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twist on unorthodox premises

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Al and I were lounging in the Union Saturday morning trying to get Friday night's beer out of our heads and eyes by drinking coffee. While dully contemplating our mutual lack of success in said noble endeavor, this nice-looking, though not beautiful, freshman walked over, and, cocky as hell, asked if she could sit down. Since we both own cars and live in unapproved housing, we naturally maintain an untiring vigil for promisingly aggressive females. So we urged her to be seated and introduced ourselves. She asked us what we were doing and we replied that we were sitting in the Union. She found this hilarious.

We asked her what she was doing, and she said she was looking for a date for the night, and that she would be glad to go out with either one of us. It took both of us a few seconds to convalesce from this attack on custom, but we recovered, decided what the hell, and flipped a coin to see who would take her to that night's party. I thought I won the toss, but in retrospect, I guess I lost, because I went out with her.

I picked her up at eight-fifteen, and she immediately launched into an autobiographical sketch about how she used to be shy, but that she wasn't any more, because she couldn't see any sense in being alone and dateless on the week-ends. I agreed, but suggested that it bordered on unorthodoxy to ask out her own dates. After lengthily defining "unorthodoxy" for her, she agreed that maybe
it was a little "unorthodoxy," but she had only started being "unshy" this morning, and wasn't too sure how to handle it as yet.

I couldn't decide whether to be flattered or insulted by her choice of guinea pigs, so I turned up the radio in order to turn her off for a while. This prompted her to loudly confide that she liked loud music, and subsequently loved guys that played their car radios loud. This, in turn, prompted a wave of nausea in me, and I almost turned the radio off to avoid inciting her love, but decided that that would be somewhat less than subtle even to her and let it blare.

Seeing as I own a '53 Ford that doesn't look fit enough to coast down a hill, I was astounded when she said I had a really cool car. I asked her to check her premises for such a statement, but when she asked me what premises are, I dropped the subject.

We stopped at a party store on the way and she began bouncing up and down and singing. I fell into her trap by asking her the reason for her behavior. She said she was having a party because we were at a party store.

Now I don't claim to have the greatest sense of humor in the world, but to call my laughter at her joke "dutiful" is a gross understatement. She was, of course, delighted with her colossal wit, and it was some time before she could answer me when I asked her if she had any preference in liquor. She finally replied that she'd drink anything with alcohol in it, but she said this with such poorly veiled naivete that I figured she'd probably never had a drink before. The thought of dragging a sick drunk back to her dorm at ten o'clock repulsed me, and since she
had no preference, I briefly considered saving my-
self the trouble by buying her some wood alcohol.
However, the pleasant aspect of taking an innocent
young inebriate to my apartment (which has a very
roomy couch not to mention a double bed) changed
my mind. I bought a fifth of Seagram's, and we
went to the party.

In the course of an hour I learned that she
was from a small town in the upper peninsula, that
her parents were "super-religious," and don't be-
lieve in birth control, that she had a younger
brother: name, Mark; nick-name, Squeaky; hobby,
cap-guns, and that she gets bloody noses very easi-
ly (at which I remarked that it must be difficult
to get bloody noses, since she only had one nose)
(I was getting a little high; my apologies). She
also said in one sentence, as if it were a logical
sequence, "My father is a food broker and my mother
is pregnant." I still don't understand how one
follows from the other. She wasn't even Catholic.

I found this all rather boring, as you probably
do too, so I asked her if she'd like to dance. Aside
from going out with her, this was my greatest mistake
of the evening, because she said yes, stood up, and
started doing the twist. I immediately felt like
asked her if maybe she didn't have to go to the
toilet or something, but my tact held sway and I
pictured myself spending a long night of sitting.
However, during the record, which was unmercifully
long, I resolved to get her drunk and to my apart-
ment as quickly as possible.

I don't remember much after our sixth or sev-
enth drink, but I understand everyone had a good
time with her. I also understand that she fin-
ished the Seagram's, drove me home, and took my car on to her dorm. I had to walk over and get it this morning. I also had to go through the agony of getting my car keys from her. When she came down I felt it only appropriate to apologize to her, but she said that it was all right, she understood, and she had had fun anyway. She said she had learned some new dances and met a lot of people. She also informed me that I had done the twist by myself in the corner for about an hour before I passed out. "Nobody does the twist these days," she reproved me. I spared her the reminder that it was she who had initiated the reactionary activities, not me, said goodbye, and left. She was wearing tight ski pants this morning, and as I glanced back at her when we walked away from each other, I wondered how she would have been on the couch. Shy, probably.