

Watershed



Watershed
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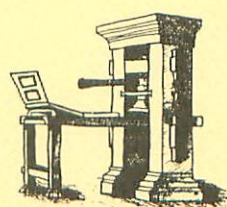
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1983
Fine Arts Festival
Feature

Two Poems

by

Denise
Levertov

Of Rivers

Rivers remember
 in the pulse of their springs,
 in curl and slide and onrush
 lakeward and seaward,
a touch
shuddering them forth,
a voice
intoning them into
their ebbing and flood:
 fingertip, breath
 of god or goddess in whom
their fealty rests
rendered by being unceasingly
the pilgrim conversation of waterflesh.

 That remembrance
 gives them their way
to know, in unknowing flowing,
the God of the gods, whom the gods
themselves have not imagined.

—*Denise Levertov*
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Watching Dark Circle

'This is hell, nor am I out of it'

Marlowe, *Dr. Faustus*

Men are willing to observe
the writhing, the bubbling flesh and
swift but protracted charring of bone
while the subject pigs, placed in cages designed for this,
don't pass out but continue to scream as they turn to cinder.
The Pentagon wants to know
something a child could tell it:
it hurts to burn, and even a match
can make you scream, pigs or people,
even the smallest common flame can kill you.
This plutonic calefaction is redundant.

Men are willing
to call the roasting of live pigs
a simulation of certain conditions. It is
not a simulation. The pigs (with their highrated intelligence,
their uncanny precognition of disaster) are real,
their agony real agony, the smell
is not archetypal breakfast nor ancient feasting
but a foul miasma irremoveable from the nostrils,
and the simulation of hell these men
have carefully set up
is hell itself,
and they in it, dead in their lives,
and what can redeem them? What can redeem them?

—*Denise Levertov*

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Dear Janis,

—*Craig Philbrook*

3/8/83

Dear Janis,

I am not so susceptible to deadlines as you and so am writing your name, whispering it as I do, turning it into a totem. I think someone more romantic might call this a "Letter to the Muse." Someone who did not know our history. Someone who did not know the strange tension between inspiration and embarrassed revision.

I am speaking of that morning in the trailer. I am talking about the steam that had condensed on those louvered windows, blurring the walls with reflected and runny light. There was that lover on the other side of you, two moles on his belly perfectly matching two knots on the ceiling, knots I thought were spiders without my glasses. You had taken my glasses.

So you did not hold me as I had imagined. I woke earlier than either of you, trapped by your bodies in that bed, trapped and staring at the blurry walls, the unmoving spiders. I would drift back in and out of sleep dreaming that the spiders descended on those threads fine as your hair. They tunneled in my ears. They built webs in my brain. I saw you fluttering there.

Why? Why all of this now? I have a deadline tomorrow. Goaded on by your last cruel letter, I will submit something, how do they put it, "for consideration?" Just like all of the poems I send you, the ones that come back with dark fingerprints in the margins. I know he reads them. I hear him read them. It is a bad sort of puppetry, tangling the sticks and strings. What is it you said? "Your

work is impervious to the real word, both in content and process." I was frightened for a moment by your error, your missing "L" up there. Damn the real world Janny. It is an absurd phrase anyway. But the real word? And not even "real words" but singular, as if I had only missed one, but like salvation, the one not to miss. I wonder if he inserts this word as he is reading to you. I wonder if he knows this word in several foreign languages, fluent in mastery.

I wonder if this word echoes in that small trailer room as he smears the pages with motor grease. I have tasted those fingerprints, wondering how they differ from my own. I could not tell you. I can tell you only this:

As I write this I move toward a deadline, as I mentioned. I move toward it as subtly and quietly as my hand moved toward your hair, hovering over it, not quite convinced it could light, wind softly in the dark curls, without becoming trapped. I think I read "The Tar Baby" once too often as a child. Still, now, far from any bedroom, yours or mine, far from any bedtime stories or promises, **I move**. My hand decides which keys to press. My hands will tuck this in the brown Kraft paper submission envelopes. Yes, Janny, you shall have your pretty wish, but not without a certain price. A very wonderful price. A price that is owed me.

