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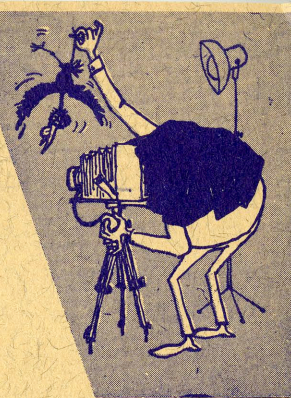
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RABADASH



10¢
in Woo

Vol. 1 A Thistle Publication, Released Semi-Periodically No. 3
Copyright 1968, in Wooster, Ohio
Mid-November

EVERYTHING

(Tumble of Content)

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NOTHING

Richard Morgan.....Editor in Chief
Nancy Morrison.....Art Editor
Pete Meister.....Poetry Editor
Mike Finley.....Prose Editor
Jan-Pieter Stuyck....Reviews Editor
Malcolm MacDonald....Business Manager
Gunnar Urang.....Scapegoat
And a Cast of Thousands

what do you mean we...

God was coming to Wooster! I couldn't believe it, so I read the announcement again and sure enough, He was coming tomorrow to speak in chapel. The C.C.A. had really done some fancy talking this time.

I couldn't think of anything else all day. It was too good to be true; a real once-in-a-lifetime experience, and I was really keyed up for it. I'd die to see God, and here He was, flaming into Woo U. And there were so many questions to ask! Was she really a virgin? Why does the sun always shine here on Sunday? What do You do on weekdays?

So I got up early next morning and skipped breakfast and my first class, just so I could be certain of a good seat. Near the end of second hour people began to arrive, and there was the usual chaos with chapel cards and hymnals and the seats near the doors. Finally it was ten of ten and the hymn started. The balcony was flat again, but when I glared up at them I saw it wasn't their fault: it was just one of those days when everyone snored in E-flat.

When we sat down, Dean Cropp began to mumble over the announcements and I watched the weedy patch of faculty gradually nod off into harmony with the balcony. All around me, students were opening books or scribbling in their notebooks. From

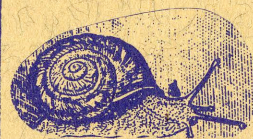
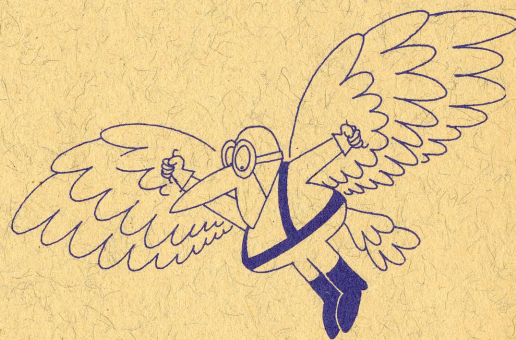
the back came a steady rumble of conversation, broken occasionally by belches of laughter.

Then He came out.

And He looked at the heads bowed in academicism, and listened to the comotion in back and to the breathing of the sleepers, and He looked at me and said, "What are we doing here?"

So we left.

chris young



RABADASH is alive and well in Wooster Ohio, due to a lack of disinterest on the part of over one third of the Generus Public. Which proves that there really is cheese at the bottom of the honey pot after all.

Submit contributions and words of crit to box 3040, or if convenient bring material to the Publications Office, room G18, L.C.

Be encouraged to join the production staff; no talent, of course, necessary.



When I made my foray into the complex of English Department offices the other day I was an innocent child. I emerged a scared and wizened adult with an acute inferiority complex.

"Hello, Mr. Lawrence," said I, "how are you today?"

"Ho, ho, ho," said Mr. Lawrence with vast levity.

I tied my copy of The Watchtower into a knot.

"What are you doing today?" I asked, bending over to tie my shoe.

"Sit down" he said.

I fell down, having tied my left shoe lace to my right shoe. Dragging myself to to the nearest chair, a Kennedy rocker, I sat down.

"What are you writing, Sir?" I asked.

"An analysis of sexual imagery and motifs in the works of Louisa May Alcott," he said, fingering his sideburn.



"Oh," I said ingeniously.

"Especially Little Women."

"Oh," I said, "Well, I came in to see Mr. Christianson. There's a test I didn't take yesterday that I'm a little worried about. You see I was at this Youth for Christ meeting last night and when it got out--about nine o'clock--I was so tired I had to go to sleep. So I slept right through his class."

