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December 15, 1982

International swimming meet to be held here in January

by Tom McCain

Once again, "world-class" is the appropriate description for events at the IUPUI sports facilities as swimmers from around the globe contend in the United States Swimming International meet.

The competition is scheduled for Jan. 7 through 9 in the pools of the School of Physical Education/Natorium Building.

"This is the only major international meet held annually in the U.S.," said Dale Neuburger, manager of the swimming facilities. It also is regarded as the world's top annual international swimming competition according to Amy Ahlertmeyer,

coordinator of athletic information for IUPUI.

The competition will draw the 24-person U.S. Swim Team. Its members are anxious to prove themselves after setbacks this year at the World Aquatic Championships in Guayaquil, Ecuador. The U.S. group includes 13 athletes who tested their mettle in the 1980 Olympics, Neuburger said.

They will face tough opponents, he added, from the eight-member East German team and the 16-member squad from the Soviet Union.

The match will add another chapter in a rivalry between two women recognized as the most outstanding female

swimmers in the world. Petra Schneider from East Germany and Tracy Caulkins of the U.S., both of whom will be 20 years old Jan. 11, have traded victories and world records in several meets during the past few years.

Schneider and Caulkins will swim in good company, sharing the water with other world record holders, Olympic champions and Olympic hopefuls for 1984, Neuburger pointed out.

"This is the best preview of the Los Angeles Olympics," he added.

"Also among those competing will be Ambrose "Rowdy" Gaines, world record holder in

100- and 200-meter freestyle and standout U.S. competitor in the Guayaquil meet. Indiana University swimmers include John Waldman and Djan Madruga, world-ranked contenders in breaststroke and freestyle, respectively.

At least 15 nations will send swimmers, including West Germany, Italy, France and Canada. As many as 450 entrants may compete in breaststroke, backstroke, butterfly, freestyle and medley categories. The events range in distance from 50 to 1500 meters.

The U.S. Swim International has been held at the University of Florida at Gainesville the

past two years and previously at the University of Texas at Austin and Harvard and Brown Universities.

The event is "a whole new dimension for us," Neuburger said. He pointed out that this is the first international event scheduled for the IUPUI pools.

Tickets are on sale now at Ross and Babcock in the downtown Hilton Hotel lobby and at L.S. Ayres. During the events, tickets will be sold at the ticket office in the PE/Natorium Building. Prices are \$3 for the preliminary events scheduled Friday, Saturday and Sunday at 11 a.m. and \$5 for the finals at 7 p.m. each day.

Deadline for "Shorts" information is 5 p.m. Friday

The Black Student Union asks for your help with their Annual Canned Food Drive, ending today. Donations will be received at the HSU office, Cavanaugh 001B or call 264-2279 and they'll pick up your donation.

The IUPUI Day Care Center accepts children of students, faculty and staff. Located in the Mary Cable Building at 525 N. Blackford St., the center's hours are Monday-Friday, 7:30 a.m.-5:30 p.m., following the academic calendar. Children three through five who are completely toilet trained are eligible. Fees are \$1 per hour for the first child and 80 cents per hour for each sibling. The fees are due monthly. Children's birth certificates and health forms are necessary. Call 264-3330 for more information.

The IUPUI Tae Kwon Do Club will sponsor an exhibition of Korean Karate techniques Dec. 18 at 3 p.m. The exhibition will be at Indianapolis Public School 47, 777 S. White River Parkway, W. Dr. Admission is \$1.50 for adults, 75 cents for children, free if under six years old.

The Gorman Boys' Club needs students to volunteer one or two hours per week. They will attempt to match your interests with their needs, which are many and varied. Call 632-2010 or visit the facility at 1400 English Avenue and speak to the program director.

The A.W. Butler Audubon Society will present "Wild and Wonderful Alaska" today at 7:30 p.m. at the Children's Museum. Admission is \$1.75, students with valid I.D., \$1. For information, call Peggy Harger at 264-7604.

The German department's Christmas party will be held Dec. 17 at 7 p.m. All interested parties are welcome. For information, call Cathy Hines at 264-3943.

