

Editorial Opinion

An Introduction

When you picked up your Argonaut this morning you found enclosed a tabloid sized insert. The Amython.

We of the Argonaut are proud to offer this addition to the service we attempt to provide to the campus community. The Amython is a literary magazine. In it you will find many excellent works, both prose and poetry, written by students on campus.

The Amython will appear in the Argonaut once a month next year. It will be included in the first issue of the Argonaut each month starting in October. All

students on campus are invited to submit prose, poetry, or art work for inclusion in the Amython. The staff of the Amython is separate of that of the Argonaut. They collect the submitted material, make the necessary selections, and prepare the magazine for publication. Because of its very nature material submitted to the Amython cannot be edited. All material that appears in the Amython appears exactly as it was submitted by its author.

On an increase in fees

Please take the time to read the Amython. We think you will find it an exciting and rewarding experience.

Next Wednesday, four referenda will be put to a vote. Each of the four proposals are concerned with student fee increases, something all should be interested in.

Of most importance is the fee increase for intramurals. The men's intramural program will not be in effect next year unless a fee increase is passed by the students, an increase of \$2.50 per student per semester.

The Physical Education Department last year funded the intramural program, in which 207 B basketball games were played.

Previously, an NCAA ruling provided that athletes on scholarships could be paid \$100 per month but had to work for that money. Now the NCAA ruling has changed. Athletes on scholarships are being paid for board, room, tuition and books, and are getting \$15 per month. Since they no longer have to work, officials must now be hired and paid \$1.45 per game to referee.

The PE department does not feel it can afford this money at the expense of the curriculum.

As of 1966-67, 3,026 different men participated in intramural sports. A total of 1,304 women participated in WRA in the same year.

WRA can be funded by the women's PE department. But, in order to keep the men's program alive, ASUI funding is a necessity. We feel that the men's intramural program is one of the best in the nation, and above all, deserves your 'yes' vote on Wednesday.

It is questionable whether a fee increase would be advantageous in the area of Public Event Speakers. This committee would like a \$1 per student per semester fee tacked on to fall bills. Motives behind this would allow

top notch speakers to come to the school; speakers that would cost between \$1,200 and \$1,600.

If this increase goes into effect, the Public Events committee would have a budget of approximately \$11,000 and would be able to bring in 10 to 11 speakers next year.

Why, this year, when they had a budget of \$3,500 and could have brought in at least two if not three excellent speakers, did they bring in three mediocre ones?

A Big Name Entertainment fee is also slated for the May 7 referendum ballot. This would entail a \$3 increase per student per semester and allow admission to the Big Name Entertainment by student ID cards.

This area of the ASUI went in the red \$2233.60 this year because of the type of entertainment and other campus activities which cut into the total number who might have attended.

The question of this fee increase must then be, should all students have to pay for something which they may not want to attend, just to keep the Big Name Entertainment in the black?

And last and very least is SEED, which has had the most publicity and the most worthless program. Seed would like a \$3 increase per student per semester to fund a financial assistance program for people who are economically disadvantaged.

Why force students who may be paying their own way through school to pay for someone else's education. There are a number of other programs at the University of Idaho which would be beneficial for students of economic needs.

Wednesday will be the only opportunity to voice your feelings on any fee increase that might occur next year. However you feel, we encourage you to take the time to vote.—k.a.

Famous Potatoes



To The Editor

Story contains hoax

Editor, The Argonaut: While your reprint of Amy LaMarche's prize-winning feature story made for interesting reading, the story contained an abominable hoax.

"The Word" has never published any article advocating the removal of ROTC from students of draft alternatives. "The Word" is a journalistic outlet for student opinion, which often tends to be radical. SDS is often agreed with, but its tactics have not as yet been advocated by "The Word." There is no SDS at Moscow High School.

Interestingly enough, one of the main themes of "The Word" is agnostic, Christian ethic; (the likeness of J. C. or His words have appeared on the covers of the last five issues.)

Another of "The Word's" objectivists to avoid the shallowness and insipidness of articles like Miss LaMarche's, just written to win a contest, and get away from the superficial impartiality feigned by the Argonaut in reprinting such garbage. All we can say is "Arg!"

