the Red Wheelbarrow
"If anyone asks, just tell 'em it's a symbol."

"Oh, strawberries don't taste as they used to and the thighs of women have lost their clutch." John Steinbeck
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ARTWORK CREDIT

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*WITH SPECIAL THANKS TO MRS. HOOD*
Susan Glasscock: "All morning a wren has been building/a nest in my ear." Terry Stokes

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Aisling Swift: "Then it drinks what is left of the ink, and afterward sits back on its haunches, quiet and satisfied." Wang Tai-Hai (1791)

Jim Tolly: "In Moslem cosmology, Kujata is a huge bull endowed with 4,000 eyes, ears, nostrils, mouths, and feet. To get from one ear to another or from one eye to another, no more than 500 years are required." J.L. Borges
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John Jackson: "Beautiful women come up to you and ask for the dog's telephone number."  
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Nick Bozanic: "I must confess I am a cannibal."  
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Sally Alatalo: "Bar talk. Bartok..."  
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Eric Schneider: "Arrest the sun and shoot the moon."  
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Cindy Moores: You can drink as long as a fish drinks as long as you drink as long as a fish drinks.

Tina Ament

AT THE BOARDWALK

"Let's put our bikes in the shade," Tracy said.  
"Good idea," I answered. We left them near a big sign that said SANTA CRUZ BEACH BOARDWALK. "I'm sure glad you thought of coming here today," I said. I liked going places with Tracy. She could make almost anything into an adventure. I liked being daring, but I worried sometimes too. It had been a year since we had been here on the eighth grade trip.

We walked in under the biggest hill of the rollercoaster. I could hear a loud clicking noise as the long yellow train started going up. Tracy and I stopped to watch as it slowed down at the top, then rushed down the hill with people screaming.

We walked to a ticket booth where there wasn't much of a line. It wasn't very crowded for a Sunday in June.

When we reached the front Tracy put down a five-dollar bill. "Give me five dollars worth," she said loudly. The girl who was working there gave us a red and yellow book of tickets. "What do you want to take first?" asked Tracy.

"Let's start with something like the ferris wheel," I said.

"That sounds too scary for me," Tracy answered in a guttural tone. She called that her mentally retarded voice.

We started down the boardwalk. I could hear "Camptown Races" coming from speakers that seemed to be everywhere. Smells from the many fast-food places mixed with the salty ocean air. I saw a little girl on the boat ride, yelling and ringing a small bell.

Tracy asked, "Would you like to smoke for a while before we go home? I brought a pack of Kools along."

"Well," I lied, "I like smoking, but I don't really like Kools. I'll decide after we've taken some rides."

We came to the ferris wheel and got in line. We didn't have to wait long. When we got on and the ride started Tracy began to rock the car. "Remember when I did this on the eighth grade trip?" she asked. "The girl running it got so mad that she almost kicked us off."
"I sure do," I said. "It looked like she was going to throw a fit when she kept telling you to stop and you kept doing it like you hadn't heard."

Tracy looked over the boardwalk. Suddenly she said, "It never fails. Every time I come here the retards have an outing. Look over there." I looked where she was pointing and saw a group of people coming into one of the entrances. Behind them I could see an old yellow bus that said HILL CREST. That was the local school for retarded children. Some older people who looked like they worked there were helping the last of the kids off. They made a long line at one of the ticket booths.

"You might think they're weird," I told Tracy. "But don't be so mean." She just laughed and rocked the car harder.

When our ride was over, we went to the bumper cars, and then to the log ride where we had a water fight that got us and the two little girls in the car with us sopping wet. We took a few more rides before going to the rollercoaster. Both of us wanted to get in the first car. When the gate opened we pushed our way to it. The train went into a dark tunnel at the beginning of the ride, and we screamed as loudly as we could while keeping our hands in the air for the whole ride. Afterwards, we did the same thing in the very back car.

We left the rollercoaster and went to find a place to buy lunch. After looking for a while we decided on a hot dog place. "Give me a hot dog, fries, and a large Coke," Tracy told the girl at the counter. I ordered a corndog, fries and a Sprite. We sat on a bench to eat.

As we finished, Tracy said, "Look, there's one of those retards. He's one of those weird-looking ones. What are they called? Mongoloids or something like that."

"Well, they can't help how they look," I said, and took a last bite of my corndog. Tracy took some ice from
"Yez patee ba gzita Nomaraila,"
she sings and winks to us.
But we don't understand
those words she couldn't leave
in Belgrade.
We only know the song of the dough,
the music she makes with her hands.

her Coke and threw it at the retarded boy. She laughed and threw
some more. "Look," she told me. "He doesn't even notice what
I'm doing. Come on, throw a little." After hesitating, I took
some ice and threw it at him. This time he turned around and
looked at me, frightened. I turned away and said, "Come on, let's
go down to the beach for a while." We walked down about eight
steps to the sand with Tracy still laughing.

We found a spot near the water and sat down. For what seemed
like a long time neither of us said anything. Finally Tracy said,
"What's wrong?"

"Nothing important," I answered. "Why don't we go in the
water?" We had shorts on, so we could walk out pretty far.

After we'd been standing in the cold ocean for a while, I
couldn't feel my feet any more. Knee-high in water, Tracy picked
up some seaweed and threw it at me, laughing. I jumped out of
the way, and it splashed back into the shallow water. We came
back to our place on the sand. I felt the sun warming my legs
again. I wrote in the sand with my finger as Tracy and I sat and
talked for about half an hour about our plans for the summer and
what school would be like next year.

