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# **The daily cardinal. Vol. LXXXVI, No. 34**

## **October 14, 1975**

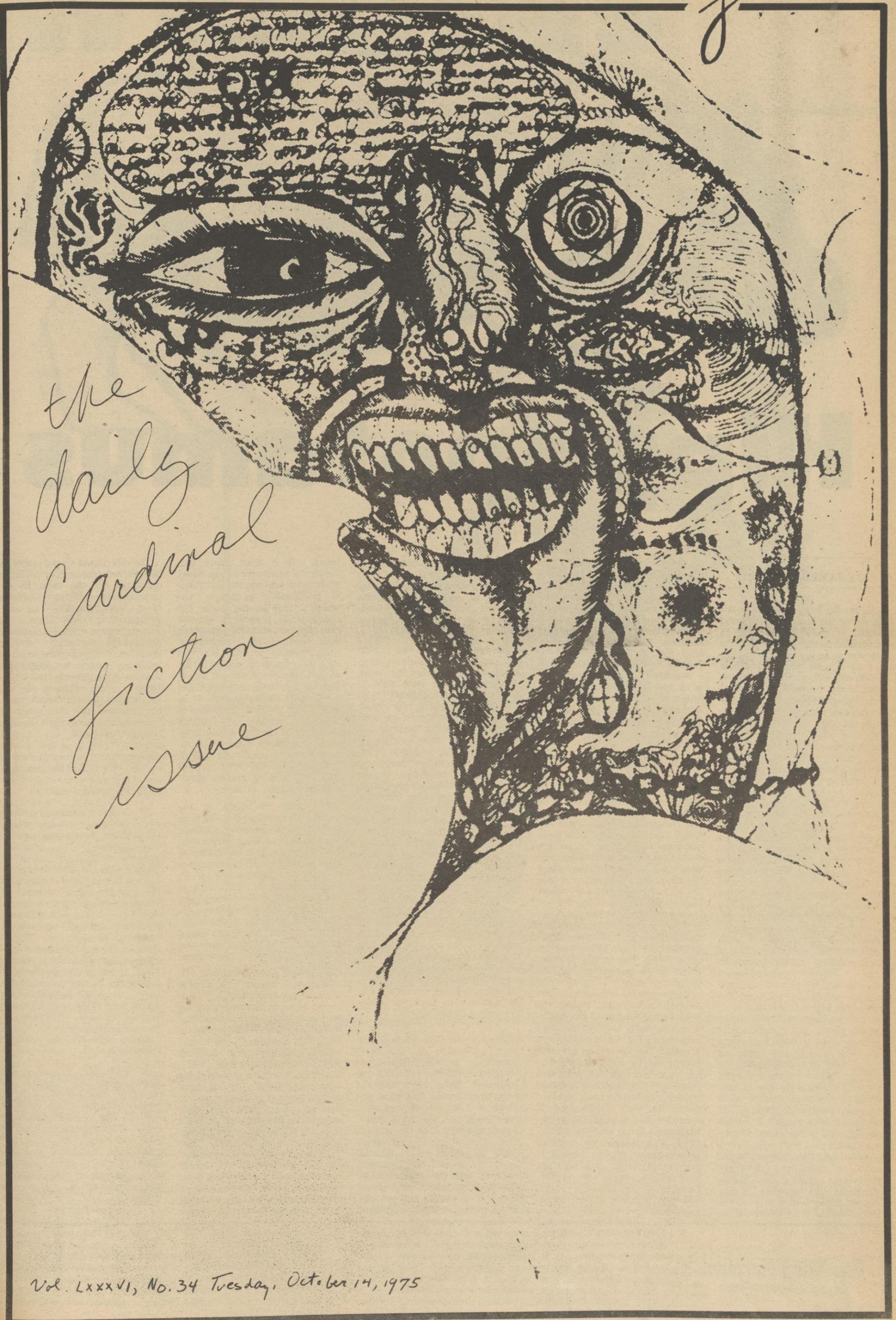
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the  
daily  
Cardinal  
fiction  
issue

Vol. LXXXVI, No. 34 Tuesday, October 14, 1975



# Hippopotamus

By JAMES CORTESE

Unlike the hoppocampus (a sea horse) or the hippogriff (a flying horse) or the hippalectryon (a winged horse that cannot fly), the hippopotamus is not a horse at all, but an aquatic pachydermatous herbivore, allied to the hogs and, next to the elephant, the largest existing quadruped. Though it is hoofed like the tapir and cony, it does not chew a cud nor, like the alligator which also principally inhabits the water, does it hatch its young from eggs. It is distinguished from the peccaries not only by a peculiarity of the nostrils, but by a complexity of the stomach which, lacking a caecum, or blind pouch, results in digestion that is accompanied by loud eructations resembling the discharge of small ordnance.

The girth of the hippopotamus is nearly equal to its length, making it appear unwieldy and cumbersome, which in fact it is. This physique, along with myopia and a weakness of the knees, predisposes the animals to an uncommon clumsiness on land, and it is by no means rare to find them colliding into one another or into fixed obstacles—a phenomenon which has led some Nubian tribes to consider the creatures supremely stupid.

The incisors of the hippopotamus are continually growing and are useful for rooting up rank grass and effecting certain mating preliminaries. Its molars have trefoil-shaped grinding surfaces for masticating vegetables in quantities of up to six bushels a day (in England, 192 dry quarts or 24 pecks). The teeth are believed to be aphrodisiac by the Nubians, but only when removed while the animal is still alive, a condition severely limiting the supply of these highly prized and valuable items. Its skin extends to two inches in thickness and, when the male is excited, as

in the presence of predators or females, exudes a reddish liquid—a feature thought similar to blushing in man. Among the Nubians, however, it is taken as a sign of the creature's surpassing cowardice and further stupidity—that an animal would begin to bleed before any harm is done to it.

The first European description of a hippopotamus occurred in *Wonders and Marvels of an Uncommonly Misspent Life* (1623) by Richard Marlow, who had voyaged to the Gambia in search of unicorns:

He is in fashion of body a compleat horse, as round buttock'd as a horse of service; his head like unto a horse with short ears, which he waggis and stirres as he shews himself; onely toward his moth he growes broade downe like a Bull, and hath two mightie teeth standing right before upon his lower choppe which are great and dangerous, as may be vouchsafed by one certain gentleman of our partie, had he been of a mind less to play the fool, and had he yet breath enough to speake.

Marlow's credible narrative soon degenerates, however, when he tells of "salvages mounted upon these wonderfull beastes, deckt in the manner of our own knights of olde."

Hippopotami are gregarious animals and live in "squads" of from twenty to forty individuals. It was formerly believed that they communicated by winking and grunting, but this notion has been overturned by Dr. Blanford who has reported that the creatures possess an "alphabet" of nods and hoof-stampings which enables them "to form expressions of considerable sophistication, verging at times into the poetic" (*The Physiology of African Gargantuans*, p. 78). Owing to their great weight, mating must necessarily occur in water. Despite their uncouth form, however, they are expert swimmers and divers. Being able to

retain air for periods exceeding an hour, they often stroll about river bottoms during the evening after feeding or, on certain occasions not yet entirely understood, engage in elaborate aquatic ballets.

The hippopotamus has a mild and inoffensive disposition. It is infrequently molested by man, who has not yet been able to discover an economic benefit in its wholesale slaughter. Its meat, even in the choicest cuts, has been described as having the taste and consistency of gutta percha. It does not skirmish with its kind and displays remarkable friendliness toward other creatures. It has been said that the hippopotamus has rescued drowning children, allowing them to crawl onto its back in order to return them to shore. As a rule it is extremely timid, but when directly attacked will show great ferocity. Not infrequently it will be seen capsizing and demolishing canoes of Nubian middle-aged men and tribal elders, seizing the frantic passengers in its huge mouth and grinding their bodies between its trefoil-shaped molars before spitting out the pulp-like remains (the animals are religiously herbivorous) for the delectation of crocodiles and other carnivores, including waiting Nubians, who are not bound by any tribal taboos in matters of their diet.

Many anatomical studies have been performed on the hippopotamus, but Dr. Blanford has noted that efforts to locate the creature's brain have thus far been unsuccessful. "We know that there is a center of cogitation somewhere in the vast hippopotamid body," he has written, "but it is evidently extremely small or placed in an unusual area. We should not presume, however, that the creature lacks one of these useful organs entirely; it is, native opinion notwithstanding, a highly intelligent

being." In a later, more controversial article for *Aryan News*, Blanford is less equivocal. "There is persuasive evidence," he writes, "that on the whole hippopotamoids possess a greater capacity for abstract reasoning than that of the neighboring Nubian population." Dr. Blanford cites the animal's predelection for walking backward and its use of vocal impersonations (typically of lions, apes, elephants and—in at least one verified instance—of man) to confuse or frighten predators as proof of a "sagacity almost unknown among the indigenous humans, who are content to squat over their fires and tell unending tales of ancient grandeur and future triumphs."

