

# Arts and Entertainment

**SUPPORT COLLEGE DAYCARE: DRIFTWOOD IS HAVING A TOY PARTY!!!** Open to all parents, friends, faculty and staff. Learn about toy safety, appropriate toys for different ages, and even buy one or two for Christmas presents. PLUS!! a party for children 2-6, with games, pinatas, peanuts, popcorn and juice. 3-5 in CAB 110, 50¢ donation is asked to cover refreshments.

**FRIDAY NITE FILMS PRESENTS: Notorious** 1946 B&W 101 minutes. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock (YEAH!!!). Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains. This classic Hitchcock (YEAH!!!) film is about WWII Nazis, atomic bombs, fugitives in Brazil, and romance, naturally. Come early for good seats! Plus: Mr. Magoo color cartoon **WHEN MAGOO FLEW**.

**Mark Papworth** in a discussion entitled "The Dimension of Man." Tea, coffee and cookies will be served in the Rotunda at 3 p.m. before the colloquium. The lecture will start at 3:30 p.m. in Lecture Hall 4.

**MUSICA VIVA CHAMBER PLAYERS PRESENT:** A Christmas Concert-seasonal selections featuring **DUE VOICI** (Barbara Coffin, soprano, and Carolyn Mia, mezzo-soprano) with Henrietta Mastenbrook, piano. Also, **BRAMMS Liebeslieder Waltzes** for vocal quartet and piano. Concert begins at 8 p.m., 1153 John St., Seattle, corner of Fairview N. and John.

**THE ARTISTS' CO-OP GALLERY**, at 524 S. Washington, in downtown Olympia, will be featuring as the Artists of the Week, watercolor painters, **John Cash and Claudia Marsh**. Hours of the gallery are 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., Monday through Saturday.

**Stop the World, I Want to Get Off!** If not tonight, **Donny & Marie Osmond** will be playing in Seattle at the **Paramount Theatre**. Special prices for students are in effect for this show. Just think, you can get \$10 off any \$19.75 ticket. **Donny and Marie** will be playing through the 6th.

opened last night at TESC Experimental Theatre is the show of the season, "Stop the World, I Want to Get Off." The musical that captured the hearts of theatregoers in London two decades ago plays ten performances under the direction of Evergreen's own **Ruth Palmerlee**. Known for its classic hits, "What Kind of Fool Am I?" "Once in a Lifetime," and "Gonna Build a Mountain," this enduringly popular musical by Anthony Newley and Leslie Brincusse brings "Little Chap" to life with a cast and chorus that appeals to audiences of all ages. Tickets: \$4.00 general, \$2.50 students and senior citizens. Performances are scheduled for Thursday through Sunday, December 3 to 6, and December 10 to 13 at 8 p.m. plus 3 p.m. matinee Sunday the 8th and 13th. To get your tickets, call 866-6070 during business hours. TESC Experimental Theatre.

**THE ARTISTS' CO-OP GALLERY**, at 524 S. Washington, in downtown Olympia, will be featuring as their Artists of the Week, oil painters, **Catherine McSweeney and Tom Sholly**, through December 5th. Hours of the gallery are 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., Monday through Saturday.

Original pianist **Jim McGuinness** will be at **Carnegie's** Thursday through Saturday, December 4, 5 and December 10, 11, 12, 9 p.m. no cover. Folk, blues, 12-string guitar and piano, 7th & Franklin, Oly.

**YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN!** 8 p.m., December 4, 5, 10, 11, & 12. At the **Cabaret Theatre**, Chinook Center for the Performing Arts, Bldg. 12-B-14, N. Ft. Lewis. Doors open at 7:30 p.m. For advance tickets and information call 967-3085. Tickets are \$3 in advance and \$3.50 at the door. Produced in cooperation with **Tams-Witmark Music Library, Inc.**



Photo by Carrie Gevirtz

The Sleepy J will be on vacation this month. We will be back in mid-January and we hope you will join us then...

## DECEMBER 6

**REGISTRATION AGE PEOPLE**, an anti-war group of draft age men and women has begun a new fall meeting schedule. They meet Sundays at noon, at the **UW Ethnic Cultural Center**, 40th NE and NE Brooklyn, Seattle. They meet every Sunday at 12 noon.

The Olympia Film Society presents on **Sunday, Dec. 6: STEELYARD BLUES, USA, 1973**, 91 min., Color, directed by Alan Myerson. Starring: Jane Fonda, Donald Sutherland, Peter Boyle. An anti-establishment romp, complete with music by Paul Butterfield, Michael Bloomfield, and Maria Muldaur. Fonda, Sutherland and Boyle, as outlaws, join together in this comedy about America's military-industrial complex. Showtimes at 7 & 9:15 p.m. at Capitol City Studios, 911 E. 4th. Tickets: \$1.25 for members, \$2.75 for non-members.

## DECEMBER 9

**The Wilmar 8**, a documentary concerning a union formed by eight apolitical women who start the first bank strike in Minnesota history. The film deals with the grassroots of feminism and is a relevant study of conditions that are daily events in the lives of working women. Director: Lee Grant. 55 minutes. Shown at 7:30. Lecture Hall 1, also Tuesday, Dec. 9 at noon, CAB 110.

**THE RETURN OF PRESTO CHANGO:** A sound-visual exposure featuring: **Robert Heywood, Jeffrey Morgan and A. Woodruff**, Wednesday, December 9 at 8 p.m. Admission is \$2 at the **Gnu Deli**.

Join **David Grisman** at the **Moore Theatre** in Seattle at 7 p.m. for an evening filled with an explosive interplay of innovative, improvisational jazz. Tickets for this concert are \$9.50 reserved and are on sale at all usual Ticket Place Outlets.

## DECEMBER 12

**Saturday, December 12, from 8:30 p.m. to 1 a.m., in Library 4300 dance to the sounds of THE NORTHWEST ORIGINAL ELECTRIC BIG BAND... "THE NATIONAL BAND,"** straight from Seattle, for a celebration of the Christmas season. Let's not forget what Christmas is all about—peace, love and unity. Come and hug your fellow greasers, get mellow, and celebrate! 8:30 p.m. to 1 a.m. Lib. 4300. \$2.50 at the door. Refreshments available... all ages welcome!!!!

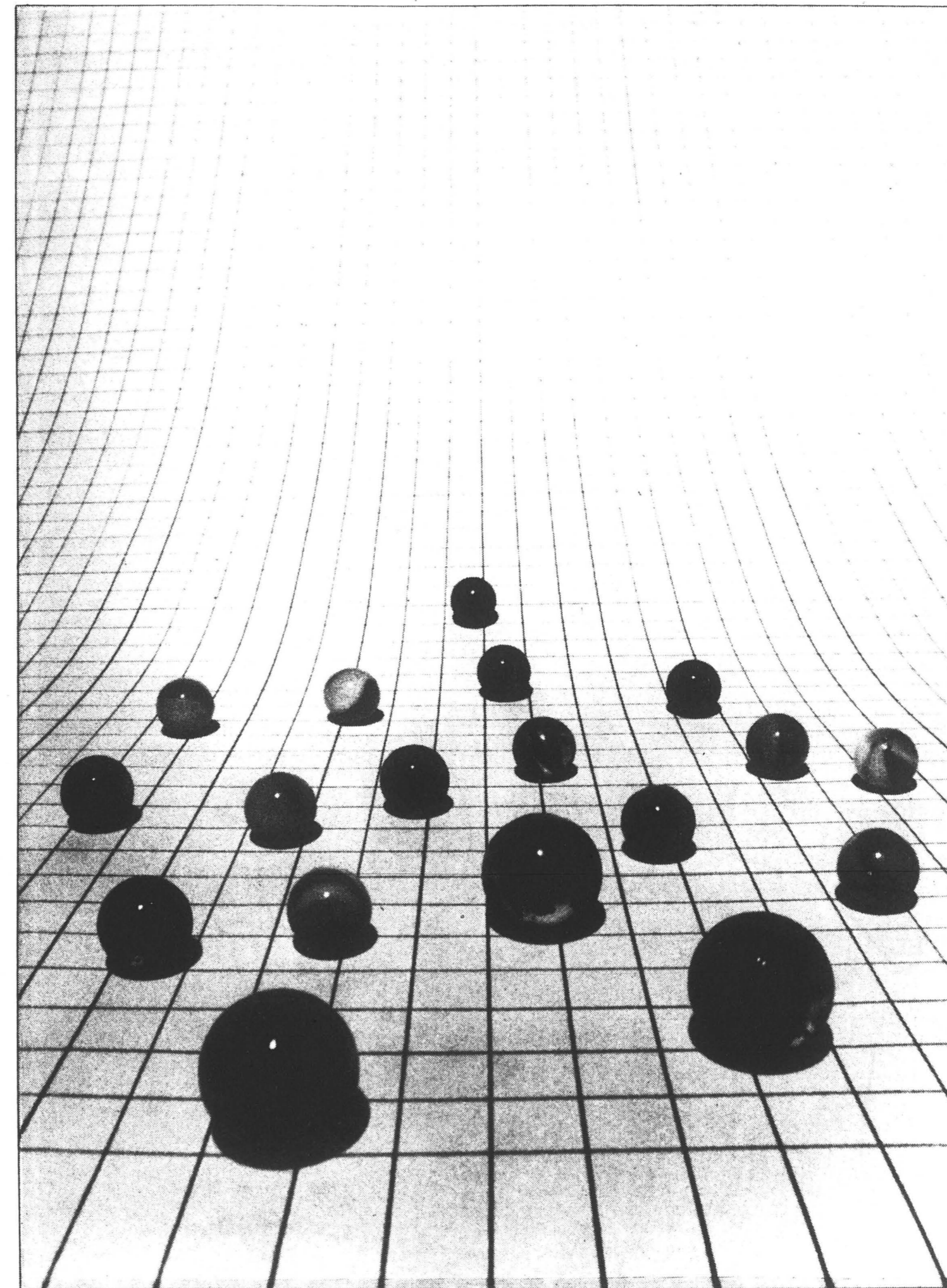
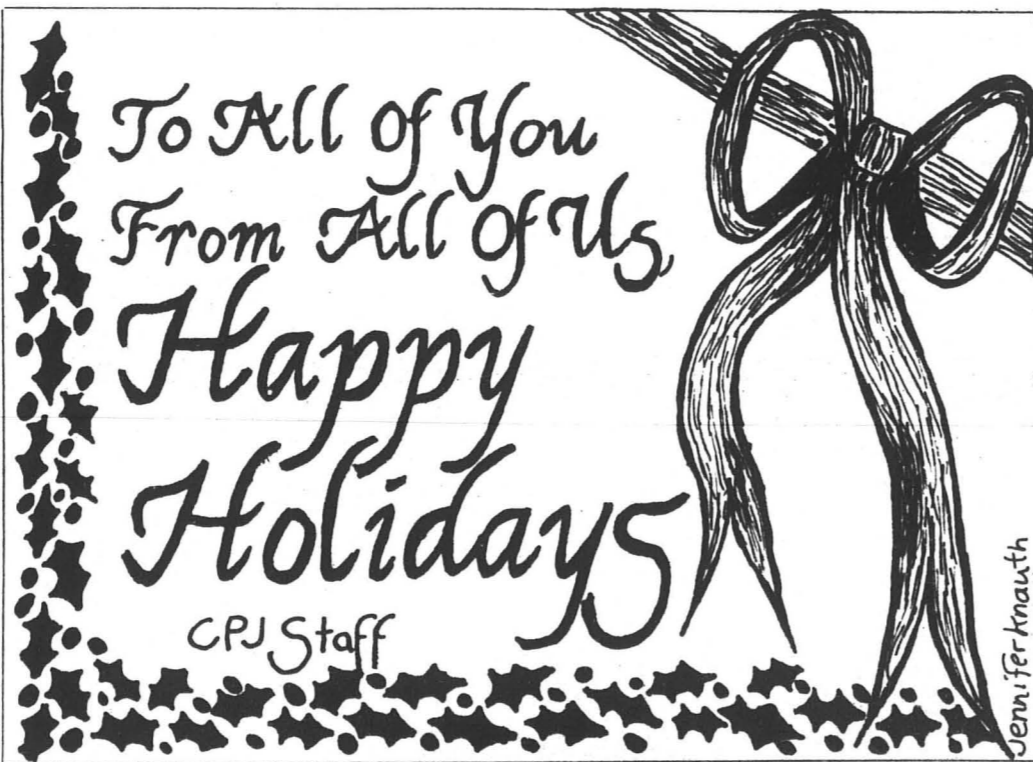
## DECEMBER 15

