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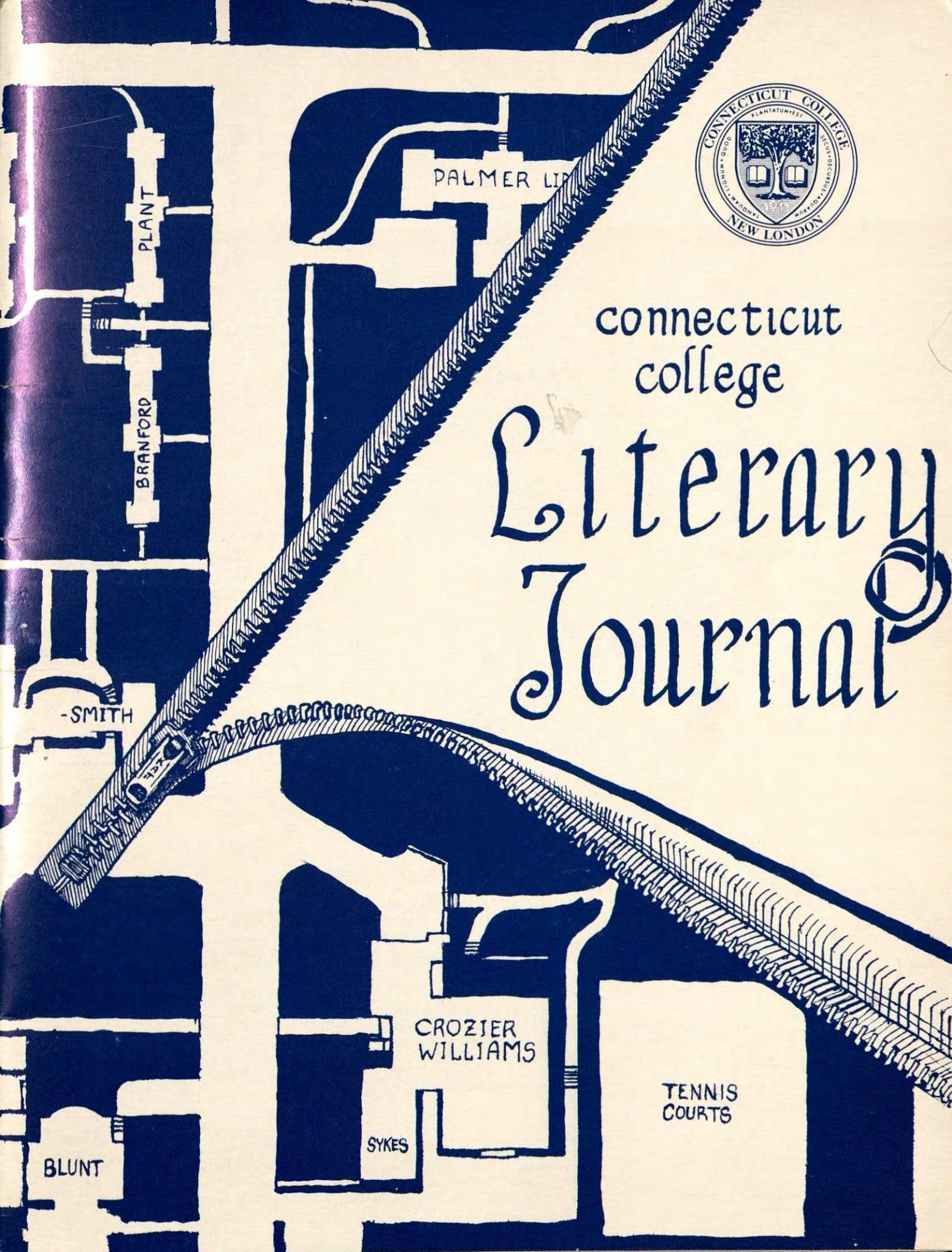
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Literary Journal



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Connecticut College

LITERARY JOURNAL

NOVEMBER, 1975

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THE EDITOR'S ENTRY

A good judge of the effectiveness of a publication is how closely it resembles its underlying philosophy. *The New York Times*, probably one of the most potent and successful publications, has a close congruence with its motto, "All the news that's fit to print." Indeed, the *Times* offers more than mere volume, yet much of the appeal lies in the concept of presenting all the news.

In another case, a publication which is unable to remain consistent with its philosophy, in the sense that it is sacrificed through marketability and lower quality standards, generally becomes less effective. Many recent publications have succumbed to this fate, one of the more prominent being *The National Lampoon*. Originally intended to present good satire and "no holds barred" political and social humor, the magazine has degenerated into an x-rated version of *Mad* magazine. Another victim of fallen credentials is *People*, intended as an interesting tell it like it is style magazine that focuses on prominent personalities. Unfortunately, because of a shutter-happy editor and a writing technique modeled after a Rona Barrett interview, the end product resembles a continuous front page of the *Daily News*.

By making these distinctions and criticisms, one might conclude that we are merely being arbitrary, and ignoring the importance of such variables as sales and marketing. Not at all -- we realize that in order to survive, a publication must sell, but a journal that becomes totally dependant on marketability usually sacrifices quality, leading to a perversion of its original intent. We feel a magazine that is both successful and effective embodies a dualistic philosophy; an adherence to original principles with a concern for general marketability.

All of which brings us to the philosophy of this publication, and the nature in which it is represented.

The initial conception of the *Literary Journal* was related to the purpose expressed in the proposal to student government; "to provide a source for creative expression not applicable for publication under the present jurisdiction of any campus media." The present special events funding mechanism was instrumental in the transition of the

idea to the reality you are now reading. Favorable responses from student government led to the allocation of a \$250 grant designed to lower the retail price of the magazine, an excellent way of increasing marketability without sacrificing quality. Having achieved our initial purpose, it became necessary to determine what we would print, and develop a general philosophy for the *Journal*.

Within the college community, we sensed a genuine appreciation for good literature and a growing desire by individuals to write for such a publication as this. Although it contained good writings, the annual *Literary Magazine* had too narrow a scope and, we felt, did not sufficiently accommodate the demand.

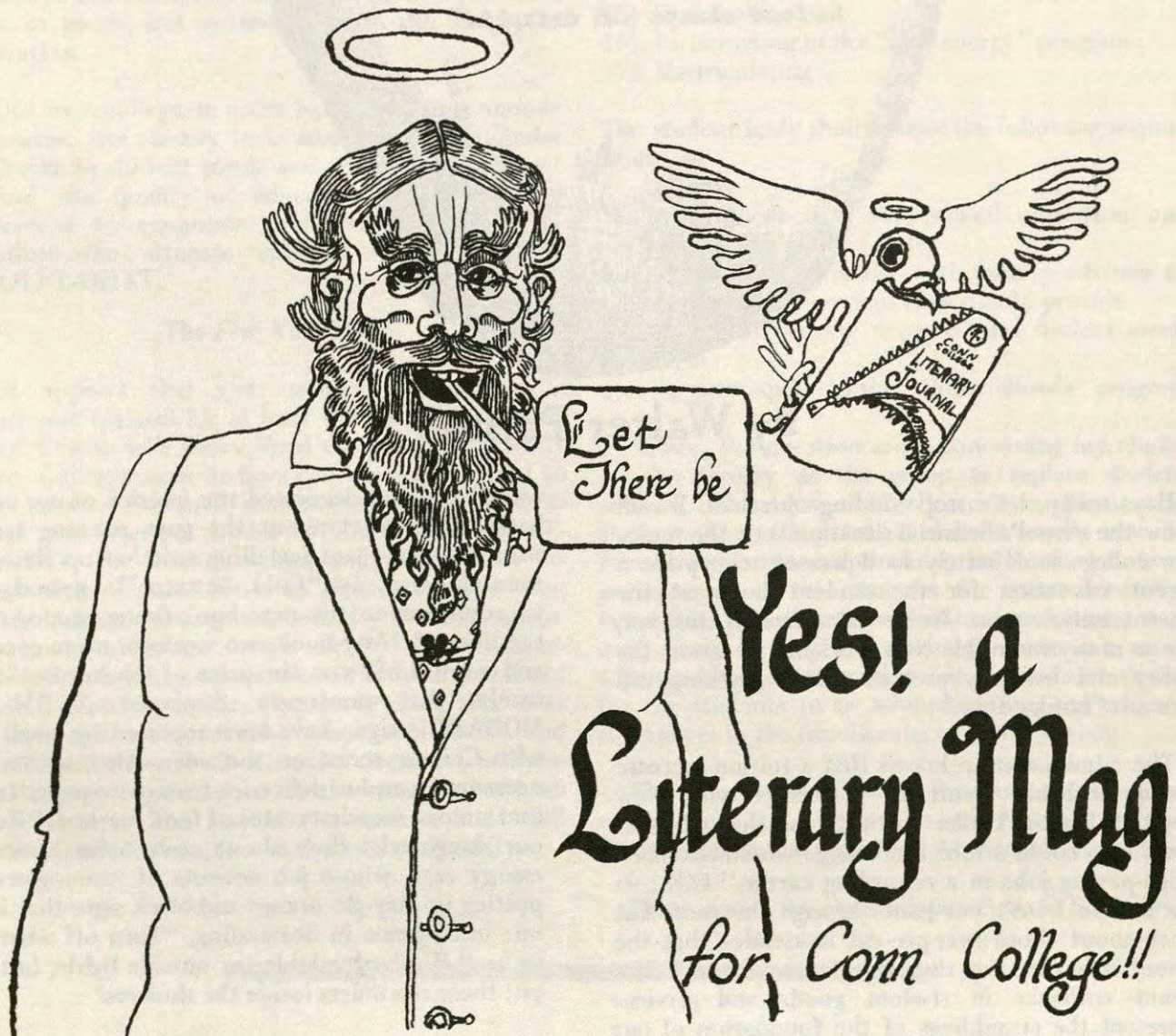
This magazine consists of literary selections from a variety of individuals and presents a disparity of writing styles and methods. Each selection was chosen because of its literary merit or inherent merit or inherent appeal. The *Journal* makes no pretense about trying to accommodate all tastes -- we do not. However, the contents and the scope of the magazine are intended to appeal to a general readership.

The *Journal's* philosophy reflects the notion of dualism discussed earlier. We wish to provide the campus with something decent to read, while retaining marketability. In this sense, the selections in this issue represent our conception of good, effective literature; the price is our notion of successful marketability.

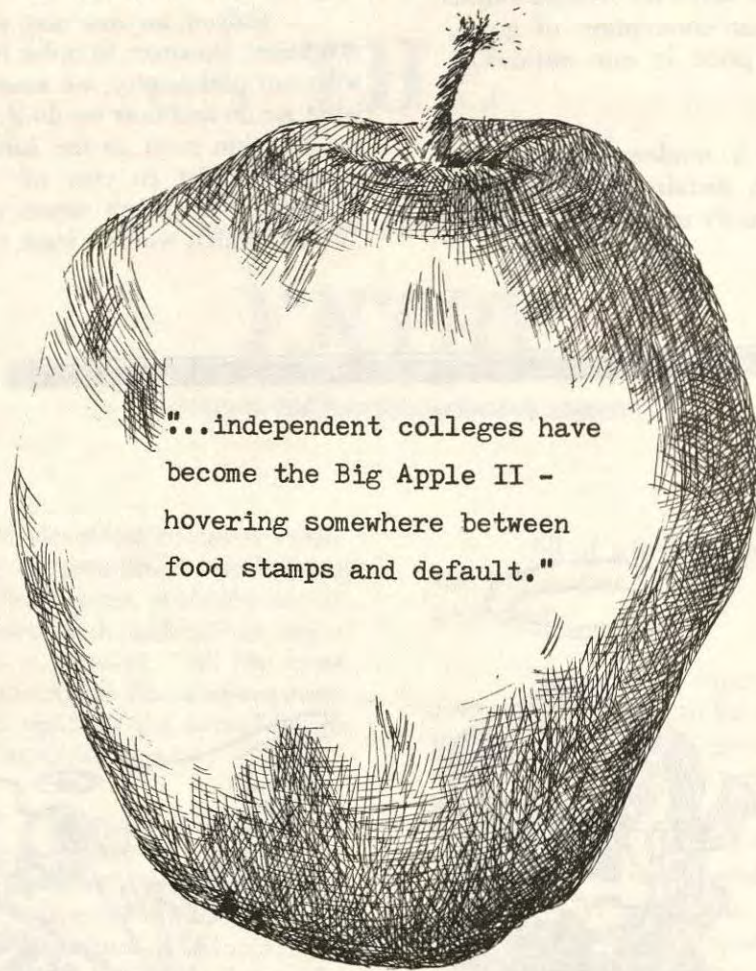
Finally, there is a tendency among the community to look with disdain at any campus organization that is arbitrarily selective about what

they do, say, or print. The argument is that since the magazine is funded by the student body, then all of us should have a say in how it is run.

