

Arts & Events

Thursday April 8

The State Capitol Museum, 211 West 21st Ave., presents a tribute to Seattle artist **Lisel Salzer** now through the 18th. The show includes portraits and landscapes in oils, watercolors, pastels, etchings and enamels. Salzer holds several awards, including two awards from the New York Syracuse Museum of Fine Art, and her works have been exhibited in both group and solo shows at the Smithsonian Institution, Museum of Contemporary Crafts in New York and the Seattle Art Museum. The exhibit will be open during museum hours (Tuesday-Friday, 10 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.; Saturday and Sunday, 12 noon to 4 p.m.).

Is Peaceful Revolution Possible?, an open discussion sponsored by Central American Group Contract, may be attended today at 12 noon to 1 p.m. in CAB 306.

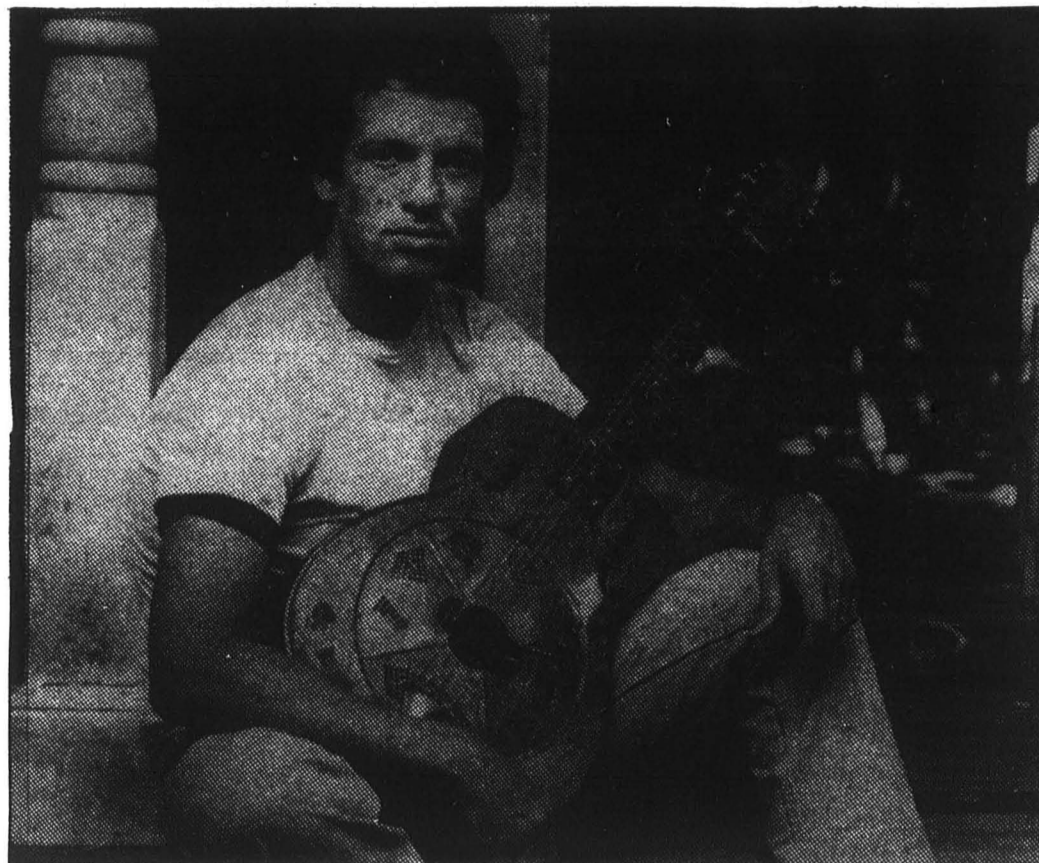
The Artists' Co-op Gallery, 524 South Washington, are featuring as their Artists of the Week potter **Joy Matheson** and watercolorist **Priscilla Pryor**. Hours are 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Monday through Saturday.

Grabber plays at Popeye's, rock'n roll. Next week **Ryan** also rock, plays Wednesday through Sunday. \$2 cover Wed-Thurs., Fri. and Sat. \$3. Sun. \$2, and Mon and Tues. \$1. Wed and Thurs. 25¢ schooners from 9-10, and Mon. 2 for 1 hamburgers, 2410 West Harrison.

Foundations of Visual Art Program Show, featuring drawings, paintings and sculpture reflecting five weeks of work based on individually chosen themes by students who have been studying with Evergreen faculty members Marilyn Frasca and Susan Aurand is on display in Gallery Two of the Evans Library. Open during regular library hours.

Friday April 9

Friday Nite Films presents **Heart of Glass** 1976. 93 minutes. Color. Germany. Featuring Josef Bierbichler, Stefan Guttler, Clemens Scheitz. Set in the pre-industrial past, the story tells of a small German town that loses the secret of making its unique Ruby glass. The townspeople turn to madness, murder and magic in a desperate effort to recover the pure ingredient they have lost. By Werner Herzog. Lecture Hall One, 3, 7 & 9:30 p.m. Admission: \$1.25.



John Hammond performs courtesy of the South Sound Concert Company Thursday, April 22 for one show only, 8 p.m. in TESC Library 4300. Tickets \$4 in advance at TISC bookstore.

The Road to Babi Yar, part two of the Holocaust film series, is presented by EPIC in Cab 110 at noon. Admission is free.

Folkdancing tonight from 7-11 p.m. for all at the Organic Farm. Free.

The **Harmonic Tremors** play the 4th Ave Tavern, \$2 cover 9 p.m.

Saturday April 10

Two one-man exhibitions, featuring recent drawings by **James Haseltine** and woodwork by **Earle McNeil**, will be featured now through May 9 in Gallery Four of the Evans Library. A reception to open the shows will be hosted from 8 to 10 p.m. Gallery hours are from noon to 6 p.m. weekdays and 1 to 5 p.m. Saturdays and Sundays. Admission is free.

First Annual Evergreen Pool Stalom. Events for men, women, all ages and ability levels of kayakers. \$5 entry fee. 11 p.m.-noon warm-up, TESC Pool. Information 866-6530.

Bee Bop Revisited plays at the Rainbow Restaurant, W. 4th and Columbia. \$3.50 cover, show starts at 9 p.m.

The **Harmonic Tremors** play the 4th Ave Tavern, \$2 cover 9 p.m.

White Hart will play traditional Celtic tunes and songs played on cittern, bouzouki, Irish pipes, fiddle, melodeon, concertina, camp organ and mandolin at Olympia YWCA, 220 East Union. **Denny Hall** and **Judy Wayenberg**, refugees from the "Sea Level Ranters" and "Beggars Rant," will be joined by multi-instrumentalist **Jay Gelzer** for music by some of the Northwest's finest British Isles musicians. Also **Kay** and **Dusty Rhodes** play folk songs from the 60's "folk scare" on guitar and banjo. Doors open at 8 p.m. and admission is \$2.50. Sponsored by Applejam.

The Artists' Co-op Gallery, 524 South Washington, will feature watercolorist **Lynn Pavesa** and oil painter **Gloria Bourdon** as their artists of the week through April 17. Hours are from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Monday through Saturday.

Tuesday April 13

The Tuesdays at Eight Lecture Series presents a preview of TESC's summer foreign studies. 8 p.m., Recital Hall of the Communication Building.

Hamlet B&W, 152 mins., 1948. Directed and produced by Laurence Olivier. This film won five Academy Awards, and remains the definitive screen version of the immortal Shakespeare play. Tickets \$1.25. Lecture Hall One, 4, 7, and 9:30 p.m.

Wednesday April 14

Chess Club meets 7-10:45 p.m., CAB 306. Bring sets, for more information call Jake at 754-8348.

Gay Resource Center Business Meeting, 7 p.m. LIB. Lounge 3200.

Through Saturday, April 17, **The Powerplay** at Astair's, Northwest club band. \$1 pitchers Wednesday 7-9 p.m., no cover for ladies on Thursdays. 118 E. 5th, Olympia.

Coming Attractions

The Asian Pacific Isle Coalition of Evergreen will be sponsoring events as part of the celebration of **Asian-Pacific Heritage Week** on April 28. Events include a fashion show at 12 noon in CAB 2nd floor lounge, a performance by **Taiko** of Seattle, 7 p.m. in the Recital Hall, with a film about Japanese-Americans immediately following. All events are free and open to all.

April 15, 16, and 17: **The Legendary Blues Band** plus Iris Hill Band, play Popeye's, 2410 West Harrison. Tickets: \$5-\$7.50, available at Rainey Day Records, TESC's Bookstore and Sound City at South Sound Center.

All submissions for Arts and Events must be received no later than five o'clock Friday, the week before they are to appear. Submissions must be typed double-spaced, and no longer than seven lines. No exceptions.

Poetry Corner

parts and pieces

place
a place
a place apart
apart
a part
parts we play
we part today
a part of peace
at peace apart
a part apiece
apart
a piece
a
peace.

Patricia Jatzczak

DRY ICE

Sticks to my tongue
like dry ice
exposing another layer of skin
steam off my paper label
your kiss
monique dubos

Romantic

Steam soaked windows
swept in a early breeze,
ingots of silver
forged to stoic trees.

rain plays

a familiar theme
Sipping tea to Tchaikovsky,
lost in a dream.

Hopelessly, hopelessly
of that strain.
A pretentious cancer,
completely in vain

Mark Raphael

by Luna

A Midday Summer's Sleep

The cabled limbs relax as both the oars
Abandoned swivel in their tethered locks.
The sun lies molten on the polished rocks,
An I water glistens in the opened pores.

I blend a swarthy nap as Lethe bores
A furrow in my brow and light collects
Along the brittle cliff. The breath connects
A mellow current to the craft. The shores

Glassade beside, where snakes and ravens
budge
The heat, and yellow primrose bakes upon
The beaches. Log within the windy throat,

The heart upon its bed of pulse is scrag,
I hardly feel these curious fishes nudge
The rubber bottom of my drunken boat.

Nathan Jones

Left Over Poetry

Dinner for one
I am lonely to see the food
left over.

John Basye

Revision

As i look through
blue windowpane shifts the scene—
outside,
icy fingers massage my back,
shivers race through my body;
i dance to encourage warmth,
close my eyes and
feel the music,
head is floating through pink and blue
as my motions become automatic.
Eyes open; change of scene,
a smile.
Sweat.
Inside,
the music throbs from the speakers,
enters every pore, pulsing;
it overwhelms me.
Someone speaks;

(at least their lips moved)
i nod but do not understand
and begin to realize how removed words are
from our thoughts—
i understand now that
there is no way to express my ideas
or my abstractions;
words are only rough approximations.
Hidden meanings become so clear that
i wonder at how i never saw them before;
Everything i think or dream comes as
revelation;

it is then i realize:
everything we know is wrong,
an illusion,
a fiction of our subjective minds.

