

Watershed



Watershed

formerly

Trial Impression

volume 4

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Watershed

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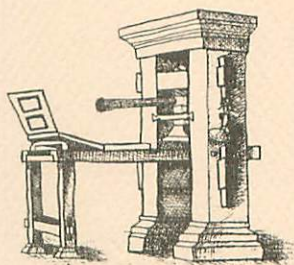
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Trial Impression has survived for seven issues, and like any literary magazine, has a life of its own—progressing towards greater sophistication and stability. This issue, produced by members of Ellen Walker's Spring 1981 Literary Editing class, reflects such growth. In case you have not noticed, *Trial Impression* is no longer *Trial Impression*. *Watershed*—a new name—represents a move away from *Trial Impression*'s beginning phases, and the editorial staff hopes that this will inspire seven more issues of comparable quality.

This magazine, by any name, not only provides a place for writers to publish their work, but also offers the editorial staff a chance to become somewhat passionate about literature. Although this issue and the last one did not publish much fiction, this does not reflect an editorial statement; the editors welcome all manuscripts—prose and poetry—for consideration.

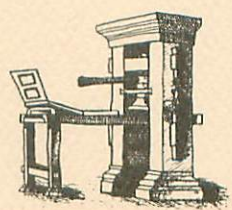
A thank you to all those who allowed the editorial staff to consider their work for publication.

The Editors

Contents Spring 1981

<i>Christine Howry</i> After Su Tung P'o	1
<i>Donald Pack</i> For A Friend Who Never Fell	2
<i>Rick Feero</i> Of Dancer and Dance	3
<i>Byron Fountain</i> Horn Player	5
<i>Steven Ray Chandler</i> Catullus Laments the Nature of Clodia's Proposition	6
<i>Ken O'Connor</i> Poland: A Statue (Central Park)	7
<i>Vicki KinCannon-Drews</i> Back in Buhl	9
<i>Charles Nathaniel Feldhaus</i> 819 Eddy Street	10
<i>Harvey Barker</i> Rise Up	12
<i>Brian Walters</i> Into the Soil	13

<i>Horace</i>	
Odes I, v	20
<i>Clark Brown</i>	
Horace '81 (a translation)	21
<i>Donald Pack</i>	
From The Silo, Looking Down	23
<i>Vicki KinCannon-Drews</i>	
if the pigeons come here	24
<i>Susan Brown</i>	
Marriage	25
<i>Ken O'Connor</i>	
To Amichai Because He Is A True Poet	27
<i>Karen Y. Knight</i>	
The Magicians	29
<i>Tina Brophy</i>	
If she were born on the day	31
<i>Moirá Gravier</i>	
The Oroville Train Station	32



After Su Tung P'o

The river is jaded midnight.
Thin rivulets sparkle on a rippling blanket.
A moon, once round and naive
is half hidden in aging clouds.
The wind, barely breathing.
I have come to this place in the dark
to be silent, to open my ears
to the quiet stars, and offer
one gentle prayer. The tongues
of the nightbirds
move through their stories. My breaths
have never been so still.

—Christine Howry

For A Friend Who Never Fell

You have gone back again
to your northern home,
leaving yourself in me
the sturdy girl whose eyes held
good news this serious winter.
I do not understand these interludes
we share, one of us always
going to some other place,
as if we had scheduled these separations
for a reason.
I am driving alone
these hills, eyes washing over
the sad contours, the countless homes
of mice and beetles,
small lives that pass quickly here,
in the way of the best kept secrets.
You keep yourself from me
as they do, a measured distance,
a calculation that will always
come up one short.

