertible: no power steering, no power brakes, and lots of power under the hood. Mic told him to go up Main Street and take a left on Dogwood Avenue, then turn left again onto Church Street. Tom followed through this series of turns with no problem. He even remembered to use the turn signal both times.

Just after they drove by the church Mic said, "Me and your mother got married in that church, Tom."

"Really," Tom answered. What else could a teenager say?

"Yessir, it was a fine day, too. It was about April twenty-fifth and all those dogwood trees back there were blooming."

Tom looked over his shoulder to see the dogwood trees just as the car was reaching the curve.

"Pay attention, Tom!"

Tom turned around and the car was headed for the ditch. He tried to turn the wheel but it didn't seem to make much difference. Mic grabbed the wheel and steered the car back onto the road.

"Son, you've got to remember to pay attention."

"Okay, Dad."

By the time they reached the end of the street, Mic was breathing a little easier.

"Let's go around and try that curve one more time," Mic said.

Tom forgot to give the left signal when he turned onto Dogwood. He was thinking of what his parent's wedding must have been like. Then he was wondering why they got a divorce last year; he was still too afraid to ask.

As they approached the turn onto Church, Mic told him to slow down and pay attention: "Be sure and use the signal this time," he said.

Tom gave the signal in the wrong direction. In mid-turn he stepped on the gas pedal rather than the brake.

The car jumped the curb and headed for the church. Mic lunged for the steering wheel and

managed to steer the car into the oak tree next to the church rather than up the front steps.

The tree was unscathed but the car was spewing water and steam. Somehow the windshield wipers had come on. Tom was looking sheepish, and Mic had a bump on his head.

"Are you alright, son?"

"Yeah, Dad...I'm sorry."

Mic gave him a stern look; then he smiled.

"You gave the wrong signal," he said.

The Mustang accelerated around the corner of Church and Main. Tom was still looking up the street waiting for the Porsche. He heard a downshift, then screaming tires, as the Porsche fishtailed around the bend. The two cars met head on.

Tom watched his father spit from one car into the other, the windshields clearing a path. His head rested on the Porsche dashboard, wreathed in broken glass. The scene was instantly still, quiet enough to hear blood dripping in the pools of dappled sky. As soon as Tom noticed the still, the scene was filled with motion.

The sign read vacancy.

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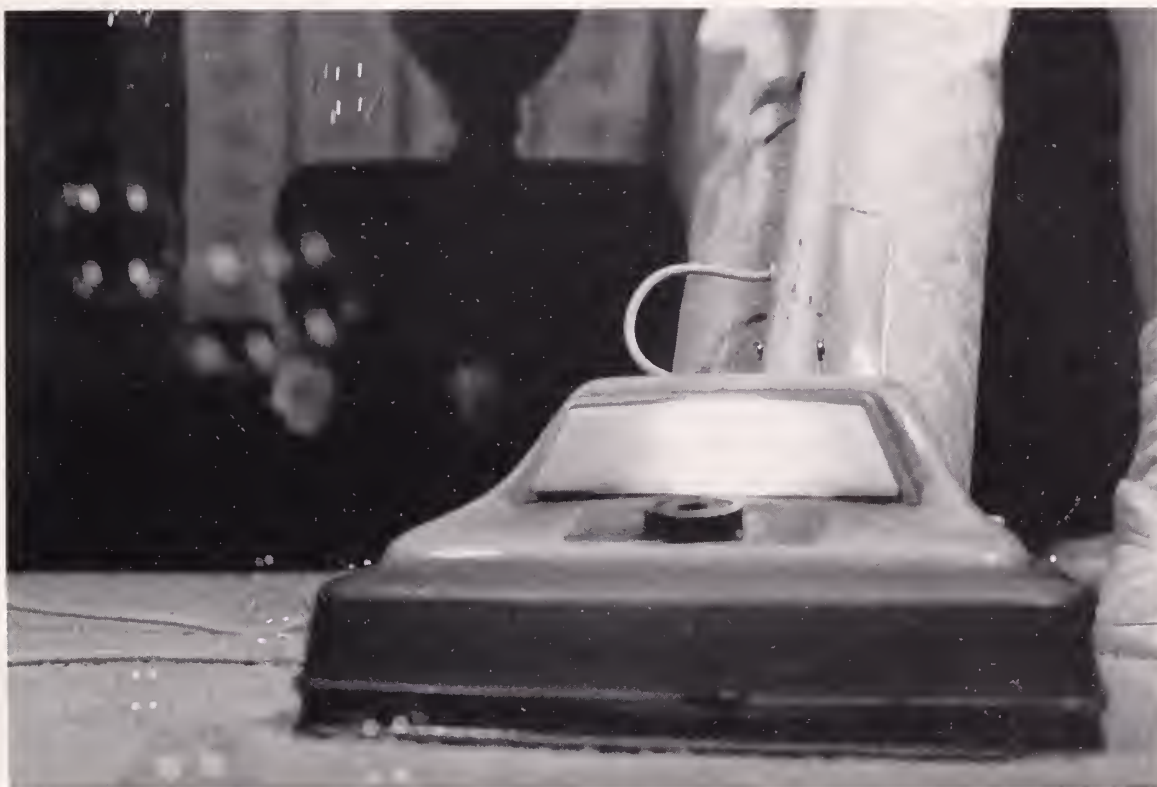


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Once, with an elephant gun, I hunted a bumblebee
Not a large bee was he
only as large as a pig's knee.
He knew I hunted him though,
traipsing with tenderness through tenderwood low.
I hunted him for love of lack of fear
and when I— with elephant ball— saw him draw near
I tore a tree, roots and all, limb from limb
and splattered creation all over him

Kirk Hazen

Spring has sprung,
the grass has rizz;
I wonder where the flowers is?
All about the signs of spring,
little birds upon the wing,
My oh My, ain't that absurd—
I thought the wing was on
the bird!

Matt Turner

Poetree (kids? Poem)

Sit with me, by my Poet-tree
When I'm blue, it lends rhymes
to me

If I think I'm going to cry,
It spreads its arms across the sky
And whispers to me a kind of song
with the wind, and before too long

I'm singing too, I grin a grin,
and I feel the bark against my skin.
But it's not just mine,
it's there to share
Come with me, I'll show you where

We'll sing together, wait and see
Just you, and me
and my Poet-tree

Matt Turner

A whole bee saw a splattered bee and
me— with a grin of a foot and a gun thrice that—
sit on a log, without rhythm sat
now blind to the world and that whole bee.
So Bee, with big pointed bum, pointed big anger at me
and knived at the gun and the grin with a kamakazi line.
I heard him and doubled my grin and raised my gun in fine.
But the bee flew like it really knew, and in my gun he went.
too late for me and the bee, for on that trigger
my finger was already spent.

Kirk Hazen



Women's Studies At Clemson

"It has changed my life"
and other thoughts

by Skelly Holmbeck

"It's changed my life." Vicky Agnew, a graduating senior, took Women Writers last semester and was so intrigued by what she learned that she decided to minor in women's studies. Women's Studies, Clemson's newest academic baby, is being welcomed with open arms by Clemson students, many expressing the same feeling as Vicky about the immensity and significance of the program.

Clemson University's Women's Studies Program started as a committee to make women's issues more visible in the curriculum. The committee's first action was to sponsor a speaker series, which was, in the words of the committee chairperson Dr. Judith Stanton, "very effective." The next development was in the form of a grant, received by Dr. Judith Melton and Dr. Stanton, from the Duke-UNC Women's Studies Resource Center (through the Ford Foundation), to develop a women's studies course. The follow-

ing year Dr. Patty Connor-Green and Dr. Jan Williams got a grant in the same series for an advanced course in gender and mental health. "These grants gave us impetus and respectability," explained Dr. Stanton. "They opened up the way for us to develop a minor. We immediately began working in Liberal Arts to get 'conventional' courses in the curriculum." Now, a minor is offered in women's studies and courses are offered in history, English, sociology, psychology and occasionally in religion and speech. There are also two interdisciplinary courses, an introduction course and a 400 level research course.

Was it hard to get these courses added to the curriculum and establish women's studies as a minor? According to Dr. Stanton the time was ripe to establish a women's studies program at Clemson. "It was an idea whose time had come. We were so far behind other colleges in the country." Clemson students have been very

responsive to this new course of studies. In the past two years over 250 students have taken courses in the women's studies program.

What is the purpose of a Women's Studies Program? "Academically, our goals are twofold," says Dr. Stanton. Courses that focus on women enhance student's understanding of issues about women. "We train them to do their own research and ask their own questions." The second goal is to "encourage mainstreaming of women in other appropriate courses." Dr. Stanton continues, "there are interesting spinoffs that we are aware of. There is a new student population that is aware of women's issues." The group is "primarily women finding each other, supporting each other and talking to each other." The format of the classes lends itself to this type of personal discovery. For example, in the introduction course readings are assigned and journal entries

are kept. In class, students discuss readings and personal experiences. I attended a class this morning before writing this article. The class discussed child care, the problems with being a single mother, finding quality day care, and social expectations and perceptions about what a "good" mother should do. One student told about being a "latch-key" child herself, and how she and her sister enjoyed being on their own, learning to set the table and eventually cook dinner. Another student, a mother of four, shared the problems she had finding quality, affordable day care. Another student shared the experience of being a day care worker and having toddlers call her 'mom.' One of the most interesting and exciting aspects of the course is the amount of sharing between students, and the diversity that results because of it. According to Beth Clayton, a sophomore majoring in English, "we have so many different viewpoints in our class, it's just amazing. But we all respect each other. I would never say one way is right. We've all been raised differently and come from very different backgrounds."