**MEDIEVAL, ETC. FILM SERIES PRESENTS: THE LION IN WINTER, 1968** 134 minutes. Color. Directed by Anthony Harvey; produced by Martin Poll; screenplay by James Goldman, based on his play; photography by Douglas Slocombe; music by John Barry. With **Katherine Hepburn, Peter O'Toole, Jane Merrow, John Castle, Anthony Hopkins**. Twelfth-century England is the setting for this story of love, ambition, conspiracy and politics. It is the tale of the lusty Plantagenet family, specifically the rivalry of Henry II's four sons as they scheme for control of the throne. Playwright James Goldman's dialogue is swift and authentically medieval without becoming labored or anachronistic. The New York Film Critics voted this the best film of 1968.

The Artist in Residence Program presents: **WORLD WATCH, Through the Eyes of Dr. Bish**. A "Newsreel" collection of films by Evergreen students. Potluck at 6:00, COM. Bldg. 322. Film show at 7:30 in COM. Bldg. Recital Hall, **FREE**.

## DECEMBER 10

**Alun Francis and The Northwest Chamber Orchestra** present "Messiah." An authentic Baroque performance of Handel's masterpiece with St. Mark's Cathedral Choir, December 10, 11, & 12th. **Northwest Chamber Orchestra**, 1205 E. Pike, Seattle. For more information call 328-2550.



The CPJ Arts Issue December 7, 1981

MILLIONS OF MARBLES



**POPEYE'S TAVERN — DANCING — RESTAURANT**  
Presents  
**Friday and Saturday, December 4th and 5th**  
**THE AUZZIE GRABBER BAND**  
Rock 'N Roll  
\$2.50 Cover

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**Sunday, December 6th**  
**STUDENT NURSE**  
and one other band  
**Wednesday, December 9th**

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**THE VACATIONS**  
with  
**MILLIONS OF BUGS**  
**Thursday, December 10th**

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**THE STEELERS**  
Rock 'N Roll

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*Kristen Aslakson*

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Edited and Designed by  
Carrie Gevirtz and Kate Crowe

cover by Jacques Zimicki

This publication has been made possible by a grant from The Evergreen Foundation. We will be publishing again next quarter and we welcome submissions at the CPJ Office, CAB 104. We wish to extend a special thanks to the artists who submitted their work this quarter.



## SESTINA

By Donald Nitchie

Take any six words you find in the heart.  
(One or more of them perhaps will be broken.)  
That's O.K.; language, like America, heals  
itself by momentum—making a road  
where there was none, following it home.  
In this fashion we encircle a world.

Slag heaps in the rain. Barges from another world  
of commerce and coal tar push into the heart  
land up blackened rivers past the battered homes  
on the outskirts of cities. Broken  
men, mute and defeated, litter the road  
to the ocean. The town where you come from heals

to a scar. Follow the tracks to where the heal-  
ing starts: the bitter ends of towns—worlds  
of shanty-time and low-down—gravel roads  
that turn to dirt, where girls from school, (with good hearts)  
ride porch swings, crochet samplers saying: "Home  
is where my love lies"—still pretty, unbroken

after two kids. Maybe you liked one once, broken  
music from a juke-box whining down the heart  
of Friday night Main street and the world  
in a girl's quick eyes in the match flare. Home  
by twelve, she liked you too much to heal  
your eager silence with a word. Roads

you never drove down, and familiar roads  
you did, will someday intersect like broken  
promises that come true years later. Whose heart  
knew it all along? Though tenderesses heal  
not always tenderly. But faith in this world  
is always a question of coming home.

When you arrive, the lit windows of anyone's home  
will beckon through the trees. Exhaustion heals  
us in its lap of deadened-ends—broken  
fences that the storm knocked down. In this world  
of aimless acres, windbreaks of poplars till the road  
comes clean, I know what we travel on is heart.

Take any well-healed way to the junk-yards,  
word-heart, worlds with nothing left to ruin,  
while the road back home forever breaking before you.

## THE BONEYARD

By Bill Gravengood

Wendy felt good beside him. For the first time in her life, she felt as if there were someone who understood her completely. She took his arm and led him slowly along the gravel path past the old warehouse and down to the railroad tracks. They walked past stranded boxcars where working men stood, laughing and smoking, and further down to where the tracks moved outside the base of a high cliff and all the way to the river. The night was clear and cool, and the stars glowed white over the darkness.

She could hear the sound of feet tapping quickly behind her. It was a sound she'd heard many times before, but never quite like this. Tonight it was different—more pronounced, affected, almost as if someone were dancing.

Her hands came tight around David's wrist. "Do you think they'll notice us gone," she asked. Her eyes shifted from his face to the tracks ahead.

"I'm not sure they noticed us in the first place. Besides, what difference does it make?"

Wendy turned to look at the river. Her dark hair fell over the shoulders of her wool sweater. She could feel David looking at her body.

"None," she said softly.

They climbed the scrawny hill to a plateau where the grass was dark and brittle from the heat of summer.

"Look at the water," said David. "I've never seen a river so inviting. Does anyone ever swim here?"

"When I was little," she started, "my father would bring me here on Sundays. There was never anyone else around. We'd dive in the water and follow the current down to the abandoned mill. There's a stream that comes off the main, and leads round back of the house where there's a little clear pool. It was always warm in summer, we'd stay for hours sometimes. But you can't do that now. The water's dirty. There was a big flood a few years ago."

"A flood?" said David.

"It was a bad one. It dug up all the land along the banks. There were fence posts and old tractor tires float-

ing in the water, a lot of things. People's furniture, dead farm animals, some of the cottages were ripped up completely. People had to sell what was left and move away. I haven't been swimming since, nobody has."

After another small climb, they reached the top of the hill. David saw what it was she wanted to show him. It was a boneyard—a small cemetery that had been in disuse for several years. Many of the graves were ragged, the weeds were overgrown and some of the stones were on their backs. In the tall grass a cricket sang its usual night song. They saw lights from the refineries and distant towns. Wendy guided him slowly through the shadows, her hands were dry and calm. They brushed old leaves from tombstones and read the names out loud: Grace, McMichael, Owens, Mirlano.

"Sometimes I come here alone at night," explained Wendy. "I look through the graves with a flashlight and wonder about the peoples lives—how they looked, what they remembered, if they loved their kids, all that. . . I feel a little out of place you know, like I was meant to live some other time. I stand by the tombstones and think about the bones beneath me."

David was quiet, watching the expression on Wendy's face. She pulled him down to a grassy spot where the moonlight came through the leaves of a cypress tree.

"How did you come to this place?"

David didn't answer. He pushed her back to the moist ground and guided his hand over the curve of her belly.

The sound of the dancer's feet were loud in Wendy's ear.

"How did you come to this place?"

"I heard there might be work," he said. "I'm looking for work."

"What do you do? What kind of work?"

"I work in the oil fields," he said. "I'm a roustabout."

"What's that mean? What's a 'roustabout'?"

"I'm the low man—the gopher. I connect the pipes that dig the wells, carry the heavy chains. Anything the toolpusher says, I do."

She asked him if he liked it, though she already knew the answer. She

thought by the way he spoke he was much older than he seemed. He was confident, worldly, she admired that.

"I'll be twenty-one in August," he said. "But I've been away from home for almost six years. My mother threw me out."

"What for?" she asked. "Why did she do that?"

"We never got along at all I guess. Not really. One day we had a fight. I said some things I should never of said. She screamed for me to get the hell out of there, so I did."

For a long time they lay watching the stars and listening to the wind blow through the graves. When he reached over and placed his hand beneath her cotton dress, the dancer started up. It's steps were loud and erratic, and Wendy thought surely David could hear them.

But David was not there. Like all the boys before him, he was somewhere else. ■

## SHALL I COMPARE THEE TO A TRIPLE PLAY? (Thou Art More Lovely With Each Passing Day)

By Keith David Eisner

Yes, they cut down the flowers in the outfield and the flowers grow again; a miracle under our feet everygame, everyday; and the power that grows in the green grass grows in you.

Yes, the infield rests with power; on the clean dirt and over the basepaths, the air is sweet vibrancy. The infield rests like God. It is a grace and that grace rests in you.

