

The Anchor

March 4, 1996

Free

Rhode Island College

Goal of Women's History Month is education not entertainment

Few campus events planned

by Chris Greene
NEWS EDITOR

The month of March is Women's History Month. "The importance of looking at women historically is to help contemporary women evaluate their own lives, and give them a contextual framework to help them evaluate their own lives," said Dr. Carol Shelton, Director of the Women's Studies Program.

"What happens when you start looking at women from a historical perspective, is that you recognize the incredible struggles that women have been involved in over the years," said Shelton.

The Women's Center, an office of the College located in the lower level of Donovan Dining Center, is one place students can go to learn more about women's history. There

are few events on campus to celebrate the month. "I think next year is the best time," said Gisella Ubillus, head of the Women's Alliance, a student organization run out of the Women's Center. "The Women's Alliance membership is down, they need new members," said Karen R. Cooper, who works in the Women's Center. The Women's Center also needs workers.

"I feel (the College) is playing the role they should play (in Women's History Month)," said Shelton, adding, "The reason why we're not doing more is simply because of time and resources." Shelton points out that not everything in regard to women's issues must occur in March, "We will have a lecture series which goes from Sept. to May."

"At present time any bookstore you go to is going to have a section set aside for Woman's History Month," said Shelton, and recommends that students who want to learn more

about women's history should, "Read a book."

"There are all kinds of things happening all over the state, concerts, lectures, maybe decide to take in one of those things," said Shelton, and adds that if that stimulates an interest, a student might consider taking Women's Studies as a minor.

The Women's Center at Rhode Island College has a collection of books on women's issue's, as well as history books, that are available to all students, said Leticia Ubillus, Coordinator of the Women's Center. "We're trying to educate on many different issue's," said Ubillus.

"It's important that we have a place for women to go," said Shelton in regard to the Women's Center, which is not only a place for women, but welcomes "diversity in race, sexual orientation, age, and parenting," said Ubillus. "Everyone's welcome, we try to have a welcoming atmosphere," said Cooper.

Dole puts forth more compassion than rhetoric in RI stopover

by Carl Albanese
STAFF WRITER

Republican Senator Robert Dole (Kan.) brought his campaign to Rhode Island Friday as part of a three state southern New England swing, in preparation for next Tuesday's "Yankee Primary" which will consist of all the New England states except New Hampshire. The one-time front-runner spoke in front a few hundred people in the Arcade shopping mall in downtown Providence. Accompanying the senator, was all of Rhode Island's Republican hierarchy, including Republican-turned-independent, Providence Mayor Vincent (Buddy) Cianci.

A curious moment came just before Dole appeared. State Republican Chairman John Holmes brought Democrat Senator Claiborne Pell to the podium. The Senator spoke very shortly saying he was getting a haircut across the street.

Finally at 2:30 (45 minutes late) Dole spoke. The speech

was very upbeat and seemed more moderate than some of his speeches early in the primary season.

Dole made jabs at Pat Buchanan saying that "This race is for the heart and soul of the Republican party. We should bring people together, not divide them." He also referred to Buchanan's protectionist economic policy by declaring "We can't build a wall around America" adding that Rhode Island's economy depends on exports and Buchanan's plan would wreak havoc on the state's economy.

The Senate Majority Leader also took on Steve Forbes, attacking the billionaire's flat tax plan, claiming "It would cost America \$200 billion" and attacking its other main component, the elimination of all tax deductions including mortgage interest and charitable contributions. He said "Maybe you would want to give some money to a charity, like the Red Cross; I picked that one out of the blue." (Dole's wife Elizabeth

is chairperson of that charity.)

"We should not elect a talk show host or a magazine publisher president," Dole added.

The Senator did speak more compassionately than usual. "The government does a lot of good things, we ought to help those, the very young, the very old, who cannot fend for themselves," he said, adding "I do care about people."

Dole mentioned his humble upbringing, speaking about his father. "He wore overalls to work for 42 years and never complained."

The Senator ended his speech talking about his wife Elizabeth. He said she was in South Carolina and joked "Some people left when they did not see her here."

WXIN bringing enthusiasm to campus events

Erica Nagle
STAFF WRITER

Things have come a long way for WXIN, RIC's only radio station, since it officially signed on the air 16 years ago, according to General Manager John Patsfield.

"From what I understand, XIN was held together by Scotch tape and a lot of prayers," says Patsfield, who became involved with WXIN three and a half years ago.

These days, however, things seem to be running much more smoothly at the student run

organization, located in room 309 of the Student Union, and at 90.7 on the radio dial.

WXIN now has a professional engineer who comes in and maintains the equipment so everything is within Federal Communications Commission regulations. The station has also recently begun using mini-disc players, assuring that the music being played over the airwaves has more of a cleaner, digital sound. In addition, WXIN receives a minimum of 150 CD's a week, which enables it to play the newest, cutting-edge music.

The need for better technology evolved from the ever-changing demands of the radio industry, says Patsfield.

"It's because we had so many (disc jockeys) going into the market and were coming back saying that there's all this new equipment, and they had no idea what it was," he says.

"So we figured if we were actually going to be training people to become professional DJs, we have to give them the equipment to train on."

And who are these people

See **WXIN**, page 2



ANCHOR PHOTO BY CHRIS GREENE

After last weekend's storm brought high winds to the area, two skylights on the third floor of Adams Library were broken and the area beneath them taped off.

SPORTS ♦

**Butler named ECAC
player of the year**

On the inside...

News	2, 3
Sports	4
Section II	
Feature	3
Art	3
On video	5
Get Out!!!	6, 7
Comics	8, 9
Local music	10
Crossword	11
Classifieds	11

♦ ENTERTAINMENT

**RIC grad bringing
new Renaissance
festival to life**

College achievers

International company expanding in East Providence area seeks responsible, outgoing individuals who have an interest in health and the environment for part time or full time work. Training and travel available. Call Keith at 434-4841, ext. 8.

WXIN bringing enthusiasm to campus events

WXIN,
continued from page 1

being trained? Patsfield says WXIN a membership that fluctuates between 30 and 35 students.

Patsfield adds that in light of the students varying tastes in music, Monday through Friday the station plays top 40 from 8 to 11 a.m., alternative from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m., urban from 5 to 9 p.m., and metal from 9 p.m. to 12 a.m. Weekends are a free-for-all, where any type of music can be requested.

"I keep looking at the amount of work all the people who are involved with XIN do," he says, "everything they do is 100 percent professional, 100 percent top-notch. At night I sit here and think about how we're not getting any credit for it at all. No one notices what a great job we do."

Patsfield attributes much of the apathy towards WXIN to the low wattage that severely restricts the station's broadcasting area. He claims that this deficiency makes people feel that because WXIN can only reach the campus, there is only so much the organization can do.

"It's hard when you tell your friends you're doing a show on XIN, but they can't listen to it

because their radio can't pick the signal up" he said.

Obtaining the wattage needed to increase the station's listening audience, "Is the biggest mess of red tape on Earth" says Patsfield.

The station has tried to obtain wattage twice before, but has been denied this request both times. Patsfield attributes these snags funding and procedural problems.

However, he remains optimistic about WXIN's future chances of gaining the wattage.

"I'm the most stubborn person," around Patsfield declares, "if they say no, especially if it's someone at RIC, I'll ask them why the answer is no. If they say it's the money, I'll tell them not to worry about the money, and one way or another, we'll come up with the funds. Even if I have to auction off all the Anchor staff!" he laughs.

In the meantime, Patsfield asserts that WXIN remains loyal towards promoting on-campus events.

"We decided this year to go with the slogan 'Ground Zero Radio' because we wanted to focus only on the campus. Anything that happens off-campus really doesn't matter," to the station.

Patsfield also stresses that the

station is available for any student organizations that want to advertise their event or need DJs for an event. One example is the party WXIN is throwing for the RIC basketball team, a tribute to their successful season.

He encourages students to become involved with the station, which holds meetings every Wednesday at 1:30 p.m. in the Student Union, room 307. He cites that the participation will not only provide excellent communications experience, but also serve as a new way to meet people. Says Patsfield, "I have made some of the best friends... as a result of WXIN."

No previous experience is needed to become a member, according to Patsfield, all that is required is a love of music.

"Radio is like this different world," says Patsfield, "when you turn on the microphone, you know that you can invade every house in the area, and you know there is nothing that can keep you out. That's a really good feeling."

Students interested in learning more about becoming involved with WXIN, or if an organization would like to utilize WXIN's services, stop in at Student Union room 309 or call 456-8288.

Attention:

The initial filing period for petitions to become a 1996-1997 Student Parliament member begins Monday, March 25, 1996 and ends Friday, April 12, 1996

During this filing period, you may only represent your own major. After this period you may represent any major.

Election day:
Wednesday, May 1, 1996
For more information, contact Vice President Anthony Impagliazzo or call 456-8088.

Declaration of candidacy for Student Government office starts on Tuesday, April 23, 1996, and ends on Tuesday, April 30, 1996, at 12 noon. You must be a member of Student Parliament by then to run for office.

Communications Department taking submissions for annual Talent Awards Contest

The Communications Department, located in Henry Barnard School room 207, is now accepting applications for its Talent Awards Contest. Communications majors and/or minors are eligible to enter. Based on quality evidence of communication skills and number of applicants, the awards will be credited toward tuition for the student's next academic year.

Pick up an application in the Communications Department. Maintain a cumulative GPA of 2.0 or better. Submit applications and evidence of communication skills by 4 p.m. on March 18, 1996, the Monday after spring break. You just may have the skills to win.

Evidence of communication skills can be submitted in the categories of: Video and Film Production, Public Speaking, Graphics, Public Relations and

Advertising, and Radio and Sound Production. Other communication demonstrations may be submitted along with an explanation to the Communications Department.

For more information about Talent Award procedures and specifications, please stop by the Communications department for the Talent Award Application, Procedure, and Specifications packet, or call 456-8270.

Student uses Internet to criticize teen's mom

(CPS) A University of Maryland junior used his student Internet account to accuse a woman of mistreating her daughter, prompting an investigation by Montgomery County police.

William A. White, 18, a psychology major, posted a message to various Internet newsgroups detailing how the teenage girl was being mistreated by her mother. Then he urged recipients to call the girl's mother "at home and tell her you are disgusted and you demand that she stops," according to reports.

White's message said the teen-age girl was confined to her home, except to go to school or work, was forbidden to use the telephone and was fed nothing but peanut butter and jelly sandwiches.

However, the UM student did not verify the supposed abuse and told reporters he didn't

know the family but had heard about the mistreatment through the girl's friends. "You should be able to write what you want on the Internet, whether it's true or not," White told the Washington Post. "It worked very well. It worked very quickly."

Indeed, the girl's father told the Post that the family had received at least a half dozen telephone calls, some of them threatening. He also said some aspects of White's message were true but highly exaggerated.

Montgomery County police are investigating the incident. Regarding White's Internet posting, experts say criminal law on harassment or civil law on libel and invasion of privacy could be used to prosecute the student.

White, who says he belongs to the Utopian Anarchist Party,

originally posted the message to newsgroups devoted to child welfare, psychology, radical left-wing politics and civil liberties. He now has posted another message telling people not to call the family, according to Gary Stephenson, a university spokesperson.

Like many institutions, the university has "no clear-cut guidelines" as to how to deal with such questionable use of the Internet, Stephenson said.

"The laws have not kept pace with the technology," he said.

The university does, however, require students to read an "acceptable computer-use" policy.

"Ninety-nine percent of our users are responsible," he said. "But you're going to have one or two people who abuse the privilege."

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RHODE ISLAND COLLEGE RADIO PRESENTS :

A TEAM APPRECIATION JAM, IN HONOR OF DA RIC MEN'S BASKETBALL TEAM.

DA TIME: WED. MARCH 6 FROM 9-1
DA PLACE: STUDENT UNION BALLROOM

COVER - \$3 BONES, \$2 W/RIC ID

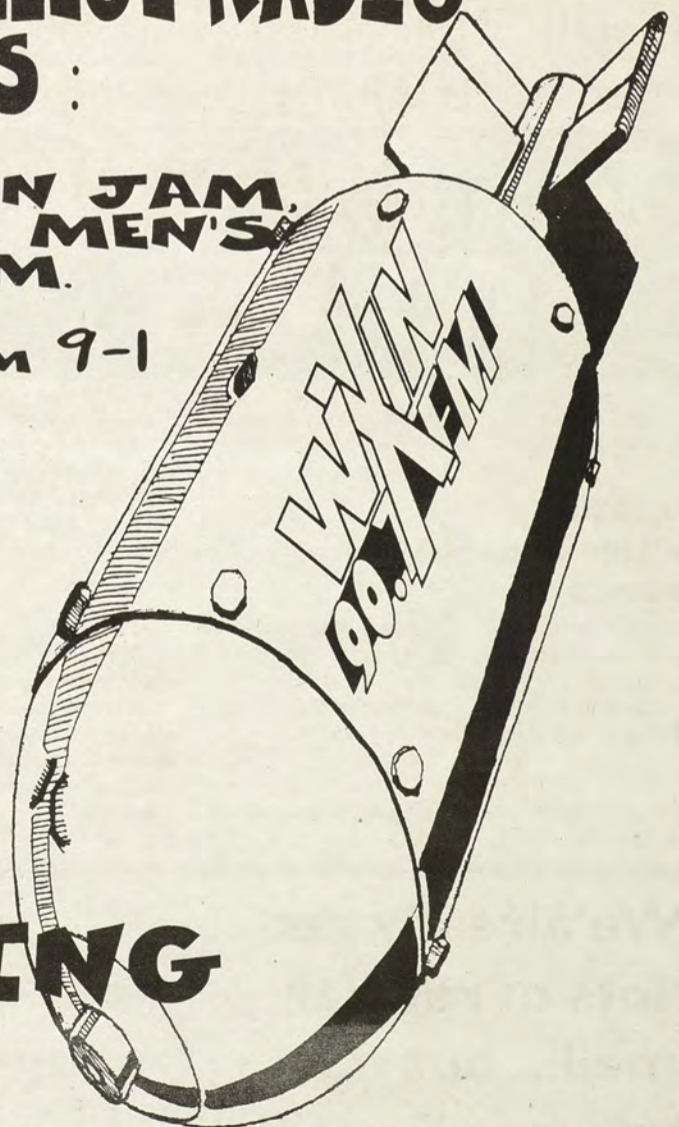
LADIES FREE B4 ELEVEN

ALL HEADS WELCOME!!

For More Info. Call WXIN at 456-8288

WE'RE DROPPING DA BOMB!!

****NUTHIN' BUT A SMOOTH THING****



BASKETBALL

Butler named Little East Player of the Year

by Eric Sardinha
SPORTS EDITOR

Alex Butler, the 6'4" junior shooting guard from East Providence, has been named Little East Player of the Year. He is only the third RIC basketball player to do so. This also the third consecutive year that Butler has walked away from a season collecting honors.

In his freshman year, Butler was named Freshman of the

Year in the Little East. Last year, in his sophomore campaign, Butler was named to the First Team All-Conference. And this season, Butler has collected Player of the Year and has again made the All-Conference first team.

With all of these accolades under his belt, what reason would he have to stick around? Number one, he hasn't received any offers to play elsewhere, except a try-out for a US under-

22 basketball team, set to play in Brazil next summer. Number two, his expectations are high for next year.

When it comes to next season, "I have no doubt about our ability to win it all, we should be ranked number one. Everyone should be hungry next year because we know what it's like to win now. Our biggest problem will be keeping our heads from getting too big," Butler said optimistically.