Indeed, anyone may submit material to the magazine. However, in order for us to be consistent with our philosophy, we must be discriminating in what we do and how we do it. The result is that an organization such as the *Literary Journal* is constantly subject to cries of "discrimination" and "elitism." If elitism means quality, then there is nothing which would please us more. ■



The Ultimate Cutback



by Walter Palmer

Hey, really, let's stop kidding ourselves. We all know the school's financial situation is on the rocks. The college is definitely hard-pressed to provide a decent education for the student body at the present tuition rates. We are all aware of this, yet, like so many insensible New Yorkers, we ignore the reality and benignly pretend that everything will turn out "hunky-dory."

The administration knows that a tuition increase would probably result in a merger with New England Tractor-Trailer Institute, as the only students who could afford the college would also need "high-paying jobs in a rewarding career." O.K., so the tuition hasn't yet gone through the roof, but what about those ever-present innuendos that the school is headed for the same fate as Draino? The recent cutbacks in student goods and services represent the crumbling of the foundation of our empire. How can we ignore the fine-grade sandpaper acquired at a lumber company "sell out to the bare

walls'' sale that decorated the interior of our sacred bathrooms? What about the guys running around from Physical Plant installing switches on the water fountains that say, "Cold, 5¢ extra"? Anybody care to comment on the new book-fining procedure in the library? "Any book two weeks or more overdue, and we will bill you the price of ten bricks." Food trucks that previously displayed ALJIM and MONARCH signs have been replaced by small vans with Chinese script on the sides. Also, witness the occasional surplus deliveries from newspaper trucks that unload wooden crates of food marked, "Return our daughter! ! How about each dorm having an energy czar, whose job consists of running around putting up day-glo orange and black signs that insult our intelligence in demanding, "Turn off when not in use!" Understandable for outside lights, but why put these reminders inside the showers?

And when the student body asks for a legitimate calendar extension, the administration responds

with the same careful consideration Nixon gave Archibald Cox. The real reason the extension was originally vetoed? The school had ordered only enough of the new 'two-ply' tissue to cover the existing calendar, and President Ames, understandably so, did not want to go down in history as "the man who brought back the dreaded sandpaper."

O.K., so the handwriting is on the walls, yet we continue to write papers, get drunk in the Cro bar, and apply to grad school. Meanwhile back at the ranch, faculty gets smaller, the classes get larger, and icicles hang off the radiators in our triple-double rooms.

The fact is that independent colleges have become the Big Apple II, hovering somewhere between food stamps and default. Through no real fault of their own, most colleges can't seem to provide any adequate education and also maintain fiscal stability. The survival mechanism becomes cutbacks, first in goods and services, then in the quality of education.

Our own college, in order to respond to economic pressures, has already instituted various unpopular cutbacks in student goods and services. We must act before the quality of education is slackened in deference to economic pressures. It is time to institute the ultimate cutback — OPERATION PROLETARIAT.

The Five Year Plan

It appears that the country will remain in economic turmoil for at least the next five years, or until Exxon tells Gerry Ford the recession is really over. Colleges such as ours can no longer afford to pay salaries for such extraneous services such as food and shelter. Under OPERATION PROLETARIAT, the administration and faculty will expand their responsibilities to include the operation of student service organizations. By the same token, the students can no longer merely concern themselves with taking courses. Since the faculty will run student services, the student body must take over faculty and administrative positions. WCNI and Pundit will execute all executive decisions, as these are the only organizations on the campus that have made money. The rest of the student body will assume positions to direct and advise the faculty.

Under OPERATION PROLETARIAT, the faculty will assume the following responsibilities: (in order of importance)

- 1) Work in Harris Refectory
- 2) Establish a rotating bell duty schedule
- 3) Mowing lawns, cutting shrubs, and doing Physical Plant maintenance.
- 4) Distributing Wednesday afternoon tea
- 5) Cleaning the dorms (including the housefellow's suite on Thursday)
- 6) Collecting money at Friday Feature Flicks
- 7) Giving out towels at Cro main desk
- 8) Patrolling the campus at night and ticketing all "suspicious" vehicles parked in South lot.
- 9) Checking Conn. I.D.s in the bar and in Harris on weekends.
- 10) Compiling the "Campus Communicator"
- 11) Changing beds in the infirmary
- 12) Delivering *Pundit* to the dormitories
- 13) Giving campus guide tours
- 14) Answering phones for the library telethon
- 15) Distributing mail
- 16) Participating in the "save energy" program
- 17) Martriculating

The student body shall assume the following responsibilities:

- 1) To provide for the general education and supervision of the faculty
- 2) To meet individually with faculty advisees to discuss which services they should provide
- 3) To attend weekly departmental student meetings
- 4) To participate in the "Homefellow's" program

Surely, the question arises concerning my choice of the faculty as the group to replace student services. The idea of intellectuals supplementing their studies with practical skills is hardly new. In fact, a peninsula called Gulag in Russia has been participating in this program for years! Secondly, since this school's administration is a bureaucracy, and since in any bureaucracy there are more administrators than workers, it becomes necessary for the students to be administrators, and educate themselves in the functioning of such a system.

The time to act is now. We must organize and move before C.C. is forced to send John Detmold to Capitol Hill to line up behind Abe Beam.

Three cheers for the proletariat! Rah! Rah! Rah?

(untitled)

"... there aren't any goddamn plateaus I'm squatting on, all high and mighty and immune."

by Lauren Kingsley

Why do you ask me such boring questions? Jeezus. You'd think I'd never been asked that question before. Well, I have, pal; a million times, at least, and by a million morons each one more air-headed than the last. No, I'm not gonna answer. Not because you don't deserve to know (and you don't) but because I don't want you to know. I'd like to know where these jerks get off with the idea that they have the privilege to inquire anything about anyone. I'd like to know where these jerks get off with existing at all.

You want me to explain. I see I have to defend myself. Why bother? listen no need to argue about it. Well, how much time you got? Okay. Sure you're innarested now?

First of all, I don't get a thrill out of letting everyone, especially strangers, know what my profession is or anything. Like take college — they did that there alot and it was just as boring to me as you are now. You tell them your goddamn major, Applied Soft-shoe, and watch them cringe. No, I didn't. No I'm not gonna tell you. My point is here, that everybody does this little roll-the-eyes routine whenever you tell them your a graduate student in theatre, or dance, or ceremamics. Think about it. I do it too. I croak inside when I even think about my *own* ambitions.

Right, You're quite correct. What we're talking about is "Creative Art." It's a big craze on today's college campuses. You should visit one sometime and check it out. Amazing. What a motley array of pumped-up condoms. All different colours. It was pretty depressing to be there, as you can imagine. No, I'm not talking about competition. That's crap. What I mean is that in all of those jokers, there's around 85% of them who are committed to the act of wasting time, and energy, too; not only their own, but everybody else's too. Yeah, you got it, they're full of dog-shit. Cucha fuz. How do I know? Well, I'll tell ya'.

The fine-arts jock is a mighty queer breed, for

sure. If you can't actually see them, can't determine who they are by their work, you can tell sometimes by the attitude, a more subtle distinction, I admit. Give me an art major who does nothing but self-portraits on quilts and I'll give you an example of vintage artesey-fartsey. But maybe you've got, let's say a guy, and let's say he rides a ten-speed, carries his own chop-sticks around and wears bedspreads in the cold weather. Ask him about that really distorted kind of mad-lib sounding poem he's written for the literary quarterly. Go on, ask him. What do you get? First of all, the reason why you were asking was because maybe you don't know jack-shit about poetry, don't know the first thing about it, and you're kind of stumped about this one poem and don't know whether to classify this guy as another Robert Lowell or as just another gum-wad. Now comes the time for him to proove himself, and if he gives you some slop like, "Well, it's really hard to explain, you know, because it's really personal and, well it kind of deals with my relationship with the cosmos and the manifestation of Good in eating fish on fridays. And, well, you know I have a hard time talking about it because it's so private, my conception of life and all, "—if he gives you that shit, then, well, it's obvious he's not exactly dealing with a whole pack, if y'know what I mean. But that's what I mean by attitude; you know, attitude? The thing the principle in junior high used to write about in a letter home to your parents? That's it (you're smart, you know that?). The imbecilic idea is nurtured in these under-sized brains that they actually have something to contribute. These bozoes actually think that they have something to say, and what's more, that it's relevent. The punchline comes when they try to say it and no one is listening. No one wants to *hear* them, for god's sake, least not anyone with any semblance of a brain. Now that may not be all their fault, I admit, but consider this: they will often be found to really think that they're good at it. They have the entrails to actually worship and delude themselves and their groupies, believing that they know all about it, and all about what they're doing as well.

Nab that girl over there: explainna me, miss,

explain the great inner meaning of that painting up there on your wall (still wet) where I think I see a landscape of sorts, with a few puce wide-brush strokes in the sky-like area and an assemblage of birds with hats on depicted squatting, sleeping or playing cards (I can't tell which) in the center of the canvas. What's that coke bottle doing there? Oh, you say it's not finished.

Now that's what I'm talking about. The moron will undoubtedly be unable to defend herself or her work any more than a pis-ant could put up defence against an army-boot. Hold on a minute, I'm not finished. Here comes the sad part. The sad part is that they're going to keep up their drool because no one will ever tell them "You know, you really suck." And so off they trot to the Big Apple, here, as all good and loyal performing and visual arteests trot in search of fame and fortune and somebody really groovey to live with. And the test of the story is elementary.

Me? No, I don't think I'm special. Yeah, I know this is New York, so? Listen, mac, you can't accuse me of anything, you don't know what I'm up to. Of course they're generalizations; but what the hell. Why not? You wanna hear some more? Too bad. Listen: a common trade-mark of these pseudo-intellectual half-breeds is a propensity to act real 'intense.' About everything. About art, about everybody else's "thing," and about themselves above all. Very sensitive. Like a mac truck. They also dabble into the other practising arts as well. "Oh, well, music, you see, it helps my fingerpainting." Earth-shoes. Gauze shirts. Squeaky Fromme. Frequently believe in God and take courses like Dance 345-Advanced Hop-scotch, or Art III-B-The Elements of Sponge Painting. Or Seminar in Pantomime of Hair Combing. Hygiene in Culture, 102.

So (wait), *finally* you can tell creative into-lifers like these by what they do when they're dead and gone. Yeah, graduated, you got it. They sometimes end up being waitors in swanky bars here in New York, or grammar school teachers, but quite often they can be found still hanging out at their school. They'll slobber over the professors that they were 'good buddies' with while undergraduates, and fool everyone (and themselves) into believing that they're still an issue, or that, because they're still in school they have an excuse to do nothing. They can't leave, because then when they came back to visit friends, they'd have to account for themselves, and who wants to admit to being a dishwasher at Howard Johnson's?