The best accounts of the animal's behavior in the wild have come from a number of Catholic missionaries in West Africa who have gone down to the rivers to baptize and instruct the creatures in religious doctrine. Fr. F. X. Duprix, a Jesuit, has claimed great success in these endeavors. He and his colleagues have induced the wearing of clothing, curbed certain objectional sexual practices and regulated the squads with moral strictures.

"Man and the primates are rebellious by nature," Fr. Duprix wrote in his autobiography, "but as we proceed downward in the species we find a greater spiritual fervor and tractableness that is altogether lacking in the higher orders." Attendance at services and obedience to the Commandments, it is stated, are exemplary. Already several of the new converts have been raised to deacons, and work has been initiated on an edition of the Bible in which all the important figures are rendered as animals. "The Trinitarian nature of the godhead has been preserved," Fr. Duprix has explained, "but it has been necessary to translate Jesus into a creature whom the hippopotamus could take as his own."

The altering of Christ's species has stirred controversy in many quarters, not the least in ecclesiastical ones. "The crucifixion of a hippopotamus," an unsympathetic churchman has stated, "seems a gross violation of Scriptural authority, not to mention longstanding sacred traditions which we ought not to discard precipitously." But Fr. Duprix, while pleading for understanding and fairmindedness, has accused his detractors of "phylogenetic prejudice, species chauvinism and the basest stupidity." In a sequel to his autobiography, *Animal Mundi*, he writes: "The God of Heaven is the God of all; we are, man and worm alike, His beloved children."

Fr. Duprix's missionary efforts have, however, severely altered the African hippopotomic scene. "No longer," Dr. Blanford recently wrote in an article for *Nature*, "do we see the tranquil squads bathing like sybarites in the pellucid African streams or romping like gleeful urchins upon the lush littorals and steaming estuaries." Instead, in the wake of religious factionalism, bloody internecine skirmishes have reduced the population by half in West Africa alone, and inspired migration to the inhospitable north where the animals either perish from thirst in the Saharan wastes or are captured by Abyssinian nomads and made into furniture and certain portable appliances.

In myth and literature the hippopotamus has figured importantly. The behemoth of the fortieth chapter of Job, with "a tail stiff like a cedar" and bones made of "tubes of bronze," is generally taken to be a hippopotamus, a name (meaning "river horse") which was not given the animal until Aristotle, who believed a report by Herodotus that the creature

(continued on page 11)

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# WARDENS

By ANDREA SCHWARTZ

In the lap of rock mountains and unknown lawn tapestry, the four people crawled nauseous through their last traffic. Lisa the Mother, the young girl, the brother and Phillip Bay were waiting in the abyss of one long gone idea. The grotesque horror and impossibility of it compounded their fear until it retched solid, vile tasting on the roofs of mouths. The girl, who once thought of the madness and lustful pillaging and was certain she felt what the fear must have been: real and terrible imaginings:

knew at last the misplaced worth of those vanities. And only because this idea had been real its full impact hit upon recognition and so their terror was heightened.

The girl, who was once satisfied by those reckonings with fear, had always wondered at the acceptance and refusal to run. She felt shame for that mass resignation and indicted them harshly for their silent deaths. Corpse carriers to the smoke house and not a murmur.

And they felt panic. And each felt some undiscovered core sprout rotten within the bodily pit. They longed for release and plans and maps

flew wild and incoherent through their minds and ached.

They grew tired and sat not thinking of anything. They realized the absurdity of sky and were finally broken by its indifference, leaving nothing to believe in, not malevolence, not goodness.

The four slept and the parachutist came, bringing with him four bright yellow chute bundles. It was still light time. He, of dust-stained face and twenty-eight years smiled creasing dust into deep brown furrows, pointed to a hole at the root of the western most rock wholly unaware of the great horror he brought in

offering escape.

You, reader, will find this incomprehensible. Gaining ultimate control to act out the course of one's life by way of a single choice brings about such completeness of terror. Even the most ferocious master-slave bondings in which the question of fate is answered solely by master lacks this intensity. Master, all time granted submission for lives, so cleanses the slave and brings a welcome abandonment of self. Destiny by authority promises a sponge to sink curses and discontent into. You, though, will say it's a lie invented by cowards. It's not.

Chance of escape, chancing death by escape, chancing recapture and its penalties are worse. Seem worse. Possibilities, all so easily decided in abstraction, wreck one sickened at the drama. The four were immobile; tortured by this new course and the immediate unalterable affects of it. And the Mother and the girl and the brother and Bay felt just enough terror to submit all destiny to the whims of madmen.

Any person who claims knowledge of fear is guilty of conceit. That person is an innocent until Auschwitz. One is an innocent while the

beatings wrench their flesh pulpy and their mind numb; one is an innocent while the smoldering fumes of a brother fill their lungs and choke; one is naive to the point of death; innocent only until the glimmer of a chance for escape presents itself: there innocence is lost.

There is no hate, only a dull abstract throb. It was only the idea of wardens and jailhouse guards and childhood reform schools. Perhaps they will let me out.

And there was no rage. Fear sufficed. When the parachutist left, the four stayed behind.

(c) 1975



--from The Book of Alfred Kantor

poetry

IN THE RING

I am poised  
like wind on grass  
my pink soft shoes  
grip my horse's white back  
The circus ring is a streak of color  
like landscapes sliding across train windows  
The faces are cups and shells and pieces of fruit  
objects arranged on shelves  
waiting  
Tonight we will jump through the ring of fire  
This is the rescue

I have a green silk parasol  
it is a ribbed roof  
each section stretched taut and curved  
as a trimmed sail  
We are centered in cages of ribs  
the horses ribs, my ribs  
containing and expanding  
The feather of life kept from settling  
wafted in spirals  
as hope flies like a white bird  
under the tent's suspended dome

My horse is named Jeremiah Isadora  
We are a waterfall  
flowing over the ribs of rocks  
The sawdust is spangled with light  
The flames leap out like mad thoughts  
as the man in red touches the match  
to the gas soaked hoop  
I wear the special cream  
that smells of melons and graveyards  
I have practiced with Jeremiah Isadora  
given her gold rings and told her stories  
of the day she will rule the world

We are not afraid  
We know that our fate is already written  
We are a flag of color now  
faster  
The air rushes into our ears  
All the seas of the world converge  
the roof beams, the bridge beams  
the arches that leap through space  
wait for our support  
We hold the moment  
like a burst of diamonds

The hoop's fiery embrace will save us all  
Jeremiah Isadora  
prophet of the flaring nostrils  
and dancer of the silken mane  
knows this:  
It is the one pure action  
we have waited a lifetime to find

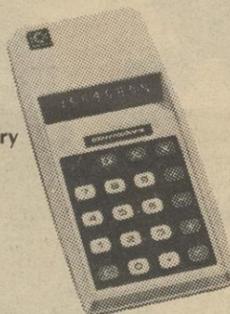
—ANDREA MUSER  
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To celebrate the exciting Grand Opening of our new stores at the University of Wisconsin, and in Arlington Heights, Illinois, and to commemorate our 2nd successful year at Purdue and Northern Illinois University, we're offering our lowest "give-away" prices on famous brand calculators. Electronic calculators by Texas Instruments, Commodore, Hewlett-Packard, and Novus provide our customers with a wide selection for their business, school, or personal needs. And every purchase is covered by our special 2 week over-the-counter replacement warranty in addition to a 1 year manufacturer's warranty. Stop in to see the selection.