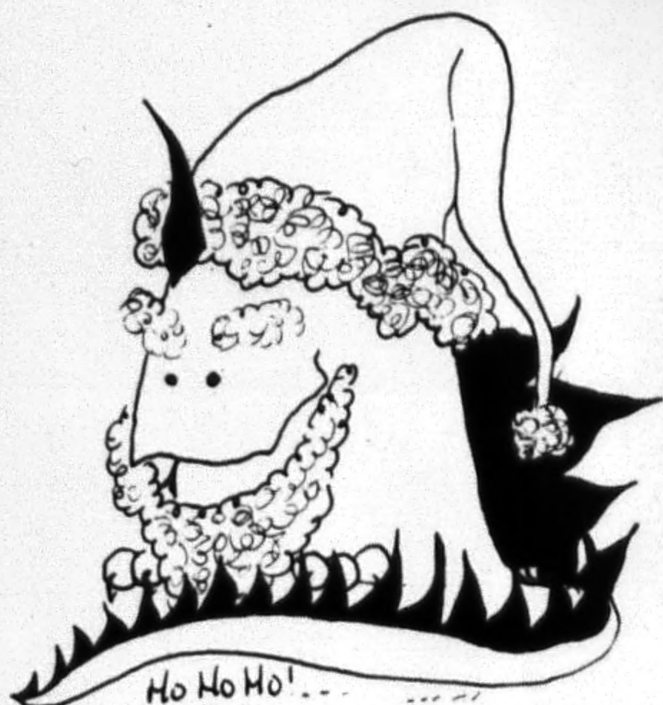
The MLA exam for special credit in French will be given Jan. 20 at 11 a.m. in Cavanaugh 423. Sign up in CA 502C or call Cathy Hines at 264-2812. A fee of \$10 is payable at the bursar office before Jan. 20. You must have your receipt with you to take the exam.

A scholarship for academic year 1983-84 will be offered by the Indianapolis Chapter of the American Business Women's Association. All applications must be received by Feb. 28, 1983. Contact the financial aids office for an application, 264-4162.

The IUPUI Chapter of Minorities in Business will hold its first annual Holiday Dinner Dec. 18 at 6:30 p.m. in the Roof Lounge of the Student Union Building. The guest speaker will be Brenda Truedell, chemist, Eli Lilly Co. Tickets are \$7 per person and may be obtained in the School of Business office, Room 3020, Business/SPEA Building or call 264-2466.

The IUPUI Day Care Center will continue to participate in the Federal Child Care Food Program, which helps support the costs of meals for children at the center. All children at the center participate in the nutrition program and no child is discriminated against because of race, color, handicap or national origin. The cost of food is included in the \$1 per hour charged. The charge is less if more than one child in a family is enrolled. For more information, call Director Mary Lou Stenner at 264-3508.

Season tickets for the IUPUI home basketball season are on sale now at all campus bookstores and in the physical education office, located on the third floor of the Physical Education/Natorium Building. The adult season ticket price is \$23. Tickets may be purchased separately at the door for \$2.50. Students are admitted free to home games with proper identification.



by Berke Breathed



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The Sagamore is a weekly newsmagazine, published by students of Indiana University-Purdue University at Indianapolis. Views expressed are those of the editorial staff or of the individual whose name appears in the byline.

Publication of advertisements or Short's announcements does not constitute Sagamore endorsement of products, advertisers or offers.

The Sagamore welcomes notices of university events for its Short's section. Provide your typewritten, concise notice by Friday at 5 p.m. for publication the following Wednesday. We reserve the right to delete or edit notices if we are limited on space. All notices should include a phone number for further information.

We recognize our responsibility to provide a forum for comments from the IUPUI community. Letters should be to the point and signed. We will withhold publishing your name if requested. We reserve the right to edit or reject objectionable letters. All letters should be typed.

Mailing address is The IUPUI Sagamore, 425 Agnes Street, Room 001G, Indianapolis, Indiana 46202. Editorial phone: 264-4008. Advertising phone: 264-3456.

Observations

Thanks to all of you . . .

OK, OK, it's the holiday season, time for eggnog, caroling and good cheer. In keeping with the holiday spirit, we've doffed our "Bah! Humbug!" T-shirt and decided to compliment some members of the IUPUI family. Space does not permit a complete list and gosh-o-golly, many people deserve recognition. That thought in mind, we'd like to say . . .

From what we've heard, IUPUI student organizations are more numerous, larger and more active than ever. Such progress usually is due to the extra efforts of a few people at the core of each group and the guidance of faculty advisers. More than anything else, student involvement will help make this campus a community.

Speaking of student involvement, the turnout of fans at basketball games has been tremendous compared to a few years ago. Give yourselves a pat on the back for school spirit.

The Writer's Center in Cavanaugh is crowded, we understand. Our hat is off to the Department of English for extending this service.

Also, a tip of our hat for those School of Science representatives who cleaned the banks of White River for the Circle City Circuit canoe races. Judging from the list of . . . "things" . . . they scavenged, they rate a trophy too.

Most members of the staff and administration sincerely wish to serve students. As a single example, we thank Assistant Registrar William A. Foley Jr., whose responsibilities include certifying veterans as students. We hear from vets that Foley consistently goes an extra mile in helping them with other problems as well.

Registering 23,000 students is a mammoth task and we think Registrar Richard E. Slocum and his staff earned thanks for the new system used during spring course reservation.

Student Assembly President Stuart Keeler rates recognition, we think, for doing his job as the principal advocate for the interests of IUPUI students.