No, you're right, no one would accuse them. But, look, we're using the word 'accuse' as if they'd done something wrong. That's not the case whatsoever, or at least it wouldn't be the case if so many of us

didn't put such emphasis on "What we're going to be when we're grown up." We're much too success oriented, status oriented. What the hell've I been talking about for the past half-hour? I'll be the first one to admit it, too. I'm an asshole, I know it. Where were we? Right, no one will point their warty finger because they're afraid that they, too, will end up like that, if they aren't already. And if they aren't already, then maybe they're beginning to show sings of becoming one. Signs like making a self-designed major in 18th Century Arts & Crafts, Applied Colour, Improvisational Lyrics, or Dialogue. Anatomical Studies. Always something non-descript and negative-heeled in character. Always something which reeks of watercolors, Danskins, Herbal Essence. Buying art supplies you never need or use. Down vests. Long Denim skirts. Bell-bottom blue-jeans. Dr. Scholl's.

You say I'm getting carried away. Well, I'll tell ya', you're right, but there's one thing. C'mon, I'm serious. You don't understand. Well then listen. These proper-health-and-dental-care kids have a long way to go before realizing that tap-dancing and singing their asses off in a college production of 'The Sound of Music' just ain't gonna cut the mustard for Ingmar Bergman or Mike Nichols.

It was at this point that I decided to show it to Walter, saying, "Wallie, listen, if you don't like it, it's okay, cause I think it sucks. I'll rewrite it for you if you like."

That was two drafts ago. I hated it then, and I hate it now. But Wallie liked it even then.

What few people ever realize is that writing under the pressure of a deadline really bites. So I keep stalling on Wallie, saying, "Tomorrow afternoon, okay?" But everytime I go near this goddamn article I feel more than slightly nauseous. I mean, who do I think I am, coming on like a tropical storm on all these harmless critters? Where do I get off telling these people all about themselves in such a ruthless and biased manner, and what the hell does anything I say figure anyway? Don't ask me, I haven't got any answers, I'm just a cynic. Sure, Dean's right, people will feel forced to haul off their Dr. Scholl's in mid-read before going on. But, I say, as non-committal as ever, that's their problem, right? I never claimed to be able to substantiate anything of mine in print, anyway. Anybody who's ever tried to argue with me about an article knows I don't give a damn. Very frustrating for them. Listen, mac, I fully deny having any responsibility whatsoever for anything which may have my name on it. You'd think I actually believed in the things I wrote, for Christ-sake. But *this*? God, I feel like Billy Graham, or somebody.

"Listen, you guys, I don't like it. I mean it reeks. It really does. Cadavers, frog-breath, Harris Refectory. I mean it stinks. And I'm not even being defensive," I said preparing to read it to some friends.

"Sure, let's hear it."

And when I put it down and peeled off my spectacles, there was such a communal look of indifference on their toasted faces, that I couldn't help but feign concern over it, and filled up the silence by asking them for advice. As far as I was concerned it would've been like trying to get blood out of a rock, but they saw hope, or pretended to.

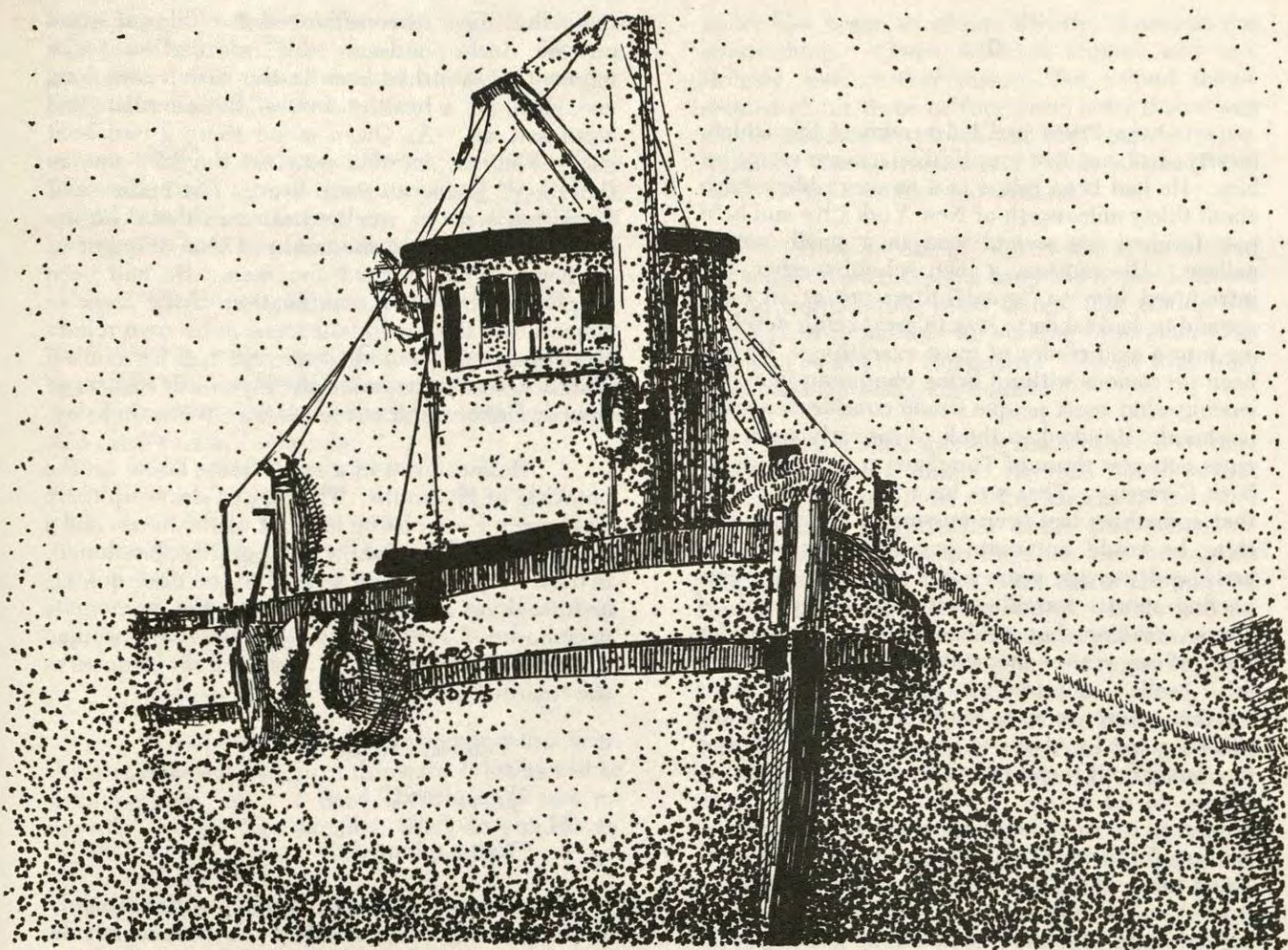
"Write it in the form of a real dialogue," they said. "I mean, really talk to some asshole about it. You're stopped in the Sculpture Court outside Palmer Auditorium, and asked by some faceless pedestrian directions to the 'Music and Arts' building, and you trap him, the helpless idiot, by talking his ear off about the waste-product people inside."

"Christ, you could do it a thousand ways!" I lamented. "And there's even more I haven't typed up yet!" I threw it across the room, onion-skin wings unleashed. "I mean, somehow, I have to get in the part about the dilettants because Walt doesn't want me to write a separate article on that. Somehow I have to say that bit about how we're all afraid to death of it. And I want to mention that Dance course, Dance 101 — The Functions of a

Large Wang. But somehow I gotta, I *have* to say how, by writing about it in just that way, or talking about it at all, I am made the perfect, admitted example of just that sort of person. That there aren't any goddamn plateaus I'm squatting on, all high and mighty and immune. Crap. Dung. Nasty words our parents would puke to hear. I'm just as hugely a fuck-off as the next clown, just as amorphous and stinky. But even more guilty because I know it, and what's more, I talk about it. Look at me, the speaker's saying, I'm a unique New Yorker."

And there was this guy in the bar around a week or so ago. He rolled up to me and, amid and above the baseball nonsense, rattled on to me about Journalism. I had this pus-bloated sore of an article with me and I told him how it was for the birds, starving birds, but that it was going to be printed anyway. He was sufficiently well-wired, but talked more coherently than most of us at our most stunning; he told me he admired my stuff because it was so unaffected, and that you could tell it was written out of interest and thought, instead of out of effort to stir up controversy. I told him I only wrote because I liked to laugh at the things I've said, and that was all. And it doesn't matter if anybody else laughs, or, if they do, why. And he liked that, and he asked for a cigarette and said he wasn't coming back next semester because he was going to write for a newspaper in Boston or D.C., and I sighed heavily.

Wasn't much I could do after that but roll up the onion-skin and tuck it in a pocket, get loaded, and tell Wallie, "Tomorrow afternoon, okay? ■"



Seascape

by Seth Shawn Greenland

I

It was in the later part of the afternoon when the sun had reached the midway point in its daily trek back toward the horizon and people have turned their thoughts to the evening ahead. Owen Pryor stood at the end of a long "T" shaped dock. He was a tall lean youth with a shock of short curly brown hair and a sparse growth of reddish beard. He was wearing cut-off blue shorts and a

pair of deck sneakers that gave no indication of having experienced much use. The dearth of clothing on his athletic body was justified by the blistering heat of the humid June day and every few minutes he would wipe the beads of perspiration from his brow with the back of his hand. The late afternoon sun glistened on the blue water as it lapped gently against the dock. Owen watched the boats respond in a barely perceptible fashion as the water undulated rhythmically beneath them. He waited.

II

Owen Pryor had led a relaxed life which, luckily, had not had a noticable adverse effect on him. He had been raised in a comfortable suburb about thirty miles north of New York City and he'd just finished his second year in a small eastern college. His mother, a high school teacher, had introduced him to "good" literature at an early age and he had taken to it with great relish developing into a avid reader of most everything. He had been precocious without being obnoxious in experiencing what most people would consider a normal boyhood. He liked to think of his early years as a cross between those of Tom Sawyer and a younger Nick Carraway. That was his way. Yet Owen felt that something had been missing in his life, something he could not quite put his finger on. His early and teenage years had been happy enough; playing sports, travelling with his family and, of course, reading, but he had never experienced a taste of any real excitement or anything romantic or . . . well . . . anything young men dream of doing but most never seem to get around to. He would talk of going to Alaska to get a job on the oil pipeline being built there; talked about dropping out of college to do it too, but he never seemed to get around to it. He thought about hitchhiking around Europe for a year, but he never got around to doing that either. No money, no this, no that . . . it went on. A sense of stagnation was slowly creeping over him. He knew he had done nothing in the way of indulging his desire for adventure. He was, after all, in college.

Six weeks earlier during a conversation in a bar near his school he had been given the names of a few fishermen who worked out of Cape Cod and had been known to hire a new crew annually. Owen immediately embraced the idea of working on a fishing boat for the summer. It appealed to his every instinct as well as his reason. He would be out on the vast Atlantic Ocean, under the summer sun, with a few other men (men, not college boys. The thought intrigued him.) battling the elements and supporting himself from what he would earn. With the names Joe Balboni, Bud Brown and Connie Holmes written down and safely tucked into his wallet he drove to Cape Cod that weekend. He found Balboni and Brown at Saquatucket Harbor in Harwich Port but neither of these men expressed any interest in hiring a neophyte like Owen. Discouraged by his ill-fortune but still determined he prowled around the harbor looking for Connie Holmes but expecting the same treatment. A harbor boy told Owen that Holmes wasn't there. He lived in Plymouth where he ran a family grocery store and was probably

there that day. Owen thanked the kid and stood on the dock pondering this information for a moment. Owen had been in the harbor area long enough to get a healthy dose of the warm sun and clean salt air. As Owen stood there a cod boat chugged slowly in. He watched the men unload the cargo, gazing at their strong, tan bodies and faces that were as weatherbeaten as their clothes. (Ah! the romantic fisherman.) Owen thought of Santiago as he watched the men. He had been deeply affected by a combination of the scene in Saquatucket Harbor and the scene in his own mind. He desperately wanted to see and feel for himself. With new resolve he found the Plymouth address of Connie Holmes and made his way there that day.

