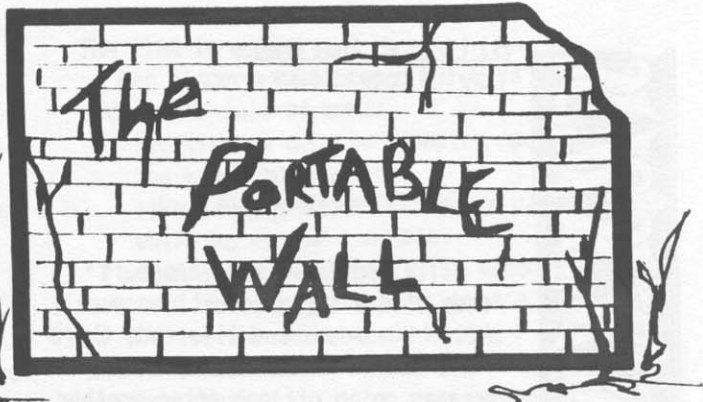


**An Alternative
Publication of
Thoughts &
Centre Voices**

**Volume I : issue 2
27 Oct. 1989**



Poetry:

- "Religion"
Dana Venator pg 5
"I Can't Tell You This"
Coleen Eliot pg 11
"Homecoming: Woman's Tale"
J. W. Cooper pg 3
"Or Does It" pg 10
"To Hell With Feminism"
pg 10
"I'm Hearing...Young Girls"
pg 9
"Anger and Passion Mix..."
T.alan Robinson pg 9
"Animal Dreams" pg 7

Essays:

- Absurd Observations
William Tucker pg 11
Anoche pg 5
Leaves and a Startling
Revelation
Jon Cooley pg 6
Talk About the Weather
Stormy Weather pg 8

Fiction:

- Silence Screams
Rich Ellis pg 2
The Deviant
Chris Pyle pg 7

Artwork/Caroons

- Limited Amnesty pg 8
Autumn Tree pg 6

Her eyes seemed weak
from centuries of crying
(Deviant, pg 7)

I had already kicked him
in the balls..there is
an unwritten rule...
that you can't hit your
brother in the face...
(Silence Screams, pg 2)

And somewhere the thief
of her heart is safe,
secure...
(Homecoming, pg 3)

If those motor-mouth
meteorologists don't
like the cold, they
should get out of the
refrigerator. (pg 8,
Talk About the Weather)

I made a wish. The next
day it came true.
(Anoche, pg 5)

A declaration of love/
So heartfelt/ Means
everything../Or does it?
(Titleless, pg 10)

Silence Screams

by Rich Ellis

Kirk
(Aaaaaah!)

life begins with a scream it
ends with a scream sometimes surely
when the screams end life ends there
are now no tears no frowns only
screams going off one after another
so fast none can be let out I try to
fake it if only a thought it sounds
fake the true screams are only part
way up from last night's journey they
will soon erupt taking some life with
them to be lost with echoes
pseudo-life
memories alone returning not a scream
but a hundred million birthing
screams awaiting my face my words my
brain hurting so much I can savor
none of them only in shots only one
scream can I savor I can hear him
falling screaming hitting
dying ending stopping
screaming

It is late. My roommate sits close
by-- silent. I, too, am silent. I'm
loving it. He is thinking something
is wrong. Silence scares him; he's
been in it too long. My silence is
new; my life has been too loud. I
value the silence, cherish it.

I.

I'm lying in my womb-- or rather it
is my mother's. I've been here
forever, I suppose. I mean I don't
remember arriving. I see through the
blood and pink flesh an unnaturally
colored object cutting my mother's
stomach. I wince. I'm being careful
to avoid it, but it seems there's
never much room in here. It continues
to part the stomach, but not the red
sea of blood that is spewing over my
womb. Beyond it there is something
new, something I don't recognize. A
giant's thumb reaches behind my neck
and yanks me out of my silent world
of gurgles and squirms into the
blinding light. My first birth. I
look around, unable to see or scream.
Obviously they are not pleased, so
they dip my legs in something that
feels like home but is cold. Still
blind and dumb, someone hits me. All
right already!

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!

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Homecoming: Woman's Tale

J. Winston Cooper

Her house warm and full of spaghetti smell
They're standing in the kitchen
and Debby funnels marbles she's collected
on the beach

 into green glass bottles
as the poet chops garlic--

 Talking quietly among dark cabinets
their words rustling in the dried flowers.

 She drops an aggie sideways
 across the tiles.

 It scuttles like the blue crabs
 that used to escape
 from late summer's boiling pot.

The labrador nuzzles it softly

 "Hey, where are you going?"

and the poet smiles into his thick beard.

