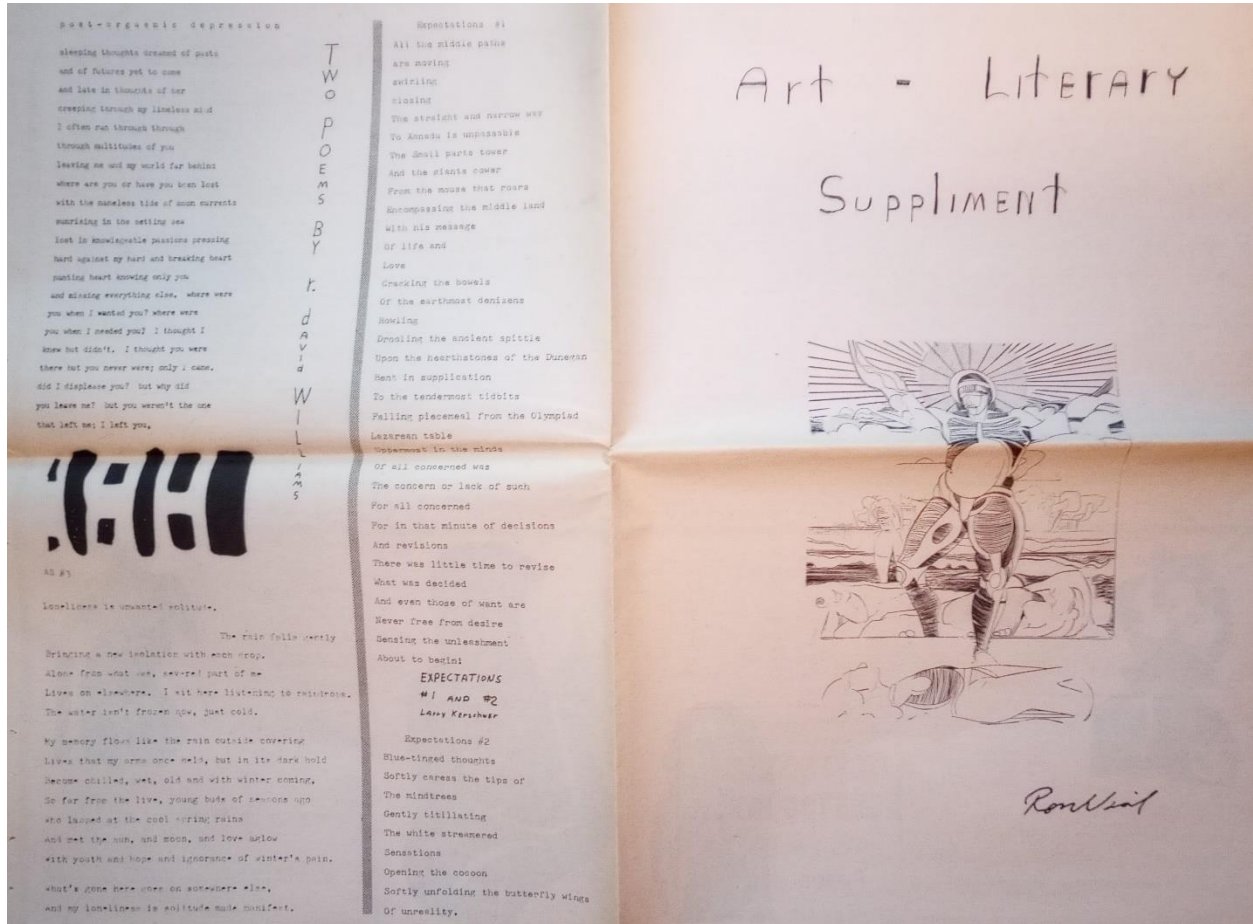


Polar Star Art – Lit Supplement

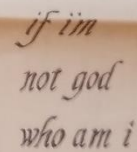
Fairbanks, Alaska, 1972-74



armadillo fur alaska arm

R.D. Williams
Oct. 22, 1970

drawing by Mark Nolden poems by Larry Kerschner



becoming your brother

while i watch

the spatter of rain

on a cabins tin roof

waiting for rescue

ALL THE
WINDOW
OF THE
MOON
OPEN &
CLOSE



A SILK
WAR MAKES
THE WORM
SICK

POEMES
BLOCKS
R. DENNER

THE MEAL by Dashley Graham

"Here's the place, I thought as I approached a group of men on the rain-spattered sidewalk. Although I did not notice the address, I easily recognized the kind of humanity gathered under the eaves in front.

I pushed through the unmarked doorway and entered the building. Unaccustomed as I was to taking hand-outs, my imagination prepared me for the worst. I resigned myself to the bizarre notion of a Madison Avenue high pressure sales pitch on religion. "Well, come brother, come in and break bread with us. Come in and be saved. Jesus died for your sins." I tried to appear humble as I reached the end of the long entrance hallway and entered a large crowded room. To my surprise no one greeted me. In fact, I doubt if anyone noticed my arrival at all. Moving to one side of the room, I surveyed my new environment with mixed emotions. Arranged uniformly in front of me were several rows of grey metal folding chairs. This seating arrangement monopolized the main floor area. The drab tile floor was pitted with cracks and chips while reflecting a waxed-over dirt look.