Holmes lived in a small frame house on the outskirts of Plymouth. When Owen drove up there was a green Ford pickup in front of the house and a few childrens' toys that lay, temporarily abandoned, in the front yard. Owen walked to the door quickly and, looking around to examine the immediate neighborhood, rang the bell. A middle-aged woman answered the door. Owen explained his business as she regarded him curiously.

"You want to see Connie?"

"Yes, please."

"Wait a minute."

Owen stood on the doorstep with his hands in his pockets as he watched the woman recede back into the confines of the little house. He tried to look in but the front door was situated such that he could see nothing but the small foyer in which he noticed a cheap print of an American clipper ship hanging on one of the walls. A large man came to the door shortly. He was about Owen's height, two inches over six feet, but the man was of a much stronger build. He wore a white T-shirt from which a multitude of gray and brown chest hairs protruded at the neck. Owen noticed a tatoo on his left arm but couldn't make out what it was. A gray crewcut gave the man's face a severe appearance but he smiled which put Owen immediately at ease, and invited him in. Once Owen was inside the man hitched up his loose green pants and extended his hand.

"I'm Connie Holmes," he said.

"Nice to meet you," Owen replied as he shook his hand.

"What can I do for you?"

"Well," Owen began, "I was down at Saquatucket Harbor this morning looking for work

on a boat and they told me you might be able to use someone." There was a pause. Holmes scratched his face and looked at Owen thoughtfully. He cleared his throat.

"Why don't we sit down," he said. They proceeded into a small living room and Mr. Holmes seated himself in a large chair. He motioned to an overstuffed sofa and Owen sat down.

"Have you ever worked boats before?"

"Not really. See, I've been around a lot of boats and I've crewed but I've never worked on one for money." He was embarrassed by his inexperience as a professional fisherman.

"Are you strong?"

"Yes." He wasn't lying.

"I mean strong enough to do heavy work at sea. You'll be busting your ass."

"I think I can."

"I hope the fishing will be good this year. Last season was bad but I think the lobsters will be running this year. I need three strong men on board. I've got two already. What do you like to eat?"

"Most anything," Owen quickly replied.

"You don't get seasick, do you?"

"No."

Mr. Holmes stood up and as Owen began to stand Holmes motioned for him to stay seated.

"Wait," he said. He walked out of the room and into the hallway. Owen remained in his seat. Holmes returned in less than a minute.

"Here," he said as he handed Owen a scrap of paper and a pencil. "Give me your phone number and address." Owen quickly scribbled down both and passed the paper back to the man. "I'll expect to see you at six in the afternoon on June first. I'll call if I need you earlier." The young man was elated.

III

And so he waited on the dock late that afternoon. Owen had been standing there facing the sea for about twenty minutes when the dock

under him began to vibrate slightly. Someone was approaching. Owen wheeled around and saw Holmes and another man. The second fellow seemed about three or four years older than Owen and he assumed that it was the other crew member. Reaching Owen, Holmes said, "This is Russ Woodford. He'll be on the boat with us."

"How ya doing," Owen said as he offered his hand. Russ shook his hand and nodded. Owen was to learn, among other things, that talking was not a favorite pastime of working fishermen. The old salts were the storytellers. Those who were still working usually kept quiet.

The Rachel was the name of the boat they were sailing on and Holmes, vigorous individual that he was, had done most of the loading of pots and other fishing paraphernalia earlier that afternoon. A few pots were left on the dock and the captain told Owen to carry them to the top of the pile and rope them down. The entire deck was stacked ten feet high with the wooden traps and Owen was visibly having difficulty dragging the remaining pots to the top. Sensing this, Russ scampered, with simian quickness, to the top of the pile and Owen handed him the unwieldy traps one by one while Russ secured them. Working together they finished in five minutes.

It was not quite seven o'clock and a few gray clouds moved slowly, as if they were trying to slip unnoticed across the sky.

"Do we go now or wait 'til we're sure of the weather?"

"Whatevah you think, Mista Holmes," Russ deferentially replied.

"Let's go out," Owen said, eager to get on with the adventure. Russ looked at him and then out to the water. He said nothing. Holmes put his hands in his pockets as he chewed thoughtfully on his lip.

"Yes, we'll go."

Owen lept from the dock on to the forty-five foot Rachel. Holmes and Russ followed in more deliberate fashion. The engines were immediately turned over and in a short while they were chugging out of Saquatucket Harbor toward Johnson's Reef, one hundred and ten miles to the southeast.

Owen placed himself on the gunwale of the boat, next to the cabin, as that was the only part of the deck on which the bulky traps were not massed. Late afternoon had turned to early evening and he watched the sun, now a fiery red ball,

slowly lower itself, as if suspended from a celestial wire, into Cape Cod. The moon was out; crescent-shaped that night, like the blade of a white sickle. 'Call me Ishmael,' the young man thought. He laughed softly to himself. Owen had settled back to enjoy the ride until his steering shift commenced at ten o'clock when Russ emerged from the cabin.

"Here," he said handing Owen a pair of heavy duty rubber gloves. "We gotta fill the bait bags. Gimme a hand with the fish." Owen nodded, climbed off his perch and followed Russ into the cabin. There were two cartons of frozen redfish waiting to be broken up and put in bait bags. Following his shipmate's example, Owen put the gloves on and began to break up the blocks of frozen fish, stuffing the chunks into the mesh bags as he did so. When each bag was filled, usually with the remains of one and a half or two redfish, they would throw it in a styrofoam container that sat on the large gray engine box. Redfish are spiny prehistoric looking creatures and in their frozen state they could be broken like so many sticks. They had entrails the color of canned peaches and these would sometimes fall out as the fish were halved and stuffed in the bags. This revolted Owen.

After stuffing the bags for more than ten minutes and making no noticable dent in the supply of frozen redfish, one of the bones that protruded out of the backs of this particular specie pierced Owen's rubber glove and likewise his finger. He cursed and tore the glove off to suck the wound. Russ looked up.

"Prick yaself?" These were the first words he had said to Owen since they had started the work.

"Yeah".

"Betta suck on it," Russ advised, "happened to a fella last yeuh an' he got sick." Owen sucked harder.

The remainder of the work that evening passed without incident and Owen retired to the hold at midnight after steering the ten to twelve shift.

The violent tossing of the boat awakened him three hours later. He nestled deeper into his blanket and tried to go back to sleep. He rolled toward the hull and as he did the boat was thrown by a wave and Owen's head struck the wood. He mumbled an oath and rolled back in the other direction. Owen lay on his back staring at the ceiling. He hadn't expected bad weather, but then, when does one? The manner in which the Rachel was responding to the massive undulations of the

water was keeping Owen awake. Wide awake? Though no part of his body left his mattress his feet would be a foot higher than his head one moment and his head would be that much higher than his feet the next. He had become slightly queasy. Noticing this, Owen propped himself up in his berth. He breathed deeply and burped. Thinking that he might be better off in the cabin he got out of bed and walked up the three steps, bracing himself as the boat lurched. Holmes was standing resolutely at the wheel. His steel gray eyes were fixed on the sea ahead. He said nothing as Owen emerged from below. Russ was awake as well. He nodded at Owen as he entered and then returned to the apple he was eating. Owen sat down on the engine box. He inhaled deeply through his mouth and filled his stomach and lungs with air. Rain crashed against the windshield with tremendous force as the boat glided up the front of a large wave and down its back. Progress through the water is achieved by extensive horizontal movement on a consistent plane. Much of the Rachel's movement through the storm was vertical and, thus, their progress was perilously slow. Owen sat, elbows on knees and chin in hands. His stomach swayed in time to the irregular movement of the boat. Four o'clock passed. Five, then six. The darkness was lifting but the storm gave no indication of doing the same. Owen noticed that a disagreeable odor had begun to waft through the cabin air, an odor not unlike that of decaying flesh. The redfish had started to thaw out and rot. Owen groaned as he realized this and concentrated on inhaling through his mouth. The movement of the boat continued at an irregular pace and Owen was jostled back and forth in his seat on the engine box. The decomposing fish were beginning to smell increasingly rancid and the air in the cabin had become stifling. Waves of nausea flowed over his body. To Owen, they seemed as big as the waves of the ocean outside. The boat rose and fell as if moving to the rhythm of a deranged percussionist. Owen stood up, steadied himself, walked unevenly to the back of the cabin, slid the door open and stepped outside into the rain. The clean air swept against his twisted face. He leaned over the gunwale and tried to throw up. His body wrenched violently with the effort but nothing came. He breathed deeply and stuck the index and middle fingers of his right hand down his throat. The black water rushed by into the gray dawn. His diaphragm contracted spasmodically and he felt as if his insides were about to explode. Still nothing came. He groaned, groped for the door and walked back into the cabin.

The rain beat a bleak tatoo against the windshield and on the cabin roof. Owen sat down and tried his hardest not to look sick. Holmes looked at him.

"Kinda green, hey? You'll feel better when the storm lets up. It's gettin' easier now." Owen groaned softly.

As it got lighter out the velocity of the winds began to diminish and the rain let up until it had become an annoying drizzle. The Rachel was more than a hundred miles southeast of Harwich Port when the three of them began to work. The pots were strung together and dropped one by one, about forty yards apart. There was an anchor pot at the end of each line of fifteen and the lines were marked with buoys made out of a styrofoam float and a bamboo rod. A red flag was tied to the end of each piece of bamboo so as to be more easily sighted from a distance. Owen worked with the men from the beginning. Initially his contribution was that of someone who, uninvited, had tagged along and got in the way. But as his strength returned he began to do more and more of his share of the labor.

As the day grew longer and the clouds moved away the memory of the previous night assumed the dimensions of a bad dream. Bad, but not to be forgotten. One day it will make a good story, Owen thought.

By midday the sun was beating down hard on the men as they layed down each line of fifteen pots. Owen took off his shirt and, stripped to the waist, sweat running off of his young body, he worked in the afternoon heat. Words were few as they sowed the seeds for what the three men hoped would be a summer-long harvest.

It was past seven o'clock that night when they turned homeward. Owen steered from eight to ten and two to four. The steering was unexciting but the young man was thankful for the tedium as it allowed him to reflect. The days work had gone well once they'd started. Fishermen. Men at work. Making a living to pay bills so they could live. They weren't looking for the great white whale or a great white lobster for that matter. Just working. Hard work. The romantic fisherman?

Owen returned to his berth and slept for more than an hour. When he came topside and walked out on the now empty deck the sun was just becoming visible over the Atlantic and the early morning rays danced on the blue-gray water. ■

evol's ambiguity

by Stephen Thompson

Grab at each other
Through the darkness
Of the night

Searching in souls and
Hearts for what they
Call Love

Grabbing arms, squeezing
Waists,
Have you found it yet?
Is it really there?

