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SUBMISSIONS POLICY
WOODEN TEETH will consider and is interested in all literary and art forms. Poetry, short stories, essays on any subject in any style can be accepted. Photographs and artwork are valued and welcome. All originals can be returned upon request.

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Something Silly to Pass the Time.
by Arturo Victoria

See the color-blitzed sky
where blue-glazed doves swim
while orange-green mountains shout
their fleeting clothes
borrowed from the sun.

See, a man stands alone on a sunkist mountain.
He looks pretty damned drunk.
He's talking to himself, then to the poet.

"Hey man, what the hell are you looking at?
Ain't a man got a right to piss in peace?"

See the man throw a rock at the poet.
The poet runs barefoot on sunkist mountain,
on jagged rocks.

"Ouch... ooooh-oh... ouch!" says he.

And then...
... see the blue-glazed doves unload their
snow-white droppings on the
lonely drunkard.

Hear the poet make fun:

"Na, na, na, na boo-boo
your head is full of doo-doo."

Conceived and composed
during Astronomy 10.

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2 wooden teeth
Eight Ways of Looking At the Moon
(in appreciation of Wallace Stevens, 
Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Blackbird)

by Jennifer Brodt

I
Cloudless summer
The moon shines bright
Yet day remains

II
The moon sang to me last night
Such enchanting melodies
Through my open window
And calmed my restless soul.

III
A full earth it was
When I took a midnight stroll.
Do nightmares prowl here, too?

IV
If I could only let the moon follow me
when I run across the earth
I know life would be a child's game again

V
Four walls rigid
Splintered wood and concrete frigid
Flush fibers from here to down the hall
A roof that scurries in the night
The moon can see me though.

VI
White gray black
Windswept seas
Covered by cellophane air
A brittle snap echoed through
A rock filled void
White gray black

VII
When the core of the earth wants me
I go walking on the moon.

VIII
Once
Raindrops so covered the window
And each threw back the indoor light so viciously
That I could not see the moon
And then not even myself

---

Fears

by Andria J. Averbach

It used to be
That thunder
Was my enemy.
But now when I hear
The rumble
I fear
The end.
The fears of a modern child.

Not the storm
Not the dark
But total
Destruction.
The fears of a modern child.

On my TV
It's starving people
I see.
How long
Before that is me?
The fears of a modern child.
Two Candles
by Andillon Hackney

Two figures flicker
One speaking to the other.
Inaudible whispers
Set against a still night.
Shimmering waves
A door thrown open
Brilliance!
Silence, saying.
Silence rubbing
Our tired backs.
Wiping away fear.
Silence moaning
For us.
What a gift
We have
In silence.
We, two candles
flickering.

Sanity Lost
by Charles E. Klimicek, Jr.

When Life laughs with others,
offers them smiles and treasures,
and you only receive from it
a cold stare and many empty promises,

When Life gently presents you with Love
lets you savour It, feel It, then suddenly
rips It from you, dashing It and the
hopes It harbourred,

When Life secretly mocks you through
the sycophant in you, making you swear you
have it all, and then smashes those dreams
in the rocks of despair,

When Life imposes this all on you,
when all this you suffer,
then the need to exit the stage of existence
becomes a frightening reality,

And all that was once dreams,
all that was once hope,
now becomes nothing in the light
of Sanity Lost…
wooden teeth
Reply to Goethe
by Camille Pissarro

Das ewige maennliche
Zieht Mich hinan.*

I can neither explain nor justify
my love for that fragrance which draws me,
my love for that form which completes me.
All my sisters’ arguments, politics and logic
cannot sway me
from these criminals of the sheets—
Ah, they are not all criminals! I think.
But I can see through the priests and demigods
they think themselves,
and love them for what they are.
(Because they make fictions of themselves to win
our love.
I cannot but be touched by that sweetness.)

*The eternal masculine draws me to perfection

Teddy Bear
by Kelly Lowe

SHARE SHARE
TEDDY BEAR
KEEP ME WARM TONIGHT
FROZEN FEET
BODY HEAT
KEEP ME WARM TONIGHT
CURL YOURSELF
INTO A BALL
FIGHT THE COLD
SUMMER INTO FALL
SUPINE WARMTH
ARMS ENTANGLLED
LEGS ENTWINE
NOTHING NEW PANGED
GAMES WITH MY MIND
SO
CARE CARE
TEDDY BEAR
HOLD MY HAND TONIGHT
LOOK ME IN THE EYE
AND TELL ME YOUR LIE
WILL YOU LOVE ME
JUST FOR
TONIGHT?
“DADDY!!!” my daughter yelled very emphatically into my ear. “Daddy, I’ve called you three times! Didn’t you hear me?” she asked. She was standing next to my chair with our cat, Chuckie, on her shoulder, her hands bunched up into fists resting on her hips, an aggravated look screwing up the shape of her pretty brown eyes.