Men's hoops looking forward to next year

by Carl Albanese
STAFF WRITER

The Rhode Island College Men's Basketball team's season ended Wednesday night with a 95-72 loss to Amherst in the first round of the ECAC playoffs. Amherst was able to contain Alex Butler, holding the Little East Player of the Year to 5 for 14 shooting and 14 points. Kenny Bliss also had 14 points along with James Thomas's 8 rebounds for the

Anchorman cause. RIC kept it close in the first half, only trailing by eight at the half. But Amherst pulled away in the second half, led by Dan Moses' 20 points and John Pavelski's 19 points.

Led by Butler's 25.5 points per game (first in the Little East, fifth in the country) and Frank Minikon's six rebounds per game (10th in the Little East), the team finished 18-9 (9-3 in the conference). The

Anchormen were also prolific three-point shooters, with five players gunning at over 30%. Butler, Sean Siembab, Mike Marques, Mike Morsilli, and Derrick Campbell.

With only two departing seniors, next year looks to be a promising one for the Anchormen. Continuing maturation and another year of playing in the New Gym could mean the team will be playing next March.

Losing weight should be part of daily routine

by Dr. Kathleen Laquale
ATHLETIC THERAPIST

Dear Kathy,

Beach season is coming upon us quickly. How do I take off those extra pounds without becoming anorexic or bulimic and how do I stay away from all of those fad diets?

Tubby

Dear Tubby,

First of all, there is no magic cure for losing those extra pounds. Anyone who claims to

should use their clothes as a guide. Select a piece of clothing which you feel flatters your figure best. Keep trying that outfit on until it fits comfortably. Adjust your caloric intake by decreasing the amount of extra fat in your diet and by using the food pyramid as a good nutrition guide. Also keep in mind that alcohol puts on unwanted poundage. One ounce of alcohol equals 7 calories, so one 16 oz. beer is the equivalent of 112 calories. All of these calories carry no nutritional value.

anorexia nervosa (eating very little and over-exercising) or bulimia (eating well over 2000 calories in one sitting and then purging). If one or both of these conditions are present, then consultation with a psychologist should be priority number one. There is an excellent counseling center on campus to help, also.

An aerobic exercise program (20-40 minutes per day), when coupled with a healthy diet, helps to increase one's metabolism, strengthen bones, decrease poundage, and help you feel good. Weight training is a healthy tool to help build muscle, burn fat more efficiently and tone your shape.

As far as fad diets, no food can burn fat. Body fat is "burned" or gotten rid of only by using more energy than is supplied by the food you eat. Fad diets, magic pills, potions and devices can pose more health problems than they solve. Much of the failure and relapse experienced by dieters is due to unrealistic expectations that these fad items promise.

Losing weight for one special event (spring break) should not be your goal. Losing weight and maintaining the weight loss should be part of life's daily routine.

lose 10 to 12 pounds in one week is just fooling themselves. Repetitive studies have clearly demonstrated that a loss of 1 to 2 pounds per week is the healthy way of shedding pounds, and more importantly, keeping them off. Many people have misconstrued ideas of how much weight they have to lose.

Besides consulting a sports nutritionist or registered dietician to determine the amount of weight to be lost, one

Next, make sure you are eating healthy- don't starve yourself. It will only cause your metabolism to slow down, increase the potential for bingeing, increase muscle loss, and eventually put on more weight than you tried to lose in the first place. It can also lead to disordered eating.

If the psychological conditions are present, unhealthy eating habits can lead to eating disorders such as

KATHY'S KORNER

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REC CENTER NEWS

by Susana Lorente
ADVERTISING EDITOR

Aquatic activities and events

While Spring Splash is full swing it's not too late to get involved. You can get some exercise and possibly a T-shirt just for playing around in the pool.

Swim instruction classes will be starting right after Spring

break and will run through the end of the semester. There are four different levels:

Swimming for the terrified, Wednesdays from 10 to 10:45 a.m.

Beginner, Wednesdays from 3 to 3:45 p.m.

Intermediate, Mondays from 10 to 10:45 a.m.

Advanced, Thursdays from 1 to 1:45 p.m.

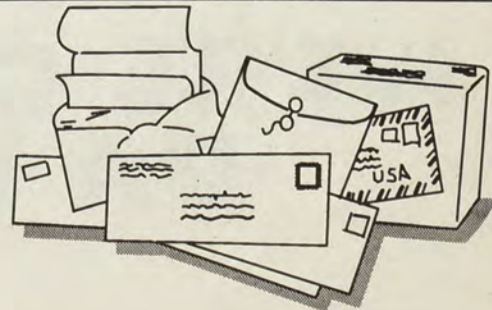
If you're already a lap swimmer we've got some great clinics comming up this spring. Don't miss the one on flip turns, Thursday, March 28 from 5 to 5:45 p.m.

If you have any ideas or suggestions for aquatic classes, clinics or recreational activities stop by, give us a call, write a note or send e-mail. Alan 456-8227, asalemi@grog. ric.edu or Janice 456-8238, jfifer@grog. ric.edu.

We already get lots of regular mail... but now we want E-mail!

Send your comments, suggestions, & questions, to: anchor@ric.edu

Send your Letters to the Editor to: anchorletter@ric.edu
Please include your name, social security number and phone number. For verification purposes only.



diversions

The Anchor's weekly guide to the arts

**New
Renaissance
festival coming
to life under
direction of
RIC graduate**

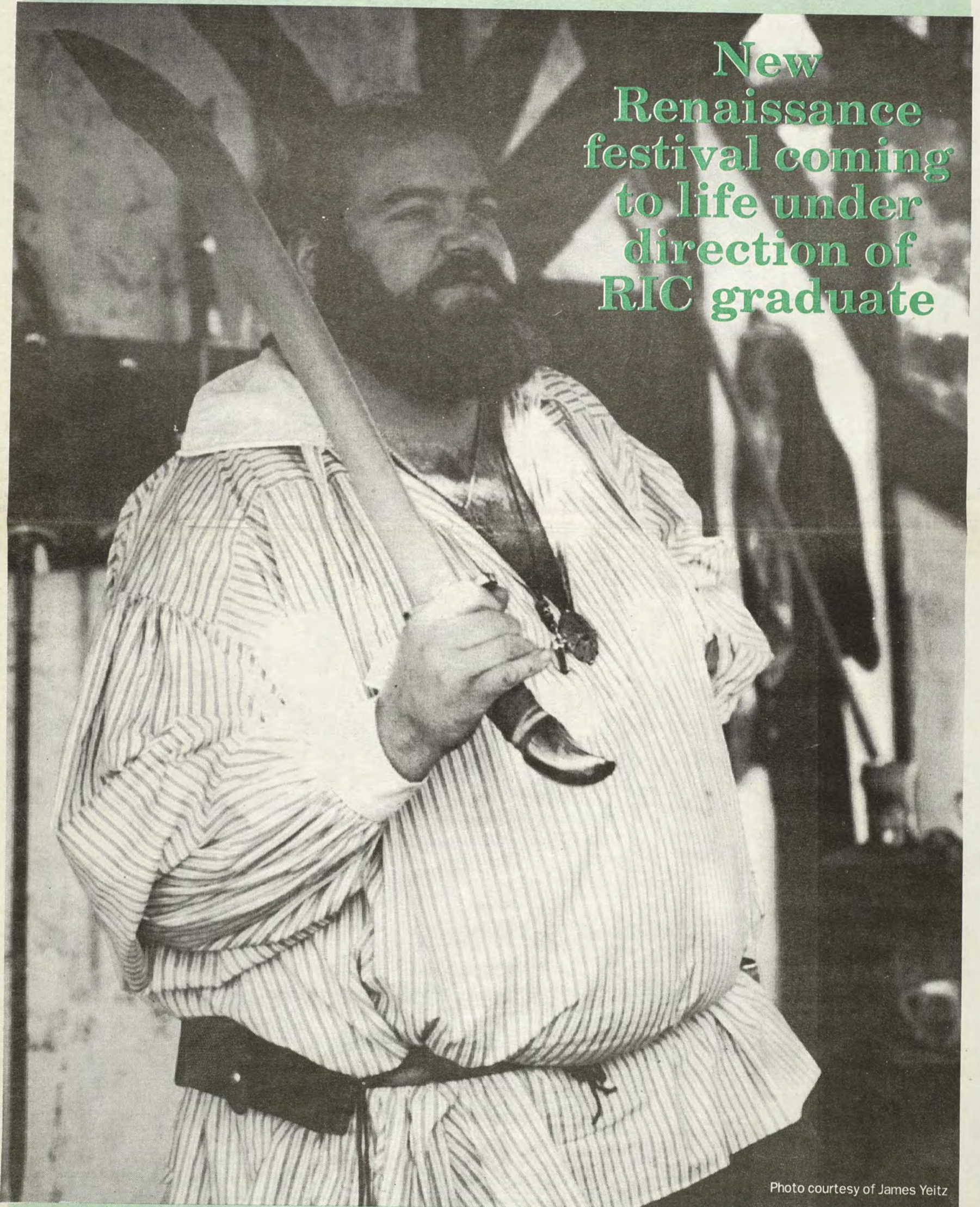


Photo courtesy of James Yeitz

Clip and save this calendar for the whole month's events, courtesy of the Campus Center

M **A** **R** **C** **H**
SUN **MON** **TUE** **WED** **THU** **FRI** **SAT**

3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Resume Workshop
 11-12pm CL054
 Sponsored by Career Development Center x8031

Fabric Photo Album Craft Class
 7-9 pm SU room 211
 sign up & material list at SU Info Desk FREE!
 sponsored by the Off. of Student Activities x8034

Rock Hunt
 7:30pm CoffeeGround FREE!
 sponsored by RIC Programming x8045

Tix on sale for Leadership weekend @ noon @ S.U. Info Desk x8148

Comedy Night
 8pm CoffeeGround FREE!
 sponsored by RIC Programming x8045

Tix on sale for Sally Jesse Raphael @ noon @ S.U. Info Desk x8148

Interview Workshop
 12:30-2 pm CL054
 sponsored by Career Development Center x8031

Enjoy the Variety of Food Choice
 Donovan Dining Center @ 12:30-2pm
 sponsored by Health Promoters x8062 FREE!

Shop & Learn about Communication Disorders
 Donovan Dining Center @ 12:30-2pm
 sponsored by RIC NSSCHA

On Deadly Ground II: AIDS Awareness
 7:30 pm, location to be announced

2nd Annual Lock-In
 @9pm Friday to @9am Saturday
 Recreation Center \$2 tx @ S.U. Info Desk
 sponsored by Harambee, Rec Center, Anchor, Housing & Student Activities x8034

Out of State Job Search
 @9-10am CL054
 sponsored by Career Development Center x8031

International Kid's Craft Day
 @12-2pm SU Ball Room
 FREE!
 sponsored by S.O.S, RIC Programming & Off. of Student Activities x8034

Rhode Island College Wind Ensemble
 8:15 pm
 Roberts Auditorium
 RIC students FREE!
 sponsored by Music Dept. x8244

S P R I N G B R E A K

Alternative Spring Break Service Project
 March 10-16
 For information call 48-658
 sponsored by Chaplain's Office

17

Intermediate Swim Instruction
 10-10:45 am
 Rec Center Pool
 sponsored by Aquatics x8227

Out of State Job Search
 3-4 pm CL054
 sponsored by Career Development Center x8031

Rock Hunt
 7:30pm CoffeeGround FREE!
 sponsored by RIC Programming x8045

Resume Workshop
 5-6pm, CL 054
 sponsored by Career Development Center x8031

Swimming for the Terrified
 10-10:45 am
Beginner Swim Instruction
 3-3:45 pm Rec Center Pool
 sponsored by Aquatics x8227

Sally Jesse Raphael Show in NYC
 bus leaves SU @5:00am returns @ 8pm
 \$25 tickets at SU Info Desk
 sponsored by Student Activities x8034

One People (Reggae band)
 8 pm, Donovan Dining Center
 FREE!
 sponsored by RIC Programming x8045

Seven Habits of Highly Effective People
 12-1:30 pm CL 130
 presented by Tom Lavin
 sponsored by the Counseling Center x8094

Advanced Swim Instruction
 1-1:45 pm Rec Center Pool
 sponsored by Aquatics x8227

Job Search Workshop
 1-2 pm CL054
 sponsored by Career Development Center x8031

"Finding the LEADER in YOU"
 Weekend Conference
 Bus leaves @ 3 pm returns Sunday @ 4pm
 Tickets \$10 @ S.U. Info Desk
 (\$5 will be refunded when attended) sponsored by Student Government RIC students ONLY & Student Activities x8034

March 31st Activities

Wave Leadership Experience
 bus leaves @ 11 am, returns @ 8 pm
 \$5 tickets at SU Info Desk
 (will be refunded if attended)
 sponsored by Student Activities x8034

King Neptune Water Challenge
 1-3 pm sign-up at Rec Center or Info Desk
 Rec Center Pool FREE!
 sponsored by Rec Center x8400 & Student Activities x8034

Intermediate Swim Instruction
 10-10:45 am Rec Center Pool
 sponsored by Aquatics x8227

Rock Hunt
 7:30pm CoffeeGround FREE!
 sponsored by RIC Programming x8045

Rhode Island College Symphony Orchestra
 8:15 pm, RIC students FREE!

Interview Workshop
 10-12 pm CL054
 sponsored by Career Development Center x8031

Ukrainian Easter Egg Craft Class
 7-9pm SU room 211
 \$5 Tickets at S.U. Info Desk (materials included)
 sponsored by Student Activities x8034

Swimming for the Terrified
 10-10:45 am Rec Center Pool
Inner Tube Water Polo
 1-2 pm Rec Center Pool
Beginner Swim Instruction
 3-3:45 pm Rec Center Pool
 sponsored by Aquatics x8227

Harlem Wizards Basketball Team
 8pm New Gym
 \$2 w/ RIC ID, \$5 w/o tickets on sale at the Info Desk
 sponsored by RIC Programming x8045

Advanced Swim Instruction
 1-1:45 pm Rec Center Pool
 sponsored by Aquatics x8227

5th ANNUAL OLYMPICS
 Rec Center
 sign up at SU Info Desk FREE!
 sponsored by Rec Center, Housing and Student Activities x8034

New Renaissance festival coming to life under direction of RIC graduate

by Brian Ross
ANCHOR EDITOR

This summer, two states away, a new addition to the nation-wide Renaissance festival

Anchor Photography Editor. Danielson has worked as King Richard in Carver, and headed up the Cumberland Company, a troop of actors who made a home of the Blackstone River

many Ren-fairs are losing their touch. "The magic is when the outside world and all of its troubles go away, leaving a feeling of relaxed abandonment," says Danielson. What's taking it away is when the people who run these things start to get greedy. "Renaissance fairs make big money," notes Danielson, "and the people in charge just want more, allotting less and less money to entertainment. My motivation is for the patron to come in and get a sense of magic. Theatre is my life, and I want it to be my livelihood, as well."

Renaissance Revels, and all of the other Ren-fairs, deal with a very violent period in human history, not so much because there was a lot of violence per capita, but because brutality was entertainment, far more so than it is today. Thus it is necessary, and also fun, to have this aspect of the culture showcased in a safe setting. "Swordsmanship is a martial art," explains Danielson, "It's choreographed with

fluidity and grace, it contains drama, and puts a great demand on the performer." One of the things that makes King Richard's Faire weak is its combat. So much attention is paid to the dialogue that the actors' concentration is taken away from the fighting. One of two things can happen in this situation. Either the actors will pay too much attention to the bickering and the fighting will be poor, or someone will get hurt. The combat at Renaissance revels will be different. There will be dialogue, but it will not be critical to the scene, so if someone misses a line, it is really of no consequence. This will allow for far more grace in the grapples. Most of all, Danielson wants to make this fun for his performers.