You are tender and soft and kind and warm and hard when you need to be and this has nothing to do with the baseball poem but it's true.

Down below us on the field—the real field with sunlight and clouds and warmth on the wet grass and the little flowers that have escaped the mower and the breathless infield—down below us on the field dying bodies are dressed in bright colors; close your eyes almost shut and they merge with the grass, the bodies leap out of the grass like birds like dreams without names or regret—it touches my heart—it takes me away from sorrow, and this, too, is you.

We sing the anthem and the game begins and I am amazed at your kisses that are as direct as line drives. You stretch singles into babies, you bang the doubles into the alley, triples off the wall. And then as delicate as breath, you place the bunt where no man can reach it.

Out in the field you know what to do with the mean hit, the low drive, the ball over your head. Your glove is new and oiled and old and true.

And now you hit the ball so hard and so high and so deep that it leaves all gloves, strategies, fences, parks, cities, shadows and gravities. "It will fly, fly away!" Everything is changed. No body moves except the one man rounding the bases. And that man is me staggered with joy running and running and running around the bases as long as I live.

## HOLLAND BLUE

By Allison C. Green

smooth the edges of this cracked and broken bottle  
as you smoothed and soothed the jagged blue chips of china

My father told me, once this island was not of saints  
but when the saints rose  
their robes were woven brown and soil  
and they spun the holland blue in their earth hands  
it shone like the polished bones of their fingers  
blue saucers  
spun and sung through the air  
great discs of holland blue  
spinning and spinning  
and everywhere a blue confetti that now  
the celebration would begin

My wide blue eyes  
saw the saints dip in the ocean swells  
and still the polished smooth  
stones  
of holland blue,  
washed over by tides,  
lie glass-faced up  
with the round brown bottle stones  
and the green glass bottle stones  
and some clear violet bottle stones  
once they were the crust of this platter island  
now the shiny steppingstones of saints  
all cloaked in  
holland blue.

## THE DANCER

By Donald Nitchie

She could have been a good ball player. I should know because I'm not. Sometimes what is clumsy intrudes like offensive words, pick-up games we played for keeps, fouls that left me bruised and stiff for days after-

wards. And then sometimes the world is a back-court play. Men on the make don't hesitate, but move right in their own glad graces: Frazier greased angelic down the center like a beautiful lie I learn to love

to believe. The truth is not always so seductive. All I know is, music tumbling through the hall, we move to do just one thing well. She moved because she didn't care, though I could never prove it.

## DUST IN THE CORNER

By Carrie Gevirtz

From behind the book he reads a sentence or so and then pauses. He holds the tattered pages in one hand and strokes his face with the other. But the words fade. The anger that builds in the blurred letters is sparked by the dust in the corner near the stereo speaker. He had only vacuumed yesterday and he must have missed that spot. He rubs his cheek firmer now as if the friction would clean the dust from the corner. But the dust takes him to the women.

The women aren't clean like vacuumed floors. Especially the young ones. They have fantastic energy and enthusiasm for life. They don't have to worry about dirt in the corners. Why can't he have complete control over them? Why should they have the freedom to go around with whomever they please? He wants them all to himself in a secret way. None of them can know about the

others. They won't confuse him because he will have the power to demolish confusion. He will keep their lives clean. They won't have to run for shelter when they make mistakes with other men. There won't be other men. And he will have them in unfrighting amounts.

All the women are young. His flings with youth, as the psychologist says. Yes, and he is growing out of it rapidly. But the current extravagances that grow in his mind make him hope that he won't grow too mature for this type of satisfying lust. It's the kind of lust that makes masturbation exciting; the dreamy unclarity.

But she's coming for dinner tonight. He feels protective toward her even though he never has anything to say to her. But she will get broken soon and he can't stand the thought of her spilling out, bloody, on someone else's sheets or the cold sidewalk. This picture makes him scratch the bumpy skin under his chin that got abrasive and itchy from shaving. His nails move in quick, circular strokes that

relieve the peeling sensation and release his anxiety toward the destroying of this young woman.

The motion slows. He sees the color of her hair in the streaming sunlight on the pile of dust. It falls just short of her neck and he imagines nuzzling her untouched skin with his freshly shaved cheeks. And he can't let go. He can't speak either. Her enthusiasm melts into naivete and he stays buried in her soft, floating hair. Should he even fantasize about seducing this young woman? Or is that getting sick?

It's not only the hair, but the close way that she looks at him. The sun on his shoulders reminds him of her breath as she tells him about the existential novel. His head lifts higher than the book and he realizes that his knowledge is superior to her beauty. Maybe he should just leave her as a physical enigma.

The mystery in this woman's naivete pulls him toward her. It's hard to tell if she's as innocent as she appears. He sees his ego as if it were as sensitive

as the pages in his book. They fall out with abuse. He tries to bring himself back to his book, the words. But they blur without his full attention. And with half-attention he grabs words here and there that inspire thoughts.

Now he compares his constant woman with the enigma. They are both vivacious. They both stand strong with what they think. But does the enigma really think original thoughts? Or does she latch onto ideas that walk into her life? She doesn't seem very trustworthy. He remembers the project that they all worked on. She seemed at the beginning to be a drifter, and then to be struggling to be consistent. She listened with wide ears. And he loved it when people listened and treasured the words that he spoke. He felt that he knew how to use words more seriously than most. He likes to be a sage to people. They always swoon at him. He's used to it and he thinks he deserves the speciality. And he isn't afraid to argue his insights into truth.

Arguing. Ah, yes. The conflict between the thoroughly youthful, starry-eyed woman and his normal woman. The sensitivity in the mystery is wrong to begin with. It doesn't seem real. But then it goes further. The enigma falls at his arguing as if he, and only he, knows what is right. He likes to think that the world, life has order like that. It's like the dust in the corner: if he'd been as orderly as he could be, the dust wouldn't be there. Although the dust and the vacuuming are different. He wasn't vacuuming alone. Again he delved into another aspect of youth: the ten year old that boredly helped him cleanse the rugs. She reminds him of his time that runs out. It runs and he chases. He is exhausted and flops deeper into the chair, losing his long limbs to the leather.

These thoughts are out of control. The women that motivate him aren't normal. How could they be normal? Maybe if they were like his first love. If he could be oblivious like he was with his first love. But the woman herself brought that on. They have the power when he gives it to them. And he gives it to them when he can't see the pocket they keep the

power in. Those women are sly. They aren't to be trusted. Instead he should let them play their moody, passionate games and take from them only what is offered.

The dirt and the women. Where had the book gone? The dirty women and their power over him to stop him from reading; his real passion.

When would he take control of himself anyway? This addiction to women was going on too long. They walk into his mind and he can't find a place for them to exit. They are poison. And yet, laying in the arms of one that has become comfortable makes the uneven future roll instead of jag into his mind.

Why did he invite her over to dinner tonight? He is tired of people and boosting himself up to their levels. He is exhausted and no matter how much sleep he gets he still feels tired.

The exhaustion comes from trying to control the women. He tries to organize them in his mind but he falls off the track into a seductive fantasy.

Again, why is she coming for dinner? She is much more exciting in a bank line than for a few hours at his home. And the other woman will be there. They will walk on each other and touch, nuzzling like cats. But they hate each other. And he will have to watch, humorously. What else can he do? He could just leave them alone to be kitties. He either gets all or none. The one will walk on the other. And he will have to sweep up their messes like the dust. That goddamned dust. Why did he miss it?

He stands up, lanky and long again. The women fall to the bottom of his pockets and he feels the weight around his groin. He walks over to the dust with his arms still in the air, stretching, almost hurting. And he bends down very stiffly. The stiffness reminds him of the many hours that he spends in chairs behind books. The dust won't sit in his hand. It sprinkles onto the clean rug like the young women when they leave his house after dinner. ■

## HAIKU

By Cara Bryan

beneath the sparrow  
the tombstone faces the wind  
and forgets to cry

the summer suns died  
the autumn rusted and bled  
and the snows blew dark

the lover's heart sighed  
and like the drizzle of rain  
chilled each heart that heard

a harvest moon dripped  
slivers of diamond crystals  
through the night's dark cloak

the flower petal  
lay torn in the statue's hand  
the wind looked away

## TOO MANY WINDOWS

By Kate Crowe

Spelling comes breaking,  
Through syllogisms of windows,  
We are partners,  
While dark dumps its load,  
The pain has not arrived,  
He wants to cry with me...but

Doggie on the stairs  
Doggie on the stairs

I fought with old bones  
Skirting his beard  
Be good chocolate  
For Christmas sake.  
My only black suit  
Will remember his face  
On town sidewalks  
My brain would chill  
To cellophane  
Seeing him  
In Winthrop town.

Never will happen.  
Never will happen.

Black trains move through blue...  
Why can't we?  
We murmured and murdered  
In the Paris bordello  
Saucy spoons of us  
In mid-morning gravity...  
Straw earrings on male sheets  
Snoring, snowing and pink  
A slit of satin...  
Pillows off to sacredness  
Why can't we sneeze capers?  
Snickers do last in that booth  
I caught envelopes there last week  
A fever of fools  
Took forever, then croaked..

Mirrors do hold  
Mirrors do hold

Smells of smallness  
entered his mind  
He loved her anyway  
Underwear picnicing  
Through Thanksgiving minds  
Prayers imploding  
In those shoes  
Wickedness Whistles!  
So fly it!  
Take the big ride to  
Moo-train madness  
The farm loved rock and roll  
Potatoes out back  
Trucks held up front...rumbling

Through basement windows  
We stacked piles of purple/black pieces  
Monsters from below  
Big thick chunks of meanness  
Thundering amid  
Sock-stink smells of  
Grandpas relieving.  
Grandma canned cherries,  
For March wind screams.  
Bucket it up!  
Bucket it up!

I like the color,  
You can't go wrong with relivings,  
So rumbles are nice!  
Knock me some cabbage  
Over here!  
And some beer goddamnit!  
I'm German this afternoon,  
Come groan with me  
Summer memories  
My birthday was the ocean  
and kelp didn't die in her  
die in her...  
Come... Come...  
Make smirks by me  
The moon might roll  
Into our mouths  
Someplace in motel gristle  
Our love will glisten  
Neon trains  
Pulsing toward Jupiter  
Whirly-o's of domination  
Flying left corners  
Hearaches braked by engineers  
Pulling love through the  
Cell-block guts of tomorrow  
You can't spank me tonight  
You can't  
Maturity lies hidden  
Behind TV's and  
The waves are too high  
Slapping..slapping  
Against the glass,...