Real world. Mmmm. So you would have me write and live there. So be it. Yes. I can buy in to your hackneyed burdens of proof. I cannot, however, leave that other world of **stupid** love poems, our medium of exchange, without payment for all of the years you have fed on me. I know my spider dream held you in the web, but your capture was not the terror of the thing, only how your thrashing dismantled the fine intricate net, leaving it too tattered to be of any use in sustaining life. So here is my price: A shortish transference of you and him and me out of my notebooks and into your precious little "Real World." It does seem fair doesn't it? You give him my letters and poems to read aloud to you. Since you like the sound of my writing read aloud so much, I felt it time to ask everyone to read it aloud to you on the street. At bus stops.

In restaurants where ice melts on the table because you have spilled your water glass, children sliding off the table into a puddle on the floor. Real world. Angel. Murderess. Bitch. Here you are now, in it. People reading even as we speak, the printed word our only dialogue.

And the "Real Word." What of that? I think we have it down. **Submission.** The rendering up of everything for the sake of seeing a word or two in hard print, all at the risk of the quick no-thank-you-fold. Still. Even if only the Editors read this a few strangers will have heard of you. Perhaps even laughed. "How contorted, how simple, how vague." I hope you hear that laughter in your dreams, Muse, I hope it rumbles like an earthquake, I hope it moves all of your vases over the edges of tables, loosens the nails in that damnable trailer room and sends those two spiders crashing down upon your sleep. "Submission." Say it aloud twice. I have, coming to the conclusion that I must submit. Yes. I must acknowledge the wisdom of the Santa Barbaran Muse who comes to me via the divine channel of the mailman's hands. I must **publish.**

Happy?

I am not. There is an apology in here somewhere. Perhaps you will find it. I think the only poets who try to publish are those whose Muses do not sustain them. The only Muses who push so must be equally hungry. What better metaphor is there for divorce than this angry parting of worlds, of words? I hear the ripping, like skin down the back of a carcass. You will hear it too. He will hold you and cover your ears. He will try to keep you from it. He will whisper that I am just insane and so you are not to grieve. I am grieving, insane only then, only long ago when I believed I could never hurt you. But now I am a citizen of the real world.

Deadlines, sweetheart. Time to go.

C.

The Buck Knife

Damp creek
toads cuddle in the syrup of dark mud
a secret place
bare feet run along the footpath
down to the cellar
behind dusty jars
the knife
the smell of wool shirts
strong hands
a secret
we will sleep on cotton quilts
in the vineyard
tonight
steal red wine from the kitchen
tell stories of the creek
the cellar
the buck knife
a secret

—*Matthew Lernhart*

Trinity

In sunlight, brittle as glass
three horses wait
at the water trough
for the ice to be broken

They have breathed
before them, the warm vapor
of three perfect souls.

Across the stubbled field,
cups of hoof prints
are webbed with frost
like fine white hair,

and still, they wait—
horses in an older time
just beneath the thin
ice of my years.

—Chris Bristow

Aged Man —*Jesus Ramirez*



I Need A New Town

I need a new town
a separate piece alone
not a two-rest-stop town
all one minute fence
town on the highway but 10 and
population growing
seems big enough
I wanna see the buildings all bright
jutting from the ground
all shimmery and blackened grey like glass
darkening in the sun
I wanna hear those sounds that never stop
I wanna know that something is there
I wanna be
with no one caring
and walk streets anonymous with
every corner
turned and every foot
cement
until I believe that
the ground's like that
I wanna greet the street people
pieces of that glass all
hard and tired I wanna stare
them down and feel them ask
I wanna stalk along and not
be able to
gaze high enough to end that building
I wanna feel that wind
cut me pitiless until I
curse Damn
I wanna be the night
that's lit up more than day where
everybody is alive
until you know that people

take shifts hour to hour
to keep that city burning
all the time
I'm gonna stay
in that town 'til I'm sick
as hell of sound
and color
painting their designs on me
or
I become a city too
all hard and glassed eternal.