—Donald Pack

Of Dancer and Dance

she watches a dance
the swish hiss shuffling sound
of fabric and feet on the polished floor

she watches a dancer
perfects her moves
by bar and glass

in the bare room
windows throw squares on the floor

the dancer and dance cavort
gather the squares
while light lines and shadows double
then triple their moves

it hangs smoke on air

dance is nothing in the night
only a dancer's past

she has switched the light
shut the door
on the steps she is planning a meal

when she reaches the stop
the driver nods
what he knows of dance is what she knows
her sound her sight

at the table she eats
dance too is frailty
emptying itself of could
to be what is

resting both sleep in full confines
she is more dance than dancer

forget the dance
erase the dancer

find the passage
shape of air before she moved
the place of movement before
she climbed the stairs and turned the key

—Rick Feero

Horn Player

Perpetual stranger with one suitcase
each of your cities with the same night
mirrored streets full of color purged sidewalks
early by hours like any priest or exterminator
to unpack set up tune to the same room
gauzy and warm not yet warm

in the second set and late the other element opens
all is bathed in cycles of changes as you step
forward in dim light washed in sound you
no longer hear

between your fingers a curved column of air
the first monstrosity vessel of history

Bird Trane Eric Rahsaan they are dead
finally dead as only you can know
they died with every note as we all do

—Byron Fountain

Catullus Laments the Nature of
Clodia's Proposition

She said, "I have a proposition for you . . ."

The horses of my heart stomped their hooves.

But alas, her offer was only that of
Pramnian wine,

in exchange for feeding her household pet,
as she journeyed to Cythera with another.

—*Steven Ray Chandler*

**Poland: A Statue
(Central Park)**

1. (1981)

Was he here?
Did you defy him -
the sensitive man who burned
through the walls of the city? -
The Spanish man who bled
in the hearts of the city?

If he had seen you, he would have stopped.

He would have known New York
had surrendered
under your crossed swords and human crown
long ago to itself.

2. (1929)

Lorca, you heard the song of the worm
in the children's voices of the city
and soaked the stormy blood into your poems
that grew sick for Humanity.
And the animals wept in the tongues of the living
because the battle of New York was feeding their young
to the office buildings
that blazed higher in the shipyard wind.

The immigrants roped themselves to the trees and became
bits of streets.
Guitar strings bound the rain to their faces
while their hands built the sickness in your gut,
the obese city,
that squandered your memory of Spain for the new memory
of America.

3.

But the truth of a place holds minute sentences we
do not know:

Twigs under the statue of Poland - the gathering bird -
the vast Human prayer
And your poems Lorca,
your great poems and all the symbols of being
making tools in a world we start to know.

—*Ken O'Connor*

Back in Buhl

we watched the trout, the hay,
and always ourselves.
Uncle Allen was quiet in the
black mornings
his cows giving
the warm white
When he looked away to the wind
his woman dug potatoes, beets,
and sang to the dirt.

I loved myself when I was young
Those trees, the white legs
that held their green
above us
No matter where we touched
it was good
And now, Allen talks
slower
she couldn't stay forever,
those black mornings aren't
blackier
they are quiet.
The trees singing to the dirt
I hear them
it is good.

— Vicki KinCannon-Drews

819 Eddy Street

by Charles Nathaniel Feldhaus



Rise Up

Rise up!
now is the time
for small bands
of woodcutters
to line the paths of spring
and for young women
to fade
and drift away
rise up
small quail,
from the earth,
and scatter
at the sound of
dry grass.

—*Harvey Barker*

Into the Soil

by *Brian Walters*

Sometimes I wish I'd died in 1400. This means (and it's meaning we're after) I should have been born in 1360. Life lasted about forty years apiece (more or less) back then.

I wasn't . . . Fortune threw me up in this century. Life is tough.

The window is dirty. Filthy glass molders in the jaws of a wooden frame swollen and black from moisture and rot. It stinks—cold, wet, musty. My desk is jammed tight up under the casement, and the odor flows across the pocked surface, over the stamps, over the gaudy brochures, over the envelopes (thousands of them—white business envelopes), penetrating everything, sliding into my clothing, swirling up over my chest (what there is of it), under my chin, permeating up into my nostrils and beyond.

It's a weak chin. Weak and receding. Mother says it's distinguished. But she's my mother. What it really is is that it isn't. Physiologically one doesn't need a chin to survive in this world, but it sure as hell would help if your jaw didn't taper directly down into your collar, if it could give at least a marginal detour to that swirling odor of rotten wood.