I could break!  
I could break!

The house has too many windows...  
Too many windows...  
To gather the dark  
From our true true minds.

PASCAL WAGERS AT THE TWO-MILE  
HOUSE ON A WEDNESDAY NIGHT

*By Steve Hunter*

Rutabaga-Rutabaga  
Bromo-Seltzer Bromo-Seltzer  
Dice

The Dice!

Probability  
in coatlinings and carriage rides,  
triple pot winners:

Buy the House a Round!

Buck-toothed and lard-asses Gracie,  
I love you and our incantations  
over the dice table.

Rutabaga-Rutabaga  
Animal Pleasures Animal Pleasures  
We become more than the sum of our parts.

Oh, can't we buy a thrill Gracie?  
Can't We?

HARBOR STORM

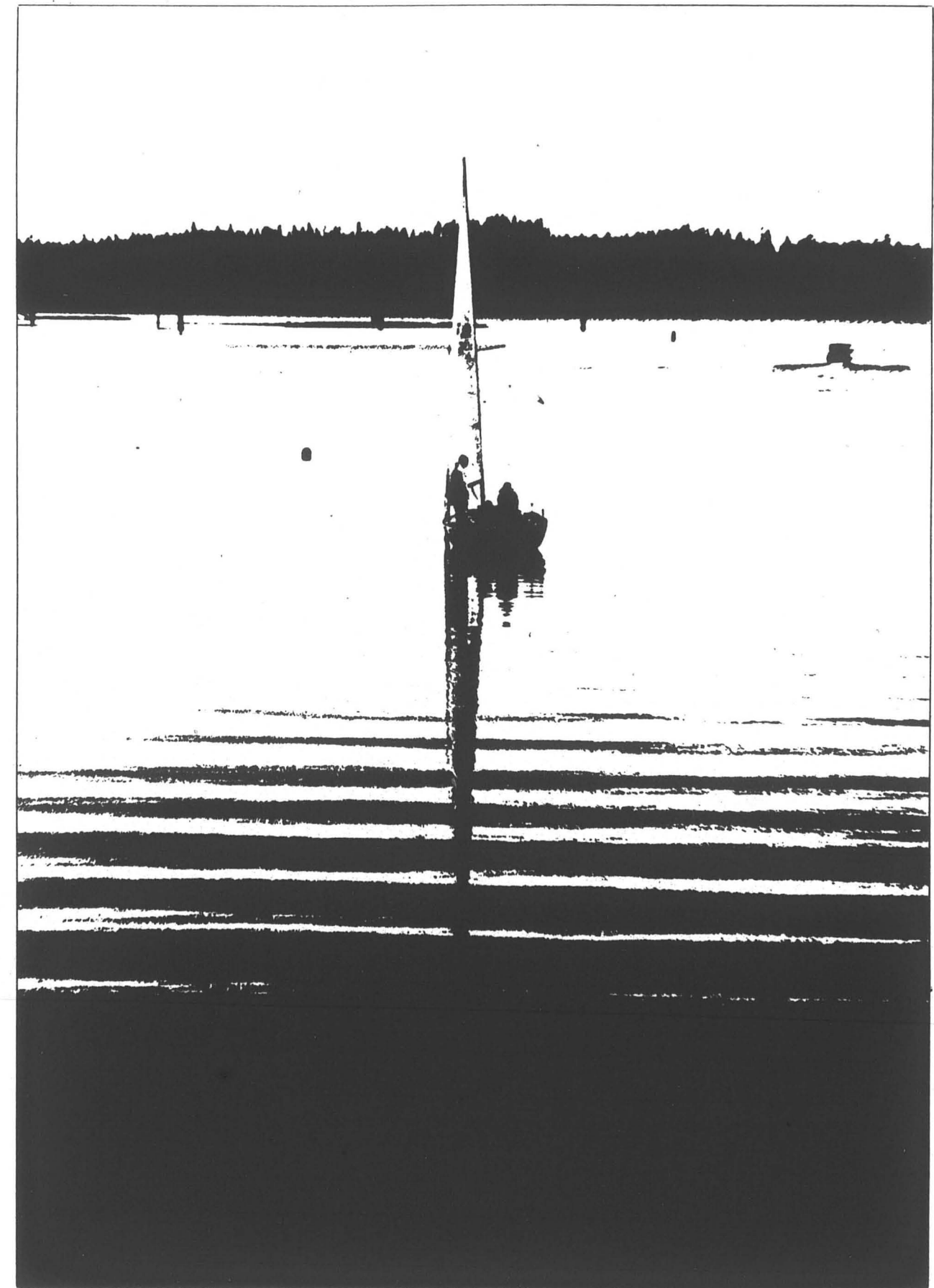
*By Julia Taussig*

When the air starts to move  
They sway softly  
Tethered to baybottom  
Rigging picked clean

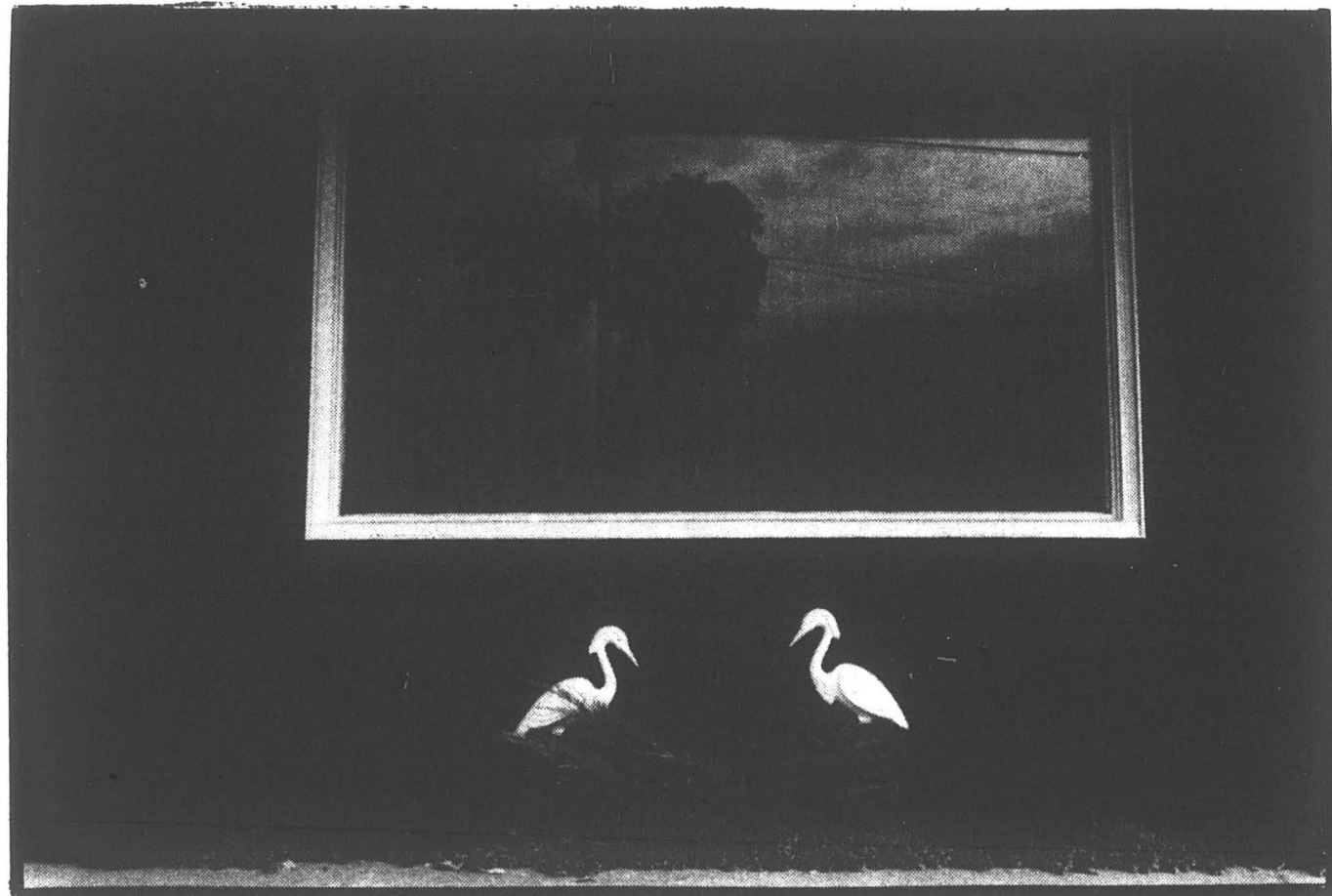
Then with the blowing, the blowing,  
Like startled horses they fight their leads  
Lifting and dancing, pulling and plunging,  
Til the shroud song becomes a cry, a wail,  
And they keen—  
O la lu O la lu

They are children in a crowd  
Only hand on mother's hem  
To keep from drifting, lost  
In knees and boots and hips,  
And so surely comes the fear, that they loose their grip  
And they weep, and weeping fills the day,  
And they keen—  
O la lu O la lu

And one, in middle, weakens and she cries:  
"I am weary, I cannot hold!" bursts free  
And she spins like a leaf in swift rivers  
And she whirls, and she soars until caught  
By the reef she is eaten  
Chewed and spit, chewed and spit  
And bits come back to rub the others,  
And they keen—  
O la lu O la lu