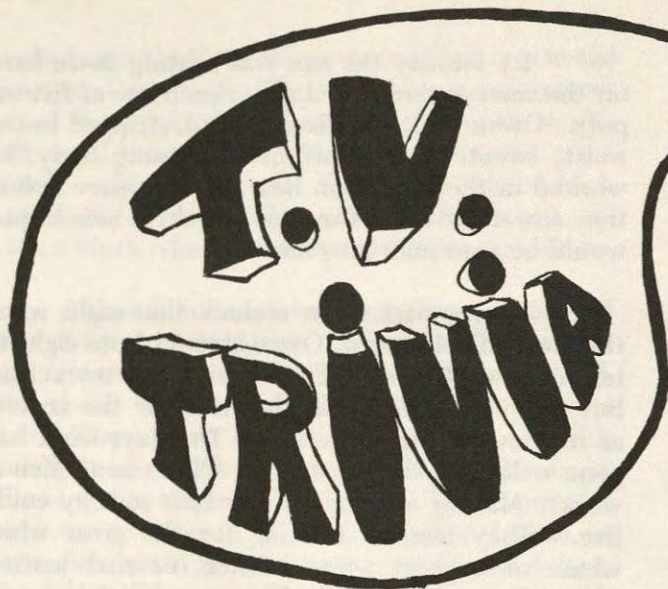
Or is it lost?
Lost in this universal
Darkness that clothes naked
Bodies

Love is like the dark,
All of it is in secret.
Images of beauty,
Splashing in shallow mind pools

Damp lips touching,
Feminine fingers caress
Masculine muscles

Search in the state of ecstasy
For the Feeling splattered
On the sides of our Minds

Evol's Ambiguity,
Don't move so swiftly
Stay your shadow
Place yourself among
Seekers of the night.



1. In the show "Topper," the wife's name.
2. Crusader Rabbit's sidekick in the cartoon show, "Crusader Rabbit."
3. Johnny Quest's dog's name in the cartoon show, "Johnny Quest."
4. The town next door to Mayberry in "Andy Griffith."
5. George Jetson's robot maid's name and the name of the dog on "The Jetsons."
6. What does T.H.E. stand for in "T.H.E. Cat?"
7. What channel did "The Man From Uncle" open in overseas communications?
8. Boss's first name in "It Takes a Thief."
9. Professor's henchman in "Felix The Cat."
10. The sponsor of "Sky King."
11. What was Robert Culp's cover in "I Spy."
12. The midget villain in "Wild Wild West."
13. Professor Peabody's sidekick.
14. Rocky the Squirrel's middle initial.
15. Dudley DoRight's girlfriend.
16. The villain in "Beanie and Cecil."
17. The two other chipmunks names in "Alvin Show."
18. Barbara Feldon's number in "Get Smart."
19. Lumpy's real first name in "Leave It To Beaver."
20. Sherrif's name in "The Rifleman."
21. Martin Landau's name in "Mission Impossible."

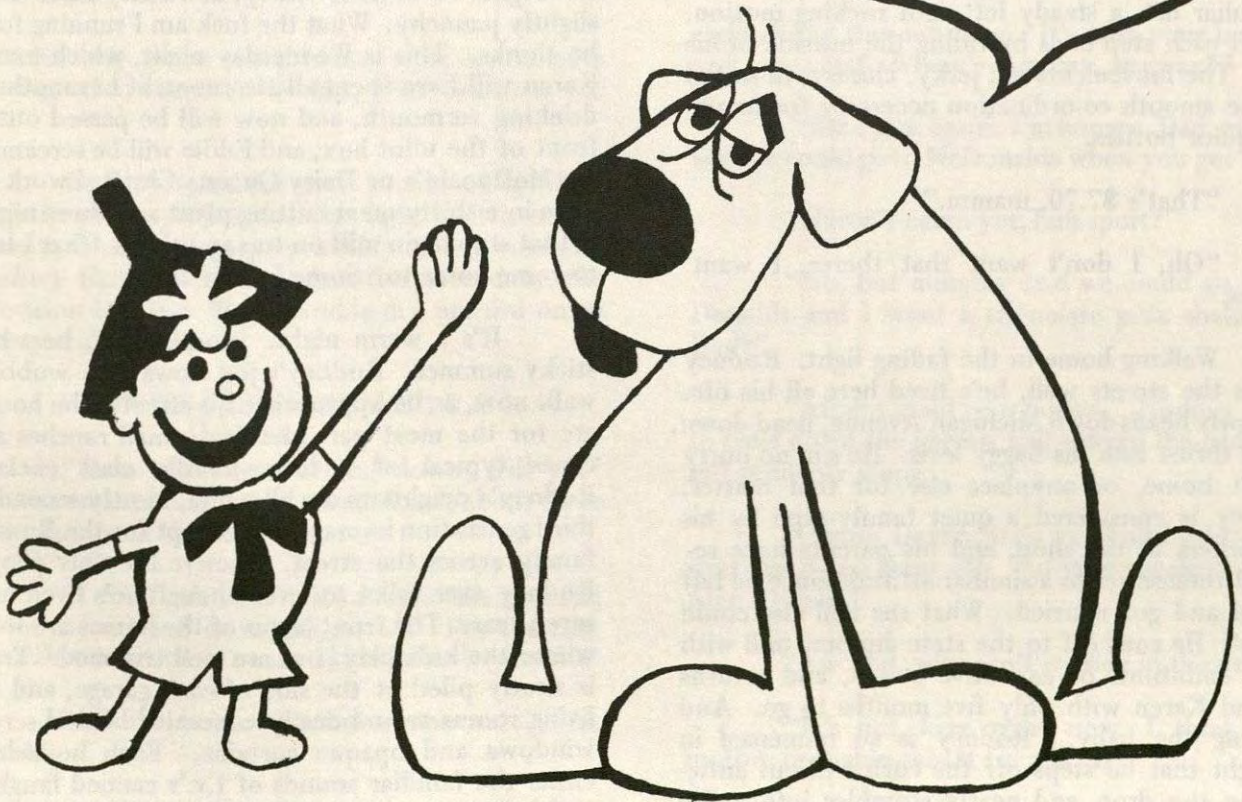
by Alan Kane
and Guy Morris

22. What show was "Mrs. Kravitz" in?
 23. What was the dog's name in "Tom Terrific" from Capt. Kangaroo?
 24. Who was Steed's boss in "The Avengers?"
 25. In "I Love Lucy," what was the kid's name?
 26. Who were Clutch Cargo's dog and pal?
 27. Who were the enemies in "The Man From Uncle" and "Get Smart?"
 28. Who was the cook on "Rawhide?"
 29. What program did Jerry Van Dyke star in?
 30. The name of Tom Slick's girlfriend.
 31. Who were the nine villains in "Batman?"
 32. Who were the voices of Underdog and Mr. Magoo?
 33. Who starred on "Shenanagins?"
 34. Who played "Space Angel?"
 35. Who are the villains in "Roger Ramjet?"
- BONUS!!!! Who played Thing on "The Addams Family?"

ANSWERS

ON

PAGE 22



Penguin, Waddle

"...I understand that you're participating in a parody of my book *Rabbit, Run*..."

by Nelson Angstrom

"Case 'a Budwisea.?"

"Sure, would you like that chilled?"

"Na, warm's fane."

Rodney turns toward the back room where the warm beer is stacked outside of the walk-in refrigerator. Christ, why don't these morons from Boston learn how to speak English, he wonders. He pulls a case from the top of the pile, but the cardboard case tears and two six packs avalanche down on his head.

"Son of va bitch!" Rubbing his aching cerebrum, he replaces the spilled beer in the ripped case. He returns to the front of the store, tilting the case to prevent further mishap. He walks with a peculiar list, a steady left-right rocking motion, so that each step ends by riding the outside of his foot. The movements are jerky, clumsy, ill-suited for the smooth co-ordination necessary for handling liquor bottles.

"That's \$7.70, mamm."

"Oh, I don't want that therer, I want bottles."

Walking home in the fading light. Rodney knows the streets well, he's lived here all his life. He slowly heads down Michigan Avenue, head down, hands thrust into his baggy levis. He's in no hurry to get home, or anyplace else for that matter. Rodney is considered a quiet family-type by his co-workers at the shop, and his parents have resigned themselves to a similiar attitude since he left school and got married. What the hell else could he do? He runs off to the state diploma mill with lofty ambitions of executive status, and returns to find Karen with only five months to go. And wanting the baby. Rodney is so immersed in thought that he steps off the curb without anticipating the drop, and nearly stumbles into a fire hydrant.

"Shit!" Christ, he figures, I didn't have to knock her up. I could've jerked off. Rodney laughs at his own wit. Glancing to his left, he notices something peculiar in the top floor window of the London Squire apartments that line the street. A notorious hangout for whores, drunks, and other transients, the old brownstone buildings lean as though they've had one too many hangovers. The forms of two people crudely kissing easily permeates the flimsy protection of the shade. Rodney stops to watch, then suddenly, impulsively, puts his hands to his mouth and yells, "Hey buddy, you can always jerk off!"

Running now, or is it more like a fast waddle, the movement a mother penguin would make to protect her young from a possible enemy. He begins to breathe heavy, at twenty-three he is slightly paunchy. What the fuck am I running for?, he thinks. This is Wednesday night, which means Karen will have spent all afternoon at her mothers' drinking vermouth, and now will be passed out in front of the idiot box, and Eddie will be screaming for McDonald's or Dairy Queen. Christ, I work six days in a shitty meat cutting plant and three nights in that stupid gin mill on top and this is what I have to come home to. Some fuckin' life.

It's a warm night, promising to be a hot, sticky summer. Rodney's jog slows to a wobbly walk now, as he approaches his street. The houses are for the most part identical; small ranches and capes typical of a lower-middle class enclave. Rodney's neighbors are all white, mostly second or third generation immigrants, except for the Russian family across the street. They're the only people Rodney ever talks to, even though he's lived here seven years. The front lawns of the homes are worn where the kids play, but are well trimmed. Trash is neatly piled at the side of each garage, and the living rooms are modestly concealed behind screen windows and opaque curtains. Each household emits the familiar sounds of t.v.'s canned laughter and irate parents arguing bedtime hours accompanied by loud protests from their offspring. Before



he's halfway down the driveway, the sound of a blaring television clues Rodney that Dexter is still up.

Rodney stumbles over Dexter's Big Wheel tricycle as he gropes for the light switch in the garage. The car is gone, probably at her mother's. Rodney thinks. As he enters the back door, the television hits him like a double-dry martini on an empty stomach.

"HOW DO I SPELL RELIEF? R-O-L-A..."

"Turn that damn thing down, will ya!" Dexter remains immutably transfixed, about three feet away from the screen.

"I SAID-oh hell!" Rodney walks in front of the screen and shuts the set off. For the first time, Dexter becomes aware of his father's presence.

"Whatja do that for? I wanna watch Star Trek!"

"I bet you've been watching that tube since

eight-thirty this morning. It's past your bedtime, ya know chief. Where's mommy, anyway?"

"She's sick again. I'm hungry, Dad, mommy said we could go to McDonalds when you got home.

"Haven't eaten yet, huh sport?"

"No, but mommy said we could go to McDonalds and I want a chocolate milk shake, o.k. Dad?"

"Alright, hold your horses." Rodney begins to head down the narrow hall toward the bedroom, but suddenly stops.

"C'mon Dexter, let's go. And I told you to shut that damn thing off! Put your sneakers on, we have to walk."

"Aw Dad, why can't we ride in the car?"

"It's not here right now, I think your mother probably sold it for a bottle."

"What bottle, Dad?"

"Nothin'. Put your sneakers on, I'm not gonna carry you." Once again Rodney steps out into the summer night, this time accompanied by his son. Dexter walks like a trooper, with short, rigid steps, peculiar to a six-year old trying to keep up with his dad.

McDonalds seems to be an extension of t.v. ads, which Rodney finds especially repulsive. The huge yellow and red neon sign, the striped cloth umbrellas and red and white polyethylene trash barrels. Inside, more of the same gimmickry. This week they're featuring McDonaldland cookies, and neatly pinned to each neatly groomed employee's uniform (which seem to Rodney to have a striking resemblance to the outfits on Star Trek) is a sign stating, "We're guaranteed 14 ways!"

Dexter orders his usual two cheeseburgers and a chocolate shake, but this time insists on a box of McDonaldland cookies. Rodney settles for a cup of coffee and french fries. The girl who waits on them is still a teenager, although she bleaches her hair and flirts with the manager. She pays no attention when Rodney asks for black coffee, but instead clacks her gum loudly as she pours in the cream and sugar.

