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# East Tennessee **W**riter

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Newsletter of the Knoxville Writers' Guild  
Volume 11, Number 2, February 2003



## Award-winning Writer to Read Feb. 6

The Knoxville Writers' Guild February meeting will feature award-winning author Joseph Bathanti, who will read from his novel, *East Liberty*, which relates the adolescent adventures of a young boy growing up in an Italian neighborhood in Pittsburgh, Penn.

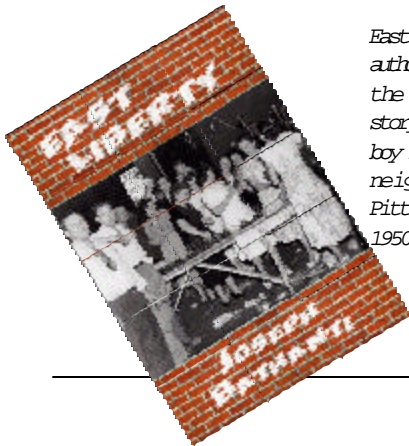
Bathanti, associate professor of creative writing at Appalachian State University in Boone, North Carolina, has won many awards for his poetry, fiction and plays. *East Liberty* received the 2000-2001 Carolina Novel Award; *This Metal* won the 1997 award from the North Carolina Poetry Council for best book of poems by a Carolina writer, and his play, *Afano*, won the Wachovia Playwrights Prize as well as the Playwrights Fund of North Carolina Prize. In addition, he has won the coveted Witter Bynner Foundation for Poetry Prize, the 2002 Sherwood Anderson Award and many others.

He came to North Carolina as a VISTA (Volunteers In Service To America) volunteer in 1976 to work with prison inmates. His visit is co-sponsored by the University of Tennessee's creative writing program in association with UT's John C. Hodges Better English Fund and by the UT Theatre Department.

The program will be held at 7 p.m. Thursday, February 6, at the Laurel Theater, 16th and Laurel, off Cumberland Avenue. The public is invited. Refreshments will be served. Visit the Guild at [www.knoxvillewritersguild.org](http://www.knoxvillewritersguild.org).

Joseph Bathanti: Photo courtesy of Paper Journal Press

*East Liberty*, the author's first novel, is the coming-of-age story of a fatherless boy living in a rough neighborhood in Pittsburgh in the late 1950s and early 1960s.



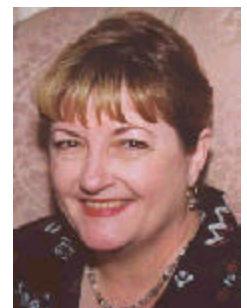
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## ***Top Officers on Board Re-elected for Second Terms***

The Board of Directors of the Knoxville Writers' Guild re-elected 2002 officers for a second term. Julie Auer will continue as president; Don Williams as vice president; Laura Still as treasurer; and Kim Trevathan as secretary. Kay Newton will also continue as hospitality chair.

Ed Sullivan will be the new program director, replacing the retiring board member Judy Loest; and new publicity co-directors are Catherine Crawley and Pamela Schoenewaldt. (See photos on p. 5.)

Left to right, Julie Auer, reelected as president; Don Williams, reelected as vice president; Laura Still, reelected as treasurer; Kim Trevathan, reelected as secretary; and Kay Newton, reelected as hospitality chair.



# The Writing News



## Journalist Carson Brewer Dead at 82



Carson Brewer, former *News-Sentinel* columnist, died Jan. 15. Last year, Mr. Brewer received the first Career Achievement Award from the Knoxville Writers' Guild for excellence in writing.

Mr. Brewer had suffered from Parkinson's disease and died at St. Mary's Medical Center from complications of pneumonia.

He will long be remembered for his columns on nature and the Smoky Mountains. He was born in 1920 in Hancock County and had worked at the *News-Sentinel* for 40 years. His book, *Hiking the Great Smokies*, became a standard guide for anyone wishing to walk any of the park's trails. To date, it has sold more than 95,000 copies.