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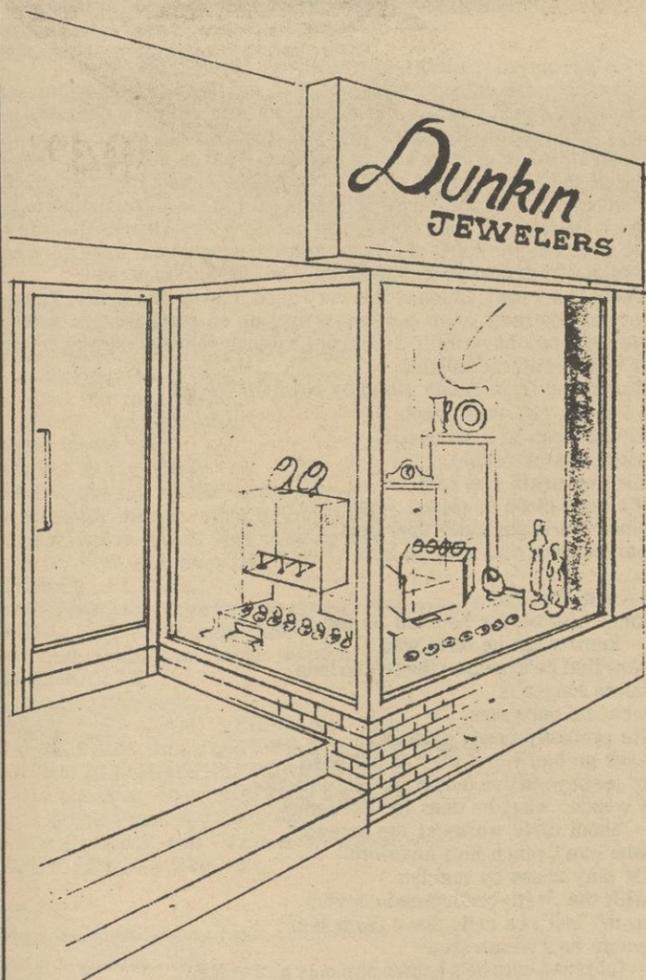
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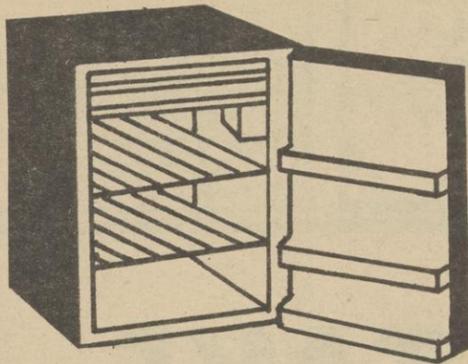
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### Bicycle Winter Storage, Checking Over for Spring and Winter Maintenance

### Motorless Motion Bike Shops

When storing your bicycle over winter, it should be off its wheels, preferably hanging from hooks, twine, or whatever. Do not place it upside down on the floor as this may pinch and bend your brake cables. It can also be easily knocked over this way. Store in a cool, dry place, if possible.

Why should you check and fix your bike during the winter? Remember how those first warm days make you eager to get out and go? Then you take it out and find repairs are needed. You go to your bicycle shop only to find everyone else has the same idea. Save the Spring for riding, not repairing.

You can check your own bike over and repair many things yourself.

First look it over, tighten all loose nuts and bolts, replace broken fender clips and braces. Tighten loose carriers, baskets, grips, axle nuts, brakes, reflectors, fork, seat and anything else that rattles when you drop your bike a couple inches.

If you have a bolt that always loosens on you, put on a lock washer. Hold the head with a screwdriver and tighten the nut with a wrench. This tightens it much more than just a screwdriver can. If you have a bolt or nut that is hard to tighten enough, grease the threads.

Look your tires over, is the tread worn off, are there cuts on the side or top where the tube is showing. In either case, replace the tire or you may get a flat far from home. If the tires are good, look them over carefully and pick out the pieces of glass, metal and sharp stones which have accumulated in the tire.

Check the rims for dents, flat spots, loose or broken spokes and whether it runs true. If the wheel needs work—take it to your bicycle shop. Clean your rims with a good chrome cleaner and elbow grease.

If you have a coaster brake, does it stop properly or does it slip when you pedal forward. Again, another job for the bike shop.

With hand brakes, are the pads hard? Can you press your fingernail into them? If not, replace them. If worn down almost to the holder, replace them. Are the brakes sticky or hard to squeeze? If so, a new cable may be needed. However, it could be a bent lever, broken spring or a pivot bolt corroded or too tight. If everything appears OK then be sure they are adjusted so that they stop you before the lever touches the handle bar.

Check your gears for smooth shifting. If you can't get all the gears, and are not experienced in gear adjustment, take it to your bike shop. If you want to do it yourself, check the cables first, replace if rusted or frayed. Check the cable casing for cracks, pinches, bends, and replace if in doubt.

Look the pedals over, if bent—replace as they can break on you and are uncomfortable to ride. A bent crank is another job for the bike shop.

The chain should be carefully examined; if rusted, links stiff, nicked up, replace it. If you have a lot of loose chain on the front of the big sprocket, it needs replacing. A bad chain not only drains your energy, but wears out the sprockets too. Take the chain off the front sprocket and turn the crank. If it turns hard or makes noise, take apart, grease and replace bad parts.

Grip the handle bars, squeeze the front brake, and rock the bike back and forth. There shouldn't be any give or knocking noise from the fork. If loose, adjust. Hold frame in one hand, lift front of bike off the ground and turn the bars with the other hand. They should turn easily and without roughness. Disassemble and grease, if rough.

Wheels should be removed and axles turned by hand. If rough, the hubs should be overhauled. Check your saddle for tightness. If leather, it should be lubricated with Neetsfoot oil or saddle dressing.

Handle bar grips should be tight, or if you have tape, it should not be frayed, cut or loose.

Further information on bike maintenance can be obtained at your library, bookshop or local bike shop. Books like "XYZ Bicycle Book", Eugene Sloan's "New Complete Book of Bicycling", "Glenn's Repair Manual", Tom Cuthbertson's "Anybody's Bike Book" are quite good.

Winter riding in this area is bad because of the salt and snow. All scratches and nicks in paint should be touched up. Fenders are necessary if you want to keep your clothing neat. Rims should be kept clean. Spoke nipples should be sprayed with a protective substance or greased to keep from rusting tight. Tires should have a good tread. The wider tires are more stable on ice.

Derailleur shifts get iced up easily and do not shift properly. They should be taken inside and allowed to dry off overnight. The chain should be oiled often and the Derailleur sprayed with a greaseless lubricant like LPD 9 or a similar type.

3-speed or coaster brake bikes are better for winter riding.

Battery lights are better in winter as generator sets don't work on iced-up tires. Have good reflectors and keep them clean.

Wheel hubs and crank should be regreased in spring as the salt and water will have worked into them.

Finishing up here, don't forget the children's bikes as they are treated a lot rougher than we treat ours. Also the kids don't tell you when something is wrong, they just ride it that way. On the kid's bikes, check for a bent front fork, almost always it is out of line.

Hope everyone has a nice winter.

MOTORLESS MOTION

1002 REGENT

**STUDENT JOBS**

The Wisconsin Union needs people with free time between 11 a.m. and 2 p.m. at least 2 days per week. See Sue in 408 Memorial Union.

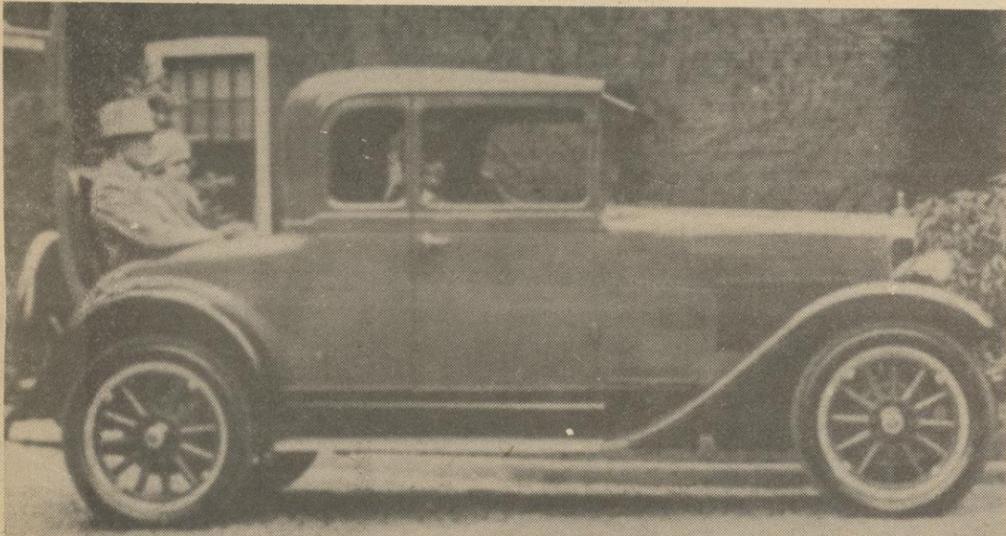
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of the Fine Arts Staff

(Over the Wall. Stories, poems, and intimate revelations by convicts. Edited by Frank Earl Andrews and Albert Dickens.)

Raw emotion — heart-jolting shock! Biting, bawdy, brilliant! For all you can tell from the liner notes, this is another Love Story. But don't read the liner notes; read the book. It won't take long, not any longer than watching a couple bad prison movies. And this book won't insult you like Love Story.

