

AFRICAN TRADITIONS
 ...The MDUNDIKO drum,
 The African drum,
 Sound of the shadows,
 The echo
 Of the tell-tale bird,
 Vibrating loud and wide,
 Tunes sad and gloomy,
 Tunes summoning,
 Tunes sending,
 Thuds to plague the flesh.
 ...Lo!
 The magical effect,
 See the men
 In dancing hysteria
 Their bodies marked
 With vital soil,
 Dancer with arrow-pierced
 faces,
 Dancer with wooden masks
 Masks black
 And beads of porcupine
 thorns,
 Their blue feathers
 Of wild African peacock.
 And see
 The African woman
 In her vital dance
 The music
 Paralysed in
 The mystery of her flesh.
 She rocks with the beat.
 She rises, she faints,
 She laughs, she wails,
 Swinging and swinging
 Slowly and fast
 Responding
 To the call of the MDUNDIKO
 drum.
 DEOGRATIAS MUGOA

THE GREAT SIFTER
 Strange stuff
 this rain without sound
 He in the sky with his chef's
 hat
 double sifting -
 his long immortal fingers
 squeezing
 in and out
 squeak squeak
 effortlessly
 all night
 rubbing his nose with the
 back of his wrist
 and sneezing occasionally
 Covering us all in this bowl
 raisins and cherries alike -
 his own indefinable
 mixture.

PAMELA J. FULTON

"MIND OVER MATTER"

Every Morning I wake up overwhelmed. Without taking
 away from the greatness of whatever is going on, I am
 convinced that the whole thing must be one big
 continuous unimaginably sophisticated dream,
 subject to constraints associated with the perpetual
 mathematical background of the universe. Creativity
 and imagination continually transcend these
 constraints, and as people such as Einstein and Gary
 Larson have so vividly shown us, you can get paid for
 it!!!

-Michael Tait

BEGGING
 There he stoops all day
 Wrinkled
 Grey-haired
 Senile
 With his stained beard, and
 his pavement bowl.
 Hand hopefully
 outstretched
 Entreating
 Entreating with eyes
 Entreating with his tongue
 Entreating with his hands
 Yet we saunter by
 Eyes earthwards rivetted.
 Sometimes a knurled stick
 Sometimes none
 Always the filthy jeans
 The tattered jean

**LONG LIVE the HAPPY
 HOOKER**
 The Happy Hooker winks at
 me and
 attracts me with a lure
 Not so much the act but,
 the spirit of adventure,
 compels me to taste,
 before smelling.
 A ROSE is A ROSE is A Rose
 Work to pay work to pay
 work to play
 Pay to work.

Fingers slip in pockets,
 searching for that pink and
 scented bill,
 R.C.M.P. watch from
 tabletop,
 while I ride, while I ride, while I
 ride.
 Twenty-four sunsets, in one
 single day.
 fire; works in dark
 and catch hall phrases
 fade,
 like dirty laundry.

Experiencing emotions led
 me to the act,
 tired of the pavement,
 souls of feet felt flat.

Engrossing in emotional
 orgy,
 orgasmic,
 life creating potential.
 "Put it in the womb, not
 on agar plate.
 Create an altered state.
 Realize the world.
 A STAGE.....

S. G. GARLAND

FLOATING ALONE

He's not lonely because of
 you.
 And I'm so surprised
 that you don't know why
 he's so confused.
 There's only one thing he
 wants to hear
 and how would you
 understand?
 He's lost without the
 melodies,
 but I won't play.
 Strength is a factor
 and my music will not
 replace
 the one he heard before.
 And all that I know how to
 play now
 are the songs of despair.
 Why would I hurt a child?

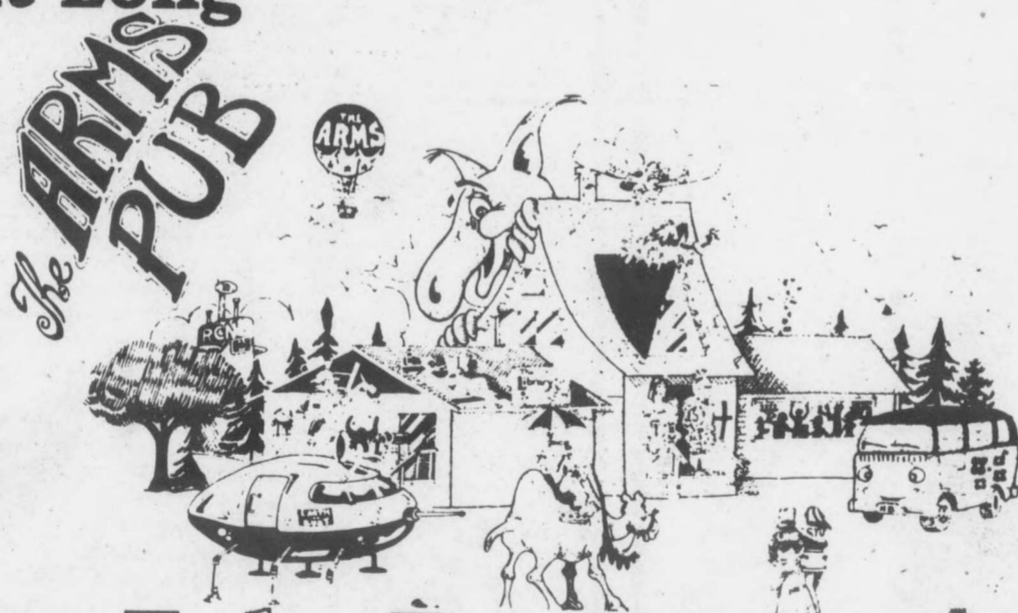
RUTHE

Friday, Feb. 3

**Happy Hour All
 Night Long**

Saturday, Feb. 4

"Hip Deep"



Tuesday, Feb. 7

"Win, Lose, or Draw"

Wednesday, Feb. 8

**Ladies Night
 All Night Long**

Coming soon to the ARMS:

"Sons of Gilbert"

February 10 & 11