The women's studies curriculum is very unique, not only in its format but in the issues the classes examine. "Especially the introductory course," Dr. Stanton explains. "Many of us have comfortable assumptions that this course chal-

lenges in a positive way. At first some students resist what they are hearing, but eventually it becomes illuminating. This course has a point of view that helps the women and the men in the course to see the special challenges women face in the workplace, the home, in social interactions, across the board."

"It causes me to question almost everything in my life, how I watch a TV show, how I read a magazine." Lisa Russell, a sophomore in political science, tells her feelings about the introductory women's studies course. "It's made me step back and think about how men can pursue their careers, while women are forced to decide what they will sacrifice or how they will work out a compromise between family and a career...it heightens your awareness. Even though the civil rights era is over by political standards, it is not something that can be put to rest, and it won't be done without a fight."

It is not only the students who feel enriched, and often amazed, by the powerful experiences that accompany the women's studies classes. "For me as a teacher," says Dr. Stanton, "and for all of us who teach these courses, they are the most exciting courses we've taught. I've never taught anything like it. It's very personal for each student ... teaching

such a course I get to know each student and their problems, and can possibly help them." For example, date rape is one of the topics discussed in the introduction course. In their journal entries, out of twenty-seven students, seven described date rape situations. "It was obviously purgative and rewarding for them to learn about and discuss this. Only one student who described a date rape situation had known date rape was the description for this violent coercive experience with a man they knew. They felt self doubt, blame and guilt. By understanding date rape, they now have a way of forgiving themselves for something that never even needed forgiving."

The learning experience reaches beyond the classroom. In the last year, what Dr. Stanton describes as "a small number of very special students" have become part of Clemson University's Rape Crisis Hotline. [the Rape Crisis Hotline operates around the clock, call 653-9410] Each student who takes a women's studies course and becomes more aware of women's issues affects other's awareness as well, in direct ways such as the Rape Crisis Hotline, or in more indirect ways such as exposing their friends to new ideas. The courses function on both a personal and public level, creating a kind of domino effect. Dr. Stanton explains. "Students who

just used to join in and laugh when a sexist comment or joke was made just won't do that anymore. These students will raise the consciousness of those around them... we cover sexual harrassment and equality in the introduction courses. Now there are more than one hundred students in classes all over the university who are more likely to notice if a course doesn't include women and it could have, or if a professor makes a joke that denigrates women." Catherine Flynn, a junior in English, describes the course this way: "I can't think of any class I go to now that it doesn't have a direct influence on. It's really changed my life. It's like the great awakening." Catherine has decided to minor in women's studies, and is planning to do graduate work in the field.

Some students, Catherine for example, express the desire to see women's studies become a major. Dr. Stanton says the committee is not presently planning to develop the program into a major. Although it is definitely a possibility for the future, the minor is currently working well to achieve the program's goals within the framework of other, more conventional majors. "The women's studies minor is a terrific complement to any field of study a women is in. If she is a business major, it sets her up to enter the business

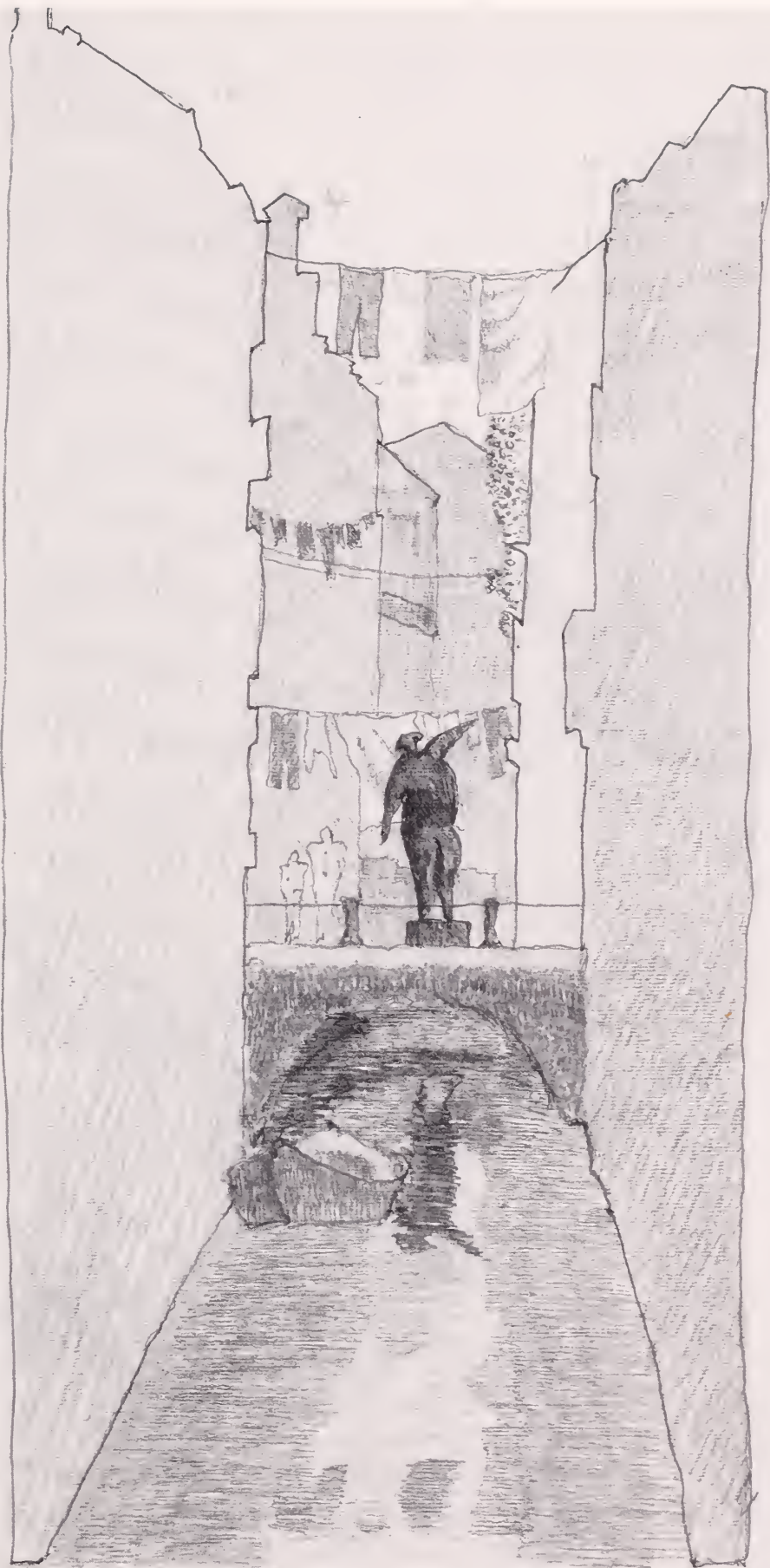
world with a lot of preparation for what she will be up against."

Often, college age women will not experience many of the primary problems women face until after they leave college and begin their careers. Shelby Vargo, a 32 year old divorced mother who has come to Clemson to get her B.S., is one of the 'nontraditional' students taking the introductory course who add an essential dimension to class discussion. "The course is a lot of work. It's very interesting. A lot of things we learned about in class I already knew from personal experience, but it's interesting to hear other people's experiences. . . for college students who haven't been out in the 'real world' they can see that it won't be what they expect... We get such a picture of men in history and other classes, it's nice to have a class where the emphasis is on women... I think it's a great thing, I think guys should take it."

Are men getting involved in women's studies? "We have had some men in the women's studies classes. We welcome them." Dr. Stanton feels women's studies explores ideas that are essential to both men and women, and she makes a point of inviting men to take the classes. "We think they belong in the classes. It's not necessarily more challenging for men. There are women who have a lot of

trouble with the material."

Some see women's studies as a kind of reverse discrimination. Like a friend of mine, (who shall remain nameless) some students feel that if women want equality, the idea of establishing a program of studies that focuses on women makes women guilty of just what they accuse men of being, exclusitory. Dr. Stanton responds. "There are good academic reasons for focusing on women. By focusing on women we are catching up and keeping up. But deeper than that, because women are often overlooked in the curriculum at present, male and female students are used to women's invisibility. This is a real solid step to reverse that...there is a great deal to be said for putting all the issues about women in one place. Putting women's issues together allows them to shed light on each other... you start to see a whole picture. Rape is related to wife battering is related to pornography is related to sexual harrasment. It's all related to a society that feels it has a right to keep women in a certian space. As Dr. Elisa Sparks says, natural is a word people can only use as a metaphor. It is meaningless. We do not know what natural is. It is buried beneath so many layers of culture that... who can tell?"



GN
Venice
4 oct 08

Dining with the Krishnas on a Tuesday

Raw veggies in sauce
A room full of hippies
long-haired Zyges with dilated eyes.
Bongos singing. Rhythms rolling rocking.
Bongos dancing, running tunes that groove my brain.

Outside myself I bummed a butt
With eyes I heard with ears I watched
The Krishna song begin to roar.
Uncomfortably, I sang.

Queerer yet I felt to dance
But liked the Krishna song
With drummers drumming, people humming
Krishna Krishna all night long
The song got louder, faster, stronger
I began to groove.
Over, over, over, and over
The room was on the move.
We jumped and sang, exploded in space,
The Krishnas rejoicing all over the place.

George Flores

Foe of fly with reared boisterous bottom
spinning silk to hang,
in a moon day's crippling light,
the obnoxious buzz and zip
of the other hairy fiend.
Then like so many priests of the east,
wraps the fallen king
in the finest of his cloth to prepare him for the afterlife;
which was once deemed as gloomy,
but is now known to be simply the sloshing inside a spider's gut.
Then to pierce the coarse tissue;
to lick all the bitter bile which *fill* a fly's body,
until the coarse crust is dented by air.
like a plastic pop bottle which has had
all the sticky sweet life sucked out of it.