Jennifer E. Knauth

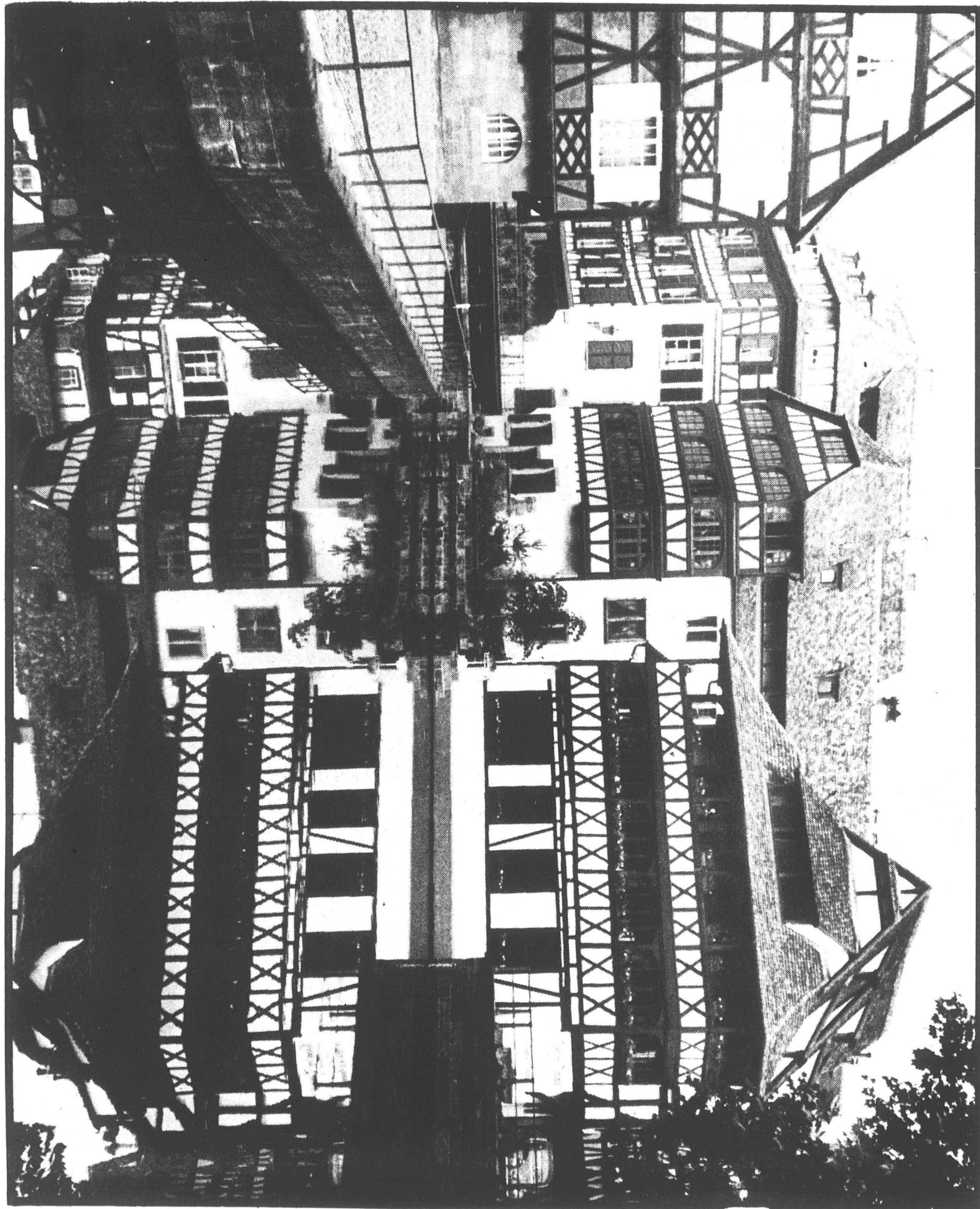


Brian Williamson

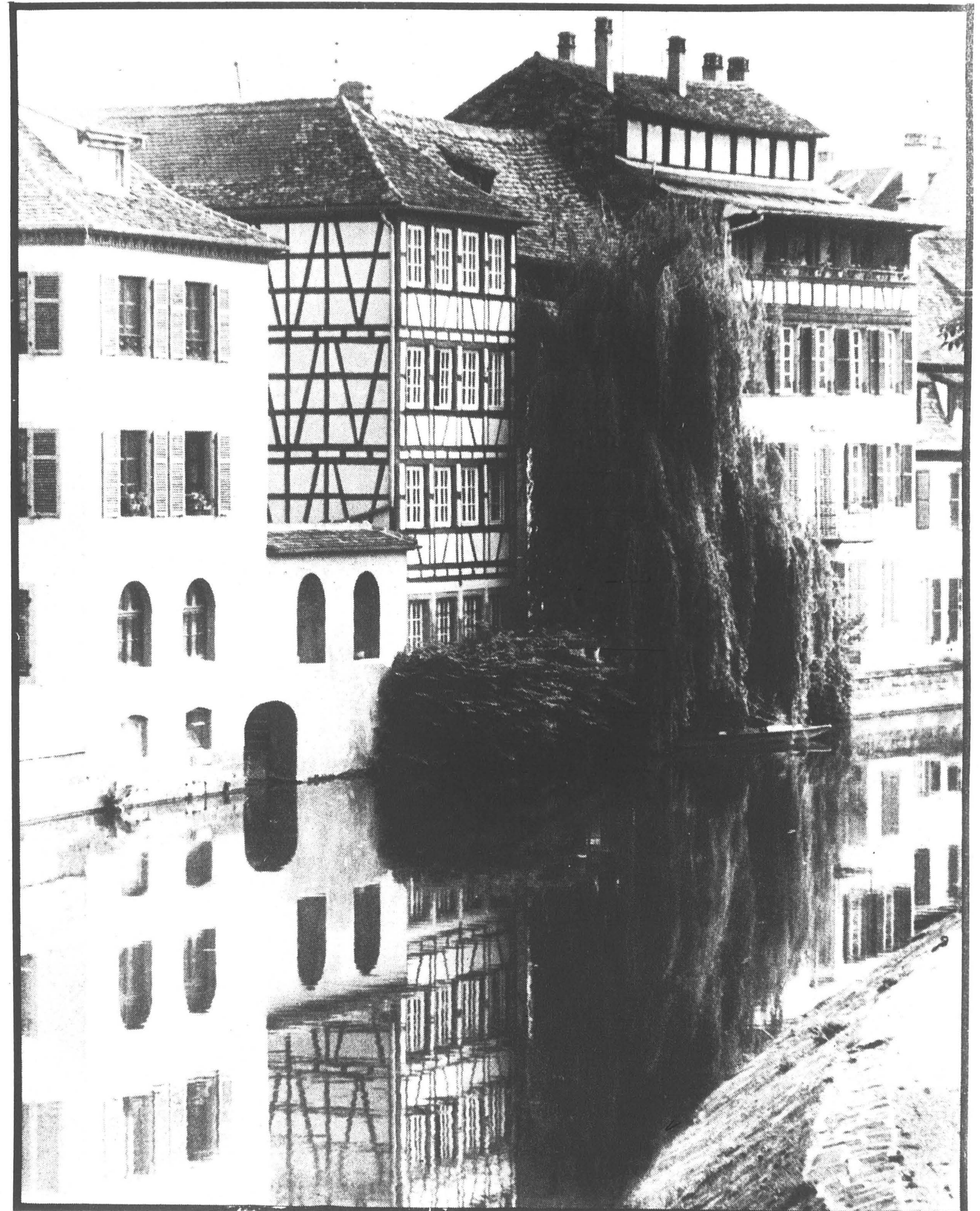


Peter Mumford





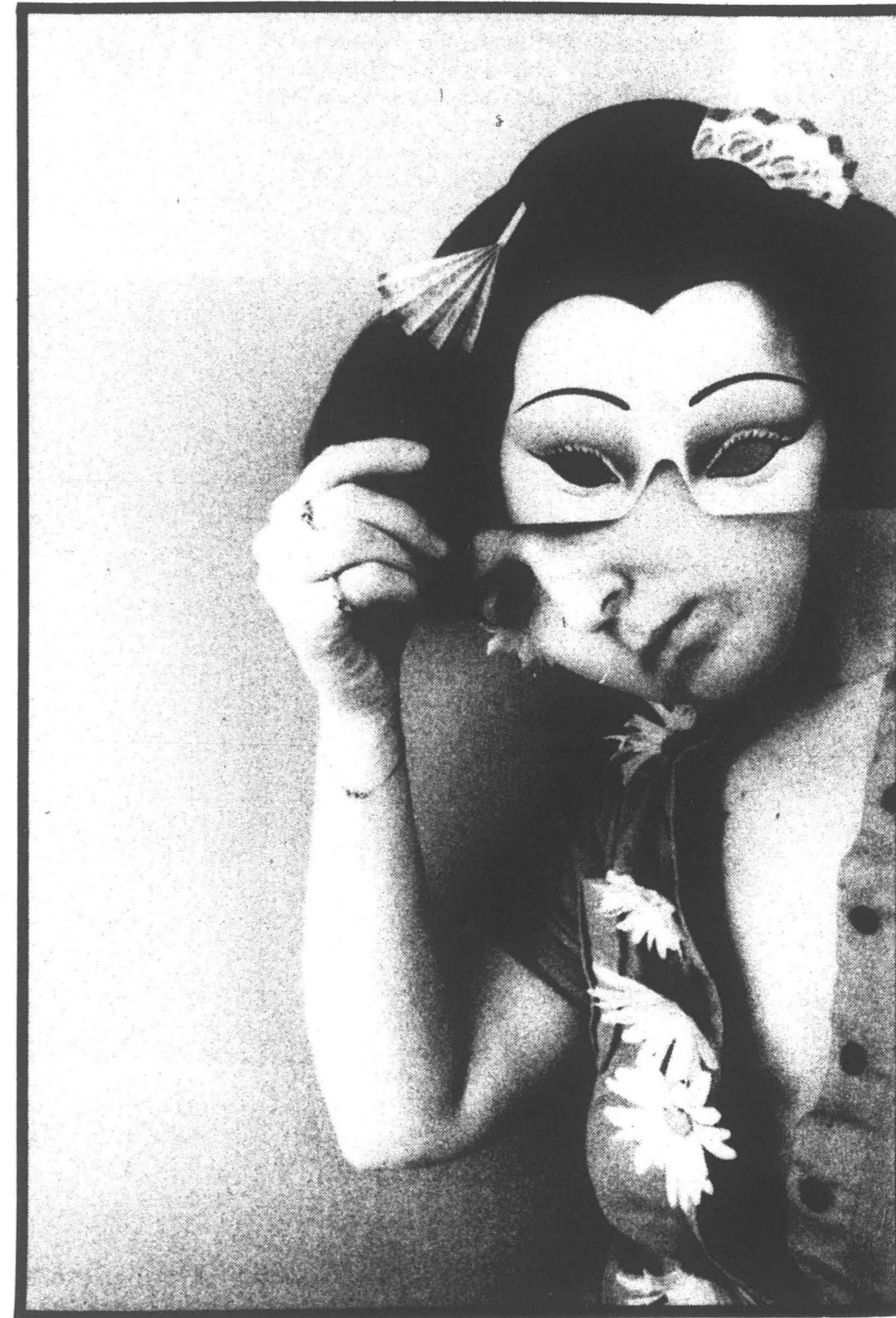
Jennifer E. Knauth



Jennifer E. Knauth



Suslich



Petrina Lynn Walker  
"Madame Butterfly"

## BLITHERING SLIGHTS

By Curt Marsden

1901—I have just returned from completing the registration procedures at Earnshaw Community College. If it were not for the fact that I have already invested my savings in the purchase of my tuition, I would not be bothered with the place! When leaving from just beyond the moors, I dreamed of arriving at a place which would tantalize my senses with unceasing newness. Instead, I arrived at Earnshaw Campus—a dreary place devoid of anything stimulating, either physically or intellectually. The Earnshaw Building itself is unusually small for college use. It is well structured, however, as it must need to be, imagining the moor winds billowing upon this area in times of storm. The stone foundation and reinforcement beams projecting throughout the primarily cedar construction supersede their intended purpose and tend to significantly contribute to the air of oppression. The situation was not improved upon at my first confrontation with Professor Heathencliff. An odd man, his eyes are almost completely concealed beneath bushy, unkempt eyebrows. In addition, he went as far as to pick his nose just to avoid shaking my hand.