“Huh?” I said back to her. “Ya, I heard you.”

“No, you didn’t, Daddy. You never... Daddy!! Can you turn down that music, please?”

Music, yes. The sound of Rostopovich playing Bach’s cello suites was accompanying my thoughts and underlaying my daughter’s booming voice. The sounds of chords and single melodies—all played by one instrument. How brilliant!

“Daddy! Are you listening?”

“Yes, turn it down, sweetheart. Of course I’m listening,” I said as the drowning music disappeared with the touch of my daughter’s hand.

“Do you want something, sweetheart? I’m very busy.” This was my usual comment when I was busy, and I was always busy.

“Daddy, I want to talk. What are you doing?”

I explained to her that I was writing a chapter in a book on infertility. “Step into my office, Sir Child,” I told her in our joking way. It meant for her to drag up a chair and sit next to me. As she sat down, the cat jumped from her shoulder to her lap, where he comfortably rested his black, furry body on her white, straight skirt. She was dressed up like quite a woman tonight. She had become quite a woman—like her mother when I married her. Before the army, before the practice, before New Orleans, before our daughters, before I had to write a chapter in this book. Oh, this book—infertility. Yes, I must think of sperm counts and ovums and...

“Daddy? Are you going out to dinner like that?”

“Yes, yes dinner. Yes, I’m going like this. What’s wrong with this? Vasso’s is casual. Is your mother ready yet? I’m really very busy. Chuckie is shedding hair all over your dress,” I said off-handedly to my daughter.

“Oh, I don’t care... Daddy, you know, I’m only home for a week and we haven’t had time to talk yet. Don’t you care what’s going on in my life?”

“Yes, of course I care, sweetheart,” I replied, but I had other things to care about, too. “How long are you home for?” I couldn’t concentrate on what she was saying, so I stared at the bridge of her nose so it would seem like I was listening.

“A week, Daddy, a week. I told you that. Tomorrow’s my birthday. Do you remember? I’m going to be twenty-one, Daddy...”

Sperm counts or Rostopovich? What was I thinking of? Or was it my daughter as a baby, my wife as a young girl. Her birthday, yes... How old would she be, I asked.

“Twenty-one, Daddy, twenty-one. I have a boyfriend now. Did you know? Do you want to hear about him? It’s the same one since last time. His name is Ali, Daddy. He’s not Jewish; he’s from Iran. Do you care? Did you hear me, Daddy? A Moslem, not Jewish.

Through my thoughts of microscopes, I heard “Jewish” and “boyfriend”. She must have said that she has a Jewish boyfriend. “That’s nice honey,” I said, “a Jewish boy is good.” Her mother married a Jewish boy, a doctor, no less, with test tubes, and microscopes, and stethoscopes.

“No, Daddy, he’s not Jewish.” Her eyes looked exasperated. She brushed the cat’s fur the wrong way as she talked. Then she scratched the spot right where his back turns into his tail. His behind rose into the air. My daughter was very good with animals, just like myself. She was in college now. When I was in college, I dissected many animals. Mostly rats and bunnies. I didn’t dissect cats, of course. I had a dog then—Moose Eisenstein. No wife, no children, no book to write, no inseminations, no sperm counts—just Moose, myself, microscopes, med-school... and my youth. I listened to Bach and Handel and Mozart and Beethoven and...”

“Daddy,” she interrupted as she pierced my thoughts, “I’m in love with Ali. Look at the ring he gave me. Mother was nineteen when she married you. I’m twenty-one tomorrow, Daddy. Ali gave me this for my birthday.”

My daughter seemed to be trying to get some point across to me. What was it? “Who’s Ali, dear? Your Jewish boyfriend?”