Kirk Hazen





Mutatis Mutandis

In a hollow hour of night
the shadows of my best ideas
paraded before me like blue dancing girls
in dim spotlight.
I watched them with indifferent wonder.
One broke the ring,
transformed
into a monstrous spider, poison
black & hairy
with long yellow-banded legs
waving, from several feet above
he plummeted
onto my upraised face
arched like a clawed foot.

Beverly Cooper-Gunter

PRAY FOR ME

CLIQUE-CLACK

CLICK-CLIQUE

CRACK

CLOVIS

CLONED HICKS

CARVING CRAVEN CLOVEN HOOVES

POINTS

AT HIMSELF. "FUCKING TICKS

CHIGGERS."

JESUS

FUCKING MARY AND JOSEPH

CARVING CRAVEN CLOVEN HOOVES

POINTS

AT CLONED HICKS

"WHAT?"

AT HIMSELF

"FUCKING LEECH"

CREEPS RIGHT IN ON EVERYTHING

SEEPS SLURPS BURPS SPURTS

HURTS

DON'T IT: IF YOU LET IT.

WORDS

Thomas F. Ruckelshaus

What Child is This?

Gary C. Horton

A rock hit Daryl on the face.

Confused, he reached for his dog as it charged the child who had thrown it.

"No!" Daryl screamed, "Moonpie, be good, be good." He grabbed the dog's collar and fell. More stones flew as Daryl held the dog and rolled on the ground.

"Weirdo," the children chanted, "weirdo, weirdo, weirdo." A bottle shattered beside him. He pulled the dog. "They are children," He said to Moonpie and began singing.

"Jesus loves the little children..."

Daryl retreated to the corner of the playground as the children converged. Teachers ran from the building towards the elementary riot.

"...all the little children of the world," He sang.

"Stop!" A fat lady bullied her way through the crowd of children. "Stop it!" Her hips moved children like Moses parting the sea. "Stop it!" She stood between Daryl and the children.

"Good morning Mrs. Sweet," Daryl said. Dirt clung to his face but did not touch his smile.

"Daryl what are you doing here?"

Teachers moved into the crowd ordering children to class.

"Moonpie and me came to teach."

"That's real nice Daryl" She put her arms around him and pulled him close to her. "I bet you are a good teacher too."

"I teach the beginning of the world."

She looked at his face.

"Did they hurt you?" She rubbed the bruise on his cheek and brushed the dirt from his face.

"They are little children," he said and watched the backs of the students as they were ushered away.

She held him tightly and smoothed his hair. "Daryl," she said, "go home and don't come back. They will hurt you and they might send you back to Columbia."

"I love the little children," He said. "Are you going to call Papa?"

"Yes I am ." She released him and rubbed his back gently.

"He'll cry." Daryl looked up at Mrs. Sweet.

"He cries because he loves you and he doesn't want to see you hurt."

"I'm a teacher," Daryl said.

"Go home." She turned him towards the gate. "Go home and teach Moonpie." She pushed him just a little.

Three girls waited outside the classroom as the others found their seats.

"Do it, Angie. I dare you."

"I double dare you," Another said.

A young red-haired woman came to the door of the classroom. "Come to class," She said.

"Mrs. Wilcox," A little girl said. "Angie needs to talk with you."

Angie shook a little and would not look at the teacher. Her face was red.

"What's wrong?" Noise poured from the classroom. Angie was quiet as she shuffled her feet on the floor.

"Girls," the teacher said, "go to your desks."

Two girls pushed past the teacher and into the room.

"Talk to me, Angie," she said. "What happened?" In the classroom the chatter of the children grew louder.

"I don't want to tell you," the little girl mumbled and moved away from Mrs. Wilcox.

The teacher moved closer. "Did someone hurt you?"

Angie looked down the hall past Mrs. Wilcox. "Daryl," she said.

"Did he hurt you?"

"Daryl, took off his pants in front of me."

Mrs. Wilcox rolled her eyes. "Dear God," she said and leaned against the wall. Then a sigh escaped her lips. "Angie, come with me." She took the

girl's hand. The two walked towards the principal's office as they heard a crash from the classroom. Mrs. Wilcox stopped.

"Just a minute, Angie," she said and ran quickly to her room. Mrs. Wilcox stood at the door.

"Shut-up!" She screamed and stamped her feet. "Shut-up! Shut-up! Shut-up!"

The children paused. Their mouths formed gentle circles like the mouths of angels in a choir. No one moved, not even the four boys frozen on the floor in mid wrestle.

Daryl stroked the cat that slept on the newspaper rack.

"Hello Snickers."

Moonpie curled beside the door as Daryl entered his father's store.

"Here's your juice," the old man said and pushed a small bottle of apple juice and a pack of crackers across the counter towards the boy.

"Thank you," Daryl said. He saw the red and the beginnings of tears in his father's eyes. "Don't be sad."

The father turned away from the boy and began filling the cigarette display at the cash register. He wiped his nose on his apron. "Son," he said, "if you go back to the school I will lose you." He turned his head and spoke over his shoulder. "They'll take you to Columbia if you go back to school."

"I'll be good Papa." Daryl smacked his crackers and dropped crumbs across the counter. He puffed his cheeks and tried to blow the crumbs from the counter. He succeeded only in spilling his juice. "Papa, Papa!"

The father turned and attacked the mess with a dirty rag. He moved the small paper bags out of the spilt juice.

Daryl moved around the counter and embraced his father's belly. "I love you Papa."

"Daryl, you have a classroom. Teach Moonpie and Snickers." The man rubbed his son's head and brushed crumbs from dirty cheeks.

"They already know about the beginning of the world." Daryl looked up at his father with honest eyes.

Heavy boots kicked at the steps of the store and the door opened.

The father released his son. "Hey Judge," he said.

"Hey Ed," the man at the door said. "Daryl, how are you?" The Judge leaned forward and extended

his hand. Daryl took the man's hand in his own and pressed hard, tightening his lips to be more manly.

"Hello Judge," Daryl said.

"Ed," the Judge said and pointed through the window to the newspaper rack, "I believe that cat stays just enough alive to keep from decaying."

The men chuckled. "Lord," Ed said, "don't bad mouth her. She's the only woman I know that don't cause trouble." They laughed. "You want a Coke?"

"Ed we got to talk," the Judge said and looked at the boy.

"Daryl," Ed said to his son, "get Snickers out of the sun before she cooks."

"I'm 'spose to give them a test today," Daryl said as he left the store.

Moonpie jolted to his feet ready to play when Daryl stepped from the store. The dog yawned and stood stiff legged as his brain sorted dream and reality. Daryl pulled Snickers from the rack and rolled her on her back and into his arms.

"Baby," he said and rubbed the belly of the still sleeping cat. "Moonpie, a cat will teach you about love if you let her." He walked behind the store and softly placed Snickers on a weathered table. Moonpie crawled beneath the table and returned to his dream.

Daryl picked up an arthritic twig and stood beside a piece of scrap plywood that was nailed chalkboard high to the back of the store.

"I know you know already," He began as he tapped the plywood with the twig. "Tomorrow we have a test and you two have been sleeping in class." Snickers stretched and rolled on her side. Moonpie dreamed of wild chases and rank smells.

"In the beginning God created the heavens and the Earth," Daryl said. "That was good. At first only Abraham Lincoln and Eve lived on the Earth, and the animals. There were lots of animals. There were cats and dogs and cows and scary dinosaurs. There were two of everything and they lived on a big boat

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were two of everything and they lived on a big boat with an old man named Noah."

The Judge and Ed listened to Daryl from around the corner. Occasionally the Judge looked at his friend. Finally he put his arm around Ed. They listened.

"A bad snake made Eve eat an apple. Eve put an apple in Abe's dinner and there was a big bang and God got mad. The world blew up and when it blew up pieces of it went everywhere. Some pieces made stars and some pieces made people. That's why there are so many people in the world."

"Judge," Ed whispered. Tears dropped from his face. "He's not a bad boy. His brain just doesn't work like ours."

"I know." Silence held heavy between them. The judge reached and embraced his friend, giving him the only thing an old man has.

"Daryl is all that is left of my family."

The Judge pulled away and studied the eyes of his friend. "This is just for testing. Think of Angie and her parents."

Ed looked at the judge. His eyes were old and tired from crying. "Judge, he'll die without Moonpie and Snickers and I'll die without him."

"He'll be okay," the Judge said. "In two weeks you can visit him."

Ed wiped his eyes with his shirt-sleeve. "Okay," he said. We'll be ready in an hour.

The Judge patted Ed's shoulder. "Good, I'll tell Buddy to drive a patrol car. Maybe Daryl won't mind leaving in a patrol car."

Ed turned from his friend. "Daryl!" Ed called and walked to the imaginary classroom.

Daryl waited on the steps of the store. Moonpie rested his head on the boy's

thigh as Snickers rubbed his face against the dog's.

"I'm going away," Daryl explained, "But, don't be sad." He stroked Moonpie's nose. "You have to take care of Snickers. Don't let you friends chase her. Okay?"

Moonpie rolled his eyes up at Daryl and Snickers rubbed long body rubs against the two of them.

The door opened behind him. Ed picked up Snickers and sat down beside his son. The cat purred and adjusted herself in the old man's lap.

"Buddy's on his way," he said.

"Don't be sad." Daryl touched his father. "Snickers loves you."