"Dat's two dallars even, Mista'." Rodney is mildly amused by this performance, and he doesn't mention the botched coffee. This isn't exactly the glamour girl who does the t.v. ads, he thinks. But I suppose it's better than having all the the employees suddenly jump over the counter and sing, "GRAB A BUCKET AND MOP!"

It's completely dark by the time they leave McDonaldland. Rodney scuffs slowly along under the glowing streetlights surrounded by a halo of moths. Dexter clings to the sleeve of his father's jacket and sucks on the rest of his milkshake with his other hand. Rodney is in no particular hurry to confront Karen. He vaguely thinks about picking up the car.

"Hey Dad?"

"What."

"How come when the cars go by the signs light up?" Rodney scratches his head and looks puzzled.

"Because," he says as he lifts Dexter over his head, "there is a little man behind each sign who turns it on when a car goes by."

"No there isn't Dad, you're just foolin'."

"Whadaya mean, don't you see the little man behind that sign over there?" Rodney indicates

a huge billboard across the street.

"What's that man on the sign saying, Dad?"

"He says 'I like the box.'"

"What box, what does that mean, Dad?"

"Someday when you get older I'll tell you. Let's go, it's getting late."

Turning left on Kennedy Drive. All the houses in Rodney's neighborhood are named after presidents. Roosevelt Lane. Truman Avenue. And finally Captiol Hill. As they approach the corner of this street, the shouts of kids playing at the playground temporarily drowns out the steady chirping of the crickets.

"I wanna go on the swings, please Dad, only for a few minutes!" What the hell, Rodney figures, he's probably been in the house all day.

"Hang on, now." "Zoom!" "ZOOM!" After about the fifty push, Rodney's enthusiasm as well as wind begins to lag.

"You're on your own now kid, Daddy needs a break." Rodney leans on the wire-mesh fence and lights a cigarette.

"Hey Mister, you wanna throw us the ball?" Rodney glances up and sees a group of high school kids standing in the lighted area of the playground. The ball has rolled over by the swings. Rodney picks it up with one hand and examines it. It's a Wilson, a regulation ball. He waves with his left hand.

"Go long." A tall, thin kid starts running down the playground. After a few strides, he turns around.

"Keep going. Long bomb!" Rodney's arm drops back and suddenly his whole body whips forward. The ball sails upward, spiraling perfectly, and finally dropping some twenty yards over the boy's head.

"I said to go long." Rodney smiles, inwardly pleased that after all these years he still hasn't lost his touch. In high school he was quarterback of the varsity football team. He was never quick or agile, but he had a uncanny knack for calling the right play at the right time, and he could always throw like hell. They used to call him penguin because of the funny way he ran; that sort of left-right waddle. Back then he was a high school celebrity, ten years later, of course, nobody remembers.

"Whadaya say, sport, time to go."

"Ah Dad, just five more minutes."

"Nope, sorry, better go now, otherwise your mother is liable to lock us out."

Once again, the sound of the television greets Rodney as he opens the door.

Taste that beats the OTHERS COLD! Pepsi pours it on!!

"Say goodnight to mommy then get ready THE FLIP WILSON SHOW! AND NOW,

for bed. I'll be in in a few minutes." Rodney goes LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, HERE'S FLIP!!

goes into the den, glances at the screen, then his DA DAAA, DA TA TA DA DAA!! DA DAAA!

wife, who is sprawled out on the sofa. An old TA TA TA DAH!!! "HI ALL YOU FOXY

fashioned glass and a bottle of Tribuno on the PEOPLE! MY NAME IS GER-AL-DINE! Don't

table. Rodney walks over and shuts off the eva' tosh me, or I'll tell KILLA! I know I look television.

a little pregnant, but THE DEVIL MADE ME DO IT!!!!

"It's about time you got home."

"Yeah, well somebody's got to take care of the kid while you booze it up. Where the hell is the car, anyway?"

"I had an accident. I'm pregnant."

"Christ Karen, this is the third time this year . . . YOU'RE WHAT!

"I went to the doctor's today - he told me. I was so upset when I left that I backed into a telephone pole."

"THE HELL WITH THE ACCIDENT !!!
WHAT'S THIS ABOUT YOU BEING PREGNANT!
What about those pills you've been taking?"

"It was an accident, Rodney, I must have missed a few days!" Rodney begins to pace around the room, his waddle even more apparent.

"WE CAN'T AFFORD ANOTHER KID!
Where would he go; what would we feed him?

Christ Karen, your just gonna have to have one of those operations!"

"You mean an abortion?!"

"No, an appendectomy! Look, you got pregnant, now you can get unpregnant!"

"If you think I'm gonna kill my baby, you can go straight to hell!"

"What the hell do you think those goddamn little pills you forget to take do! Make you fertile!?"

"THAT'S DIFFERENT! IT'S MY BABY NOW AND IF . . ."

"WILL YOU SHUT UP FOR A SECOND!!!
There's somebody at the goddamn door."

"Oh shit, who would show up at this time of night! If it's my mother, I think I'll throw up."

"That makes two of us." Rodney leaves the den and heads for the living room. He clicks on the outside light and opens the door.

"Yes?"

"Are you Rodney Tibbar?"

"Yes."

"Hi, may I come in?"

"Who are you?"

"My name is John Updike, and I understand that you are participating in a parody of my book *Rabbit, Run*.

"That's right. C'mon in."

"Well Rodney, if I understand things correctly, you are supposed to represent the protagonist of my book, Harry Angstrom, a man who is trapped in a world he is unable to control or understand. You both feel alienated from your jobs, but work long hours. I take it that your little idiosyncrasies, such as your dislike of regional accents and hatred of television, is meant to resemble Harry's fastidiousness and hatred of movies; your clumsy manner and funny walk are meant to resemble Harry's lanky, uncoordinated movements, yet you both are former high school athletes, and you both have wives who are dumb, helpless and pregnant, and kids who are hooked on food-chain hamburgers and mass media." Updike lights up a Marlboro, then continues.

"I suppose that the only way you can resolve the turmoil of your life is, like Harry, to chuck everything and head off into the sunset. Right?"

"Yeah, that's pretty much correct, Mr. Updike."

"Can I ask one question, Rodney?"

"Sure."

"What's the point of all this?"

Well, I'm really not sure. You'd have to ask the author, Walter Palmer."

"Do you know where he lives?"

"Yeah, he goes to Connecticut College."

"You mean UConn?"

"No. Connecticut College. It's in New London." Updike looks puzzled.

"Isn't that a girls school?"

"No, it went co-ed in '68."

"Oh. Well goodnight, Rodney, nice meeting you."


Rodney shuts the door and heads back toward the den. Suddenly he pivots, and quickly heads out the front door. He begins to jog, left-right, rock-rock, past the tight little houses and the well-trimmed lawns. He turns toward the sound of the kids playing football.

"Throw me a long one!" Rodney breaks off down through the field, further, he doesn't turn to catch the pass, but rather lengthens his shaky strides, leaving the streets of his neighborhood, moving closer to the downtown of the city. The leaning towers of the Squire are in view -- he enjoys the illusion of the brownstone bricks flashing by, he runs. Ah: runs. Runs.

"Karen rolls over with a groan. "Who was at the door, dear? Dear! Rodney! RODNEY!!!"



T.V. Quiz Answers

- 
- 1) Henrietta
 - 2) Tiger rags
 - 3) Bandit
 - 4) Mt. Pilot
 - 5) Rosie and Astro
 - 6) Thomas Hewiet Edward
 - 7) Channel "D"
 8. Noah
 - 9) Rock Bottom
 - 10) Nabisco
 - 11) Tennis bum
 - 12) Professor Loveless
 - 13) Sherman
 - 14) "J."
 - 15) Nell
 - 16) Dishonest John
 - 17) Theodore and Simon
 - 18) "99"
 - 19) Clarence

- 20) Mica
- 21) Rollin Hand
- 22) "Bewitched"
- 23) The Mighty Manfred
- 24) "Mother"
- 25) Little Ricky
- 26) Spinner and Paddlefoot
- 27) Thrush and Kaos
- 28) Wishbone
- 29) "My Mother the Car"
- 30) Marigold
- 31) Riddler, Joker, Penguin,
Catwoman, Bookworm, Mr. Freeze,
Egghead, King Tut and Archer
- 32) Wally Cox and Jim Backus
- 33) Stubby Kay
- 34) Scott McCloud
- 35) Noodles Romanoff and his gang
of "No goods"
- 36) Itself!!!!

THE NAMES OF THE SHOWS ARE PRINTED IN QUOTES



Reins

a play in three acts

by Richard Wechsler and Bobby Williams

The play was first performed during Spring semester 1975 in the
Connecticut College Arboretum amphitheater. All rights reserved.

Narrator:

There was a terrible blackness;
All was alone, a terrible fright.
The Maker by Himself, not knowing.
Man not knowing fear, not knowing
God. Not knowing
What was to be from the boredom
of the Maker.
Sad and lonely, the Maker went crazy,
leaving man to reject what he found.

God, sitting in a pose similar to Durer's Melancholia II, looks up at the audience, bewildered.

God:

Hello there. I say hello; I say - - hello. Hello, hello, hello, hello, hellooo-oo.
All I do is say hello, hello, but what is there to return by greeting? Voids,
only nothing, infinite nothing. Hello again and again and nothing again and
again.

What do do, what to say? Make a planet, burst a star. It is always the
same. With a star star here and a planet planet there. Here a star there
a planet. Oh Boy! Stars and planets; stars planets and vacuums. My
world is - - -, Hello, hello, hello.

Something different, I need something different. I need a change! (pauses;
walks around) Let me introduce myself. I am - - no, there I go again.
How can I introduce myself to you if....You, there is no you, no you at
all. If there was a you I could say hello, and then you would respond.
If there was a you I could say hello, and you, if there was a you, would
say, What do you want?

I will make you. I will make you out of this clay. Out of the clay, out
of the clay I will make you, and you will call me God. God! You will
call me God and God I will be. I will be God, and you will be you, and - -
wait! You will need a place to live. I have a place for myself, but you
will need a place when you are you. So let there be light!

(God now gets very excited by his work. He jumps all around rather
vigorously.)

I have made the heavens, I have made the Earth. I have made everything.
This is so great. This is fantastic. I have made for you a home. I have
made a great house for you -- you, but you are not here. I am still
sitting on you. You are still in the clay. I say hello -- I say you are
still in the clay.

(God starts thumping on the clay.)

Hello, you -- I say hello. What -- what is this -- movement (Frantically)
Hello -- you I say Hello -- you -- where are you?

This thumping will not do. Perhaps if I jump. I tried a thump, so now
I'll jump, jump, jump.

Hello -- you -- hello -- Why won't the clay keep moving? I need more
movement. I need more movement. I have never done anything so
difficult. I am tired of thumping. I'm tired of jump. There is only one

thing left to do, I must hump.

(God starts humping the clay. Eventually the clay divides. Thunder is sounded. Adam appears from the clay.)

God: What happened; what went wrong? You weren't to look like you look at all. You, you, -- hello -- you! You weren't to look as you do, you know.

Adam: Well, man, I just came out of this mound over there and I wasn't really expecting to be disturbed. This is how I usually look. Anyway, what were you doing humping my mound like that?

God: Do you know who you are talking to? Boy! You, I say you. Do you know, Boy, who are you talking to?

Adam: Who are you calling Boy -- Adam's the name, and yours is?

God: My what is?

Adam: Your name -- what's your name? You have a name, don't you?

God: I think so; I guess so. Yes, I must have a name. Maybe not, though. I never had anyone to call me before by a name. Never knew anyone before. I guess you can call me God. That's it; call me God. Call me God, you dirty dog. I

Adam: All right, God.