All right now everyone, open the book, turn to page 94...

**A NOSE BY ANY OTHER NAME**

By Arthur L. Devlin

I had a cell partner  
in San Quentin  
who drove me bananas.  
He was always picking his nose.  
Three months was enough for me  
I finally had to get a Cell Change.  
No matter what else he was doing—  
just laying on his lower bunk,  
or playing dominoes,  
or taking a shit,  
or eating next to me in the mess hall—  
he was always picking his nose.  
That wasn't so bad by itself,  
but one night,  
just before Lights-Out,  
I leaned out over my bunk  
and saw him  
eating that gooky stuff  
he'd just dug out of his nose!  
From then on,  
I really kept the peek on him.  
At least two or three times a day  
I'd catch him  
licking snots off his finger,  
or chomping away  
on the thick, hard, stringy stuff,  
really enjoying himself.  
Like I said,  
I finally had to move out.  
It got to be too much for me.  
Three months with that creep!  
And every day  
him eating that stuff  
he got out of his nose  
and never once offering me any!

This is required reading for anyone from Maple Bluff.

But others can get something out of it, too. What is important is not that prison has turned all these convicts into creative geniuses — it hasn't — but that it presents a sharp picture of what prison really is — an instrument of cruelty and vengeance. What is amazing is that the struggle to be human goes on in the midst of the most inhuman place in the world. As William Carlos Williams said in his introduction to Ginsberg's Howl, "...in spite of the most debasing experiences that life can offer a person, the spirit of love survives to ennoble our lives if we have the wit and the courage and the faith — and the art! to persist."

There is art here. Much of it is very good, clever and funny. The only thing that detracts is an occasional hangup on metaphor, or a forced style that may have infiltrated from English correspondence courses. But in general, no bullshit.

Excerpted from Death Row, by Norman Porter:

I know a guy that people say  
killed a cop in a shoot-out  
after a bank robbery.  
He's on death row now;  
it's been close to eleven years  
since the electrically operated  
barred door slid shut on him.

.....  
I know that guy;  
knew him before he went on the row  
— knew what he once was.  
Now that he's been on the row so long  
he no longer is  
what he once was.  
He probably needs glasses  
eyes go bad when they're not used  
to see beyond five feet in any one direction.  
I wonder what he does for excitement  
— shout dirty words at the screws  
who can't pinch him anymore.  
Or play chess by number  
with the death-condemned convict  
in the cell two cells down from him  
whom he's never seen  
— for nine years he's known him only as a voice.

Or maybe chase cockroaches  
round and round his cell  
( who said cockroaches survive only where there is wood)  
making thimble chariots  
drawn by four albino cockroaches  
across his no-seat toiled bowl  
— what else is there to do?

Prison is a lousy place to live, and there is very little a con can do about it. This is well illustrated by three letters from women in the Alderson (W. Va.) Federal Reformatory. One letter is to the President, one to the Director of the Bureau of Prisons, and one to the Commissioner on Civil Rights. Each woman voices a separate complaint; each claims there is no outlet for her grievance at Alderson. The replies

# books

to these letters are also printed. However, they do not come from the President, the Director, or the Commissioner. The letterhead reads UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE, BUREAU OF PRISONS, WASHINGTON, D.C. They are form letters. All three are identical:

Dear \_\_\_\_\_,  
I have your recent letter to the \_\_\_\_\_ and the matter about which you are concerned is one which should be brought to the attention of the institution staff. I am, therefore, returning your letter so the appropriate staff member can review it with you and take any action that may be warranted. Your Case Manager or Correctional Counselor will be glad to discuss this matter with you and to assist you with a solution to your problems, or he may possibly refer you to another member of the staff.

Sincerely,  
H.H. MCKERNAN  
Chief, Case Management

The links to the outside world are systematically cut. Who is H.H. McKernan? Does he actually exist?

The Death of the Birdman concerns one con's brief encounter with the famous "Birdman of Alcatraz," Robert Stroud, shortly before Stroud's death. The author, Jack Fitzpatrick, found that contrary to the movie version, Stroud "hated all guards with a passion I have never seen evidenced by any other human being." The Birdman was outraged when the 1954 picture, "The Rock," portrayed him helping the warden during a riot, and throwing weapons out the window to the National Guard. Kept in solitary confinement for 47 years (for killing a guard), Stroud was eventually prevented from continuing his research on bird diseases. He was transferred to Alcatraz, and had all his manuscripts confiscated, including one document thousands of pages long, written in longhand. This was a detailed account of the Federal Prison system, 30 years in the making. Stroud sought a court order to have it published, but was turned down—the manuscript was "detrimental to the public welfare."

Fitzpatrick was the last person to see "The Birdman" alive. It was in a prison hospital:

About midnight, November 20, 1963, while receiving my medication, I saw Stroud approach the officer on duty. He told the guard that he had sharp shooting pains around his left shoulder and that his arm was numb. He asked to see the doctor, but the guard told him it wasn't possible and to put his name on sick call in the morning."

The Birdman drew himself erect and said: 'I should have known better than to ask a hack anything. Then he turned to me and said, 'So long, kid.'

In the morning he was dead. It made the papers, but people forgot quickly the next day when the Kennedy assassination happened. Many years later, after his release from prison, Fitzpatrick was executed gangland style, in Newark, New Jersey.

But others live on behind the walls, and somehow manage to keep a sense of humor in an essentially humorless situation:

from The Chair, by Arthur L. Devlin

Later that night,  
and for too many other nights afterwards,  
I lay awake in the darkness of my cell,  
wondering how I would go  
when my time came  
to ride the lightning.  
How I would feel  
as I sat in The Chair.  
What I would say at the last moment.  
How it would rank with other infamous last words.  
"Warden, we've got to stop meeting like this..."  
"Does AC hurt less than DC?"  
"Somebody...PLEASE!"  
"Don't forget, the governor wants my jockstrap!"  
"Oh! I'm NOT on 'Candid Camera'?"  
"Just keep holding my hand, warden..."  
"I'M INNOCENT!!!"  
"Is this trip necessary?"  
SHAZAM!!! SHAZAM!!! SHAZAM!!! SHA..."  
"Are you SURE that wasn't the telephone ringing?"  
"YOU'RE ALL MOTHERFUCKERS!!!"  
"What a shocking experience THIS is going to be!!!"  
"But I didn't finish my Last Meal..."  
"Save me, warden, and I'll make you a good wife!"  
"Look, a joke is a joke, but..."

"HELP!!!"  
"I hope you guys like your meat well done!"  
"I need to go to the toilet..."  
"NO, GOD!!!! NO!!!"  
As things worked out,  
I never had to make up my mind  
exactly what to say.  
I beat The Chair  
and got commuted to Life.  
Looking back,  
I realize what a fool I was,  
in more ways than one.  
No matter what I might have said,  
I would have been upstaged.  
The Chair always has the last word.

I would recommend that you read and think about this book. To quote again from Williams' introduction to Howl: "Hold back the edges of your gowns, Ladies, we are going through hell."

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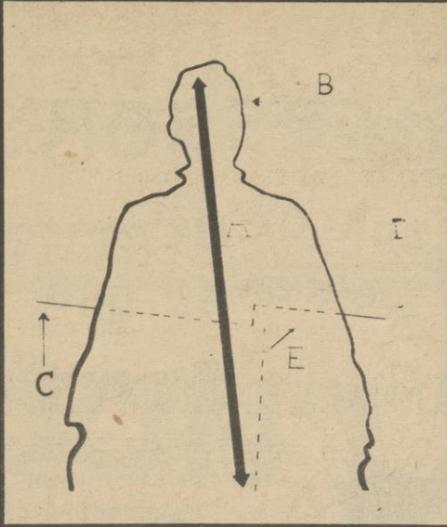
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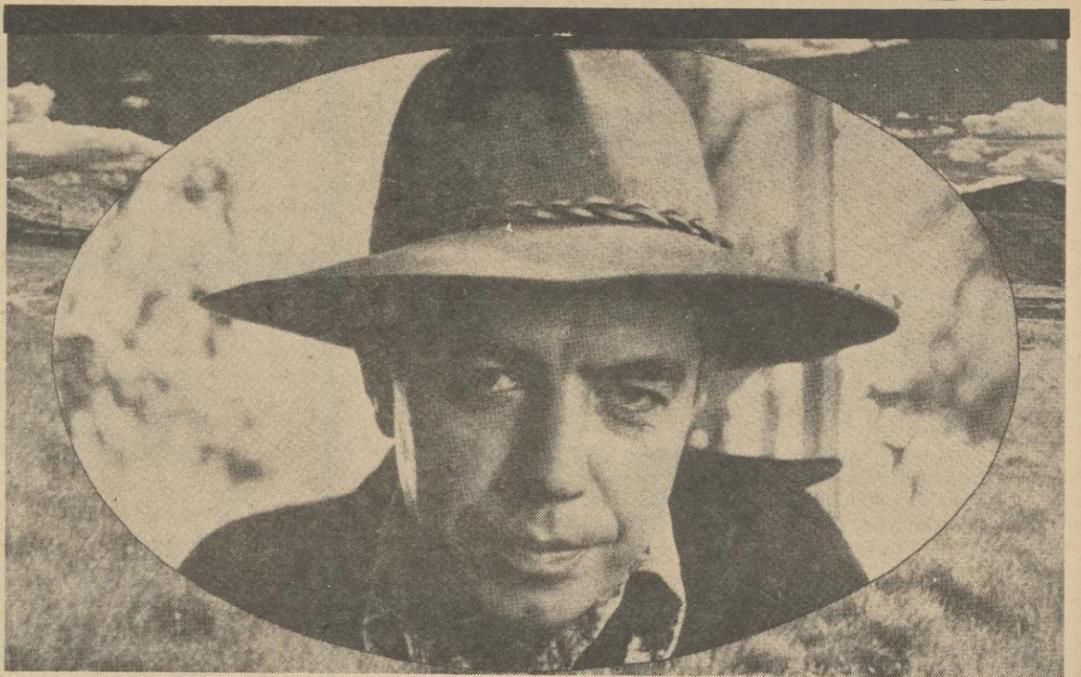