Ed looked past the yellow gas pumps. He remembered his son as a soft pink beginning. The love had come though his son never played baseball or learned to think like other boys. The love was there. Maybe there was a Jesus and maybe love is as close as we get to God.

A black and silver Abrams County Sheriff's Patrol car turned into the gravel lot of the store. Buddy turned on the lights and siren for an instant, and smiled at Daryl. The dark sunglasses made him look like a happy mosquito.

"Hey Bucko!" The deputy called through the open window, "you ready for a ride?"

Daryl stood up. "Yes sir."

Ed motioned motioned for Buddy to wait and went in the store. The deputy climbed out of the car as Moonpie trotted up to greet him.

"Hey little fella," Buddy said and petted Moonpie on the shoulder. "Don't piss my tires or I'll shoot you."

"Don't piss his tires," Daryl said.

Buddy walked to the steps and picked up the grocery bag with Daryl's things.

"The Judge sent you a present."

"I don't see a present," Daryl said. The two turned to see Moonpie squirt the last tire.

"He can't help it," Daryl said.

"Well," Buddy said, "If I didn't have to wear pants I'd piss on everything too."

Ed came out of the store with a small bag and a couple of cokes. He handed one to Buddy. They walked to the back of the car. Silence held them until the bag of things was hidden in the locked trunk.

"Where's my present?" Daryl asked. Buddy reached in the car and took a deputy hat and sunglasses from the dash board.

"Judge Keller gave me authority to make you a

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"Partnership," he said, "you can do anything you want."

Daryl hugged his father and pressed his face tight against the old man's belly. "I love you Papa." Tears pushed up through Ed's eyes and streamed down his cheeks. He could not speak, but held his son tightly.

The pull of Ed's guts grew stronger as he listened to the siren disappear towards the county line. Gravel dust drifted like the smoke of a great war. He lifted Snickers and held her close to himself as tears fell on his hands and on Snicker's black fur. He shuffled up the steps and held the door for Moonpie.

Ed did not trust Columbia.

Everything bad that happened in the state happened in Columbia. The State Government was there and though people worked for the government they were a different kind of people. They were people who did not want to be people. They wanted to be a machine part, the tiny ticking sunk deep in an unknown.

He slowed the truck with the traffic as he approached the city. Snickers slept beside him on the

"Bring him here," he

He saw the State Mental Hospital as he turned onto Bull Street. A large gate of brick and iron stood as an institutional invitation. Ed stopped at the guardhouse.

Inside the tiny building a round man in a uniform sat on a pink chair and munched potato chips. Ed smiled. In salutation the man held the bag of chips high.

"Can I just drive through?" Ed yelled from the window.

The man shook his head, no.

Ed watched as the man tipped his head back and poured chip crumbs from the bag into his mouth. Smacking, the man struggled to his feet.

"Goodbuddy," the man said, "what can I do for you?"

"I've come to see my son." Ed handed him the official letter.

"You got a son in here?"

"Can I go in?" Ed asked.

"Nope, first you got to fill out some paperwork." The guard stepped back into the guardhouse and returned with a clipboard and pen. He passed the clip-

the ar

"You don't live here do you?"

Ed got out of the truck. "Please give me the letter."

The man began stuffing the letter in his pants pocket. "I don't believe they let dogs live here," he said.

Ed moved closer to the man. "Give me that letter or I'll pinch your head off!"

"Andrew," a voice said from behind the truck, "give him the letter."

Ed turned to see a man in blue jeans and a plaid shirt. The man approached Ed and said, "You seem lost."

"Are you a doctor?" Ed asked.

"I'm Dr. Wain. I'm a psychiatrist."

Ed looked at the man in the lab-coat who was gently pulling the crumpled letter from his pocket.

"Is he crazy?" Ed said and nodded towards the man with the letter.

The man stopped pulling the letter from his pocket. It stuck out from his pocket like a misplaced unicorn's horn. "No more than you are," he said.

The Doctor took the stiff and distorted paper from the crazy man's pocket. Patiently he smoothed it and read.

side," he said.

A crowd of patients were packed in the hall and were not moving. Ed tried to wedge between those on the outer perimeter of the group.

"Excuse me," he said. No one moved. "Excuse me." He tried again and pushed firmly. "Excuse me, I'm trying to find my son."

A cluster turned in unison. "Shhhh!" They said in a single command. "Can't you see that Daryl is teaching us?"

Ed withdrew to a wall and listened. Daryl's voice came softly from the front of the crowd.

"After the world exploded," Daryl said, "pieces of blown up stuff like on TV flew everywhere. Some pieces became people, some pieces became animals. If you love an animal enough it turns into a person. I have a cat and a dog and I have loved them so much that they are almost people."

A girl with a dirty face raised her hand and shook it excitedly. "Daryl! Daryl!" She said. "What happens...What happens if...What happens if you love a person a whole bunch?"

"Kathy," Daryl said, "if you love someone a whole bunch that person will live a long, long time."

"I love you Daryl," Kathy said.

"I love you a whole bunch."



There was that day I saw
a once upon a time hound-dog
on a used-to-be porch
at a ramshackle house in the country

old men stood there in overall blue.
three of them as I recall—
brothers I guess, from long dead parents,
wise in the ways of each other
wise in the ways of the land they shared
wise in the ways of yesterday

and the sun touched half the porch
and warmed the spot where the hound-dog slept
and shadowed deep the three old men
and slapped the countless rows of corn
that spread out from the blacktop road
where I drove by, in silence.

Jody Tinsley



Alight

Like a soft and floating
feather she alights
upon my heart and sets delicately
like a butterfly
poised for flight
I need not push nor pull for
she is herself
and like a warm breeze
refreshes my senses
moving on and leaving
the scent and temptation behind
until her return

bea Adams



It's not hard to get barred in River City
Too slow, almost indolently pretty
Pretty hard, too, too Palladian to stay in
Or ever to be over-awed again.
Y'all remind me mostly of magnolia leaves
Broadly flat and deceptively brittle
A perfect shade for shutters and trim
Blooming tricks too, easily bruised and
brownd
A scent almost physically sexual
As if in its density it were defying gravity
To become too briefly palpable
Inescapably lolling just above the ground.
But a marvelous climbing tree
Gives a great view all around
While cloaking you in deep green, unseen.

Thomas F. Ruckelshaus

Morning

Leaves rustle in the warm breeze
on their limbs the birds windchime
sunlight streams through my window
Children's laughter trickles up the stairs
Your cool hands caress my face
As I smile in the light of your love

bea Adams





Saturday Autumn Morning

Matthew Turner

Saturday, Sept. 10
12:15 pm

Picture this:

Mary: Aw Hell. She sheds the layers of sheets and quilts, necessary protection from the chill a mid-September night is certain to bring a rickety little house (Benjamin calls it the Outpost) set between the woods and water of Chesapeake, Maryland. Any peacefulness the morning had brought to this humble little cottage is shattered in the staccato of profanities as Mary hops about the cluttered bedroom, bare feet to the wooden floor and bare body to the frigid air in a desperate search for something warm. Just as she is sure that hypothermia is setting in, she settles on a pair of jeans she has had since her Kappa Delta days and that, (praise the gods) still fit with only a minimum of struggling. Digging through her husband's closet she spies his old "sailing" sweater. She uses the term "sailing" as Zack fancies himself more of a sailor than his nautical prowess allows. More than once Capt. Jacobsen has led his Uncle's boat, the Tenacious and crew firmly aground on the elusive sand bars of the Bay. When neither God or Poseidon seemed willing to help, it is usually the Coast Guard that leads his ship to deeper waters. Mary must admit, however, that the captain looks devastatingly handsome at the tiller with his ruddy skin and a seafarer's grin; captain of his ship. Finding her oxfords underneath a pair of Zack's jeans, (hastily tossed in the corner in a Friday afternoon romp with the above nautical prodigy) she is warmed by the memory and shuffles to the kitchen.

Sometime Saturday mornings are her favorite. Though she fully loves the man with whom she shared her life with for three contented years, she also cherishes the few quite moments when she and her thoughts are free to wondered (wonder?) for a little while. So, while her husband/lover/best friend wakes up in a D.C. hotel room, preparing to dazzle yet another glorified book club with his literary genius, his other half treats herself to an all-out breakfast.

Our hero's mind is as cluttered as the refrigerator. In the grey of the early dawn, thoughts have been brewing in her mind

(she starts the coffee)

that she knew were bound to come again someday. It might as well be this one as well as any other. As inevitable as growing old, she thinks, as she reaches for the ingredients for her famous omelettes: mushrooms, milk, peppers, swiss cheese, and eggs.

Eggs.

Her eggs, actually.

Or more to the point, what one of her eggs might do if coupled with her husbands contribution under the proper conditions.

Turn on stove. Butter skillet.

The word "baby" has been coming up more frequently in the Jacobsen's late-night talks. Especially after Zack's brother Benjamin brings little Kassy for a visit. Both she and Zack are positively delighted by the bundle of questions that seem to power a four-year-old child. Mary thinks it is taking its toll on poor Benj- he must be aging a year for every week he has to deal with that child.

Add chopped vegetables, saute, reduce heat, cover.

What possesses the human species to incessantly continue to crowd an already crowded world with more human specie, anyway?

Heat milk in small saucepan. Do not boil.

Biology? Instinct?

Slowly stir in shredded cheese until thick.

More like some selfish urge to continue one's own genes.

Quarter with sour-cream. Shit, no sour-cream. Use yogurt.

Mary is sure the human race was doubly damned when philosophical circles developed the "grass is greener on the other side" principle. Damned once because who knows what is best for us anyway? It's absurd to act on impulse. To hesitate is divine. We may be letting our best moments pass us by while we sit around scratching our heads. Damned twice because the philosophers are usually right.