—*Lynn Mundell*

Man Against Man —*Jesus Ramirez*



Processing in at Vacaville: A Litany

Early morning bus-ride
sunrise and steel chains
iron bar doors slam shut
cuffs off
strip down
nothing left of outside
run fingers through hair
look inside mouth—lift tongue
extend hands—spread fingers
turn around—lift foot—toes spread
other foot—toes again
bend over—spread cheeks
towel roll—limp damp skivvies
medical history—got VD?
personal history
mother's name—know your father's?
who do we call if you get killed?
fingerprints—three cards—ink stained nails
photograph—date—prison number
snarl of grin under harsh light
“okay so you got me”
wait for housing—miss a meal
maybe two
led to cell
third tier—V wing
seagulls wheel through smeared panes
musty blankets—make up rack
sharp echo voices bounce off concrete
cut through steel door
trouble numb sleep

—Grant Branson

Raymond T.—Soledad, 1981

Tennis shoes with no socks
kicked back in the gate shack
feet up on the desk
tupperware cup of instant mud
and hand-rolled boogie woogie
“Yeah, bro—we’ll keep in touch.”

Four months later in Santa Cruz
talk of books and writers
things we ought to do
you’re ill-at-ease
out here in the world
shows in over-shoulder glances
and backs on walls in public places.

We’ll do this book together
about prisons and shit
tell the people what it’s like
everybody wants to know
fourteen years of living in the streets
and ten more behind the walls.

These days got a new address
flophouse hotel in the Tenderloin
hot meals at St. Vincent’s
record albums in a dumpster
traded for dollars or books
“Fuck, man—serendipity’s my middle name.”

My last letter returned
stamped with pointing fingers
moved—no forwarding address
 “Life on the streets ain’t so easy these days.
 Gettin’ old bro, got no more hustle.”
Where to now, brother?
Back inside the stone womb?

—*Grant Branson*

Girl At The Window —*Patricia Babcock*



Mad Dog Finds Critical Periphery
(You'll like this, Percy.)

A man it was
loaded up a Browning 12-gauge
went out after cactus

In Arizona it was
outside Tucson he found
one large and ancient *seguaro*

Stalked it he did
through barranca over sidewinder
trails on powdered clay

Eighteen rounds it was
he pumped into desert nobility
flesh for quiet mourning

Teeter it did
on buckshot-shredded trunk
a cartoon of regicide

Fall it did
on the Cactus-Slayer skipping
carelessly back to Four-by-Four

Killed him it did
in a shower of succulence
one giant thorn of life

February 5, 1982

—*Phillip Hemenway*

Mad Dog Joins Economics Faculty
(Open **your** IRA today!)

Lecture I

Some of you are perhaps
counting on some future autumn
heavy with ripe pears

when the walls of your house
are warmed and guarded
by heaped fodder and olive fires

where your dogs might sleep
in the soft havoc of fallen leaves
piled near a garden gate

where your children might
drop their trucks and dolls and
charge indoors to find you

crying Daddy Mommy Daddy Mommy
The Ice Cream Man is coming Can
we have a thousand dollars pleeease

—*Phillip Hemenway*

Mad Dog Gives Last Lecture

(Fare thee well, John Rossiter)

Ladies and gentlemen last evening
as you slept or drank or
wrapped yourselves everso deep

in thigh and graceful buttock
as you squirmed and moaned
or puked the two old mysteries

as you lay drunken with
wine woman food man
and the angel of your youth

I strangled Milton Friedman
in his sleep I used silk
for I have much humor

He felt nothing for I am
strong and truly compassionate
He is now as you gape to suffer

a national loss for I am
a true economist however
like Allende quite unemployable