"It doesn't say 'work' anywhere in the contract. We're not going to work. We're going to play," says Danielson, "and we're going to take the patrons with us."

Letterman forges ahead in late-night ratings wars

(CPS) David Letterman has been up, down and even sideways, but he's always been there, in the game, fighting for a laugh. And, chances are, he always will be.

Lately, of course, Letterman's "Late Show" has been duking it out with both Jay Leno's revitalized "Tonight Show" and the still potent "Nightline," and through it all, Letterman has tried to simply do what he does best. As part of an effort to let the TV viewing world in on the fact that his best remains better than the rest's, Letterman went prime-time Feb. 19, with his hour-long CBS "Late Night Video Special 2." The show was devoted to remote segments, the ones in which the intrepid Letterman leaves the ice-cold confines of the Ed Sullivan Theatre seeking laughs on the streets of New York City.

So it is then that Letterman, one of TV's more elusive interview subjects, is on the phone talking about his recent "Late Show" special and other topics of interest.

"Over the years, even going back to the morning show (he did in the 1980's), there have been certain people who have been guests on our show who have been very nice to us and have always wanted to go out of their way to be cooperative and helpful in producing something that would be a memorable moment.

"From the very beginning, the guy who was probably the best at this, although there have been many others, has been Steve Martin," notes Letterman, talking from his Manhattan office after taping an evening's show, "I can remember almost every one of his appearances with us. The videotape Steve did with us this time, he came in two or three nights before he was an actual guest on the show and also the day of his guest appearance. This is a huge, huge star who had one play in production and another play opening that very weekend. Yet, he had time to come in and work with us. I'm so pleased with that piece. It's things like that that make me think there's still hope for show business."

In the segment, Martin does a spoof on a documentary-style, behind-the-scenes look of what goes into a "Late Night" appearance. The video segment focuses on Martin's elaborate plans to prepare for the appearance—down to measuring his derriere to see if it would fit in the guest chair. (Martin's post-appearance confession in the segment: "The cup. The cup just didn't feel right to me.")

The end result is something Letterman says he is excited about.

What Letterman is not very excited about is the upcoming HBO cable movie, "The Late Shift," based on Bill Carter's popular book, which delved behind the curtains of the late night war between Letterman and Jay Leno.

"I've not read the book. I talked to Bill Carter when he wrote it. In talking to Carter it helped me formulate a timeline of points of interest along the way that I enjoyed remembering and talking about," he explains. "When that process was over for me I had no interest in the book. I have less interest in the motion picture. As I have expressed in the past, it's the biggest single waste of film since my wedding photos. To me, it couldn't be more pointless.

"I could understand if Jay or I were both dead. Then, OK, here's a fond remembrance, or look at what these guys were. But we're still alive. I've seen clips of it and the guy playing me, they've got him in red hair! I'm thinking, 'Wait a minute! There's no videotape available on me?' We've done 2000 shows! Nobody ever thought, 'Maybe if we get a tape...Ah, red hair is close enough. Screw it. Let's go with the red hair.'"

Dave's critique doesn't end there. "And it just goes on. There's one scene where everybody's at my home, and I'm telling you that would never happen. That was completely inaccurate. There's another scene at my home, where I'm relaxing on the weekend and I'm wearing a tennis sweater out in my backyard, and throwing softballs at an archery target. It's just like, 'Dave's a little simple. Here's a little game he's invented for himself that he likes to play at home.' My God! So, God bless the folks at HBO, I hope they increase their subscriptions, but I'm telling you something, let's just go to the moon next time."

Back in the early 1980's, when Letterman was on NBC and followed the legendary Johnny Carson, Letterman's show was the thing to watch for college students, virtually required viewing. Yesterday's students are today's employees and parents. So who's watching "The Late Show" these days? Has the 80's audience grown with him? Are today's younger audiences tuning him in as avidly as those of a decade ago?

"The serious way to answer that is demographically," he responds. "And from the research we get, despite the fact that we're not doing as well as 'The Tonight Show' in overall households, we still win all the key demographics. Night in and night out we can get our ass kicked pretty well, but still, all in all, in that mayhem, we're winning the most desirable demographic groups.

"I saw some information a couple of weeks ago, and it said 62 percent of college people watching TV at night are watching our show."

While Letterman has heard all the complaints that his show was in a rut, that CBS's low ratings are hurting him, that his performance at last year's Oscar

See WARS, page 6

FROM THE COVER

community will come to life thanks to the work of a RIC graduate.

Renaissance Revels opens June 15, in the Buffalo/Niagara area of New York, and will run weekends through August 4. Like its counterparts elsewhere in the country, such as King Richard's Faire in Carver, Mass., it will be situated in a wooded setting, and will feature the joust, mud-beggars, craftsmen, and the usual Ren-fair activities.

The man responsible for Renaissance Revels is Tim Danielson, a RIC graduate, and former

Theatre in Central Falls.

"Renaissance Revels is going to be mid-Renaissance England, with a touch of Once Upon a Time," smiles Danielson, "It will be true to history, but not historically correct." The difference is that 'true to history' refers to the idea that there will be no anachronisms, while not being 'historically correct' means that patrons would not come in to the fair to find plague victims, and other such (to most people) undesirable entertainment.

Danielson is hoping to address the disappointing fact that

Four decades of paintings by RIC's Don Smith on display

BANNISTER GALLERY

by Scott Feiro
ANCHOR STAFF

I had never been to the Bannister Gallery before until I went to see the exhibit by Balder Olrik last month. I really enjoyed it, so I decided to take a

look at what the Gallery would be exhibiting this month. To my surprise, the artist is Rhode Islander (Johnston) and former art professor Don Smith.

Smith's "rigorous thinking and diligent commitment to the art of painting" have been what

has fueled his career as painter. Through this time, Smith has taken the meaning of reality, art and image on through many amazing changes.

Smith's collection of works on display focus on the limitations of painting. Much of his work are illusions (both abstract and specific), which is difficult to produce on flat canvas. By using light and space, Smith is not only able to produce illusions in image, but

to explore the concept of illusion as well.

Regular Gallery hours are Tuesday through Saturday from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. and Tuesday and Thursday evenings from 6 p.m. to 9 p.m. The Gallery will be closed March 11 to 18 because of spring break.

Smith will also discuss his works on March 6 at 7 p.m. in the Gallery. Admission to both the discussion and the exhibit are free.

RIC Dance Company move with ease and confidence through latest performance

DANCE

Kim Silva
ANCHOR STAFF

At first glance the Rhode Island Dance Company dancers seemed to move as though they had been dancing together forever. The performers all seemed to possess a soft, lyrical quality that made watching them relaxing and enjoyable.

Although the RIC Dance Company is made up of dancers from many different dance backgrounds, on Thursday, February 29, in Roberts Auditorium, they danced with ease and confidence, working together as well as complimenting each other.

With a piece titled *Walkabout*, the dancers opened the performance in black and brown

dance attire choreographed by Gus Solomons Jr.

Beginning with different walks, the choreography eased the audience into a clean, soft, mix of funk, jazz and ballet, to music perfectly matching the style and mood of the choreography.

Al Denis, Thursday night's only male performer, was graceful, charming and funny. His ability to blend with the female dancers yet hold his own when necessary was refreshing. His choreography in the second piece, *A,way*, was full of emotion and feeling.

Cabaret of Lost Souls, choreographed by Peter Bramante, co-artistic director of Groundwerx Dance Theatre, was positively the highlight of

the night's performance.

Dressed in torn fishnet stockings, feathers, sequins and bright colors, the performers went all out showcasing their diverse talents in dance, acting and comedy. The dancers professionalism was demonstrated by their ability to be subtle in a piece that could have been mistakenly perceived as raunchy or vulgar.

Amy Spencer and Richard Colton of Spencer/Colton, a company of performers created in 1989, choreographed *Changing Fronts*. In different solid colored jumpsuits the dancers executed choreography that changed from soft and sensual to strong and sharp with unlimited energy and passion.

Marta Renzi with assistance from Marta Miller choreographed, *Whodunit?* Dancing to a story about a murder mystery, the dancers once again displayed their talents in dance as well as acting. The scenes on stage served as

the audience's pictures to a story being told with the dancers providing the mood, and tone of the mystery.

The performance ended with a funky piece called, *Slink*.

Choreographed by Angelica Vessela, the piece began with the dancers using glow in the dark neon costumes along with intriguing movements to music from the Slinky commercial to portray themselves as Slinkys. The piece ended with a funky and free moving choreography and the dancers energy and technique was outstanding, but it was apparent that the ability to really let go, necessary for this style of dance, was missing.

The RIC Dance Company was impressive with their technique, original and creative ideas, and professionalism. As a performing company they were entertaining and enjoyable to watch. It seems the company has a lot to offer to anyone interested in learning more about dance.

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A troll ate my gym shorts!

R.L. Stine's *Goosebumps* books come to video

by Jeff Allard
SYNDICATE X

If I had to be a novelist, I think I'd rather shoot for a piece of R.L. Stine's pie than Hemingway's. Stine has amassed a small fortune by hooking kids on *Goosebumps*

missing. As — I'm assuming — faithful adaptations of the books, each *Goosebumps* episode happily forgoes all but the most rudimentary attempts at characterization and plot in the rush to jam-pack itself with a lot of diverting weirdness. There's one episode with a

that've tried to do horror with the constraints of a continuing cast — *Kolchack: The Night Stalker*, *Friday the 13th* — have usually gone from bad to ludicrous. Successes like *The X-Files* have to make it seem feasible that the same people would meet Jack the Ripper one week and a slime-dripping sewer mutant the next. With the anthology format, the suspension of disbelief that supernatural fiction depends on to work has a fresh slate every week. We can accept that a housewife in Denver would hear voices in her toaster but not that she'd also have to thwart an invasion of alien cockroaches the next week. As genre TV fare, *Goosebumps* succeeds about as well as Laurel Entertainment's fondly remembered twin anthology shows of the late 80s, *Tales from the Darkside* and *Monsters*. Any kid's show that features a (literally) bug-eyed librarian stuffing a squirming mouse down his throat deserves the widest audience possible.

The Lost Boys

(1987, WarnerBros., R)

I'd say this is to *Goosebumps* what *The Electric Company* was to *Sesame Street*. When I think of a great vampire flick from the 80s, I think of Kathryn Bigelow's *Near Dark*. When I think of a vampire flick that's quintessentially 80s, this teen-themed, MTV-style bloodbustler leads the pack. Richard Donner's film promises to be a neat variation on the Peter Pan



Kiefer Sutherland (center) stars in *The Lost Boys*, a 'quintessentially 80s' movie and a good choice for a horror movie if the current releases don't seem appealing.

CELLULOID HEROES

— his literary line of pre-adolescent spooksters. They all have cool titles along the lines of *Help! My Librarian is a Goblin!* or *Beware the Ghoul of the Gym Shower*. Stine must be some kind of fool genius. While other writers swill their espresso and beat their heads against the wall trying to write the Great American Novel, Stine has hit paydirt as Judy Blume in fangs, writing kid books that he probably knocks out after a six-pack of beer. How can I get in on this racket?

As I've always been too embarrassed to satisfy my curiosity about *Goosebumps* to actually buy a book, Fox TV's new weekly *Goosebumps* series (the pilot episode, *The Haunted Mask* (20th Century Fox, 1996, Unrated) — is now coming to home video) has finally shown me all the ankle-biting hobgoblins and hexed acne medication I've been

malevolent cuckoo clock, one with an other-worldly camera that brings disaster to anyone caught in its lens. In another episode, a girl's botanist father starts turning into a plant. In *The Haunted Mask*, a girl finds her face frozen in the form of a supernatural goblin mask. Well, you get the picture. Usually, the stories revolve around an ordinary object of some kind that suddenly has cursed and/or supernatural properties (how long will it be before Charlie Brown's kite-eating tree makes an appearance?). If it isn't an object, Stine will have a trusted authority figure — librarians, teachers, parents — being found out as aliens, monsters, trolls, man-sized insects, etc. As SCTV's Count Floyd used to say — "Ooooh, Scary stuff, kids!"

Televised horror is uniquely well-suited to the anthology format. The handful of shows

myth (the vampires as Pan's ageless "lost boys") but instead is just a slick, flippant fangster. On the plus side, I imagine this'll age much better than *Interview with the Vampire*, despite the presence of Corey Feldman as a fearless vampire killer. As an unexpected bonus, the head vampire here ends up looking remarkably like Republican presidential hopeful Steve Forbes.

Phantasm

(1979, Nelson Entertainment, R)

Preteen *Goosebumps* fans would do well to check this one out a few years hence. As an unacknowledged precursor of Wes Craven's 1984 *A Nightmare on Elm Street*, *Phantasm* was one of the first horror films to feature a teen protagonist. Director Don Coscarelli (*The Beastmaster*) conjures up an

exceptionally original film that he's never been able to match since. His teen hero (a memorable Michael Baldwin) confronts a menagerie of wild supernatural manifestations — from an other-dimensional mortician to hooded dwarves to flying silver spheres outfitted with blood-draining drills — that makes a typically bent *Goosebumps* episode look like *Dr. Quinn: Medicine Woman*.

Macbeth opens in Leeds Theatre

Brown University Theatre presents William Shakespeare's, *MACBETH*, March 13 to 17 at 8 p.m. in Leeds Theatre.

A story of power, plots, passion, and paranoia, *Macbeth* is truly one of Shakespeare's most popular and inherently theatrical works. *Macbeth* and *Lady Macbeth's* ambition, aided by the witches cauldron of trouble, leads to disintegration of a kingdom and a climate of

fear.

Tickets are available at the Leeds Theatre Box Office, 77 Waterman Street, Providence, Monday through Friday 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. Tickets will also be available at the door on performance nights from 7 to 8 p.m.

For more information or to make reservations, call 863-2838.

Grace Church welcomes singers

Schola Cantorum of Boston (Frederick Jodry, director) presents *Germaina*, the final program in the 1995-96 season, featuring music for Holy Week by composers of Renaissance Germany.

The principal work on this program will be the *Lamentations of Jeremiah* by Orlando di Lasso, who worked for the Duke of Bavaria as head of the chapel for some four decades in the late sixteenth century. Lasso's works are widely acclaimed, and he was hailed as "Prince of Music, the

divine Orlando." The *Lamentations* are excerpts from the Book of Jeremiah, and were written to be performed during the service of *Tenebrae* (shadows) during Holy Week.

The only Rhode Island performance takes place on Sunday, March 9 at 8 p.m. at Grace Church, located at Westminster and Mathewson, in Providence, RI.

For further information please call 274-5073. Additional performances will be given in Boston, Massachusetts on March 8 and 9.



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The Anchor
Miss a week and miss out.

Newgate Theatre presenting "3X3" workshop festival

NewGate Theatre is now playing the third installment of its workshop festival entitled 3x3. The 3x3 workshop festival is designed to showcase new plays that have gone through Newgate's informal script-in-hand evenings. These plays are now ready to be produced on stage with minimal production values- the emphasis is on the

script and on the acting. Since production costs are low, ticket prices can be kept low as well.