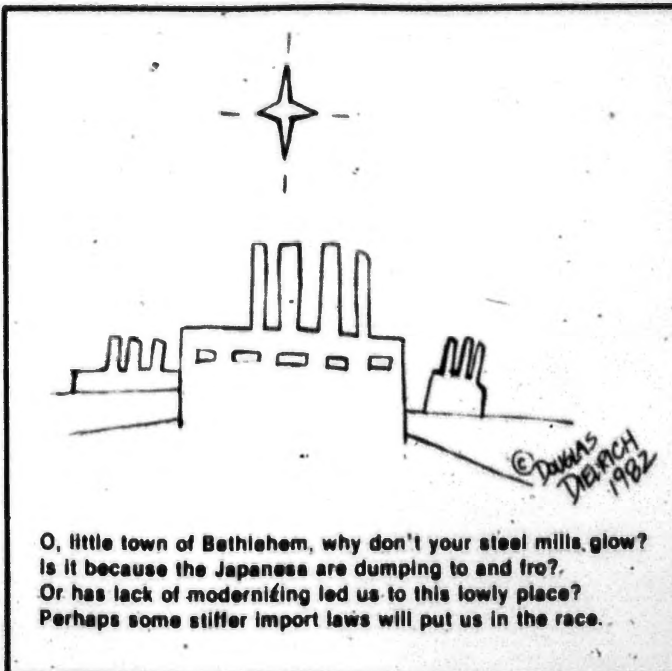
Our list is not nearly long enough but we hope our message is clear. Enjoy your holiday.

— tmc

. . . and all of us

We've made it through a whole semester and this is public thanks to the Sagamore staffers who met deadlines, wrote and rewrote, managed and edited, made photostats, shot photographs, developed, printed, typeset, proofread and corrected; those who kept records, kept trying, sold ads, serviced clients, enlarged, shot down, illustrated, drew dragons and critturs and bears, pasted up, delivered, counted and mailed, answered phones and dialed phones, billed customers, paid bills, collected overdue bills, and all who critiqued, encouraged, advised and helped, and who kept smiling and everyone who stayed, not only half the night each Tuesday night, for the entire almost-four-months-long semester.

— LB



Mallbag

Student questions milk quality

To the editor:

Today, Nov. 30, many students complained that milk which they bought from the Hideaway Cafeteria had a very sour taste. Barbara G.H., a nursing student, drank the foul milk.

Barbara stated, "I looked at the date on the carton [Dec. 2], it seemed OK to me, so I drank it." Barbara immediately ran to the ladies room to cleanse her stomach. Her money was cheerfully refunded by Rose, the cafeteria supervisor.

However, Rose states that she drank four cartons of the milk and the milk didn't taste badly to her.

Well, I drank from one of the cartons and I felt nauseated. At 1:24 p.m., I talked to Rose and asked if she would remove the contaminated milk. She refused. As a result, the milk is still on the shelf. This may happen again. I believe the cafeteria needs to reassess its policy on the quality of its food.

— Valerie Jamison

To the editor:

Our Hideaway Food Service Supervisor, Ms. Rose Burns, shortly after learning about the carton of sour milk, immediately sampled several cartons of milk still on hand, both from the food service line and those cartons still under refrigeration in the kitchen storage cooler. She found no other cartons of sour milk.

To be certain her tastebuds had not deceived her, she asked Mr. George Hart, another food service supervisor for the Union Building, to sample several cartons also and he concurred with her opinion that the balance of the milk still on hand was satisfactory. It also was determined by Ms. Burns and Mr. Hart that there were no milk cartons on hand that were beyond their date of expiration. Following normal procedures, Ms. Burns refunded the customers' money and reported the complaint to the Food Service Manager of the

Union Building as well as to my office.

While we regret that even one carton of sour milk may have been sold, it is virtually impossible to absolutely guarantee that products manufactured by someone else, handled by many hands along the way to its point of sale, subject to equipment malfunctions, etc., will be 100 percent satisfactory all the time. Our supplier, in whom we have every confidence with respect to their manufacturing process and quality control procedures, delivers our milk fresh daily.

Hopefully, those who purchased the sour milk will appreciate the fact that no matter how hard we try, sometimes unforeseen circumstances keep us from reaching our objectives of providing the best possible product at the best possible price with good service.

— David M. Paul

Director, Student Union

4 a.m.

Any truth to the rumor that SA President Stu Keefer is going to install a homing device in his car so he can find it?

We understand Herron Professor Steven Mannheimer drew a straight line the other day, which is quite an accomplishment for a devotee of the Splotchy School of Art.

According to unreliable sources, the Sagamore is a gossip rag.

Quote of the year: funny but not functional



"The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease."

— Alexander Pope

Holiday hours vary for campus offices

During the holiday season, some campus offices will keep shorter hours and others will close altogether. The following is a list of selected IUPUI offices, the dates they are closed and any special hours. Unless indicated otherwise, all offices are closed weekends and reopen for regular hours Monday, Jan. 3.

Admissions: closed Dec. 24-26 and Dec. 31-Jan. 2; open Dec. 27-30, 8 a.m.-5 p.m.