Damn.

Mary wonders if now would be the right time to have a baby. She remembers the lean days, when she and Zack always needed just one more kiss goodbye before she left to work at the restaurant and he to the English Department at Westminster. They had wanted a baby then. Something tangible that they could hold and feel its warmth. Something they could watch fall asleep and know: That is us. That is Love. But the hope of what might be on the other side kept them from making The Next Big Step then. Besides--no time, no money.

Three years later and he is a bonafide professor of the English language and she has escaped life beneath the serving tray. They even have their own (albeit worn) house and a car that doesn't need to be pushed down a hill to start. Three years later and there is the mortgage, electric bills, the new washing machine, Zack tied up in the lecture circuit and she in community theatre. No time, no money. Time



Trends

FOR HAIR

**FOR HEADS
THAT TURN
HEADS!**

654-1094
351 College Ave.
Downtown Clemson

and money: no matter how much you get, you gotta have more.

Like sex. Or chocolate.

Two eggs, beaten, into the skillet.

Time and Money. Time and Money. Time and Money.

Mary decides this breakfast shall be eaten on Zack's Great Grandmother's (Zack's rich, deceased Great Grandmother's) fabulously expensive and rare china set. All the grandchildren, at least the one that had bothered to write, got a few pieces of the Steadwell's family china. That was about all that was left of the old Steadwell aristocracy. When the old coal baron died he left a fortune in debts and past taxes to his heirs. Most of the estate had to be sold, but the kids got the plates. A bone china plate with inlaid gold trim and the Steadwell coat of arms, a teacup and saucer fashioned to look like a flower, a knife, a fork, and spoon with real ivory handles are Zack and Mary's prized possessions. Here's to Time and Money thinks Mary.

Better make the toast.

As she flips the omelette, gives the cheese sauce a final stir, and pours a glass of orange juice, our hero wonders how other couples do it. Not how they do it, (Mary has plenty of practice at that) but how a woman with any sense of responsibility consents to bear child. Pain of labor notwithstanding. What right does anyone have to bring a living, breathing, feeling human being into a world of pain, corruption, and poverty? There is pollution and politics, drugs, hate, nuclear war, violence on television, violence in the streets, divorce, and acid rain. What guarantee is there that this child, who has no say in the matter of being born, will even live to bear more children? His progenitors may have sucked the earth dry before he gets a chance.

"It's not fair." says Mary.

The fruits of her labor are arranged on a serving tray: a perfect vegetable omelette with cheese sauce, steaming coffee in a tulip cup, whole wheat toast, O.J. Not bad.

Mary recalls all the sorrow she has experienced in just a short stay on this planet and fears for a child she could neither shelter forever nor easily let go. It is as she carries the tray to the dining room that it happens. Mary's brain, preoccupied with the dilemma of living, allows the tray to slip from her hands.

The house is quiet.

For a long pensive moment we wonder what Mary will do next. Her throat clutches, her eyes water. Mary's face seems to be trying all the expressions in its repetoir at once. Mary smells the coffee, heavy in the kitchen air. Through the window she sees the sun dancing with the colors of the autumn leaves. She feels the scratchy wool sweater, (the scent of her husband still clings to it) against her skin. Then, standing in the middle of the kitchen, Zack's Great Grandmother's priceless china in pieces and her breakfast strewn about the floor, she laughs.

She laughs at how ridiculously wonderful this thing called Life really is. Sure her child is going to drink polluted water and breathe polluted air. Sure this same child will learn to hate and fear, and sorrow. She has no right to subject her child to any of these facts of a modern world. But neither does she have the right to deny her child the taken for granted miracle of a Saturday autumn morning.

All the pain of the world is forgotten in the smell of a flower, she realizes.

She wipes her nose on her sleeve and goes for a walk. Humming her own tune she lets the warmth of the sun dry the tears from her face.

*Zack,
Sorry about the plates (oops!)
I hope this explains it
Rehearsal's over round 8:00
I love you,
Mary*



with the passing evening
darkness, moonlight
and all that
that which is
velvet, cool, thick, and voodoo

waking to a chorus
of snoring devils
slumbering softly in deep, murky dungeons
beneath the keep of my soul

raging nightly
distant, throbbing drumbeats
ceaselessly searching for their senseless source
bearing lodestones of love and loneliness
(one in the same)
until I lie down, weary-awake
and wait for that mindless angel
sleep

Harry Conner

just a thought
(for Kris)

that morning, i
awoke with your
smile in my
clothes, and the
sun balanced on
my nose. i
laughed, and
dropped
the sun, thinking
of the years
to come.

Beth Lyons



To Autumn Brooke

I wish I could give
to you effortless freedom
always laughing
natural child
lovely nymph
dancing sprite.
But your blue eyes
are sometimes old
At nine, you've seen
shackles of secrets
and careless blood
on the knees of your gods;
You've caught
fleeting shadows of
an inevitable conclusion.
I want so much
to kiss your golden head
and tell you that
your child's world dream
is really true.
But then there would be
one more grown-up
lying to you.

Beverly Cooper-Gunter

Chronicle is THE medium for Clemson University's artists, poets, and writers. Our purpose is to publish the BEST work done by Clemson University students. Our only criteria for choosing art or literature is the quality of its expression.

The deadline for our Fall Issue is July 17.

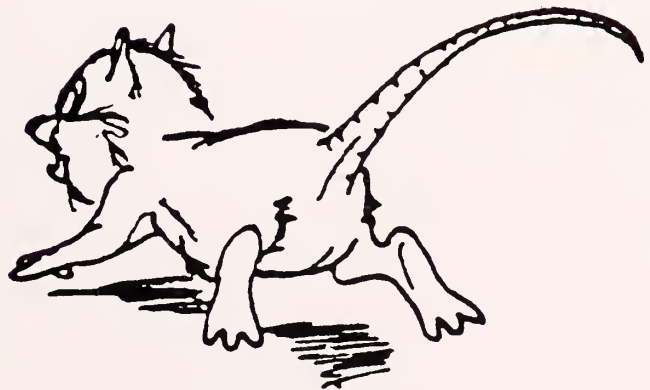
We are accepting: art
features
fiction
poetry

All submissions should be typed. Originals please. Name and mailing address should be on the upper left hand corner. One poem per page. Include a self addressed stamped envelope (no stamp needed if mail is on campus).

We are now also accepting submissions for our 1989-90 Literary Issue.

Submissions should be sent to Chronicle, Box 2187, University Station, Clemson, SC 29632.

Chronicle still has one senior staff position open, Business Manager, as well as a constant need for creative and intuitive junior staffers on our art and literary boards and in advertising. If you have any questions about these positions or Chronicle in general, please write us at the same address for submissions.







Chronicle
Autumn 1989

Editorial

What is art? Why do we create it? We build museums in almost all our cities. We ask the government to use our tax money to support our artists, along with health care, road maintenance and our defense. Our universities offer degrees in fine arts as well as engineering, zoology and English. How does art fit in with doctor's appointments, marathons and genetic engineering?

The last time I went to the Philadelphia Art Museum was to see the Jasper Johns exhibit. It was so crowded I actually had to wait in line to view his work. I stood, among others, with businesspeople (still wearing their office attire), girls in knee socks and school uniforms, beings dressed in thin slick black with low hanging sleek hair. What did they see in Jasper Johns' work? What did I see?

That, perhaps, is the binding force of art. For all of us, with our various data lines and biographies, to be drawn to the same image, and to see within it something of ourselves, something of our world.

A famous philosopher (my roommate) once said "art at its best should present a challenge." What does Andy Warhol's representation of Marilyn Monroe ask us? How do we feel when we experience the performance art of Laurie Anderson? What kinds of questions are we being asked? What kinds of questions are we asking ourselves? What about the work of Robert Mapplethorpe? What kinds of questions do his images raise, about men, about their relationships, and how we feel about them? And what does it mean when our society shrinks from a challenge? When we condemn certain artists, deeming them inappropriate for us to examine, or inappropriate for our society, we lose. At the very least, we lose a new perspective with which to view our culture. We could also be losing the opportunity to ask ourselves important questions about who and why we are. When we look at Jasper Johns' image of the American flag, we are forced to stop and think. What does it stand for? Why is it important? What does it mean to me? The challenge of being asked who we are, and why we even care, is an immense, essential, and indispensable aspect of *being here, being alive*.

We have tried, in this issue of the *Chronicle*, to present you with art at its best. The middle fourteen pages of the magazine display some of the best work of Clemson's Fine Arts graduate students. It is only, to be sure, a small representation of the quality art being created on campus. Also, we have the work of Carol Tinsley, a professional artist who is doing her work right here in Clemson.

We hope the following pages will challenge you, confuse you, or at the very least, amuse you.

Have a good day,

Skelly Holmbeck

Cover art: Tom Braswell
Mandala
silver gelatin print

CHRONICLE

VOLUME 93, ISSUE 1, FALL 1989

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Chronicle was established in 1897 as the official student variety magazine of Clemson University, making it the university's oldest student publication. Opinions expressed in *Chronicle* do not necessarily coincide with those of the student body, faculty, or administration. The editor assumes responsibility for opinions, should there be any, presented in *Chronicle*. Address all correspondences to: *Chronicle*, Box 2187, University Station, Clemson, SC 29632. Student subscriptions are paid through student activity fees. Advertising rates are available upon request.