The Guild extends its deepest sympathies to Mr. Brewer's family.

## Winning Poems from the Terry Semple Memorial Prize ( See p. 4 for story.)

Called to Dance on the Hill of Tara

St. Kevin's Bad beckons as I trek the Pilgrim's Road above Glendalough.  
Approaching the sacred cave swathed in ubiquitous softness, I see crosses  
in the small black stones that pad the trail, stones monks trod for over a thousand years.  
I pick up a stone and the cross vanishes, but some implicit power lingers, stops me  
for a moment, insists that I pray with each succeeding step. At last I peer  
down into the dank cave and am warmed by his prayers' residual heat.  
Here St. Kevin meditated for twelve straight years, sequestered from pilgrims,  
awaking each morning to this very view of the Upper Lake. A millennium ago  
thousands sought sanctuary behind these gates, beneath this tower. Faint memories  
swell within me, something vibrant beyond music enlivens every cell.  
How many times have I made this pilgrimage, passed the labyrinth stone  
Which signaled approach to the holy city, whispered Our Fathers  
and crawled these last five miles on bleeding knees?

When one returns home bells peal, grass greens, lupines bloom and dance,  
and even gravestones tilt in greeting. Prayers erupt spontaneously,  
and an entrancing lightness spawns from some secret spot inside.  
Here I am even drawn to dance on the Hill of Tara on midsummer's eve,  
Celebrating with my people at last.

*By Doris Ivie, winner of the Scottish Society of Knoxville's Celtic Prize for Poetry*



Bringing the Outside In

This rainy morning our friend comes bearing gifts—  
begonias for my shade garden, forbidden doughnuts  
with sugary tops and still-hot middles. How sweet  
his oblivion, this man with a houseful of sons,  
shedding fall's first leaves across the kitchen floor.  
I'm dying to make a clean sweep of it, put my hands  
on the broom and the outside in its place.

The undertow of childhood tugs hard, for my mother  
allowed no one to dispute her word, not even dust.  
Our shoes spit-shined, tub spic and span—the way  
to her heart paved with elbow grease. She scrubbed  
down walls as offending as memory itself: school dresses  
the firehall collected for the needy, passed sister  
to sister; the father who tripped on his empties,  
cursing the dark and a houseful of girls.

What rage we pass on like hand-me-downs,  
surely as tallness or flat feet. Somewhere in the vein  
of blood's beginning is my grandfather and his breath  
of brown fruit, bristled chin on a daughter's arm  
as she breaks loose and runs. There, too, my mother  
who tries to sweep, sweep it under the rug;  
the child I was once upon a time, eager face  
hung in the mirror of my patent leathers.

This morning, with the season's mosaic tracked in,  
the clutter of family and years piles up. Little by little  
I let some of the outside in, leave a picture askew,  
admire milky strands in the overhang. How sweet  
the pattern I leave for a moment, before I recover  
the reds and golds, and whisk it gone.

*By Linda Parsons Marion, winner of the Robert Burns/Terry Semple Memorial Poetry Prize for 2003*

# PRESIDENT'S COLUMN

By JULIE AUER

Does anybody care about privacy anymore? I'm annoyed by how flippantly merchants these days ask for my phone number, my address or zip code, and email address. I'm astonished at how casually other people give out this kind of information. I went to a store recently and ap-

proached the cashier with a hundred-something-dollar purchase. She asked for my zip code. Who cares, right? Does giving out a zip code matter? It's not like anybody can find you or harass you. Piles of junk mail can't descend on your house because somebody merely got you to reveal your zip code, and you won't have to worry about email spam or irritating telemarketing calls.