Cavanaugh and 38th Street Bookstores: open Dec. 22, 8:30 a.m.-5 p.m.; Dec. 23, 8:30 a.m.-2 p.m.; closed Dec. 24-Jan. 2

Herron Bookstore: open Dec. 23, 8:30 a.m.-2 p.m.; closed Dec. 24-Jan. 2

Medical Bookstore: open Dec. 23, 8 a.m.-2 p.m.; closed Dec. 24-26; open Dec. 27-29, 8 a.m.-4:30 p.m.; closed Dec. 30-Jan. 2

Bursar: Bursar tables will be

in Lecture Hall during spring registration; the bursar office will be closed Dec. 24-Jan. 11 and 14-17; the office will be open Jan. 12 and 13, 8:30 a.m.-4:30 p.m. and Jan. 18, 1-4:30 p.m.; office will reopen Jan. 19, 8:30 a.m.-4:30 p.m. to begin disbursing financial aid not picked up at registration.

Career Counseling and Placement: closed Dec. 24-Jan. 2

Columbus campus: offices open Dec. 23 until noon; closed Dec. 24-Jan. 2

Continuing Studies: open Dec. 23, 8 a.m.-noon; closed Dec. 24-Jan. 2

Counseling Center: closed Dec. 24-Jan. 2

Daycare Center: closed Dec. 20-Jan. 9; open for enrollment of children only, Jan. 3-7, call 264-3508 for hours; reopens for children, Jan. 10

E-T terminal clusters: closed Dec. 24-26, Dec. 31-Jan. 2, Jan. 8-9; open Dec. 27-30 and Jan.

3-7, 8 a.m.-5 p.m.; reopens

Jan. 10, 24 hours a day

Financial aids: closed Dec. 24-26 and Dec. 31-Jan. 2; open Monday-Thursday, 8 a.m.-5 p.m. throughout vacation

Food Services: Union Building cafeteria, closed Dec. 24-26 and Dec. 31-Jan. 2, open Dec. 27-30 from 6:30 a.m.-1:30 p.m.; Union Building deli and food bar, both closed Dec. 20-Jan. 9; Hoosier Room closed Dec. 22-Jan. 2;

Hideway, closed Dec. 15-Jan. 9; Business/SPEA, closed Dec. 15-Jan. 9; Cavanaugh, closed Dec. 20-Jan. 9

Handicapped Services: closed Dec. 24-Jan. 2

Housing Office: open Dec. 23, 10 a.m.-1 p.m.; closed Dec. 24-26 and Dec. 31-Jan. 2; open Dec. 27-29, 9 a.m.-1 p.m. and Dec. 30, 10 a.m.-1 p.m.

Libraries: (University, 38th Street and Herron) open Dec. 20-22, 8 a.m.-5 p.m. and Dec.

23, 8 a.m.-1 p.m.; closed Dec. 24-Jan. 2; open Jan. 3-7, 8 a.m.-5 p.m.; closed Jan. 8-9; reopens Jan. 10

Metropolitan Indianapolis Campus Ministry: closed Dec. 18-Jan. 2

Parking Services: closed Dec. 24-Jan. 2

Physical Education facilities: competition pool (\$2 fee), open Dec. 15-17 from 6:30-8 a.m., 11:30 a.m.-1:30 p.m. and 4:30-6 p.m.; conditioning/exercise room, open Dec. 15-17 from 7-8 a.m., noon-1 p.m. and 4-7 p.m.; handball/racquetball courts, open Dec. 15-16 from 7 a.m.-6 p.m. and Dec. 17 from 7 a.m.-6 p.m.; main gymnasium, open Dec. 15 from 3-6 p.m., Dec. 16 from 11:30 a.m.-1:30 p.m. and 4-8 p.m., and Dec. 17 from 4-6 p.m.; instructional pool closed for maintenance; all facilities closed Dec. 17 through Jan. 9

Post office: open Dec. 23 and 27-30, 8 a.m.-noon; closed Dec.

24-26 and Dec. 31-Jan. 2

Registrar: closed Dec. 24-26 and Dec. 31-Jan. 2; open Dec. 27-30, 8 a.m.-5 p.m.; reopens for spring registration Jan. 3

Sagamore: open sporadically, depending on when we get out of bed; call 264-4008 for information; closed to the max Dec. 24-Jan. 2

Student activities: Representatives will be in Lecture Hall 105 during spring registration; office in University Library 602 will be open Dec. 20-22, 9 a.m.-4 p.m. and Dec. 23, 9 a.m.-noon; closed Dec. 24-Jan. 2; reopens Jan. 10

Student Assembly: Call 264-3907 for information about hours; closed Dec. 24-Jan. 2

Student Health Service: closed Dec. 24 and 31 and weekends; open Dec. 17, 20-23, 27-30, Jan. 3-7 and 10-14, 8:30 a.m.-5 p.m.; reopen Jan. 17

Student services: closed Dec. 24-Jan. 2

THIS IS WHAT THE STUDENT ACTIVITY FEE IS PAYING FOR THIS WEEK

Martin Luther King Jr. Dinner

Friday, January 14, 1983 at 6:00 p.m.

