

Blood Money

Shannon Ann Hodgins

Is your bank account so low that checks don't even bounce...they just kind of roll? I know the feeling. There's not too many places to get a job around here either. It's either \$3.35 at M-AC or pray Mom gets a whim to decorate the inside of your mailbox with the color green.

Well, I'm never in luck. Yes, I admit it, I sold my body for money. Many other students do it too. No, I'm not talking about any four letter words, I am talking about plasma.

The Alpha Plasma Center, located off Merrimon Ave. in Asheville, will actually pay you for plasma. It is not that difficult and you can receive \$12 dollars the first three times. There's five extra dollars in it for you if you can find another idiot,

excuse me..friend to bring along.

Here's the scene. You walk in and some guy immediately looks at you

veins with a sadistic grin on his face. You sign in and have a seat. Now, let me tell you, some of these people that give plasma all the time are actually decent folks. Just take off all you jewelry, leave your wallet and I park at the music store across the street, not in their parking lot.

After a short while you get the usual finger prick. That's the worst part to me (being that I passed out) Well, your on your way. In light of these unusually promiscuous days your blood is tested for the HIV Virus (AIDS), hepatitis, the V.D.'s, and other nasty things.

A waiting period ensues and then an ominous voice

calls your name. They have these neat little couches, kind of like psychiatrists have. I would also advise you to bring a book, the magazines are from 1963. The moment comes. The needle.

It is the same kind that is used for giving blood, except it is used for the whole routine. One bag is taken out of your body, put through a centrifuge to separate the blood and plasma. A short time later that 'nice' guy puts your blood cells back in to you in the same way he removed them, that's where they belong anyway.

The whole experience and the whole place actually wasn't half bad at all. As a matter of fact, for \$12, I would do it again, and probably will. Hey, anybody wanna go next time, I don't mind the extra \$5.

You've found the place that was eluded to, but it's not that easy for you to win food. If you go to a place that's yellow and black you'll find that you're truly on the right track. Go east and go west but not north or south for the prize is hidden somewhere dear to your mouth.



Photo by Bob Graham

Indigo Girls

By SARA SWINSON
Staff Writer

Saturday night at the Civic Center's Thomas Wolfe Auditorium the critically acclaimed duo from Atlanta, performed their special brand of folk rock music. Emily Saliers and Amy Ray brought their acoustic rock to Asheville and throngs of enthralled listeners were treated to songs like "Closer to Find", "Secure Yourself" and "Kids Fears" from their most recent release "Indigo Girls" along with a few songs of Amy's that have yet to be recorded.

Their live performance was charged with raw energy, raspy singing and excellent guitar playing. Emily's soprano and Amy's alto blend together so well it seemed they shared a singular voice. The concert was intimate and personal. There were no drums, electric guitars or fog

machines, just two women singing and playing guitars.. Yet, it wasn't boring or snooty. It was an electric performance despite the lack of electric instruments. They belted out their songs together in harmonic accord. Amy Ray's voice sounded like she had gargled with glass all her life (a la Janice Joplin). Emily's wasn't as hoarse but did have a distinct "frog in the throat" quality to it. I kept thinking "Boy, I wish I could sing like that." I also kept thinking "Boy, I wish I could play the guitar like that."

Don't get me wrong, the music was not "Greensleeves Revisited," first because they used acoustic guitars doesn't mean the show was not fast paced. Between their raspy vocals and fast hand guitar

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What's Happenin'

By TIM PERRY
Review Writer

Looking for something to do? Here are just a few suggestions:

Lecture on "Clearcutting vs. Selection Forestry," Thurs. night, Feb. 8, 7-9 pm at Stone Soup, downtown Asheville. Call 258-8737 for info.

Puppetry and Clowning Conference at Abigail's Bed and Breakfast, Ridgecrest, Feb. 23-25, March 9-11, April 6-8. For more information call (704) 669-5196.

McDibb's has some interesting things lined up

for the next couple of weeks:

David Wilcox, a Montreat favorite, will be there this Sat. night, Feb. 10th, and also next Tues. Feb 13th.

Mark Shuttleworth, Feb. 6th, and Bill Melanson Feb 7th. Michael Cody, Feb 8th, and Rolly Grey, and Sunfire Friday Feb 9th.

Next week: Brother Boys Wed. night, Feb 14th, John O'Connor Thursday, Feb 15th, Jonathan Edwards Friday, Feb 16th, and Phil Johnson and Jeff Wilkinson Saturday, Feb. 17th.

Hear me my love, I am overcome with joy, but must express my feelings not in action but in prose, only hinting at my profound love for you. Your name was whispered to me this morning as I awoke with the softness of dawn and the purity of mountain dew. Again during the day the wind brought to me your name as it curled past the trees and swam through the grass. Your mane alone tugs at my heart like Spring, and your presence commands that I relinquish my very soul to you. I do adore you my love, you are the apple of my eye, you are wholesome as milk and pure as gold. I bathe daily in the sunrise that your smile commands and pray often that it will be your radiant face that is next to mine every morning for the remainder of my life. My love to you is manifested through a rose and a kiss. Kissing Bandit

I look back and what do I see
Someone searching- -
It was me
As the sun falls, so do my dreams
I found true love or so

More Love Letters

it seems
I'm afraid of failure
just like before
There never seems to
be an open door
What will it take for
me to see it
through
I can't think of anything
--but you
I can't take the way it's
been
So help, before the sun
sets on me again
-Gary Helms,
to the girl I dream of being
with-you know who you are
Michelle- I've sat here
trying to find the right
words to say. . . those

impossible words that say more than 'I Love You'. The words I've found are not my own (but then again, words will never express my feelings for you). . . "And who was I always asking so much of you. So to make you prove your love time after time. . . From now on, I'm gonna love you like there's no tomorrow. I don't wanna wait until our time has come and gone. I'm gonna hold you, now more than ever. I'm gonna love you, from now on!"

Love Always,
Dave

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Creative Works to...

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Poetry - Cartoons - Sketches
Prose

Turn all works* into the Logos box in
front office or to Shannon Hodgins or
Kim Thompson

* Must Be Typed