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**books**



Author Larry Woiwode was Writer-in-Residence here two years ago.

**Woiwode: familia flourishes**

By JAMES CORTESE  
of the Fine Arts Staff  
*Beyond the Bedroom Wall* by  
Larry Woiwode. Farrar-Straus,  
\$12.50

Like Dante in the dark wood, the contemporary American novelist seems to have lost his way. His books, with casts of anti-heroes, nightmarish landscapes, mad laughter and only the complex artifice of language as a sop for the inadequacies of life, all appear

to have been torn from the appendix of the collected works of Kafka. Apocalypse, despair, absurdity: the themes of our times that lead, like Sisyphus' endless trek, nowhere and that portray surrealistic worlds whose connection with the one we know anything about is often only through the tenuous similarities of parody.

But now and then there are signs of change. One of these is Larry Woiwode's new book: a six-hundred page family saga rooted and flowering in the familiar physical and psychic geography of twentieth century America and peopled, not with satiric caricatures, symbolic humanoids or Nabokov-like puppets of an author's fancy, but with representations of human beings who convince us they are alive, well and living among us.

THIS IS BY no means to say that *Beyond the Bedroom Wall* is a traditional or conventional novel. Woiwode has done what any good

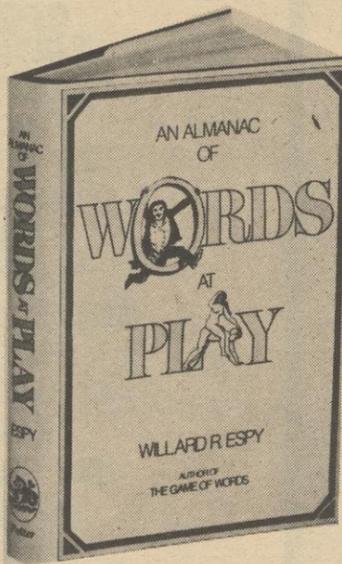
writer does: he has taken a form and shaped it to his own ends. In this book the consciousness through which the world is perceived is not limited to a single character or narrator, but expanded to an entire family, the Neumillers, as it grows and disperses over a period beginning in 1881 with the settling of its immigrant patriarch in North Dakota and ending in the present time in New York with his adult great grandchildren struggling to make their own lives. Nor is there a linear plot. Instead, we are presented with a series of interconnected stories which move back and forth in time but which also steadily advance the chronological progress of the book. These are not exactly "short stories" (although some have appeared that way in various magazines in different form), nor are they very much like the pieces that make up *Winesburg, Ohio*. Often, they have the charac-

(continued on page 9)

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# Woiwode

(continued from page 8)

teristic shape and structure of an independent piece of short fiction, but, like a good chapter from a linear novel, they have a denser, more analytical texture, and gain in effect from the accumulation of material that has come before. Sometimes a chapter takes the form of a diary or a first-person account or a letter or a third-person narrative. Indeed, one of the marvels of the book is the diversity of its points of view: children, young adults, old men and women, the middle-aged—each molded by the configurations of personality and states of mind: the joy of courtship as it is lived by a young woman, the grief of a husband who bears some of the responsibility for his wife's death, the hallucinations of a child in a near-fatal fever, the impressions and reminiscences of a young man high on grass in a Greenwich Village coffeehouse. And the list goes on.

The focus is always on people in their contexts; and it is the interrelationships of these people that give the novel its unity—a remarkable achievement, since the danger of this loose narrative form is that the individual chapters will come to have a greater importance than the impact of the whole. But the author has been careful to order his pieces into a design that not only impels us to read further, but impresses us with its beauty when we have finished. Themes and motifs recur throughout, build on each other, metamorphose as the Neumillers are flung into time and the innocent pastoralism of a young country becomes the urban rootlessness of contemporary America.

Now, there is nothing especially extraordinary about these people, nor about the things that happen to them; they are middle-class schoolteachers, farmers, husbands, housewives, growing children, coping with life as it's lived by most of us. Yet these characters are treated with an insight and richness of detail that raises them out of the common mold and makes them the means

by which we come to see our own place and time in the world.

Much of this is due to a remarkably subtle prose, which can range from the baldly literal to the poetic (in fact full-length poems do appear in the book). One chapter, "Tim's Day," ends with a sentence that not only expands a four-year-old's consciousness to a perception of existential time, but renders the sounds of movement (the wagon in which he is being carried) and, by association, the chiming of a clock:

The wagon moves and the two strangers travel over sunlight on the storehouse of the earth that cushions theirs and everybody else's cloud-clapped, many-lamented fears and furtive, futile fantasies of being alive at times in the spiraled intertwinings of time and place, in this all-alive time of life we live inside, today, today chimes, like a hand-wrought old mantelshelf clock: ching.

Here, too, we can see something of what Woiwode can do with a certain lately neglected aspect of language, the adjective. Clean, well-lighted prose, we are often told, is a function of verbs and nouns; adjectives are sissy words, prettifiers, verbal bunting: avoid them. Woiwode not only doesn't avoid them, he glorifies in them, making his book a sort of compendium of adjectival possibilities:

"a long Adam's-apple-pulsing pull" and "the cloudlike, daffodil-glowing, sun-lightened heaven of her honey-gold hair," for example.

But of course, the book is more than its style, or its themes, or even its characters. It is a moving piece of literature with an emotional range seldom found in novels these days. Everything is here: life in all its paucity, superfluity and inconsistency. To say that it might have been shorter is to ask for a work with less vision and power. For all its size and complexity, there is little flab to it; the book shows the nearly ten years' work that have gone into making it. An eye and ear for the accurate image and a gift for storytelling are the talents needed to make such a sprawling project succeed: the combined talents of

the poet and the novelist. Beyond the Bedroom Wall has both and more: it shows the unflinching honesty of a writer who will go that impossible last mile in the service of his art.

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GEMINI, a parcel arrives for your neighbor today. Its one of those cunning and expensive gifts which piles like the drifts and keeps snowing.

CANCER, a comparatively educated degenerate happens your way. Except them for what they are not.

LEO, insufficiently talented individual entertains you with levity. A multitude of tree trunks seems menacing and strange.

VIRGO, your conduct is modest and discreet today. For security reasons you decide its time you stopped phoning the S.L.A. LIBRA, wrapped in euphoria you wander and wonder thru never never land. The fate of Patty worries you.

SCORPIO, disloyal tenderness by preoccupied alienated secrecy causes desire for lazy evening with lover. You decide to get your wash done instead.

SAGITTARIUS, you may not get away with what you thought you got away with after all. Hypothetical region of psyche is curiously unchanged.

CAPRICORN, discovery that the artist has the greatest capacity to cheat pierces your heart today, senselessness seems to be the essence of your being.

AQUARIUS, you strike up a conversation with a charming airedale. You attempt to stifle your seductive consciousness for another day.

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# Bookstore guide

## Worming through the shelves

By FRANK KNOBLOCH  
and  
JAMES CORTESE  
of the Fine Arts Staff

"Essentially there's only one bookstore in town, and this is it," says one realistic bookseller of the University Bookstore, which is also seen by many students as not so much a monopoly of Madison's book trade as something of a public institution, like a library, that basically serves the needs of the academic community by carrying the course required textbooks. Other booksellers, of course, find it hard to agree.

