Thursday, April 15, 1993

Rhythmic memory beats

The drum of childhood dreams Beats my memory like a rhythmic Bass. Losing a tooth, playing Duck . . . Duck . . . GOOSE! It all Comes back, making me yearn For those days of innocence.

The laughter, tears, and fears Of the hideous monster in the Closet. Those days of imagination Gone. When people had no race Just a friendly and honest face.

So young, so alive. Seeing new Things that were old to some And relishing it like your last

Reality ends

candle's fire

getting rid of you is like blowing out a candle in my heart

but the wick still cinders softly

so i'm still trying to recover from the

reality tapping me on the shoulder

i'd put it behind me and tried to

what words had never said, and

i tried to pretend, to create my fairy

tale around you my personal fantasy . . . my love

only to realize that i was in love

time kept close quarters with my

reminiscing your every move . . . which all added up to nothing i was like a horse running with

not seeing clearly what was in front

because i pretended that what ex-

only because i wanted to believe in

i cared for you deeper than your personal understanding

and i'll always believe that you took

when the only weakness that truly

to love and to become attached,

yourself from everyone in a subtle

the type of pain that comes with truly caring for someone or

something but instead you walk

macho attitude that comes off as "I

performed for five years with Scar-letand Cream, competed and placed

in several talent shows, performed in "Rain Some Fish, No Elephants,"

and the Lincoln Community Play-

house. He won the Alvin Ailey

around with this superficial,

isted on the side was of no

i let you escape with murder,

ignore what was obvious

with what could not be

burning on

didn't have to

pain of

story

soul

blinders on

importance

actions that were

it for a weakness

Dancer

Continued from Page 9

existed was your ability

because you distanced

effort to avoid the pain

unexplained

of me

Piece of gum. But being a Black Child wasn't all fun. There's A'flip side to this bass and that

Is the memory of being called Nigger to my face. Childhood Dreams turned to nightmares and the bass sound of my Memory becomes too loud to Bear. So I turn off my

Memories and shut my eyes Waiting for the sun to rise.

Karla Dingle is a junior theater major

and a Diversions contributor.

Final Acceptance DON'T GIVE A DAMN!"

but you do, you really do and i feel sorry for you because i could sense the sensitivity in your eyes but yet . . . i could not touch it it was like trying to tap a well that

was dry it always remained aloof and dis-

tant and it was as if the closer i came to

reaching it, the further it would run away ... almost

like a frightened child have always cared for you, and i always will

i'd be a liar to say that i didn't it's written in the way that i look at you when they say

vour name but i'll no longer be calling out to you

because i know that you will not come

i always knew that if you weren't perched on my post that you were sitting at someone

else's window and now . . . that window has a

name

a friend of yours . . . more being a friend of mine

finally saw it fit to turn on the lights for a girl who was wandering blindly in the dark and now i see the light ... i feel the Continued from Page 10

pain had a taste of the sun . . . and now

i feel the rain the clouds rolled in ... but someday

they'll be gone and alone again . . . i'll continue on

always shouting APRIL P! hoping strong is what i'll be to sow a seed, someday i'll reap

to find someone that i can keep to call my own and never theirs someone who loves . . . and really cares

but until that day does come i must accept that we are done

fantasy brought to an end forever lost ... but forever-friends

April Patrick is a sophomore interna-tional affairs and broadcasting major and a Diversions contributor.

James Smith, a graphics artist in the Office for Student

Involvement, says he loves his work for his creativity. "My greatest pleasure is to make what others have in their minds a reality, and to see the expressions on their faces when they see the work," he said. "I also like, for instance, using my own creativity to spruce up a poster." Courtesy of James Smith

Smith said he had been "doodling" since he was four years old, but he didn't become

serious about art until his junior year in high school. Smith said he made "logos, posters, pictures, brochures, flyers," for the Student Involve-ment office, and he has even done projects for the University Program Council, the Culture Center and other organizations. Smith said he hoped to go into the private sector one day. The drawing feature on this page is for Smith's illustrations class, he said. It is a hypothetical album cover for a musician friend of his, Redman, who is part of a rap group called the "Hit Sawad"

the "Hit Squad."

Cages

comer Kyle Hotz.

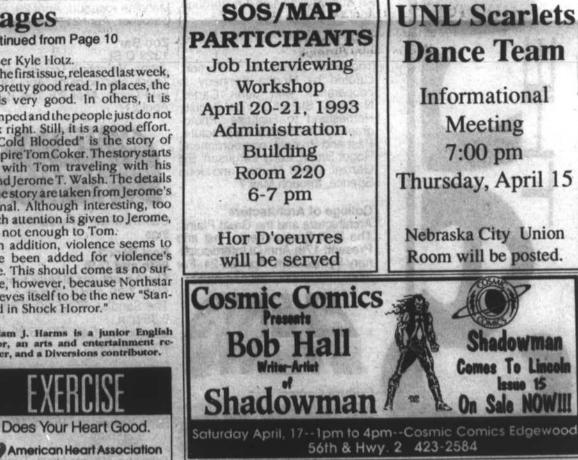
The first issue, released last week, is a pretty good read. In places, the art is very good. In others, it is cramped and the people just do not

out with Tom traveling with his friend Jerome T. Walsh. The details of the story are taken from Jerome's journal. Although interesting, too much attention is given to Jerome,

dard in Shock Horror.

William J. Harms is a junior English major, an arts and entertainment re-porter, and a Diversions contributor.

American Heart Association



award for performing arts at the 1993 Big Eight Conference on Black Student Government in February. Wicher will be working this summer singing and dancing at Kansas City's World's of Fun. He hopes to launch a singing career in the near future.

- Kimberly Spurlock

look right. Still, it is a good effort. "Cold Blooded" is the story of vampire Tom Coker. Thestory starts

and not enough to Tom. In addition, violence seems to have been added for violence's sake. This should come as no surprise, however, because Northstar believes itself to be the new "Stan-