“No, Daddy, it’s Ali, not Al and he’s not Jewish. I just said that. He gave me this ring. It’s a diamond. Do you like it?”
You first take a clean syringe, and then... Oh, how can I concentrate with all this noise? 'All, dear? That's nice. Would you please turn up the music some? This is a beautiful section. You've studied music, haven't you? Made an 'A' in music theory last term, didn't you? I made 'A's in music theory, too, but I became a doctor. A doctor who has to write this book.' Before my daughter looked down at the cat, I realized were pools of exasperated water in her eyes. Had I hurt her? 'Sweetheart, do you think I've been a good father to you? I know I haven't had much time, but aren't I paying for your education. Don't I give you what you need? Are you unhappy with your life?' I cared. She was a good girl—a bit too much like her mother. The women in this house always want something from me; what is it? I work; I work hard for them. I give them what I can. I write books; I pioneer a field; I keep a regular practice; I give them money. What else is there? There's Chuckie; there was Moose; there was college; there is this book; there was studying; there still is studying. Everything still is. It's just grown or mutilated. Mutability, a good theme in literature, a good theme in music, a...

'Daddy, will you just listen for a minute? Mom will be ready soon and we'll have to go. But I wanted to talk to you. Do you want to talk to me?'

As she questioned me, I saw a gooey, red spot of lipstick on her teeth. I didn't listen to what she said, but I rather liked watching the spot revealed and covered according to her speech pattern. "You've got lipstick on your teeth and hair all over you. Is there something important you wanted to tell me? Maybe you had better start from the beginning," I said to her. Just then, my twenty-one year old daughter put her head into the hairy body on her lap with her shoulders shaking and her sobs ringing in my ears, overpowering Kostovitch, sperm banks, and Moose Eisenstein. There was nothing I could do. How could either of us start from the beginning when the beginning had been twenty-one years ago tomorrow? The futility of life. So much had changed since then. Yes, much had changed. "I think I'll change my clothes for dinner," I said more to the soggy cat than to the buried head that had wasted my dreams so many years ago.
What price will I pay?
(For Dawn 8/15/84)
by Kelly Lowe

Independance
summertime romance seeing lovers on the beach
knowing that you're out of reach
I held out my hand
but you ran to him
In the long run
nice guys never win
visions of us
walking in the sand
could be tomorrow
could be never
might be sorrow
might be heaven
don't die for me
I'll get better
you wait and see
I'll always talk about you
I hope you think about me
late at night when they can't see
cigarettes and quarters
as I try to get through to you
smoke burns
I'd do anything
for your love
is it worth it
to give up everything—when I know you love him.
I know I stand no chance
but still I dance that dance
round and round you lead me
and I eat the shit that you feed me
a sick friend you said
then to whom
were you giving head to
in the park
after dark
help me—all I wanted was you
affection
not your complete—rejection
contemplate
fornicate
I love you
I need you
What price will I pay?
Clowning Around
by Arturo Victoria

I told you once that 2 and 2 is 5
and you said, “Thanks, you’re amazing.”
Bozo-like, you smiled.
I tricked you.
Once too, I showed you some pictures of
Shanghai. I said, “Napoleon’s hometown.
He wasn’t a real Frenchman, you know.
But boy can the French cook.”
And you said, “Learn something everyday.
I’d like to go there and eat pizza.”
You smiled again, believed in me.
Let me tell you another one...
...but today you whispered, “I love you.”
(I will slap myself for 40 days)
And I’m telling you now that taxes are high,
tomato is a fruit, 2 and 2 is 5 and
H2O boils at 100 degrees.
God exists and I love you too.

Friends?
by Andria J. Averback

Why is it
Between the sexes
There is no bond so great
As the one
That isn’t meant?
Can’t I say
Hello
Without him hearing
I love you?

The theatrics of life so absorb us, that after
awhile of suffering them, we know not when to
stop acting.
Charles E. Klimicek, Jr.
The Drawing Class
by Camille Pisk

I. Linda
Eventually I noticed she wore a wedding ring,
and wondered,
did her husband begrudge the artists the intimacy
of view?
But the nakedst thing
was her triangular, feline face.
Soon I stopped thinking of her nudity,
of her? But I can never see just lines.
I will never be a great artist.

II. Eve
I wondered how she could even breathe,
or suffer a man's embrace,
she was so thin.
Not like life.
It made her difficult to draw—
the lines too close together.
The strength of blackness in her hair
was the strongest thing about her
and the most beautiful.