Body Politics (March 7-9) written by Julia Steiny, is a serio-comedy about a reform-minded community leader's mayoral campaign. She tells a lie to enable her some romantic time with a man. When her lie is exposed, she finds herself

having to decide between the goals she's worked years to achieve or the simple pleasure of romance. The play asks if a private life is possible in a media crazed society.

All shows start at 8 p.m. Reservations are recommended and can be arranged by calling (401) 421-9680.

URI hosts discussion on the relationship between art and the church

The Episcopal Center of the University of Rhode Island is offering a series of four programs call the *Episcopal Center Forum*. The forum, a series of prgrams that look at questions about who we are, how we live, and what is really going on in this life, will be held

at the Episcopal Center located at St. Augustine's Church in Kingston.

The third in this series will present Robin Jensen, Director of the Department of Religion and the Arts at Andover-Newton Theological School, who will lead a discussion on "The Artist

as Priest and Prophet: The Relationship of Contemporary Art to the Church" on March 7, 1996, at 7:30 p.m.

For more information, Please contact: Rev. Norman MacLeod Chaplain, University of Rhode Island, 874-2739.

Letterman forges ahead in late-night ratings wars

WARS,
continued from page 5
ceremony damaged his reputation, and that he's lost his edge, he's not panicking. Instead, he prefers to just do his thing and wait for the tide to turn back in his favor.

"What I'm thinking and feeling is that all things

considered- our problems (new director, writers, etc.), the network's problems (anemic ratings, few big-name, in-house guests), everybody's problems (anybody's guess), 'The Tonight Show', 'Nightline', with all those things put together as bottom-line forces in our welfare- we still think we're

doing O.K. We're doing the best we can."

"If you wonder when this war will be over, you're going to go nuts. So, we're just doing what we can. We're just trying to have fun, rake in a couple of bucks. It's still fun. I guess I'm too dumb not to still be having fun."

STAY HERE!!! A LOOK AT THIS WEEK'S CAMPUS EVENTS

by Scott Feiro
ANCHOR STAFF

Guess what? Yeah, I'm back for another week, to tell you all the wonderful things you can do on campus. Last week I misplaced a listing that had a lot of this week's stuff on it, and a whole bunch of people were really ticked off at me. Not to mention the fact that we won't be having classes next week (it's spring break—in case ya didn't know; that means that you don't have classes until the 18) So, I'm going to make it up to them (and you), and for this week only, print the stuff that you can do this week—as well as... hey, what the heck... I'll tell you all the great stuff on campus for the next three weeks (or at least until the 23). Hope everyone has a nice midterm week.

THIS WEEK March 4

At the CoffeeGround this evening you can catch three bands starting at 7:30 p.m., as part of RIC's Rock Hunt. Playing tonight will be: The Shade (opener), Second Hand Nova, and The Agents (closer). I received a demo tape last week from The Shade. It included the songs: "Better Things", "Every Day", and "Give In Again". From what I heard they sound real good—kind of like a middle/heavy alternative. No bias here, The Shade just happen to be the only group that gave me a demo. If you're going to playing at the CoffeeGround, and you want me to talk about your band, then give me a demo... otherwise, don't complain!

March 6

Gallery Talk with the Bannister Gallery's artist of the month Don Smith. Did you know that Don is a former professor at RIC? I did, and now so do you, Smith will be talking

about his exhibit today at 7 p.m. at the Bannister Gallery. Be sure to catch my review of his work somewhere in the paper this week.

Poet Charles Simic, whose 1989 book "The World Doesn't End" won the Pulitzer Prize, will give a reading from his work at the Faculty Dining Center tonight at 8 p.m. The reading is free, and open to the public.

Today during the free period (from 12:30 to 2 p.m.) Health Promotions will be sponsoring an activity at the Donovan Dining Center called "The Choice is Yours." You can get a free computer printout with information on calories, weight and energy expenditure.

At 7:30 p.m. tonight, you can hear a discussion on AIDS awareness entitled "On Deadly Ground II." In the Thorp Hall lounge.

March 8

The Rhode Island College Wind Ensemble will be playing Arban "Fantasie Brilliance" and Mendez "La Virgen de la Mararena." It features Timothy Morrison on trumpet, and is under the direction of Francis Marciniak. Also the Rhode Island College Chorus, under the direction of Edward Markward will be playing selected Madrigals and Works by Randall Thompson and Vincent Persichetti. All at Roberts Auditorium at 8:15 p.m. Admission is \$5, senior citizens and non-RIC students pay \$3, and RIC students are free. (How can you go wrong with that price?)

NEXT WEEK March 15

The American Band will be playing "Music by the Foot," tonight at 8 p.m. It is directed by Francis Marciniak, and

features Scott Hartman on the Trombone. You can see the performance at the Roberts Auditorium, and general admission is \$10.

THE WEEK AFTER VACATION March 18

As part of RIC's Rock Hunt, you can see three bands tonight at the CoffeeGround starting at 7:30 p.m. Playing tonight will be: Toss-offs, Fess, and Fake Id's.

March 20

As part of RIC's Chamber Music Series, The Singing Boys of Pennsylvania will be performing in Roberts Room 138 at 1 p.m. Admission is free.

The Reggae Band: One People will be playing in the Donovan Dining Center tonight at 8 p.m. Admission is free.

March 22

As part of RIC's Performing Arts series, The Ohio Ballet will be performing in Roberts Auditorium at 8 p.m. Reserved Seating is \$17, senior citizens and RIC faculty and staff \$15, Non-RIC students \$13, and RIC students pay only \$5.

The Student Government and Student Activities centers will be sponsoring "Finding the Leader in You 'Mystery Weekend' Conference." It starts today, and runs through March 24. The bus leaves at 3 p.m. Friday, and returns Sunday at 4 p.m. Tickets cost \$10, and are on sale at the Student Union Info desk, starting March 4 at 12 noon. (\$5 will be refunded to those who attend, and the price includes transportation, accommodations, and six meals.) Only RIC students may attend this outing.

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GET OUT!!!

A LIGHT LOOK AT THIS WEEK'S EVENTS

by James Braboy
MANAGING EDITOR

Once again you have arrived at the jumping off point. The beginning of your journey through the realm otherwise known as Get Out!!!

Tuesday March 5

Remember when you used to tease the security guard at the museum? Or make fun of the police officers while they were marching in a parade? Saying stuff like "yeah you guys are really tough in your red uniforms, huh. What are you going to do shoot at us?" In 1770 British Soldiers who had been taunted by a crowd of colonists opened fire killing five people. This went down in the history books as the Boston Massacre. (Two British soldiers were later convicted of manslaughter.)

Begin the day with a parade. It's the **9th Annual Providence Purim Parade** join hisonna, da mayor Vincent Cianci along with members of Providence's finest- that's the police department kids. ("Seriously officer, it was yellow when we went through, not red and we didn't see that other car.") and the fire department also. It begins at 10:45 a.m. on the corner of Elmgrove and Savoy avenues. This event is sponsored by the New England Rabbinical College (621-8538). Oy! Bring the family and enjoy!

Thumpin' bass, blinking lights and that blonde haired guy dancing near the pole. It's **Energy at the Living Room** (23 Rathbone St.; 521-5200) DJ Venom and O'D test the strength levels of participants ears. Watch the walls vibrate, feel the floor move and try to blink your eyes to the beat of the music. Energy, a night of Techno and House.

At **The Met Café** (130 Union St.; 861-2142) it's a medium to big show as **Mod Tuesdays** beckons all. Tonight it's The Goops with The Other Ones and The Grenades. \$6 gets you in to this all-ages show. Go ahead, what do you have to loose? And don't forget to shake your head

at the wall by city hall.

Bring your concert tapes, and your experiences with you. Talk about Jerry and how he's alive in all of us man. And don't forget to do that dance that we all do. It's **Live Dead at The Call** (15 Elbow st.; 421-7170/7241).

John Belushi was found dead of a drug overdose in a rented bungalow in Hollywood on this date in 1982. And you know something, he is still dead. Wow, what a trip.

Wednesday March 6

So a few weeks back Phil Gram pulled out of the race and I wanted to use some type of Texas reference like, "Hey Phil, what about Sam Houston." And then someone else would say remember the Alamo. For those who did not know, before this name became synonymous with a rental car agency it brought back memories of a futile stand made by American folk heroes who were under siege by Mexican forces. The siege lasted 13 days. This happened this week in 1836.

Got a taste for some music. Does your appetite for sound know no bounds? Indulge yourself with **Eat the Music**, a lunchtime music series at **AS220** (115 Empire St.; 831-9327). Today it's Steve Dubois of the Neo Nineties Dance band from 12:40 p.m. to 1 p.m. and get this: it's free!

Tonight get your torso and other body parts to **Lupo's** (239 Westminster St.; 272-5876) and **The Met Café** for the **Providence Arts Stomp**. Featuring The Royal Crowns, Alley Sway, Luxury Skybox (formerly Pollenate), Purple Ivy Shadows, Arab On Radar (I've heard of them), Pranger, The Godrays, The Ichies, and Lee Savy Fav. That's just the musical guests. There will be films by Guy Benoit and Helen Stickler and art by the Renegade Gallery.

An evening, a night, a large passage of time after the sun goes down. Music, Poetry, visual arts, and comedy. This fun event is to benefit Rhode Islanders for the Arts. Doors open at 7 p.m., cost is only \$5

and you guessed it (drum roll please) it's an all-ages show.

It's like I see this guy with a bell and top hat and he's saying, "Hear ye, here ye" and he has a long list of things that are important to the townspeople. Just so you don't over indulge, at **Club Babyhead** (73 Richmond St.; 421-1698) local RI guys **Waterdog** are the headliners with special guests **DanceHall Crashers**, and **The Agents**. Choose wisely. Long enough for ya? Got pictures?

Bubble bubble, toil and trouble, throat of a frog, face of Barney Rubble. No those are not the ingredients for the Dining Center's soup of the day (but you never know). And we are not going to talk about the three witches stirring the pot. No, we are not going there. But you could go to **The Orpheum Theatre** (Main St.; 508-543-ARTS) in Foxboro as Shakespeare and company will present **Macbeth** at 7:30 p.m.

"Thank you and good night." On this day in 1981, veteran news anchor Walter Cronkite signed off for the last time on **The CBS Evening News** and Dan Rather jumped up on the desk and did his superior dance. (OK, so he didn't do the superior dance, but hey I'll tell ya, it would've been funny.) By the way that was a Churchlady reference as pertaining to a character that Dana Carvey portrayed on **Saturday Night Live**. Got TV?

Thursday March 7

Watson, your hair, Watson your hair! Or something like that was uttered by Alexander Graham Bell when he was testing out the first telephone. On this day in 1876 he received the patent for his telephone. Fifty years later the first transatlantic radio-telephone conversation took place between New York and London? Got tea govenuh?

Want to know about late night TV? Like who will be showing up at what show and why? How about the latest in Internet technology? Need to get some shareware and cannot find the

best FTP site? Then **C-net Central** should be your first destination. To check the speed of your Web browser, among other things, surf yourself on over to this URL: <http://www.cnet.com>. Computers, Internet stuff, and tips for Gates 95. If you want to know more about FTP and The World Wide Web contact those kindly folks over at Academic Computer User Services (Gauge 166, 456-8803; via

E-Mail userserv@grog.ric.edu) Got Pine? Currently under construction: Anchoractive. Just wait and you will be satisfied!

Ok, it's Thursday night. Forget about the hoopla at the usual watering holes. At **The Met Café** it's a benefit to raise funds for the Rhode Island Rape Crisis Center and The University of Rhode Island Women's Center and it's also a night to raise awareness. With **The Jungle Dogs**, **The Ravers**, **Beacons of Love**, and **Amy Tuthill**, only \$5 at the door. (The letter that we got in the office said the cover price is \$7. Go figure!)

At the **Living Room** it's **Freakshow** with, **The John Street Porch Band**, **Seaman**, and **Jason Reddington** (Acoustic Solo).

Join us all here at the Anchor in wishing Mr. Willard Scott a happy 150th birthday. Willard many happy returns to you, and keep up the good work on the **Today** show. Actually Willard Scott is only 62, but it would make an interesting little segment on the today show, having Willard Scott wish himself a happy birthday. And today is Daniel J. Travanti's 56 birthday. Well that's it for Thursday and hey, let's be careful out there! (HSBR.) Got bullets?

Friday March 8

TGIF or Thank Gein It's **Flesh** day. Oops, I meant to say **Thank Goodness It's Friday**. Stop laughing **Cannibal**. Ed Gein was a serial killer from Wisconsin, his confirmed kills was 16, but authorities believe that he may have killed at least 40 people.

Tonight it's a toss up. Take your hiking boot and toss it up into the air. If it hits you in the head then make your way to **Club Babyhead** for H2O, **Ensign**, **Hagfish**, and **The Brunt of It**. If the hiking boot hits your friend then it's off to **Lupo's** for **Roomful of Blues** with special guest **Electric Blue Flames**. Advance tickets are \$10. If the

boot gets stuck in mid-air, then you may want to seek help. While you are seeking help stop by **The Met Café**, it's a benefit for **Question**. Francis Granted is the headliner with special guests **What's Up Bach**, **Quiet Rivers**, **Jenny & Adrian**. \$5 is what they want from you for admission. If the hiking boot disappears in a blue flash of lightning then head on over to **AS220** for **The Gold Star Invitational Showcase**. Local people, spirits, whatever you want to call them, perform uncharacteristic acts. The fun starts at 10 p.m.

Hey, hey it's a Monkey! Today is **Mikey Dolenz's** birthday, join us all here at the Anchor in wishing him a happy birthday. Got Nesmith?

Saturday March 9

On this day in 1916, Mexican raiders led by **Pancho Villa** attacked **Columbus**, **New Mexico**, killing more than a dozen people. Today being Saturday you should take advantage of the moment. In the year 1981 **Dan** rather made his debut as numero uno anchor guy at **The CBS Evening News**. But he didn't sing any cowboy songs. Strange?

Visit the **Haffenreffer Museum of Anthropology** (Mount Hope Grant off Rt. 136.; 253-8388) in Bristol and look around at the walls, observe the exhibits on display through **April African Odyssey: The William Brill Gift**, and **The Cashinuhua of Tropical Forest Peru**, 11 a.m. to 5 a.m.

Tonight make yourself popular and see **Mother Jefferson**, **Carbon 14**, and **Autopilot** at **The Met Café**. Be seen, pointed at, and made fun of! Well actually I don't think they will even notice you, but hey I could be wrong.

Over on **Richmond Street** at **Club Babyhead** appearing on the stage, playing musical instruments and using electronic amplification devices, it's **Scofflaws**, with **Menthol**, and **The Invaders**. \$6 dollars gets you through entryway.

At **The Living Room** it's **The Arson Family** (Formerly **Piltdown Man**) with **Dubious Leghorn**, **Oliver Daisyskull** (what a name!), and **Liquid**. Call the club for the cost, and be surprised.

Over at **AS220** (begin trumpet fanfare) it's **The 1996 Sonic Soul Parade**, hosted by **Pledgemaster Spazz**. Musical guests **The Nacirema**, **Schwa**, **Omnium Gatherum**, and **The Grateful Dead Kennedy's**.

Join all of us here in the Anchor office located on the third floor of the luxurious Student Union Building all in wishing **Emannuell Lewis** a happy 25. Way to go **Webster**. (Watcha talkin' 'bout Jim? Oh, wrong short kid in a 80s sitcom. My bad. -Ed.)