As we walked back toward the boardwalk Tracy asked, "How
much money do you have left?"

"About a dollar," I answered. "Why?"

"Let's go into the Arcade," said Tracy. It was dark inside.
The games were different sizes and lit up with many colors. I
could hear the bells from the pinball machine, the motors of
the racing-car games, and blips from the tennis games. There was
also the clicking of coins being dropped into slots, and the
voices of people playing.

Tracy hurried to a shooting game. "I'm good at this kind,"
she said. When she put her coin in, there was a quacking sound,
and ducks appeared on the screen. Tracy shot everyone.

Next we went to the spaceship game. I had one ship and
Tracy had the other. She had to chase mine and try to capture
it. I got away from her, though. "We played this when we were
here before," Tracy told me.

"I remember that," I said. "But you always caught me then.
This is the first time I've gotten away from you."
We played a few more games, then went out into the sunlight. It was hard to see, after being in the dark. We stopped at a booth where people were shooting baskets for prizes. Then Tracy said that she wanted to try a game farther down; when we got there I saw that one of the kids from Hill Crest was standing by the booth looking at the prizes. She was a little girl, about ten or eleven. The prize she was looking at was a white stuffed poodle with glass eyes and a blue ribbon on one ear. It was sitting next to a stuffed frog on the highest shelf in the back part of the booth. Under that shelf was another one with a row of milk bottles on it. A fat man in an aloha shirt was throwing baseballs at them. When his last ball had missed the bottles, he gave up and left.

The retarded girl started saying something I couldn't understand and pointing at the stuffed dog. The man working in the booth paid no attention to her. He probably knew where she was from and that she didn't have any money.

"How much for a throw?" asked Tracy.

"Twenty cents for three balls," answered the man.

Tracy took some money out of her pocket and put it on the counter. The man gave her three baseballs. She thought for a while before throwing. Her first ball hit the back wall like the fat man's had.

I looked over at the retarded girl and saw something falling out of one of her pockets. I picked them up and saw that they were two cards. One said that her name was Joy Shore and that she was from Hill Crest. The other was a card with a picture of Mickey Mouse on it. I remembered liking Mickey when I was little. I put the cards back into her pocket and looked to see if Tracy had noticed; she was too busy with her game.

Tracy had missed on all three tries. She put down some more money and the man got her some more baseballs. She didn't aim for very long, but she hit a bottle on her first try.

"Which prize do you want?" the man asked.

"That soft-looking white dog, next to the frog," Tracy said.

Tina Pomeroy

MAKING POTICA
-for Leopoldina, Johana, and me

We sit in Gramma's kitchen, warmed by the oven, our fingers aching from cracking nuts for the potica.

We watch Gramma as she takes off her ring, sets it on the windowsill next to her birthday fern. The bread swell of her belly tucked under an apron, she rolls up her sleeves, arms showing round and white like the dough she begins to knead between her fingers.

Against the table she slaps and smacks the dough, folds it in on itself again and again. Flour rises in storms, clouds around her face. Her body knows the rhythm of this bread as the peach trees of Rijeka know the seasons.

Gramma rolls the dough thin, ladles out the thick swell of cellar honey, spreads it smooth. She sows the nuts like seeds, sprinkles on the sweet rayene dried from the grapes whose vines tangle across the back porch.
black horseshoes pointed down in prayer.
Grandmother, you wonder how he could bear the last pew,
and a grave outside the shadow of the church?
Because he knew the whole town moved
on the strong black crescents of his work.

said without hesitating. The man handed it to her. I saw
Joy smile. Tracy turned to her.

"Would you like to take him home?" she asked. Joy reached
for the dog, but Tracy lifted it above her head. Tracy took a
few steps back and lowered the dog. "Come on, pet him," she
said. Joy moved toward her again, but Tracy hurried down the
boardwalk, calling for me to follow her. Joy tried to run after
her, and fell down.

I turned away. I wanted to see what Tracy would do next,
but I couldn't. I looked down toward the beach; in the water a
kid was waiting to catch a wave on a raft. When the wave came it
flipped the raft over, and it came in without the boy. I walked
down the boardwalk the opposite way from where Tracy had gone.
By the rollercoaster, a brother and sister were fighting over
which ride to take. At the entrance where we had come in, I
pushed through the lines of people waiting for food. I saw
a boy trying to catch all the drips from his ice cream cone. I
got on my bike and started riding toward home, trying not to
look at the yellow bus as I passed it.
"LAS VEGAS" FRUIT MARKET

At closing time
the boss locks
the loading gates
and shuts the windows.

I sweep
the floor clean of loose
vegetables & fruits
in the dim light. He strolls

into the office to count
his money. Putting aside
my broom, I reach
for a handful
of cold blue berries
and eat them in the dark.

THE SMITHY'S DAUGHTER

There was no spreading chestnut tree
over the shop where my great grandfather spent his days
bending metal into capital C's and H hinges.
His hands were chapped by fire, stiff as the bands
he fashioned on the barrels for the drays.

He worked in his daughter's window square each night,
blond man turned orange
in the glare of forge and angry metal.
In school the smithy's daughter had to recite
the poem about the man who hammered out his life.

She knew her father heard her in the Sunday choir,
and not the voice of his dead wife. There was too much fire
in him for that; he went home after mass and broke the Sabbath
with a hammer, living down the lies
she had to memorize for the sake of her English class.