Once upon a time when John Shaw, now the current president of the University Bookstore was hired to convert what was then known as The University Co-op from a haberdashery to a bookstore, Brown's Book Shop had the lion's share of the student

book business. Shaw eventually recruited or trained some of the best text and trade booksellers in the country (Paul Askins, founder of Paul's Books, for example) and finally put the kibosh on Brown's during the sixties at about the same time the Co-op was declared a "common law trust" and renamed the University Bookstore.

In recent years a curious symbiosis has existed between the University Bookstore and Brown's, and no one would seriously argue that the two stores actually do compete, although Dick Rust, the book department manager at Brown's, affably asserts, "we like to think we do."

Given the nature of the book business ("no one ever gets rich" in it, says Shaw) and the depressed state of the economy, Brown's may someday follow the



bookstores of U. Mass., Johns Hopkins and Columbia into insolvency, despite their efforts to increase their share of the trade through higher rebates (5% for students, 10% for faculty), a no-deposit policy on special orders and a faster ordering procedure (Brown's has their books shipped

by parcel post). But such measures only point out the fact that it's not easy to find the book you may be looking for in Brown's small and cluttered selection of titles. Doubting the wisdom of giving rebates at all, the University Bookstore, on the other hand, will soon eliminate them,

altogether. With its 26,000 titles in paperback alone, the management is not especially worried about losing customers.

The trade fiction and non-fiction collections at the University Bookstore are the largest in town, too, with new arrivals displayed on separate tables for browsing convenience. Some new titles arrive at Brown's first, however, and are put on display in their windows. Like Brown's, although to a lesser extent, the University Bookstore invests heavily in those books which have the greatest market appeal: cookbooks, children's books, mass-market paperbacks.

But literary criticism at the University Bookstore, is something of a hodge-podge of titles, while paperback poetry (the store's worst seller, although the most pilfered) tends to be top-heavy with contemporary poets and weak in small-press publications. In hardbound poetry you won't find Milton and Spenser, but you'll have your pick of whatever Kahil Gibran, Rod McKuen and Edgar Guest have ever written. The biggest sellers and best moneymakers in both stores, however, are not books at all, but stuffed Badgers, ashtrays, stationery, office supplies and other academic

(continued on page 15)

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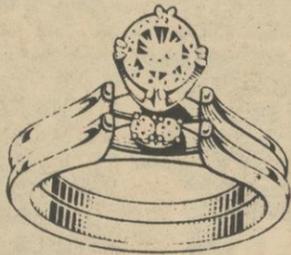
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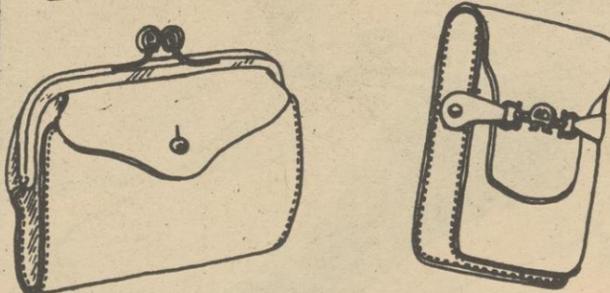
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# Hippopotamus

(continued from page 2)

possessed a mane and neighed, coined it in his Natural History. "Can one take him with hooks, or pierce his nose with a snare?" the Lord asks Job, whose reply is not recorded. Indeed, yes, would have answered the ancient Egyptians who hunted the creatures for sport with harpoons and lariats. Later a number of specimens were brought to imperial Rome to trample on Christians in the arena. That arch-profligate Heliogabalus is said to have known a hippopotamus carnally; mad Commodus appointed one a magistrate; proud Pompey harnessed four to his car for a triumph. The first hippopotamus to reach England was named Obaysch (after an island in the Nile) and arrived at the London Zoo in 1850 as a gift of the Abbas Pasha of Egypt. It was met by a distinguished committee of scientists, editors and an emissary of the Queen. A crowd of ten thousand gathered at the docks in Southampton to watch the animal being led by his keeper from the steamer Ripon to a special train. The creature soon became a celebrity, catching the imagination of the public and eventually entering its folklore. In an alternate version of the St. Nicholas legend, the hoary, red-suited spirit is carried through the air in a wagon pulled by a team of eight "hippos" (in England, "hippoes"). This myth (later abandoned after the slaughter of the British garrison at Khartoum) may in turn be the source of that mystical Christian cult made famous by one of our greatest poets:

I saw the 'potamus take wing  
Ascending from the damp savannas,  
And quiring angels round him sing  
The praise of God, in loud hosannas.  
Freud is said to have dreamt of hippopotami; the unflattering



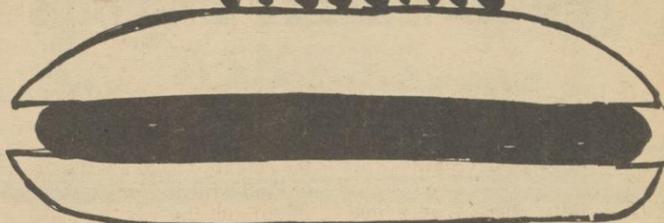
interpretation of these dreams by Jung has long been held as the source of the two men's notorious antipathy. A little known one-act play by Shaw, "The Hippopotamians" (1915), treats the then daring subject of inter-species love. In Conrad's Heart of Darkness, the decaying store of "hippo" meat comes to stand for the great putrifying soul of man—an interpretation vigorously denied by Pope Urban IV in the only papal bull in modern times devoted to literary criticism.

The pygmy hippopotamus, a creature resembling its larger relative in every detail but size (it is no larger than a mouse), was for many years the subject of intense scientific controversy. Two skulls sent from Moravia in 1883 were used by Dr. Albertus Morton in establishing a new species, to which he gave the name Hippopotamus mortonensis. A lecture before the Royal Society in which he presented his findings resulted in his expulsion from that

body by colleagues who laughed during his speech and publicly questioned his sanity. It was not until 1911, when Hans Schomburgk penetrated the Liberian interior and was able to capture five specimens of mortonensis, that the maligned scientist was finally vindicated. The resulting acclaim, however, was never enjoyed by Morton himself, who, a year earlier in 1910, had mysteriously disappeared while on an expedition to Kurdistan where he had hoped to find specimens of a giant bat-like variety of hippopotamus. In a last letter to the Annals of Natural History, he wrote of creatures which "fill the skies at dusk with their vast black bodies, cavorting like air-borne porpoises or great winged bugills, as trembling savages mumble "nbgao!" and prostrate themselves before the assembled conclave of their gods."

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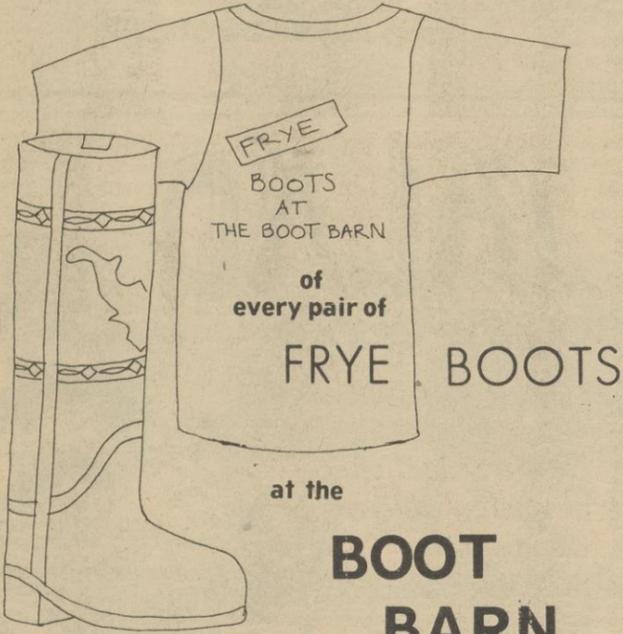
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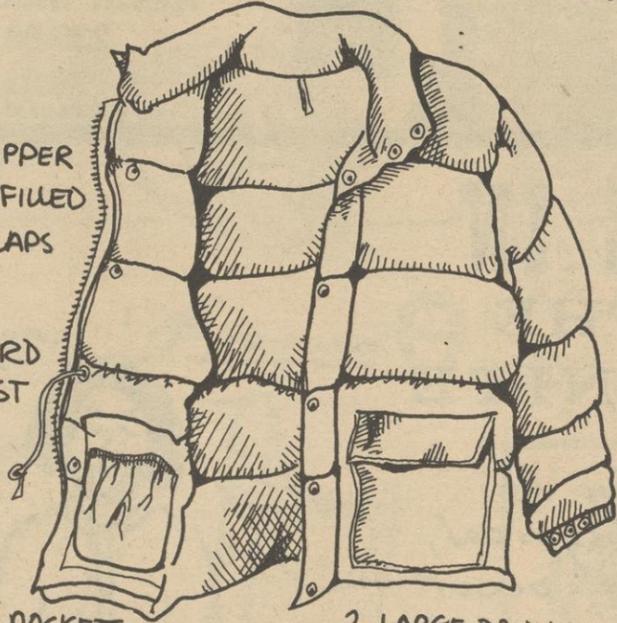
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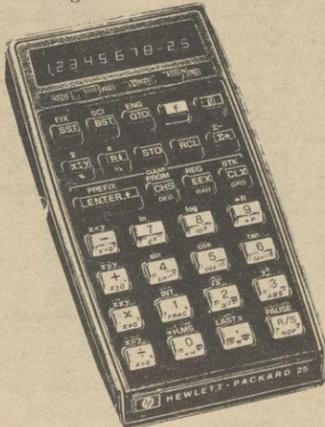
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### ACROSS