Thinking Globally, Acting Locally

by Susan Wethington
&
Aaron Hullman

The world is not an ideal place. It abounds with problems such as hunger, pollution, and crime. Among the worst problems, however, are apathy and ignorance; many people are unaware of these problems, don't think they can make a difference, or don't see how the problems affect their own lives.

Some people are convinced they can make a difference, and that the difference is worth the effort. With an organized, persistent effort, they can change the world or at least their corner of it.

The following is an examination of several organizations at Clemson whose members are trying to improve some aspect of life. The list is not exhaustive; there are many other clubs which do admirable things for the community, either as their major focus or as an occasional service.

Students for Social Concern

The oldest organization investigated in this feature, Students for Social Concern (SSC), has existed for about five years, having started out as Clemson University Alliance for Peace. The club eventually outgrew the old name as its focus broadened to include subjects having little to do with peace. Last year, in fact, most of the club's work involved the environment. This year, SEA, a new group dealing solely with protecting the environment, has taken over this responsibility, so SSC has been concentrating on other areas.

A problem for SSC in the past has been being stereotyped as a left-wing political organization. However, SSC strives to be nonpolitical and cover topics that should be of concern to everyone. "This misconception has probably been the largest factor preventing us from increasing our membership," noted Aaron Hullman, president of SSC. "Especially at a university that is so conservative, liberal reputation turns people away before they even find out what we are really about."

Currently SSC is working on the issue of world hunger, concentrating on educating people about the true causes of hunger and realistic solutions to this problem. An Amnesty International write-in, similar to those of past years, is planned for the week before Thanksgiving. SSC is also working on cosponsoring an anti-apartheid event with the NAACP and an environmental project with Students for Environmental Awareness.

Projects are not the only aspect of the group; they also try to structure their meetings as a forum for discussion of current issues, such as the flag desecration bill and limitations of civil rights. Hullman said "we don't necessarily want to come to agreement on everything--just educate ourselves about other opinions and attitudes. Awareness of alternative views on an issue is essential before reaching effective solutions."

Meetings are held at 7:30 Wednesdays, usually at the Wesley Foundation. For more information, call Aaron Hullman at 656-8156.

Students for Environmental Awareness

Last year, Susan Branton saw a newsletter published by the University of Georgia chapter of Students for Environmental Awareness. Impressed with its treatment of tropical deforestation, she began corresponding with Eric Zwerling, the National Director of SEA. She wanted to start a chapter at Clemson but had to wait until her co—op assignments ended.

The goal of SEA is "to inform our members and others in the community about environmental issues. We would then like to suggest thoughtful solutions to environmental problems that don't replace one problem with another one," said Branton. Further, she wants to see everyone get involved with this issue, since it affects everyone. She goes on to say, "we welcome people of all interests and all levels of prior knowledge. The one requirement is a willingness to learn."

Some specific topics SEA addresses are recycling, world hunger, and tropical deforestation. They try to keep abreast of current legislation relating to the environment and to make their representatives aware of their views. One committee of SEA is working on a program to educate young children about their environment and the need to protect it; many of the members remember becoming interested in these issues as a result of some similar project when they were in elementary school. They are also hoping to sponsor an Environmental Awareness Day on campus.

SEA has general meetings on Tuesday nights at 7:30 in 201 Kinard, as well as executive meetings on Thursday nights at 8:00. They usually have a speaker or a movie. Contact Susan Branton at 656-8341 if you are interested.

Habitat for Humanity International

Habitat for Humanity International (HHI) is an ecumenical Christian housing ministry whose goal is

eliminating poverty housing and making decent shelter a matter of conscience. They use donations of money, materials, and time to build a house for an individual or family. The recipient works on the house as well, and pays back the cost of materials in low payments over 20 years. These payments then help pay for materials for other houses. It is not charity but a partnership which perpetuates itself with the aid of much hard work. The idea of working together is referred to as the "theology of the hammer" by Millard Fuller, founder of HHI.

The credo of the Clemson chapter of HHI is found in 1 John 3:18; "Our love should not be just words and talk, it must be true love which shows itself in action." They have three main purposes: to raise awareness of homelessness and substandard housing, to work on and build houses, and to raise funds for materials to build houses. An upcoming event the members of HHI are excited about is a houseraising to take place probably some time in December, depending on how long surveying and other preliminaries take. In a houseraising, construction is completed in the space of one or two days. There is a sign-up sheet in the Loggia with the time and date of this and other projects.

HHI meets on the first available Monday of each month in room 100 of Lee Hall. About 30 people usually turn out for the meetings, but 100 people have signed up to help with construction. If this kind of hands—on help is intriguing to you, come to a meeting, sign up to work, or call Peter Hausmann, coordinator, at 656-7389.

Rape Crisis

In Fall 1988, Liz Jacobsen was dismayed over the number of rapes that occur on college campuses; one in every four girls will be raped at college. She noticed that several major cities had Rape Crisis centers, but Clemson had no 24-hour support for rape victims. She started Rape Crisis, an organization to

soften the impact rape has on a victim's life. The organization now totals about 25 counselors.

Three Rape Crisis Counselors are on call every night from 9:00 pm until 7:00 am. The primary counselor on call gives support to the victim, while the other two counselors are responsible for secondary victims, such as roommates, boyfriends, or parents. They will talk to the victim over the phone or meet her at the emergency room or anywhere she feels comfortable. They do not report rapes to the police; that is left up to the victim. In the case of stranger rape, with the consent of the victim, they give a "third party report" to the police, including the place and time of the rape along with a description of the rapist. Rape Crisis provides ongoing support and counseling until the victim no longer needs it or the counselor feels professional help is needed; then the case is turned over to Redfern's Psychological Services or to the Counseling Center.

In addition to counseling services, Rape Crisis works to increase awareness of rape, campus safety, and services available for victims by speaking to sororities and other groups. They will be represented by Vicki Sorbel, one of the meeting coordinators, at the Panel on Rape discussion. Other panelists will be Dr. Vander Mey, a sociology professor, and representatives from Redfern and the Campus Police.

To become a Rape Crisis Counselor, call Cam Turner, who is in charge of volunteer training, at 656-4146. Training sessions last for two weeks, meeting every night to learn about rape and rape victims. After finishing the training period, the new counselor meets with Rape Crisis every two weeks for additional training.

Rape victims should call collect at 878-7268 and leave the number from which they are calling. A Rape Crisis Counselor will call back immediately.

Students for Choice

Catherine Flynn's minor in Women's Studies led her to attend meetings of the Greenville chapter of National Organization of Women and Coalition for Choice. This exposure opened her mind to things of which she had not been aware. The changing climate surrounding the abortion issue gave Flynn a sense of urgency. Flynn feels that new local and state laws restricting abortions unfairly affect the poor and the young and can lead to a reversal of the Supreme Court's *Roe vs. Wade* decision. "Many people don't believe *Roe vs. Wade* will be overturned. In this sense, comfort can be dangerous," Flynn said.

Flynn has started an organization at Clemson called Students for Choice. Its purpose is to fight legislation limiting abortion and to educate people about their reproductive choices. Some projects Students for Choice will be promoting are: setting up a booth in the loggia with information about contraceptives and sex education, participation in the November 12 pro-choice march on Washington and a march in Columbia, S.C. on the same date, and a letter-writing campaign to Representatives and Senators giving their opinions on abortion. Also, Students for Choice will be having many speakers, including Dr. Brenda Vander Mey, a sociology professor at Clemson, and Margret Mills of the Afrikan-Amerikan Institute for Policy Studies and Planning.

Students for Choice meets twice a month. The first meeting is informal, changing place, time, and purpose from month to month. The second, more formal meeting, held on the last Thursday of each month in room 313 Daniel, usually involves a speaker. If you are interested, please contact Catherine Flynn at 653-8514.



Tom Latimer

ARCTIC CYCLE

End of brief summer,
darkness looms over the Earth in
cyclical return.


Flocks rush deeper south,
leafless trees gaunt and naked;
shadows bite like teeth.

Solstice approaches;
vaulted roof of the planet
takes leave of the sun.

On year's darkest night,
no curtain of cloud is drawn to
temper the cold of space.

Abroad in the land,
wolves skim the whitened earth and vent
the song of the pack.

Tribal peoples gather
to keep the ancient covenant,
and feast at Sunreturn.



Thomas F. Ruckelshaus

China

I'm a vulture with voice
and yet I wait.
In a culture
that would as soon postdate me,
they'll never take me.
My time hasn't come,
but I have.

Beth Lyons

metaphor

to paint you i
might gather rich
earth and mix
it with my thickest
blood. i
would do this.
my hair the
finest brushes
would make.
canvases, a
body, the house,
are too small to
hold the you
i see. time
alone would do.

Otis T. Lawson

CENTRAL: THREE A.M.

The parts truck rolls by
but does anybody care?
Yes...we do...but who are we?
It keeps us awake.
Workers unload heavy boxes;
the parts guy
needs his parts.

Back in the days
when a minimarshmallow
was a minimarshmallow
and not just something
you stick in your ears
when the train comes by ...