"Youth for Christ," he said licentiously.

"Yessir," I said.

"Well, I think he's in his office reading Beowulf."



"For His Negro Lit. Class?" I asked.

"You'd be surprised what application these old poems have to modern life," he said. "Grendel's whitey."

"Oh," I said, "that's interesting."

"I suggested that he might look into the significance of Grendel's arm," He said.

Mr. Urang walked onto the office.

"Yes," said Mr. Urang, "Floyd and I have an argument going that Grendel's arm was related to Nelsen Algren's The Man With the Golden Arm. You know, a social protest. But Floyd doesn't agree."

"I guess not!" I said brightly.

"Well," said Mr. Lawrence sensuously, "I don't." He twisted his sideburns ferociously.

"Floyd and I disagree on many things," said Mr. Urang, combing his hair so it looked even more like Caligula.

"Is revolution dirty?" I asked Christianly.

"Ho, ho, ho," said Mr. Lawrence. Mr. Urang thought and combed his hair like Nero.

"W-e-l-l-l-l," he said, "can revolution be truly Christian?"

"Is that Communist propaganda?" I asked rising to my feet. Sarah Horton came in and sat down in the Kennedy-type rocker.

"Oh, Wow." she said. Mr. Lawrence tore at his right sideburn. Mr. Urang combed his hair to look like Trajan.

I stared.

"You have the most sensual eyes in the world," I said.

"Sensual eyes," she pondered.

"What a curious phrase, that. Sensual eyes."

"Does anybody know where Mr. Christianson is?" I asked.

"Here I am," said he, brushing dust from his clothes and cob-webs from between his chin and his chest. "I was just going over some old texts."

"Beowulf?" I asked.

"Frank Yerby," he said dustily.

"For Negro Lit.?"

"For my Chaucer course," he said, "I'm trying something new." He sat down and his head fell forward. Dust sprinkled downward. "Weren't you supposed to take a test or mine today?"

"Yes, I was, but I slept through it. I was at this Youth for Christ meeting."

"Curious," said Sarah Horton.

"Curious phrase. Youth for Christ. Youth for Christ."

"Youth for Christ, ho, ho, ho" said Mr. Lawrence, mirthfully twisting both sideburns at once.

"The test," said Mr. Christianson, raising a cloud of dust from his tie, "is, I think, a good one. Mais ou sont les neiges d'autun."

"Curious phrase," said Sarah Horton, "d'autun, d'autun."

"Ho, ho, ho," said Mr. Lawrence, gleefully slapping the leg of his chair and, at the same time, twisting both sideburns.

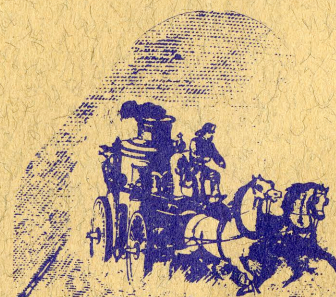
"May I have the Test?" I reminded Mr. Christianson.

"Certainly," he said, quoting some Catullus.

"Is that for your Chaucer course?" asked Mr. Urang, sweeping his hair to look like Octavian.

"Lib Studies," said Mr. Christianson.

Christopher Sly





"And Winter Has No Choice~"

One night you'll see the sky grow white with snow,
And know you'll wake to winter the next day.
It's sad the way we learn the things we know.

The seasons do not speak, they only show--
And evenings act in much the same way.
One night you'll see the sky grow white with snow.

It is a season's nature to be slow,
And winter has no choice but to stay.
It's sad the way we learn the things we know.

Some say leaves sense in summer there is no
Hope for autumn beauty but decay.
One night you'll see the sky grow white with snow.

We gave the fig-tree plenty of time to grow,
But then we went and threw the fruit away.
It's sad the way we learn the things we know.

I see that it was I who made you go
But one feels lonely in the winter grey.
The night you see the sky grow white with snow
We will have learned the things we had to know.

-- P.M.