I don't like living here, not like this, not in this room. For one thing (I'll limit myself) it's too damned small. Ten by fifteen? I'm not a mathematician or a carpenter (B.A. Social Science—Yerba Buena—w/honors), but it can't be more. The bed fills up one end—a miserable twin that sags in the middle—even w/the plywood under the moldering mattress (3/8" Utility Grade)—like an overfed collie—no headboard, nothing fancy, just angle iron and four tube steel corner posts—and those metal caps on the posts, the ones you used to pry off to drop gum and other secret stuff down the posts when you were a kid?—you guessed it; every one of them is missing.

That's all there is: that bed and this dinette chair and the desk—quite a trove. The desk is special though. Nothing subtle

about it at all. I'll get back to it.

What am I doing here? Stuffing envelopes. Thousands of them (and it's an old joke, so I'll leave it).

Stuffing envelopes is no fun. The last bastion of the damned. We hang on to this last rung, suspended over hellfire (no caps, Christians, for here we speak of secular hell), suspended but wanting to let go, to just stuff it (at times I am weak), but there is just no way.

Two thousand a day. Break it down into eight hours if you want. One day I lost my sponge and had to lick them all, to taste the death of two thousand ruminants (you know about glue, I'm sure). I like animals. I'm a vegetarian. But I needed those two thousand envelopes—that's how I buy my veggies. I tasted those dead animals. I thought of the prod, the hammer, the clattering of hooves, cloven and not, the last, sad, defeated panic and the white aprons flecked w/blood with the meaty arms groping out of them and bringing up the Engine of Death before the dying equine, bovine, ovine eyes. That day was tough.

What little we know. We know little about plants. Sure Science has dissected and quantified and what-not—we know nothing. But I know some things about plants—things I didn't learn at Y.B. I did learn some things at Y.B.—I lost my virginity there in my senior year (sure this is raw, but we're after something). If you can call loss "knowledge." You say I'm slow, late. I say that's a feat for a man w/no chin in this society, w/the emphasis on the Classical Standard of beauty (I like ugly people. If you're beautiful, lovely, glamorous, handsome, etc. then no doubt the world has allowed or even forced you to put so much distance between it and you that you carry it around w/you like a tin convenience, getting all warm inside with the sun on it and turning rain and other inclements down into the soil, but being nevertheless drafty in the bad ones which is/are rare in these climes in these times (speaking in terms of centuries)—so it's difficult for me to like beautiful people because I don't like queues—even in bad weather—especially when I can't tell for sure what the wait is all about. But I like ugly people because genuinely ugly people fail early at trying to be beautiful and early on get the nonsense out of their heads—shed the Tin One so to speak—and there aren't any lines). I could tell you how I lost it, but that's a misnomer or something like it. This is the 20th century—however hard we wish it wasn't or however long we hold our breath for 21—men don't lose their virginity (the last time for this one) here, now. Only women do (I'm not a sexist but I'm not going to take the time to explain this because I'd rather you entertain some misconceptions about me now because I don't think there's enough honest uncertainty in the world and enmity is so hard to come by and it's the first step to genuine under-

standing. I think things would be much easier for me if I were a sexist pig because being a pig I could have a conviction about something and conviction—even bad conviction—has got to be better than no conviction: something a pig can draw comfort from—porcine hooves make good glue too (or would if there wasn't such a greedy appetite for them)).

Like I said, *lose*, even though it's a passive word, still implies volition when we link it up with something like sex (you think of something like sex—I'm focusing my efforts). When it comes to sex, men have no volition. This much I have received from SS (not Social Security—they'll be "damned if they'll send [me] anything"—Social Science: Yerba Buena—w/honors). Volition implies self-discipline and direction and reason. Who has that today not on the distaff side? You don't need a chin to get behind that question to the truth.