Along with the heavy odor of food, a steady drone of small talk filled the room. There were no women present. Small discussion groups were clustered along the walls. Spotting an empty chair with a neatly folded newspaper on it, I crossed over and sat down. The walls surrounding me were maroon halfway up, and dingy yellow from there up to and including the ceiling, and I was reluctant to imagine the kind of meal this environment would inspire.

All beggars and no choosers, I thought as I took a closer look at the human forms around me. The place suggested a scene from the depressed 30's. The general attire of the people present was reminiscent of the same era. Overlooking my own conspicuous appearance of levis and tennis shoes, I decided that this must be what the affluent society meant by the "other half." I wondered how I differed from these people. I toyed with the thought that there might in fact be little difference.

Abandoning the idea of taking stock of myself, I sought to inquire how I might get a meal. I arose from my chair, replaced the newspaper, and crossed over to a group of men talking quietly among themselves near the entrance. I hoped they might receive me as an equal, but their apathetic expressions failed to warm my heart. No status here, I mused as I inquired about a meal.

"Excuse me, what do ya do to get a meal here?" One biggy-trousered gentleman gestured half-heartedly towards a big poster inside the dimly lit hallway behind me, barely acknowledging my presence in the process.

"Thanks." I moved away from the group. As I approached the poster another man from the same group rushed up to me and cried, "Look kid, give me a dime and I'll sell ya my ticket."

The man was unkempt, reeked of booze, and seemed incapable of hustling anyone, so I accepted his offer. I dug deep and came up with my last dime. We exchanged goods and he made a hasty exit to the street. The meal ticket appeared valid, so we were both content -- he with his cheap wine, I suspected, and me with my first full belly in three days.

I returned my attention to the program tacked on the wall. The usual way to get fed, I found, was to do volunteer work or pay a nominal fee for meal tickets. Turning back to the main hall, I noticed that the first group was being checked through a doorway towards some picnic tables in the rear of the building. The meals were fed on a first come, first serve basis, so I crowded in with the third hungry group. Only twenty individuals were fed at a sitting. Before serving us, the establishment came out of the woodwork looking as dismal as their environment and collected tickets from their holders and made arrangements with the rest. These men of goodwill acted like reformed sinners too busy doing the work of God to even smile. Certainly their attitude was more bureaucratic than Christian.

Soup came first, served by the destitute in starched, white aprons conspicuous in their clean, scrubbed hands and white hats. They gave impersonal service, to say the least. Not wishing to "look a gift horse in the mouth," I dug right in and slurped my broth with the rest of them. As I polished off my soup I noticed the dinnerware on the metal-top tables was uniform. The rest of the food came in a hurry -- no problem with etiquette. The main course turned out to be stale bread, hash, potatoes, and green beans, all served in generous helpings.

Each guest had a choice between powdered milk or water for a beverage. I ate greedily, and relished the meal, as did those around me. Soon we received some dessert, which for me consisted of four irregular chunks of stale chocolate. A good snack for later, I decided as I pocketed the goods and filled out with the others.

Behind me the banging of dinnerware told me the next group would soon be eating their fill. The whole ritual lasted less than fifteen minutes. Since I had no more business here, I threaded my way through the shortlived brotherhood and returned to the stormy street from which I had come. The weather had not improved much, and by now most of the streets were deserted. Pulling my collar up around my ears, I cut across the street. Still not sure where I was going, I glanced back once before turning the next corner and laughed out loud when I realized that I had just eaten dinner at the "Millionaires Club."

Genesis over transcend
Object's virile edifice repressed
Drift's engross abbeys till Home
Island's solitude It sings over
Saying a stonish you, No More
Mammals about, nader is seeing God
Adam date Adam maintains, Almighty Infinity
Not only to have I no gold- but universal

Togetherness

Man's Absolute Tabernacle Till Eternity
Recovers

poems by

Craig Worsoe

God sits on Judgement on a garbage tin can
only to rave about Charlie's tin pan
with gold from his soul, sweating out the misery
of cobbler's poor goals, and you and mind
we tool only to unfold Mary's basket full of cherry's
with your peaches full of leeches
O you poor man can't you stand here's Larry the God D. roach
apostle high stoned blue and gold a story book untold
with pool and pool in the side holey roller Smack
It's all over now baby Blue
O the winter times acoming
and I'm gona be running
and stumbling
to catch
the ship
to a
watery
crypt.



2/10 "KRAZY KAT" DAI

1/4 Poem of Grey Day

oh 1/4 poem of grey day

ah 1/4 poem for grey day
to green day?

no. to grey day.

to figure out the world and life:
1. DO NOT THINK: what is it all about what is it all
about what is it all about what it
is aboutisitalaboutwhataboutitisa
boutaboutthfkwhrkfr

2. live.

when finally your twisted mind finishes its sanity
as if it were eating it for dinner
then you will get what's coming to you

i decided to spend the day like money
so each minute was carefully considered
before it was used up
well, it was a bargain i only lost 23 minutes

love poem

love love
love love
love

love.

poems by Brooke Koffend

POLAR STAR

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