A moment later, everything is so absurd
and so silly,
someone asks "how are you?" and we
laugh for 1/2 an hour.
My jaw hurts from that concrete smile
plastered on the face.
Laugh, and it seems i'll never stop—
i can't stop;
i watch as the wall slips,
the rainbow sheets drip and
the room melts into a warm and drifting
sea of motion.

Flush.

Classifieds

SURPLUS Jeeps, cars, and trucks available. Many sell under \$200. call (312) 742-1143 extension 6793, for information on how to purchase.

COME STEPPIN thru creation with an irie meditation. Listen to the rhythmic sounds of roots reggae music. Sat. Nites 7-10 on KAOS-FM 89.3.

SHARE lovely 2-bedroom furnished Westside home with fireplace, large yard, color TV, full kitchen. You furnish own bedroom. \$175/month plus utilities, light smokers O.K., vegetarians preferred. 943-7986 evenings or weekends. No pets (I have two cats already).

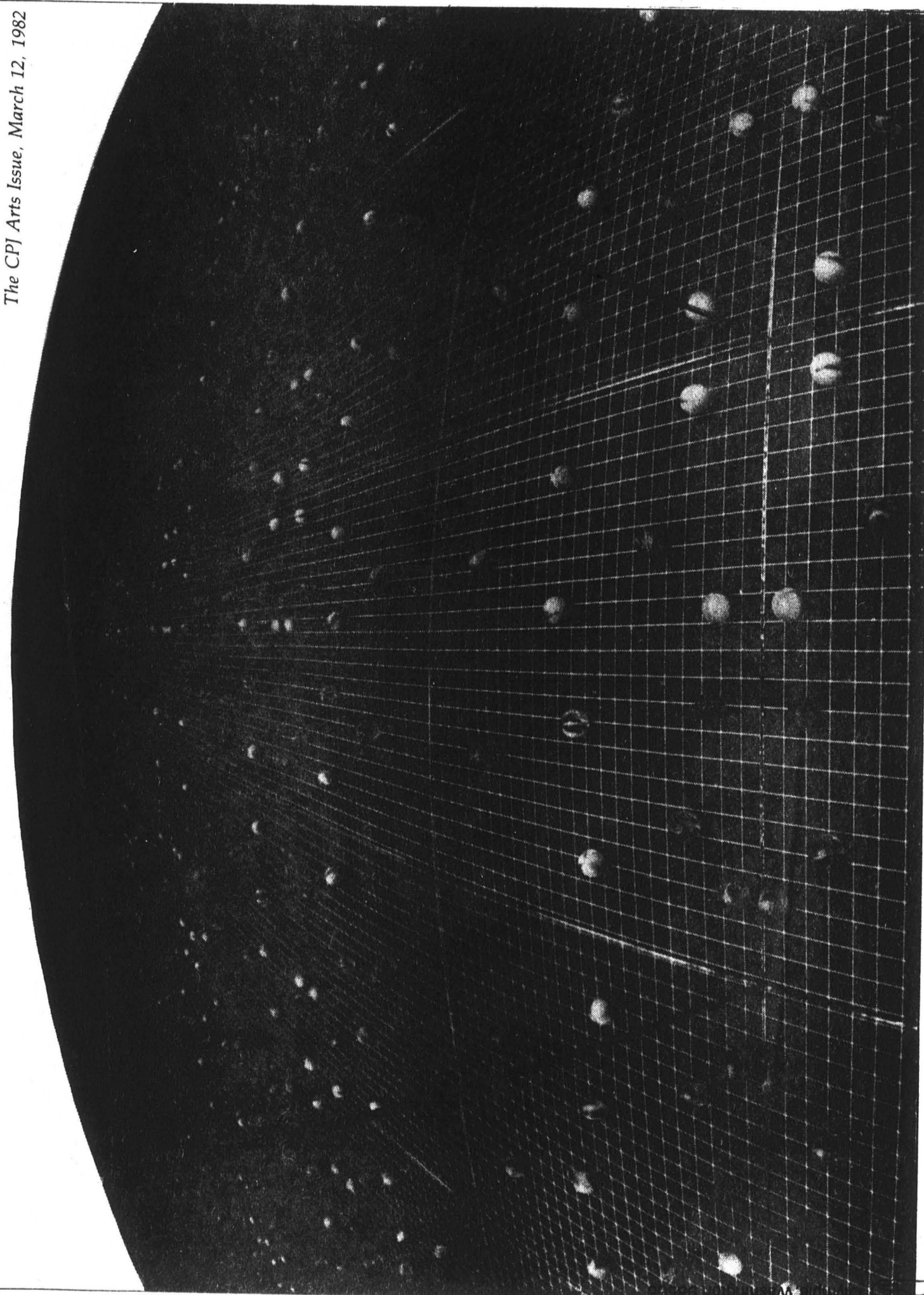
35 YEAR OLD MALE desires the companionship of a female who is interested in a lasting warm relationship. Please contact me at: James Lacey, Wd. V. Western State Hospital, P.O. Box 94999, Ft. Steilacoom, WA 98494.

NOTHING BETWEEN YOU AND THE OCEAN except dune grass, birds, and seashells. Casual fully equipped cabins sleep 1-5. 2 rooms plus kitchen and bathroom. From \$24 nightly for 2. Additional persons \$3. Info and reservations: Sou'wester Lodge, Seaview. Phone 1-642-2542.

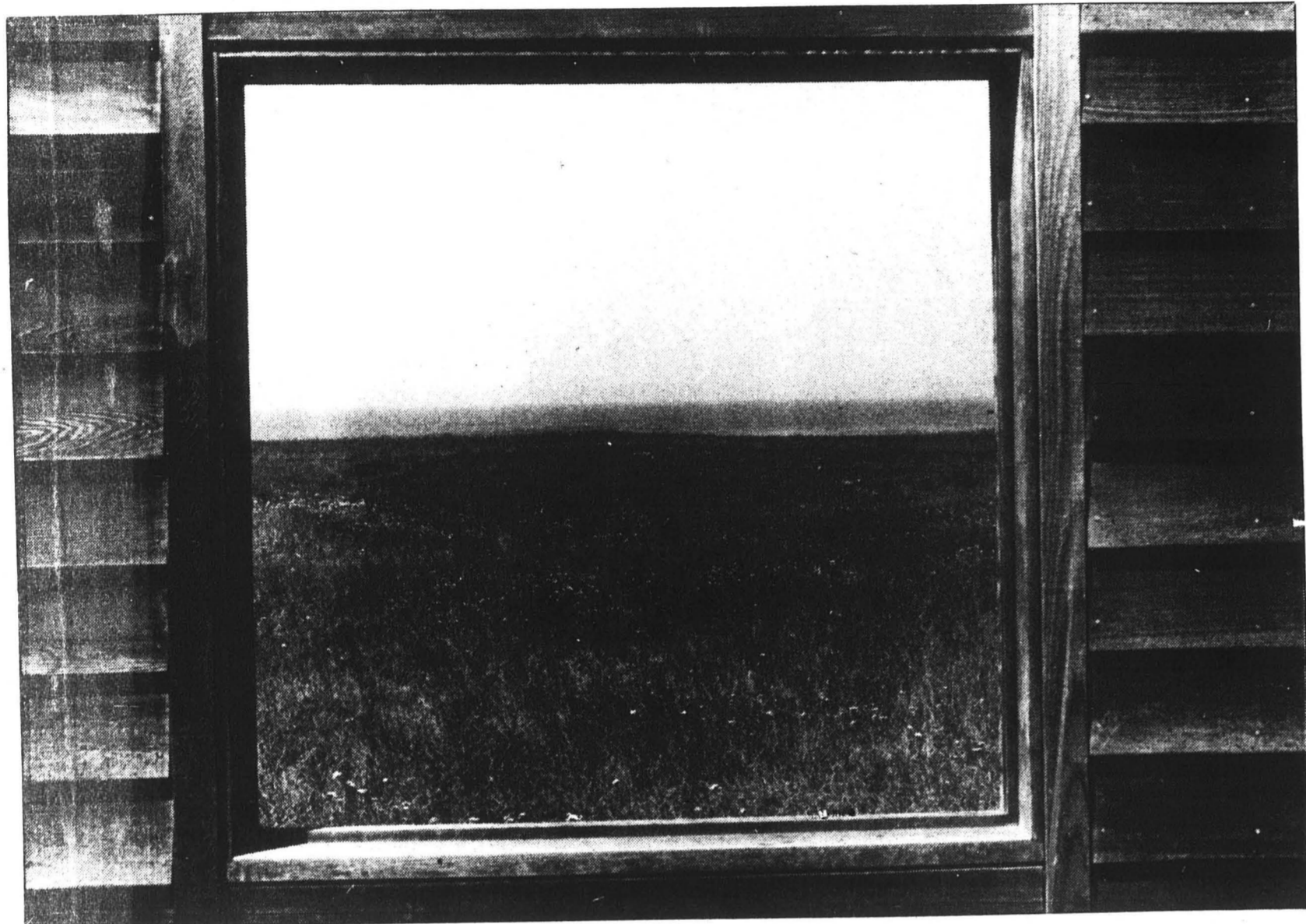
please
SUBMIT
original
poetry

MILLIONS OF MARBLES II

The CPI Arts Issue, March 12, 1982



The Evergreen State College
Archives



I think it important that College Literary magazines exist if for no other reason than to give students an outlet for their rage at the reception given their works in Creative Writing Classes. However, I do not think the sole purpose of a magazine is to provide equal opportunity. Anyone who wishes to read both good and bad poetry need only turn to any Sunday Supplement. Nor do I think a college magazine should exist simply to prove the editor has friends. All writing constitutes a radical act and therefore must change the world of the people who read it. If students feel academic or class standards inadequate or outdated, then it is their duty to articulate standards for themselves and their contemporaries. I would like all student magazines to proceed from a lively, energetic, brashy manifesto. Though publication of a piece should not be dependent on complete agreement with that manifesto, the magazine specifically by statement or generally by its choice of content should teach something to its campus about aesthetics, the quest for quality, and the literary act. After all, Olympia already has a Totem Tidings. After reading such a magazine, I would hope that even this middle-age literary dog would have a few more parlour tricks, and many more literary recollections.

Sandra Simon, *Tightrope*, 1981

CAT'S-EYE

By Carrie Gevirtz

Dear lonely literati, and you are all lonely literati, here it is: Millions of Marbles II. Here is another in a not so long line of Evergreen literary publications. But this one is struggling to stay alive and become quarterly.