Sunday March 10

It's a week before **St. Patrick's Day**. It's Sunday and it seems as if the norm is a matinee. At **The Met Café** it's **Bad Karma**, **The Pist**, **Broken**, **Shotgun Flu**, **Sedaykain**, and **Ulcer**. It's an all-ages show. Oh boy, oh boy, oh boy! Doors open at 12 p.m. Later on that afternoon the matinee madness continues with **Intent to Injure**, **Temperance**, **Times Expired**, and **Lockdown**. All-ages, \$3 to get in and show time at 3 p.m.

At **The Strand** (79 Washington St. 272-0444) it's **Oasis** with **Agona Hardison** and you can't go unless you bought your tickets already because it's sold out!

And if you feel like checking out something kinda cool, as in **Japanese animation**, you should be at **The Avon Repertory Cinema** (260 Thayer St.; 421-3315) for the matinee of **Ghost In The Shell**, **Mamoru Oshii's** animated thriller. 1 p.m. Be there.

At **Club Babyhead** it's **Sunday School** with **Residents O'D** and **Venom**. House Music, **Classic Breaks** and stuff.

At **The Call** it's reggae night with **Wilson Blue** and **The Blue Roots**.

At **The Blackstone River Theatre** (1420 Broad St.; 722-6460) it's traditional country music with **Barry** and **Holly Tashian** door 7 p.m. for lap slapping fun.

Monday March 11

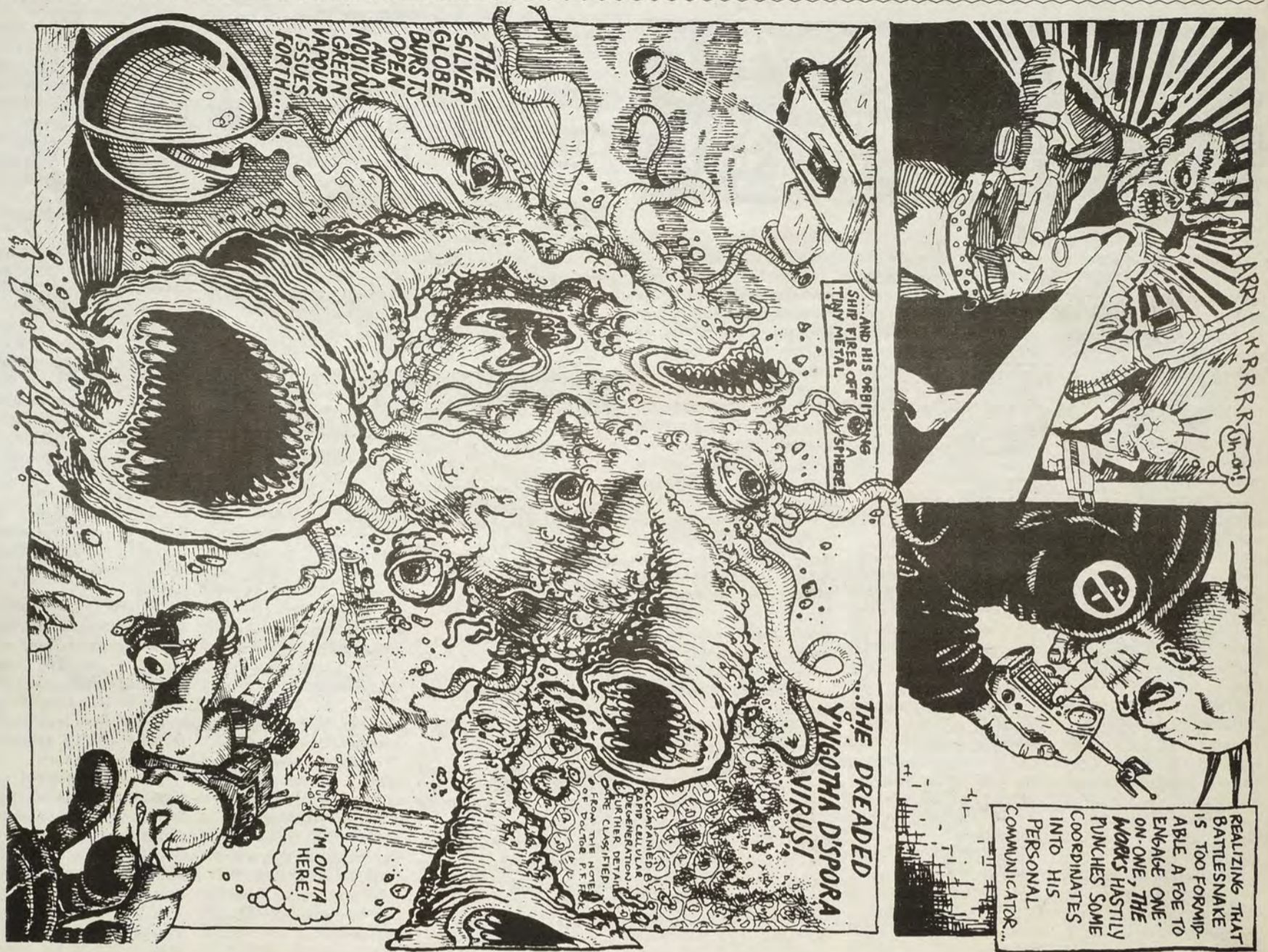
Back to the grind. Return to the routine, begin the ritual. Press the start button. Number one. Engage. Tonight at **Babyhead** Its **Pro-Pain**, with guests **Crisis**, and **Facial Defecation**. Hey make sure you get a flyer when you go to the show, it's a keeper!

At **Lupo's**, no 360 Nite with **DJ Buck**, instead it's an **Evening with Nils Lofgren**, doors open at 8 p.m. and show begins at 8:30 p.m.

At **AS220** its a night of free jazz. Make sure you say good-bye to **Fred**, it's his last night before he goes on tour with **Cats**. (Wow, won't he smell after a while).



Waterdog are at **Club Babyhead**, this Wednesday, March 6. They are (l to r) **Buh**, **Terry Dread**, **Sean**, and **Art Tedeschi**.



BattleSnake by Larson, Langlais, Laiho

Black Bird and Squirrel-Boy by Dan Larson





MAFIA FOR LIFE

T.F. GREEN AIRPORT. DECEMBER 1965. RUSSO AND DAVIDE ARE PARKED OUTSIDE THE TERMINAL...



MIKE AND MIKE GET ON THE INSIDE...



NICK AND GIOVANELLI HANDLED THE SECURITY...



THEN THE CASH WAS UNLOADED...

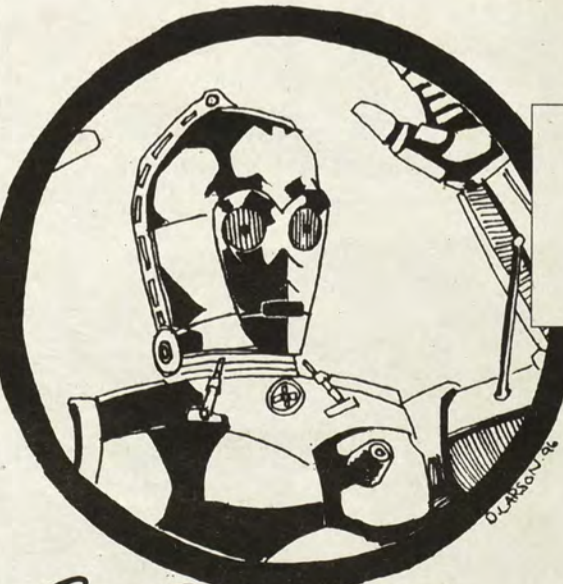
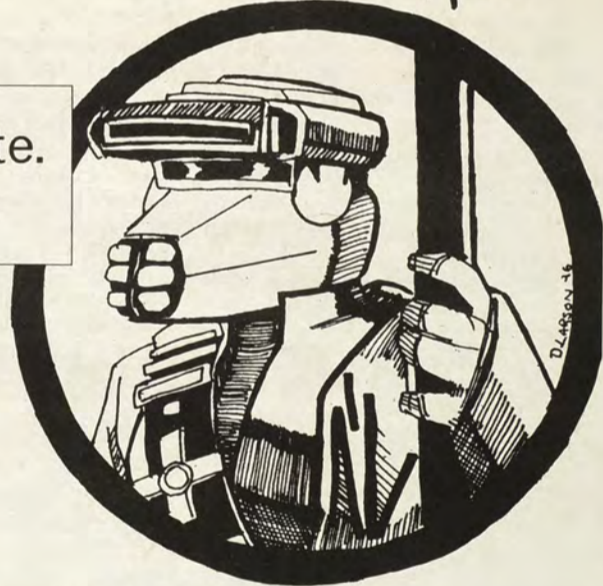


AND THAT'S WHEN THE CREW TOOK OVER...



Boush Says:

Yatte. Yatte. Yurtow.



Because he's holding a thermal detonator!

C-3PO SAYS:

Adversary of mediocrity... **SCHTICK MAN!**
 by Mike next plw Messier '96 champ

SCHTICK MAN RULES THE COMIC WORLD

I'm old, fat and rich Paul!
 DAVE SCHTICK
 That's fabulous, Dave Paul Schtick
 CBSchtick

HERO TO BOYS AND GIRLS
 ALAUGH HERE
 ALAUGH THERES
 BAD TIMES BE-WARE
 OF SCHTICK MAN!
 HE OF AMAZINSCHTICK!
 Life's a pain I got a jerk off my bed and left a stay-ain (drum solo) despite all my schtick I still have a tiny (guitar) pick

Butcha know... I used to work in a pizza parlor and bozos would come up to me and say 'How big is a large?'
 Original Bozo representative on West Coast

A normal person can eat one third a large but in your case, fat stuff, you better get two; one for dinner and one for dessert! Ha. Ha. Ha!

DEDICATED TO LITTLE BEAVER R.I.P.
 MML ENO SCHTICK
 You're 2 much Jay!
 Kevin Schtick

SIAMESE SCHTICK
 I need more space!

DON AND MOE IS CORP. ORATE PIES TO GO

CORGAN SCHTICK 70

Like sands in the hourglass, these are the good shows for the week

by Ted Rao
ANCHOR EDITOR

Alrighty, then! Sometimes, the \$2 movie theater at the Apple Valley Cinema in Smithfield is a damn good way to spend an evening, mainly because, well, it's cheap! The movie could be completely crappy, and you'll still leave the theater more or less satisfied, provided you go with your friends. (By the way, I think the ads for Apple Valley have a naked chick tied up, holding a 40 oz. while yelling "Free Beer!" or something like that, but I could be mistaken considering I haven't seen any of those around for at least a few weeks) I recently saw *Ace Ventura 2: When Nature Calls*. Wotta flick! I swear to god, when Jim Carrey pounds on that pregnant jungle woman's chest and *pop!*, her child shoots out of her uterus and into the lap of whoever it was sitting across the room, umbilical cord and all, I almost lost it. I mean, *that's funny!* Popped right out of her, swear to god. Where do they think of this kinda stuff?

Yet, making light of bad movies is hardly how I wish to spend this, my fifth column. No, it's a pretty great week for our town of Providence. It all starts tonight with the rockin' Doc Hopper/Deadguy/Shotgun Flu/Fess show at Club Babyhead. A little pop punk, a little gut-wrenching power violence; clearly, there's something for everyone.

Moving on to Tuesday, March 5. I can't believe that the folks at the Met let the Grenades back in after their recent performance with the Haters, but if you're in a mood to see a rockin' punk band that's gonna steal your girl and dump her off on the front steps the next morning without any underwear, this is the show for you. Our esteemed technical advisor, Rudy Cheeks, likened their act to *Wrestlemania*, but what the hell does he know? He's old. Frankly, I don't know much about the Goops or the Other Ones. They're probably not as good as the Only Ones, however. Good to see that I'm doing my homework.

The local scene takes control of the downtown area on Wednesday, March 6, with the WBRU Homebru'ed Arts Stomp. It says here in the Phoenix that it's a benefit for Rhode Islanders for the Arts. *Rhode Islanders for the Arts?* Isn't that a tad bit broad of a name for a charity organization? I mean, I'm a Rhode Islander. I'm for the arts. Does that mean I get a piece of the door? How 'bout a kiss on the cheek from the girls in Alley Sway? Naw, I'll bet I don't even see a dime. In fact, I'll bet you gotta be one of those scrubby guys that lives at AS220 to even qualify.

Anyhow, performing will be The Royal

Crowns, Alley Sway, Luxury Skybox (formerly Pollenate), Purple Ivy Shadows, Arab on Radar, Pranger, the Godrays (ex-Small Factory), The Itchies, and Les Savy Fav. It's at both Lupo's and the Met, and one low price gets you into the door for both. I don't know why WBRU bothered to sponsor this thing, seeing as how they never actually **play** any of these bands on the radio, but I guess that doesn't matter, does it? Ah, well...

Probably the best ska band around these days are the Scofflaws, who will be at Babyhead on Saturday, March 9. I haven't actually heard their new album, but their self-titled debut on Moon Records is excellent, so if they're selling it at the show, pick it up, pick it up, pick it up.

Lastly, go to see the all-ages punk rock matinee at the Met Café on Sunday, March 10. It's a benefit for the New Hope Battered Women's Shelter in Attleboro, and it starts around noon. Performing will be the Pist, Broken, Ulcer, Sedaykin, Bad Carma, and some other band that I mentioned earlier in the column. Should be a good time, to say the least.

It's always a thrill to witness three of the guys from Providence's own DropDead pretend that they're Japanese. No, that doesn't mean seeing them with their fingers pressed against their eyebrows, making very un-P.C. noises like the guy in that movie *Breakfast at Tiffany's*. Rather, it's Disfuse, a DropDead side project. The sound of Disfuse is similar to many of the hardcore bands coming out of Japan at the present time, something that drummer Brian DropDead has been heavily involved in for sometime now with his *Japankore* fanzine.



Their recently released split EP with Japan's Power of Idea is great stuff to get a hold of, especially considering it's limited to something like 300 copies on red vinyl.

Show review: NOFX may be one of the biggest bands on an independent label that still garner no radio play or video rotation, excluding probably Fugazi. As was stated last week, their new album, *Heavy Petting Zoo*, is indeed pretty bad. However, they friggin' rocked last Thursday at Babyhead. Tons of old stuff, lots of between-song jokes from both Fat Mike (I'm referring to NOFX's bassist/singer, not about 90 percent of

the bouncers at the club) and lead guitarist El Hefe (who, incidentally, played the little Hispanic kid in the 70s classic *The Bad News Bears*, for those keeping score), and only three new tunes off of their new one, not four like I previously predicted. A sellout crowd resulted in hardly any room to watch the band comfortably without being knocked around, but it was still a fun night nonetheless, considering the hell I had been through previously that day, hell which I will not go into at this point.

Lastly, have a happy and healthy spring break. Try not to catch anything.

OFF CAMPUS APARTMENTS

Clean, furnished two bedroom apartments, new appliances, security system. In-house laundry machines and a lighted parking area. Located 2 miles from RIC, off Smith St. Apartments shown

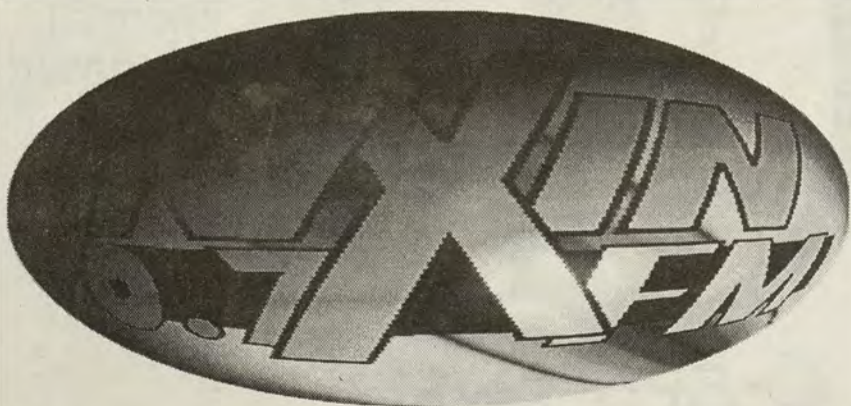
by appointment only. Apartments available starting June of '96.