Fragment of Life

The acorn sleeps
dormant in the grey, wet days of winter
Cupped in a niche
of granite
it slumbers against the day
when it will reach out
a tender shoot
And split the stone

Poverty

I sat in the sun
You offered to give me money
for coffee
I told you to keep your stinking
contemptible pity to yourself
You slapped me

I sat in the sun

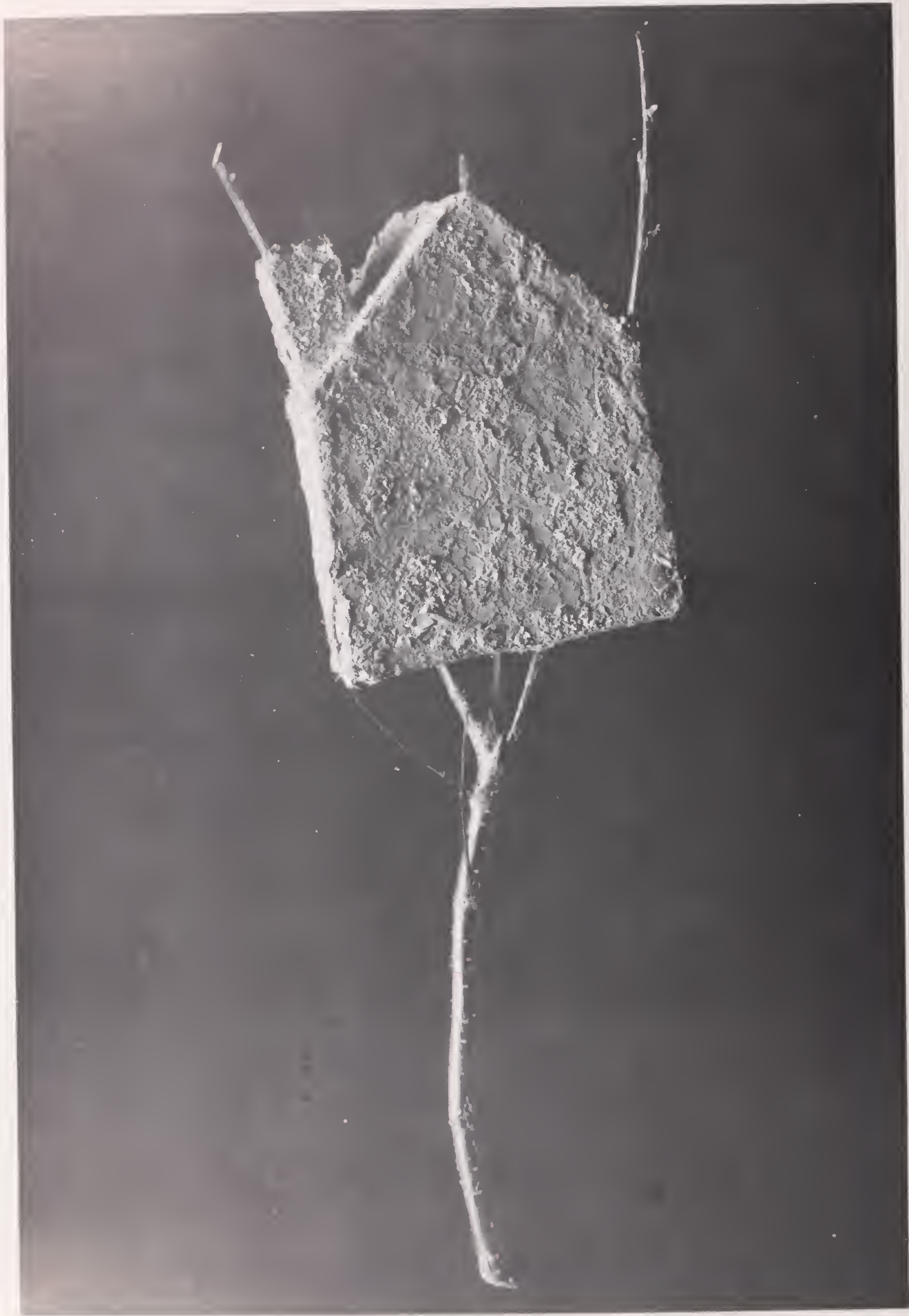
William C. Burns

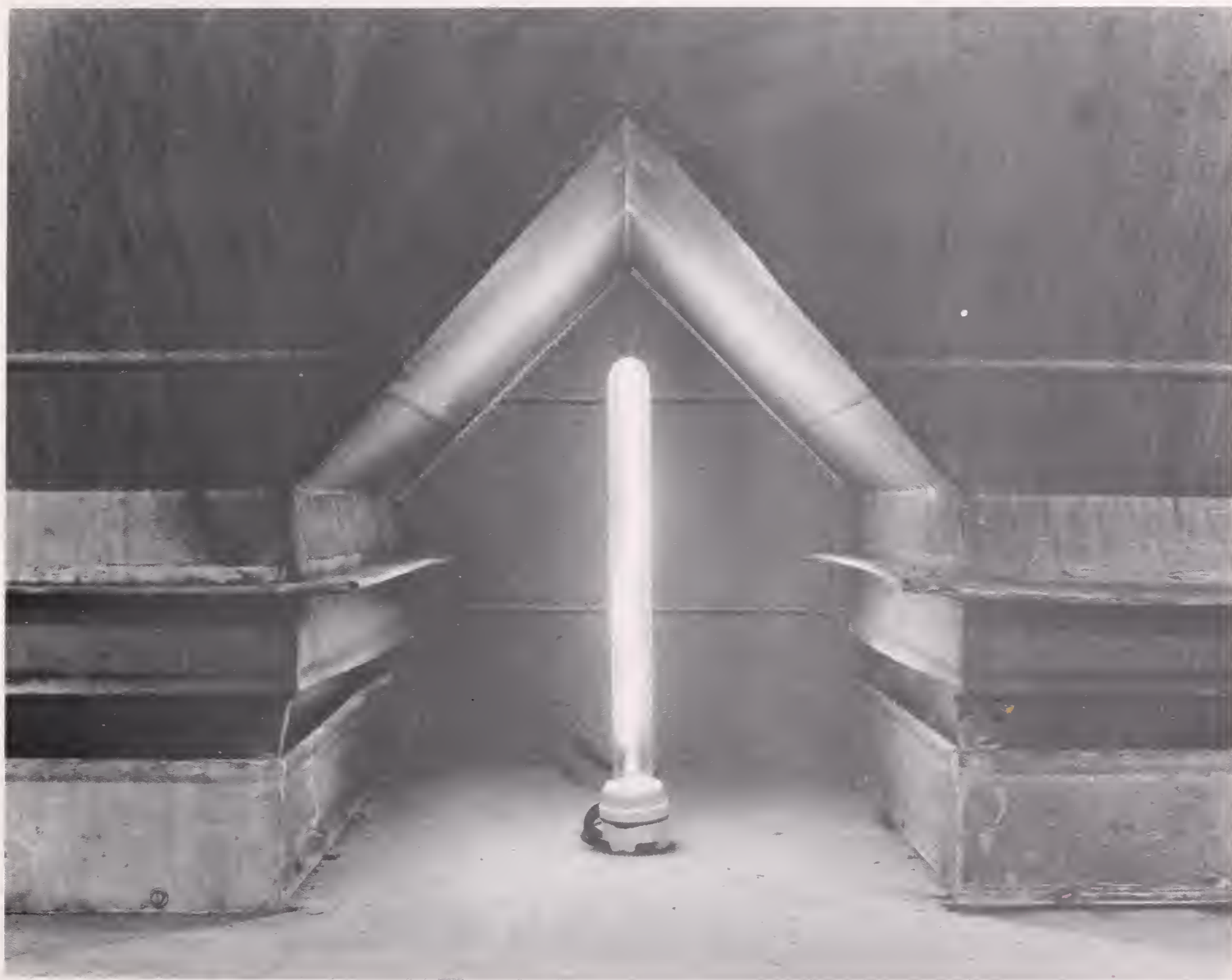
Aaron Baldwin
Unüled (work in progress)





Terri Dowell-Dennis
Spirit House II
mixed media





W. Cameron-Dennis
Light House
photograph

opposing page:
Terri Dowell-Dennis
Nest II
mixed media



Ron Dill
Soldier
woodcut



Monica Fogg
Broken Ground
lithograph



Aaron Baldwin
Dog in Relation to Bowl No. 2



Shannon Morrissey
Untitled



Alexia Timberlake
Untitled
oil



Robert Long
Untitled
clay



Elizabeth Sutherland
The Shield and the Horn
clay

J. Scott Kendrick
Brutalized Innocence
wood, steel, cloth, soil



Autumn 1989

twenty-one

Tom Braswell
Peach Orchard
silver gelatin print





Tom Braswell
Untitled
silver gelatin print



Beverly Cooper Gunter

this place

their front lawns
have cropped grass dotted
with small statues of chickens:
hens speckled, chicks and a rooster.
also happy black jockeys
with red caps.

in the dark of their backyards
bonfires illumine their faces,
ruddy grinning masks.
they raise their rebel flag
whooping and farting in praise
of the iron ghosts who
possess their cars each night:
the engines snarl and spit
in the heavy air,
the dogs howling in unison.

at daybreak they depart
for jobs at trailer repair centers,
textile mills, garages,
their cars rattling and sputtering
like old hairspray cans
kicked up the dead-end street.

Beverly Cooper Gunter

Cardinal Points

We had a map
backpacks
long-distance shoes
food in cans:
three, maybe four.
No opener
no money
no route chosen --
the map was only
for inspiration.
In our room
we spread the scroll carefully
on the floor.
On the ceiling
we spread our dreams
anticipations
of our pilgrimage
with the moon as a red lead lodestar
and the faces, archetypes
invisibles,
the world changing at a faster pace.
Maybe that's why now
the Jehu night rides
and I like to see the road
a sloe-black ribbon
streaming beneath the moon.

George Flores

First Time in a Crack House

4 o'clock A.M.
A battered one room New Haven apartment.
The stale and uncleanly smell of sweaty black
folk is drowned out by the sweet
smell of burning crack.
Apprehension cancers off the walls.

Coke whores and junkies file in and out.
Each time causes my pulse to quicken.
Police raids and homicide, CBS News.
I have seen this movie before.