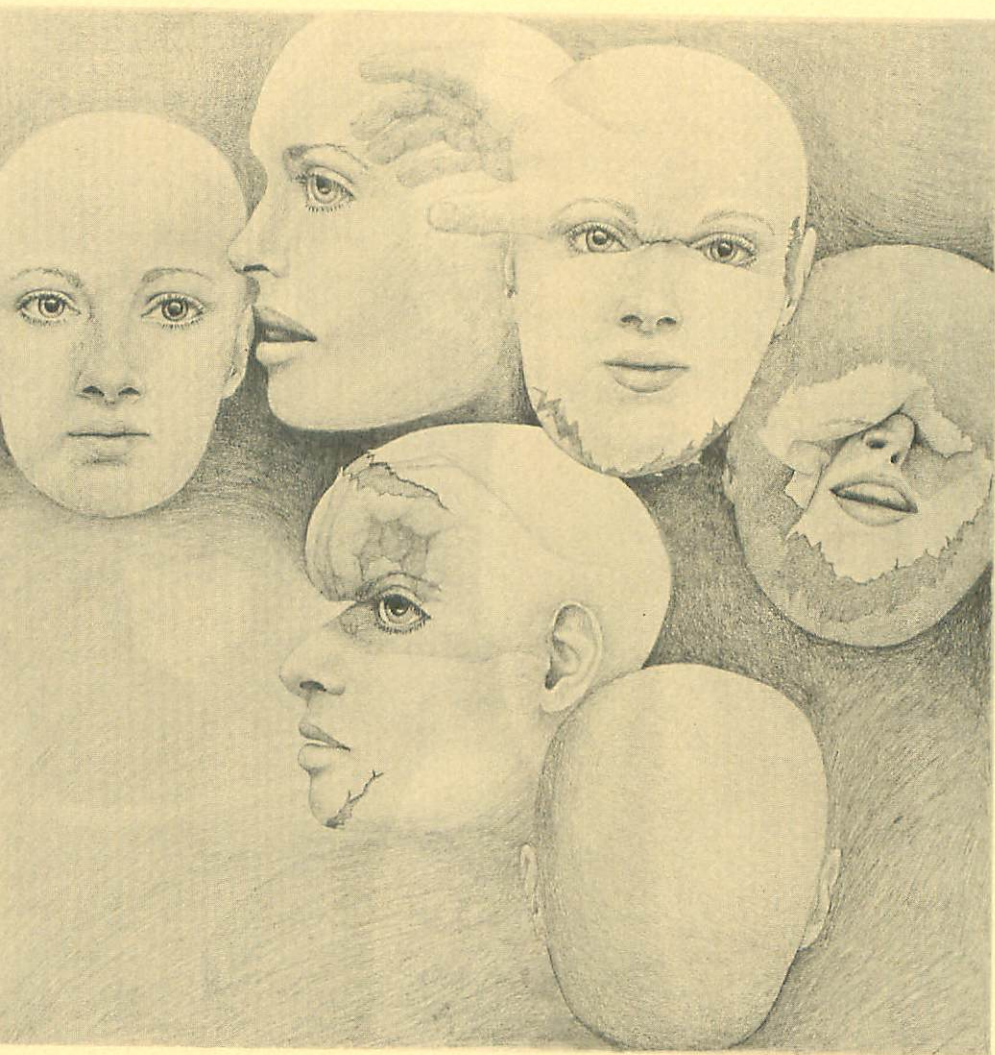
—Phillip Hemenway

Original Sin

Heavy squash rest their bellies against the dusty soil.
Tomatoes split
And drunken flies revel in sweet red blood.
Beans droop and fade under broad, brown-edged aprons
While next to them jade peppers push from the stalk
And red peppers hide from the slender touch of wrinkled hands
And grow soft.
The sun falls
And impregnates rows of burning zinnias;
And a fevered benediction waves over the rows
Shimmering.

—Elizabeth Renfro

Introspection —*Colleen Gray*



Up, Franklin!