But I said no. She couldn't have my zip code. Sorry. Nothing personal, I know you're just doing your job, but it's none of your employer's business what my zip is; my credit card number should be good enough. But it wasn't. The cashier said her computer wouldn't complete the transaction unless she entered my zip. She said it had something to do with marketing targets. That's right. Her business was more interested in keeping track of what part of town its clientele lived in than in actually doing business. I didn't want to give her a hard time, so I said, "My zip code is 00666." Might as well be.

Didn't St. John of Patmos (author of the Apocalypse - for my money the scariest book ever written) say something about people in the end days not being able to buy or sell anything without the Mark of the Beast? So that's what I do now. I regard every purchase as a potential deal with the devil, every merchant as spawn of the Antichrist. The retailer wants my phone number? You got it. 666-6669. So you're a liquor store, but you want my email address? Sure thing. That's Whore@Babylon.net, baby. Come up and see me some time. And be sure and send all your junk ads and other trash to my mailing address, 4 Horsemen Drive, Armageddon.

Of course, I realize how pathetic it is to stand your ground in the Age of Ashcroft with a petty act like refusing to give out zip code information. The struggle for individual privacy versus the government was lost the day the Supreme Court decided to anoint the President. The struggle for individual privacy versus the ironically so-called Private Sector is failing fast. (For example, your internet service routinely sells your email addresses to other companies.)

Whatever you want to call it - government, Big Bizness, the Man, Antichrist, never pass up an opportunity to show them your contempt. You'll be surprised how easy and fun it can be. But be nice to the floor people, the sales reps, and the cashiers. Unlike the computerized marketing strategies, retail demographic charts, and consumer-targeted mailing lists, they have identities, and, by the way, they love typing in Apocalyptic data. Somewhere out there, catalogs from Pier One, Storehouse, Bed-Bath-and-Beyond, and other of my favorite shopping sites are struggling to find one Julie Auer, St. John's Way, Patmos, Tennessee.



## What's Up with Local Writers

**Jayne Raparelli** will sign her book, *Finding Our Way: Journey Across America*, on Sunday, Feb. 23, from 1-3 p.m. at Barnes and Noble Booksellers, 8029 Kingston Pike. The book is about Jayne's dream to quit her job and see all 50 states. Brian Griffin says: "Before you quit your job or simply die of envy, treat yourself to a little journey through these intelligent and engaging pages. What you find here might surprise you." Copies of the book may be purchased at the signing or by contacting the author either by e-mail or phone: jaynerap@aol.com 423-562-8017.

### With Apologies and Congratulations to

**Sherrie Shuler:** This good news came from Sherrie in October and somehow got lost in my e-mail until just recently. Sherrie won first place in the Asheville creative nonfiction contest. Her essay was entitled "The Unemployed," and she wrote it in her car downtown! The official nonfiction letter says, "There were many stories submitted, and yours was the most outstanding." Each winner received a critique from the

## New Board Member Volunteers



Catherine Crawley (left) and Pamela Schoenewaldt (center) are the new publicity directors for the guild. Ed Sullivan (right) is the new program chairman.

## Burns Contest Winners Will Read at April 5 Gala



**Linda Parsons Marion** is winner of the Robert Burns/Terry Semple Memorial Poetry Prize for 2003, and Doris Ivie is winner of the Scottish Society of Knoxville's Celtic Prize for Poetry. Frank Jamison and Sarah Small each have won Awards of Excellence in the competition. Winners will read at the Knoxville Writers' Guild Annual Gala at the Holston Hills Country Club on April 5, 2003, and Doris Ivie will be reading her winning poem at the annual Robert Burns dinner sponsored by the Scottish Society of Knoxville.