Lial Koford, Bruce Robertson, Paul Johnson, Ted Moffett, Steve Davidson, Bill Smith

P.S. The student Miss LaMarche spoke with before writing her article was under the impression that she was a chick from one of these population-three towns in Idaho come to hit the "big time" at the journalism conference. So thinking, the student fed her so much B. S., assuming that the furthest it would go would be to the judge of a feature writing contest. Unfortunately, the Argonaut, thinking it had the scoop of the year, turned this student's joke into a serious matter. Brad Chapman.

SDS Corrects

Editor's Note: We don't understand what the author's letter meant by population three towns, but Miss LaMarche is from Boise, Idaho.

Editor, The Argonaut: re: the article by Miss Amy LaMarche on SDS.

Although the article by Miss LaMarche was basically good and correct, I would like to make a few corrections.

Concerning the grape boycott in support of the migrant workers, Miss LaMarche said the migrant workers earn as little as \$.90 a day; this should have been \$.90 an hour. A leaflet with the information concerning this issue is enclosed in this letter.

Also, Miss LaMarche has Dennis Albright saying that the United States, once a capitalistic nation, has "since transformed itself into an imperialistic country". I merely wish to point out that imperialism is nothing more (and nothing less) than the highest form of capitalism.

Other than this, I think Miss LaMarche did a reasonably good job of reporting in such a short article.

Congratulations to her in winning first prize, and thank you for printing the article.

Power to the People! Denise Edwards, SDS

P.S. We organized approximately one month ago, not ten months ago.

Bad language?

Editor, The Argonaut:

In reference to the article by Jim Wilms, I do think that Mother's Weekend and Holy Week give this school a bad name. On the other hand, anyone who stands up in front of live cameras and says it's a hellava rally for a damn good man shows neither

respect for the school or the man, maybe this kind of language, which is not usually shouted by people who use their heads when speaking in public and supporting a man, has more to do with the attitude of outsiders towards our school than the turtle races.

I cannot respect Jim Wilms when he cannot show respect for our language, our traditions, and our President.

Bill Jordan

Thanks students

Editor's Note: The following letter was forwarded to us from Joe Watts via Jim Wilms, ASUI president. The letter is in regard to \$465 donated to the Moscow Opportunity School from the Phi Delta Theta House, proceeds from the Annual Turtle Derby.—k.a.

Dear Mr. Watts:

We are forever grateful to the students of the University, for their continued thoughtfulness and interest in our school. The generous contribution is deeply appreciated.

Sincerely, Moscow Opportunity School Madeline Espe (co-ordinator)

Locks "confused"

Editor, The Argonaut:

In his article against SEED last week, the writer says in the fifth paragraph that the individuals behind SEED are uniformed. In paragraph six he says they are outstanding wonderful, thinking individuals and a credit to our academic community. Which it is?

Perhaps this confusion is indicative of the state of mind of the writer. The rest of his article would also tend to support that hypothesis.

Barbara Hammes 201 South Main.

FROM UNDER THE ROCK

by Houghton Whithed

From his conception, much of man's thought has been oriented toward morality. Due to this, he was inclined to consider not only the ultimate end, but also the means used in obtaining this end. The SEED project, which quite soon appears on a referendum ballot, involves both the ends and the means.

On the surface, the principle behind SEED appears very noble, and since the surface is all that most people see, one would have to consider it as noble as it seems. After all, what could be more humane than not only telling under privileged people they have opportunity, but supplying them with one and the means by which it can become a reality. This, in the eyes of many people, would be a positive move toward solving at least part of the problem of poverty which exists in the United States.

Though the principle looks to be one of great virtue, many have degraded the actions behind it. Some dislike the fee increase which will be involved. Why should students, many of whom have a hard time paying for their education, contribute to the education of others? First, this might not be an increase of long duration. With the evident support it has gained, according to pro-SEED individuals, a great possibility exists that it will be taken over and supported by government funds. Even at the initial stage, the student contribution would not be the totality of the funds.