She knew her father's hands did not smell like poetry
when he put her to bed; they smelled of smoke
and smeared her head with metal ash when he held her
in hardened arms. The hands that knew the shape of metal shoes
could not earn her leather ones. And he was never through;

She ate and slept to the ringing of his work,
the smithy's daughter grew by the sound
of the square man grinning with his work.
And for all his hammering he kept
his family clothed and fed on the edge of debt.

Grandmother only knew the back of the church,
where her father sat straight, the pounding
of an anvil in his chest beneath a sooty vest,
his hands fitted for hammers,
the hair on top singed off, the rims of his fingernails
Jenny Peters

blue chicago

a handful of crushed diamonds on a black bible
nite chicago

Neon.

H TEL grimaces the bricks brace themselves as a drunk talks to a wall at a corner; a young man with A Cause; a girl selling moon carnations a blind guitarist's cup

blue chicago wails on L tracks underfoot nuclear power pamphlets; the communists meet tonight; bilalian news for a dime Ma'am
a breeze
rolls an
orange julius
cup
against the
red light
winter chicago
and a
rose petal
shivers
on the salt
and ice.
THE

LOVE SONG

of

J. Edgar Maddy

By

the Interlochen Muse
THE LOVE SONG OF J. EDGAR MADDY
a parody of T.S. Eliot's "Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock"

Let us go then, you and me,
When the snowfall is spread out upon Kresge
Like the mystery meat etherized upon a platter;
Let us go, through certain half-deserted halls,
The painted cement walls
Of homesick nights in ancient creaking bunks
And address labels on four hundred trunks:
Critiques that follow like a tedious argument
Of insidious intent
To lead you to an overwhelming question...
Oh, do not ask, "What the hell is it?"
Don't knock our poem till we've made our visit.

In the Concourse the parents come and go,
Comparing their kid to Michelangelo.

The yellow car that rubs its fender on the stately pines,
The yellow car that rubs its grill upon the cabin sides
Licked its headlights into the corners of the windows
Lingered upon the Dregs that stand in drains,
Let fall upon its Hood the blame that falls from parents,
Slipped beyond Pinecrest, made a sudden "beep,"
And seeing that it was a Saturday night,
Said "What the hell," pulled up, and went to sleep.

And indeed there will be time
For the yellow car that slides along the street,
Flashing its light upon the windowpanes;
There will be time, there will be time
To prepare a pass to meet the crotchies that you meet;
There will be time for tours and displays
And time for the work-service, for the hands
That lift and drop a mystery on your tray;
Time for you and time for me,
And time yet for a hundred competitions,
And for a hundred missions and ambitions,
Before the handing-in of your room key.
Do I dare disturb the Universe?
In a minute there is time
For auditions and admissions which a minute will reverse.

For I have known them all already, known them all:--
Have known term papers: No-Doze, midnight sounds,
I have measured out my life with coffee grounds;
I know the scales dying with a dying fall
Beneath the music from a practice room.
So how should I presume?

And I have known the rules already, known them all--
The rules that fix you in a formulated phrase,
And when I am formulated, sprawling on a pin,
When I pass fragrant potheads in the hall,
Then How should I begin
To spit out all the butt-ends of my days and ways?
And how should I presume?

And I have known the food already, known it all--
Food that is flavorless and bland and rare,
(But when examined, downed with light brown hair!)
Is it the odor of this mess that makes me so digress?
Food that lies along a table, or splatters on the wall.
And should I then say Grace?
And how should I begin?
I have seen the butt-end of my reefer flicker,
And I have seen the eternal R.A. hold my stash, and snicker,
And in short, I was expelled.

And would it have been worth it, after all,
After the interim reports, the S.A.T.,
Among No. 2 pencils, among some talk of you and me,
Would it have been worth while,
To have bitten off the matter with a presidential smile,
To roll it toward some overwhelming question,
To say: "I am Alumnus, come from the real world,
Come back to tell you all, I shall tell you all"--
If one, making us take back all we said,
Should say: "That is not what you meant at all.
That is not it, at all."

And would it have been worth it, after all,
Would it have been worth while,
After the basements and the laundry and the Coke machines,
After the textbooks, after the tin trays crashing on the floor--
And this, and so much more?
It is impossible to say just what we mean!
But as if an in-class essay caused our nerves to shatter in a dream:
Would it have been worth while

Susan Glasscock

CHRISTMAS IN JEDDAH

I.
Awake by seven,
my sister and I dress
in cut-offs and halters
while waiting for my uncle.

At ten he arrives.
We throw towels
in the back of his jeep
and wrap long skirts
around bare legs.

II.
I lie belly-down on the tarp
of the sailboat
and watch angelfish
weave through coral.

The desert wind
carries us past
beach cabins
past the empty factory
with its piles
of seashells, beyond
the Queen's beach house
to the open sea.

III.
My sister stands
holding on to thin rope
as our small boat bounces
over the wake
of the passing launch.

When other Americans see us
they shout season's greetings.
If one, trying to stick a poster on a cinderblock wall, 14
And turning toward the window, should say,
"That is not it at all,
That is not what I meant, at all."

No! I am not Thor Johnson, nor was meant to be;
Am a drama major, one that will do
To disrupt the cafeteria, start a scene or two,
Narc on the Dregs, complain about the rules,
Steal two desserts while trying to reduce,
Highly incautious, unmeticulous;
Full of high sentence, quite a bit obtuse;
At times, indeed, almost ridiculous--
Almost, at times, uncool.

I grow cold...I grow cold...
Is it because I wear my knickers rolled?