 "You lost one."

Finally the seasons turn into one another
with joy: her life secure, love, and
even the bedroom full:

jars, driftwood, coins, buttons.

A green quilt thrown across their legs.

The wind is colder;

 her fingers numb around her keys
a cartrunk full of mums:

 the kitchen door is flapping open
 the house apologetic
 like a woman whose skirts are caught
 whirling up for a moment.

"I'm home" and closing all the windows

 "Hell, it's cold in here, what's the idea?

 I leave for the weekend and"

the house is full of leaves

bottles smashed

 under them

rolling red & yellow glass

"damn it" she's mad to crying

 it's all shattered

the drawers empty overturned

ragged flaps of wallpaper

where the door has torn again

 and again with slamming wind.

And somewhere the thief of her heart
is safe, secure; and here,

the worn collection downed her house

 invaded reeking of spillage

 and an empty copper kettle

angrily bent

like a bad dream

across a railing outside.

II.

"Boys, I'm leaving, and I won't be
back." I don't remember the scream
Mom will never forget. It feels like
a scream now.

Rod and I were in our room lying on
our Snoopy sleeping bags watching
Shazam on our black and white, red
white and blue television, our
Saturday morning idol.

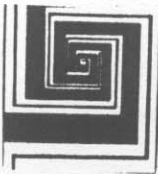
Our real idol walked into the room.
Everything about our room felt green.

We had the largest and greenest room
in the house--perhaps to keep us
alive. Dad was wearing a brown dude
cap and a brown trench coat carrying
a brown weekend suitcase. He was
right there. The brown never left
after that; he did.

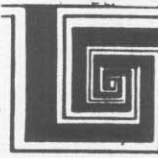
"Boys, I'm leaving."

"Bye Dad. Bye Dad. I love you. I
love you."

continued on pg. 4



4



My dad was the mayor and left often for days at a time so this was a natural announcement. I assumed he went to Washington to meet with President Ford. Then came the unnatural words that ripped from my womb, and this time I knew what to do.

"Boys, I'm leaving, and I won't be back."

"Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!"

I hope you won't blame my Mom for this. She didn't know what she was saying.

One day maybe two months, maybe two years after my Dad left, Rod and I were fighting between "Star Trek" or "Happy Days" on the "idiot box", as Mom referred to it. I had already kicked him in the balls, so he was mad. Still there was no hitting in the face; there is an unwritten universal rule in my mind that you can't hit your brother in the face. Rod threw me into the plant wall. I knocked over Mom's plant ladder. It shattered along with the three plants on it. This was trouble-- big enough trouble to stop the fighting for a second. We were soon back at the business at hand, but my heart wasn't in it; I was caught up in the plant ladder. It was the only thing I could remember Mom buying for herself since Dad had left. Everything had gone for us. She walked in. As I see her now she was silent, tired and--almost like she was going to cry the way Dad did the day he left, and the way we all did every day. She yelled almost none but said...

"Boys, I'm leaving...."

"until you can behave" was the rest, but no one heard that. Even Mom couldn't have heard it over my scream. Some months ago she told me that was the worst thing she ever

said. I'm glad she told me that. I wish she'd told me that then, so I'd known she wouldn't leave me too.

III.

"Grandpa, is that her?"

"Oh, I don't know son."

A silent seventyish man sits at a diner counter at The Grider Pharmacy sipping a cup of coffee. Down the row is a woman, sophisticated and strikingly attractive for her age, also sipping coffee. He begins to feel the pangs of a child within him he thought had been put to rest.

"It is her. Oh God, that's her!"

"Yes, I think it is."

"Ask her!"

"O.K. son."

"Excuse me miss. Could I ask your name?"

"Melissa Hayden," she says willingly.

"Melissa May Hayden?"

"Yes."

It's her! I told you it was her! Look at her eyes! We've been there!

Still calmly, "I'm Rich Ellis. I don't know if you'll remember; we used to date in the eighties at Centre."

I loved you--remember?

"Oh, sure I remember," she offered.

"I was quite fond of you, you know."

Tell her! Tell her I love her! I love you! I love you!

At this his silence was only interrupted by a small chill of death. He managed, "Well it was nice seeing you," and with those words he slew, laid to rest forever, the scream within his silence.



Anoche

by □

Someone once told me to try and count all the stars, and that it would tire me out. I don't see how. I could look at the stars for hours, especially if I take all the science out of it. Just looking at the night sky makes me feel warm.

I remember staying out late one night while I was spending time near the beach. I walked along the shore and listened to the ocean. Then I looked up at the sky. It was absolutely clear with almost new moon lighting. I could see a near perfect circle of stars. The entire sky was my circle. I could see where they stopped at the horizon, and how they were more condensed straight overhead.