If you're interested in living off campus and would like to set up an appointment, please call Mark at 454-8659.

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Puzzled? clueless? NEED DIRECTION?
LOOKING FOR SOMETHING, ANYTHING, TO DO? THEN LOOK NO FURTHER GET OUT!!! AND STAY HERE!!! HAVE YOU COVERED. WHAT'S GOING ON OFF CAMPUS AND ON. EVERY WEEK, RIGHT HERE IN THE ANCHOR. NOW JUST GO BACK TO PAGE OR 3 AND THERE THEY ARE. ALL BETTER NOW? IT'S ALL GOOD.

Know Pagemaker? Want to learn? Then we need you!
Layout and design staff members are currently needed.
Stop in our office,
Student Union room 308
or call 456-8280.



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Drivers wanted to sell God Hum-
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Guitarist/Vocalist seeks musi-
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country band. Musical ability,
imoved skills and good attitude
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725- 6905.(3/4)

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ployment available. No experi-
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mation call 1-206-971-3552
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Apartments

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ANSWERS



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Miscellaneous

Auto Insurance: Low prices.
Students, good driver, renewal,
and home-owner discounts.
SR22 filing. Immediate cover-
age, Insurance leader: 1237
Elmwood Avenue, Providence,
R.I. 02904. Call Michael Tsang
at 781-1860. (3/12)

Wanted

Wanted: 1984 and newer,
Hondas, Toyotas, Nissans.
Acuras, BMW, any condition.
Cash Paid. (401) 946-7701. (5/
8)

Spring Break

Still no plans for spring break!?
Daytona \$149, Panama City
\$159, Key west \$229. Add \$100
for bus to Daytona or Panama
City. Bus leaves from PC 3/8.
Call Chris at 272-7643.(3/4)

Services

Need any help typing your pa-
per? If you do I'm willing to
help. I'll type any length at a
reasonable price. If interested
please call (401) 521-1909. (3/
10)

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For Sale

For sale: 1983 Volkswagen Rab-
bit GL. Rebuilt engine, many

new parts. Runs great. \$650 or
b.o. Call Ted at 751-3909.

Used Pro Audio Spectrum 16
soundcard with software and
new set of speakers. Great
sound! Asking \$110. Call Andy
at 826-0710 after 7 p.m. on
Tuesdays and Thursdays. (xx)

House- Elmhurst section (1
block from St. Pius) 70 yrs old.
Well constructed, 4 bedroom,
dry basement painted and clean,
enclosed sun porch, fireplace,
new heating system (gas) de-
tached garage with electricity.
Spacious/ charming and newly
painted. Call 725-8880 or 861-
7758. (xx)

Four bedroom house for rent off
Smith street. Six minutes from
R.I.C. For family, grad students,
or working group. two and a half
baths. Garages, deck, family
room, attic, basement finished.
Asking price, \$1,000. Please call
331-1436.(3/4)

For Rent

Four bed apartment, 1 mile from
school, new modern hardwood,
floors, laundry facilities, four
separate parking spaces, clean
secure, \$800 per month with
utilities included. Please call
353-8702. Also 1, 2, and 3 bed-
room units.(4/1)

Personals

Mimbo: I'm gold- you're red.
Together we will make this
world sunshine. Love, your fa-
vorite sniffer (and you know
what I mean)

Dear Rowena: **I am not a flirt!!!**
I'm just exceptionally friendly
to cute, single heterosexual
men! (unfortunately, there are
none that I know of on this cam-
pus!) Squirrel

Hey Peach! Don't worry about
Mr. Fudge. They are plenty of
other fish in the sea.

Dear Rowena: He loves you but
he wants to kill you-wasn't that
Axl Rose's deal? Squirrel

Sting...Pay your debts, you stu-
pid Face. Love, Sanchez lover.

You just leave here and then
come back even MORE miser-
able and be a mean old man who
does nothing but sit with his feet
up all day. You'll show them.
Hrummmph!

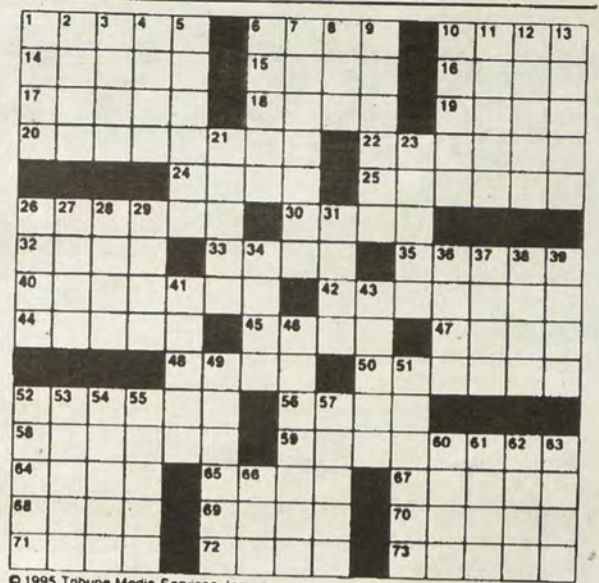
Not a lot of free personals this
week, but they were long. Qual-
ity winning out over quantity?
Only the shadow knows!

ACROSS

- 1 Located
6 Treaty
10 Belfry denizens
14 Over
15 Jai —
16 The Beehive
State
17 Church official
18 Powder
19 Italia's capital
20 Understood
22 Dog shelter
24 Sell
25 Most recent
26 New Jersey city
30 Currier and —
32 Toward shelter
33 Hamlet, e.g.
35 Rub out
40 Skunk
42 Library sign
44 Throb
45 Director
Preminger
47 Rise high
48 Ten cents
50 — public
52 Nipped
56 Alliance of
World War II
58 Stop
59 Made sharp
noises
64 Tilt
65 Water: Sp.
67 Texas shrine
68 Arthurian lady
69 Imitate
70 Send (money)
71 Lairs
72 Lob
73 Chairs

DOWN

- 1 Boxer Max —
2 Proficient
3 Fountain order
4 — Knievel
5 Obtain from a
source
6 Thin metal disk
7 Magic lamp man
8 Western state:
abbr.
9 Titillate
10 Overcooked

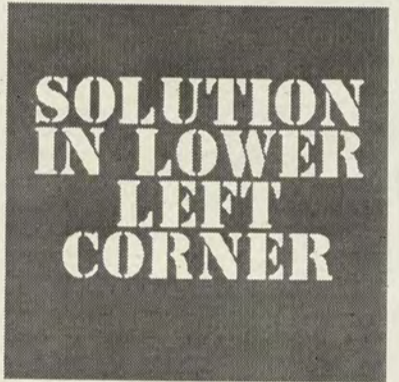


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- 11 Make up (for)
12 Domesticates
13 Biblical verb
21 "The Prisoner of
—"
23 Artist's stand
26 Cartoonist Al —
27 Baseball family
name
28 Pell—
29 Poor grades
31 Sleeveless
garment
34 Minute particle
36 Relax
37 Wild ox
38 Dueling
memento
39 Weird
41 Yields, as land
43 Ancient district
of Asia Minor
46 Chinaware
49 Whole
51 Academy
awards
52 Packaged

- 5
5
55 Cares for
57 Diagnostic
pictures

- 62 Give off
63 Periods
66 Sticky stuff



CLASSIFIED AD FORM

Classified ads cost \$1.00 per 30 words or less
Date of Issue: _____ Date ad placed _____

Classification

- For Sale/Rent Help Wanted Roommates
 Services Personal Miscellaneous

Print ad, 30 words or less: _____

Name: _____

Telephone: _____

For verification and office use only.

**Classified ads will be unacceptable
if this form is not filled out completely.**

Twenty-five free personals are given away each week to
Rhode Island College students. Personal forms and
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Just stop by the Student Employment Office
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Advanced Cobol Tutor/Lincoln, Warwick, Prov.
..... #549

On campus: Health Services, work/study clerical position

jobs • jobs • jobs • jobs • jobs • jobs

Are you a senior?
Then we need you!



The Anchor is already preparing for the 4th Annual Commencement Magazine!

This full-color magazine is given to every senior on Commencement Day.

Seniors, we need your photos, written reflections, essays, artwork, poems, songs, parking tick-

ets and the like. Anything that you feels embodies your time at RIC.

Send submissions to: Commencement Issue, The Anchor, SU308, 600 Mt. Pleasant Ave., Providence, RI, 02908.

Questions?

Call 456-8280 or e-mail anchor@grog.ric.edu.

***Commencement
Magazine 1996***

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Pulitzer Prize winning poet to read at RIC

Poet Charles Simic, whose 1989 book *The Works Doesn't End* won the Pulitzer Prize, will give a reading from his work in the Faculty Dining Center on March 6 at 8 p.m.

Simic, born in Belgrade Yugoslavia, is the author of 17 volumes of poetry and translator of 8 others. He is one of the country's most prolific and celebrated poets. Simic has also won a PEN International Award, an Edgar Allen Poe award and a MacArthur Foundation Fellowship.

Among Simic's books are *Dismantling the Silence*, *Charon's Cosmology*, *Classic Ballroom Dances*, *The book of Gods and Devils*, *Hotel Insomnia*, *Unending Blues*, and his latest, *A Wedding in Hell*.

Simic currently lives in Strafford, New Hampshire and is a Professor of English at the University of New Hampshire.

The reading is free and open to the public.



Short story contest for new writers

Glimmer Train magazine is now accepting entries for their annual "Short-Story Award" contest for new writers. The competition is open to any writer whose fiction hasn't appeared in a nationally distributed publication with a circulation over 5,000.

Stories should be double spaced, 1,200 to 7,500 words and be accompanied by an \$11 reading fee. There are no theme restrictions. Materials will not be returned, but results will be mailed to entrants by July 1. The first page of the story

should include author's name, address and phone. Please staple all pages together.

"Short-Story Award" must be written on the outside of the envelope and must be postmarked during February or March. First place winner receives \$1,200 and publication in *Glimmer Train Stories*. Second and third place receive \$500 and \$300 respectively. Top twenty-five winners receive announcement letters honoring their achievements.

A note from the editor

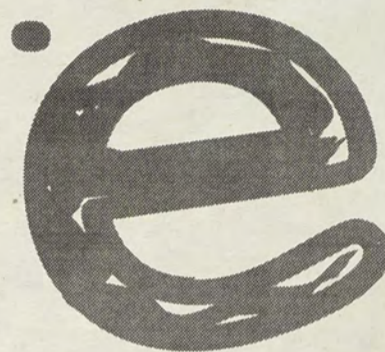
It seems that there are people in this world who possess more power than we might even realize. These 'discriminating tastes' are making some bold assertions about what you can say and what you can see. I wonder what will happen when the battalions of benevolent lead everyone into blindness? Hmm... Has anyone read 1984? Oh, how about *Animal*

Farm? I am beginning to suspect that we really could teach the pigs to walk if we set our minds and our propaganda ministry to the task. Things are getting creepy... It might be a good idea to start making some noise. When people are fooled into believing that the right to create is really a privilege generously given to those who deserve it, or more

precisely, to those who operate in submission, then I will give in and go to the Tiffany reunion concert. Please be kind, rewind, and take control of your creation.

Thanks for the submissions. If you don't see it here, you'll see it March 25.

Melissa Lawrence
SLAM EDITOR



Spring reading schedule set

The Rhode Island College Reading Series has announced its spring series, including a reading by Pulitzer Prize winning poet, Charles Simic.

On March 6, Charles Simic will read at 8 p.m. in the Faculty Dining Center at RIC.

On March 26, poet David

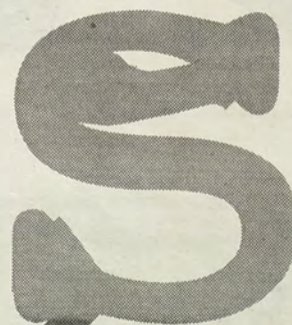
Jauss will read in the Alumni Lounge of Robert's Hall at 8 p.m. Jauss, an award winning poet, is on the faculty at University of Arkansas, Little Rock.

On April 2, critic and editor Ted Solotaroff will present a talk in the Faculty Dining Center at 4 p.m. Mr. Solotaroff was the editor of the *New American Review*

and was the senior fiction editor at Harper and Row.

The Reading Series is sponsored by Shoreline and the English Department, with additional funding from the Performing Arts Commission and the College Lecture Series.

All readings are free and open to the public.



Castration Anxiety

In May of 1976 when banners
flew in bicentennial celebration,
I was seven and my sister
nine. We lived in an apartment in
a converted office building.
Our furniture had been aged by other
owners—and we bathed in an old
washtub. For two years we used a hot
plate to heat water for the baths.
—My parents worked long hours,
leaving my sister in charge of me.
One day after school, I walked
into my parent's bedroom
and she handed me a magazine
Playgirl—
asking "Do you wanna see what you're
gonna look like when you grow up?"

Naked men bent over their things
hung between their legs and the curly
hair in their butts was visible.
Their things were hairy too.
One man, wearing too small underwear,
stood on a beach with his toes in the sand.
Another page pictured a man
sitting naked on a bed—
his fingers combed his chest hairs.

I looked with fascination at the men
that would be me, scared
that I would be naked.

"Wanna see what I'll look like?"
she asked, passing the
Playboy.
The naked women were shaped
more like Mommy than her.
They had big breasts and empty
hair between her legs. The cover
pictured Mrs. Claus wearing lacy
red and white pajamas.