Do I dare to skip a class with no pink slip in my reach?
I will roll up my blue corduroy and walk upon the beach.
I have heard gifted youths wailing, each to each.
I do not think that they will squeal on me.

I have seen them rowing in ripped-off canoes
Combing the white hair of the waves blown back,
Where the wind blows Green Lake white and black.

We have lingered in the lobbies of the dorms
Thinking we study, cramming our heads with junk
Till teacher's voices wake us, and we flunk.
Paula Smith

SIRENS' SONG

based on a translation of Homer's
Odyssey by W.H.D. Rouse (Book XII)

Odysseus...
Listen...
Come and listen to these voices,
noble-hearted Odysseus,
turn aside from your travels,
Listen...
No man has ever sailed
past this island
without turning to
Listen...
Our sweet voices invite you,
promising wisdom
for a safe journey if you will
Listen...
We know all that has happened,
what the Argives and Trojans endured
on the battlefield at Ilium:
Listen...
We can see not only the past,
but all that will come to pass
upon the earth, if only you will
Listen,
Odysseus...
today at ten thirty
a package came
it was an old velva sheen box
covered with grocery bag
with the A&P torn in half
it reminded me of a hand
that works in the garden
(without gloves, of course)
the knots of dirty white string
(saved from Lourdes) opened
like nurse's knuckles, & inside
there was my green winter coat
two good wool sweaters
my old am. heritage dictionary
with the cover torn off,
a used butternut bread bag
containing my favorite
oatmeal cookies (with a note
reminding me they're fattening)
& a letter in the usual
telegraphic style, saying that
Paul & Liz have moved & that
the new pictures of Matt & Hilly
will be sent as soon as
they come from Brian & Mary
& how Neal likes it at Western
& (as always) the perennial good
advice, on how i should keep
this job because "rolling stones
gather no moss", then the ending
with the usual take-cares
& see-you-soons

& now if i sit back
with all this
& close my eyes
it all swirls
like a fingerprint
Jill Marshall

THE I.A.A. ORCHESTRA

a parody of "Casey at the Bat"

It looked extremely rocky for the orchestra that day;
The program wasn't up to par with one piece left to play.
So when Sarah dropped her oboe, and Emma broke her bow,
A pallor wreathed the features of the patrons of the show.

A straggling few got up to go, leaving there the rest,
With the hope that springs eternal within the human breast.
For they thought if the PERCUSSION would only add its voice,
The show would be worthwhile and not just a bunch of noise.

But trumpets do precede them, and likewise the bassoon;
They're not usually in tempo and they're always out of tune.
So sat the stricken audience with Kleenex in each hand,
For they'd all be bored to tears before PERCUSSION took the stand.

The trumpets played like metronomes, so perfectly in time,
And the pitch of the bassoon was true, and clearer than a chime.
The crowd became more cheerful 'cause they saw there was hope still
Of that crashing, dashing ending that gives them such a thrill.

Then in the gladdened multitude, a smile lit each face,
A flush was seen on every cheek as hearts quickened their pace.
All leaning forward in their seats, expectant of great things:
The SUPERCUSION section was advancing from the wings!

There was boldness in Joe's bearing, and assurance in Marc's stride;
There was calmness in Keith's manner, and Jill held a look of pride.
There was a greatness to this group, this section none too large;
E'en strangers in the crowd could see PERCUSSION was in charge.

A thousand eyes were on them as they went to stand in place,
A look of total concentration firmly set each face.
And on went the conductor with a steady, pulsing beat,
But 'til PERCUSSION joined the rest it wouldn't sound complete.

Katie Talmage

PICKING TOBACCO

He bends over the row of tobacco plants,
their leaves as brown and dry as his skin.

The sun, slanting low across the field
is already hot between the curve
of his shoulder blades. His beard

thins around his black lips
as he sucks the stub of a cigarette.
All afternoon he works, a straw halo
circling his head.
Eric Schneider

SHARAGAN FOR NEW YORK

soft I walk by water
while water walks to sea
and severs the cities
as in a dream

I call silence
and a reply is silence
furnace sun burns Newark
and rubs these towers
with bland red

those flowing beams
pulled me through the valleys
of slowing granite Wall street
and retreating vendors
the marine dock warehouses
that invite no light and hide

by the tall silver trees
and black loam roots and holes
the empty elevated highway
grows white like a blind vine

I drift in this half-sleep
of sound, this world
sitting with me
dreams like a grandfather
the sun gone
harbor lights
wavering in first chill

First Joe picked up his triangle, with beaters he got set,
The people listened hopefully, but no shimmer reached them yet. Marc stood behind the bass drum, and loosened up the head, a beater he then chose from a large and varied spread.

Smoothly Keith bent o'er the timp'ni holding tuning fork to ear,
And the crowd leaned forward eagerly, his ringing tones to hear. Jill picked up the cymbals which seem much too big to hold; The nearness of the ending with this action she foretold.

With their cheeks a-puffing to the beat the trombones entered in,
Then came a rising tumult; the tuba joined the din. The strings sawed with a furor but without a single squeak; The harp, who had been hiding, sent out its voice to speak. The oboe danced in merrily, a-singing with a trill,
They were followed by all other woodwinds, growing louder still. The trumpets entered, cutting through the sound just like a sword,
All preparing for PERCUSSION, who'd create the final chord.

It built up to the climax, that most important place;
The long-awaited spot where PERCUSSION shows its face! This entrance was their only one; they all had just one note
Intensity filled all the room; one's breath caught in one's throat.