III. Shannon
An earlier time would have branded her
"peasant."
for her breadth of hip, but
skewing them, her tiny breasts, all rose
make proportions difficult
I caught myself when I blushed for the string,
then concentrated on that Irish-flame hair,
though charcoal was my only tool.

---

good humour
by Amy Ziff

hey popsicle girl
i bet you've got ice water for blood
i know your stick has termites
will you melt for an encore
what's your flavor this week
or your color for tomorrow
lock
slosh
smack
drop
spat
spoon clean
and
ahhhhh
all done.

Sexism on
the School Paper
by Camille Pisk

"She's just a baby."
I defended her, and it's true.
Her newborn skin proclaims it:
perhaps seventeen.
She thinks if she's a "good girl," not a
troublemaker,
her silence will be rewarded
by the leering men-to-be,
rewarded with a position
other than prone.
She is wrong.
Untitled
by Amy Ziff

on your green rooftop
in the middle of the middle
of the morning
i composed my song
on your wine glass
i dipped my finger, wet
and circled the thin ridge
slowly
it began
your glass started to
sigh and moan
i closed my eyes and circled faster
and finally
i heard the melody i wanted
bravo you whispered
encore
encore
so i did.

Morning Remains
by Jodi Brinkman

I would look forever
if I thought
you were real,
but the morning misplaces
your letters
and there is never
a phone call
to confirm.
Only a chance
that tonight we will meet
if ever again,
but you will never
be out of my dreams.
Once we were
surrounded by flowers,
Now
only the scent
remains.
Dolores Lovely, M.D.
by Arturo Victoria

She puts on a cottony facade each time she makes herself visible to the world: half-closed, feathery eyes seemingly searching for something beyond what's in front of her. She wanders full of joy and bubbles into the hospital cafeteria, much like a cheerleaderenticing a crowd full of beer and peanuts. "Pardon me, is that really a hard-boiled egg? If so, I'll take it with coffee. Nutra sweet and skim milk, please, thank you. Give me an H, give me an A, give me an R...!"

And the man behind the counter, barely awake and struggling with a head cold says to himself, "Damnation! Hospital ain't paying me enough for this. Doctors and shit commin' round like they owns the place. I ain't even had my own breakfast, yet."

It's not so much her gentle beauty but the way she generally manages to appear lost and confused that send romantic fantasies to my brain. Her awkward attempt at stupidity does nothing but add to her permanent state of cuteness. "You see, I try to look stupid just so you'd think I'm smart. By looking stupid, which by the way is the very opposite of me, I am actually being smart since I have fooled everyone into thinking otherwise. I'm really quite intelligent. Hell, I'm an Obstetrician."

Her mouth is constantly parted (not too wide, however, like one who finds it difficult to breathe due to nasal congestion), so that when the urge to smile snatches her in the face, she has merely to tighten the upper lip to show a perfect set of gleaming teeth. "I believe it saves time and energy to place the mouth on Red Alert, Code Red if you like. You never know who's lurking around the next corner, or behind that door over there. It could be Dr. Leo Loewe, department head of Obstetrics and Gynecology, that's who. Then, what? Always be prepared to smile is what I think. I've perfected the art—it is a valid art form as far as I'm concerned.—by smiling to myself at least three times a day: First thing in the morning, way before Q107 comes out with its traffic report saying that the Wilson Bridge is closed due to some idiot truck driver from Alabama. On my way to the hospital, driving my Celica with one hand and waving to strangers with the other; And of course, during my lunch break sitting by the window and chewing olives.

"You see, a perfectly executed smile gives the impression that you want to buy the world a Coke—a Diet Coke that is, being the contemporary babe that I truly am. Hell, even after an argument with a hostile nurse from Four South, I still manage to have a smile on my face."

Aside from being an accomplished Obstetrician with high intelligence, classic beauty and a strong habit for smiling at the slightest provocation ("I'm trigger-happy when it comes to smiling), she is also a formidable critic of Rock and Roll music. She has had numerous articles published in such well-established and influential publications as the Rolling Stone, Good Housekeeping, Guns and Ammo and the Friday Report, the latter being the hospital's weekly bulletin. Example:

I think the Law must make an exception in this case—nothing short of torture should do the trick. If it were up to me, I'd have him thrown off a plane. It is quite obvious that the man was a victim of child abuse. The lyrics to his songs, chemically induced and laden with innumerable designed to subjugate women, should be sufficient to convict the idiot. His lips alone is a crime against society and decency. I desire to even mention his so-called strut, which to me is a clear indication of demonic possession. He should be speared mercilessly. Heed my words: Mick Jagger is a threat to world civilization! (Excerpt from "Jagger Stinks", Friday Report, May 18, 1985)

And when you take all the qualities mentioned so far, mix them up like one does with beef stew, what you have is virtual freedom to roam hospital corridors without having to justify any reason for being there in the first place. "Hell, even on my days off, I'm Lawrence of Arabia when it comes to roaming hospital corridors. My long, silky hair dances with hospital air. I don't even have to have my I.D. card dangling on my lab coat."