I sat down on a rentable lounge and lay back. I just stayed there staring at the night sky.

I started looking for familiar constellations, but as I didn't know many, that ended quickly. Then I watched. I watched everything. I lost all perspective. I even got a slightly dizzy feeling. The sky twisted around every now and then, or so it seemed, because I stared at it so hard.

Then I saw one. It went in the corner of my eye, but I'm sure that's what it was: a shooting star. I made a wish. The next day it came true.

I saw many shooting stars that evening. I didn't wish on all of them. "Better not press your luck," I thought. Every one of the stars was different from the one before. But each was as beautiful as the last.

*

5

Religion

by Dana Venator

Out of the mine of human experience
It is possible to craft a theology.
But a pickax will only get you
A rock of presuppositions.
The rock must be melted by
familiarity
And the superstitions scraped off.
Only then can the cooled and
purified ore
Be forged into faith.
Heat the pristine ingot in
challenges,
And on the anvil of contradictions
Hammer out the shape with study.
Temper the piece in reason,
And there you have it:
A frying pan.

I'm sitting outside right now. I'm watching the night sky again. This time is a bit different. The moon is a little too bright. It's just now waning from a fullness. The stars aren't quite as visible. There is a busy road behind me that blocks out any of the evening's sounds. But still I watch.

I watch for beauty.

I watch for luck.

I watch for love.

Maybe, just maybe, I'll see a shooting star and it will grant me the luck of the beauty of love.

Leaves and a Startling Revelation

by Jon Cooley

At around seven o'clock on a Wednesday night, I sat in one of the reading chairs on the side of Doherty which faces the student center. I was just preparing to peruse the Apology by Plato for my Thursday Humanities class. Before I could begin, however, I happened to glance out the window and down to the ground where a thick layer of leaves lay. In that instant, I forgot all about Plato for the next twenty minutes.

The Buddha received enlightenment as he was sitting under a tree. Well, I'm not the Buddha, and I don't claim to be enlightened. But, as I gazed down at that simple layer of leaves, I saw my life up to now and my life from now on in one swift glance.

As a leaf provides of itself to nourish the tree, so I give of myself to humanity to nourish its continuity. As a leaf ages, so will I. And as a leaf dies and plummets to the ground to lie unseen (?) among hundreds like itself, so I, too, will eventually perish and return to the earth.

What, then, is the hope for the future? It is this:

After the leaf has disappeared forever, it has provided the material to feed its mother the tree. Even in this final analogy, I am like the leaf. Once I have passed from existence, I will have left some legacy which will enhance the life of some future person(s). To do any less than my utmost would cheat those humans yet unborn of a part of their heritage, even if they do not realize it. (continued on pg 7)



Original Artwork by
Martha Kelly

The corners of Deviant's mouth twitched as he entered Paradise. It passed for smiling with him. He watched beautiful women frolicking nude in a fountain and breathed air thick with perfume. His mouth almost twitched again.

"Don't ogle the merchandise. I know you're not here to buy."

Deviant stared at his shoes. "Savant."

Madame Savant gave the impression of timelessness. Her skin was tight and smooth. Her figure was perfect. Her eyes seemed weak from centuries of crying. The way she clenched her jaw spoke of understanding beyond her years.

"I liked you better with the beard."

"I'm growing it back."

"Let's talk privately." He followed to her office. As the door shut on perfume and Paradise, Deviant felt the weight of the real world on his shoulders once more.

"I heard you were dead."

"Not from them." He pointed to the wall made up of moving still-lives. One like it was in every room in every building in the O.N.U.G. For the masses, it was their window into the larger universe. The never ending broadcast told them everything they needed to know.

"No, from the few people you didn't kill before disappearing. You took a big chance coming here. A lot of those corpses were my customers."

"I'm still breathing."

"Only as long as I say so."

Deviant said nothing.

Savant sighed, then smiled. There was something terribly human about Deviant that she could not resist.

"Where are you headed?"

Deviant opened his mouth as if to speak several times before he actually spoke.

"I don't know."

Animal Dreams

All across the globe
children are dreaming
their eyes hands feet
twitchingly unquiet
their soft young lips
moving against blankets
mother's breasts
dirt floors.
You wake them, the
scientists say,
and they will be dreaming
of animals--
tall horses
wild toothed beasts
gentle smiling birds.
All across the globe
children are dreaming
in the same animal language.