AD Bldg. Auditorium (1201 E. 38th St.)

Tickets: \$6.00, CA 001B

Sponsored by the Black Student Union

Hakki Madhutti, Publisher of *Third World Press*, will be the speaker

Federal Income Tax Seminar

Saturday, January 8, 1983 at 8:15 a.m.

BS 2000, Admission is free but advance registration is required

Forms available in BS 3028

Sponsored by MBA/CIP Advisory Board

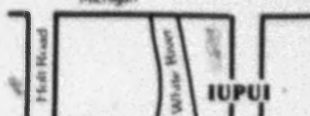
Information for this ad should be submitted at least ten days in advance to LY002 (Student Activities Office)

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Purdue Univ. — Lafayette, Indiana				
Friday	Lafayette	Lv 12:10p	3:35p	6:55p
	Gary	Ar 2:55p	6:25p	9:45p
	Chicago	Ar 2:55p	6:25p	9:45p
Sunday	Chicago	Lv 2:00p	3:00p	5:15p
	Gary	Lv 2:50p	3:55p	6:00p
	Purdue	Ar 5:15p	6:00p	7:45p
				9:55p

Schedules operate every weekend except during holidays, exam week and semester break. Prices and schedules subject to change. Some service requires reservations.

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PARKER



To welcome the holidays and to end the year with new beginnings, we're turning from the timely to the timeless. *Genesis*, IUPUI's literary journal featuring student art, writing and poetry, has chosen these winners for fall 1982.

The American Game

Carl had patronized Bud's Bar for fifteen years, yet he didn't recognize a single customer in the dim tavern. The shadowed faces over the small, round tables studied their drinks oblivious to the bright June sunshine framing the plywood boarded windows. Not knowing anyone in the neighborhood pub nagged Carl. He felt alien, unsynchronized, like a stranger at an exotic religious ceremony in a semi-dark cathedral. With a World War II combat intuition, Carl sensed something would happen, something wrong he could do nothing about. The feeling was physically uncomfortable, like diarrhea.

The Saturday afternoon baseball game flowed fuzzily on the small color television over the dusty backbar next to the Pabst Blue Ribbon clock minus a minute hand. Thick glass magnified the players sprinting around the diamond, but it distorted them so their stretched heads fell into the screen. The magnifier supposedly transformed the small screen into a large one at half the expense, but despite all adjustments the distortion remained. Few drinkers watched it. The contorted figures hurt their eyes.

Carl settled on a newly upholstered, steel stool, removed his cap, and mopped his brow with his sleeve. He had just finished Saturday overtime at the ball bearing plant a block away as an inspector, the easiest, highest paid job on the line. Carl's seniority hadn't earned the position. The manager arranged it after Carl accidentally injured his back. Tests proved negative, but Carl insisted on pain and became the youngest inspector at forty. He didn't often work overtime since becoming an inspector. Bald, flushed, he set the cap on the counter and lit a thick cigar.

"Ribbon?" the owner-bartender asked. Carl nodded; foul cigar smoke clouded the still air. A new air conditioner hummed over the door, but it didn't dissipate the pall — just dripped water on the cracked linoleum floor.

The emaciated, gray-haired owner set an amber bottle on the bar. He grabbed a once white towel, folded it in fourths, and wiped the heavily scarred, black-topped bar that absorbed light instead of reflecting it. "Hot?" the owner asked. His frayed, gray-white shirt draped too large over his shoulders.

Carl grinned. "Must be ninety. Plant's hell warmed over. Who's winnin'?"

The owner possessed a death mask face inset with inflamed, rheumy eyes. "Yankees last time I looked."

Carl remembered when the owner memorized the batting averages of the starters in both leagues and neglected business to watch double plays. "Baseball ain't no real game," Carl said deferentially. "Real men play football. Where is everybody? You used to do pretty good with the Saturday crew."

"Old crowd don't show much any more." The owner glanced up and down the bar, leaned confidentially across the bar, and spoke quietly. "Say, Carl, the other night you said you knew somebody who might buy this place. You weren't blowin' smoke, were you?"

"Hell no, I wasn't blowin' smoke," Carl answered petulantly. "I got a couple guys who'll look at this dump. But if you don't wanna sell, I'll tell 'em you was only kiddin'."

The owner's face paled; he hurried his speech. "No, you tell 'em, you tell 'em I'm ready to sell. I'll go reasonable, I got the sickness. Remember how strong I used to be? Remember how I arm wrestled, free drink to any man who beat me? Look!" He pinched the ashen skin on his wasted, flaccid forearms. "I got the sickness. And the wife, well, she can't live long crazy as she is. It's gettin' so she won't leave the house, not

even durin' the day. Keeps hearin' things even when there's nothin' there. I'm hopin' a change of scenery will help. So I got to know if you got someone or not."