I don't want to explain any of this. I want to get back to what I know about plants. There's enough distance between me and plants that I can still eat them. From this you may infer that I think plants are sentient. Yes. It's not just an opinion. But let me dispose of this question: Why do I eat them? Because I'm a coward. I can't let go of that last rung. Plants don't talk and they don't have large, brown, soft, uncomprehending eyes. They don't have soft brown fur, or hair, or wool. They don't murmur when you stroke them—murmur w/pleasure (or if they do, as that Japanese psychic with his Plant-o-Meter (my God! what faith we have in meters, gauges and dials) claims—it's a cry my ear isn't attuned to, nor yours neither unless you're special but you probably aren't so what is beyond your ken is all right with me as a standard). They don't cry out when they go under the knife, and the cry doesn't echo in the recesses of your brain when your orthodonture or whatever clamps down on their succulent and turgid leaves, roots, rinds, and pith. The blood doesn't ooze out and down over your guilty chin (!).

Back to plants. They're sentient. I found out from a dead one. The dead are more sentient than the living, for they have been wronged. The wronged have the most cause for articulation. Dead plants are more articulate than dead people, in their own strange way, though dead people speak too, as any Psychic (meter or not) is more than willing to tell you—if you're attuned.

Dead plants, like the living, don't talk. Speech is imperfect; language drags thought down out of the sky and thrusts it into the mud. Plants express through feeling. I learned this from the desk, not this one—this one is metal and you'll learn why later—the last one, the wooden one. Green pine that I finished myself and that warped on its own. Small. Square legs with those brass skid buttons on the ends that make delightful black holes in the

linoleum—especially if the floor underneath is as rotten as it is here. A small well to the left with my typewriter settled into it like a Sumo in a hot tub. A gooseneck lamp. That's it. *Was it.*

It could move. I told you it was not subtle. It was very passionate and could move quite swiftly, even w/its cargo of envelopes (thousands), its brochures, and the typewriter. Mostly it moved when I was out, though it always came back to the same place under that dirty stinking window. The black skid marks on the linoleum gave it away—left clean tracks in the filth—sort of like ice after the Follies. The neighbors never mentioned it, but it must have made a hell of a noise (nobody complains about anything around here since the brothers of Ramon's ex-girlfriend came up and put some holes in Ramon's walls with some guns they stole from a pawn shop over on 12th Street—with Ramon standing in front of the holes while all the noise was going on and Ramon doesn't live here anymore; he doesn't live anywhere . . . no complaints).

All four walls were battered as high as the desk could reach. Drywall pounded to dust. Latex paint chipped and powdered, all in a swath around the room—a filthy battered wainscot (thankyou, Shakespeare) as if little kids had mauled it. Except behind the bed—the desk couldn't climb. It couldn't get off the floor. But it could move. Even I didn't believe it, not until I saw it.

That was right after I broke w/Luxana (yes, this is a love story after all). It's the truth we want here: she broke w/me. Luxana. A strange name. A strange girl. Not beautiful. No queues. She didn't need a chin in a man. She had legs like a fullback, and with those black heels with the skid plates riveted on (like toughs drool over) she could make a pate of abalone in the shell (if she ever got near the coast, which she didn't because she never had the bread or the brains to get past the city limits and the coast is a long way beyond the limits of *this* town). But in her own strange way she was beautiful, not Classical (those standards are not mine, nor Luxana's). I had nothing to lose. I lost it in my senior year (w/honors). I hadn't really *lost* it. I'm a man too.

We got along.

Out the dirty window, over the desk, there's a park—a plaza really—a grass plot with a parqueted X of dyed cement diamonds, green and faded pink, cracked and heaved up by the frost. Trees line the edges of the walk. Big, benign, nameless trees. Sentient trees w/smooth frunks, massive trunks, and the

bark comes off them in big sheets, thin sheets, and sloughs down to shatter sometimes on the walk—all in the spring.

It was spring and buds were just coming out on the branches—just a hint of green—not enough to shut off the walk from the window. Every day at eight I leaned over the filthy desk to peer through the filthy glass at the park, at the trees, at Luxana hammering down the walk, black dress swirling along through the thick columns, over the pallid veined diamonds, crunching through the shattered bark, pulverizing it. With that hair streaming out proud and strong from the proud head. Imperative. The one word that described her. She wore it like a car wears paint.