**Linda Parsons Marion** is poetry editor of *Now & Then* magazine, published by the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services at East Tennessee State University. She has received two literary fellowships from the Tennessee Arts Commission, two ArtReach Grants from the Knoxville Arts Council (,

the Tennessee Writers Alliance award in poetry , the Tennessee Poetry Prize , and the Associated Writing Program's Intro Award , among others. Marion's first book of poems, *Home Fires*, was published by Sow's Ear Press in 1997. Her column "The Writing Well" appeared regularly in *New Millennium Writings* from 1995–2000. She is co-editor of *All Around Us: Poems from the Valley* (1996) with fellow Guild member Candance W. Reaves. Also with Reaves, in 1996 she conducted and judged the Libba Moore Gray poetry contest, the Guild's annual poetry competition. Since 1997, she has conducted the contest with her husband, Jeff Daniel Marion. Marion's poetry has appeared in *The Georgiaeview*, *Iowa Review*, *Asheville Poetry Review*, *Prairie Schooner*, *Apalachee Quarterly*, *Wind*, *Appalachian Heritage*, and many other publications.

**Doris Ivie**, co-editor of the Knoxville Writers' Guild anthology *Breathing the Same Air* and Professor of Psychology at Pellissippi State, was the first head of that college's English Department for seven years. When she entered college she was torn between her interests in nuclear physics and psychology but majored in nuclear engineering.



In her junior year she realized she enjoyed reading and talking about literature much more than working kinetics problems, so she earned her BA and MA in English, then took jobs in technical writing and translating (French) because

those fields paid better than teaching. She was first published internationally at age nineteen in the professional journal *Isotopes and Radiation Technology* ("A History of Accidents with Radioisotopes from 1945 to 1962"). She also wrote reviews for the literary journal *Southern Observer* .

Soon she hired on as a full-time Instructor with the University of Tennessee English Department and later she became a jeweler and a batik artist, while writing occasional poems and songs and traveling around the country in a VW bus. Poverty and impending maturity forced her to reconsider a teaching career, she says, and she became the first female faculty member hired at Pellissippi State when it was an infant technical institute offering three engineering technology majors—and she was the only applicant with experience in both engineering and English.

The more she taught English, the more she thought and read about psychology; thus began another incarnation. Doris earned her Ph.D. at age fifty and now helps students of all ages examine their lives through writing. editors. A charter member of KWG, Doris served on the Board from 1997-2000 and lately is seeing more and more of her work published.

## Statement of the Poetry Work Group

If poetry is your language, the **KWG Poetry Work Group** is open to poets of all skill levels interested in improving their craft.

Constructive criticism and encouragement is key to this process. More experienced poets mentor beginners and facilitate the group by providing a writing exercise for each meeting.

The group meets on the third Thursday of every month at 7:00 PM at Barnes & Noble. For more information, contact Rip Lydick by e-mail:

(knoxpoetwork@hotmail.com)  
or Laura Still  
(EuniceHat@aol.com).

Mention "poetry work group" in the subject line.

## Oxford American Gets CPR from At Home Media Grp.

For the second time in its history, *Oxford American* Magazine has received mouth-to-mouth resuscitation—this time from the At Home Media Group, publishers of an interior decorating magazine.

Ten years ago, writer John Grisham came to the rescue of editor Marc Smirnoff, who got the idea for the magazine when his car broke down in Oxford on a cross-country trip. The newest issue, now on newstands, features a recently discovered essay on racism by James Agee.

# Honors, Honors, Honors



## Poet Scarborough to be Honored at April 5 Gala

Prize-winning Oak Ridge poet George Scarborough will be honored with the Career Achievement Award of the Knoxville Writers' Guild at an awards gala which will also honor winners of the KWG's statewide writing contests. The festivities will begin at 6:30 p.m. Saturday April 5 at Holston Hills Country Club. Awards will be presented and prize-winners will read from their works.

Participants will also enjoy music, dancing and other entertainment, plus refreshments and a cash bar. To reserve seats at for the awards gala, send \$15 per seat to KWG, PO

Box 10326, Knoxville, TN 37939. Reservations will be made as long as tickets last.