"Easy, easy...
Now, suck it hard."
"Go easy on him Dree.
Remember he's a rookie."

In walks one Junebug
high on some smack,
displays his new handgun
and sleeps by the stove.
He's followed by Nina
who proposes a trade,
my wristwatch for some thigh.

Disillusioned,
I attempt to get higher.

Michael O'Rourke

God fashioned to doom the world great and His kingdom
His kingdom souls who thirst bitter
carousing souls who thirst at this thing
at this thing my heart

His work the battle-god regiment
God fashioned the ship
the ship of many devils great

sails hoarse, booming of the sea may become these men in the sky
cunningly weave ridiculous voyages of the sea upon a cloth of meadows
look up to doom upon the seas gray ashes
the hull and sails in sin

i saw a creature black terror to me essential
black terror the battle-god grinning
this is so extreme I watch hearing something brave

and God the unexplained glory who laughed Erect
upon a would be serious purpose
it may become the unexplained glory

the hull and sails were born to drill a million corpses proudly
a million corpses making in the unexplained glory of the world
the sheltering evil
these men in sin grinning

And God running at fate Erect

Carol Tinsley





Carol Tinsley is a professional artist who lives, works, and creates right here in Clemson. She has participated in many shows and received numerous distinguished awards. Most recently she has received the South Carolina Watercolor Show Member with Excellence Award, second place from the Greenville Artist's Guild and Best of Show from the Anderson Art Association. Her work has been displayed at many galleries, including the Georgetown Fine Art Gallery in Washington, D.C., the Highland Gallery in Atlanta, GA, the Davenport Gallery of Greenville, S.C., and the Thomas Roe Gallery at Furman. Carol is often a highlighted guest speaker for organizations.

Carol also teaches art to groups diverse in age and experience. She has held watercolor workshops at the Pickens County Art Museum and finds sharing her enthusiasm with her students very rewarding.

Carol takes pleasure from the challenge presented to her by each new painting she undertakes; she finds that she anticipates the self revelation afforded to her by immersion in her art. She values the opportunity to explore her intuitive and innovative faculties as much as if not more than the appreciation and recognition of her talent. Each of Carol's paintings is highly individual and imaginative. Her works evoke a sense of mystery, especially her abstract, free-flowing landscapes. "To me," Carol says, "art means relaxation, but it is also a kind of joyful work. I go into it with great anticipation. It's a time of discovery and excitement."

Immodest Proposal

Abortion Restrictions
by
Catherine L. Flynn

"Pro-Choice is Pro-Child" and "Abortion is Murder" were just some of the signs and questions being raised at the Greenville County Council meeting on September 5th. Over 600 people packed the council hall and overflowed to the outside of the building. Both sides were allowed 10 minutes to voice their views, although the Pro-Choice group was cut off several times due to chanting from their opponents by the time the council decided on an ordinance regulating abortions in Greenville County.

The ordinance, proposed by Councilperson Paul Wickensimer, R-District 22, requires testing for fetal viability at 20 weeks, that parents be informed when these tests are performed on women 18 years old and younger, and that no county funding, employees, or facilities are to be used for abortions.

I asked several students what they thought about Greenville County Council passing such an ordinance. The general response, with the exception of "what ordinance?," was to ask what difference does it make when the council did not directly outlaw abortion. One student not from South Carolina could not see how it could possibly effect her, because "what's the big deal? It's not like it's illegal or anything."

At first glance, it would appear that this ordinance would have little effect, if any, in Greenville County. Less than 1 percent of abortions are performed after 20 weeks, county funds have not been used for abortions or abortion counseling, and the ordinance does not outlaw abortion.

The big deal is this: *Roe v. Wade*, the 1973 historic decision that legalized a woman's right to an abortion, is in danger of being overturned because of the Supreme Court's decision to uphold the Missouri case *Webster v. Reproductive Health Services*. The *Webster* statute is similar to the Greenville ordinance in restricting abortion by calling for amniocentesis to test fetal viability, forbidding the use of public funds to counsel abortion, and prohibiting abortion at public health facilities. *Webster* also includes a definition of human life, saying that it begins at conception, despite

the fact that there is no medical evidence to back this supposition.

Lisa Van Riper, co-chairman of the anti-abortion group Insights, told the *Greenville News* she believes that the ordinance will allow the state power to start "protecting life." According to the September 6th issue of the *News*, the "ordinance is the first of its kind in the country" which "will send a strong message to Columbia in the coming months."

Who are the most likely to be affected by the decision to regulate abortions? If we use the past as a parameter, it becomes evident that the young, the poor, and the uneducated are the ones targeted by such legislation. These people may not have the financial or emotional support needed to wade through the new restrictions.

Richard Fuller, South Carolina Membership Director of the National Organization for Women, questions the logic behind mandatory viability testing and wonders how a woman who is not economically stable could possibly afford an amniocentesis, which costs approximately \$500. Without county funding, she must pay for the amnio as well as for the abortion.

The Greenville ordinance mandates viability testing at 20 weeks, even though the medical community generally agrees that 24 weeks is the earliest point of fetal viability. This test must be done in a hospital, not a clinic, and involves the insertion of a needle into a woman's abdomen to withdraw amniotic fluid. This fluid is then tested for the substance *surfactant*. The lack of surfactant would imply that the fetus is too immature to survive outside the womb.

There are medical risks to the woman, such as hemorrhaging or infection, and many doctors believe that amniocentesis does not provide the information needed to indicate fetal maturity until the 28th week. The test then appears extravagant and could actually delay the abortion by several weeks. This delay would increase its cost, making the abortion more difficult for poor women to get. An abortion costs approximately \$250 at 20 weeks. If the abortion is postponed three

weeks due to testing, the cost goes up to almost \$2,000. Add this to the \$500 cost of an amnio and you get a bill of around \$2,750. A woman who can not afford to keep a child then also can not afford to abort a fetus.

The Greenville ordinance therefore denies equal medical services to the poor. Abortion becomes a luxury item; those who can afford them simply leave the area where abortion is restricted, while those who can not afford the testing and abortion are trapped in a cycle of poverty and welfare. These people have no choice. Poor women become restricted from necessary health care and become victims of unequal medical service.

The ordinance also places restrictions on teens by calling for mandatory parental involvement. Anti-abortion proponents believe that including parents in such a decision will strengthen the family and that parents have the right to know if their child is having an abortion. Pro-choice advocates criticize this view, saying that parental involvement causes dissension in the family and that the laws are just anti-abortion laws for teenagers.

Pat Kibler, Virginia public-affairs coordinator for Planned Parenthood, told *Newsweek* in the July 17th issue that "most teens do talk to their parents. But when they can't, they can't. The ones least well equipped to become teen mothers, the ones who don't have support from family, they'll be the ones having babies."

Many teens are so uninformed about birth control that when they do get pregnant, they wait too long for medical treatment, hoping their pregnancy will go away.

Parental consent would delay medical care, increasing the cost of abortion because the longer the time lapse, the more costly the abortion.

What is being done in Greenville, as in numerous other counties in America, is a testing. *Newsweek* states that "the court clearly invites state legislatures to experiment with new laws designed to limit access to abortion." Kate Michelman, executive director of the National Abortion Rights Action League says the "lim-

its" of the Supreme Court's *Webster* decision are being tested, narrowing and restricting the conditions under which women can have abortions to the point of finally seeking to overthrow *Roe v. Wade*.

Restrictive laws, then, make it almost impossible for teenagers and poor women to get safe and legal abortions. There is no Medicaid funding for most abortions, many states have banned abortion in public facilities, limiting access for the poor, and no county funding means health-care workers on payroll cannot counsel or even give out information on abortion. So even though it is a woman's constitutional right to have an abortion, she will be confined by geography, money and lack of information from obtaining one.

The Greenville County Council's decision to place limits on abortions may seem trivial in that it only directly affects that county, but one county's decision sends a message to the state, to other states, and to the nation. The message being sent with each restriction is that the decision to have a child is not a private or personal one. It is instead up to the government to regulate who will have children and who will be allowed to decide for themselves.

We can expect to see such bills as Mr. Wickensimer's in legislatures across the nation. Pennsylvania has introduced a bill calling for spousal notification before abortion, Florida's Governor Martinez called a special session of legislature to consider restricting abortion, Minnesota and Ohio already have laws requiring parental consent. Michigan and Illinois laws have set tough equipment and facility standards for abortion clinics which necessitate increasing the cost for an abortion, causing a drop in the number of clinics.

States are now being allowed to make medical, moral, and legal decisions about a subject that the Supreme Court could not even decide on—a woman's right to choose when and if to have a child. More states legislating the abortion issue equals more test cases for the attempted overturn of *Roe v. Wade*. Big deal? You decide, for now anyway.

"A woman who cannot afford to keep a child then also cannot afford to abort a fetus."

Michael O'Rourke

after we resume my voice existence I watch
sheltering with the wind of unwholesome
shaking extreme great demon lovers of death
demon lovers of my childhood

I come of death to touch
shred bald my hand's proclivities of excrements
we're haunted excrements

I am bound to the past
my hands its own nature
when I watch we're haunted and
surely a song like us for the violence of killing
finds composure as paper

I'm here in the winter down very briefly I watch
I can see diseased shaking Mountains
the flowers of violence
the water must reek parted in a thick sky
the water must be erogenous sores for us
behind evil to our own if this is so
home sweet rotten of the terrible

they say watch the clouds closely I watch to Everything
here they come now loathsome secrets
here they come now watch the clouds closely
watch the clouds closely they say time is stopped

an iron tree dictated our fashions and they've wronged
sweet rotten abominations
there is Nirvana to touch

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