A Grammatical Poem Generated from the Underworld
for Peter Meister and Father Ong
with Respects and Disrespects, respectively,
to Noam Chomsky and B.F. Skinner

(K-terminal) The tension of grammar is quiet (cold)
(T-rel) (like) the ocean's face which seems to bear us--
(T-del) (like) some flung buoyancy, whole--
(T-NM) (as) a total glamour--

(K-terminal) This unvertical surface angers the mind (submerged)
(T-passive) (like) murk that is roiled--
(T-del) (like) a whale, raked--
(T-SM) (as) wakened, the mind--

(Provoked by grammar's involatile edge, the lungs (the lunge))

(K-terminal) The meaning ascends
(K-terminal) Mammal bursts
(K-terminal) Man must hurdle at last the air

(T-conj) (The mind must surface, burst, and grip the ear)

Angered by quiet tension of grammar, mind must rise,
shatter, and grasp the air.

"I don't want to be old friends,"
he said,
"But we should always look at each other
Eye to eye."

So I lie alone
In the morning dew
Seeking his eye in my dreams.

Worship

Young with innocence
looking through silk
to see the face like her's,
and make vibrations
stirring her joy.
Vibrations sweep in
past my lips with a curl
that marked the joy,
calling the soft touch
of a lover.

She reached back
to touch the hand
of her father,
passing the smile
to its source.

I reached back
to touch the face
of a woman,
passing the smile
to its source.

Alan Glas

Your Beauty Is Black

Come to me my woman with
natural hair, for your beauty is black, and
I want it near.

There is beauty in you my woman,
beauty in the love you give, for
your beauty is black, in my heart
you will always live.

There is beauty in your hair
my woman, black as African earth,
for your beauty is black, I am
Thankful for your birth.

There is beauty in your eyes
my woman, brown as the jungle crane,
for before your eyes my woman,
he holds down his eyes in shame.

There is beauty in your body my
woman, black on Afro frame, for
from your body my woman, the
race of our fathers came.

There is beauty in your love
my woman, strong as your pride,
For your beauty is black my
woman, my love could never hide.

by Michael Rosemond

Parody: In such a Happy universe There Is
a Solution to Everything

Remember the times when there was nothing to say
that hadn't already been said. That's when you look
over your shoulder when you walk out the door: the way
always leads out, shut-tight as a finished book.

That's when you've met everybody twice and twice
is enough and more than enough. No place goes quite
so far as to satisfy you; your drink needs ice,
your skin is pale, and your wife is always right.

Remember the ways you thought of to get out:
desertion, suicide, divorce. The itch
was always there, the deep and nagging doubt.

And now you know you should have killed the bitch.

CHRISTOPHER GY



BETWEEN THE LINES

Ray,

I'm not awfully good at letters, I don't really enjoy
them. But I thought I'd write and tell you that you are
being missed on a limited though valuable scale. I've
always missed you, Ray; you're fucking hard to understand.

I read your letter to Peter, I don't know if I ever
wrote you or not, but I'm sorry I didn't get to say
goodbye last semester, I was quite emotional, too attached
to far too few people, no one to share the wealth with.
Your letter was certainly interesting, say I for no
particular reason other than that I, who do not dwell in
abstractions respect someone who is an abstraction. I
suppose I have changed a lot since last semester. I wonder
if you have. I am prepared to lay money on that you haven't.

Loneliness is an awful thing, especially in a crowd.
Please try to hang on, Ray, and be Daedalus for two months
longer, playing it cool. When you come back we will re-do
our reality a bit, trip a fantastic light or two, paint the
Wooster sidewalks red. We will have our day in the sun,
however brief, however dark. Excuse all these damned
metaphors, I'm just not feeling prosaic (Tu eres elephante)
today.

Peter and I go to court Wednesday, no doubt we will get
10 days in jail or \$25 fine. Disorderly conduct. Fighting
in the streets. Rolling in front of Dot's. Blah blah blah.

When you do come back, we shall talk and talk. Perhaps
get arrested in the process. The hanging tree? The laundry
cart? Running from cops? You will find, I think, that we
are three now. We are a hydrogen atom, you the neutron, Pete
the proton, me the electron. Pete and I neutralized, you give
the bond weight. Peter and I have the greatest respect for
you. We laugh about you always. Ray, I have no idea
what's going on— I'm nowhere certain whether the symbol is
dead— but I hope you will return. We'll discuss the poems
we used to write, the good times, the fight with the wire
hooks, our primitive antics, toothpaste, tampons, Miller's
pond— it's never been quite the same, dreams, stars,
palms, God, whatever seems important when the time comes.
In the meantime, deceive yourself a little, cultivate a
bit of arrogance give a select and well-chosen damn, and
know you're not alone—

Mike

Note— if the presence of a personal
letter, in a column on poetry, seems
inappropriate to you, call it literature
—call it a mind opening experience—
pretend you're getting a glimpse into
a world not populated by many.... and
then remember, if it still doesn't make
sense, that we're in the process of
giving a select and well-chosen damn.