Leaves, continued

The last of the sunlight faded, just as my own light will fade, and I could not see the leaves which had affected me so deeply. Then, a light flared off in the distance, and I could see the leaves again. I knew that the light came from nothing more important than a streetlight, but I just could not bring myself to think of it as anything less than the light of knowledge which seemed to be closer than it was before.

I finished this essay just as one more leaf floated gently down to the ground to lie among its fellows, contented.

Talk About the Weather

by Stormy Weather

8

"Gee, Sally, looks like it's gonna be another nippy night, huh?" Frown, frown.

"Yeah, Dick, it's just miserable out there. 38 degrees. It's freezing. We'll probably die." Scowl, scowl.

"Yes, Sally, I guess we have a bleak weekend ahead of us." Pout, pout.

Who's that? Doesn't it sound like those T.V. meteorologists who are supposed to report the news objectively? Why is it such a tragedy when it's cold outside? Or, for that matter, when it's hot? Those people are never happy. If it's raining, they want it to stop. If it's not raining, oh my, it's a drought, quick, somebody do a rain dance or something!

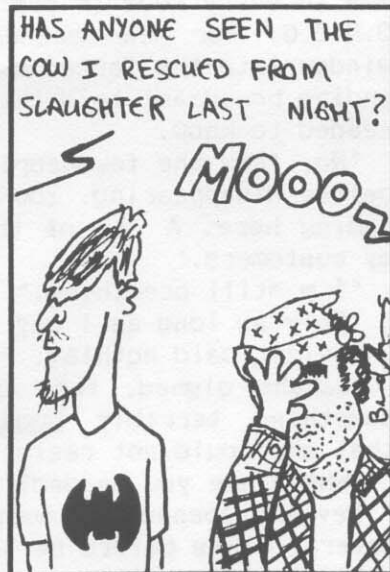
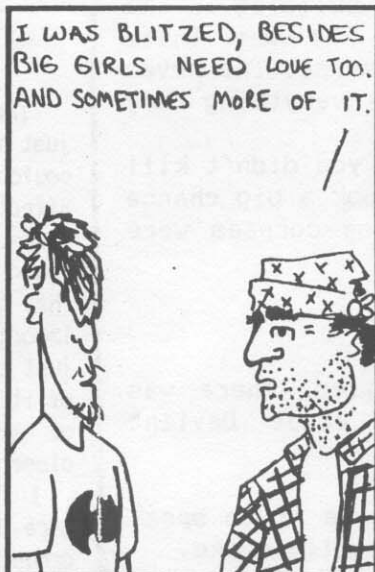
I like this weather we're having. I like it so windy you can see Fall actually falling. Consider all the great fun ahead of us. We'll go traying and take ski trips. All you girls can wear those big sweaters you bought for your boyfriends. And speaking of love, we'll be finding out who's really in love enough to run that flame through that blizzard. To see the seasons change (even daily, as they seem to do in Kentucky), is a magical, wonderful piece of luck. We should pull on our long undies, bound outside, and see how precious it all really is.

I think if those motor-mouth meteorologists don't like the cold, they should get out of the refrigerator. Maybe they should move to California and complain about the quakes.

Limited Amnesty

By Brad Thomas

Taken From the CENTO'S
file 13



I'm hearing all the young girls
talkin about you.

They say

look at his eyes smilin
and his ass
underneath those jeans
my oh my

and they say

how'd you like to do some
lovin with him?

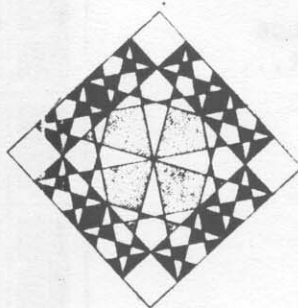
and you can see

flickerin in their lips
an urge to take you on down
and do some touchin.

Oh, all those young girls
are a'talkin 'bout how fine
you would be

but they don't even know
what kind of loving you can do
when the clock goes on toward midnight.

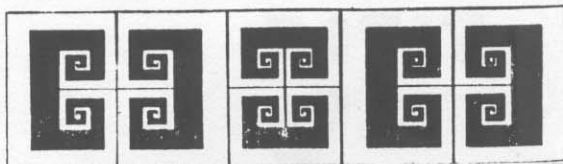
TITLE L E S S



Anger and passion mix together
and separate as the stirring slows.
God, I want you
now as you leave
or I do. To have died in you
amazes my anger
and selfish pride;
for it is at this point
I love you most
when you hate me
looking coldly through other's hands.
Those gone by fail to know
the loving which I have known
and come to hate and fear
and desire with all that keeps me alive.
If you knew me would you take
my passions as your own
and begin to love this prison
whose bars hold your picture
in me.