Franklin, stop your vulgate curses!
Look at you, you old tosspot,
spitting your burrito all over the piano keys,
lamenting your improbable fate
in the face of your neglected grandchildren.
Old age has kicked you like a mule,
and you, stunned and disheveled, have forgotten
that this is Satyr Day! Satyr Day, you old fool,
when fountains burst from sealed graves,
when pandas gather in hordes
across the nation's shower-sodden cemetery lawns,
and plums taste magnificent,
and children parade through the lamplit catacombs
on the backs of white okapis, singing praises,
singing "Oli-bran-ta-tatum-ta!", the hymns of Orion,
sharing mango fruit with the aged ministers,
shaking pillow cases full of flour over the sacred ponds
(and growing whiter by the minute).
And at noon the fauns gather at the fountains,
goat hooves sinking in the wet lawns of the dead.

Wildlife congregates: bulldogs, pit vipers, llamas, doves
(Oh! Hundreds of doves, frolicking carefree above the fountains),
minks, rhinos, pigeons, kangaroos, and, of course, the pandas,
black and white and roaring like Baptists in the rain,
chasing orange pelicans between the granite tombstones,
shaking those cemetery crosses between soggy mudstained paws,
pouncing the wet earth beneath the turquoise geysers.
On your feet, Franklin! Old age is upon us both,
but I won't have you dreaming of wasted afternoons,
of past centuries wasted in the rock quarries of your past.
Up, old man, up! To the shower with you!
The satyr's conch is already blowing at the street corner,
and the children's faces are pressed tight against the windows
staring intently at the passing golden chariots.

—Ed Aust

What it is

My first lovely insect
—my only lovely insect—
was a praying mantis
until Curtis Addie's hi-tops
put it one-dimensional.

Once, on his porch
Billy Nash squashed moths I
had insisted were butterflies.

Today a cat napped in the street.
Still, maybe hurt. Closer, maybe not.
There was a kitten sniffing at it
and a jogger. "Do you think . . .," I said.
He bent to grab the tail
and whirled the gray in the bushes
trailing blood from the mouth
running on.

Because you've asked:
It is your beauty
that frightens me.

—Lorene Praisewater

Honey Run

If you fell from the Honey Run Bridge
we would watch you surface safely
Of course the water is cold
and touch-bottom shallow
The smooth stones don't care much
for company but they won't hurt you
If you had to fall from a bridge
this would be the one

If you fell from the cliffs
above Honey Run
Well, I would yell out
Relax and try to land softly
A few years ago Jack the dog
got carried away chasing a stick
We figured for sure he would be
dead in the branches of a pine
When we finally got down into the canyon
we found him
running around pissing on every tree
And he was carrying a stick
but it was just one he'd picked-up down there

If you fell from the Magalia Flume
where it runs along the deep gorge
that becomes the Feather River
Now that would be a different story
As you hit the water
the trout and squawfish
would disappear into the color of shade
As your body settled
the jar of salmon eggs
you were holding would come undone

The small glowing fireballs
sway down all around you
Eventually the fish would gather
If someone was watching
it would look as if
the fish were trying
to carry you
back to us

—*Mark Rodriguez*

The Sailor —*Dena Ratner*



Sandra Warren's Secret

—Kate Hulbert

The Warrens lived across the street from us in Brady's Landing. Their house was large and white and pillared after the style of a southern ante-bellum mansion. On the front veranda sat white wrought iron furniture—two leafy chairs and a small table to the left and a matching love seat on the right. In summer there were always flowers on the small table. No one ever sat there.

Every Saturday morning, George Warren and his two sons worked cheerfully in the yard. They raked and edged, trimmed and weeded—joking as they worked. "Hey, there, Sport, you seem to have missed those leaves under the rhododendron." "Well, gee, Dad, we have to leave something for you to do."

George Warren was a banker. Well-to-do. The upper crust of Brady's Landing. While he and his sons worked, passers-by often stopped to talk. "George, I don't know how you do it. My kids never do a thing around our place."

"Well, Martin, if they want to hit a few golf balls after lunch, they know they have to hustle. Got to keep this place up, you know."

"Boy, you said it. Always work to do on a place. Hey, when they're through here, send them over to my place. They could teach Bobby a few lessons."

God, how we hated them. Yank and J.J. were exemplary. Mrs. Warren's name was Sandra. Not Sandy, not ever. She was said to look as though she had just stepped out of a band box, and because I didn't know what a band box was, I assumed that it was something like a doll box—that it was that cellophaned-front cardboard box that high priced dolls came in.