— P.M.

Cathy in the hay! (a celebration)

Cathy in the hay!

Cathy's in the hay!

Cathies in the hay!

what better place to be?

-I-

Cathy in the hay!

Cathy in the hay!

(trumpet fanfare racing crescendo

reaches brass

then gold

melting

flowing

rivulets

into

the gyre and gimble of

sparkling leprechauns

leaping off

guitar strings into

the night)

Cathy in the hay!

What better place to be?

the darkness falls in blue flannel linus folds

(i had a blue flannel blanket onctet

ate it

(Carried most two-thirds of it about

inside a me but then

that was years ago)

Conversation ventures sneakily

warily

outward

looking for a friendly word

or friend with words

hay holes

holes in the hay

places where to hide things

they're all quite different colors

you know

the hay (gold)

the straw (butter)

her hair (cathy colors)

a body

two bodies

(still separate

alone

distinct

not one)

but yet

every now and then

a touch

dusty mind journeys

excursing in the past

last forgotten

places

but journeys gone alone

one goes

one remains:

one goes

one remains

(like your friend's listening to beautiful
magical music you see

only you don't

cause he's wearing earphones)

until at last

as usual

as always

the pax cathiana is broken

Cathy in the hay!

Cathy in the hay!

Cathy in the hay!

amen





it's raining
not a violent
ravaging
rain
but a gently caressing
gently kissing
rain
teasing
tickling us
it's raining

and then we find the barn
that some
ragged kindly
magician
has left for us to discover
and to us discover

we play at salty sea captains
ferocious evil pirates
the gallent knight
and lady fair
swashbuckling heroes
of the hay

i've been here before
no you haven't
yes you have

-III-
farewell

and at last it comes round to
don't talk of love
(i didn't)
don't think of love
(i wouldn't)

(animal menageries
are gentle in the shadows)

and as she says-the questions:

(even asked with hand upraised
for emphasis)
what is love
what is happiness
what is...

always kill the questioned

-II-
the barn

i've been here before
no you haven't
yes you have

c'est tu
farewell

it's raining and there
are two of us walking
running
along through laughing seas of grain
and green corn
only i can't see
the faces

Cathy in the hay!
Cathy's in the hay!
Cathies in the hay!
what better place
to be?

Bob Brashner

Conflict...

by Don Daso

The dust-covered Galaxie sat at the gas pumps, its horn blowing, while the driver remained hunched over the wheel. An attendant, a college youth, strolled out, hating all horn blowers and showing no particular interest in this one.

"Hey, man, 'ginme some gas."

"Well, how much do you want?"

"Fill 'er up... fill 'er up till she runs out."

"High Test or Regular?" The car is situated exactly in the middle of the island.

"She don't run on Regular. I got a 407 under the hood."

The attendant walks to the pump, starts it, and begins to fill the tank. He looks up to find the driver leering down at him.

"Want me to check under ..."

"You think I got any oil in her? Think I got any oil left in there? Huh?"

"Moving around to the front of the car, the youth reaches for the hood latch. In his hand he holds ready a paper towel.

"Naw, let that go. It's OK. I'm freezin' my ass."

The automatic nozzle clicks off. Flexing at the knees, the boy slowly brings the level up into the neck of the filler tube.

"Bring her right up 'till she runs out. I gotta' go to Columbus. Let her run out, I don't care."

"6.55, that does it."

"Goddamn, you're right, I can see it. It ain't gonna take sixty."

Hanging up the hose, the youth turns to find him already on his way into the warmth of the station. Inside, the driver stands directly in front of the hot air register, rubbing his hands together, holding a very crumpled twenty-dollar bill in his teeth. He grins, hands it to the attendant.

"Fifty-five, sixty-five, seventy five, seven... and three is ten and ten is twenty." He sits down behind the cash drawer and picks up the newspaper he was reading until the car pulled in.

"You got the change right, you got it right. I'd 'a told you if you didn't."

"Never make a mistake with the money. Can't afford that."

