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BEAT

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we were boys with skinny chests, / bird legs and fresh suburban smiles, / we gaped and gawked and talked the talk / while Sam Bull climbed silently inside / the van on the beach with Twinkling Eyes / — that summer's surfing girl wonder."

While the bulk of Dresman's poetry has been self-published in the form of chapbooks, he has received wide recognition for his work including publication in Rolling Stone magazine during the 1970s. The Surfer's Journal will also publish "Sam Bull Was a Man" and reveal the characters' true names. "Silver Dazzle," also self-published, was designed by Dresman's son, Drew.

The 60-year-old Dresman has had a connection to poetry throughout his life. He's been an activist for the art form wherever he's gone — not only through his own works but through others' as well. Dresman lived in San Diego during the 1980s and ran "Wild Mustard Press," which published the work of local poets. Before that, Dresman lived in San Francisco. He spent 1986 teaching in China and moved to Eugene in 1987, where he has remained since.

Despite his nickname, Dresman said that he does not consider himself a beat poet, although he considers the beat generation — along with Dylan Thomas and Donald Allen's 1960 anthology of "The New American Poetry" — to be immediate sources of influence. He also mentioned the Black Mountain poets as influential, including Charles Olson and Ed Dorn, about the latter of whom Dresman wrote his Ph.D dissertation.

On Nov. 14, Dresman will chair a panel on beat poetry during the Ken Kesey Symposium entitled "Fifty Years Young: The Beats Go On." The event will commence at 7:30 p.m. in the EMU Fir Room.

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SUNDBERG

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through his songs, MTV footage and magazine articles. It was then that I lost all respect for Cobain. I wondered how a father could do that to his family. I kept asking, "Why?" In any event, I took down my Nirvana posters, stopped listening to his music and looked for higher ground.

Unless you are terminally ill, you have no reason to take your life. Feeling sad does not cut it. When you end your life purposely, you hurt everyone around you. You are simply perpetuating the cycle of misery.

Now, after reading the countless letters, poems and tributes to Elliott Smith online, I find myself in the same boat I was in when I heard about Kurt Cobain's death. Smith is selfishly perpetuating his misery.

It is still a mystery why Smith took his life, but one thing is certain — his albums sales will climb after this. Perhaps they already have.

I'm not saying Smith had that in mind, but I'm not ruling it out. Consider the record sales of Cobain, Shannon Hoon (Blind Melon), Bradley Nowell (Sublime), Layne Staley (Alice in Chains) and countless other rockers who died — they went through the roof.

In any event, Smith's suicide was uncalled for. Any suicide is uncalled for. I feel no pity for someone who gives up. I look up to the people who overcome.

I can remember a good many times when I was younger that suicide seemed like a viable option. But then I realized what I have, and how I would be hurting the people around me. I realized what I would be giving up. I realized how time heals all wounds. I realized that life is good. And to this day, I feel that. In fact, I think each day that I am alive, life gets a little better.

If Elliott Smith realized this, maybe I would be raving about his upcoming double album. Now, however, I'm not even going to buy it and further perpetuate the sadness. I would rather celebrate the beauty of life because death comes for us all soon enough.

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