

WELCOME BACK STUDENTS!!

Broke, need extra money after the holidays?

DONATE FOR DOLLARS!

This Coupon is worth **\$20.00**

on your 1st and 2nd donations (within 6 days or if you have not returned within 2 months).

Present this coupon-Earn Extra Cash!

For more information call the "Friendliest Staff in Town." 474-2335

Lincoln Donor Center 126 N. 14th Suite #2



Alpine

Continued from Page 7

cog said to another.

"I heard that, too. I heard that Chuck said that Joe asked him and



he said he was. It must be the air." "Yeah," replies the cog and they go on making their own, separate mechanical motions. . .

"Erik!" the lead-man yelled to the boy. He responded with weary but ready eyes. "I've got an easy job for you. We're sending out 50 totes of 10-20s, and we need you and a few others to shave the fins off. Grab a couple buddies from the fish house and meet me at the glaze line."

He pulled Doug and Chi'ang off the glazing tanks. Glazing the fish too big to run through the glaze line was an easy job, but you froze quickly because you weren't moving at all.

The only way to survive work in the freezer was to keep moving.

But this was a new, warm job, and it would be pleasant to thaw out. The three of them walked out into the cold storage area and met the lead.

"What you want to do is shave the fins clean on either side without cutting into the meat. We don't normally do it this way," he said, "but the Japanese are paying us extra so we're gonna do it anyway. Now, you take the fish and you want to set the crotch of the head on the bar and put the fin in your gut and shave it right above the meat line," and he shaved the fin off, flipped it, and shaved the other side.

The boy and the others joined in and soon moved along at a productive pace. It wasn't painful, at first. But when he came back the next day and continued shaving, the bruises started showing up. They were subtle bruises simply derived from making one motion or series of motions using the same parts of your body over and over and over again.

No, it wasn't too bad, at first. But the halibut kept coming, small ones weighing no more than 20 pounds, and soon he developed two fine bruises: one in the crotch of his thumb and the other near the crotch proper. The pain grew to a point so that when the fin even touched his bruised thumb and bladder, he winced. But he had to keep moving.

Uff-da. "I'm puttin' on my horns, men," the lead said. "We're not moving through them fast enough, and we're gonna stay 'til we get them done. Now, let's go!"

The lead grabbed a knife and went to work like all the fish on the planet were going to show up for a last meal and special processing, the tension increased because the radio was turned off, and we shaved as fast as the knife could cut.

Fatigue ruled, and the boy demurred. His hands worked only from memory because he couldn't focus on the fish. Everything was gray. The fish moved along so fast that the whole process blurred and he drifted off into the Land of the Delirious Cannery Cogs. A curiously frightening cotton-ball-jagged world where things, nothing at all, are rational or proportionate. Your fears of Self are the most frightening because you can't run off and talk to someone if your Id is running off at the mouth. You can't stop to straighten yourself back out.

And in the la-la land of red fish, blue fish, gray fish, new fish, the

boy thought of a story to tell his grandkids, were he to live long enough to bear children himself.

He thought:

"I was a fish barber, once."

Like a cyborg barber with one finely-honed tool and one, only one, style to my program, I shaved the fins of halibuts like sad, young men lost and off to war, drafted beyond the sunny beach of Free Choice to fight the war against starvation, consuming millions of humans, halibuts and every other edible type of fish in the vast salt-water fishing hole known as the Pacific Ocean.

Consumes all fish, yes; but I was shaving halibut. They didn't like it very much. Well, some didn't. Halibuts, like humans dead or alive, maintain distinctly different looks and characters.

Some wore short, kept fins looking as clean as a salmon before the spawn. Some fins were scraggly and uncared for-- worn by halibuts who thought about more than the condition of the fins. A few fish resisted locking the crotch where their head used to be to the iron bar so I could shave them. These were often young, strong and idealistic fish who, though not vain about the color and size of their fins, did find them aesthetically pleasing.

One halibut sported a fine, long, red mohawk fin full of grace and color for swimming and sunning, respectively.

He was quite an intellect, too.

"Why do you have to shave them?" it said to me. "They are so long and colorful. I could swim strong for miles and fathoms. Throw me back, and I'll warn the oceans of this hell-out-of-water!" he pleaded with more passion than a thirsty man begging water from a growling dog.

He was quite a persuasive halibut.

"You're dead," said my cold, gray brain. "You can't swim anymore because your head and guts and gills are gone and stewed to fish meal. You are a smart, young fish, and I know you'll be a tasty soldier in the famine war. I hope you are eaten by the emperor!" I finished and, before he could reply, shaved him fuzz-cut-clean and sent him on to get his uniform glaze and dog tags identifying him as a 1-20 pound halibut form plant 45, from the phantom skies of the Pacific Ocean, American side.

I would never see him again. With shave and glaze and tag, halibuts look like dominoes with no indentations, marching endlessly out of the water with no other home, now, save for millions of empty Japanese stomachs.

My halibut bedded down in front of a man who was not the emperor, probably. The man might even have been American. I would never know.

The day ended when we shaved all the fish. The boy was exhausted and he took to his tent in the woods like a babe to a womb to rest up for another day in the deep-sea battle against starvation here on the planet Earth. His fingers were knotted and his brain was dysfunctional, but he could work and work and continue working 'til even the gray haze of fish sank to obscurity.

Uff-da.

Cowan is a senior sociology and English major and a Diversions columnist.

It's not the same old song and dance.



Experience the power, passion and grace of The Joffrey Ballet. Only at the Lied Center for Performing Arts.

Friday, March 9, 8:00 pm
Saturday, March 10, 8:00 pm

"Italian Suite"
"Lacrymosa" (Premiere)
"Le Sacre du Printemps"
Ticket Prices \$24, \$20, \$14

Saturday, March 10, 2:00 pm
Sunday, March 11, 2:00 pm

"Billy the Kid"
"Monotones I and II"
"Suite Saint-Saëns"
Ticket Prices \$22, \$18, \$12

Call 472-4747 or toll free 1-800-432-3231

LE SACRE DU PRINTEMPS
Beatriz Rodriguez as the Chosen One.
Photographer: Herbert Migdoll

The Joffrey Ballet accompanied by the Lincoln Symphony Orchestra.

Students and youth (18 yrs. and under) - half price tickets.

The Joffrey Ballet. NY/LA

An American Classic

Robert Joffrey and Gerald Arpino, Founders

Gerald Arpino, Artistic Director



A Mid-America Arts Alliance Program with the Nebraska Arts Council.



Let Yourself Go!

LIED CENTER FOR PERFORMING ARTS