Oh, somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright,
There's music playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light,
In Interlochen's orchestra, the smiles are very few 'Cause the SUPERCUSSION section somehow missed the final cue.
Nick Bozanic
FOR WHAT HAS HAPPENED

It is autumn here

time has fallen away

through the diminishing days

the reeds in the marshes

the empty trees stand still

across the last of the moon

the remnants of clouds pass

on a westerly wind geese

wedge southward the lights

of houses on the hillside

go out there are no words

for what has happened

Sally Alatalo
1 The lake
    hides
    this foot
    then finds it
    like a stone

2 You wouldn't think
    grain and grain
    until hill
    speaks lonely
    like one grain

3 Bird
    beneath me
    Mountain is chance
    for more
    than one flight

4 Walking here
    no
    place pulls
    toward turning
    back
Nick Bozanic

FOR WHAT HAS HAPPENED

It is autumn here
time has fallen away
through the diminishing days
the reeds in the marshes
the empty trees stand still

across the last of the moon
the remnants of clouds pass
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Eric Schneider

SHARAGAN FOR NEW YORK

soft I walk by water
while water walks to sea
and severs the cities
as in a dream

I call silence
and a reply is silence
furnace sun burns Newark
and rubs these towers
with bland red

those flowing beams
pulled me through the valleys
of slowing granite Wall street
and retreating vendors
the marine dock warehouses
that invite no light and hide

by the tall silver trees
and black loam roots and holes
the empty elevated highway
grows white like a blind vine

I drift in this half-sleep
of sound, this world
sitting with me
dreams like a grandfather
the sun gone
harbor lights
wavering in first chill

First Joe picked up his triangle, with beaters he got set,
The people listened hopefully, but no shimmer reached them yet.
Marc stood behind the bass drum, and loosened up the head,
a beater he then chose from a large and varied spread.

Smoothly Keith bent o'er the timp'ni holding tuning fork to ear,
And the crowd leaned forward eagerly, his ringing tones to hear.
Jill picked up the cymbals which seem much too big to hold;
The nearness of the ending with this action she foretold.

With their cheeks a-puffing to the beat the trombones entered in,
Then came a rising tumult; the tuba joined the din.
The strings sawed with a furor but without a single squeak;
The harp, who had been hiding, sent out its voice to speak.

The oboe danced in merrily, a-singing with a trill,
They were followed by all other woodwinds, growing louder still.
The trumpets entered, cutting through the sound just like a sword,
All preparing for PERCUSSION, who'd create the final chord.

It built up to the climax, that most important place;
The long-awaited spot where PERCUSSION shows its face!
This entrance was their only one; they all had just one note
Intensity filled all the room; one's breath caught in one's throat.

Oh, somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright,
There's music playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light,
In Interlochen's orchestra, the smiles are very few
'Cause the SUPERCUSSION section somehow missed the final cue.
It looked extremely rocky for the orchestra that day; The program wasn't up to par with one piece left to play. So when Sarah dropped her oboe, and Emma broke her bow, A pallor wreathed the features of the patrons of the show.

A straggling few got up to go, leaving there the rest, With the hope that springs eternal within the human breast. For they thought if the PERCUSSION would only add its voice, The show would be worthwhile and not just a bunch of noise.

But trumpets do precede them, and likewise the bassoon; They're not usually in tempo and they're always out of tune. So sat the stricken audience with Kleenex in each hand, For they'd all be bored to tears before PERCUSSION took the stand.

The trumpets played like metronomes, so perfectly in time, And the pitch of the bassoon was true, and clearer than a chime. The crowd became more cheerful 'cause they saw there was hope still Of that crashing, dashing ending that gives them such a thrill.

Then in the gladdened multitude, a smile lit each face, A flush was seen on every cheek as hearts quickened their pace. All leaning forward in their seats, expectant of great things: The SUPERCUSSION section was advancing from the wings!

There was boldness in Joe's bearing, and assurance in Marc's stride; There was calmness in Keith's manner, and Jill held a look of pride. There was a greatness to this group, this section none too large; E'en strangers in the crowd could see PERCUSSION was in charge.

A thousand eyes were on them as they went to stand in place, A look of total concentration firmly set each face. And on went the conductor with a steady, pulsing beat, But 'til PERCUSSION joined the rest it wouldn't sound complete.
Mark Hoxsie

touches

today at ten thirty
a package came
it was an old velva sheen box
covered with grocery bag
with the A&P torn in half
it reminded me of a hand
that works in the garden
(without gloves, of course)
the knots of dirty white string
(saved from Lourdes) opened
like nurse's knuckles, & inside
there was my green winter coat
two good wool sweaters
my old am. heritage dictionary
with the cover torn off,
a used butternut bread bag
containing my favorite
oatmeal cookies (with a note
reminding me they're fattening)

& a letter in the usual
telegraphic style, saying that
Paul & Liz have moved & that
the new pictures of Matt & Hilly
will be sent as soon as
they come from Brian & Mary
& how Neal likes it at Western
& (as always) the perennial good
advice, on how i should keep
this job because "rolling stones
gather no moss", then the ending
with the usual take-cares
& see-you-soons

& now if i sit back
with all this
& close my eyes
it all swirls
like a fingerprint
Odysseus...
Listen...
Come and listen to these voices,
noble-hearted Odysseus,
turn aside from your travels,
Listen...
No man has ever sailed
past this island
without turning to
Listen...
Our sweet voices invite you,
promising wisdom
for a safe journey if you will
Listen...
We know all that has happened,
what the Argives and Trojans endured
on the battlefield at Ilium:
Listen...
We can see not only the past,
but all that will come to pass
upon the earth, if only you will
Listen,
Odysseus...
If one, trying to stick a poster on a cinderblock wall, 14
And turning toward the window, should say,
"That is not it at all,
That is not what I meant, at all."