Literary magazines at Evergreen have been extravagant, lengthy projects and usually put out by small groups formed through the Arts Resource Center, which is no longer in existence. In the mid-70's a publication called *Demi-Urge* which was a CPJ supplement began the literary magazine trend at Evergreen. Soon after *Demi-Urge*, the ARC produced *Rainroots* which was a nice step up from *Demi-Urge*, in magazine form with a staple binding and bond paper. The fanciest Evergreen literary publication, *Tetrahedron*, was produced in 1977 by Daniel Hathaway. It is the size of a paperback with perfect binding and coated book paper which reproduced visual images well.

After a slight lull in literary magazine history, Randy Hunting produced *Trillium* in 1980 with a group from the Arts Resource Center. And a year later, Larry Stillwell, myself, and a group from the ARC produced *Tightrope*. *Trillium* was funded by the ARC budget. And *Tightrope* was funded by a grant from The Evergreen Foundation just like *Millions of Marbles I*. These publications all meant to set a trend; to become yearly or bi-yearly journals. But they pushed their budgets until they were dry and created very nice, one-time literary magazines.

Millions of Marbles is using a different approach: it is a more modest publication with less emphasis on being a fancy book. It is an issue of the CPJ that may hang around your house a little longer but still will eventually get tossed aside. But never fear! Next quarter there will be *Millions of Marbles III*.

A little over a year ago, I started working as an editor of *Tightrope*. I was in charge of soliciting for art submissions. I went around to all the classes and modules and explained that the publication would be printing all forms of black and white art, so people should submit. But the art submissions were slim. Some artists claimed that they were afraid to leave their work with anyone. Others claimed their work wasn't good enough. And most were worried about the reproduction quality of their work. All these are legitimate excuses not to submit work. But the only way to make this publication into a worthy rag is to support it.

When I started work on *Millions of Marbles I*, I repeated the same course, soliciting for submissions. I was pretty satisfied with the amount of willing artists I found. But still *MMI* was dominated by poetry, just like most college literary publications. I have nothing against poetry but I am happy to be able to break the mold with the art theme in *Millions of Marbles II*. This issue is dedicated to those who create images. It is unfortunate that I couldn't print your work on nicer paper but I am very happy to be able to print it at all.

I hope you like it.

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Edited, Designed and Produced
by Carrie Gevirtz

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Thanks to Randy Hunting and Larry Stillwell
for design and layout help
and Carrie Janes for advice on poetry editing.

The CPJ Arts Issue, March 12, 1982



anonymous

CONSTELLATIONS

By John Bauman

Many new students, if they're aware of the local constellations at all, are confused by their significance. They are not hard to discern, even if you've never had them pointed out. The next clear evening go out to Red Square after twilight but before midnight. See that group of stars seemingly perched on the library overhang? That's the Machine-gun Nest. Now look over the CAB for a sort of box-shaped group, with two bright stars to the left. That's the Tear Gas Lobber. Also on the CAB, but out of sight, is the Sniper.

Why these militaristic images? They cannot be understood without examining a part of the wider mythic system of the early days here at Evergreen. Have you ever noticed those little brick boxes scattered around campus? The original Evergreeners considered these to be the entrances to the underworld. The traditional

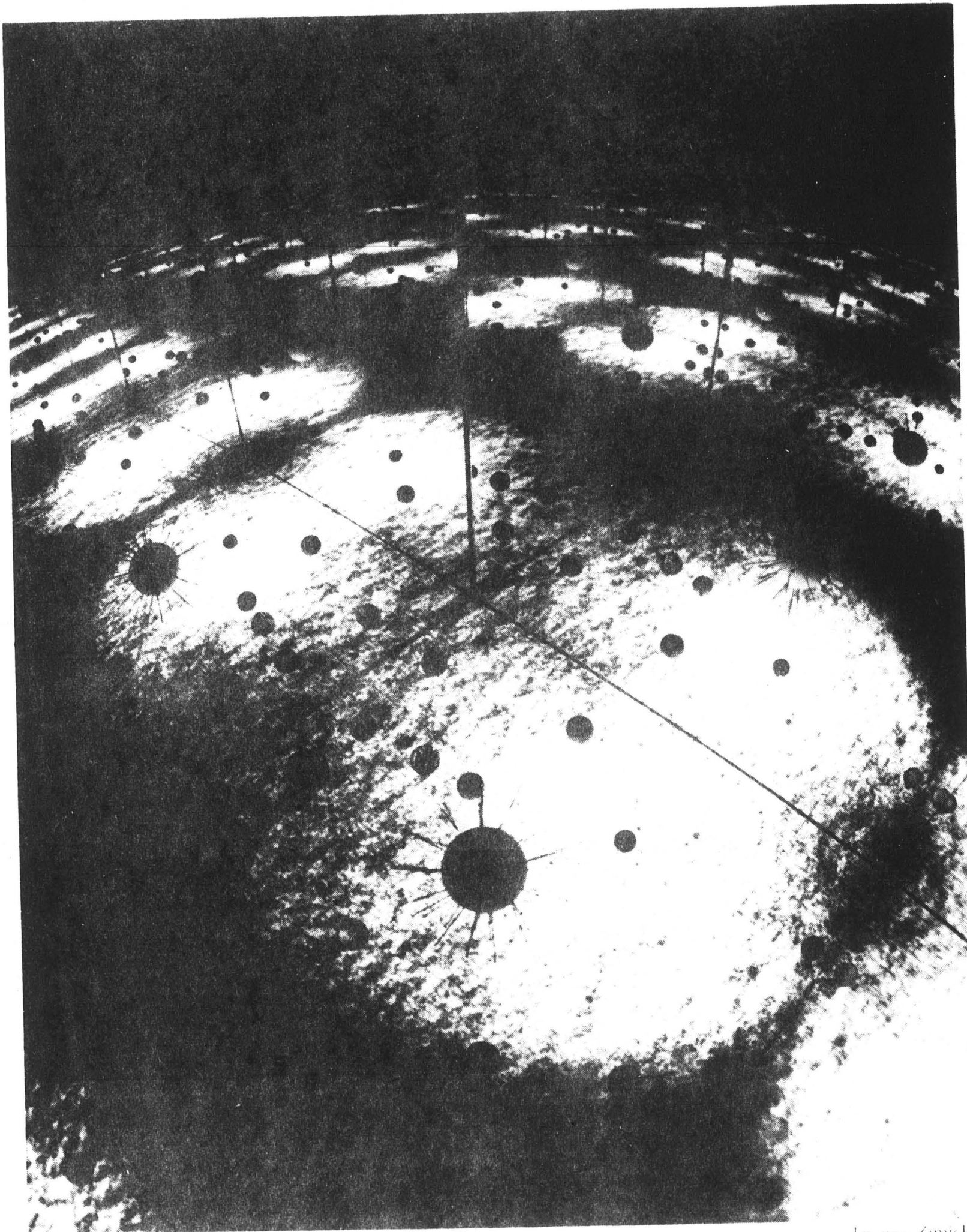
Evergreen conception of Hades has so much in common with other myths, worldwide, as to be wonderful evidence for the existence of Jung's "collective unconsciousness." The underworld here is the world of the "steam tunnels," broad concrete passageways underneath the whole campus, hot, and filled with billowing steam. If Dante were here today, he would not lack for inspiration.

But the tunnels contained more than mere vapors. Our predecessors believed that if they violated the limits set by the gods, especially collectively, a veritable army would condense in the tunnels, and emerge to put down the rebellion. This then is whence come the nighttime terrorists on the roofs. From the unconscious mind via the steam tunnels.

Don't think that these were mere stories told to freshmen to make them behave. This myth was believed by

much of the student body. And we shouldn't scoff too loudly, the rules against entering those brick boxes is still on the books.

It's a pity that these early Evergreeners never tried to go beyond their self-imposed limitations. They never really tested their gods. Even though they had a wonderful afterlife myth, attainable through death or graduation, they didn't want to go there any sooner than they had to. The tradition dates back to those days that Evergreen is but a preparatory step on the road to paradise, which is said to lie to the north, about 70 miles north on I-5. It's nice to think that we all, past present and future Evergreeners, will see each other there.



Jacques Zimucki

THE AMERICAN KID

By Larry Stillwell

The moon over the neon carny sat pale and quiet in the black midnight sky. Lights and music whirled up from the rides and stands and dissipated over the lake. Terry swung in the warmth and darkness at the top of the Ferris wheel, watching the bright, mechanical carny below him. He saw the dark of the lake to the left, dark that met the dark of the sky and ringed this electric bubble. Dull, square city-buildings sat fat and gray on his right. In front of him, strings of streetlights and car lights ran down along the concrete arch of the old Westside bridge. The green neon of the revolving Tumbler shimmered in the glass side of a bank.

He looked to see if she was there yet; his vision swept and darted over the whole expanse of rides, games, and foodstands, and all the families and teenagers swarming in between them. Near the base of the Ferris-wheel they were giving out cigars and little American and Confederate flags to anyone who could swing a sledgehammer and ring the bell. Highschool boys in teamjackets and tractorhats carried huge stuffedanimals over their shoulders for highschool girls with big breasts tucked into tight pink and white cottonshirts and haltertops. But he didn't see her. Good, he thought, maybe she's not coming. That's it, then. No more. Goodbye. He looked down at the spectacle below him and it seemed that some alien egg had hatched here in the parking lot between downtown and the water and given birth to this bright and bubbling, but neatly-contained, neon mechanical chaos. Terry figured he'd be glad to get out of Olympia.

The operator sent him around one more time and brought him down. Terry headed for the Round-Up, his favorite ride, given the absence of a rollercoaster. The Round-Up was a big tub that spun around vertically while the rider was held against the side by centrifugal force. Terry clipped the safety chain across his

narrow compartment, and waited for the other compartments to fill up. None of his friends would go on this one with him; he'd told them he'd find them later. The tub began to spin and then tilt until it was spinning almost at a right angle to the ground. Terry found himself suddenly staring almost straight down at his friends for a moment before he was spun around and to the bottom. The familiar weight of gravity relaxed him; he smiled up at the moon, and in an instant was wrenched into the air and staring down at his friends. The sensation of not falling when his body knew it should be ripped into him like a chainsaw into a tree. He shuddered and shook and then laughed and couldn't stop laughing. He spun around and around. At the bottom of the swings he would relax and grin to himself at the sensation of the ride. Then before he could think he would be flying without falling above the crowd. And he would be laughing and unable to stop.

The laughing exhausted him. Some of his friends who had seen him laughing decided they wanted to give it a try after all. They flashed their tickets and ran up the ramp. Terry went with them but it wasn't as exciting the second time and he didn't laugh. His friends didn't laugh either. They wondered why he'd been laughing so much. They were a combination of scared and bored, Terry thought. They didn't like it here much, it was just an excuse to be with their dates.