God: I, God, have created a magnificent garden for you to stay in. It is called Eden, the Garden of Eden, and there is everything that you could possibly want there. There are shelters for you to sleep under, all the food you can eat, and nothing to hurt you there.

Adam: Nothing? Nothing to hurt me; wow, nothing at all? Great!

God: There is one thing that is forbidden you, though.

Adam: I knew it. What is the one thing?

God: There are mushrooms that grow in the garden, and you are not permitted to eat them. As long as you do not indulge in the mushrooms, you will be watched over, Ha, Ha, but never should they be eaten.

Adam: I will never eat the mushrooms, then. Even though I know not why.

God: Because I conceived you; you are my product. You must listen; you must serve me; you, you, must not, not, eat the mushrooms. You must listen to me; that's how it must be. Now, however, I must take you to the Garden. Ahhhh, the Garden! So let us be off. Come along, this way.

ACT II

God: See, Adam, what I have made for you. (Walks out onto the rocks) Come; walk out on these rocks. Here is water, all around. There are fish, turtles, but we must hurry. The journey ahead is long.

Adam: Tell me more of this place, God. Is it going to be this quiet?

God: Quiet -- but we are the only ones here. There is no one but us. How could it not be quiet.

Adam: Take it easy, God. Man, you get upset easily. This place isn't so bad, you know! But why are some of the trees dead? Why are they crooked and deformed?

God: Adam, Things must live,
Things must die.
Fish must swim,
Fish must fry.
Birds must hatch,
Birds must fly.
Don't ask me,
I know not why.

Adam: What are these? (Pointing to thorns)

God: Stick your hand in them.

Adam: Uhh.

God: These are thorns, now you know not to stick your hand in them. Now, will you stop asking these questions. Let us move on. I have an idea for you, Adam. You will not be by yourself in the Garden. You shall have a mate.

Adam: A mate?

God: Yes, a mate. A most magnificent mate. To stand by you. To care for you. To see you through high and low times.

Adam: That is good. What's a mate?

God: You will find out. Now will you come on.

Adam: What's that smell?

God: Burgers!

Adam: What's burgers?

God: Burgers are what you will eat in the Garden of Eden I've made for you. (A clown is seen running through the weeds singing his song)

Clown: At McDonald's you can get your fill.
At McDonald's you can get change from your dollar bill.
At McDonald's you can eat until
At McDonald's you can get burgers and fries before you become ill.

Adam: Who was that; is that a mate?

God: No, not a mate; that's the cooker of the burgers; he's harmless.

Adam: Oh, that is all fine, but what and where is a mate --
what is that nasty smell? When will we get to the garden? I am tired;
my feet hurt . . .

God: We are almost there. Oh, it is such a glorious place. The truest of paradises.

Adam: This place right here is fine. Let's stay here.

God: No, this will not do. You must come to the garden. I am the Lord your God and you must come to the garden. The garden is your home. I have said so, and so it is. Now be off.

(Adam and God continue their walk to the garden. They approach the stage from the right side. Adam lies down and sleeps. While Adam is asleep, God tampers with Adam. God then walks away with a rib bone in his hand. The sun comes up and Adam awakens. He now has a band-aid on his chest.)

Adam: Ooff. It must have been a bad dream. Phew -- what is that smell?

God: Good morning, Adam.

Adam: You're still here?

God: Yes, of course I am still here. Now look over there.

(Points to Eve)

Adam: What is the story, God?

God: What do you mean what is the story? You're beginning to be a real nuisance, you know.

Adam: That (Points to Eve)

God: Oh, her! That is your mate. You see, last night while you were asleep, I took out one of your ribs. Come here - - (God taps Adam on the chest; Adam winces.) Hurt, didn't it?

Adam: Yeah, it hurt. What do you mean, did it hurt? Are you stupid or something?

God: Well, last night I took out one of your ribs -- while you were asleep -- for I am a merciful God -- and I made Eve for you. (Adam appears stunned)

Adam: Man, you are running my life.

God: Look, Adam, she is a real good cook; she'll keep the apartment looking nice. She even does floors and windows. Go on over and talk to her. I'm going to leave you now.

(God winks at Adam; nudges him in the chest. Adam winces. God starts to leave -- then turns to Adam.)

God: Hey -- stay away from the mushrooms.

(Adam slowly moves toward Eve)

Adam: Hi.

Eve: Hello.

Adam: Do you come here often?

Eve: No; I've never been here before. Why do you ask?

Adam: Oh, I was just making conversation.

Eve: Yes, yes of course. Just making conversation. That's what they all say. Just making conversation. That is all there is, I guess. Just making conversation. Just one conversation to the next.

Adam: I'm sorry, really. I didn't mean to bore you. I just have never talked with a mate before.

Eve: That's alright. I've never talked with anyone before.

Adam: Really . . . Well, I was just talking to God before. He brought me here. You know that he made you from me. He's a confusing guy. Why did he make us? Why did he do anything? I mean, I was sleeping and he comes up and takes out one of my ribs. Now that is not right.

Eve: So I came from your rib. So what are you complaining about? Look, since we are here, we will just have to make the best of it. After all, we're the only mates around.

(Adam coughs and doubles up in pain)

Eve: What's wrong?

Adam: I have a pain right where God got you from.

Eve: Let me have a look at it.

(Eve starts to rub the sore area and Adam starts to enjoy it very much. As Eve continues to rub the sore spot the couple falls slowly to the ground and are engaged in the art of mating. Eve suddenly sits up.)

Eve: I've got to go to the bathroom.

Adam: You can't, not now.

Eve: I'll be right back.

(As Eve goes off, Adam sits with his back to where she exits. The scene is now on the other side of the stage where Eve sees a toad. The toad is seen in a patch of mushrooms hopping around having a good time. Eve is startled.)

Eve: Who are you? (The toad doesn't notice Eve. He just continues to hop around.)

Eve: (Louder) Who are you?

Toad: (Smiling) I'm the toad; I just live here.

Eve: What do you do here?

Toad: Oh, I just hop around, and I catch, eat, and love mushrooms.

Eve: What? You eat mushrooms? You're not supposed to eat mushrooms.

Toad: Says who?

Eve: Adam.

Toad: Listen, whoever Adam is, he is obviously burnt; he doesn't know how to have a good time. Come on try one of these; it will make you feel much better.

Eve: No; Adam said you can't eat mushrooms.

Toad: Listen, are you having fun now, you and Adam?

Eve: Well, not really, but ...

Toad: Look, if you and Adam just do up one of these mushrooms, everything will be just fine. And then you will have fun like you've never imagined.

Eve: Really? Well, if you put it that way, I'll go get Adam.

Toad: Do that; I'll be right here.

Narrator: Adam bowed to the steel,
the toad hopped, laughing,
flapping his rubbery tongue,
elongated through God's kingdom.

(Eve goes back to Adam, who is sitting where she left him.)

Eve: Did you ever talk to the toad in the mushroom patch?

Adam: What toad? What mushrooms. What do you mean?

Eve: There's this toad over in that field. He lives there. He just sort of hops through the mushrooms. Anyway, I was talking to him. He gets high on the mushrooms,

Adam: Gets high?

Eve: He eats them, Adam.

Adam: (Yells) He ate the mushrooms?

Eve: Yes, he really gets off on those mushrooms.

Adam: Did you tell him what God told me?

Eve: Yes.

Adam: Well, what did he say?

Eve: He said you were burnt.

Adam: Take me to this toad.

(Eve and Adam start walking to where she saw the toad.)

Adam: The toad is beautiful. He is fantastic. Look at him jump.

(Adam takes Eve's hand and walks toward the toad. Thunder sounds in the distance. The burger clown runs away. The toad then eats one of the mushrooms.)

How was it? How was the mushroom?

Toad: Try one.

Adam: I'm not allowed. God won't let me. He told me not to eat the mushrooms.

(Eve looks straight at Adam and starts running her fingers over his neck and chest.)

Eve: Come on. Eat a mushroom. Life around here is pretty boring. The toad has a good time because he eats mushrooms, so if we eat the mushrooms, we will have a good time too.

Toad: Yeah, come on! Eat a mushroom. Don't be such a straight.

Adam: Well, I guess so. He'll never know, anyway.

(Both Adam and Eve eat a mushroom. They start laughing and carrying on. Thunder sounds and lightning flashes. Adam and Eve go on unnoticed. The toad is laughing hysterically. The heavens divide. God enters center stage.)

Narrator: God created many things,
Some good; some bad.
God told Adam everything
is good in the garden; it's
the best you ever had.

But please, said God, don't
touch the mushrooms.
The mushrooms sat in the
garden waiting to be eaten,
sure enough Eve did it
to Adam, for that she should
have been beaten.

She had Adam to just try it,
and to take a little sip.
Now it's her fault that Adam
is now flying, off on his little trip.

God: Now you've done it, you ate the mushrooms. Look at you, running around through the field as carefree and crazy as that stupid burger-cooker.

(Adam and Eve continue to laugh)

I am going to throw you out of the garden.

Eve: (Still laughing) But where will we go?

God: You can go to hello, for all I care.

(Adam and Eve leave the garden, laughing. They are following the toad. God sits down on the empty stage, holding his head in his hand. Then he looks up and says . . .)

Hello, hello, I say hello. You I say hello . . .

THE POSITIVE FORCE OF UNITY

Members of the campus minority group discuss the newly formed Unity Center, and relate their views on inner-campus relations.

by Richard Kadzis

Persons Interviewed

Ernestine Brown, executive director of Unity Center
Dianne Carter '79
Carmen Iris Perez '78, executive board member
Ilona Staton '77
Lynn Jenkins '77 President at Unity House

Kadzis: "Describe the concept of Unity Center—what is it, how does it function, etc.?"

Brown: "Unity is a building, and that building is a home for two organizations; Umoja, which is Swahili for unity, and represents the black student organization, and La Unidad, Spanish for Unity, and is the Puerto Rican Culture Club. The main function of Unity is to provide support for these two organizations as they bring positive programs to the campus and work with various departments of the college to bring minority input into their programming. We hope through the co-operation of Unity and other departments to put together programs which would be of value to us all. For example, last year through the co-operation of the black students and the C.D. department, we brought Alvin Poussant to the campus. It is programs of this caliber we wish to continue sponsoring, along with programs of our own.

We do not wish to take the place of the Connecticut College experience. It's just that as minorities who have decided to come to a predominately white eastern campus, we'd like to have this experience enriched and supported by an occasional trip back home—a home base away from home, and that's what Unity Center at-

tempts to provide."

Kadzis: "Before we get to the student views, perhaps you could tell us something about last year's Minority Cultural Center? What happened, and how did it transform into Unity Center this year?"

Brown: "What we're experiencing is the sign of positive growth. The concept of a cultural center is only two years old. The fact that we've changed the name is just a sign of growth. We had to call it a cultural center until we knew exactly what its thrust would be. Now that we know what it's thrust is, we feel that unity should be the underlying philosophy of everything we do. I don't think it's a matter of one thing dying and a new thing growing."

Kadzis: "O.k., well since the students are responsible for running the Unity program, it would be appropriate to hear from them. Do each of you represent some aspect of like here at Unity?"

Carter: "I belong to the Black Voices of Pride, and I personally find it enriching—like she

Richard Kadzis is the News Director of WCNI. This interview was edited at the discretion of the editor of the *Literary Journal*.

said, it brings you back home, to be able to sit around and sing gospel or just share that time together."

Perez: "I'm a member of the Unity executive board and LaUnidad. The executive board lays down the rules for the house and to La Unidad. The La Unidad organization tries to make everyone aware of the Puerto Rican culture. November 19 is our discovery day, and we plan to have some functions to make the whole campus aware of Puerto Rico."

Ilona: "We're trying to pull everybody together, because at this school they're so few black and Spanish people that in order for us to accomplish anything we have to do it as a whole. My job on the admissions committee is to recruit black students to some to this school, because as it exists now, the enrollment is very low, right, and it should be greater."