Her clothes were quietly expensive and tasteful. Her shoes always matched her bag, and her nail polish always matched her lipstick. Her shoulder-length, brown hair always looked just set and brushed. People marveled that although she never went to the hairdresser's, her hair was always beautiful. Magazine beautiful.

Sandra Warren came to our house only to play bridge. My mother usually went to the hairdresser that Wednesday even when she and Maybelle were going to clean the house on Thursday. When Sandra Warren entered a house children were told to be quiet even though she was always pleasant and smiling and never seemed to be bothered by anything. She was, I overheard, an excellent bridge player—yet she never minded being paired with a weak partner and lost a poorly played hand with good humored grace. When refreshments were served she had one piece of cake and one cup of coffee. She never drank the offered brandy.

I had seen the inside of the main part of the Warren house only from the front door when twice, Mrs. Warren bought Girl Scout Cookies. Two boxes of thin mints. I don't remember much except that past the white entrance hall through an arch to the left, everything was beige with touches of soft blue and peach.

I have often tried to remember a clue—to recall a sign of Sandra Warren's secret. Nothing comes to mind.

It was late October my freshman year of high school, when I began cutting across the Warren's yard on my way home from babysitting. I had taken to memorizing Longfellow's "Hymn to the Night" in sections and then saying it to myself as I walked every Thursday and Friday night from the Simsons' dark yard through the empty lot to the Warren's, where I'd sneak past the other side of their garage and down the driveway to High Street. It only took ten minutes, but in the leaf-rustling Ohio October, midnight was a scary hour.

I told myself that I recited Longfellow as a sort of incantation to drive away my fears, but re-reading it now, I realize that was not the truth.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight
The manifold soft chimes,
That fill the haunted chambers of the Night
Like some old poet's rhymes

No. I recited "Hymn to the Night" because it was so eerie and dramatic. I recited it because in my own controlled way I was reveling in the haunted crisp October moon. I recited it to scare the hell out of myself.

It was on a full-mooned, autumn Thursday night that I was rounding the Warren's garage murmuring moonward:

I heard the trailing garments of the Night
Sweep through her marble halls!
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
From the celestial walls!

"Who's that?"

"Oh, God!"

"Who's that?"

"Me—I . . ."

Dimly lit by the blue shine of the moon an apparition appeared at the driveway side of the Warren's screened-in back porch. A gauzy evanescence wavered in the window.

"What were you saying?" The words ran together like liquid.

"It's a poem. Mrs. Warren?"

"Shhh. Don't say it. My, no. Never say it out loud. Supposed to be sleeping."

"I was just going home from babysitting."

The wavering form stumbled forward—nose flat against the screen. "Oh, dear. You better be quieter. Quite quieter. Come up here; don't bang the screen. Shhh."

"Are you ok?"

I was not prepared for what I saw as I opened the screen door. Mrs. Sandra Warren had flopped down on the cushioned wicker couch. She was wearing a full-length, long-sleeved, white peignoir. One foot wore a white silk mule and the other only nail polish. Her knees were spread wide apart and she held a bottle in her right hand, propped on her right knee. Her head was tilted

toward her left shoulder, and there was something curiously odd about her hair. "I see you sneaking by at night."

"Well, I don't really sneak, I just cut through . . ."

"I see you sneaking by the garage and down the drive. I see you sneaking out at night. You're Maggie Bartlett, aren't you, Maggie?"

"I'm going home from babysitting . . ."

"NO." She lifted the bottle and held it to her mouth with two hands. "People sneak away. Only away. Shhh."

"I didn't . . ."

"Shhh. Sit."

I sat on the wicker footstool by the door trying to think of what to say. She laid her head back against the cushion and I stared through the dim light trying to decide what made her look so odd. Her forehead looked huge—like a baby's broad head, and the hair lay dangling in thin strands showing her ears. Her eyes were closed and her hand began slipping slowly down the neck of the bottle. She started convulsively and jerked the bottle down to rest between her upper thighs. "What . . ."