Terry like the neon carny because, even though it was pretty dull and commercially predictable, it was still something like the old carnivals he imagined to have existed not long ago in America and Europe. It was still a little romantic, but by that Terry didn't mean the kind of romance his friends were using it for. Stuffed animal romance, Terry called that. He liked the carny but he would have liked it more if it had girlie shows and whores and tough men who got

in fights, and if it had more of an atmosphere of sex and violence in general. Terry wasn't too experienced in either of those particular human aptitudes, nor did he seek them out usually, but he wished he could come to a carnival and give them a try. Or at least a look. This, though, was the Jay Cee's carnival; it was very tame.

Terry was looking for excitement, anything out of the ordinary. Some of the rides could thrill him for a moment, but only for a moment. The funhouse had a decent Hall of Mirrors but that was all, it was a disappointment. The games were stupid and the prizes not worth winning, the food not much out of the ordinary. Terry knew, of course, that this summer parking-lot carny was the best he'd get in Olympia and he made the most of it. He threw himself into moments of potential thrill like a drunk diving into an argument. He left his friends far behind in his seeming loss of control.

As always, however, Terry was in more control than they were. He knew how to find what he wanted here and how to get it. His friends just drifted around semi-happily, too stoned or too sophisticated, Terry figured, to go on any of the scarier rides. Or actually too scared. Like him, they mainly walked around and watched the crowd.

Terry was quite amused to see many of his neighbors here, out for their one weekend a year at this little, portable amusement park. Terry liked watching and thinking about the people he knew, especially in unusual situations like this. "These are the American people," Terry thought, as if trying to imprint their pictures on his mind. He watched his friends drift between the rows of stalls. "These are my friends," he thought to himself, as if hoping to erase what he knew about them by abstracting them into examples of typical, modern, American folk.

Terry bought a foot-long hot dog and slipped away from his friends

without saying anything. Squeezing between two trailers set behind the glare of the rides, he ate his hot dog and walked quickly, face down, past the stream of people still arriving for their once-a-year thrill. Kids on bikes with huge, lancelike cotton candies chattered on the sidewalk behind him. He didn't want to be seen by anyone he knew; he was catching a bus and leaving town and he didn't want anyone to know.

He pulled his wallet from his right front pocket and checked his bus ticket one more time. Twelve-fifteen, it said. He looked at his watch. It was five past midnight. He had already checked his pack at the station for loading. He cut through the dark downtown park to avoid being seen and waited in the shadows until his watch said ten past, then he crossed the street and entered the Greyhound station. He was too nervous to feel that all his precautions were silly.

Twenty-eight hours later he was in Denver. It was three-thirty in the morning. He had been awake all the first night and slept the next day until early afternoon, then ridden across the desert in five hours of late afternoon and early evening and seven and a half of total darkness. He had counted the hours, every one of them, staring out of the window in that curious reverie induced by the constant hum of motorized travel. He had disembarked into the vacuum of a big-city bus station. Once the handful of riders from Salt Lake had cleared out, Terry was pretty much alone. He bought some coffee from a machine, settled down in a chair in the darkest corner he could find, propped his feet up on his pack, and fell asleep immediately.

It was eight-thirty when he awoke and he figured he'd wait awhile before calling his brother. He was in no rush to see anybody. He sipped his cold coffee from its soggy cardboard cup and watched the bustle of

the bus station. They were announcing a bus for Washington, D.C. Some tall, thin guy who looked to be about thirty-seven or so, and who looked to Terry like either a Congressman or a real-estate agent, was asking at the window if the bus went through Cincinnati.

"Kansas City, St. Louis, Louisville and Lexington," the man at the window droned. "You can change buses at either Louisville or Lexington," he said.

"Well, what I really want is Springfield, Illinois," the thin man said tentatively.

"You want Chicago, then. Chicago, Illinois. This here's Washington. Chicago is at five a.m."

"I don't want to go to Chicago. I want Washington, D.C." The thin man looked scared to death at the idea of going to Chicago. Terry turned away. He noticed that on the wall schedule the bus to D.C. was called "The Presidential."

He pulled a worn and folded postcard from his back pocket, found his pen in his T-shirt pocket, and stared at the message he had written. "Dear Sharon, did you get my note? I waited until midnight. Please tell me what you want, though I think I know." He crossed out the last sentence. Then he wrote: "T.K. told me at Lakefair. I'm in Denver now. Don't know when I'll get back to Olympia. Pretty picture, huh? Your friend, Terry." On the other side was a picture of the Olympia Brewing Company in Tumwater, Washington. Terry checked the fixity of the stamp and mailed the card.

He walked over to the station's lunch counter and ordered a hamburger and coffee, browsing through the short shelf of twenty-five cent paperbacks with their covers torn off. There were two copies of "None Dare Call It Treason." When his order came, he took it over to the pay phones and called his brother's house. His brother's wife, Anna, answered.

He told her where he was and she said Tom would pick him up when he got off work. Tom worked in a warehouse that put out bumperstickers and stationery and such with cute, risque messages. She said Tom would probably pick him up about five-thirty.

"Are you sure you'd rather wait there than take the bus?" she asked.

"Doesn't matter. I'm fine. See ya later, Anna."

"Okay, Terry. It'll be nice to meet you."

"Okay, bye."

"Bye. Plan on having dinner here."

"OK, bye."

"Bye, Terry."

Terry hung the phone up and sat wondering what his sister-in-law was like. Tom had met her two years ago when they were both stationed at Fort Collins, just north of Denver. She was twenty-three, Tom was twenty-eight. They'd gotten married last summer. Terry was twenty. He'd never been out of the Northwest before. He wondered if he would think Anna was pretty. He always liked Tom's girlfriends more than he liked Tom, anyway. Maybe he'd go to Washington, D.C., or Cincinnati. He didn't even know what state Cincinnati was in. Maybe he'd go to New England or Florida. Any place but Oly, that's what he figured. Money would be a problem. Maybe he could find some work here in Denver. Shit, he thought, I haven't even been outside yet. He went back to his seat and hoisted his pack and stepped out into the street.

He was amazed at how low and wide and open everything was. The streets ran straight for miles, it seemed. The buildings around him were all low and flat. A ways off, he could see a cluster of shiny, tall buildings rising above the others, but the rest of the city seemed low and flat. Sunlight streamed down unrestricted. In one direction white-topped mountain peaks framed the light blue

sky; in the other a huge mass of pure-white cumulus clouds towered over the horizon.

The day was getting hot and it was only nine-thirty. Up north it would probably be cool and wet and the clouds would be hanging much closer to the ground, too close to see in their real shape, so close that all they did was make the day gray and oppressive. And of course rain, it rained all the time in Olympia. In Denver, his brother said, it didn't rain much at all, it was always dry and sunny, and hot in the summer. Olympia was a rain forest and Denver was a desert. The desert, Terry thought, was just fine with him.

He wandered up and down a few blocks, though, and was disappointed and surprised to find not much of interest in the shops and offices. Everything seemed standardized, like he'd seen it all before. The sun felt good but the city, this part at least, seemed boring. He wandered around for a few hours in first wider, then narrower, circling of his starting point. Bored and tired, he returned to the bus station and had another hamburger.

The American Kid was the name of a book that he read in the bus station while waiting for his brother to pick him up. There were these two guys playing pinball and the one with short hair had the book in his back pocket and later he put it on the other machine and Terry picked it up and started reading it. The guy whose book it was said Terry could have it if he wanted it. He was done with it anyway, he said, and he didn't really like it much and if Terry did then he should keep it. The guy said he was in the navy, stationed in San Diego, and just passing through Denver, which was where he was from, actually, near Denver anyway, and he was waiting for a bus to Newport News, Virginia, which wasn't going to leave for a few hours, like ten. He said, "This here's my buddy from school. He came down to hang out

with me while I'm waiting. Name's Mike, my name's Steve. Keep the book, brother. It's yours."

Terry said thanks and wondered if they were going to hang out in the bus station for the whole ten hours and wondered didn't Steve have any other friends or family to see while he was in Denver, but he didn't feel much like talking so he went off to read. "Take it easy," Steve said. "Yeah, take it easy," Terry said.

The American Kid was a cowboy who lived in Texas when it was an independent republic and being fought over by Mexico and the United States. He fought for the Americans under Sam Houston but was court-martialled before the battle of the Alamo because of the false testimony of an old friend who was an officer from the same town in Texas as the Kid and who was in love with the Kid's sweetheart. After that, the officer felt too guilty to let the Kid die, so he helped him escape to Mexico. Actually, it was in Mexico that he got the name The American Kid when he took to robbing rich Americans.

The American Kid was a very bitter person. The Mexicans were after him because he was an outlaw and especially because he'd fought against them in the war. The Americans wanted him back for treason; his "friend" the officer, who had avoided the battle at the Alamo which had wiped out their company, had had second thoughts about letting him live, so he volunteered to bring him back dead or alive and was deputized. The book spent considerable space chronicling the bad guy chasing the good guy all over Mexico, with help from the Mexican army who, lucky for the Kid, were less than enthusiastic about this U.S. officer trying to capture a criminal in their territory.

Finally the Kid learns who set him up for the court-martial and he slips back into Texas to trap him. Hiding from the local law but leading his pursuer on, the Kid sets it up so that,

drunk and overconfident and seeing he has the Kid trapped helpless without his guns, the deputized officer admits to his lies and boasts about it. The Kid has his old girlfriend, now his pursuer's wife, hidden in the next room. She reveals herself, her husband tries to kill them both, the Kid dodges the shots and socks him in the jaw, the woman testifies in court, the Kid is cleared, and the real villain is sent to jail.

It was a simple book but there was something Terry liked about it. He particularly liked the part near the end when the woman told the Kid she had always loved him but she couldn't love him when she'd thought he was a traitor but now she did again and the Kid just said screw you, or words to that effect, and rode off into the sunset. Screw you, that's right, Terry thought. Screw you, Sharon. Terry identified with the Kid, who was brokenhearted and bitter and lonely, but tough. He wondered how the rest of the Kid's life went after he left his hometown for good. He thought the Kid was pretty smart to set the kind of trap he did and get away with it and to always stay one step ahead of everybody else. He wondered if the Kid would keep on committing crimes or go straight. He decided it didn't matter, really, but he continued to wonder about it even after his brother picked him up at seven-thirty.

Terry was sitting at the lunch counter drinking coffee when his older brother Tom came into the bus station. He was on his third hamburger of the day. He saw his brother come in the door at the other end of the waiting room and look for him in the crowd. The station was very busy. Terry acted like he didn't see Tom. Tom finally saw him. He came over and leaned his rear on the next stool.