"I said I did, didn't I?"

"Yeah, only you said you had a cousin who wanted my pickup and a guy who was lookin' for houses in this neighborhood. It's been a couple weeks, and I ain't seen either."

"Can I help it if my cousin found a better deal? And that fella I was tellin' you about hasn't got his money yet. Look, if you don't want help, say so. I've got better things to do than to jaw people about you."

The owner shook his head and coughed so deeply he had to spit. He croaked like a frog. "No, no, I gotta sell. I don't need much. I gotta get outta here. Business is still good. It's just my sickness and the wife. I'd stay myself and I'd just put in the air conditioner and a new stove. It ain't business, just the wife. I gotta sell."



Somebody further down tapped a quarter on the bar, and the owner shuffled away. Relieved, Carl stuck out his tongue, picked off a bit of tobacco, and wiped his fingers on his shirt. He told himself the cigar planted the sour taste in his mouth. The door opened behind him, but Carl didn't turn.

"Hi Carl," the man said as he sat down. "Anything goin' on?"

Carl recognized the man and grinned. "Nothin' but the rent, Jake, you?" No longer alone, Carl now belonged in the bar. Fifteen years of patronage had been confirmed, and Carl held squatters' rights. The other customers were alien. Carl noticed the TV screen and thought he could identify the players on the diamond.

Tall, bony, enormous Adam's apple, Jake resembled an escapee from a modern painting. A forman at the plant, he worked every Saturday in the forge for the overtime pay. Jake had seven children

and always needed money. Once he struggled through three straight shifts in the middle of August to earn enough extra cash for a ten speed bicycle. His two sons were supposed to share it, and they did until someone stole the bike.

"Sold the house," Jake said. "Movin' out."

"What the hell! Where you goin'?"

"Northside, Moon Woods. Nice place. Smaller house than here. Gotta do."

The owner plunked down another beer, and Jake wrapped his clawlike hands around it. His short, brown hair stuck out from the sides of his head stiff with dried sweat. Because of the forge heat and low wages, Jake never kept a full crew and labored alongside the men he supervised. Perspiration stains had spread through the armpits of his blue workshirt.

"How can you afford that?" Carl asked.

"Can't. Wife'll work. It'll be tight. She says OK. Glad to move. Good schools. Quint moved there last year. Likes it pretty good."

Our Separate Ways

Something in the air repels the touch of our fingers we walk down the street like two teachers but talk with the pain of broken parts — I blame the past its inconsistencies: the holes in the wall cracks on a windowpane the dim light of a candle wavering between flame and shadow — in explanation, we sought the eye of the heart

looked for a prism in the cloudes counted raindrops in the stacks of coins. Now I don't know where we are going the road at the clearing forks the wind has picked up

"Why move up with those snobs? They'll make fun of you. This neighborhood needs good workers, people. Besides, it's a long drive from the north side. You'll waste gas."

"Don't care. Better'n here. Better neighborhood." Jake sipped his beer quickly. He carried sharp edges like a stick figure. "Got a feelin' I oughta get the kids outta here. Something's gonna happen, something bad. Shoulda moved last year."

The owner shouted. Both men turned.

"Get the hell outta here!" the owner rasped. "I've told you before. This bar's clean. It's gonna stay that way, and I ain't payin' no protection. Now get out!"

Fiction: R. F. Russell, a '72 graduate of I.U.-Bloomington, is currently taking computer science courses at IUPUI.

The swarthy youth smiled with beautiful white teeth and wide, brown eyes. More handsome than a movie star, young Carl thought the youth ought to be in high school, valedictorian. His tan suit fit perfectly. A striped tie accented a starched, chocolate brown shirt. Glittering gold jangled from both wrists. He didn't sweat. He looked like he stepped off the page of some magazine.

"That's no way to treat a customer," the youth said softly.

"Your goddamned money ain't no good here," the owner spat.



A Child

A child should have a window
near the feeding birds
that settle like heartbeats on the dew
waking him each dawn with their voices.

And he should watch them scatter
when the clouds explode
or a cat creeps from the garden
or when the first clench of winter

forces its color on the autumn sky
and windows close at night
in the frost-blue chill
and the walls of his room

grow warm, like arms around him
and he takes his toys from their sleep
and they fill his with treasures.

Poetry: Jeff Burger, a student in the School of Medicine, strives to balance the analytical and the artistic.

Slight, a long purplish scar on his neck, the youth plunged forward, his hands curled into fists. "Maybe I don't need money," he growled.

The owner reached below the bar and jerked out a sawed-off shotgun which he rested on the bar, the dark blue barrel a foot from the youth's gold belt buckle. "You better leave," the owner gasped. His watery eyes widened, and a muscle along his jaw twitched.