No! I am not Thor Johnson, nor was meant to be;
Am a drama major, one that will do
To disrupt the cafeteria, start a scene or two,
Narc on the Dregs, complain about the rules,
Steal two desserts while trying to reduce,
Highly incautious, unmeticulous;
Full of high sentence, quite a bit obtuse;
At times, indeed, almost ridiculous--
Almost, at times, uncool.

I grow cold...I grow cold...
Is it because I wear my knickers rolled?

Do I dare to skip a class with no pink slip in my reach?
I will roll up my blue corduroy and walk upon the beach.
I have heard gifted youths wailing, each to each.
I do not think that they will squeal on me.

I have seen them rowing in ripped-off canoes
Combing the white hair of the waves blown back,
Where the wind blows Green Lake white and black.

We have lingered in the lobbies of the dorms
Thinking we study, cramming our heads with junk
Till teacher's voices wake us, and we flunk.
I have seen the butt-end of my reefer flicker,  
And I have seen the eternal R.A. hold my stash, and snicker,  
And in short, I was expelled.

And would it have been worth it, after all,  
After the interim reports, the S.A.T.,  
Among No. 2 pencils, among some talk of you and me,  
Would it have been worth while,  
To have bitten off the matter with a presidential smile,  
To roll it toward some overwhelming question,  
To say: "I am Alumnus, come from the real world,  
Come back to tell you all, I shall tell you all"--  
If one, making us take back all we said,  
Should say: "That is not what you meant at all.  
That is not it, at all."

And would it have been worth it, after all,  
Would it have been worth while,  
After the basements and the laundry and the Coke machines,  
After the textbooks, after the tin trays crashing on the floor--  
And this, and so much more?  
It is impossible to say just what we mean:  
But as if an in-class essay caused our nerves to shatter in a dream:  
Would it have been worth while

Susan Glasscock

CHRISTMAS IN JEDDAH

I.

Awake by seven,  
my sister and I dress  
in cut-offs and halters  
while waiting for my uncle.

At ten he arrives.  
We throw towels  
in the back of his jeep  
and wrap long skirts  
around bare legs.

II.

I lie belly-down on the tarp  
of the sailboat  
and watch angelfish  
weave through coral.

The desert wind  
carries us past  
beach cabins

past the empty factory  
with its piles  
of seashells, beyond  
the Queen's beach house  
to the open sea.

III.

My sister stands  
holding on to thin rope  
as our small boat bounces  
over the wake  
of the passing launch.

When other Americans see us  
they shout season's greetings.
Do I dare disturb the Universe?

In a minute there is time
For auditions and admissions which a minute will reverse.

For I have known them all already, known them all:--
Have known term papers: No-Doze, midnight sounds,
I have measured out my life with coffee grounds;
I know the scales dying with a dying fall
Beneath the music from a practice room.

So how should I presume?

And I have known the rules already, known them all--
The rules that fix you in a formulated phrase,
And when I am formulated, sprawling on a pin,
When I pass fragrant potheads in the hall,
Then How should I begin
To spit out all the butt-ends of my days and ways?

And how should I presume?

And I have known the food already, known it all--
Food that is flavorless and bland and rare,
(But when examined, downed with light brown hair!)
Is it the odor of this mess
that makes me so digress?
Food that lies along a table, or splatters on the wall.
And should I then say Grace?
And how should I begin?
David Yee

"LAS VEGAS" FRUIT MARKET

At closing time
the boss locks
the loading gates
and shuts the windows.

I sweep
the floor clean of loose
vegetables & fruits
in the dim light. He strolls
into the office to count
his money. Putting aside
my broom, I reach
for a handful
of cold blue berries
and eat them in the dark.

John Jackson

THE SMITHY'S DAUGHTER

There was no spreading chestnut tree
over the shop where my great grandfather spent his days
bending metal into capital C's and H hinges.
His hands were chapped by fire, stiff as the bands
he fashioned on the barrels for the drays.

He worked in his daughter's window square each night,
blond man turned orange
in the glare of forge and angry metal.
In school the Smithy's daughter had to recite
the poem about the man who hammered out his life.

She knew her father heard her in the Sunday choir,
and not the voice of his dead wife. There was too much fire
in him for that; he went home after mass and broke the Sabbath
with a hammer, living down the lies
she had to memorize for the sake of her English class.

She knew her father's hands did not smell like poetry
when he put her to bed; they smelled of smoke
and smeared her head with metal ash when he held her
in hardened arms. The hands that knew the shape of metal shoes
could not earn her leather ones. And he was never through;

She ate and slept to the ringing of his work,
the Smithy's daughter grew by the sound
of the square man grinning with his work.
And for all his hammering he kept
his family clothed and fed on the edge of debt.