"Hey, Terry."

"Hi, Tom. What's happenin'?"

"Oh, not much. You alone?" Tom looked around.

"Yeah, I'm alone."

"I thought maybe that girl'd be with ya."

"What girl?"

"Oh, what's her name. You know."

"Well, she's not with me. I came down on the bus."

"Yeah, I can see that."

"Okay, if I stay a few days, maybe a couple of weeks?"

"What're ya doin' here, Terry?"

"I don't know, I just had to get away, I guess. Bussin' tables sucks. I'm thinkin' of maybe goin' east, maybe Florida. Maybe New England. Pick fruit or something."

"Mom knows you're here?" It was a question skeptically assuming an affirmative reply.

"Uhh, no. I figured I call her from your place."

"Shit, Terry, she's gonna be worried."

"I'm a big boy, Tom. I'm twenty years old, remember? What's Mom think, I'm gonna stay in Olympia the rest of my life?"

Tom looked impatient. "That's not the point, buddyboy."

"Look, Tom, don't give me a hard time. I can go somewhere else, if you want."

There was a long pause while the two brothers eyed each other. Tom stood up. "You ready?" he asked finally.

"Yeah, let's go," his brother answered.

"Let's go," Tom agreed. Terry grabbed his pack and they headed across the waitingroom.

"Tom."

"Yeah."

"Okay, if I stay for awhile?"

"I don't know, Terry. Depends on Anna. We're not too used to having visitors. A friend of mine from the Air Force dropped in last winter and stayed over a month. It was terrible. He and Anna didn't get along at all. I had to keep them apart. You can stay a little while, anyway."

"How long's a little while, Tom? A day? A week?"

"I don't know, Terry, we'll have to

see." Tom pushed the door open and Terry stepped through with his pack, out onto the sidewalk. There was still light in the sky. The night was warm.

"The weather here is great," Terry said.

Tom was fumbling for his car keys and didn't hear him. "I mean, shit. You should be able to stay, you're my brother." He clicked the lock and opened the door, turning to take Terry's pack. "I mean, I don't even know if you can stay or not but shit, you're my only fuckin' brother." Terry handed him his pack and together they pushed it into the back seat. Terry started around for the passenger's side of the car.

"Yeah," he said, leaning on the car and waiting while his brother slid in and reached to unlock his door. "Yeah, I know."

Screw you, screw you, screw you, screw you. That's what he'd tell her if she ever wanted him back. Screw you twice, screw you good. Screw you in Tacoma, that's what the Kid would have told her. Or some such words to that effect. 'Course, she never would want him back, there was no mistaking that.

Terry was on his second whiskey, Tom was on his second beer. The sun had gone down and they were huddled over a red glass, fish-netted candle at Tom's favorite bar. It was nine-fifteen. Tom had called home a half-hour earlier and told Anna to put their dinners back in the oven. With their third round they ordered nachos. Terry's thoughts wobbled more and more drunkenly between Sharon, the American Kid, and Tom. Tom was telling him about Anna. He told Terry what Anna's hobbies were: birdwatching and rug hooking. Terry downed his whiskey and took a long draw off Tom's beer. He ordered another round. Tom told him about sailing on a lake. Terry thought of the American Kid on the lam in Mexico. He thought of the thin man at the bus station who was scared of

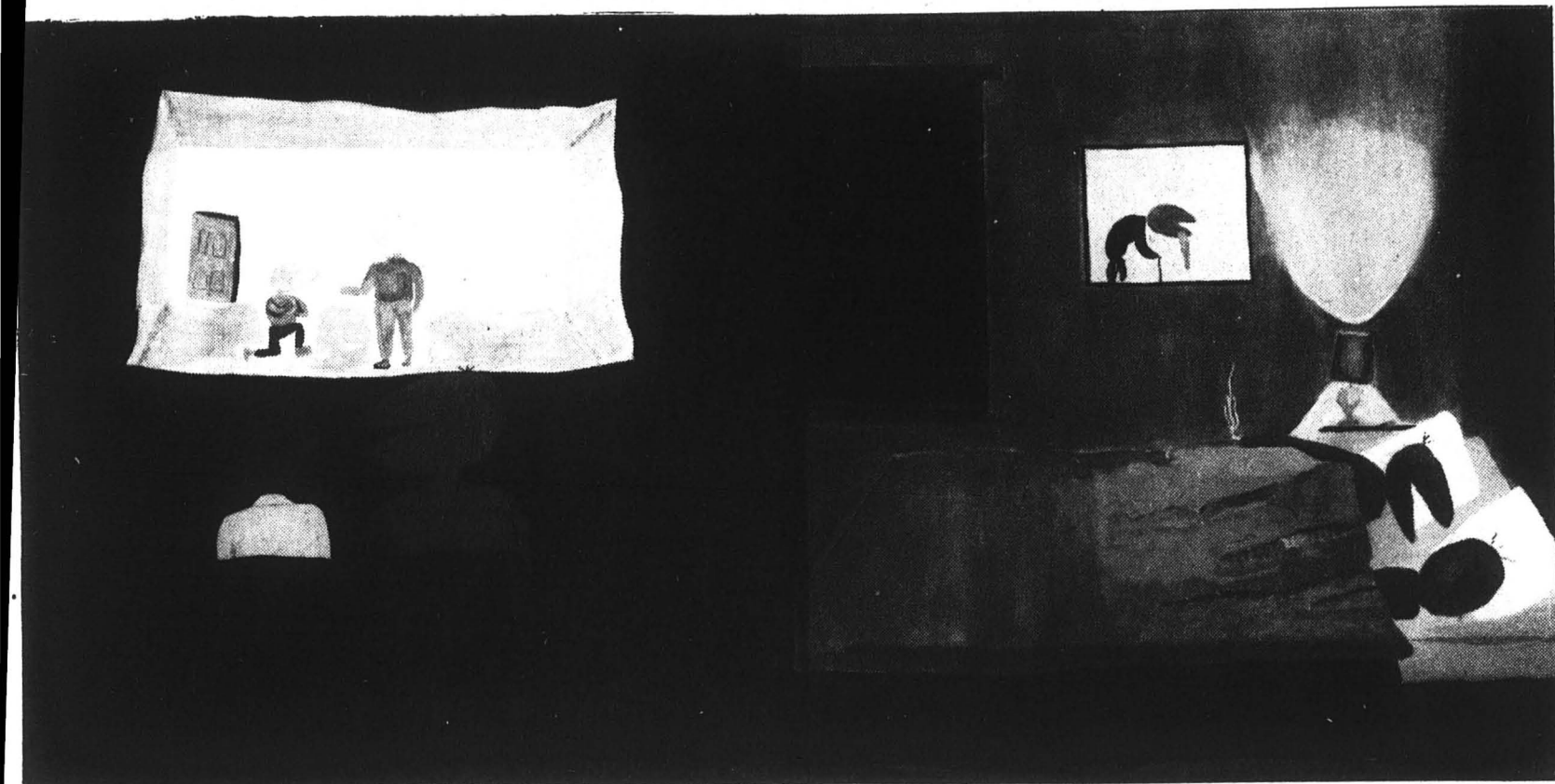
Chicago. He thought of Sharon and he almost started crying. Tom said they didn't know if Anna could have children or not.

Three hours, five whiskeys, and five beers later they were on their way home. They drove through dark streets without speaking. Terry got lost in the maze of right angles. They passed block after block of medium-sized suburban homes. Terry was falling asleep, his brother was opening his car door for him, leading him up the walk, opening the front door. "Shhshh," he whispered. Terry remembered being handed blankets and a pillow. He woke up in the dark holding them on his lap, sitting half-dressed on the couch. Moonlight came in through the picture window. He undressed and spread the blankets out on the couch, then stepped quietly out onto the lawn, easing the aluminum door shut behind him.

The air was warm and dry on his skin. He wondered if he'd ever felt so comfortable. The grass under his feet was cool like paper. He could hear a lawn sprinkler gurgling and whooshing not far away. He rubbed himself and stretched; it felt great to be outdoors and naked in the middle of the night in Denver, Colorado. A sky of stars and blackness stretched taut over the neighborhood.

He lay down in the cover of a wide-hanging elm, lay on his back and rubbed himself and thought of Sharon, thought of how she'd looked and felt and what she'd said, imagined her there before him, imagined her rubbing him, imagined himself begging for love. The American Kid, she said, I'm in love with the American Kid. I am the Kid, he said, I am the American Kid. You're not, she said, you are not the American Kid. The next thing he knew it was dawn.





Second Date

Third Date

Steven Moore



Untitled

Untitled

WASH

By Mel Pratt

Lulu is an adaptation of sex, art, society, with all the internal problems intact.

Her verbal language is syncopated with a narrow spectrum of body language.

Instead of being a famed free-form dancer, she lives in a seedy, stucco motel outside of Phoenix.

Allan Carbone is her lover—not her only lover. Not her friend. Just a lover.

It isn't known what Allan does or where he lives. He just shows up at the right time every time. Lulu would like that if she liked anything, but she doesn't like anything.

Liking anything is too much of a let-down when the thing isn't there to like anymore. Liking is self-consuming.

Lulu's exterior is punk. It tells the world to go to hell.

Not all of the world goes to hell. Lulu attracts other birds of her spiked-dyed hair, and S/M fashion. They tell the rest of the world to go to hell.

Sometime the day before, an elderly woman with wrapped legs, carrying a shopping bag looked at Lulu.

The metro driver doesn't display any emotion when Lulu boards the bus.

As she moves along the aisle trying to find a place to sit her ass, people move their parcels to the empty seat next to them...except for the pimply young man in the plaid short-sleeve shirt and the khaki pants. He would enjoy losing his virginity to such an exotic bird.

To Lulu enjoyment is prosaic. Enjoyment is a manifestation of exhausted emotions. Lulu has developed a new form that minimizes the fluctuations of brainwaves.

Lulu's lips look like blood-rolled mountains, and her shoulders hollow like moonscapes. These zoom shots portray her as a vehicle for artistic re-interpretation and not a real human being.

The second type of projections are tiny black-and-white contact sheets: (FLASHED IN GROUPS OF TEN TO THIRTY)

Lulu's body in poster girl poses from Dietrich to Grable, and back to Pickford.

These shots use her as a mythological sex symbol and not a real human being.

The scene snaps shut against a spider shadows of Lulu and Carbone behind the movie screen. He curls to her back, kissing her nape: the object of the portrait that will make him famous.

Carbone, playing blind Oedipus, begs for a change. She mixes him a drink, cran-apple and gin...her empty hands filled with the taped echoes of cracked ice and fizzled pouring, like a Fresca commercial.

Like a circuit preacher, he blasphemes her nouveau richedom (and grabs a few of her Jacksons).

