SY'S NEW YORK PIZZA

Free Delivery Weekend Special

Offer good Friday,
Saturday and Sunday
Use this coupon for great discounts
when you order any size pizza for
delivery

686-9598 2 FREE Toppings!

Your choice of Regular or Sicilian (Thick) Crust
Delivery Hours: 5:30-Midnight
Two Free Drinks with Every Delivery
1211 Alder
On Campus 686-9598

OMII Food Service

Beer Garden TODAY

Featuring:

CROW

4-7 p.m. in the Dining Room

Budweiser on tap: Pitchers of Beer \$2.50, Cups .75¢ Burritos 50¢, Corn Dogs 50¢

Join the coffee achievers of America

Hold on tight to your dream one night, she sat under her blue quilt in the chair with the

TV on and the sound off and the rock'n'roll station on the FM

dial screaming out Slick Black Cadillac and drank a glass of water every fifteen minutes

saw the little girls on the screen surfer golden hunks of California mean sweating

the Jhirmak angel, the L'Oreal angel, the Chanel No. 5 angel,

the Helena Rubenstein angel, the Esprit angel, the black leather

angel the rosey red wet lips of the speakers fold out and pulse and twitch convulsively like

screaming out teeth broken sticks fingernails rings crashing

waves of vibrations

coming to you live
head games including Last One Back In The
Womb Is A Rotten Egg
parental discretion advised to watch
two boys fall in love with each other
(but they didn't even show anything, no tongues
or anal coitus

or even a flamboyant shirt)
when was the Two Girls Fall In Love movie
coming out?
(of the closet)

she wore a button on her lapel that read Closet Decadent

thought (too much, she thought) about the dreams that had

always promised to eventually manifest themselves

Someday I'll____be a___go to____ just watch the commercials today, it was the preppy look

the demeanor of quiet grace and intelligence that somehow seemed to be a prerequisite (her life was one big prere-

quisite fulfillment never once believing she'd pass the test to get

never once believing she'd pass the test to ge into the course

at the 400 level) wanting to try truth in astronomy and puppies

a baby on the screen in a plastic box with its eyes bandaged when would her babies grow? when would she bake bread and plant flowers and sterilize bottles? would she ten years

into the future, be watching "That's Entertainment" on

a black'n'white TV
a black'n'white pinafored Judy Garland lip-

synching Sunday
Bloody Sunday?

would she be baking brewer's yeast bread and growing babies

in sunshine with womyn lovers hoping that someone would get her message in the bottle

that read "fruh-fruh-fruh-fruh-fruh" washing up on the shore, eyes swimming over typewriter paper

over a half finished manuscript while a half quart of milk and a half empty can of spinach

sat molding in the refrigerator spinning over and over in her saline,

Writing the story that was begging her to write it

hold on to her desires, her ambitions it could happen if she wanted it bad enough she had passion, desire, the unfulfilled craving with

a mild curiosity, an open mouth wanting to be filled with the

sweat of ice cream love a golden-curled, black lipped Rita come on, Cary, just fuck her let 'em wonder

she laughed, her head tilted back oh the gram was hitting now and the revolution reverbed

tipping its hat, picking up its guitar to play

she felt the salty sweat run down off her forehead into

her mouth sugary with iced tea ectoplasmically diffusing into a future where Fred Astaire danced with coat racks (real talent there, Fred)

the fascination of crawling onto ceilings (dont you feel a little silly Fred? a grown man, really)

Esther Williams spiraling around with Tom and Jerry

made her want a new drug one that wont make me sick my mouth too dry my eyes too red

JUDY WAS STILL ON

she had better learn how to enjoy being alone because the future teemed with solitude Bing was working for the weekend James was standing in the middle of life with his hands behind me one, two, three, four

Maurice sang every breath you take and she (ooh and it makes me) wondered what if she was beautiful and still no one found

attractive? (oh this one-sided war waged in th

beauty 199 999 999:1)

against the beast of the future, pulling the quilt over her eyes

she vaporized the tears with her blowdryer and the TV and the stereo steaming, oozing, melted and she silently sank into the

night

by Lori Stephens