"Prof. Heathencliff?" I said.

A blank expression was the answer.

"I am to be a new student here at Earnshaw Community College. This is my first opportunity to complete my registration requirements, and my first chance to meet you, my new professor. I heard yesterday that you would be available for acquaintance today at the Academic Orientation Fair—"

"I am the head professor here at Earnshaw Community College, sir, and I do not wish to be inconvenienced by any damn freshman, but if it must be—enter my office!"

The "enter my office" was uttered with a scowling, twitching upper lip which consequently exposed an array of rotting yellow teeth and gray lifeless gum tissue.

We walked up a set of cold, dark stairs.

"What is this cold, dark feeling I experience as I walk up these cold, dark stairs?" I ejaculated.

"Perhaps it is caused by the fact that old man Earnshaw (the original dean here) died on the spot, practically where you stand now, Mr. Balsawood." He read my nametag with beady, soulless eyes, for he did not know my name, and Mr. Balsawood is what it is and is what is written down there.

"How did he die?" was my inquiry.

"You ask annoying questions," hissed the dark, ape-like devil, "and if I was to hear that you are not a paying student and consequently a contributor to my salary, I should be inclined to shove your long, zitty nose in an electric pencil sharpener until it was reduced to a chewed, bloody piece of offal." (We did not have electric pencil sharpeners in 1901 or did we use the term, "zit," but Prof. Heathencliff was ahead of his time, as I was destined to discover.)

We entered his office, and there was a pacified old dunce sitting near the large desk.

"This is Jowlsuff, my assistant," snorted the villain.

"Zo, y'is anuuderwan uv doze vvrezsamin dat de pruffessa iz always coisin' aboit!" babbled the old dunce. Don't ask me what he said, because I certainly did not know!

"What is that you wished to confer about?" belched Heathencliff.

"Well, I am not exactly sure!" I ejaculated, "I was hoping you would be in the position of offering me information that I might find useful in preparation of your class!"

"Ass," he wheezed, "I have no inclination to indulge your sophomoric endeavors."

"Sophomoric? But I am a freshman, sir!"

"Get out!"

"Blugmuknasooda!" said Jowlsuff.

I got the hint, and quitted the room. In fact, I quitted the whole building, and the campus too, but it was my initial inclination to assume you would derive these points. I returned to my dormitory, nearly two miles away.

Upon my arrival to my room, I settled down to examine my new books for my classes. Many of them were, in fact, not new but used copies (which were cheaper than the unused

equivalents). Inside of one of the more ancient volumes was written the name Kinky Earnshaw. A little ways underneath it was also written Kinky Lintbasket. I was unmoved and tired. Then, at the back, I found an amusing cartoon drawing of Jowlsuff. Suddenly, I was obsessively interested in Kinky. I thumbed through the book, examining all possible doodles in the margins until I collapsed in a restless sleep. (I even forgot to brush my teeth.)

It was then that my mind floated into a bizarre nightmare. I heard a scraping at the window and was startled to see a young lass in a ponytail, cashmere sweater, poodle-skirt, and bobby-socks with color-coordinated pom-poms. She was strange, even ghostly-looking. I could not comprehend her clothing, since none of these things were due to be in style for another fifty years. I grew quite frightened of her, and opened up my window to shoo her away. This did not work, and I proceeded to violently rub her mascara into an unsightly mess. She did not budge, but instead met my eyes with an unceasing gaze of demonic want!

I screamed and awoke to discover the noise was being caused by a swaying branch just outside my pane! I was not able to return to a state of unconsciousness again that evening.

I was aroused by a maid letting herself in to clean my room.

"Excuse me, Mr. Balsawood!" said the old hag, "I did not realize you had arrived as yet!"

"It does not matter, old-weather-beaten-one, I compel you to commence your activities." I retorted.

Soon, I was seized by a desire to question this wench.

"What is your name?"

"They call me Smelly."

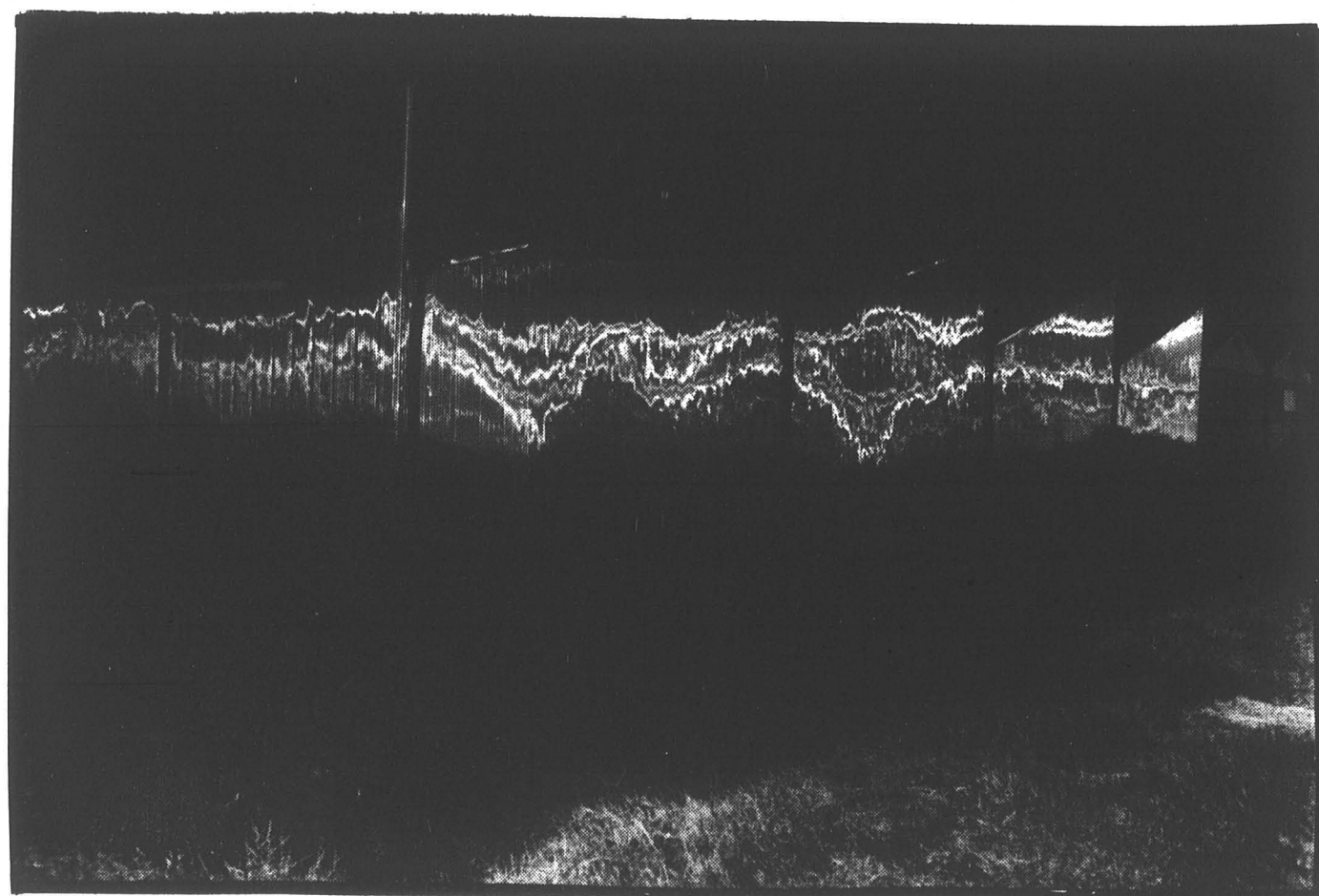
"Are you or were you ever familiar with a girl named Kinky?"

"Miss Earnshaw?—oh, I mean Mrs. Lintbasket?"

"Why yes, I suppose. I had a terrible dream last night, in which I think she was present."

"Oh, I wish you had not told me that! I don't like to hear of such things!"

"What?" I ejaculated.



Brian Williamson

"Mrs. Lintbasket is long since dead—at least physically. I have been an attendant of the area for many years, and it would be difficult to relate her story without going in-depth."

"I am interested in hearing it," and I walked over to wake my roommate, who was unusually still in his bed. He was dead.

"Too bad penicillin hasn't been invented yet," said Smelly.

The carrion was removed from the room by some cooperative members of the maintenance office. I was not too alarmed, I hadn't got a chance to know my roommate, and people die a lot in this story.

"Please, Smelly, tell me about the Earnshaws," I reiterated.

"Certainly, although it goes beyond merely the Earnshaws!"

She commenced.

The year was 1869, and a young girl named Kinky Earnshaw was one of the first students to enroll at her father's newly established Community College; in fact, she was the only student disregarding her brother, Spindley Earnshaw.

One morning (it was a Saturday, and there were no classes) Master Earnshaw, the self-appointed dean announced he would be taking a trip to Liverpool in order to recruit some students for the college. He did, however, leave his children with the assignment of reading Burrough's *Tarzan of the Apes*, which was strange, considering it was not due to be published until 1914.

Master Earnshaw did not return until late Sunday evening. With him he dragged a bound and gagged youth.