Grandmother only knew the back of the church,
where her father sat straight, the pounding
of an anvil in his chest beneath a sooty vest,
his hands fitted for hammers,
the hair on top singed off, the rims of his fingernails
black horseshoes pointed down in prayer.  
Grandmother, you wonder how he could bear the last pew,  
and a grave outside the shadow of the church?  
Because he knew the whole town moved  
on the strong black crescents of his work.

said without hesitating. The man handed it to her. I saw  
Joy smile. Tracy turned to her.  
"Would you like to take him home?" she asked. Joy reached  
for the dog, but Tracy lifted it above her head. Tracy took a  
few steps back and lowered the dog. "Come on, pet him," she  
said. Joy moved toward her again, but Tracy hurried down the  
boardwalk, calling for me to follow her. Joy tried to run after  
her, and fell down.  
I turned away. I wanted to see what Tracy would do next,  
but I couldn't. I looked down toward the beach; in the water a  
kid was waiting to catch a wave on a raft. When the wave came it  
flipped the raft over, and it came in without the boy. I walked  
down the boardwalk the opposite way from where Tracy had gone.  
By the rollercoaster, a brother and sister were fighting over  
which ride to take. At the entrance where we had come in, I  
pushed through the lines of people waiting for food. I saw  
a boy trying to catch all the drips from his ice cream cone. I  
got on my bike and started riding toward home, trying not to  
look at the yellow bus as I passed it.
We played a few more games, then went out into the sunlight. It was hard to see, after being in the dark. We stopped at a booth where people were shooting baskets for prizes. Then Tracy said that she wanted to try a game farther down; when we got there I saw that one of the kids from Hill Crest was standing by the booth looking at the prizes. She was a little girl, about ten or eleven. The prize she was looking at was a white stuffed poodle with glass eyes and a blue ribbon on one ear. It was sitting next to a stuffed frog on the highest shelf in the back part of the booth. Under that shelf was another one with a row of milk bottles on it. A fat man in an aloha shirt was throwing baseballs at them. When his last ball had missed the bottles, he gave up and left.

The retarded girl started saying something I couldn't understand and pointing at the stuffed dog. The man working in the booth paid no attention to her. He probably knew where she was from and that she didn't have any money.

"How much for a throw?" asked Tracy.

"Twenty cents for three balls," answered the man.

Tracy took some money out of her pocket and put it on the counter. The man gave her three baseballs. She thought for a while before throwing. Her first ball hit the back wall like the fat man's had.

I looked over at the retarded girl and saw something falling out of one of her pockets. I picked them up and saw that they were two cards. One said that her name was Joy Shore and that she was from Hill Crest. The other was a card with a picture of Mickey Mouse on it. I remembered liking Mickey when I was little. I put the cards back into her pocket and looked to see if Tracy had noticed; she was too busy with her game.

Tracy had missed on all three tries. She put down some more money and the man got her some more baseballs. She didn't aim for very long, but she hit a bottle on her first try.

"Which prize do you want?" the man asked.

"That soft-looking white dog, next to the frog," Tracy said. Tracy chose the dog, and the man showed her how to throw. Tracy threw several times, and the dog was hers.

---

Tina Pomeroy

MAKING POTICA
-for Leopoldina, Johana, and me

We sit in Gramma's kitchen, warmed by the oven, our fingers aching from cracking nuts for the potica.

We watch Gramma as she takes off her ring, sets it on the windowsill next to her birthday fern. The bread swell of her belly tucked under an apron, she rolls up her sleeves, arms showing round and white like the dough she begins to knead between her fingers.

Against the table she slaps and smacks the dough, folds it in on itself again and again. Flour rises in storms, clouds around her face. Her body knows the rhythm of this bread as the peach trees of Rijeka know the seasons.

Gramma rolls the dough thin, ladles out the thick swell of cellar honey, spreads it smooth. She sows the nuts like seeds, sprinkles on the sweet rayene dried from the grapes whose vines tangle across the back porch.
"Yez patee ba gzita Nomaraila,"
she sings and winks to us.
But we don't understand
those words she couldn't leave
in Belgrade.
We only know the song of the dough,
the music she makes with her hands.

"Look," she told me. "He doesn't even notice what
I'm doing. Come on, throw a little." After hesitating, I took
some ice and threw it at him. This time he turned around and
looked at me, frightened. I turned away and said, "Come on, let's
go down to the beach for a while." We walked down about eight
steps to the sand with Tracy still laughing.

We found a spot near the water and sat down. For what seemed
like a long time neither of us said anything. Finally Tracy said,
"What's wrong?"

"Nothing important," I answered. "Why don't we go in the
water?" We had shorts on, so we could walk out pretty far.

After we'd been standing in the cold ocean for a while, I
couldn't feel my feet any more. Knee-high in water, Tracy picked
up some seaweed and threw it at me, laughing. I jumped out of
the way, and it splashed back into the shallow water. We came
back to our place on the sand. I felt the sun warming my legs
again. I wrote in the sand with my finger as Tracy and I sat and
talked for about half an hour about our plans for the summer and
what school would be like next year.

As we walked back toward the boardwalk Tracy asked, "How
much money do you have left?"

"About a dollar," I answered. "Why?"

"Let's go into the Arcade," said Tracy. It was dark inside.
The games were different sizes and lit up with many colors. I
could hear the bells from the pinball machine, the motors of
the racing-car games, and blips from the tennis games. There was
also the clicking of coins being dropped into slots, and the
voices of people playing.

Tracy hurried to a shooting game. "I'm good at this kind,"
she said. When she put her coin in, there was a quacking sound,
and ducks appeared on the screen. Tracy shot everyone.

Next we went to the spaceship game. I had one ship and
Tracy had the other. She had to chase mine and try to capture
it. I got away from her, though. "We played this when we were
here before," Tracy told me.