- 1 Dull finish
- 4 Of the cheek
- 9 Founded
- 14 The Altar
- 15 Accustom: Var.
- 16 Star: Comb. form
- 17 Firms
- 19 Commence
- 20 Have ---- of tea
- 21 Chronic drunkard
- 22 Underworld goddess
- 23 Direction
- 24 Merchandising events
- 26 Communists
- 29 Buddy
- 31 Professional group: Abbr.
- 32 Particle of dirt
- 33 Very high
- 36 Sunken grooves
- 38 "The Hairy ----"
- 39 Expunges
- 41 Coin of Libya
- 43 Cinema name
- 44 Malevolent
- 46 Backward
- 47 Shut up
- 49 Compass point
- 50 Article
- 51 Douglas fir, for one
- 52 Musical transition
- 54 Jack ----: TV celebrity

- 58 Restaurant check
- 60 N.Amer. country
- 61 Dialect
- 62 Degrade
- 64 Stock market group
- 66 Fathered
- 67 Knot again
- 68 After noon
- 69 Vogue
- 70 German city
- 71 Airline for Nassau

### DOWN

- 1 Arara
- 2 Appeared
- 3 Packs down tightly
- 4 Carnivore's fare
- 5 Columnist
- Landers
- 6 Italian girl's name
- 7 Filled with interstices
- 8 Took a breather: 2 words
- 9 Hit hard
- 10 Flowers
- 11 Chess position
- 12 Miscalculate
- 13 Speck
- 18 Meat pastry: 2 words
- 24 Shirt parts
- 25 Gratify to excess
- 27 Deceitful person
- 28 Austere
- 30 Poker stake
- 33 Modify fittingly
- 34 Simple

- machine
- 35 Terrestrial
- 37 Obi
- 40 Easy job
- 42 "---- up!": Quickly
- 45 Pope's representatives
- 48 Bristly plant
- 53 Cavalry troops
- 55 Charged

- particle
- 56 U.S. satellite
- 57 Wars of the ----
- 59 English theologian
- 61 Second mortgage, e.g.
- 62 Blockhead
- 63 Small piece
- 65 Recline

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# Book guide

(continued from page 10)

paraphernalia. Even here the University Bookstore offers more, although Brown's could at any time scoop them by putting in a soda fountain.

Paul's Book Store, 607 State Street, founded by the late Paul Askins, doesn't even try to be a department store, nor is it a franchised outlet like Walden, where books are dispensed like Sara Lee cakes. Paul's remarkable collection could not have been conceived and built by anyone less than a true lover of books, a genuine expert who wants to serve the most knowledgeable clientele.

Shelves from floor to ceiling are stuffed with arcana, out of print books, second hand books and pristine reviewers' copies. At Paul's you can sell books that no other store will buy, and buy books that no other store cares to sell. Caryl Askins who is presently managing the store vows that this unique shop is here to stay. "People like to come in," she said. "We return the favor."

The Madison Book Co-op is now located on the corner of State and Gilman. It tries to cater to the specialty book trade. Payment of a four dollar fee entitles members of the Co-op to a 10 per cent discount on the purchase of any new book and the privilege of selling their own used books in the

store for whatever they think they can get for it. The Co-op is carpeted, well-lighted and has tables, chairs and coffee for patrons. The store features a wide selection of small press publications and works by local writers, little magazines, specialty magazines, feminist literature (according to Karen Axness, the largest selection in town), underground publications, comics and used books. It is perhaps the best alternative bookstore in the city.

A Room of One's Own sells exclusively feminist literature, but like the Madison Book Co-op is designed for relaxed browsing. Males are not unwelcome and some space is set aside for men's liberation material. Trying to do more than just sell books, the store sponsors art shows, readings and group meetings, although its financial situation at the present time is precarious.

The Little Professor Book Shop, located in the new University Square mall, is neither a specialty nor an alternative store, but offers titles that appeal to the widest reading audience—a tactic that seems to have only a dubious chance of success, given the proximity of the more well-stocked University Bookstore. Still, The Little Professor carries all of what one might care to read in science fiction, inspirational books, current hardback bestsellers and

paperback non-fiction. The store does excel in its collection of foreign and domestic magazines. Pic-A-Book alters the all-things-to-all-men formula to a heavier emphasis on the soft-core porn trade. Virtually every species of skin magazine can be found on their shelves, as well as scandal newspapers, erotic pocket books and illustrated sex manuals. Along one wall are mass market and quality paperback fiction, and in the rear of the store (past the greeting cards and spinner racks) is located an eclectic selection of paperback non-fiction, arranged by publisher, which sometimes contains the book that no other place in town has. There is a whole case, for example, of Penguin classics. Shelving by subject may be good for sales, but Pic-A-Book's arrangement by publisher can often be the quickest way of locating a particular book you have in mind.

Further up on State Street there are the Adult Amusement Arcade and Mall Books, perhaps Madison's most specialized book stores. Along with the latest in hard-core printed porn, you can purchase inflatable plastic dolls (full-sized females, anatomically correct), stag films (to take home or view on the premises for 25¢), various "love products" (dildos, flavored lubricating creams, fake vaginas, vibrators), the most up-to-date accouterments in the bondage line (whips, manacles, leather sheaths, ropes) and swingers' directories.

We were told that business booms when conventions come to town (especially the bankers' in late August) but consists generally of a steady middle-aged male clientele on normal business days. The idea seems to be to keep 'em off the street, which is perhaps why (unless they open a store out in Nakoma) the guardians of civil order leave them pretty much alone.

Moseley's on the Capitol Square seems to be becoming less of a bookstore than a potpourri of brick-a-brack and office furniture. Among the usual hardback bestsellers, gift books, cookbooks and repair manuals there is a small rack of mass-market paperbacks, although Steve Briggs, the manager, claims they will be putting in a section of quality paperbacks in the near future. Still, it is not exactly the kind of bookstore you would go into for a book. On the other hand, they seem to have a good selection of greeting cards, china, stationary and the kind of gifts you bring to mothers-in-law, nuns, old bachelor relatives and perhaps bosses on their ten-years' anniversary working for the company. Moseley's does carry *The Joy of Sex*, but asked us not to mention it, as it might damage their image.

The University Bookstore, then, is by no means the only show in town, although it comes pretty damn near to being just that (it claims to carry 80% of the student trade.)