"It was quite a job bringing in this lout! You think he would have happy thoughts regarding a pending college education," he expelled.

The youth was freed and stood up. He started yelling curses in a foreign language.

"I did not realize he was foreign!" cried the Master, "I suppose I might have guessed at his dark complexion and Algerian headgear. Oh well, I presume he shall be our first foreign-exchange student!"

To avoid problems concerning the unwilling youth, Master Earnshaw

chose to grant him a tuition scholarship for the year. Also, having no regard for the boy's native tongue, the master created a name for him: Heathencliff. In an unfortunate accident shortly thereafter, Spindley unavoidably dropped a large slab of granite on his head. Upon his recovery, he didn't seem to recall any of his memories, and any desire to return to his native land had subsided.

The three students studied diligently and learned quickly. Master Earnshaw spent extra time with Heathencliff due to his deficiency in the English language. Spindley Earnshaw resented this, as he had resented Heathencliff's pretense from the beginning. And, although Kinky's initial instinct was to also resent Heathencliff, she grew attached to him. As the second year approached, and Heathencliff had no scholarship to lean on, Miss Kinky found it stimulating to help him with his expenses from out of her own savings. Soon after this, Heathencliff discovered some small but valuable gems among his original clothing. So, for a time, he and Kinky basted in each other's mutual wealth.

Finally, the second year came to pass. That spring, Master Earnshaw died. Spindley Earnshaw appointed himself the new dean of the Earnshaw Community College, despite the fact he had only had two years of unorthodoxed post-secondary education. Aware that she could not learn anything from Spindley, Kinky transferred to the nearby Thrushcross University. I, as her personal maid went with her. Heathencliff was unable to pass the admittance examination to TU, and was forced to remain at Earnshaw College, hoping to gain proficiency in the English language.

Thrushcross U was a new experience for my lady and I. Kinky was befriended by the institution's president and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Lintbasket. They were very nice, and had a fine accumulation of material wealth, but died. They had a son and daughter both enrolled at TU; Vulgar Lintbasket and his sister, Illizabitch Lintbasket. All of them being fine and preppy, the three young Republicans grew fond of each other and talks concerning money.

Heathencliff came to visit often, but it was apparent on each subsequent appearance that his finances were quickly depleting. I guessed that Spindley must be draining him quite thoroughly, considering Heathencliff was the only student, and was the only person putting any money into the place.

Two more years passed. Both Vulgar and Kinky graduated. They coincidentally were voted most-likely-to-remain-wealthy. The night following the graduation ceremony, Kinky came to me.

"Smelly!" she ejaculated with a nervous flutter in her voice, "Vulgar has asked me to marry him! I love him very much and I have accepted!"

"What about his money?"

"Of course he has admirable funds at his disposal!"

"I realize he has been receiving a monthly supply of money since his parents have died, but isn't it true that a final settlement of the estate will take place only after Illizabitch has graduated also?"

"It is a provision in the will, but I am not worried for our material comfort!" cried my companion.

"What about—Heathencliff?"

"Heathencliff?! I could not marry Heathencliff now, for that would de-grade me! I realize it has always been Heathencliff who was first to share his wealth with me, but as you know, his funds are depleting!"

It was storming outside, but I clearly saw Heathencliff running away from the complex, out into the dark. He must have been listening in on our conversation. I was startled, but said nothing to Kinky.

"Smelly," continued Kinky, "I had a dream the other night. I dreamed I was in heaven, but it was full of poor people! I did not belong! Finally, the angels grew so disgusted with my love of material wealth, that they cast me out! Down I fell and I lit upon Earnshaw Campus. I awoke and I wept for joy, for I was once again among those items of luxury which meant so much. Heathencliff understands this too, for we both relate to comfort in the same way, and have enjoyed spending money together. Smelly, I *am* Heathencliff! We will always belong together, in the hallowed halls of Earnshaw Community

College, impractical and lasciviously decorated!"

Despite the fact it made no sense to me, Kinky became Mrs. Vulgar Lintbasket. Heathencliff had vanished!

That following spring, Illizabitch graduated. What a shock it was to find that 95% of the estate had been left to her! The explanation given by the deceased parents was that they felt Vulgar, being a man, was capable of creating his own fortune, and that Illizabitch was indeed such a bitch, no man would ever marry her and support her. What an incomprehensible tragedy! Vulgar and Kinky had a true love, but what can that buy? They were virtually penniless! I took a position back at the Earnshaw campus.

Years passed. But the day came that Heathencliff returned! With him he brought a horse, Minny. Heathencliff was still a pauper, but did not suffer lack of "pleasures of the flesh" as he admitted to being an avid practitioner of bestiality.

The brute's return upset Kinky greatly, for I overheard one of their conversations at the Earnshaw College.

"Come with me, Kinky," moaned the devil, "apart, we have nothing, but together, with our combined ingenuity, we could gain and create a fortune of material treasure!"

"No, Heathencliff, for I am married to Vulgar!" sobbed his ejaculating companion, "I did not wait and marry you, I know, so punish me, if you must!"

"I will punish you, bitch," he retorted, "I will marry Illizabitch, for such is her desire. And I will spend her money, and each time I hold the bills and coins in my hand, I will imagine them to be ours!"

I knew as well as they did that material wealth gained through such a marriage would be ultimately hollow to Heathencliff, for he would not be sharing it with the women who loved it as he did. Only Kinky could bring any meaning to his wealth, not Illizabitch.

Nevertheless, Illizabitch and Heathencliff married, and with her funds, they bought the Earnshaw College and its campus from Spindley, who had hardly any money left, and died anyway.

The college declined, for it meant nothing to Heathencliff without Kinky. The day came when Kinky, like just about everyone else, died. She had a cold, or something to that effect. And I do remember Heathencliff's words!

"I do not pray at your death, Kinky, for you are not one to go to heaven! Once there, you would no longer have the chance to enjoy wealth! You would never again see the shine of pure gold, or the curvature of fine, carved crystal! You must wait for me, Kinky, for it is only I who would be willing to share my material wealth from beyond the grave! This is my college, Kinky! Let the other fools go to heaven, but let us stay here and own forever!"

Since that day, Heathencliff has led a lonely life. After his wife, Illizabitch died, Heathencliff went back to school and gained the proficiency to become a professor. This has done little to enhance his hollow life, however.

At that moment, Jowlsuff burst forth into the room. Smelly was startled.

"Mr. Baaliofheyb kifjjry jh j ieudn hi y lopon! Jopp se d'jiounbbgtu yoishegvbyr. I waathcedd za tim lop din a hoot!" blubbered the fool.

"I understand!" exclaimed Smelly, "Mr. Balsawood, it seems that Heathencliff is dead! Jowlsuff found him in the vault, counting money, with a young lady at his side, but at a second glance, the lady had disappeared, and Heathencliff was not active, but dead! Don't you see, Mr. Balsawood? Heathencliff and Kinky have just begun to live! Heathencliff isn't really dead, and neither is Kinky! Their spirits will continue, in bliss!"

I left the college, trying to figure out what the hell all that crap was about, and trying to decide if I really cared. I came to the conclusion that I had been using too much marijuana, and have been an avid user of cocaine ever since.

## A TRUE BASEBALL STORY

By Steve Hunter

"A Blackball and a Beanball" hollered  
G. MulHalland, my sixth-grade teacher  
balding unto death  
from behind homeplate,

As Dougie Dew,  
president of our class,  
reclasped his hands frustraneously  
'round the base of his bat  
hoping he didn't blow it in the clutch.

Dougie swung,

and missed.

Which he managed shortly thereafter,  
but not before  
he sold me his swell '62 Olds  
with electric antenna and six-way seats  
in which I tried inexhaustibly to diddle  
Jenny P,  
became practiced in the art of skipping school  
and accustomed to Winstons.

Dougie was breeding cats in his spare time,  
personally, with an eye-dropper.  
(I never did understand why he couldn't  
hang on to a bat better considering  
his interests outside of baseball.)

with the furor made infamous  
by rumors of his dick-fights  
with Jim Swenson  
in the bushes of Scout-O-Ramas,

Dougie swung . . . and missed . . .  
and let go of the frustraneously held bat :  
wielded in rumorous furor  
striking my then balding, soon to be dead  
sixth-grade teacher and ump  
on the left ankle,  
to which he responded by chasing Dougie—  
who being no one's fool,  
was already running like hell—  
through right field  
to the diamond at the other end of the playground.

## IN THE MARGINS

By Geoff Kirk

A great artist died last week. As is the case with many, he was alone, and in poverty. Many of the details of his life would have forever remained unknown except for the patronage of his brother.\* This paper will discuss the man and his art on two levels, the level of an art critic, in which lengthy prose with lots of visual words will be used, and the level of the biographer, in which under the cover of a shield of objectivity, a series of rendering melodramatic interludes will be explored for the purpose of finding the "cause" of his art.

We shall never know exactly when he first began to draw, the first records begin in the later junior high school years. Before that he passed through most of the "normal" stages of development. Birth, childhood in the Midwest. Suburban aluminum-sided houses were among his first sights. Those who knew him remember an ordinary-looking boy with a passion for reading. He can be safely imagined walking home from school staring with probing eyes at the scenes which would one day form the basis of his art.

Looking at his first drawings now, they still seem as fresh as when he first scrawled them in the margin of his notebook during some boring biology lecture. Already his distinctive style is present although his subject matter is still limited to doodles. The curling lines and jutting angles speak to one across the barriers of time and space. The lines are bold and definite, with subtle shadings and nuances that tell of the talent to come. They possess the intensity that was to become a trademark.

As is commonly known today, he painted nothing and scorned modern art to the point of never using artists' pencils or paper. Yet his legacy (a total in excess of 1000) will forever be linked with the notebooks of eternity.\* All of his work is untitled and much is forever lost. About 75% of the pieces in possession have been cataloged and it is habitual to refer to them by number. Number 32/5 is truly one of the great neo-impressionistic, romantic landscapes. Tiny fields

of grass flow into the distance, breaking on a peasant's house. Trees bend and twist in the unseen breeze and wispy clouds float in the sky. Beginning with abstracted scrawls and moving into the now well-known landscapes, small twisted trees, tiny houses and people, vast miniature panoramas, covering no more than inches in space yet encompassing acres of land and infinite vistas of human experience, that ebb and flow on the consciousness of the reader, his total output boggles the mind.