Tired of that game, they begin another.

Though he verbally assaults her, his intonations and gestures are a cunt tease.

He implores/demands: "You've got to stop seeing me." (echo machine reverb)

And the movie screen takes over. Black and white slide bleeds (like an Ida Lupino movie) dwarf the live performers, obscure their vows. Their lies.

In a questionable motel, a pouting Lulu lies nude on a bed, a telephone pressed to a breast. Johnson Miller knocks at the door.

Lulu opens the door. Johnson gives Lulu the Bogart once over and rivets his eyes to her right leg.

Johnson wears a prosthetic device, strapped to a right stump, all that remains of a leg that was knocked off when he took a solid shot from the outside linebacker in the 1979 Orange Bowl game.

Lulu would laugh at him, but cruelties aren't cruel enough for effect/response.

Lulu kneels and caresses his device with gentleness.

Johnson tries to kneel, loses his balance, falls beside Lulu.

Real people become insignificant compared to their fantasies.

Their fantasies grow to direct their actuality.

Johnson presents a non-distorted image of handicappedness to Lulu.

She accepted it as a gift.

She told him that it didn't mean that she had any attachments to him.

They went to bed...without any feeling on either's part. They slept through half the night, woke up, fornicated, went back to sleep.

Lulu wakes up at four in the afternoon, yells at Johnson to strap on his device and to get the hell out, that she wants to be alone.

Johnson stumbles through a tai chi form outdoors on the asphalt. Animal poses. Mantric breathing. Formalized instinct. He seeks self containment from the fact: Lulu is not his Vestal Virgin.

His perfect poses perfect his narcissism.

Lulu takes a stool at the bar. The barkeep asks to see her identification. She replies with a frozen glare and a state liquor card.

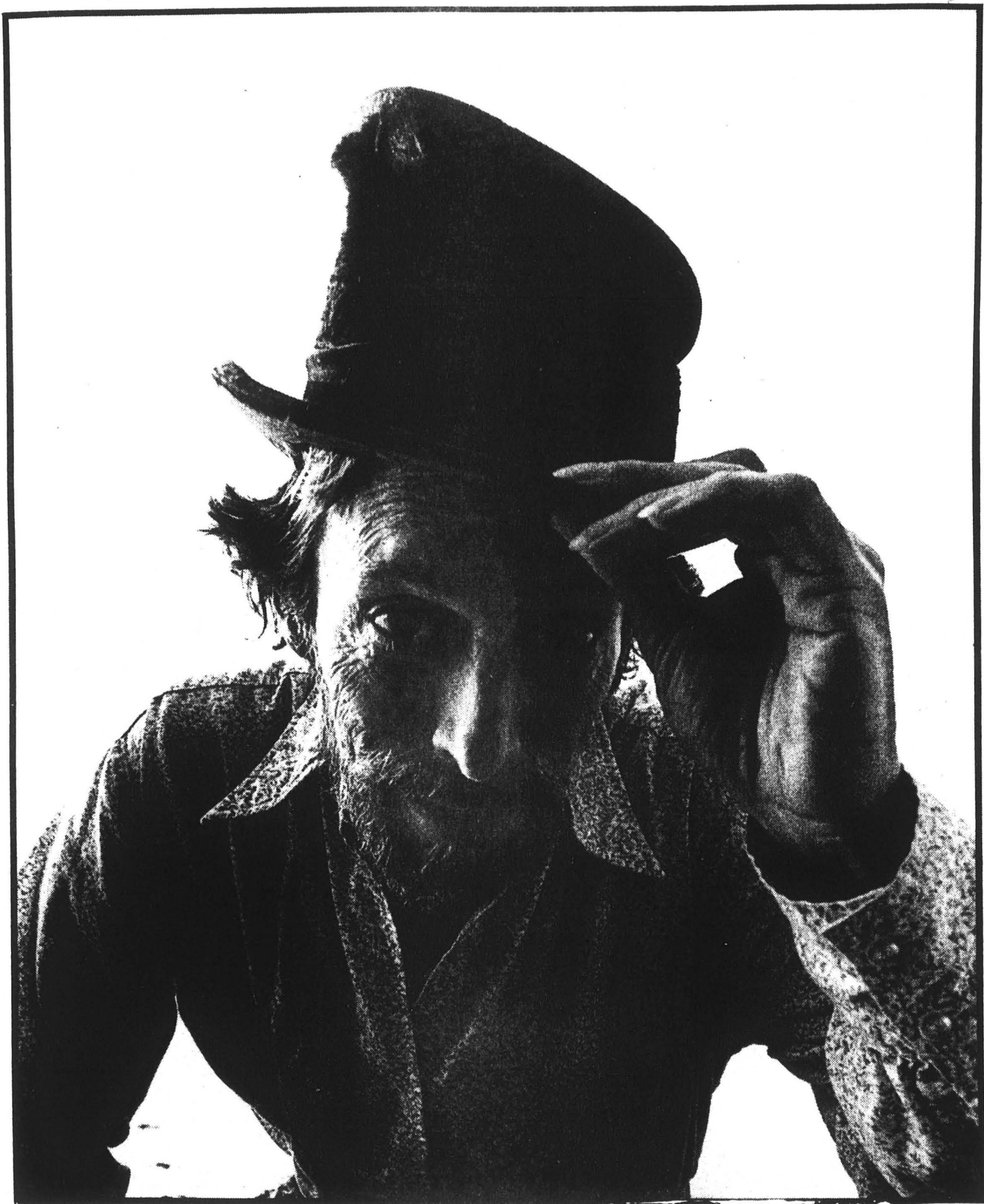
Banko Eddy takes a stool beside Lulu, orders a paint thinner and a book of matches, which he chugs down with flames rolling up the front of his face...calls it his Al Jolson impersonation...claims to have

impersonation... claims to have played Reno for three weeks, until he went into the hospital for skin grafts.

Banko wants to be Lulu's agent for a part in a punk review that he claims will tour Europe. She would groom a troupe of dancing Boston terriers—on stage.

No deal. No crapping dogs.

Lulu walks along the street, perspiration dampening her underarms, her eye makeup running. She stops under a sour orange tree.



"Walt Says Hey", Gary Oberbillig

CONTACT

By David Appleby

North Third Street, a one-way street, contains the bowery red-light district, beginning one block past the William Penn Art Museum and ending at Progress Avenue. It also contained me. It seemed a splendid place to live after dropping out of college and breaking off a marital engagement. I simplified my life. I walked to work where I loaded and unloaded tractor trailers for eight hours a day. I paid fifty dollars a month for rent (including heat), and could always find a neighbor who would buy me beer, since I was only twenty years old. "This is what great writers, poets, and playwrights portray," I thought to myself as I sipped beer and watched three winos kicking George, a fellow wino who curled into the fetal position. I guess they wanted something from him. I never bothered stopping them because the next day, I knew I could find bruised and beaten George sucking one of the other's cocks in an abandoned shoe store doorway. I'd seen this cycle repeat itself twice before. "They must know what they want or they wouldn't survive," I often thought. I spent more energy ignoring those four guys than thinking about them. They smiled more than I did. When they weren't fighting, they were smiling.

From late May to early October, I spent most of my idle hours drinking beer on the front steps of my apartment building. I even bought a pair of Photosun prescription glasses, so I could stare without making eye-to-eye contact. On this street, eye contact meant you wanted either a fight and/or some money. Before I owned the Photosuns I stared at a hoary woman. She cradled a doll baby and hurried across the street. I smiled and met her glance. She stopped abruptly and yelled, "What the hell do you want?" That question startled me. I said nothing for fear of a further confrontation. Truthfully, I had no answer for this enraged woman clutching her doll. I hung my head hoping she'd leave me alone. Her overt affection for a piece of plastic

frightened me. "How could she possibly settle for a doll?" I wondered. She vanished into a crowd waiting for a bus. I got up, dashed inside to fix a meal, grabbed another beer, and tried to answer the doll lady's question.

I was well into the case of beer I had started during George's beating that morning. There were more empty bottles than full ones. There wasn't much time left to come up with an answer. "Christ, what do I want?" I said out loud, as I leaned over to turn up the volume on the stereo. "The drunks love and beat each other, and the old lady loves a doll. All I do is work, drink beer, and watch. I'm tired of just watching."

The phone rang. My little brother answered my "hello" with, "Hey, what's up bro?" He's only two years younger and resents me when I introduce him as my "little brother." "What do you want Ricky?" I chuckled. Ricky wanted to "party" at my place, and if it was "cool" with me, to let him and his girlfriend, Mary, sleep together in my living room. I said it was fine with me as long as he brought a case of beer.

When Ricky and Mary arrived, it was clear the sooner I left the living room, the happier they'd be. "Look Ricky," I said, trying not to let on that Mary was making me just as horny as she and Ricky were, "I'm going out for some cigarettes. It may take a while so feel free to use my bedroom for the night." Ricky gave me a grateful nod and Mary blushed and said, "Thanks a lot, Dave."

"Now they're two people who know what they want!" I thought as I headed down the apartment hall. When I reached the street, I thought, "A little affection would be nice." I'd been to college, I can settle for better than what the winos and doll lady have. Suddenly I knew the answer to the doll lady's question. I felt like a kid running away from home. I didn't bother with the details about how or where, I just knew I wanted to find a hooker.

Armed with four bottles of Miller High Life, cigarettes, Photosuns, and a twenty dollar bill, I took my place on the front steps and waited. My hands perspired. The first hooker strolling towards me looked exquisite. So exquisite I forgot to say anything. I just stared. My heart started to pound when she paused a few yards past the steps and lit a cigarette. "Hi there," I squeaked. It was too late now. I was committed. "Got a light," I asked, making sure my matches were out of sight. She didn't say anything, she slowly walked over, put her high-heeled shoe on the step, leaned forward and struck her lighter. I was trembling. "How much?" I asked. She straightened up and looked me over. "How old are you?" she said, with a grin. "Almost twenty-one, not too old I hope," I said trying to understand why age mattered. "Are you a cop?" she said, looking serious. I laughed a genuine laugh, which relaxed me. I hadn't laughed from the gut for a while. Before I could say anything else to her, a cream-colored cadillac pulled over to the side of the curb. "How much?" said a deep male voice from inside the car. The hooker spun around, eyed the shiny cadillac and adjusted her low-cut dress and said, "That all depends on what you want honey." "Get in," said the voice in a deliberate tone. When she and the cadillac pulled away I looked across the street just in time to see the last car leave an empty parking lot.

"That bitch thinks she too good for yo," said a slurred voice from the doorway of the apartment. It was the wino, George. "Hey my man, you like wine?" he said, showing me a large green jug of Gallo. I told him, "I've got a whole case of beer George, and you're welcome to help me drink it if you promise not to grab my dick or anything."