--T. alan Robinson--

To hell with feminism.
 Here is my idea of a perfect night
 he said.



A passing glance
 So nonchalant...
 Means nothing
 or does it?

A spoken word
 So brief...
 Means nothing
 or does it?

A childlike laugh
 So fleeting...
 Means nothing
 or does it?

A tender touch
 So hesitant...
 Means nothing
 or does it?

A declaration of love
 So heartfelt
 Means everything...
 or does it?



we meet in a cafe
 and I take you home
 and undress you
 and slowly
 bathe you

running the
 water gently my hand
 worshipful
 dry and dress you
 lacing the corset
 this binding of you to me
 slipping the velvet down around
 your shoulders touching
 your collarbones the pit in
 their meeting

and I will feed you
 wine and if you can gasp
 then bread and
 this meal I seasoned with
 self-grown herbs from a
 stone bordered garden

I will be Louis Napoleon
 in the days before Eugenie lost the
 children in bloody miscarriage
 when she still lit candles
 in the room corners
 and smiled, Spanish and inviting
 and I will call you my love
 my queen my infinite one.

I will tie you
 to the dark rich warm bed--
 and you will offer your life to me,
 because you want to surrender
 the heaviness of modern progression
 and I will explore the
 curves of you the surrender of you
 until there is no humiliation,
 and loving you
 more than anything in this world
 you will be mine
 and our fantasies will be trust
 beyond love
 beyond control.

--mwm--

Absurd Observations
by William Tucker

Last night I walked out of Olin into the crisp clear night and felt the refreshing cold. I had been at the computer too long. It had seemed only minutes ago when I had believed that man could find a way to reduce everything into a system of numbers. Now, as my eyes adjusted to the starlight, I realized just once more that life is more than a bunch of numbers.

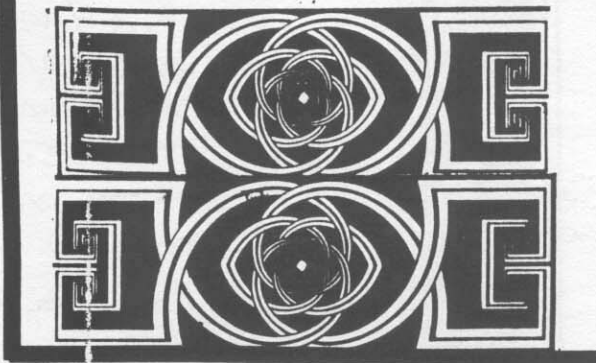
Everyone looks at numbers, especially when looking into college. I'm sure every student here has. What is the class size? How much does it cost? or How far from home is it? are all questions asked when trying to decide on a college. Consider these questions: How happy are the students? What are the personalities of students and staff? These questions, and hundreds of others, cannot be answered by a series of numbers.

Mankind will never be able to scale a person's reaction to spectacular sunset or the view from a high mountain peak. Still, we convert everything to numbers. The Myers-Briggs Type Indicator (a common personality index) reduces a person's ideas and beliefs to a series of numbers. Knowledge is consistently scaled using numbers, yet it may not accurately indicate the true amount learned. (You may even be a number in some registrar's office!)

I Can't Tell You This
Coleen Eliot

From the west comes a woman
And she is beautiful...
I think I know her some already.
She must be something like me
Because she loves you.
But what is the difference
That you love her?

I always talk to you, from
A need to know you.
I need to know her, too, I think.
I like her already, because
She makes you love her.
But once I know her--
 how she loves you--
Then I can lay down my hope and
Let you have her. But
 I'll never lay down my love.



People persist in converting everything to numbers. Statisticians are especially guilty of this, but really we all try to do it. Yet imagine one looking at the "Troops Los:" column and not regretting the sum of tens of thousands. Imagine man reduced to a number. Do you see why things can't be allowed to "just" be a number?

DANDYLIONS AND DOG DOO

Dandylions to the women's field hockey team for standing up for themselves.

Dog Doo to the administration for cancelling classes for President Adams' installation - why couldn't it have been an evening or a Sunday?

Dog Doo to Dean Hammond's idea to pick up Sunday Courier Journal from 12-1 at Sadeliffe! NO ONE is there 12-1 - I've gotten one paper in 4 weekends - and that one was on Monday! C'mon, think of something better!

Dog Doo to pre-cooked food in "the Pit" - we eat there because it's (supposedly) fresh!

Dandylions to the later hours in the library - we need the extra hour!

Dandylions to the "Teach-Ins" and the Chaucerians - excellent alternatives to "enforced culture through convocation."

Dandylions to XΩ for requiring attendance at the "Food Fright" presentation on Sunday the 15th.