Never popular in school, he was now openly scorned. An incident occurred with a neighbor girl, and while the details are sketchy it is known that she rejected him. He never recovered.

In spite of the personal depression, it was here that his art matured. Everyday his margin was filled with a new masterpiece. His work turned maniacal. Trees which before curled gently now were bent and broken. His skies, formerly so gentle and containing only a few puffy clouds now became filled with black evil lumps that loom over the charred tree stumps and houses. One of his last drawings was recently found. An immense\* work depicting a school of fish with a bearded devil in the center.

After high school the outpouring abruptly ceased as he began to work in a department store. His brother secretly planned a small book of the drawings but he never lived to see it finished. Just two days before it was to have been completed he drove over the line and crashed into a highway wall. He made life here a little bit more beautiful. ■

\*Without whom's assistance this paper would not be possible.

\*It is a pity he never reached college where he could have experienced the almost tribal-like intensity of a 500-person Business Dynamics lecture.

\*Almost six inches across.

## GETTING TO SLEEP

By cristine c. gilmore

1

A  
tomato.  
Ripe red flesh  
bursting seedily  
with each  
downward  
thrust.

2

Thick-nailed fingers  
press firmly into my stomach.  
These yellow nails seek  
pelvic bone—  
I dreamed last night: teeth  
loosened, ready to fall.  
My flesh gives like blanched  
onion skin.  
You trust. You don't trust. You trust.  
Sweat (frozen) beads  
across my back.  
Is the window open?  
I would have gestured  
through the filmy, muslin  
but . . .  
the brush

my shoulders,  
shivering.  
Relax.

Your skin is translucent, fruit.  
The moon is digesting  
all—  
Yet, I do not see a shadow.  
I am here, at "the still point,"  
world is turning.  
I open my eyes and don't know  
where to look.

3

They were slit, I remember,  
as he pushed. Then open.  
Slit. Open  
as he breathed.  
Fluorescent lights as they burn out.  
He wanted breakfast.  
Thick oatmeal, raisins.  
He ate.  
Oh, the smell—  
I pressed my cheeks high.  
Clogged the sink.  
The thistle creep, the flurry  
of flesh along my back—  
like a hummingbird, a soft chemise.  
So hard to deny,  
ignore.  
My hair, my skin . . . his fingers  
and the damp porcelain  
dug to bone  
again.

## AGORAPHOBIA for Laura

By Bill Gravengood

Lift up your thin gown again,  
I've returned for your favorite game.  
One will play the slow red summer,  
one, the deep revenge of fall.  
Draw the curtains back and watch;  
our bright sun falls over everything—  
over lawns and rooftops,  
over the silent men that gather to work.  
Over shoes, bedposts, blankets,  
over the forests and oceans  
that isolate this room.  
Our own pasts are covered with light,  
mothers and fathers naked, mute.  
If you remove your dark glasses  
you will see our disfigurement  
with your own eyes:  
we are the shadows of hands and feet,  
we are the caretakers  
of a place long abandoned,  
in league with a distance  
we could never afford.  
Listen:  
there is no small mystery  
for the confusion you feel,  
look again at the black crown  
between your thighs.  
Another shadow.  
Now we are half way home,  
so close the sweat runs again  
that was coated, minutes ago  
over the length of your belly.  
Take hold of me here.  
Will you take hold of me here?  
Polish this until we gleam,  
we move toward something:  
the heart of your fragrance,  
the heart of your fragrance.

## LAUDANUM

By Carol Tucker

Mama, 'member  
we'd bring pillows out  
on the porch  
and sometimes you'd say  
get the salt  
when another slug  
oozed onto a step.  
You'd talk long about slugs  
and about your brother.  
Then we'd shadow tag  
in the streetlight.  
Those hulking Cotoneasters  
by the porch  
attracted cat piss  
like the last long shadows  
attracted moist dusk.

## SIGHT

By Carol E. Butler

women  
when not in love  
when without a man  
suffer themselves insufferably

I want that pain of freedom  
that torment of selfness  
twenty-four hours a day and at night  
too  
when the moon smiles taunting  
watching my bed and the  
white sheets spread smooth

when the moon moves to see it all  
but sees me instead  
quiet breathing steady  
I want the moon to know my dreams  
of close elbows and touching faces  
through resting eyelashes  
on green and purple and blue pillows  
that my hands have woven  
with threads of cotton pain endless

## A WOMAN AT THE LAUNDROMAT

By Carol E. Butler

A woman at the Laundromat  
near the river which was meant to be  
a diversion  
and isn't  
said, "No, Adrian, shut up." and looked  
at the clock instead of at the  
little girl with a nun's name  
not the sound of a stick thin bored  
mommie's helper

The woman's face never smiled  
spirit weary eyeing the machine  
then smoothing, folding, creasing  
a man's shirts  
clicking clogs say smartly "Adrian!  
Get away from the door!"

On her face a visible absence of youth  
in the heat moistened pores  
above tightened lips bitten  
while folding, folding

It seems this bitterness was with her  
even in the beginning  
to have gifted her daughter with so  
forbidding a name  
the lights on the machines go out  
leaving her with boxes of folded  
sadness  
to be put away neatly at home

## PEGASUS

By Nathan Jones

is a horse. One  
riderless in a field  
unfenced. His feast  
is bee's plume and blue lupin:  
the blossoms of the deer.

The stream of things, although  
occasional and broken  
comes from the undoing of ice,  
comes from that hot breath  
that steams the flanks  
of Pegasus  
as his tongue sweeps  
in the crevice of salty stone.

You can see how  
conversation here would be  
meaningless,

how under the sun  
even a horse in brightly flowered  
meadows  
must fly a flag of shadow.

(for Karen)

## THE FACE

By Evetree Tallman

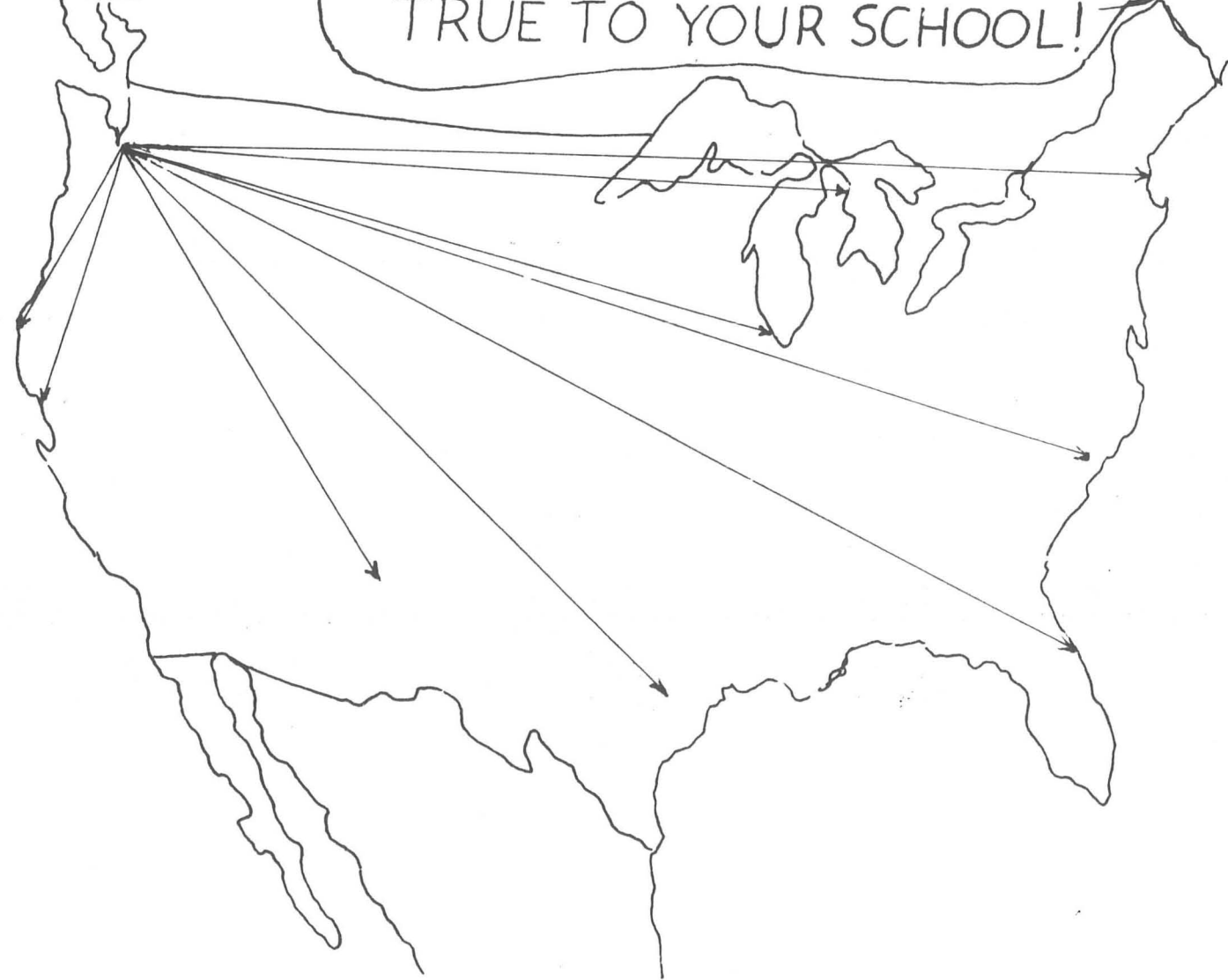
Everything kisses and burns.  
There is light on the face  
in blistering night, so cold  
you could snap  
but such wind and sweat you hang on  
to the face, to ice and sharp stone.  
In the night your face blisters  
with cold. And everything burns,  
everything kisses; you bend to the face  
made of stone and you're cold,  
beyond reach, and you're glad.  
It is you who lights the face;  
there is no other place  
you'd rather be.

## ROCKS

By Michael Helms

Rocks are big  
And rocks are hard  
You sometimes find them  
In your yard.

GOING HOME THIS CHRISTMAS?  
TAKE EVERGREEN WITH YOU!  
WE HAVE A HUGE SELECTION  
OF SCHOOL SPORTSWEAR.  
25% OFF THROUGH  
DECEMBER. THEY MAKE  
GREAT GIFTS FOR THE  
FOLKS BACK HOME! BE  
TRUE TO YOUR SCHOOL!



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