



by Marcus Peddle

May 18 - 20

Hey Buddy!

There's a joke among Koreans that foreigners can fit a 500 won coin up their nose. It's vaguely amusing. Anyway, last night I dreamt I saw a picture of myself with a rather large schnoz. I thought, "you know, I really can fit a 500 won coin up there!" The *Handbook of Dreams* is reticent on the subject.

I got my first paycheck Monday! I went downtown with a couple of other teachers and bought a transformer so I can plug my CD player and speakers into the 220v outlets here. I also went a little crazy in a record store and bought four CDs. Ouch. I bought Queen's Greatest Hits (not available in N. America anymore, though there is a new Greatest Hits), Chopin Preludes, Led Zeppelin III and Leonard Cohen Songs from a Room.

Hello.

It's Saturday! Almost the weekend! I think I should probably take it easy tonight and write letters or something. I think all the teachers and one of the secretaries are going dancing tomorrow night. I don't really like dancing, but I suppose I can sit out most of them if I want.

The Academic director is here today, and she'll be observing one of my classes for 15 or twenty minutes. I'm not very nervous because she's nice and won't be nasty about anything. I may have told you, but she's going to check out taking Korean lessons at one of the seven universities in Taegu.

Did I tell you about Teacher's Day? Monday (May 15) was Teacher's Day. Some of my students brought gifts. I received four handkerchiefs, 2 bouquets of roses, a single rose, two pairs of rather expensive socks, and four traditional mask fridge magnets.

One girl, Gloria, brought me a box of ginseng tea and an alligator skin wallet. The wallet is worth about 50,000 won (\$80) and the ginseng tea is not very cheap. There was also a note from her mother (in Korean, so a teacher translated it for me) saying she was sorry she couldn't give me the gift in person, but she doesn't speak English and was shy. She said she was

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# d\*i\*s\*t\*r\*a C\*t\*i\*o\*n\*s



## Fires Burning

by A.T. Madsen

I had a vision hurt me in my sleep,  
a nightmare which you have no choice to keep  
...there was an Old Cape Cod,  
a cup of Earl Grey tea,  
lukewarm and sickly sweet

I stretched out my slumber as my neighbor waved  
From the view of my verandah, his roses were his slave  
A chain of smokebutts burnt my yard,  
although the grass forgave  
"It's quite a pretty day today," the gardener gushed. Indeed.

The newspaper sat near to one too lost to read  
Over the cracked and peeling paint of the rails  
went another wasted Camel, freed  
Just then, the birds no longer sang  
Their silence bore an eerie slang  
Away, they flapped, when it began  
Black mist made a noose to hang  
all from one unfiltered yet finished  
tobacco stub, diminished

It was my last vice of the dawn  
Cherry-coaled and french kissing the lawn  
Fiery talons tore at the Cape Cod  
I didn't curse a plea to raise  
and I was frozen by it's blaze  
I was licked by hungry flames  
I was ensnared through the haze

As I drowned in hellish rain,  
I awoke, smoking in bed, again.

It was a mourning cigarette.

fin.

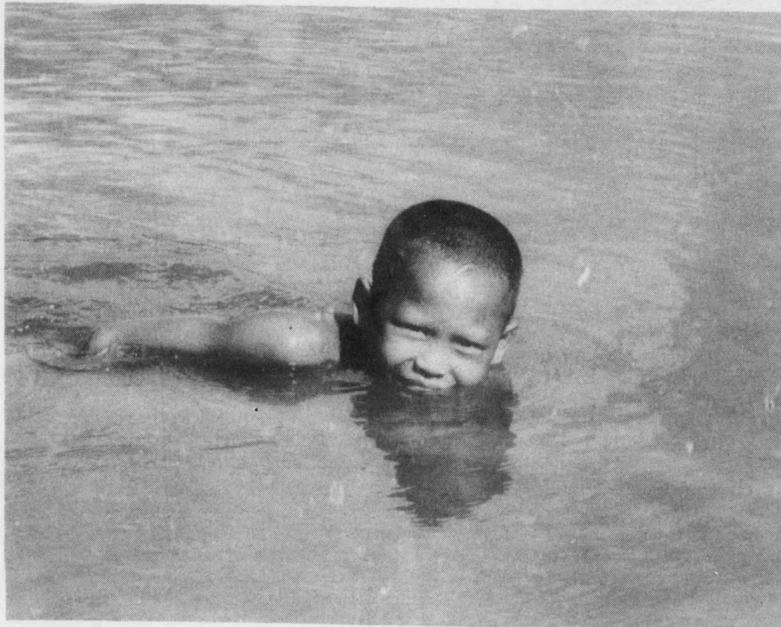


photo by the quietly powerful mike dean

## Ask Apricot

Dear Apricot,

I recently had a couple of disturbing dreams, and I was hoping that you could help me to understand what's going on in my subconscious.

Nite one: I woke up shouting, "Get Out! Get Out!" or someone was screaming it to me in my dream because I could not get it out of my head. That was it, at least for the first night.

Nite two: I was walking in the fog (which was kinda nice --- I find the fog quite mysterious and romantic, even when I'm alone) and it was nite. So nothing was very clear (I know! that's because it was foggy, right?!) Anyway, I was walking down a path near the woods and there was a stream nearby. I could hear it.

As I was walking, the fog slowly lifted, and I realized I was nude. I woke up.

What can you tell me about these dreams?

Signed,  
Dream Weaver.

Dear Dream Weaver,

This dream is clearly a metaphor for birth. The screams "get out" indicate the desire to be born, and the comfortable fog in the night represents the womb. The fog lifts, and you discover that you are naked --- newborn.

In this case, it represents a rebirth or awakening, a radical change in your life, especially in a positive way, as you enjoy the fog and the experiences leading to your "awakening."

Sweet dreams,  
Apricot