"I won't pull nothin man," he said. George and I drank until all the beer was gone. We laughed about the doll lady and snickered about Ricky and Mary. We looked each other in the eye.





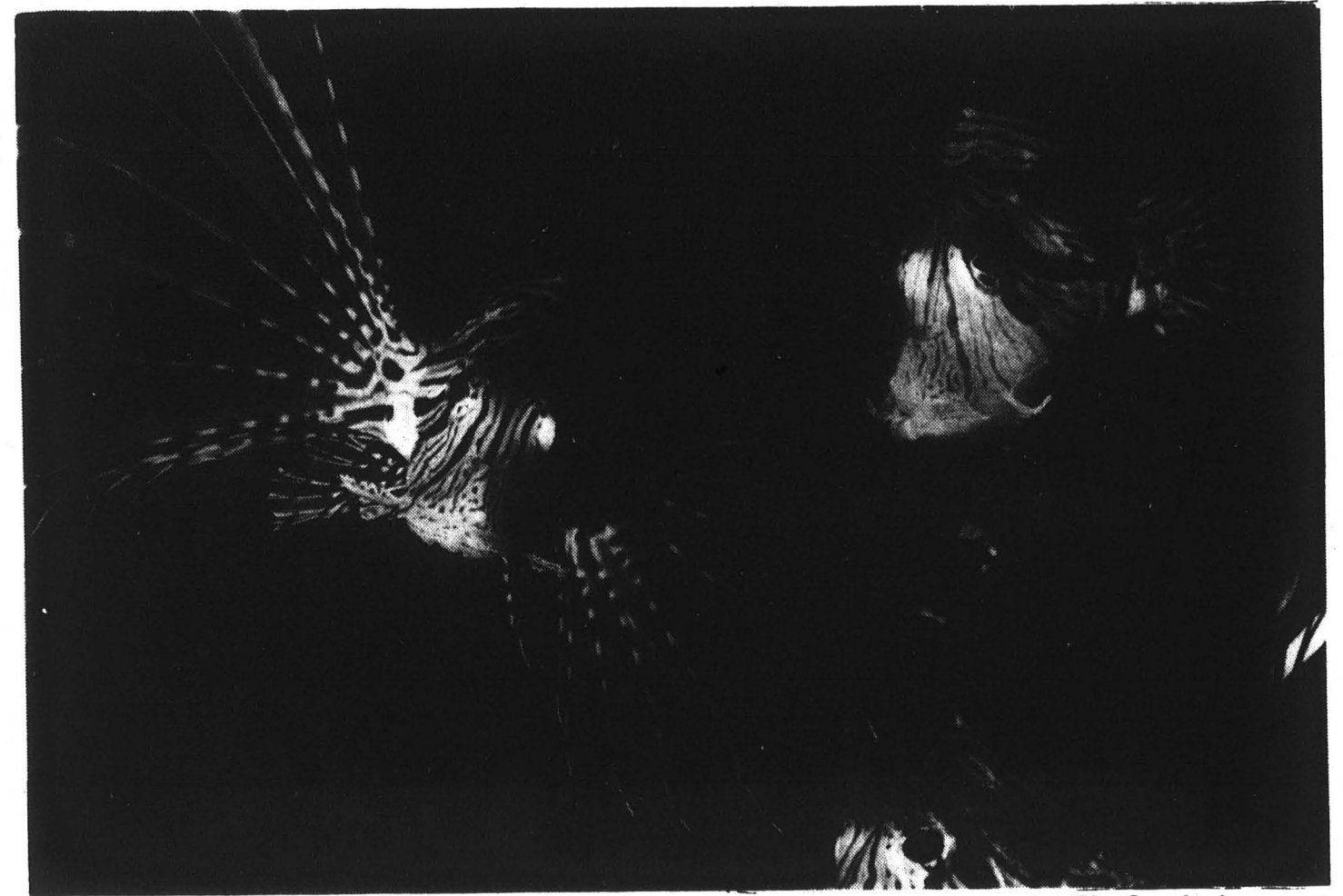
BACK IN PLACE

By Steven Barnes

Where you used to sleep in my room:
I've changed the face of that.
Some of my most delicate tools,
the jeweler's pliers, screwdrivers, probers,
lie there in disarray.
They sit around that lovely old clock radio
that classic thing;
well, we've opened it up, scattered bits about,
because she finally stopped working;
it's funny about that clockwork.
The radio never was clear or loud, but
the clock stayed true so long,
until that fateful week.
I've saved all the little pieces
the shell, the numbers, and those hands,
yet for all the new things I put inside,
oh, they will spiff her up,
but she'll be that nostalgic, maroon splendor again,
my piece of the ages.
At the heart, a generation older,
on the surface the same,
maybe scratched a little deeper.
None the worse for wear,
and back in place on my shelf;
we'll watch the movement and hear those songs,
and welcome the good thing home.



Lhisa Reish, "Looking for Critters or the Crawdad that Ate Sea-Tac Airport"



photos by Laura Jolicoeur for The Seattle Aquarium

JAMIE TEACHING ME TO HANG GEAR

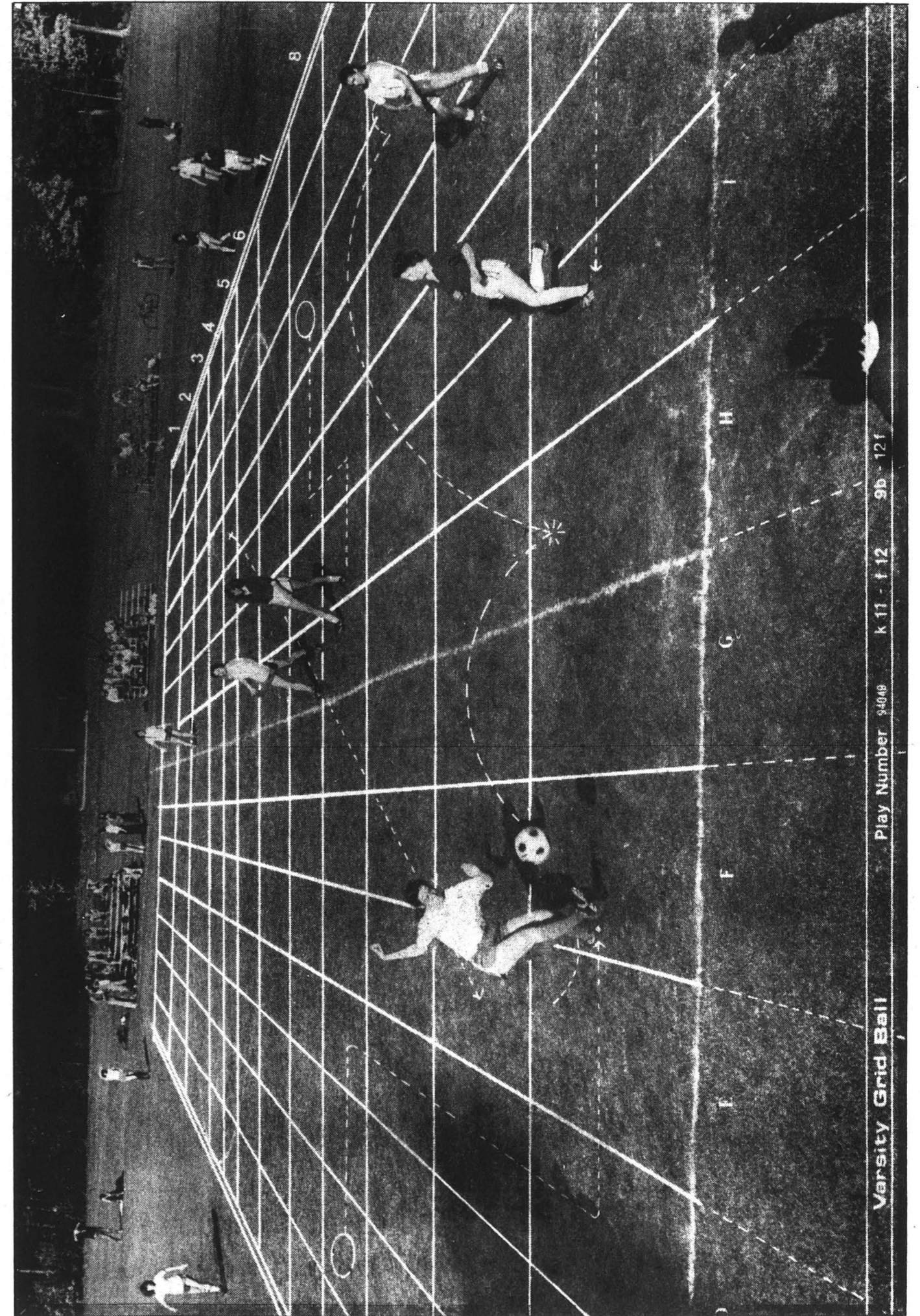
By Carol E. Butler

The adventure begins
nets are hung slowly
knots are tied, strength pulled and squeezed into the web
our fingers blister, aching for protective callouses

magic marker lines mark
the crucial lengths
the knots will snare mass schools of unsuspecting fish
that's the plan he tells me
we take turns for our backs and music changes
in an effort to relieve
the tension of steady rhythm

my fingers twist incoherently
desperate to dance
to the tune of generations we imagine
windblown women on a pebbly beach
wrinkled as the surface of the sea
and endless
harboring as it does
the substance of their lives

hours float by us, measured
intent like we are to be on with it



Varsity Grid Ball Play Number 64088 k 11 - f 12 9b - 12f



bus ride

By Monique Dubois

at the bus stop was
a traffic guard
he had the softest ripples
in his face
and a hand like a woman's
and the wind tickled through
your fingers and made my nipples hard

i boarded the bus
and the driver slipped your tongue
behind my ear
as she glanced at my pass

in the back of the bus
a pair of wing-tipped shoes
polished and glaring
reflected your eyes
behind glasses