Some have protested the fact that the election will involve not only students who will be returning next year, but also those who will be transferring to other schools, and those seniors who will be graduating. This is a valid point, but not a very practical one. To make the division on who will or who will not be here, would require

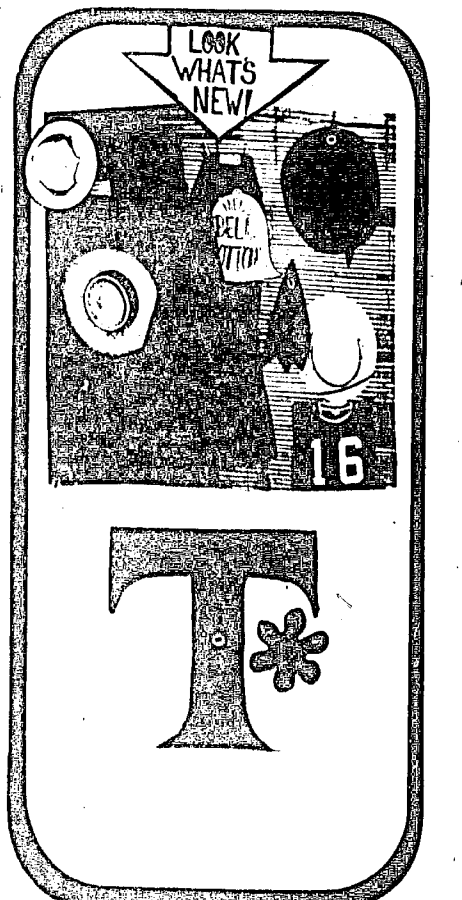
much paper work and also a means of enforcement to keep these people from voting. In one sense, this segregated election does not make sense, as the election of student body officers is not limited only to those who will be running.

In light of my columns last fall on Y C McNease, I feel it only fair to commend him for a good job of recruiting in Idaho Falls. On a different note, however, I was informed by a football player that the Negro players were to get their hair cut or leave. I realize that you have to maintain discipline, Y C, but your standard of appearance isn't the only one. This same football player told me of a new policy:

don't recruit Negroes, they're trouble. On this I invite Mr. McNease to attend a course on Black Studies. Perhaps he will then become more tolerant. Frosty, look beyond the sunset, for if you look far enough, you will see an eternal light. "As I walk I see, and as I see I walk, but what is it I see?" Hamilton

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FOcus the Dern Thing

I felt I had said all that I wanted in the columns on bras, girdles, and the Violence of Screwing. I was ready to go on to other things, like the Vietnam thing, some serious discussions on Hollywood, and maybe an evaluation of American television.

But so many are so uptight about so little — they don't like to read about sex in your newspaper. If my column were so rank as some people like to fascinate about, or if it were really as sincere as I'd like it to be, I would be performing a public service: where else in Moscow can you get some good pornography? (This is the end of the sex section for this week.)

It started a couple of weeks ago when this guy assaults me in the SUB with the friendlies. (He is part of the Administrative Branch.) "Hi, Bruce, I've really wanted to get to know you and see what the person was like behind the column, etc., etc." After he couldn't believe that I wasn't writing to shock people and pressed me for my political leanings, he finally shifted his eyes enough to say with an apologetic grin, "Well, a lot of people think that you are a pervert." Then, some of my friends were beginning to introduce me as the guy "who writes the dirty column."

So here I am with all the other perverts. I am obstinate, I look at things from another perspective because it helps me understand the way things really are and appreciate them more. I twist situations to make them funny or more conceivable. I divert to give a chance to digest. Good

perversion is satire. Poor satire is the same as perversion. That's why I can say there are people in this University structure who are perverts.

The Kampus Kops garble, thwart and are obstinate aren't they? Rafe Gibbs is a poor satirist. Yesterday he gave orders to cameramen to be careful to avoid photographing any demonstrations against ROTC demonstration. He wanted ROTC to be presented in the best light possible. (God made it cloudy.)

Y C was there too, with the Pine Hall boys to prevent complications for the young coach who was awarded a prize. If, indeed, we had had an SDS worth its name, Y C's crew would have shown to be poor satirists, too.

Finally, I saw some ROTC marchers twist their lines, turn from the correct way, and lag behind their orders in a perverted manner. So, gentlemen, welcome to my club. Lets get together for a raunchy beer. Please understand though that you have been late in coming out, and I am still president for the rest of this year.

Meanwhile, tonight is Pea City Hash — worth a buck.

- Editor: Norris Quinn
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New Federal legislation relates to student violations

Ed note—The following letter and the article preceding it concern the new federal legislation relating to the student violations of criminal statutes. These violations pertain to students who are attending colleges and universities under federal grants. There are 800-900 students currently enrolled at the U of I under the National Defense Education Act, 100 under the work-study program, and 125-30 involved in the Education Opportunity Grants.