I met her somewhere else. But here, every day at eight, she waved up at the dirty window. I waved back, but w/the sun on the window like that she could see nothing. But she opened herself up. She was strong. She took a risk. She waved—every day . . . I waved back.

Let me summarize: pizzas, movies (violence seems to be big now), happy hour beer (35 envelopes per), family history, hobbies, careers, friends, relatives ("rels": Lux was big on abbrev's), the Church, Morality (secular and no), Robert Redford et al, plywood and steel posts w/out caps, movies, beer, no movies, no beer. Two thousand a day. No wave.

I borrowed a pipe from the supe to shove the last hunk of Luxana's gum down out of sight in the bedpost. "Chin up." Her last words to me, tossed carelessly out around the pink bubble swelling casually out of the corner of her mouth. She knew how to hurt. The toss of the head and that mane of black hair . . . I longed for a white apron then, but she could have made me into a chinless pate. The muffled staccato thump of her heels on the punky wood of the stairs going down punctuated her return to her world, me to mine. Final. Imperative.

Love is that way and the desk moved that day w/me behind it, hunched over the envelopes. It was off across the floor, skidding, digging, with its four stiff legs, taking me with it, ramming the walls in blind savagery, again, and again, wheeling, racing back, hammering, thrusting, flailing about, the gooseneck lamp swinging violently and finally vomiting its bulb down into the type-writer with a hollow pop and musical rain of glass.

I held on, lifting my knees up under the desk, swept along, reeling, spinning. One leg of the desk gouged down into the linoleum and the desk spun madly about until the room turned upside down and I grabbed for the phone on the wall and it came off in a spray of red, green, and yellow wires, fine wires with fine copper tendrils gleaming in the harsh light of the naked bulb that incised harsh shadows on the wall, swinging on the end of the black cord from the center of the mildewed ceiling.

There were other times. Once after a call to Luxana and just the hollow pop of her gum for a reply. Again after finding something violate under one of the stacks of envelope boxes at the foot of the bed. Something of Luxana's.

The last time was when I stood at the window—under the concealment of the sun, watching Luxana march down through the columns. Just glimpses—the trees heavy with shiny, concealing leaves. She moving like the battered figurehead of an ancient galley—proud, stately, implacable, *imperative*.

The desk went then, leaping impudently against my legs, and something savage boiled up in me, a guttural charge swelling up in my gorge and I seized the desk struggling in my fists and knew it was alive and it fought in my arms coming up off the floor up the wall up against the window with its punky frame that sagged and gave out and the window going down in a rain of filthy shards and me pitching forward over the desk and scrabbling at the casement and hanging on and trying to hook my chin on the desk to save it and not having one and the desk going out down down and a long scream somewhere . . . silence.

Luxana stood at the corner, feet planted wide and solid, black dress swirling around her stout torso, around her mighty pillars anchored in black heels, waiting for the light. The desk lay crumpled and broken in a litter of glass and envelopes. On its pale, upturned belly were stamped words, inked or painted, like you see on crates the English put dynamite in—only they don't call it dynamite (gelignite or something arcane—watch out for the English; they're always trying to trip you up—get you to blow yourself up with an untimely cigarette—as if cancer wasn't good enough for them)—but these letters didn't spell "dynamite"; they said something else in bold, black letters, but the letters wouldn't get edges on them and I couldn't put edges on them and if something doesn't have edges on it and you can't *put* them on it, then how in hell can you tell what it is—even if you're a matriculate? Too much close work, all that reading, and six months of concentrated close stuffing. No edges. No sabe. But it was something important. Trust to that. Anything that hovers on the edge of sight is important, especially if it's in big black letters.