"I remember that," I said. "But you always caught me then.
This is the first time I've gotten away from you."
"I sure do," I said. "It looked like she was going to throw a fit when she kept telling you to stop and you kept doing it like you hadn't heard."

Tracy looked over the boardwalk. Suddenly she said, "It never fails. Every time I come here the retards have an outing. Look over there." I looked where she was pointing and saw a group of people coming into one of the entrances. Behind them I could see an old yellow bus that said HILL CREST. That was the local school for retarded children. Some older people who looked like they worked there were helping the last of the kids off. They made a long line at one of the ticket booths.

"You might think they're weird," I told Tracy. "But don't be so mean." She just laughed and rocked the car harder.

When our ride was over, we went to the bumper cars, and then to the log ride where we had a water fight that got us and the two little girls in the car with us sopping wet. We took a few more rides before going to the rollercoaster. Both of us wanted to get in the first car. When the gate opened we pushed our way to it. The train went into a dark tunnel at the beginning of the ride, and we screamed as loudly as we could while keeping our hands in the air for the whole ride. Afterwards, we did the same thing in the very back car.

We left the rollercoaster and went to find a place to buy lunch. After looking for a while we decided on a hot dog place. "Give me a hot dog, fries, and a large Coke," Tracy told the girl at the counter. I ordered a corndog, fries and a Sprite. We sat on a bench to eat.

As we finished, Tracy said, "Look, there's one of those retards. He's one of those weird-looking ones. What are they called? Mongoloids or something like that?"

"Well, they can't help how they look," I said, and took a last bite of my corndog. Tracy took some ice from
Tina Ament: None of the above

Jennie DeForest: "Jesus, what gorgeous monkeys we are."  
Kenneth Patchen

David Yee: "He is an excellent fork lift/operator and is known/ to play dice with nuns."  
Thomas Lux

Jenny Peters: A poet under forty.

John Jackson: "Beautiful women come up to you and ask for the dog's telephone number."  
Michael Dennis Browne

Tina Ament

AT THE BOARDWALK

Nick Bozanic: "I must confess I am a cannibal."  
Kenneth Patchen

Sally Alatalo: "Bar talk. Bartok..."  
Robert Creeley

Carol Summers: "I'm sinking into the ground because it helps."  
Stephen Berg

Jill Marshall: "So your mother-in-law doesn't like the way you part your hair."  
Radio WCCW-FM 92

Nick Bozanic: "I must confess I am a cannibal."  
Kenneth Patchen

Sally Alatalo: "Bar talk. Bartok..."  
Robert Creeley

Eric Schneider: "Arrest the sun and shoot the moon."  
Greg Lake and Peter Sinfield

Katie Talmage: "More than one cigar at a time is excessive smoking."  
Mark Twain

Cindy Moores: You can drink as long as a fish drinks as long as you drink as long as a fish drinks.

Tina Ament

AT THE BOARDWALK

"Let's put our bikes in the shade," Tracy said.  
"Good idea," I answered. We left them near a big sign that said SANTA CRUZ BEACH BOARDWALK. "I'm sure glad you thought of coming here today," I said. I liked going places with Tracy. She could make almost anything into an adventure. I liked being daring, but I worried sometimes too. It had been a year since we had been here on the eighth grade trip. We walked in under the biggest hill of the rollercoaster. I could hear a loud clicking noise as the long yellow train started going up. Tracy and I stopped to watch as it slowed down at the top, then rushed down the hill with people screaming. We walked to a ticket booth where there wasn't much of a line. It wasn't very crowded for a Sunday in June. When we reached the front Tracy put down a five-dollar bill. "Give me five dollars worth," she said loudly. The girl who was working there gave us a red and yellow book of tickets. "What do you want to take first?" asked Tracy. "Let's start with something like the ferris wheel," I said.

"That sounds too scary for me," Tracy answered in a guttural tone. She called that her mentally retarded voice. We started down the boardwalk. I could hear "Camptown Races" coming from speakers that seemed to be everywhere. Smells from the many fast-food places mixed with the salty ocean air. I saw a little girl on the boat ride, yelling and ringing a small bell.

Tracy asked, "Would you like to smoke for a while before we go home? I brought a pack of Kools along."  
"Well," I lied, "I like smoking, but I don't really like Kools. I'll decide after we've taken some rides."

We came to the ferris wheel and got in line. We didn't have to wait long. When we got on and the ride started Tracy began to rock the car. "Remember when I did this on the eighth grade trip?" she asked. "The girl running it got so mad that she almost kicked us off."
Susan Glasscock: "All morning a wren has been building/a nest in my ear." Terry Stokes

Angela Somers: "Because a dentist/logically drives a butcher truck." Lawson Fusao Inada

Aisling Swift: "Then it drinks what is left of the ink, and afterward sits back on its haunches, quiet and satisfied." Wang Tai-Hai (1791)

Jim Tolly: "In Moslem cosmology, Kujata is a huge bull endowed with 4,000 eyes, ears, nostrils, mouths, and feet. To get from one ear to another or from one eye to another, no more than 500 years are required." J.L. Borges
ARTWORK CREDIT

WOODCUTS:

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Aisling Swift
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Jennie DeForest
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PEN-AND-INK DRAWINGS:

Tina Pomeroy

*WITH SPECIAL THANKS TO MRS. HOOD*
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"If anyone asks, just tell 'em it's a symbol."

"Oh, strawberries don't taste as they used to and the thighs of women have lost their clutch."  John Steinbeck