Dr. Ernest W. Hartung, President
University of Idaho
Moscow, Idaho 83843

Dear President Hartung:

Recently, Mr. Dick Smith, President of the Idaho State Board of Education, received a letter from Secretary Robert H. Finch. The letter pertained to the new federal legislation relating to student violations of criminal statutes. Mr. Smith has requested that I make this information known to the institutional presidents. I am sending you a copy of Secretary Finch's letter and also a copy of the provisions of the new laws.

I would like to reiterate Secretary Finch's remark that "Under this legislation, the burden of administration falls upon the institutions." However, if there is any way in which the State Board of Education can be of assistance to you please do not hesitate to contact me.

Respectfully submitted,
Don L. Keith
Executive Director for Higher Education.

STUDENT UNREST PROVISIONS
Department's of Labor, and Health, Education and Welfare Appropriation Act, 1969 (Public Law 90-557)

SEC. 411. No part of the funds appropriated under this Act shall be used to provide a loan, guarantee of a loan or a grant to any applicant who has been convicted by any court of general jurisdiction of any crime which involves the use of or the assistance to others in the use of force, trespass or the seizure of property under control of an institution of higher education to prevent officials or students at such

an institution from engaging in their duties or pursuing their studies.
HIGHER EDUCATION AMENDMENTS OF 1968 (PUBLIC LAW 90-575)

Eligibility for Student Assistance
SEC. 504. (a) If an institution of higher education determines, after affording notice and opportunity for hearing to an individual attending, or employed by, such institution, that such individual has been convicted by any court of record of any crime which was committed after the date of enactment of this Act and which involved the use of (or assistance to others in the use of) force, disruption, or the seizure of property under control of any institution of higher education to prevent officials or students in such institution from engaging in their duties or pursuing their studies, and that such crime was of a serious nature and contributed to a substantial disruption of the administration of the institution with respect to which such crime was committed, then the institution which such individual attends, or is employed by, shall deny for a period of two years any further payment to, or for the direct benefit of, such individual under any of the programs specified in subsection (c). If an institution denies an individual assistance under the authority of the preceding sentence of this subsection, then any institution which such individual subsequently attends shall deny for the remainder of the two-year period any further payment to, or for the direct benefit of, such individual under any of the programs specified in subsection (c).

(b) If an institution of higher education determines, after affording notice and opportunity for hearing to an individual attending, or employed by, such institution,

'Free' to play

The acid rock sound of The Free can be heard May 12 from 9 till 12 p.m. in the SUB ballroom.

Admission to the dance on Friday is \$1.50 per couple and \$1 for singles. The first 15 girls will be admitted free.

that such individual has willfully refused to obey a lawful regulation or order of such institution after the date of enactment of this Act, and that such refusal was of a serious nature and contributed to a substantial disruption of the administration of such institution, then such institution shall deny, for a period of two years, any further payment to, or for the direct benefit of, such individual under any of the programs specified in subsection (c).

(c) The programs referred to in subsections (a) and (b) are as follows:
(1) The student loan program under title II of the National Defense Education Act of 1958.

(2) The educational opportunity grant program under part A of title IV of the Higher Education Act of 1965.

(3) The student loan insurance program under part B of title IV of the Higher Education Act of 1965.

(4) The college work-study program under part C of title IV of the Higher Education Act of 1965.

(5) Any fellowship program carried on under title II, III, or V of the Higher Education Act of 1965 or title IV or VI of the National Defense Education Act of 1958.

(6) (1) Nothing in this Act, or any Act amended by this Act, shall be construed to prohibit any institution of higher education from refusing to award, continue, or extend any financial assistance under any such Act to any individual because of any misconduct which in its judgment bears adversely on his fitness for such assistance.

(2) Nothing in this section shall be construed as limiting or prejudicing the rights and prerogatives of any institution of higher education to institute and carry out an independent, disciplinary proceeding pursuant to existing authority, practice, and law.

(3) Nothing in this section shall be construed to limit the freedom of any student to verbal expression of individual views or opinions.

No checks will be cashed in the Student Union after today.

