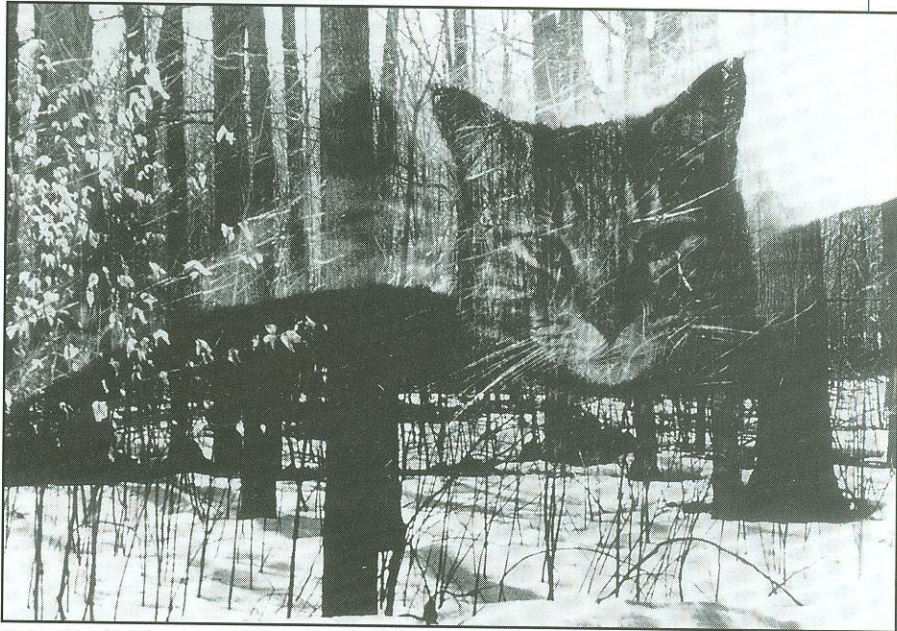


reverse its policy, while thousands die in the former Yugoslavia?

Is the West hostage to its own welfare? It seems so: the lives of 10 American soldiers seem to be more important than 100,000 Somali civilians. Reelection for a second term is more important to the president than the lives of children in Bosnia. Is this a new kind of welfare racism?

The butchered children and raped women of Bosnia will stand as an anti-monument to Western liberal democracy. ■

Reprinted from "Beyond Larryland," a forum for discussion of controversial topics published by Pi Sigma Alpha, the government honorary. Sven Sakkov spent last year studying at St. Lawrence; he is from Tartu, Estonia.



"The Wooded Regions of Imagination" by Tricia Martin '94, from the Brush Gallery spring show "Footsteps Worth Following."

From "A Child's Death"

By Kieran Killeen '94

Kieran Killeen, of Ithaca, New York, published this account of an experience during his participation in St. Lawrence's Kenya Program in Sidewaves, a student magazine edited by Chuck MacKenzie '94. At Moving-Up Day ceremonies, Kieran was among several students named to Who's Who Among Students in American Colleges and Universities and was one of three winners of the 1993-94 St. Lawrence Alumni Association Alumni Award. The essay opens with news that a young Masai boy has been injured, and Kieran grabs his first aid kit and jumps aboard a lorry to see if he can help.

As we left the settlement my pulse began to quicken. Some time had passed since I had practiced proper first aid technique—CPR and artificial respiration—and I began to confuse the techniques. I knew the boy's injury would be serious and wanted to treat the child properly.

I asked one of the Masai if he had seen the child, and he said that he had only heard the news and had not seen the boy with his own eyes. He

offered that the boy was around 10 years old and that he was badly gored, bleeding heavily from his side. I remember thinking that all my experiences were testing me now, calling on me to remain calm, to not worry about failure and just to try and do the best I could for the boy.

The flat, lonely tone of the Masai's conversation became suddenly excited by something in front of the lorry. Two small herder boys were sitting on a rock, alone in the open plain. "Good, the child is not dead," I thought. "He is OK, able to sit up, maybe he was just grazed."

The boys stood up tentatively as the lorry approached. The Masai leaned to the side of the truck and fired questions at the boys.

The quick jarring questions and responses suddenly stopped. Mike stuck his head through the porthole on the roof and, facing the open plain, said in English, "We're too late, he's dead, the child is dead."

I thought the lorry would turn in a circle, return to the settlement, then to the camp, but we rolled ahead, moving slower, with no dust following us.

The driver down-shifted and the lorry began to slow. As the lorry

stopped, the Masai relaxed their stiff postures; several bowed their heads and spoke mumbled words, as if in prayer. I sat up and glanced from the Masai down toward the grass in front of the lorry. The grass was yellow and dry, like grass along a highway that could spark a wildfire. There in the serene grass lay a small Masai boy, on his back, chest exposed, his legs contorted outward.

Mike was the first out of the cab, moving toward the boy. As I crawled to the back of the lorry to jump out, I passed over the first aid kit thinking, "No, go to the boy first, the kit may not be necessary." I walked along the lorry, focused on the child.

Mike looked up to me and backed away from the child. The child's head was tilted back, exposing his thin neck; his chest was bare except for the dust; his grey hands, covered in dry blood, barely held a piece of clothing to his side. He had been terribly gored, so his ribs were distended and pushed upwards into his chest, deforming his shoulder. He was motionless.

I walked past his feet and squatted at his wounded side. I reached down and drew my fingers



across his neck. The skin was warm; the sun was hot that day. I could not find a pulse. With the same hand I reached down between his crossed legs, forcing it between his legs to find a pulse in a different vein. There was no pulse. Mike said, "He is done, the child is dead."

I noticed many sets of feet, bound in tire sandals, standing in front of the child and me. The elders had gathered around us. I thought for a moment that I had done a bad thing

by going to the child so quickly, perhaps breaking a Masai custom. I kept my eyes at their feet, not looking at their faces.

After several moments, the Masai turned to form a group at the front of the lorry. They began to converse, in low voices, with their backs to us.

I moved away from the child's body and the conversation. I remember thinking that I should try and find a pulse again, afraid that I had missed

it. Instead, I just stood, lost in a bright sun that dominated everything: there were no clouds, no shadows, not even my own. I could feel my skin burning through my light shirt. Aside from our lorry, there were no landmarks around—the plain was open, the grass dry, its yellow colors waving as the hot breezes blew across it. ■

"Canton Barn" by Caroline Eberhart '94, from the Brush Gallery spring show "Footsteps Worth Following."



Wish

By Danielle Lattuga '95

This poem is reprinted with permission from the spring 1994 Sidewaves, a student publication. The poet, from Manchester, Vt., is a member of the Outing Club. She's a psychology major, with minors in fine arts and English writing.

The proposition of snow is playing
just outside your window
Yesterday, the dark sky sent sunshine
into the trees and
you shuffled through their fallen
shade,
Whish Whish – Whish.
The moon gave flight to her colors.
Recent air carries back ancient
feelings of euphoria
and they cling to your forgotten child.
Seasonal realities allow you to run
through energy meadow and
sweep into a lifetime
with a single, sliding second.
Sleep sweet freedom
and dream of living,
because when you awaken
the day will be amazing, deep, and
wonderfully green.
You are free and glowing.
Inhale your rites of passage.
Spin 'round in your evolution circles.
Jump as high as you can,
When the night is falling and
let your fire burn bright, clear, and
wicked
You curl up inside masked treasures
While healing powers in the dark
twist beneath sensation