"I gotta' go to Columbus tonight. I'm going to Vietnam, you know that? I'm going to Vietnam."

"Ohhh..."

"Hey, I need a pop." Turning to the cold drink machine, he asks, "Will a nickel work? All I got is nickels." He turns and attempts to fit a nickel into the coin slot.

"Goddamn, com'n in there."

The attendant, responsible for everything in the station, walks from his paper to the machine. The man is trying to fit the nickel, held vertically, into the horizontal coin slot.

"Why don't you try a quarter?"

Slipping his hand into his pocket, the man comes up with more change. He finds a quarter.

"You want a pop?"

"No thanks."

"I'm gonna' get drunk with this stuff." Holding out his can of Royal Crown Cola, he pulls forcefully on the Ring-Pull-Tab. Foam and carbonation spray out, causing him to giggle.

The youth has returned to his chair and paper.. He is looked upon with something bordering, apparently, on the edge of interest by the customer. Walking to the youth with only a little stagger, he leans heavily with one arm on the desk and peers into his face. Outside, on the highway, a white Plymouth, a vehicle of the law, cruises past.

"Hey, look, look there. Is that a cop? Huh?"

"Yeah, that's the Burbank cop."

"Suppose he'll chase me? Huh?"

"Well, I imagine if he saw you do something wrong he would then, yes."

"Well, that mother can't catch me. I got a 407 under that hood."

"Yes, so you said."

Leaning even closer, ready to confide a secret, shared only by the two of them, the man says, "If he does catch me, I'll let my brother drive. He's a race driver. You know that racetrack down at Millersburg? He races there. I'll let him drive."



Conflict ... cont.

No comment comes from the youth. The man's face twists up, then confusion reaches his brain, now depressed with the alcohol he thinks is a stimulant.

"You work all night?"

"All night."

Seemingly satisfied with this answer, the man leaves through the front door, trying as he goes to slam it. He fails, the hydraulic cylinder defeats him. Halfway to his car he looks back and raises his right hand as if in salute, middle finger extended. Grinning he gets in his car with the 407 motor and a live racer as a sometime driver and departs. The youth, absorbed in Reston, Buckley, and Alsop, doesn't look up.

THE CLEVELAND PLAY HOUSE

(216) 795-7000

2040 East 86th Street • Cleveland, Ohio 44106

Harold Pinter's "The Birthday Party" will open Friday evening, Nov. 22 for a four week run in the Play House Drury Theater. When it played Broadway last year, the play that had puzzled and eluded London critics a decade earlier was acclaimed a masterpiece. Reviewers hailed it as "a magnificent play, one of the finest dramas written in the last twenty years...."

"The Birthday Party" is filled with the menace, mystery, and oblique comedy that have become Pinter's trademarks. Its story echoes Kafka's "The Trial". Two sinister strangers accost an indolent pianist who has taken refuge from a threatening world in a dingy seaside boarding house. They organize a birthday party for the young man -- even though he insists it isn't his birthday -- and they proceed to terrorize him.

"The Birthday Party" will run through Saturday, Dec. 14. There will be two preview performances, at reduced box office prices, on Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 20 and 21, at 7:30. A Sunday matinee is scheduled for Nov. 24 at 2:30. Following the Sunday evening performance on Nov. 24 there will be an audience-participation discussion led by Dr. Herbert J. Weiss, a theater-wise psychoanalyst, and Director Richard Oberlin.

At the Euclid-77th Theater, Moliere's "The Doctor in Spite of Himself" continues through Dec. 7. Richard Halverson plays the title role in William Groen's free-wheeling production of the famous French farce.

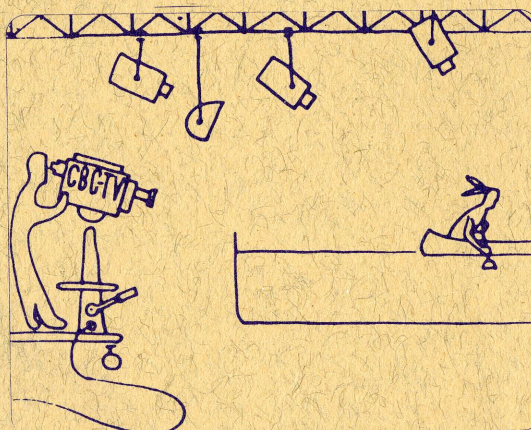


The Teen Age Underground

THURS. NOV. 21

MATEER AUD. 8 P.M.
50¢

THURS. DEC. 5



Animation and Abstraction

Deadline date for the original one-act play competition has been announced as February 1 15th. All writers are asked to submit their scripts to the Department of Speech by that date in order to facilitate early selection of award plays and early planning for subsequent production. Prizes for the three best scripts total ninety dollars.