Luxana stood at the curb in her swirling black dress, a pink bubble swelling slowly at her lips, playing her cold, haughty stare over the wreckage. She glanced up at me quickly, like God had sent her a personal telegram and flowers (and I wished then He would send her another in the form of a big iron meteor—fast in the process of becoming a meteorite—w/out handles on it, fifteen tons of red-hot (not molten), swelling, seething Ethereal Justice guided by that Divine Gentle Hand to lower itself gently onto the

earth down there at the corner where she stood, arms akimbo, gently lowered at 10,000 miles per hour out of the innocent sky onto her indifferent head). The bubble at her mouth burst and she licked in the wreckage with a casual flick of her pink tongue and wheeled into the green light and hammered away.

And now, Metal. Everything Metal. Safety. Metal is easier to figure. I like it easy. We like it easy. I'm one of you—whether you own it or not. Let's pull the horizon up to the chest. Stand behind the dirty window, behind the sun. Spread out the tin; let it be warm. Metal is safer than wood. Metal is safer than plants. Metal doesn't talk. Metal doesn't murmur and when we drive it to the forge and it turns its eyes up, it doesn't look at Death, and it doesn't look at its master with the meaty arms and the white apron. Metal looks up with eager eyes and a smile and doesn't cry out. Metal looks up into the eyes of its brother and smiles all the way into the heat.

Spread out the tin; let it be warm. When the heat comes up, everyone smile and look up, up into the eyes of his brother and smile all the way, all the way into the heat, turning the rain back into the soil—w/honors.

Horace
Odes: I, v.

Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa
perfusus liquidis urget odoribus,
grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?

cui flavam religas comam,
simplex munditiis? heu quotiens fidem
mutatosque deos flebit et aspera

nigris aequora ventis

emirabitur insolens,
qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea,
qui semper vacuum, semper amabilem

sperat, nescius aurae

fallacis! miseri, quibus
intemptata nites. me tabula sacer
votiva paries indicat uvida

suspendisse potenti

vestimenta maris deo.

Horace '81

Which
slender
boy,
stinking—
of Jovan,
Musk oil
and Vitalis,
tries his moves
in your spooky
bedroom?
For whom
do you wear
your hair
so simply and
so blonde?
Good God,
how often
will he blubber?
(his bad luck,

the rough seas
and black winds!)

The dumb bastard
thinks you golden,
forever lovely and
forever there.

What does he know
of changeable squalls?

Oh miserable the
innocent for whom
you shine!

Well—
don't my own wet clothes
and survivor's tablet
hang as promised
on the powerful seagod's
sacred wall?

—translated by Clark Brown

From The Silo, Looking Down

All of the old true tractors
have withered in the field.
Plowed down to history,
they dot the wheat,
bright scarves of an old woman.

This house is older still.
Favoring the wind like a bad leg,
she leans east and prays
each night from the basement
where her heart lies fading.

I am tired,
in my nineteenth year
of bad dreams and a voice
that no longer knows the verses
of children's songs.

Take the key and lock her up,
Lock her up, lock her up.

Today, my hands are calloused.
The flat rungs of the ladder
no longer leave the long white ropes
in the palms.
Nor, do I stop halfway up
for fear of falling.

Instead,
I check the grain level
and start down.

—Donald Pack

if the pigeons come here
on their way home
we are bending their
feathers.

— Vicki KinCannon-Drews

Marriage

The storm's blown off,
but a few lagging clouds roll cold
and grey and brutal in the wind.
More snow's to come. The birds fly silent
through stiff, expectant air.

I look at you through dim roses
set between us on the table.
In your eyes, I see you walking away,
already arrived in some distant,
private country.

Outside, all the stars are faint.
Snow falls on snow.
The trees are black and thin
and gleam with stillness.
When we go to bed, I stand
at the edge of your hollow landscape

waiting, beginning to forget
what it is I want
to return.

—*Susan Brown*

Questions To Amichai Because He Is A True Poet

How can I look at myself when I'm writing?
Honesty gets altered or ordered
gets scattered here or removed
moving me along some road until it is February
and cold outside but not icy.
When the landscape becomes familiar
I look for the wild grapevines scaffolding the trees
waiting to become waves in a green ocean
and the birds that fly on top
dip blue wings in a drop of blue
answering to the sky as they must,
I am feeling my life.