## Deadline for Contests has Jan. 31 Postmark

The deadline to enter this year's annual statewide contests is Jan. 31. Submissions postmarked Jan. 31 will still be eligible. Awards in fiction, poetry and nonfiction are open to any resident or former resident of Tennessee, the only exceptions being KWG board members and last year's first place winners (who may not re-enter the same contest this year). All contests are judged blind, so nobody knows who wins until after judging is finished. The contests still to be decided include:

**The Leslie Garrett Short Story Award**, named for the late Fort Sanders novelist. This contest is directed by columnist Don Williams.

**The Libba Moore Gray Poetry Prize**, named for the Knoxville poet, actress and children's writer. Directed by writer Judy Loest.

**The Young Writers Poetry Prize**, an honor aimed at writers of high school age, directed by poet Laura Still.

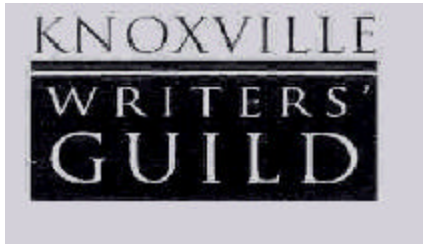
**2002 Essay Prize**, directed by KWG President Julie Auer.

For information on these and other awards, visit the KWG website at

## Knoxville Writers' Guild:

Organized in December 1992 in Knoxville, TN, to facilitate a broad, inclusive and egalitarian community among area writers; to provide a forum for information, support and sharing among writers; to help members improve and market their writing skills, and to promote writing and creativity in the wider community through education, publication, and sponsorship of writing-related public events. Meetings are held the first Thursday of each month at the Laurel Theater. **Officers:** President: Julie Auer; Vice President: Don Williams; Secretary: Kim Trevathan; Treasurer: Laura Still; Hospitality: Kay Newton; Publicity: Catherine Crawley and Pamela Schoenewaldt; Membership database: Rip Lydick; Program Chairman: Ed Sullivan; President Emeritus: Jack Reese; VP Emeritus: Michael Gillespie; **Newsletter Editor:** Jeanne McDonald; **Webmistress:** Jo Ann Pantanizopoulos. **Board Members:** Marybeth Boyanton, Catherine Crawley, Robert Boyd, Jacqueline Kittrell, Robert Lydick, Kay Newton, Caroline Norris, Pamela Schoenewaldt, Laura Still, Marlene Taylor, Inga Treitler, Kim Trevathan, and Don Williams. Dues are \$25, \$20 for students. The KWG does not discriminate against any person because of race, age, gender, handicap or country of national origin. Send e-mail messages to editor, [jrd531k@nsn.com](mailto:jrd531k@nsn.com), or to president Julie Auer at [hildegaard@earthlink.com](mailto:hildegaard@earthlink.com) **web:** [www.knoxvillewritersguild.org](http://www.knoxvillewritersguild.org)

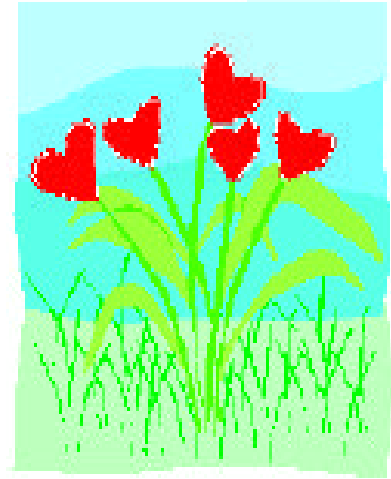
Please remember that dues are now \$25; \$20 for students.



**P.O. Box 10326  
Knoxville, TN 37939**

## HOW TO JOIN

To join the Writers' Guild, complete the form below and mail to P.O. Box 10326, Knoxville, TN 37939, along with annual dues of \$25, or give the form and your check to any board member of the Guild. Dues are \$20 for students. Membership allows you to participate in study groups, receive discounts on books and Guild merchandise, and monthly issues of the newsletter.



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