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SCENE AND HEARD

Life is composed of accidental moments. They are glimpses of who we are and where we live.

Puzzling-Inheritance Art

Whenever I visit my artist friend, I never know what to expect to see on his front lawn, in his back yard, in his basement or wherever. Will he be in his wood-collage mode, his "found objects" mood or his copper-box phase? This day, I am headed for lunch at his house when I spy what appear to be long, black strands of spaghetti strung on a large, loomlike structure in his driveway.

As he comes running to greet me, I can tell that he is more excited than usual about his newest creation. "Are you serving spaghetti for lunch?" I ask incredulously. "No, no," he says. "I've finally put Rush Limbaugh and my mother-in-law in their places," he says. "How so?" I ask.

Turns out that Cleve's mother-in-law religiously taped every Rush Limbaugh radio show that she ever listened to, for what reason, nobody knows. At her death last year, Cleve became the proud owner of this priceless oral history, 18 years' worth, and here he was, weaving those thousands of audio tapes into some sort of



BY JUDE ANDREASEN

Cleve Overton works in his Brookland "studio" on a project involving 18 years' worth of Rush Limbaugh shows religiously recorded by his mother-in-law before her death.

black history project in his driveway, for what reason, nobody knows.

And now, I didn't know who was more nuts: Rush, the right-wing wacko; Cleve, my left-leaning artist friend; or his mother-in-law, the rock-ribbed Republican. In any case, may she rest in peace now that

her carefully recorded collection has been so lovingly preserved.

— Ross Cowey, Bethesda

Maybe if You Head South . . .

Recently, I dropped off my wife at the

farmers market at the East Columbia branch of the Howard County Library. After returning my books and scanning the shelves, I left to collect my wife and her purchases. While waiting to cross to the parking lot, I overheard two gentlemen discussing the market:

"Do you ever go there?" asked one.

"Not anymore," replied the other. "They never have any bananas."

— Brent Cogswell, Columbia

What's That in Your Eyes?

I came to this country from Germany in 1961. From about that time and continuing, the song "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" has been sung, hummed and slow-danced

to. I hummed and mumbled right along but could not figure out what "smoke gets" were until I saw the title of the song in writing.

— Renee Gier, Washington

Punditry and Popcorn

Standing behind us in line for the movies were two young men discussing one's date the night before. "I really can't relate to her," he said. "Let me give you an example why: We were discussing the possibility of universal health care, and she said, 'I don't think it should come out of our taxes. I think the government should pay for it.'"

— Ellen Jamison, Centreville



You Tell Us!

What Have You Seen or Overheard?

Do you have a "eureka" moment, a slice of life you'd like to share? Have you overheard a humorous conversation? Send a short passage to pagethree@washpost.com, or mail to Page Three, Metro Department, The Washington Post, 1150 15th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20071. Please include your telephone number and city of residence.

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