When the fields are pale like this
they are orange at sunset
the color of animals at night.
I go inside to the fireplace
watching flames rush over the shape of things
pitting themselves against wood
and it seems that the fields and the bird
and the boards in the fireplace
have no more decisions to make
having come to what is theirs.

Because from the unbroken ray of my past
I believed there were roads sending shoots to every end
and that I would follow to whichever held water.
But when the sound of birds outside
arced its flight very near the fire
I could distinguish a different voice
and just for a moment see the reptile - Imagination,
flatten itself against the warm ruin
which is not ruin to Imagination
whose life is forever walking the remembered sidewalks
no, sniffing the repeated pictures

because maybe that's what's important
not "the road and the going on it"
but a picture so persistent we become its colors.

—*Ken O'Connor*

The Magicians

There we were
two
normal people
mature, adult-like
playing tricks
on the other

On and On
We played
until we tired
of looking up our sleeves
until we disappeared
for a while

Then
There we were
two people
tipping our hats

pulling each other

out

by the ears

—*Karen Y. Knight*

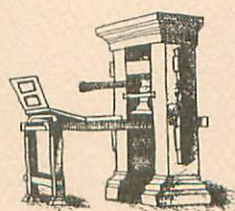
If she were born on the day
that the wind was 60 mph,
I would hide her with my eyes closed
so I couldn't find her.
A French maid would attend
the feeding, cleaning, and rhymes.
My stories are like Grimm's,
the animals fall into boiling water.
That's my sign and I can swim in it.
When age and curiosity came
I would send her to a private tomb.
She could read of everyone's thoughts,
then my letters would seem profound.
When she felt the parallel bars
I would send for her.
She would already be built
I couldn't take fault.
No one could say,
She acts just like you.

—*Tina Brophy*

The Oroville Train Station

In 1954,
I saw
Raymond Duncan
At the Oroville train station.
I said,
 “Who’s that?”
And my brother replied,
 “I don’t know.”
So we just looked
at Raymond Duncan’s
 Toga
And Raymond Duncan’s
 Sandals.
Later we heard
That Raymond Duncan
Had friends in Oroville,
 too.

—*Maira Gravier*



Contributors' Notes

Harvey Barker is a History major at CSUC. He has studied poetry under Phil Hemenway and Gary Thompson.

Clark Brown is a Creative Writing Instructor at CSUC, and author of the novel *The Disciple* (Viking).

Susan Brown received her M.A. in Creative Writing from CSUC. She lives and works in Chico.

Steven Ray Chandler is a senior majoring in English. He says he is still waiting for a seminar to be taught on Ezra Pound at CSUC.

Vicki KinCannon-Drews will complete a B.A. in English in May, and begin an M.A. next Fall. She lives in Cohasset, and loves geese.

Charles Nathaniel Feldhaus was born in Mobile, Alabama, and moved to Chico in 1971. He is a Botanist-Environmental-Politically active person, and he likes to be cheerful.

Byron Fountain is a CSUC graduate student in English. He says his goal in life is to follow Flaubert's advice and "live like a bourgeois, but think like a lion."

Moirá Gravier was born in Quincy and is currently living and working in Oroville.

Christine Howry is presently a senior at Chico State majoring in English.

Karen Y. Knight is currently studying English at CSUC. She says she enjoys writing poetry; it helps her keep her sanity.

Ken O'Connor: "My compliments to everyone who puts their hard work into any of the editions of this magazine, a vastly needed tool."

Donald Pack is a continuing student at Chico State, which means he is no longer a drop-out. He is raising two cats, Bozeman and Moscow, whom he promised to mention if any of his stuff ever actually got into print.

Brian Walters is a twenty-four-year-old Chicoan. The highlight of his life was when the plane made an emergency stop in the Dominican Republic to let him out of his mother. His only claim to distinction is that his great-grandfather went down with the *Titanic*—after very considerably begetting his grandfather.

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