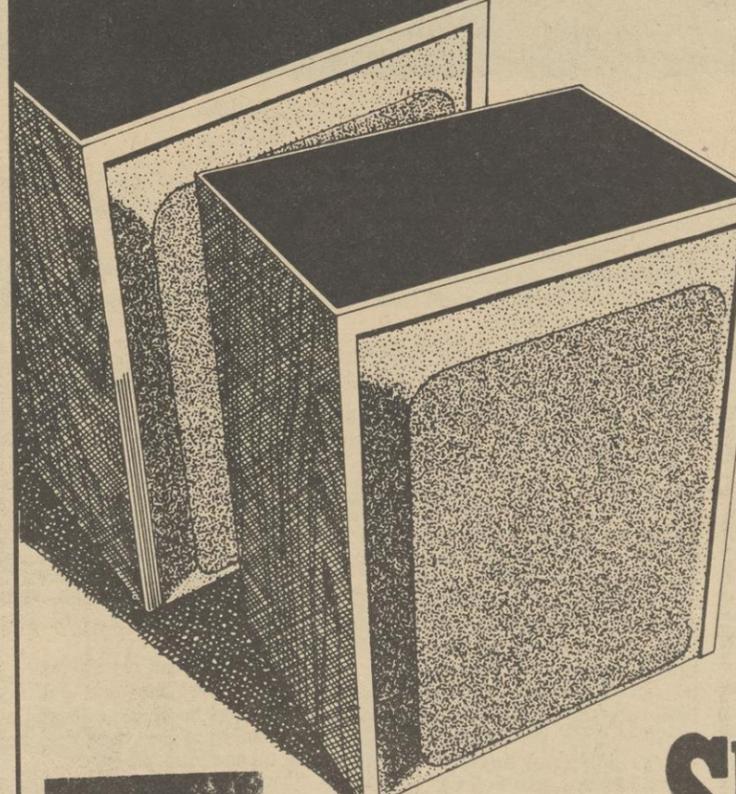
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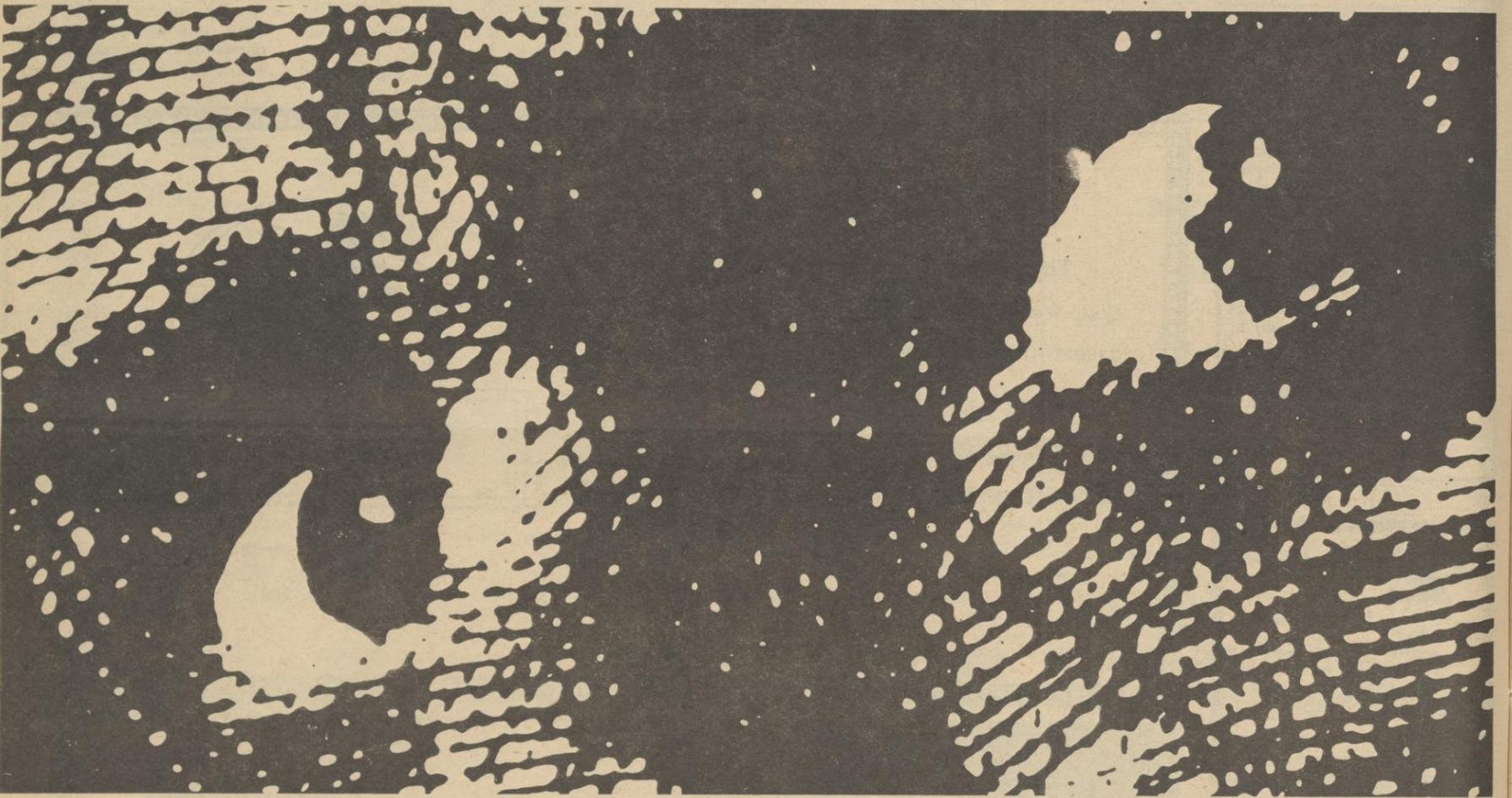
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# I SAW MY WIFE



By PAM BAUMGARD

I saw my wife in the grocery store yesterday. I had just gotten there and was taking down all the soup cans, looking for onion, when I saw her through the shelf. Her back was to me, but I knew it was her. A little fatter, but the same wide, square hips and bony shoulders. Hair the color of mahogany, shorter now, cut immediately after she left me, I'm sure, in spite for all those years I made her keep it long.

I swung around, not knowing what to do. I leaned my elbows on the edge of the freezer and put my hands over my face—as a small protection against her recognizing me—and tried to think. But all I could think about was how mad I was that she was there.

I still couldn't believe that she had left in the first place; the whole time we were together she never even got to the front door when she threatened to leave, but then one night she slipped away, right from my bed, taking nothing, never calling.

My elbows were starting to burn from the cold metal, but all I could think of was her and how I'd heard nothing nothing nothing from her and then she shows up right in my neighborhood grocery, like she wanted to taunt me. She used to do that all the time; when I was reading or studying she would put her arms around me and kiss me and say "Come talk to me," or "Let's go out," but if I would turn and put an arm around her she would say, "No, you'd better keep studying."

I heard footsteps coming down the aisle towards me; it was her, I knew the quick click click click of her walk. Like a blind man, I could feel her getting closer, but then gone around the corner of the aisle.

I decided it was ridiculous to hide. If we met, well, she should have expected that when she came here. I would be nonchalant, go on with my shopping and try not to think about it.

I walked to the end of the aisle and peeked around the corner. Nonchalant, nonchalant. I told myself, and took a deep breath, held it for five counts, and then

exhaled it for five counts. She was not in the aisle, and I walked down it slowly, thinking about my five count breathing, something I did to get back to sleep when I woke up in the middle of the night with a cold or a bad dream.

I slowed at the end of the aisle and peeked around the corner again. I saw nothing at first and started to walk but then there she was, checking out. I walked quickly backwards into the shelter of the aisle, and then carefully looked around the corner again until I could just see her standing in line. She was paying for her groceries, writing a check, her arm moving very quickly.

She hated to grocery shop with me. I was too slow, she said, I took too long to make decisions. One time I stood in front of the Jello display, picking sizes and flavors, until she finally walked away, breathing angrily. I ran after her and grabbed her by the arm just as she got to the door. She screamed, "You bastard, just let me out of here," glaring at me, but secretly, I think, enjoying all the people watching us. I let go of her, and she stalked out the door,

but five minutes later she found me by the spaghetti and we laughed and finished our shopping.

I saw her finish paying and pick up her bag of groceries and walk outside, stopping for a minute in front of the big glass window. A new green car pulled up a little past her and she walked over to it and opened the door. I walked to the window. Her back was to me but I could see in the car. A man was driving. A man. She put her groceries in the front seat and started to talk to him. She lifted her chin and laughed and then her face went solemn, just in the way I used to imitate for a joke. She moved her hands like she was petting a cat.

I turned and ran out the door. I ran up behind her and put my hand on her back. She looked at me, blankly at first, and then her face turned ramrod cold.

"I have nothing to say to you," she said. She put her hand on the car door but kept standing there.

"What are you doing here?" I asked.

"I'm living here now."  
I stood looking at her, smiling.

"I really don't want to talk to you," she said. I kept standing there and so did she. "What do you want?"

"I just want to tell you...that I love you." I could feel myself smiling but I couldn't believe that I had said that. I felt like I was two people, and one of me was still inside the grocery store watching the other me saying I love you and not being able to stop it.

My wife laughed. "Well, I don't love you," she said. The man gunned the motor.

"I wish you wouldn't shop here," I said. "You know this is where I shop and I'm bound to see you again if you shop here."

"I'll shop wherever I want," she said. She sat on the car seat but did not shut the door.

Then I just smiled and shrugged and turned on my heel and walked away, breathing in five and out five. I thought I heard her call my name once, but I didn't turn around, and I could feel her staring straight into my back.