- one act plays -

Freshmen are being encouraged to write in the drama form and to enter this competition as a part of the creative writing stress now being made in Liberal Studies.

Winford B. Logan

The Kansas City Poetry Contests

\$1,900.00

IN CASH PRIZES

Devins Memorial Award — \$500

A cash advance on royalties from winner's book to be published by the University of Missouri Press.

Kansas City Star Awards — \$700

Seven \$100 prizes for single poems without regard to age or residence within the United States.

Hallmark Honor Prizes — \$600

Six \$100 prizes for single poems submitted by full-time students of colleges and universities.

Prize winners will be announced

April 24, 1969.

REGULATIONS

1. The Kansas City Poetry Contests are open to residents of the United States. (See Exceptions and Special Rules below.)
2. Each entrant, by submitting a poem or manuscript, acknowledges his assent to the rules and regulations.
3. Each entry must be original and unpublished on date of submission. (For Devins contest see Exceptions and Special Rules below.)
4. Each entry or manuscript must be submitted in triplicate, must be typewritten, double spaced on one side of plain, unlined paper 8½ x 11 inches. (Any clear copies acceptable.)
5. Entries must be postmarked on or before February 1, 1969.
6. Poet's name, address, city, state and zip code must appear on two typewritten 3 x 5 cards and placed in a sealed envelope. Title and first line of poem or manuscript must appear on face of envelope. Title must appear also on each entry, but poet's name must not appear on entry.
7. Entries in the Hallmark and Sharp contests must include the name and address of an English teacher or faculty adviser on the 3 x 5 cards in envelope. (No letter is necessary.)
8. Entries must be addressed in this manner (the blank space to contain the particular contest being entered, i.e., "Devins Award," "Hallmark Prize," "Star Award," or "Sharp Prize").

Kansas City Poetry Contests

8201 Holmes Road
Kansas City, Mo. 64131

9. No entries will be returned except those in Devins contest. (See Exceptions and Special Rules.)
10. No poem may be entered in two or more contests.
11. Judges and directors of the contest will not enter into any communication whatever about the contest or individual entries.

EXCEPTIONS

1. Each manuscript in the Devins contest must be unpublished in its entirety, and must be original (no translations). If individual poems previously published in magazines and newspapers are included, poet must include in the sealed envelope (containing his name and address) a statement of all such previous publication.
2. All three copies of submissions to the Devins contest must be separately bound and securely fastened, and title must appear on outside cover of each copy.
3. Devins Manuscripts will be returned only if postage is enclosed in sealed envelope.
4. The University of Missouri Press has first publication rights to all Devins manuscript entries, regardless of judges' decisions, should the Press desire to publish the work of a non-winner.
5. The directors of the contests reserve the right to withhold prizes in any case where judges cannot agree on winners.
6. Entries for the Kansas City Star Awards must not exceed 40 lines.



EXCERPTS FROM A LARGER WORK

A forth-coming novel
by Michael Finley

"Move closer me", he beckoned, and the words were soft and muffled by the floor of loose and rippled sand, parted and pushed by his heels. The words were short and distinct, stood alone, in contrast to the echoing lake tide, toting in the evening water from afar, shuffling toward the beach, one wave piling swanlike onto the one before it, and in turn reeling from the soft impact of its successor. It was an evening for what gulls there were to soar and dip, grab their meal and be gone, their white wings scissoring the sunset eastward. It was an evening for a dying sun to stiffen, crystalize, abandon its glaring amorphousness and become the rotund sphere which was its perfect form, blushing furiously until it was passionately red and, holding its solar hot breath, sink slowly into the distant sea. It was an evening for trees to delineate the light warmish breezes, tickling and teasing the summer leaves, clashing them against each other like waving green cymbals, joined in a vegetable serenade. It was an evening, finally, for human words to plop noiselessly, unreverberated, ineffectually, like discarded chips, into the sand, ploughing there their own unstable niches, the craters soon refilling.