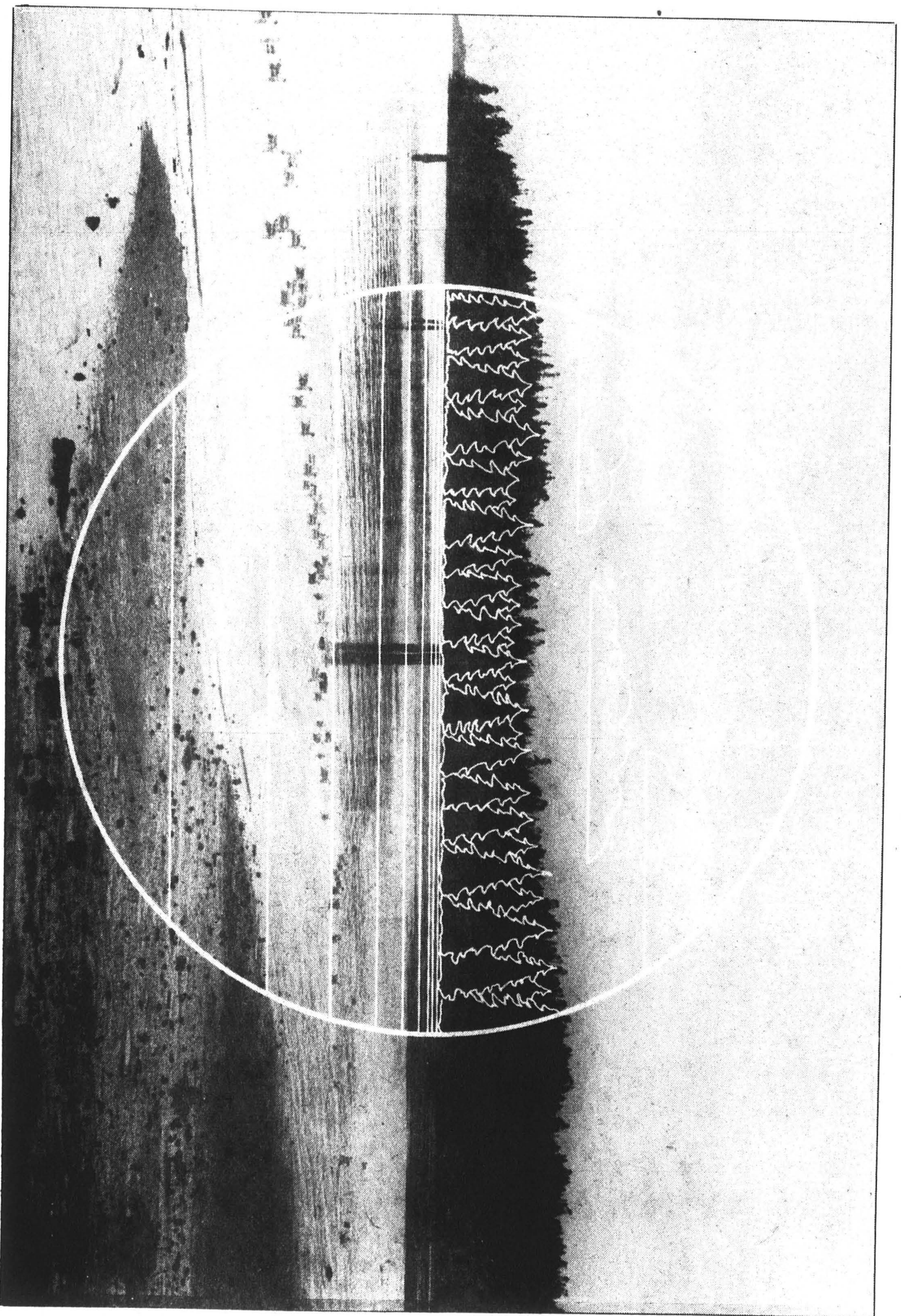
the bus rolled home
and i slid into every hill
and hump of the
freckled upholstery that
was your body

EUCLID AVE

By C. Valentine

I was walking on Euclid Avenue
the street lined with shade trees,
the maples that followed the elms
that blight destroyed
Past grandfather's store where
credit slips gathered dust
in the register drawer.
Past Saint George's church
murmuring a penance,
a prayer for the dead.
Past the pear tree where you
gathered windblows in your hands
and sighed at the many fallen.
Past a face angled like yours,
a body that moved like yours,
but turning revealed a stranger.
I was walking on Euclid Avenue
while the city held its breath.





Mark Shumaker



Abbo Peterson

WAKING UP DEAD: FRAGMENTS OF A DREAM KNOWLEDGE

By Tornbow

In a sing song voice:

So, I am a corpse and you are too. Maybe you are more animated than I am, the way your eyes scan the print. Isn't it a shame? No word could ever reach you. You have been buried too deeply.

Sometimes you sit in some American restaurant, spoonfeeding your cadaver's wormy mouth, which opens and closes like a manhole cover. Your flesh must feel like a shot of novocaine. Numb like rubber. Sometimes the fork you poke misses the cavern of your mouth and strikes your teeth, chipping bits of them away, and sometimes the tines of the fork pierce your lips, and imbed little pieces of your supper inside the pores of your skin. But no matter! You've been dead for so long that there is really no difference whatsoever between these greasy food particles that you collect with every prick of the fork, and the other parts of your body, that seem to move and twitch and otherwise give the illusion of living tissues as you now apply salt and pepper to your hamburger bun.

Oh Lord! You have that sullen tomb-like air that hovers about you like a dense unpenetrable fog. I wish you could see yourself! Monster! I'll bet each morning you consume dozens of chemical preservatives, cramming the gelatin capsules down inside your mummy body so that it might not become unraveled or disjointed during the corpse of your day. Wouldn't it be funny though if you just started falling apart around lunch time, no not lunch time, that's your favorite time of the day! God how the dead love to eat! Just look at you now! Those movements you are making with your jaw are loathsome! I would prefer to watch a mantis gorge herself on the body of her husband!

How is your body today I wonder? How is your corpse? And how is that cesspool you call your mind? I see it overflowing like an open sewer-hole, running down your face! It looks like coffee! Quick! Lick it! Before the

waitress happens by! But of course your tongue is incapable of tasting it unless you pour copious amounts of red ketchup into it. The red ketchup that now flows through your veins! The red ketchup that is now your only blood! That's you alright! Stale sugared tomatoes, watered down coffee, worms and maggots. Eyes that have been grafted into the dead sockets of your skull. Eyes that are only capable of registering daily newspaper copy. No wonder words can't reach you! You are buried so deeply!

Sometimes your dead body tricks you and falls limply into your platter of food. You breathe soup up into your nostrils. Don't let the waitress catch you like that! Wake up! Get up out of there! But you don't hear me. You are dead to the world. You insensate creation! How does it feel to be at one with the dirt? Does it hurt? I'll bet not. Not enough to make you smile! Oh, but please! Don't try to smile! Don't ever do that! It would be so false, so utterly horrible! Some of your teeth look darkened like the sharp keys of the piano. When you display them to me in that manner, you only flash to me your deepest secret. Yes! Your innermost secret is made apparent. You are truly among the dead!

My god you are dead! Do you know it? But of course you do! It is our little secret isn't it? What would the waitress say, if she were to know. She is already dead-beat exhausted from carrying around those stacks of heavy china dishes. You'd think she was a weight-lifter, getting ready for the Olympics, the ways she manages to pile up so many dishes on her arms. And now, as she stoops to pull your face from out of your dinner, where it has fallen, and as she wipes the mustard and ketchup from your nose and lips, and watches in horror as a stream of soup flows from your nostrils, perhaps she has already guessed your secret! You have layed there so long without moving! Without breathing!

Certainly she is about to telephone for an ambulance. Quick, quick! You know she likes the color of your money! Green just like the moss that grows between your toes. Dark cream green, almost like the color of your rotting flesh. There it is! Your fat wallet! Just in the nick of time. Now if you can manage to make it out the door in time perhaps you can avoid another embarrassing incident. Hey! Do you remember the time you walked around the city streets in nothing but your pajamas? With your arms outstretched like a stereotype sleepwalker? Everyone thought you were pretending! Local television crews were dispatched to interview you. Your face appeared on the six o'clock news.

If anyone really bothered to look, they too would have known your secret! The truth would have slapped their faces like a cold cut of roast beef, leaving dark blood-stains and a humming sting on their cheeks. It was rather obvious that you were dead! When the newsmen pushed their microphones towards you, everyone could plainly hear the things you had to say. You were reciting the current New York Stock Exchange rate!

Listen! Can I ask you a question? How many thanksgiving meals did it take to make your body all cold and bumpy like a turkey's skin? How many toilet seats have you unfolded your hams upon throughout the centuries, conspiring to create a little fecal matter? It never seems to come does it? Why, I'll bet it's been more than a hundred years since you were able to do something like that! I imagine your intestines have all shrivelled up! Your guts are useless. Your body absorbs everything, like a fungus. You're just like a bloated sponge! Why, you're a black hole in space, that's what you are! God! And what a musty smell you produce! Like the meat cooler at Safeway. Like an open unmarked grave! Like old fishing tackle encrusted with rotting

bait! Like the downstairs foyer of the county courthouse building!

I like your conversation too! It consists of meaningless cliches, like: Have a nice day. Okay I will thank you. How are you today? I'm fine thank you. The weather is a little chilly. Oh I hadn't noticed. My you're looking well today. Oh thank you! The Sonics seem to be doing well this year! Oh my goodness how nice. Should we form a queue here? Oh look at the darling bedroom set! I could sleep forever on a mattress like that! But of course, forever is a figure of speech.

And how about the time that Greenlake froze over, when you were out doing the dead man's float, on your back, looking up into the urine yellow holes of the heavens? How were you to know it was the middle of the night? How were you to know it was the middle of the Winter? In the morning the ice was more than four inches thick, and people came out to walk upon it, and to don ice skates, and swish and tumble and

throw rocks about, and when they walked out towards the middle of the lake, they were quite shocked when they looked down and saw your dead face staring up at them from beneath the thick translucent layer of green ice.

It looked as though you were downtown, peering into a department store window. Looking at your reflection in some manikin. They laughed for the longest time to while away their horror, and then some enterprising child suggested that they dig you out, so everyone began chipping away with ice picks and garden spades and tablespoons. Weren't they a little astonished, after your great ice cube had melted away, when you got up and brushed off your blue body, and walked off across the frozen lake in your plastic flippers, so nonchalantly, flip-flopping your way towards your tomb of a home on Woodlawn Avenue? Why, they couldn't believe their eyes! They were convinced that they had either witnessed a miracle, or were suffering from mass hypnosis!

To comfort themselves they im-

mediately went home and watched eight full hours of color television. Some of the more sensitive souls had to sedate themselves with several gallons of chocolate ice cream before retiring to their graveyard beds. Others simply turned up their electric blankets so that they would not have to experience the full force of the chill which threatened to numb their skulls, freeze their thoughts so they can't get your image out of their minds; your horrible complexion, and your thin pencil line smile, as you strolled across the frozen surface of the lake, with your superior manner, so superior to them in the fact that all day long they had been troubled by the suspicion that the ice was not quite thick enough to actually walk upon, and they were haunted by the fascinating possibility that they might fall through and drown. Whereas you, you had emerged from your cold storage death and walked away, smiling.

"So powerful is unity's light that it can illumine the whole earth."
From the Bahá'í Sacred Writings

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