Kadzis: "Tell us about the cultural and social aspects of Unity."

Jenkins: "I happened to accidentally live here, and I think it's maybe one of the best experiences I've had."

Kadzis: "What role do the residents play?"

Jenkins: "People living in the center are usually here and try to co-ordinate things and see that everything is o.k. and that people have access to the house."

Kadzis: "Tell us about your long-term and special programs."

Jenkins: "I'm on the cultural committee and we'd like to have some poets come, or having a movie or a dance troupe, and just different cultural events the campus has never seen before. These events would be open to the entire campus."

Carter: "Recently, we had a poetry reading from some very talented students, and I think that if it wasn't for Unity being here, they probably wouldn't have come out and expressed their work. It was open to the community, but few students showed up outside of the black and Spanish students."

Kadzis: "It's important to note that Unity represents a focal point of expression for minority people at Connecticut College, through the arts, and also socially. How is the social life here at Unity Center?"

Carter: "Definitely better than on campus!"

Jenkins: "We have parties, and people come down and sit and talk, or we might come in here to study and listen to music. We have a place to go when there is nothing to do."

Kadzis: "Because there are so many splinter groups within the structure of the Center,

is there, in a sense, disunity within Unity?"

Brown: "If only the campus could take an example from Unity, that is, people do not have to lose their identity in order to work together. We are a positive unit here, and we recognize the rights of the various minority groups, and we don't expect that one will give up everything in order to co-operate and integrate with the others. Hopefully, Unity is totally integrated because we have equals here, who have maintained their identity and individuality."

Jenkins: "We have common interests—the black and the Spanish—, there's so few of us we have to work together."

Kadzis: "Now I'd like to open up this aspect of the conversation; that has to do with the interrelations of the black minority community on campus with that of the white majority community."

Jenkins: "I think it's between individuals. I know a lot of white people on campus—a lot who are friendly, a lot who aren't friendly, a lot who care, a lot who don't care. It's not a matter of all white or all black, it's just certain individuals. It's not giving something up, but in order to receive something, you have to give something. You have to make an effort to come and observe what we do and try to understand. You can't be narrow-minded."

Carter: "What we try and do here we like to share with the rest of the college. I'm into choir (Black Voices of Pride) and we practice here, and get some gratifications, and also attempt to let some other people in on what we're into. We take it outside of Unity so we can share it with the rest of the community."

Brown: "I'd like to say that the white student attitude on campus just stems from total ignorance of the facts. One of the things we have to be able to do is be a center for finding out the truth. If you really think, for instance, that every scholarship dollar is given over to black students, I'd love for a white student to come down to Unity and ask that question. I'd love to be able to research and blow away that myth. There are other myths just like this—people walk around resenting and not really finding out the truth. This is an open, positive place, where no one gets insulted or hurt. If they really wanna know something, this is a good place to come down and find a vehicle through which to say it. ■

New London

By Kevin Durkin

Epitaph: In Memory of / Capt. Nathaniel Coit /
of New London / Husband of Boradill / died April
24th 1783 / aged 45 years.

Stand still kind reader Spend a tear
Upon the dist that slumbers here
And wilt you read the fate of me
Think of the glass that runs for thee

Today tradition is a whaler's house
Under one of Bank Street's neon storefront facades
Even if their widows still kept their walks
Which sunken Captains would rise to call this home
A port deserving of their oil
Of endless years at sea?

— Captain Coit at Sea

Boradill, these nights are cold and passed
In staring through a sextant
At stars that glow the while earth over
It comforts to say we share the same heavens.

Ten thousand gallons, maybe more, of oily harvest
But briny the air and sea
As if stores of salt pork aren't enough
And scurvey washed with lime.

Now becalmed for days, the men row and curse me.
Was this latitude named for lack of wind
Or the doldrums brought on men's souls?
The winds mock our cetacean search.

But pray this hex is broken
By gales and sightings from the nest.
Spirits rise. Curses are stifled in the hunt.
The thrust, the bloody froth, Baleen.

The fields as far as Waterford lie fallow
Though there's no grain to grind
Should the miller in tradition's name
Spin the stone by hand?
Winthrop Mill's be reduced to a trickle
In the shadow of I-95

— Song of a Seaman

The mate in three quick strokes
Whale-irons you to death.
We winch your offal up to starboard
Not for your barnacle or louse.

Only you can light the lamps
From New York on up to Boston
Your bone to be dyed black
And reduced to stiffening in a corset.

In shipboard slaughterhouses we melt you
To boiling vats of oil
To curry leather, temper steel,
Or is it to prove us hunters?

We cast your gurry to sea
To make feast for sharks and the like
While silently your eyes roll me a reminder
Of the day they'll cast off my canvased carrion.

There's no wake to erode this bulkhead
Neither rigging nor spar of sailing ships
Why then so much pitch and tar?
The only whales now sighted
Are hunter and hunted together
The shadows of submarines

— The Voice of Goodwife Coit

(Tonight silent slumbers calm her,
Call her. Reluctantly she answers
Only to return to her walk tomorrow.
His ensign's overdue.)

Still, I'll keep my private vigil.
I've hope with each new tide.
Let it rise and ebb a thousand times
Though there's fear in rumors on the Green.

This word is from Trinidad,

Of winds unrivaled by the Sound's.
But Nathaniel, weren't the seas their bluest there?
Yes. But hidden reefs. Unforgiving fog.

But when they sight your colors on the horizon
Rounding the Shinnecock Shoal, and when you
Put in at the Hamptons, I'll be there,
Come to meet you out at the Montauk Light.

Admit it stranger, New London now is dead
Still, word of its demise is withheld
Out of a pure fear of answers.
Tradition is only a memory
Moored to the dockside in decay

— The Widow's Song

New London Fog, you smother her blind
As you did her husband.
A person's steps can approach close
Yet remain eerily unseen. Foghorns echo.

Now she's cloistered in by night
Out of sight of all but the Book
When up from the coast you creep
As death must sneak, entombing all.

Rolling up to her landlocked door
A cold blanket fit for a colder soul
Why are you calling on her Captain?
You know he's not returned.

Who else to visit? You're unwelcome at sea
Where you dwell in shifting banks of death.
Fog, this widow's reason she lies along
From bed to burying ground.

I walked by that old burying ground today
Where the Widow Coit lies in vigil
Though stone uncut I knew it his
And the fresh-turned earth lies waiting
For all those still lost at sea

— The Fishery Today

Now hardly cow or calf are spared
In hunts that last the day. Catches dwindle yearly.
Idled seamen haunt New London.
The underpaid forced to make overkills.

Docks rot. Seamen retire. Oil lamps are no longer lit.
Nylon replaces canvas; fiberglass, wood.
The harbor silts up, a sandbar.
Machines replace men in lighthouses.

The last catch was taken
Under a red-field flag.
One empty, lifeless, sea
With all its twelve-mile limit.

Ebb the tide of progress
Or flounder in its wake
To be buried under the synthetic cobblestones
Malling the Captain's Walk.

Ever notice the ship graveyard down along the Thames?
The muck blackened with oil
Able to support weight so great as those rotting hulks
But not so small as a crustacean colony?

Epitaph: Here lies / the body of Boradill Coit /
wife of Capt. Nathaniel Coit / died March 4th 1807 /
Her body here. Her soul to heaven gone
There to receive from God its righteous doom.

Selections

by Ann Gregory

You wear upon my soul
and tear apart my mind
Too near for comfort
Too far for words
Are you who once
Caught my confidences.

Let me make myself
A mirror for your mind
That you may see
Succulents growing on
The cold, hard surface
That presently I call yourself

Though the waters
Hit hard upon the haughty
You are rock, but not stone
So
In warmth calm your soul,
In Warmth.

As stilled cotton explosions,
you awe the earthbound
while taking flight,
white gypsy of the sky.

But I am made of the sea.
I rock my foil green back
to the severe rhythm
of your confrontation,
which is as wet and transparent
as the defensively spilled rain.
Hidden in unshattered depths,
my face is set in the tranquility
of the ended storm.

You leave; remaining,
my face rises neither blue nor green,
masked in surface joy
neither gold nor silver.
But
airy image of the atmosphere,
positively so white and gray,
can you always in your drift
elude the shades in between?

The next issue will feature *letters to the editor*.

Please address all correspondences to

Literary Journal,

Box 1087, Conn. College,

New London, Conn. 06320

Spurious Letter Dept.

by Kevin Thompson

Dear Mom,

Gee! I've been here at college for a month now! It's *really* groovy! I'm taking a lot of awfully cool courses, and I've been thinking about declaring a Child Development major. It's been a lot of great fun, there's just so much to tell you.

First; you were right about my room mate. The whole first week, all she did was *drink* and talk to guys. She would waddle into the room, sometimes as late as one o'clock, and intermittently throw up and wail about some guy called "Waldo" that's got her all sweaty. And: she's *gross*! She has this whole tribe of LP's by somebody called "Zappa" that she plays incessantly that are just too much. She always stays up real late, and when I asked her to PLEASE use earphones with her stereo after ten, she punched me out! I don't think she's changed her clothes since we've been at school, and I'll darn well say one thing: if I ever catch her playing catch with my Raggedy-Ann again, I'll break her bong!

Well, on to happier topics. You'll probably want to know what courses I'm taking: I'm taking Philosophy 101 F, Studio Art 101 W, Introduction to Preliminary Basic Creole for Non-Majors, and my favorite course of all: Art History 101 D; Survey of the Deaf-Mute in African Art. *Fab*, huh! And next semester I'm going to take Economics, so I can talk to Dad and understand what he's saying.

Oh, and mom!! I've met this GREAT guy!!! I know what you're going to say, but all college men aren't like that. I was walking into Crozier-Williams, our really nifty Student-Union, to drink a "Tab" after some paddle-tennis, and THERE he was! He was sitting at this long table, drinking coffee and rolling his own cigarettes and reading "Siddhartha"!!! I was so freaked out I just HAD to get to know him, so I sat down at a nearby table. I was wearing gym-shorts, I KNEW he couldn't miss me! There I was, pretending to be closely examining my finger nails, and sipping my "Tab" when he looked up, directly into my eyes, and said:

"Gotta match?"

I could have died! Of course I didn't have a match, but I wasn't about to let HIM know that! So, without even looking at him I mumbled "Yes", and looked away. He sat there non-plussed for a moment, probably wondering whether I had actually

even heard him, or if in fact my "yes" had been in answer to some question asked of me two days before, which I had only just now finally figured out. Deciding at length upon the former, he asked again:

"Say, do you have a match?"

I knew I couldn't go on stalling him forever, but if I said "no," why he would simply retreat again into his mantic stupor, and I would be another useless "tits'n'ass" who had failed to have a match at a crucial moment. Well, THIS girl wasn't about to settle for that, so I looked straight at him and doing my best to sound like Lauren Becall talking to Bogey, I said:

"Why do you ask?"

Why do you ask. You would have thought that I had told him that his mother was a Chinaman from the way that he stared at me. So I became even further engrossed in my fingernails, all the while hoping that he would ask me just one more time. He didn't say anything for so long that I finally turned, to find him staring right at me. I imagined that he was giving me a look so brimming with love requited, responsibilities shouldered and babies made, that I was beginning to "swoon;" when he shook his head and stated baldly:

"A freshman. A freshman *girl*. Gimme a break."

He put the top on his tobacco can, resolutely downed his coffee at a gulp, placed his now pointless cigarette into the middle of Hermann Hesse, all this without even a glance at me, when I had been willing to *give* myself to him, in that way in which a woman gives *herself*. In that way in which no stupid guy could ever really appreciate. He left through the door which leads out by the pool, towards Windham and the whole world to the west. I left through the other door, and as I walked back towards the "Quad," I was beginning to cheer up again.

I was really hoping that that joker would get hit by a car.

Love 
Trots
Trots