"What?"

"What are you saying when you go?"

"What?"

"I know what I'm saying. Shhh. I'm saying, 'I hate you, you bastard.'" She was sitting up, listing forward, peering slouch-eyed through the haze of her drink. She waited.

"I'm saying a poem."

She shook her head slightly, "That's all right."

Having no idea what to say next, I shifted my books from one arm to the other and started to stand.

"He used to call me Shady. He used to say, 'Come here, Shady Lady.'"

"Did he?"

"Before they were born."

"Oh."

"Before they were born."

"Yes."

"Now he says, 'Stay over there, mother.'"

"Uh huh."

"I'm not his mother."

"No."

She tipped her head back and again drank from the bottle. I could smell the whisky. She stiffened and sat up and suddenly I realized what was wrong with her hair. Horrified, I drew back against the wall.

"What did you say?"

"Your hair."

"Yes. He loved my hair. Ha ha! Shhh. He'd rub it on his chest and face and . . ." She shook her head to clear it. "What about my hair?"

"It's upside down." I was barely breathing.

She put the bottle on the floor and placed both fists on her hips—elbows out—like a farm woman. I could feel her glare, and I squirmed on my stool like a night crawler.

"So what?" she spat in a whisper.

"I don't know."

"Well, yes you do. You do know. As a matter of fact, I don't give a damn if you do. I just put it on because I saw you sneaking around the garage. I just put it on for you and you're nothing but a kid and really I don't give a damn."

I was transfixed. I wanted to say something to make her continue. "I understand." I didn't, of course. I didn't understand anything about this drama that I was witnessing except that Mrs. Sandra Warren was sloppy, stinking drunk and that she had her hair on upside down. "I understand." It was the right thing to say. She calmed down at once.

"Do you?"

"Yes, I do."

"At first I did it to get even, but now I can't help it."

"I know."

"I can't help it." She picked up the bottle and drank. I could hear her throat constrict as the whisky went down. The moon had cleared the porch eaves and shone directly into the window. Her eyes looked big and intense as a child's in the blue-white light. Her hand fluttered to her forehead, feeling the hair. She pressed her fingers over her

lips and let out a tiny squeaking giggle. I smiled, trying to look as though I knew what was going on. Slowly, she lowered her hand to her breast. "You think it's funny."

"No. No, I don't," I said, trying to sound heavily sincere.

"It isn't funny."

"No."

"There's nothing funny about **this**." She reached up, and with her polished index finger and thumb, snatched off the wig. She was, as my father used to say about the postman, as bald as a billiard ball. Her head shone blue-white—glowed like the lighted ball on top of Tony's barber pole.

"What happened?" I breathed in, and held it.

"I do it. I pick it out." She reached for the bottle, and while it was tipped up to her lips she looked like the postman in drag. "I can't help it."

"Why?"

"It starts to grow in and I feel it and—it's a compulsion. I have to do it."

"You pick it out?"

"One at a time. I like to." She drank again, and I could see the whisky dribble from her chin wetting her white breast with a growing spot.

"You like to?"

"Yes." She put down the bottle and leaned her round bare head against the cushion; her eyes were closed. In a moment she began to snore. Slumped there, she looked so small.

I wanted to ask her more and I sat there hoping she'd wake up, but her head slipped to the side and her breaths grew slow and deep. She still snored softly. I leaned forward and felt for the wig on the floor. It was warm—soft, and I put it in her lap and stood up. I could see a light turn on inside the house, so I clutched my books and slipped out the screen door. I was streaking on tiptoe down the driveway when I heard his muffled, intense voice, then hers, then the slam of a door, then silence.

I quoted Longfellow in doubletime until I reached my

back door, and panting, I let myself in. The house was quiet and dark except for the hall light. I nearly ran to the stairs, wanting the solitude of my room; the safety of my bed.

"Why are you so late?"

I whirled round to see my father looking stern. "I stayed to talk."

"I heard you running down the driveway. What the hell were you mumbling about?"