* * *

The stars above glinted complacently, content to perform their diurnal cartwheel across the heavens, content to be the object of earth's merest speculations, not particularly upset with their removed and quarantined functions: to be so many points, dots away from thinking man, points omnipotent, like avenging harpies, from their vantage of infinite magnitudes, numbers, assemblage, coloring, and yet, so far as Lewis was concerned, impuissant in their scattered and contagious individuality. It was their very tangibility, their seeming so close, so sensible, so obvious, which rendered them thus subject to man's pejoration. One could well despise the stellar system. It was, by all odds, a great damp tarpaulin tucked neatly over the treetops and buildings, the prepotence of darkness being such that the nighttime sun, exiled in forced eclipse, could only wink through the pinpricks.

* * *

The two bodies met calmly, unenthusiastically, in an avowal of common contingency, of resignation, like two falling leaves brushing midway down. Mika breathed in slow, whisper breaths, the sensitive, urgent, restrained breath of trees tugging in the wind, and the rejoining washing effect when the staunch trunk, regaining its stricter posture, creaks a bit, collects its limbs and greenery, and resumes its natural, radical comportment. A certain heat, the special rise in temperature which pursues all passion, gathered about them in an invisible aura, intangible, quiet, warm. It seemed an odd heat to Lewis; odd that the two didn't neutralize each other.

* * *

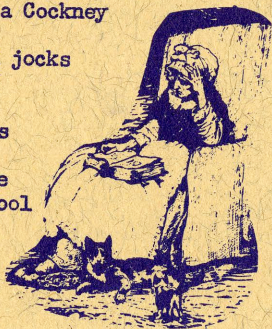
When I was younger my bicycle made sticky sounds wheeling over the fresh summer blacktop and on hot days I'd pedal up the hill right left right the cardboard rudder placed between the back spokes making dadadadadad slower slower push as the hill steepened and off farther up just beneath the sun I saw heat rising in wiggly wavy lines from the new tar rising like an exorcised spirit flying to the sun and what looked like puddles of oil or water or both shimmered swam and moved in the distance and if I tried to, streak over the puddles they'd just race ahead of me and how could I follow when I knew perfectly well there was no hope for me in the matter.

* * *

"There, there, baby, it's all right. See? We're both crying, it's going to be all right."
And all the weeping was done in the dark.



6. unleavened bread
7. Diddly
9. a Tolkein bad guy
11. "a dry flavored treat"
15. yuks (syn.)
16. 50 lashes with a wet one
17. "My card," said by a Cockney
19. pigeon butt
20. shirts for one-eyed jocks
22. Est Id
23. _____ my soul!
24. present tense of was
25. antibiotic perfume
27. dred college disease
28. the worst kind of pool
29. familiar Allah
30. brown nose
31. Ezekiel's nick name
33. mother mutt
37. mellow yellow man
39. woe (Heb.)
40. a good name for a xenophobist (fem.)



VT



Down

1. trampoline marathon
3. aromatic raisins
4. the big hearted moose

What if it's possible
to type in circles
to type in squares
without appearing
LOVE

LAST WEEK'S

J	W	O	M	M	A	S	H	G	U	T	V
A	L	I	C	E	R	A	R	A	C	W	M
B	L	A	H	C	I	L	I	U	S	H	B
B	A	F	U	G	B	A	S	S	O	O	N
E	C	C	H	C	O	F			T	R	X
R	E	O	K	L	U	T	Z	R	E	N	O
W	G	G	O	D	Z	I	L	L	A	G	M
O	R	O	R	O	Z	U	O	E			
C	R	O	C	O	D	O	C	R	W		
K	X	B	O	R	B	O	R	Y	G	M	U

MYSTY MATRIX

5. French pronunciation of "the"
6. squealy pig (adj.)
7. a Mahayana Buddhist Nirvana man
8. a southwest cooking pot
9. comes before "wow"
10. 100% dead head
12. "No," said by Ed Sullivan
13. peanut butter left in the rain
14. the worst in us
16. Durante's nose
18. Asparagass Anonymous
20. Scrooge's word
21. promise her anything, but give her...
25. Mike Sample Better Not Elaborate
26. Ignatius Loyala Copped Out
32. electric fish
34. charged particle
35. hairy necklace
36. egg (syn.)
38. home of green wizards