This one is a gem—nothing quite like a woman with spunk. Her skills in Obstetrics are second to none, her legs are beyond compare. But what I most admire is her quick and constant wit. Asked of her opinion regarding hospital administrators, loan officers, laboratory technicians and lewd male doctors she said, "Bunch of fools. If I had my way, I'd gather all the fools in this world, intoxicate them to the point of blindness and then..." Here she paused, pulled the trigger and boom!—bright teeth flashed like a battle scene from Star Wars. "And then I'd make them all drive home during rush hour. Ha, ha."
What about combative sports? "The martial arts? Kung fu, Jujitsu, etc.? I love them all. Even when the situation is least appropriate, I just love to say ‘Kung fu, Jujitsu’ or what have you. I take lessons, you know."

Religion?: “You mention the Moral Majority? If I ever catch Falwell in the delivery room, God help him. I’ll throw surgical blades at his knee caps.”

Politics: “The hell with it. I urge all politicians to violate Soviet airspace.”

Society in general?: “I promise you this: Once my course in Chinese boxing is through, deviants of all sort had better watch out. I speak of break dancers, truck drivers from Alabama, lewd male doctors and of course, Mick Jagger. A flying kick to them all, I say. Swim in fear, creep, Dragon Fist will soon emerge as the savior of decency and good taste—ME! I’m only three belts from a black one, you know.”

I love you. Will you marry me?: “Okay, Just as soon as I’ve delivered the first set of multiple births representing each country of the United Nations, with the possible exception of France. Ha, ha.”

---

Thinking About Harlem

by Eric Minkoff

Look at the pink cadillac race through the avenue. Little kid, torn shirt, run away.
Let my lady alone for she don’t want to play.

The fire hydrant flows and cools the summer’s eve.
Laughing child, skinned knees, running nose.
Shining as through my veins it flows.

Scenes from Africa line the store front gates.
Running boy, purse in hand, open eyes.
Lives his life in the night time skies.

Blues ring out on stoops of rundown castles.
Dancing girl, belly loose, naked breath.
Running from the man and certain death.

Just waiting for the dark to turn to light so I can see again. Children laugh, children cry,
tomorrow is uncertain.
And the players will perform until the final curtain.

wooden teeth 17
Vietnam
by Christopher Roberts

I weep for a little country in the wrong place,  
I weep for the people who never deserved such a fate.  
I weep for those that believed in political ideas,  
I weep for those that fought and perhaps died there,  
I weep for those that remain, unearthed and open,  
I weep for the people who now flee the liberators,  
I weep for the nations those wounds have not healed,  
I weep for the divided people who fought for  
and against the ideas,  
But most of all, I weep for I,  
For none dare speak to me of that troubled time,  
When I was yet an infant,  
I weep for those who will not speak,  
To ignore their past can only ensure my future.

Untitled
by Tom Jackson

Stars and Stripes  
lions and tigers and bears  
Love and Life  
there are so many  
slogans  
and  
banners  
even when i say  
"I love you"  
(Let's run it up a flagpole and see who  
buys it)
Two Poems Ending
With Questions

by Evan Samson

States United
Old World over United States—
Your choice, by which I'm most offended.
The net result (Was it intended?):
You free of me; myself, suspended.

Your clean escape has left me empty
Save for an ache, not unexpected.
I lie awake, erect, rejected.
How many of our friends suspected?

Parallel to Me Are You
Parallel to me are you:
On top; beside; below me, too.
Below me to a frothy shore.
Below me so I sail no more.
Below me while below you, too—
An inverse parallel we do.

Below you yields your greatest pleasure.
Beside them, though, how do I measure?
Beside me, pray, is there another
(On top of Lacis and his brother)?
On top of Miquels One and Two
Parallel to whom are you?