Halted, the youth glowered all darting eyes and darkening face. Several men drifted silently toward the side door. The television sounded loud in the shush of speech. Carl shivered and bit through his cigar. Feverish, sweaty, a tightness grabbed his chest. He translated his bottle trying to translate the tension into energy. The grandfather seemed to last forever.

The youth's grin suddenly widened, and he backed away. "OK," the youth laughed. "OK, macho man. But I'll be back. No shotgun's gonna save you, macho man, no shotgun. We got ways. I'll be back." The youth disappeared into the bright day. The door closed bringing darkness like a dropping coffin lid. No one moved or spoke. Carl turned away from the ugly, deadly shotgun.

"What the hell was that?" Carl asked softly a minute later.

"Trouble," Jake answered. "Wouldn't happen five months ago. Neighborhood's changed. People movin'. New neighbors different, mess. Rackets. Scared, everyone's scared." He licked his thin, dry lips. "I'm gone in two weeks."

"Bullshit! Sure, the neighborhood's changin'. Everything changes, but it's not that bad. No reason to be scared. New neighbors never seem as good. Hell, my Carrie's gonna miss your girl. She's in Audra's class, right?"

"Know anyone here? Wanna know anyone?" Jake asked.

"Haven't been here lately; haven't had time," Carl lied. "Not knowin' anyone don't mean nothin'. There's still good folks around — Albert, Wilson."

"Rape — Albert's girl. Fight — Wilson boys. Dope. Prostitution. Audra pawed at school last week. Dope threatened; ask her. Time to move."

"The suburbs are as bad, only richer. There's a dope, booze. You can't escape. It'll follow you. Runnin' only makes you broke. Stay here. Leavin' makes things worse."

"Gotta try. Kids need a place. Can't grow good crops in bad dirt."

The owner slammed two more bottles on the bar as if he didn't want Carl and Jake to leave. Shaking badly he grabbed a towel and wiped the bartop. Behind him the badly distorted baseball players hustled across the screen. A score flashed, but Carl couldn't read the numbers.

"Sons of bitches suck blood," the owner muttered. "Think they can do anything they please. Well, they better stay the hell away from me. I ain't no coward." His voice rose. He twisted the towel as if no one listened. Carl stared at the owner mesmerized by the guttural murmur. "If one of them pups tries something, I'll blow his head off. I'll hand him his god-damned head on a platter. A gun don't discriminate. I'll..." The owner glared at Carl, flung his towel into the sink, and stormed to the far end of the bar.

"Jesus!" Carl hissed and fell silent. The beer bottle slipped in his sweaty palm. He relit his cigar to give his hands something to do. Jake opened his pocket knife and cleaned his fingernails with short, deft movements. Outside, squealing tires chased a car honk. Carl shivered and wondered if he had caught cold.

For the next few minutes Jake and Carl spoke of nothing. Carl wanted to say something, but he couldn't. He tried, but the thing he wanted to say eluded him, slipped away to the corner to guzzle beer and forget. Instead Carl began with neutral things like work and sports and politics. Carl carefully avoided crime and the neighborhood, and after a while, as the second beer

loosened the knot in his chest, Carl relaxed. Yesteryear returned. Carl again sipped beer with an old friend and expounded a number of convictions without regard as to truth. The status quo resurrected laughs and smiles Carl had forgotten. Jake laughed in staccato bursts like a machinegun. Even the owner eased closer and added an occasional anecdote. The other customers disappeared, leaving just the three of them. For a moment Carl's eyes corrected the distortion allowing him to see the baseball game clearly. The Yankees led. Grinning, he ordered another round.

(continued on next page)

a poem for two people

face me
watch carefully my eyes
what is their color?
auburn? hazel?
hear me
what voice do you find?
tired? joyful?
now cup your hands on my face
like this:
palms beneath chin
fingers to cheek
closed lightly
yes
like wings
now
hold me
in your gaze
and
believe in yourself



The deadline for the spring issue of *Genesis* is Feb. 14, 1983. Work can be turned in at the Student Activities Office in the basement of the Blake Street Library.

Art: Jack Monninger, a Herron fine arts graduate, is currently a visual communications student at Herron.

Carl and Jake had almost finished their third beers when the man stumbled through the door and plopped down upsetting an empty bottle. Short, wiry, his long, black hair fell in lank, oily locks across his craggy, pocked face. His dark sports shirt displayed white skin through a cigarette burn hole on his belly. He draped his arms across the bar; blue ropey veins embraced the leering, naked woman tattooed on one forearm.

"Whoeee," the newcomer

laughed. "Gimme a beer."

The newcomer gulped half the bottle, grinned, exposing yellowed, chipped front teeth, and stuck out a soiled hand with black fingernails.

"Wyatt," the man slurred. "Name's Wyatt P. Wilts." Jake shook hands without smiling. "Jake Lemert." "Glad to meet ya. Whoeee, have I had a time today." Wyatt laughed, a wild, amoral laugh. Gray-black stubble covered his face. "You know Dixie Carter?"