I sat down and thought of what I saw—
these men that I will be and the woman
that my sister will become.
A metal butler's closet hid the magazines
as clothes hid our bodies from then on.
I didn't want to be naked or
see the empty space between her legs.

by charles bibeault

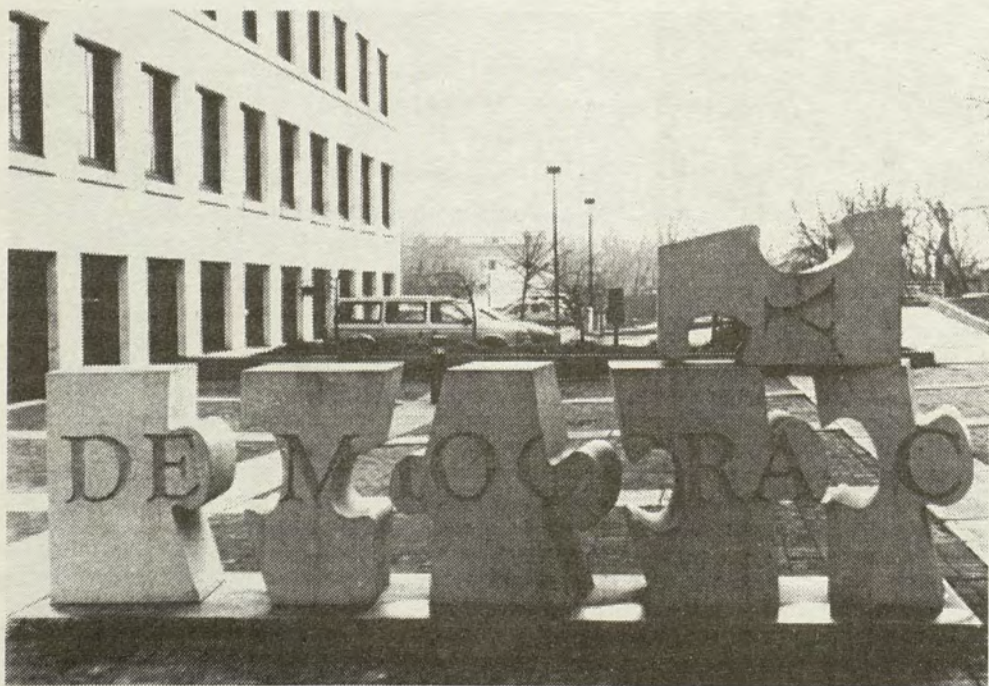


photo by Scott Desmarais

Daylight Savings Time

We run through the house in search of safety
knocking memories to the floor.
The scab on my knee is peeling off
and with it the fear of angels' hands.
Mom makes us take a bath every night now.
I like to stay in until my fingers and toes
wrinkle up like pink raisins,
but she'll know the truth when
she checks behind my ears.
I can't brush the tangles out of my hair.
The monsters don't live under the bed anymore,
now they jump up and down near my feet
until I feed them the flower shaped soaps
I keep in my underwear drawer.
The smell of Mom's perfume makes me smile.
She has worn it ever since the day
the man who said he was my father
came with the skirts;
green for me and pink for my sister.
I am waiting for the kitchen floor to dry
and the smell of Pine-Sol to leave my nose.
Maybe it will never leave
and I can blow it on the plastic Christmas tree.

We go to bed when it is still light outside.
Mom says we need our rest.
I cry for the children playing outside,
their mothers do not love them as much.
Sometimes I wear my underwear to bed.
Sometimes I melt into a puddle on the floor
and scoop myself up just in time
to see my sister swallow a penny.
I lie on the floor of my bedroom—
my head in the doorway,
and the angel offers her foot as a pillow.
I am trying to see the television.
Mom thinks I am sleeping.

by derrith silva

Poetry

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What ever happened to
that piece of cake?

swallow, swallow it in pieces.
red, green pieces between
lines and circular spots; and the brown STAINS.
Float a go-go cart
as it slams into cheese
while the face of a goat floats through three rooms.
A black spot makes it
-slam-
(into a soft one)
bouncing around on grassy fields and into a pinkish
atmosphere.
the paper-paper-mache rips off a baby's face and
fancy artichokes, vomit formica and sour smoke.
(it is colored red).
Smooth, wooden cigarettes intimidate the withered child
(faceless).
So babies orally excrete smothered marshmallows lie
forte piano keys.
(You know,
the black keys white
the white ones
black.
like Mozart
or Haydn
played by my goat)
I become artichoke vomit
down in the dust chewing on the wind
slowly.
Composing a *kyrie* for the donkey's mass
little jane runs into the marshmallow full of
the baby's breath.

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by robert kelly

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Poetry

Providence "honestly"

Providence is a used car town filled with wise guys wearing polyester plaid bad suits

A thin tie with a butterfly collar sells cars the way his old man did "honestly"

He has an accountant to cover up the dirt the janitor working under the table will never see "honestly"

He has a wife Candy it says so around her neck in big gold and cheap stones "Candy" and Candy knows Vinny, Tony, and Joey but that's o.k. Candy's loyal to her bad suit "honestly"

Providence is a used car town filled with problematic empty promises but they all have nice air conditioning and power everything

by mark lambert



art by brian wentworth



photo by melissa lawrence

SWL 513.89

I keep you frozen like peaches
in the back of my mind,
where you stay still and never sour

and I carry the taste of your skin
under the white of my nails

to swish you around with the tip of my tongue
and swallow the best of the fruit.

despite the deal that death has given,
you are still so sweet
when slowly defrosted

and rolling in the palm of my hand.

by melissa lawrence

Dr. Tom Cobb dishes out the rules for writing (and expects you to break them)

Melissa Lawrence
SLAM EDITOR

Tom Cobb doesn't think he'll make the PGA senior circuit this year, but he will be stepping out on sabbatical next fall. So if you have yet to meet RIC's Dali Lama of creative writing, you should. And if you think you're up for the abuse, try registering for one of his workshop classes. Besides, any professor who pastes a 'Don't Mess With Texas' bumper sticker on his desk, is probably a professor you should get to know.

Slam: How long has the creative writing program been operating at RIC?

Cobb: We actually used to have a major in creative writing that was here before I got here.

Slam: What happened to it?
Cobb: We changed it because we wanted it to fit in with the way everything else is done. We changed it to a focus when the department changed over to the focus plan. It was a natural thing.

Slam: When did you get here?
Cobb: I got here in '87.

Slam: That's quite a while...
Cobb: Longest I've ever held a job.

Slam: Except maybe writing your novel..

Cobb: Well, I actually it only took eight months to write *Crazy Heart*. The University of Houston gave me a fellowship where I didn't have to teach for a year. So I wrote.

Slam: That's an accomplishment.

Cobb: Yes, well I was younger.

Slam: It seems like there are changes going on in the department. It almost feels like there's a new surge of life moving around this place...

Cobb: Well things sort of go up and down. A year, a year and a half ago we were at a fairly low point, where classes were filling but they were filling slowly. But now we're at almost at a crisis, classes are filled the first hour they are open. We have people standing in the hall to get in.

Slam: Yeah, and you have to keep them small.

Cobb: Yes, they can't go beyond fifteen or no one gets anything out of it.

Slam: What kinds of changes would you like to see happen here?

Cobb: Well we have a proposal that's in front of the president right now for a graduate program, so we'd like to see that go through. With a graduate program things will change and the program will get stronger and more interesting. It will be good for undergraduates to have graduate students around.

Slam: Do you think you'll have enough students to fill up

a grad program,?

Cobb: Oh yeah, definitely. Between New York and Boston, there's basically only one other graduate program in creative writing and that's at Brown. And we're significantly cheaper than Brown.

Slam: About ten thousand dollars less than Brown...

Cobb: Right, so I think we'll fill that niche. We always have people calling up and asking if they can get a masters degree here.

Slam: What do you think causes the change in the program. Is it the quality of the department or just luck in who comes in and out of the school?

Cobb: It's probably a little bit of both. I think almost as important as faculty in a creative writing program is the students. When you have good students the quality of the work goes up and more students start coming into the program. We're at a point now where we have a lot of very good students. A couple of years ago we had a handful of good students, now we have dozens of really strong writers doing some great work.

Slam: You lost some faculty this year, right?

Cobb: We did lose a faculty member. Obviously we'd like to get another faculty member back.

Slam: What are the odds of that happening?

Cobb: I don't know. There are no hiring plans. It was huge loss to lose her.

Slam: Now, you're the faculty advisor of *Shoreline*, right?

Cobb: Yes.

Slam: How long has *Shoreline* been publishing?

Cobb: It started in the Spring of '88. Before that it had been a little magazine called the *RIC Review*, and some students came to me and said they wanted to publish and asked me to advise the. I said I would do it, but we'd have to make some changes, we'd have to do a better magazine then that.

Slam: *Shoreline* is a good looking magazine.

Cobb: Yes, it's a very handsome magazine.

Slam: How has the response been? Does it sell?

Cobb: Yeah, it does. Oddly enough, it sold better off campus than on. Barnes and Nobles and College Hill Bookstore have both sold out... and it's pregnant. It's going to have a baby... A new magazine called *Wavefront* which is going to be an interdisciplinary section on a particular subject.

Slam: Where are you going on sabbatical next semester?

Cobb: I'll probably spend some time out in Arizona.

Slam: To write?

Cobb: No, I'll probably write here, but I need to do a little more research for the book. I hope it (the novel) will be

finished by the end of next semester.

Slam: You did a reading on campus last semester, was that from the same novel?

Cobb: Yeah, same novel.

Slam: Are you almost done?

Cobb: I don't know, I've got about three hundred pages of it done now and I'm not sure how much longer it's going to go.

Slam: A lot of students here see you as almost a creative writing guru, a cult classic.

Cobb: Yes, I'm a cult figure.

Slam: Some of the upperclassmen in the program sit around and talk about all the ridiculous things you say in class.

Cobb: I say no ridiculous

and drive,' what one would say is most important.

Cobb: The first one. Don't know where you're going but start someplace. Well, it's actually two rules. One, you have to start someplace. You have to start with things of this world, but I really believe that quote from Blake, 'I give you the end of a golden thread, if you roll it into a ball, it will lead you into heaven's gate and build Jerusalem's wall.' If you're willing to follow it out whatever impetus gets you started on a particular thing, it will work. If you drop the thread and say 'oh I know where this is going' what you're doing is just going back and recreating patterns, you

that I can't be a poet, but I can be an English major. I just didn't believe I could possibly do it, but I could read it (poetry) and talk about it pretty well.

Slam: Do you like teaching?

Cobb: I love teaching. It's a great job. You get to read a lot of good books and meet a lot of interesting people and then they pay you for it. I can't imagine a better job. I had to make a choice at one point whether I would go into teaching or not. When *Crazy Heart* got taken, I made a lot of money. I had gone through all this trouble to go out and get my Ph.D. and get back to teaching, but suddenly I didn't have to. Suddenly, I had the dream that everybody else at

The Rules For Writers

1. Don't know where you're going, but start somewhere.
2. Think small.
3. Always be honest.
4. Lie like hell.
5. Concentrate on things and their actions, not on qualities.
6. Begin with a series of rules and follow them. The best rules are often those you make up.
7. Don't drink and drive.
8. Beware of adverbs and semi-colons. They are slimy and ugly.

9. Work towards simplicity.
10. Look for and admire the contradictions in people.
11. When you get comfortable with the rules, break them.
12. Read as much as you can.
 - When you find a passage you like, copy it.
 - When you find a technique you like, steal it.
 - When you find a writer you like, imitate him/her.
13. Write as often as you can and write on a schedule.

things in class. (Laughing) I say things of great wisdom.

Slam: Oh yeah, great wisdom. What kind of advice do you most often give your students, when you send them off like lambs into slaughter?

Cobb: (smiling) Writing is a terrible line of work and I wouldn't suggest anybody do it. It's extraordinarily hard and your chances of success are slim, and success is defined in odd ways by writers. But I think people write because they have to write, they need to write. I mean, I write, and if I didn't have to write I wouldn't do it. It's too hard, it's not fun. It's really cliché, but the two best pieces of advice are 'read till you bleed and write till your eyebrows turn white.' I think those are the two things you have to do, and I think it's the two things student's don't want to do. I probably read a novel a week and I write everyday.

Slam: A friend of mine said of all your rules for writers, the 'if you like it steal it' is one of the best..

Cobb: Yeah, well I mean that's how you learn, watching other people do it. People would think it was ridiculous if you tried to pick up a golf club and a golf ball and just go out and figure out how to do it. You need to spend some time studying, practicing, taking lessons, but they somehow have this idea that you should be able to pick up a pencil and a piece of paper and write without any kind of background. You can't do it.

Slam: Out of your rules for writers, besides the 'don't drink

know, the TV movie of last week, or some novel you read years ago. Be willing to get in there and trust the process.

Slam: When you were writing *Crazy Heart*, how many of your own rules did you follow?

Cobb: I would say I followed them all pretty well. I certainly had no idea where it was going. The first chapter of *Crazy Heart* was a short story and I showed it to Frederick Bush, the novelist, and he said 'this is the first chapter of a novel' and I said 'I don't know.' But he told me to write another story about this guy. So I sat down and I wrote a second story about him that sort of picked up where the first chapter left off. And then I just started writing, I had no idea what was going to happen to him... it just led me along. I didn't know the ending of it until literally one night I sat down and said 'God, this is the end, I'm a paragraph away from the ending'.

Slam: Do you think that's one of the high points for a writer?

Cobb: Auden says that poems are never finished, they're just abandoned, and I think that's true of fiction too.

Slam: Did you ever expect that this would become such a huge part of your life?

Cobb: Yeah, I guess I sort of always knew. I started off as a pre-med major. But by my sophomore year I knew that I was not going to med school. What I thought I wanted to do was write poetry. It was really clear at one point. So, I started writing poetry, became an English major... I first thought

graduate school was looking for.

But that was sort of scary to. I looked at that literary life and knew that it wasn't mine. I'm not a ruthless self promoter and I can't go out constantly and drum up publicity for my work. Teaching offered security. I've been able now to take my time with other novels, more time then I actually wanted to take, that's the down side.

Slam: Do you think that the workshop class is the best way for students to learn?

Cobb: Yeah, I do. I mean, I don't know of a better way. If I did, I would do it. I really sympathize with student's in the workshop. I went through it for years. I left a workshop once, went home and opened a bottle of Scotch and sobbed for about an hour... (pausing) I feel your pain.

Slam: By the way, where did the rules for writers come from?

Cobb: I had a student once who kept bringing me stuff, and I kept telling him 'well this isn't really very good and this isn't very good' and he started getting pissed at me after class. He got really agitated and said 'what are the rules for writers.' And I thought that was such an odd thing, rules for writers. But I thought about it and there are rules for writers.

Slam: Do you think you'll hang around the university scene for a while?

Cobb: Well if I hit Powerball, I'm out of here like a crowd leaving a burning bus and I don't think I'm going to make the Senior PGA tour, so I guess this is probably it.

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Interview

571

Fiction

On Days In December

Every year they breed them like rats and set them out into the world with their feet chopped off. They tie them up with rope (or string) throw them into, onto underneath, and behind vehicles which fly off into the distance of those forever cloudy winters. And father cuts it down to a lesser monstrosity, less the wild thing of nature that stood proud among winter storms and thunderous skies and colorful autumn days. The stubs of feet no longest there are set in water and made to stand prettily in a room as if some hunting hero had wrestled it to the ground for hours before it finally gave into an unavoidable moment of weakness and defeat among desperate cries...

Late Autumn, the busy season of storage for animals and last minute hikers thrashing through and over the mountains, praying the snow won't fall on their victorious bodies as they stand on mountaintops looking for heaven.

But it is *late* Autumn.

Early snow falls in the forest. Small tender crunches are heard prancing across the ground very lightly, without a care, "Oh is it winter mother? Is it time to go to bed and sleep for months until the spring melts our iced over dreams in caves? Will they run down waterfalls and swim in lakes, in the dirty days of April drenched with wet, dirty bark, snow white mud, and into glasses of forgotten lemonade on porches now filled with exhaust slush from the side of the road, waiting to be drank down? Mother is not behind him in the snow, only one small set of footprints left like dinosaur fossils and quite alone, in the snow. So bear lays under a small pine tree, the big ones scare him.

"Smells like a damn forest in here," father says. Mother used to laugh "that's right, a big one and don't step in any moose shit papa, I just cleaned the carpet."

And the lights, all dusty from the cellar, tangled, blown out, became a reason for father's anal heart attack. The lights are strung out, like colored streetlights running down the road, across the living room lighting the rug in new colors never seen by it before. Father, his face and hands, black from the dust that falls upon the ornaments and boxes that lay scattered in the cellar. There is dust on my mother's lips. These past years though, there is no dust, only lipstick, and the sounds of that new man with his pipe smoke and new apartment smells, and colored lights that I have never seen before.