"It's a poem. I have to memorize it for school." My voice sounded high and shaky.

"That's all right. Well, get to bed. You wouldn't be so jumpy if you got more sleep."

After that night, I went home from babysitting the long way, so it wasn't until several weeks later that I saw her again—except at a distance. She came to play bridge. My heart was pounding as I said hello to her, but she didn't waver, even when she looked directly into my eyes. I thought I might have seen a flicker when Mrs. Rosen complimented her on her hair, but it might have been my imagination.

When my mother offered brandy, she said, as usual, "No thank you."

Untitled —*Jesus Ramirez*



CONTRIBUTORS' NOTES

Ed Aust is pursuing a Masters Degree in Communications Studies. He says, "I have recently discovered that God is not silent. That makes all the difference. Poetry? I have never been able to understand it. It is a mystery that I love."

Patricia Babcock is a printmaking and watercolor major graduating this May with a B.A. in Art and Honors in English. She began printing and painting three years ago and has recently submitted a children's story for publication. She has received numerous awards for her art work in the past two years, and has work displayed in the permanent print collection in the Janet Turner Gallery.

Grant Branson is a freelance writer and photographer who contributes regularly to the "Chico News and Review" newspaper. As a Co-ordinator for the Chico Poets organization, he helped organize the Summer, 1982 Velveeta Readings, and the Spring, 1983 Poetry and Music Festival. He has seen Vacaville and Soledad from the inside.

Chris Bristow lives and works in Chico and is an occasional student.

Colleen Gray says that although her Ohio high school was as exciting as a coma, she found refuge in the art room. After three years of art classes at the University of Cincinnati, she moved to California and studied graphic design at Davis. Later she came to Chico, where she says she has been sitting ever since.

Phillip Hemenway gives the following vital statistics: Born: 3-22-48 Gridley, Ca / MA, CSU, Chico, 1973 / Teach French and English at Butte College / Have pasta fetish.

Kate Hulbert hopes to receive her MA in English this spring. She would like to thank CSUC for contributing to her expertise as a dilettante.

Matthew Lernhart is a Communications major at Chico State. A fifth generation Californian, he originally hails from the Napa Valley. Upon graduation he plans to pursue a career in journalism - and travel the world in search of great adventure.

Denise Levertov, an internationally acclaimed poet, was a guest speaker at CSUC's 1983 Fine Arts Festival. Her writing has received many awards and has been published under her own titles as well as in literary magazines and anthologies. She has been active in political issues such as world peace efforts and the anti-nuclear movement.

Lynn Mundell is a freshman English major at CSUC who hates crowds, loves people, and believes in contradiction. She would thoroughly enjoy being a wealthy, non-suffering writer.

Craig Philbrook offers the following statement: "I wrote a personal ad once. This is harder; I can't decide if I'm selling or explaining. Either way there is this persistent sensation that I do not have enough time to do either; the product is too strange, too complicated to pawn off in a paragraph."

Lorene Praisewater says she's a student who is trying to discover a secondary color to replace orange. She says she is also seeing an analyst to reach an acceptance of this color.

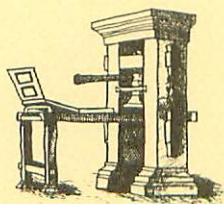
Jesus Ramirez, an Art major at CSUC, received the 1983 Mary Alquist Memorial Art Scholarship Award. His work has been displayed by galleries in Guadalajara, Mexico, as well as by galleries on campus in Chico. He plans to extend his artistic efforts to painting murals.

Dena Ratner is a Master's candidate in sculpture at CSUC. She expects to graduate this spring, but may decide to pursue a second Master's degree in drawing. Her work has been displayed by various local galleries. She is an Art

teacher at Lassen Community College in Susanville, where she lives with her husband and four-year old daughter.

Elizabeth Renfro is a part-time instructor at CSU, Chico.

Mark Rodriguez lives in Chico and works for the Poets in the Schools organization. He drives a 1956 V.W. called "Born to Run," and says that because he is left-handed he owes the Devil a day's work.



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