Jake shook his head, his hair

straight out as if electrically charged.

Wyatt swung the naked tattoo in front of Jake, pointed to it, and leaned closer.

"Dixie's the finest tail in this neighborhood, and I've tried it all. Her pants are hotter'n a three dollar pistol, and she knows how to use it — if ya know what I mean."

Jake nodded and snapped shut his pocket knife. Carl listened, fascinated and repulsed at the same time.

"Don't get me wrong. Dixie don't do everything with pants. It's just that she's married to this little fag who ain't enough for her, and a woman like Dixie needs considerable. Hell, it ain't no secret. Her husband knows. He just ain't man enough to do anything. Now when my old woman started keepin' strange, I kicked her out on the street like a man should."

Wyatt took a drink and drew closer. His body stank of cigarettes and beer. "This afternoon the flit surprises me and Dixie when we're sorta inspired, know what I mean? Well, a man would've done something, but the worm just watched, as if he didn't know what we were doin'. Dixie had to chase him away. She grabbed

my boot and worried him out the front door, and standin' naked on the porch, she cursed him until he disappeared around the corner." Wyatt burst into raucous laughter. "Whoeee, what a gal! Nothin' but coal black hair and white skin in front of God and everybody. I bet the neighbors got an eyeful." He laughed so hard he coughed until tears rose in his eyes and he spat blood.

Jake glanced at Carl for help, but Carl stared straight ahead, not seeing the baseball game any more. He couldn't move; sweat glued him to his seat. Out of control, Carl felt like a lineless actor in an ad lib play. Other characters carried the action in some foreign language.

"Whoeee," Wyatt gasped, wiping his eyes. "Dixie's a hellcat, but you wouldn't believe the tricks she knows. I once told her she ought to go pro. She got so mad she hit me with a twenty dollar lamp, sent me to the hospital." He nodded so Jake could see the top of his head. "Took seventeen stitches. In the end I sent her flowers and give her twenty dollars from my unemployment check, but she's worth it." He laughed. "Jesus, she's a crazy broad!"

The door opened behind the

three men flooding them with brilliant, harsh light like a photographer's flash. When the door didn't close, Carl squinted over his shoulder. A small man stood silhouetted in the doorway without a face or features. For a long, chilly moment Carl thought it might be the swarthy youth, but the shadow loomed too small, too unsure. Carl felt an affinity with the man's reluctance.

"Shut the door," the owner called.

The black figure stood frozen, still as death.

"Goddamn it!" the owner shouted. "You're lettin' the heat in!"

The figure remained in the doorway, and Carl felt a chill tremble up his spine leaving a snowy glacier in the pit of his stomach.

"Whoeee," Wyatt laughed, his head next to Jake's. "You should've seen the runt's face when Dix told him to scram."

The silhouette jerked into motion. The hand swung away from the side, rose to shoulder level, and aimed a shaking pistol at Wyatt. A sharp report followed the brief flash.

Carl screamed.

The pistol flashed again.

A tremendous blast engulfed the pistol report and Carl's scream. The silhouette jumped backwards as if jerked by a rope like a puppet off a stage. Carl blinked at an empty, sunlit space and the door, slowly, automatically swinging shut. Carl whirled. The owner gripped the smoking shuddering shotgun. His ghostlike face gaped unbelievably.

"Christ!", Wyatt screamed.

"What the hell's goin' on?!"

Carl turned surprised by Wyatt's voice. Wyatt swayed shakily by his stool, bewildered by the sulphur-fouled air and men scurrying noisily out the side door. He rubbed his eyes and wagged his head from side to side.

Carl glanced at Jake laying face down on the bar, a small, dark pool spreading around his head like a mere around a monument.

Carl upset his stool and dropped his cigar. "Goddamn!" Carl gasped.

Wyatt frowned. He dipped his hand into the pool around Jake's head and held up his blood-reddened fingers. Then he laughed. "Whoeee, shit's gonna fly now!"

Carl's head spun from Wyatt to Jake to the owner. "I gotta get outta here," Carl murmured. "I gotta get outta here."

A loud cheer emanated from a television as a grotesque figure trotted around the distorted diamond.

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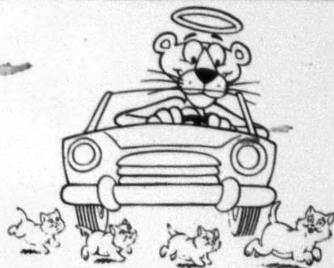
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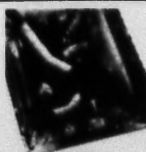
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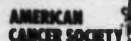
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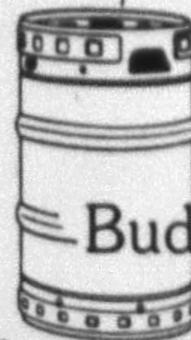
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