But the lights go up don't they? No matter what goes down the lights go up. Trees go down, lights go up, all the time. All the time singing, all the time

laughing, ignoring the way the room is always darkened by the lights dancing in the dark fireplace of joy. The dog runs around the damn thing every year knocking the little noosed images of angels and elves to the ground, as if the branch broke from their weight. Every year we catch these angels and elves hiding in the cellar and we hang them from a branch, as punishment, for our own enjoyment.

"smells like a damn forest in here."

Joe Woodsman peeks from the fortress of his log cabin, thinking he heard snow tapping on his window, and he was right. "That's all right," Joe Woodsman said to himself. "I'm gonna cut the bitch down and hall it in anyway."

His bare and cracked feet make a soft swishing sound as he walks across the cabin's finished floorboards amidst trophies of stuffed squirrels, raccoons, rabbits, whose stance and expression take on the face of trapped terror. Joe makes his way towards the shower to start his days expedition. "I saw it way up there in the mountains," he told his friend Bernie over in the town legion, "it's a beauty, a goddamned sparkling green emerald smack dab in the middle of the forest. It's just big enough to scratch the roof of my living room, gonna be a big prize for the whole family come the big day. Yup, I tell ya Bernie, big enough for a bear to hide in."

Bernie looked at the bar, a glazed over look in his eyes. "Yeah Joe, I know, big as a whales hardon." And with that, Joe starts out his expedition one morning in late Autumn.

The wind grows stronger in the cubs little ears, Mother has not yet rounded the bend, the snow has already filled in the footprints of the cub, everything sits so quietly in a time of snowfall. Animals don't seem to stir or show their faces to one another, its as if they all were buried somewhere under the snow sleeping. Bear looks out from the overhanging branches of the pine tree, weighed down with snow. He was safe from the prying eyes of the other animals that do not seem to exist anymore. Bear can't stand the whistles of the howling wind, it's so alone up there in the sky, Bear thinks, "it's body is huge, spanning the entire world and seeing everything at once." It laughs with the snow and cries with the rain, dances with clouds, blows down trees and houses made of cards that stand high on tables under open windows in the summer night, forever and ever flying over the world, slamming it's face against our windows while we sleep, watching our eyelids

flutter with the sound. And in the danger of wars unaware to the sleeper, it gives away the location of soldiers in a dark night blowing their cigarette smoke towards the lungs of the enemy. It comes in from the north on a mission of storm to give victory to the winter, defeating armies of dying leaves, tossing them to rot on the frozen ground among the brush and rododendrums.

Together we walked through the tired garden holding limply, our hands together among discarded cracked flower pots. I remember asking you about eternity and why darkness entered my fingertips every time the lights were out and together we walked and walked listening to the world becoming winter.

Me and my sister would make little plans for those two special days under the crippled tree from heaven. The colored lights would reflect and refract beyond the reach and vision of our front window out beyond the reaches of the winter wind. The street lights from hazy distances, brightened the horizon in colors of yellow and orange rusty colored night. The green giant is wrapped in a sparkling silver tinsel standing proud like a movie star in heaven and I remember telling my sister "we'll sing songs as we come down the stairs in the morning, but on the day before that we'll lay under it and stare up into the branch at the lights and pretend where in space and hope that this time the dog don't try to tug our socks off our feet."

And yet, sometimes things catch fire. They rebel against their confinement and fancy dress, setting free those hanging, hiding ornaments, sometimes taking some down with it (hopefully, according to the arsonist) the whole house and all the beautiful things which lay wrapped and crumbled underneath and around it's castrated legs and growth. Sometimes laying under it, I would picture the thing coming alive and limping around the house, whipping the noosed angels and elves through the air like Chinese stars at my brother, my father and the attacking dog. It would run up the stairs in all it's blazing glory thrashing into my mother's darkened, always dark bedroom, lighting the walls in that somewhat joyful, somewhat mysterious holy light. My father would be running behind it up the stairs to save the woman in the darkness. He would have an axe in his hand, he would push me into my

bedroom as if I was the one attacking mother.

I would lay there at night and hear it all, the chopping, the screaming, the argument of survival when one person losing it all is about to say something to mother, with garland and lights wrapped around her throat like a movie star, unaware that all that glitter will kill her someday, the lights burning her throat, her arms, her breasts, her legs and eyelids. Father cut the string and the lights go out around my mother as she falls into a corner of the room, slumped, in the darkness, again. And my father, among curses and screams and orchestrated music swings at the thing with fragmented ornaments protruding from various parts of his body. He swings his axe, my sisters and brothers looking in the door way and I, in the realm of my bedded confinement, hearing the splitting wood and windows. The light from my parents' bedroom goes out in sparkles and flashes, and I run down the hall

"smells like a damn forest in here"

shoving through my sisters and brothers

"smells like a damn forest in here"

grasping for the light and my mother in the darkness.

"a damn forest"

my father's ragged breathing sounded like another beast lurking. The lights are found in the darkness by a tired and bleeding God.

"A damn forest I tell ya"

and the enemy lays on the floor, cut down and defeated, for the second time in it's life.

Bear has been asleep now for quite some time. He shrugs the snow from his shoulder and face peering out into the early morning sunlight. The tickling clouded sun read eight thirty, mother was not coming and Bear was growing uncomfortable in the wet snow. Bear moved out from his hiding place knocking the snow from the pine's branches. The onslaught of an early winter fought with the remaining stragglers of autumn, trying to gain early control of the mountain pass, as if sick of hikers. Bear looked about in despair, the wind in the air making a sound as if from a glass harmonica being played by something, somewhere, in the distance, coming from nowhere.

Bear looked down the pass. "We were supposed to go somewhere and sleep," Bear thought to himself. He figures that he could find the place alone but did not want to journey there that way. He decided to climb to the top of his hiding place to look for mother, he decided he would wait up there for a while, it was drier, safer, and the view

was beautiful.

Somewhere along the years, someone split this event in two. I now get to sit among the lights of two, sometimes three of those lighted individuals, and when it is done, drive by them tied up like dead prisoners of war who could not make the journey south.

"It takes about seven years to get those things to full selling height," the man on the farm told me, snow falling on his plaid winter hat. The smoke of cold air strutting and dancing it's way out of his mouth, masking a hard, weather beaten face in a perpetual mist.

"Yeup," he said "you gotta plan seven years ahead if you want to start your own business fresh from the ground, that's how I did it, that's how I'll keep doing it, its not so bad. So," he said as he looked over at me, "you really want to work here son?"

"Yeup" I told him, sure do.

"Gets cold ya know" he said.

"That's all right. I'm used to the cold. Besides, I know how to dress for this sort of thing. I used to walk around a lot, used to walk for miles in the snow all by myself."

The winter farmer looked at me strange. "What did ya do that for" he asked, winter pouring out of his mouth.

"No reason" I told him. "Man's got legs, he's gotta use them I guess."

"Really?" he said.

I nodded, looking down at a baby sapling, thinking of seven years. The man folded his arms and gave his fields a sideways glance, then his shoes, then back to me with an approving look on his face, the kind of face that greets a sunup every morning without so much as a yawn, the kind of face that mixes wisdom with dirty hands, tomatoes in the summer, pumpkins in the fall, trees in the winter and flowers in the spring.

"Okay then, you're hired, but its hard work."

A comfortable, satisfying job, and sometimes, deep in the summer night, sitting with the farmer on his front porch in the darkness, the wind comes down from the north, bringing a coolness to the summer air, and the smells of the forest to our senses.

The outline of an open door lays heavily upon a bare hardwood floor, and within this outline stands darkly the shadow of Joe Woodsman. He stares face first into the coldness of early winter, smelling the shadow of burning leaves somewhere in the hearth of the season. Joe is wearing his

continued on next page

Untitled

I.
Three Crows sit
on a fence, wires
with wooden posts.
One crow set
far to the left,
the others somewhat closer.
They do not know this,
but they cannot move.

II.
The one looks
at the other two,
then reaches into itself
and pulls a feather
from its ribs.
It cannot move,
but does not know this.
It's body is black oil.

III.
The trees past the fields sway.
The Grass bends with the wind.
The wires of the fence sway,
also with the wind.
The crows are still.
They resist the wind.
They wait, anchoring everything.

IV.
The one crow pushes
off it's perch, and flies.
After a time, the other
two follow. They leave
a heavy space behind.

jason peters

She sat alone on the window sill,
half naked in her silence. The rain poured in
cold + shameless. It poured down her
face, off the end of her chin and ventured
down her naked breasts with only a
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Untitled

She sat alone on the window sill, half naked in her silence.
The rain poured in cold and shameless. It poured down her
face, off the end of her chin and ventured down her naked
breasts with only a slight pause. Her mouth opened with
pleasure as she squinted her eyes. The rain was cold and
unabating. Her well-walked silken legs were visible only
through the sheer material of her flowered skirt and her
painted toe nails wanted re-application badly. Her hair hung
wet and pretty with shiny drops of water glistening in the
light of summer dusk. The rain grew stronger and ran down
the small of her back, past her skirt to her skin, and she
winced. The rain was cold and uncaring. The chill up her
spine sent shock to her tender pink breasts and her nipples
stood up to salute the wetness. She disregarded this, and a
tear dripped down her soft, bruised cheek, mixing with the
rain and hiding itself. The rain was cold and pleasureless,
yet she stayed, crouched on her damp perch, cum on her
thighs, blood in her mouth, and skin beneath her fingernails.
The rain felt good on her swollen lips and she shivered.
"Just the cold" she thought.

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Yet she stayed, ~~she~~ crouched on her
damp perch, cum on her thighs, blood
in her mouth, and skin beneath her
fingernails. The rain felt good on
her swollen lips, and she shivered.
"Just the cold," she thought.

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continued from page 6

hunting jacket as he always does for any kind of forest expedition. Joe takes his first step onto the porch and into the winter, examining the skyline and the backs of the giant polar bears hunched over in the distance. This is his land, his home. He is damn proud.

Tiny crystals of snow drift and rest upon Joe's beard as he walks head on into it's falling. He walks the slope into the forest smelling the burning leaves, staring up into the overhead branches weighed down with snow as if they were listening to the sound of Joe's footprints on the path. Joe carried an axe slung over his right shoulder, the handle was made from polished wood and the blade was of a bright red color that stood out starkly against the brown and white backdrop of Joe's holy landscape.

Joe thought of how proud his family would be of his new conquest. He thought of all the smiling aunts and uncles that

would bask in the glow of the colored lights of his prize as the firelight danced on their faces on the eve of the celebration. Joe smiled to himself as he walked further up the mountain pass and over the next ridge to where the pines on both sides of him got smaller. He walked on an on, legs working hard to keep his balance in the snow and wind of the storm atop the mountain. Joe began to get a little nervous when he thought about all those hikers that are found dead of hypothermia. Hikers that were too irresponsible to heed the warnings of dangerous mountain conditions during late autumn.

He thought of a sign that he once read while hiking Mount Washington that warned "This area ahead has the worst weather in America. Many have died here from exposure, even in the summer. TURN BACK NOW IF THE WEATHER IS BAD." But Joe moved on.

Joe had a conquest to worry about and nothing else, and besides, this mountain was not exactly Mount Washington now

was it? Joe Woodsman walked on, manly and strong until he rounded a bend, and there it was, his conquest.

Joe approached it and smiled as he stood square in the shadow of the best darned Christmas tree that he had ever seen. Joe looked at it from top to bottom as if it were a woman desiring his attention. With a nod of his head he approached it. "We're going home baby" was all he said.

Joe really laid into the thing. He was chopping with such a mad fury that he no longer noticed the cold and the wind but noticed, instead, the baby cub holding tightly to the thick bark of the tree.

"Holy Shit" Joe said, looking up. "Would you look at that. Big enough for a bear to hide in." Joe tried to lure the bear down from the tree, he knew that he did not have any kind of bear trophy that big in his living room but he did not want to needlessly hurt the thing if he wasn't hunting, but the thought did cross his mind. It didn't matter though. What really mattered to Joe at that instant was the presence of

another bear, the long lost mother of the cub. The same cub that was now dangling from the branches of the best damned Christmas tree in the world.

Joe was, he guessed, ready to meet the bear head on. He held his axe out before him like a warrior ready for battle. Momma Bear lifted herself onto her hind legs and was on Joe in an instant. Joe swung the axe, taking out part of Momma's arm, but it was not enough to stop the rage of a bear who thinks that her cubs are in danger. The bear brought her arms and teeth down at the same time Joe was bringing his arms and axe up. The side of the axe slammed into Momma Bear's jaw as her arms crashed against Joe's chest. Joe lost his balance, thrashed to the left but almost ran into the tree. Then he thrashed to the right and was met by Momma bear's one good arm. Joe was knocked to the ground, and as he was knocked down, the cub scurried down the branches, it's weight finishing the job already begun by Joe Woodsman. Joe had his tree. It

was now laying on top of him.

Joe felt the deep claw scratches in his chest sucking up the coldness of the snow smothered ground. He remembered what it said to do when a bear was trying to attack you. So he played dead, and Momma bear, glad to have found her cub was eager to get into some place of hibernation and leave Joe alone. And Joe lay there alone, listening to the wind under the tree like Little Bear, remembering certain signs he read about bad weather in the mountains and the danger to human life. Joe lay there listening to the wind. "Smells like pine" he said to himself, "a good tree, a big tree, not getting up from on top of me." Joe lay there listening to the wind, thinking of burning leaves, of unwrapped presents and confused relatives standing at his door alone in the early winter snowfall...

"Smells like a damn forest in here," Father used to say.

by Anthony Loffredio

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Poetry

Chasing Light Beams (on how to relate)

From your bedroom
window, skip across
to the next roof-top
and say you've
kissed the sky;
reach into your pocket
and pull out no money;
donate; (eat something
that will make
you hallucinate);
read Kesey
to Kosinsky;
procrastinate;
be aggressive
when making
left turns; speculate;
ask a question of your teacher;
gain weight; pierce a hole
through your belt strap;
copulate; believe in someone
who knows you well;
originate; call out
at that moment (or save it
for the next time you meet)
'how well do you know me?'
remember the answer
(when it is later tossed
back in your face); focus
on specifics; forget it; go,
climb a mountain; regenerate;
then say something of great
social or political
import and blow your pot smoke
in the closet
so no one will know; in fact,
go in the closet
yourself and try again,
(you will spend time
thinking)
promise you'll contemplate, at least once, the unresolvable
issues, but forget to,
hinting again that you feel
the relationship is failing
and altogether
the two of you
just aren't relating.

by kristen coia

SOMEWHERE

Rushing to be with you
but
who are you?
a face, a scent-eyes without
identity
you are there somewhere
in
my thoughts or black hole
perhaps-
evidently you are
there

I see hair of ebony
eyes
of the sea, hands strong and
wide
arms loosely hand by your
side
there across the world
I
stand gazing into your
stare

Words anticipate their coming
forth
curiosity, fear, love
create
the blockade of their
birth
in silence we stand
shadows
fall everywhere-never on your
face
only light dances in your
eyes-
my heart goes out to
you
too slow my mind to
bring it back-too slow

Arms outstretched waiting to
embrace
body of love and life
I
am unable to distinguish your
arms
from mine, we are one...
somewhere.

by jessica d'abrosca

A Modern Tale

I am the Wife of Bath, you see
Mock if you must, but I am still me
I am a living example of a vulnerable state
No thing nor other, can depict so great
I need security, I long to consume
A most unjust quality, I assume
I desire a man's body and his mind
For a long way to manipulate, it is not hard to find
Like an ongoing challenge, I seek to explore
Searching for another, who can satisfy more
So judge me and curse me, when I get my fill.
But I shall only cease, when I get my fill.

by a.l.m.