Interviews for student-faculty committees will be held May 5, 7 and 8 at 8 p.m. in the SUB Sawtooth room. Any committee may be interviewed on any night. The committees are: Operations Council, Faculty Council Committee on Campus Affairs, Faculty Council Committee on Library Affairs, Rhodes, Fullbright and Foreign Scholarships, Public Events, Fine Arts, Borah Foundation, Commencement, Museum, Recreation, Athletic Board of Control, University Student Bookstore Advisory, Student Health Services Advisory, United Nations Program, 4-H Club Congress Advisory, Watchdog Committee, and Operations Council Traffic Sub-Committee.



NOTED FOLK SINGER from the East Coast, Frank Moore, will be finishing his week of appearance here tonight and tomorrow night in the SUB Dipper. Featured as entertainment for the new Coffee House opening, Moore will have three shows each night, beginning at 8:00. Accompanying himself on the guitar, Moore talks, and sings songs of both other artists and himself in his free performances.

Frank Moore final performances start at 8

Webster's dictionary defines "Lackadaisical" as "Showing lack of interest or spirit". But when singer — song writer Frank Moore sings "lackadaisical leisurely and don't give a damn" you realize that Mr. Webster doesn't have the correct definition: for Frank Moore is far from being spiritless.

Moore is appearing tonight and tomorrow night in the SUB Dipper free of charge. There will be three performances each night starting at 8 p.m. The performances will last 45 minutes.

Moore is a singer who has just completed a tour of Wisconsin schools. He is from Toronto and has appeared on many local television shows there. The 22 year old songwriter plays with lead guitar and bass backup. He has performed mainly on Canadian television and CBC Radio.

As Dean Nixon flies up and down the neck of the lead guitar and Billy Meryle attacks the electric bass, Frank mixes

popular songs of the "Now Crowd" with selections of his own handwork to create a sound that has been long needed in campus music.

But Frank's songs are more than just a sound, they are messages opening your mind to life as it really is. He tells about life as he sees it when he sings; "there is no room for the one-faced man in this two-faced land. For all around him are the two-faced men with their two-faced plans."

Everyone searches for love, so it is only natural that many of Frank's songs give illusion to this universal emotion. He asks us to "face the wind and be swept away together, and the world will not seem so harsh if we live upon our love."

Students currently enrolled for scholarships or wishing to apply for scholarships are reminded they must apply by May 10. Forms may be picked up at the Student Affairs Office.

Pea City Hash 'happens' tonight in Borah Theater

"Pea City Hash" will happen tonight in the Borah Theater at 9 p.m. Poetry readings, experimental films, audience participation improvisations and skits by local actors will comprise this evening of high entertainment.

The feature of the night will be the epic film "Intestine" made by Bruce Noll, Steve Bellstrom and Bruce Stanger. The picture is a commentary on the alienation of the modern student who knows he must be looking for something, but finds the traditional sources of knowledge and understanding either dried up, threatening or irrelevant. He ends up by grasping at the meaning of some graffiti on a bathroom wall.

Two other short films will also be shown, "Happy Birthday Felisa" and "Interview".

Several local poets will read selections from their own poetry: Luciana Mezzetta, Satyendra Tripathi and Bruce Noll. An interpretation of the Mad Tea Party will be given by John Naples, George Baker, Karen Barr and Phil Schmidt who will then ask the audience to participate in some mind-expanding and liberating experiments through improvising, extemporizing, ad-libbing and other spontaneous acts.

The public is invited to come and participate in "Pea City Hash" tonight. Tickets are \$1.00 and may be obtained from Bruce

Noll, Steve Bellstrom, Chad Boliek, the SUB Information Desk and at the door. Proceeds go for the student film.

The Metropolitan Club is sponsoring an Egyptian display at the International Bazaar tomorrow. David Ana Youmans will give lectures and show slides, as well as present music from Egypt from 9 a.m.-12 noon, 1-5 p.m., and 7-9 p.m. All interested persons are welcome.

Three U-I students travel to Mexico

Three University of Idaho students will go to Mexico this summer on a cultural exchange. The students will be sponsored by Los Amigos, Inc.

Dee Thomas from Idaho Falls will be going to Morelia, west of Mexico City. Margaret Perez from Idaho Falls and Bruce Berg from Boise will go to Santiago Huauquilla, south of Mexico City.

Since Los Amigos members are not paid for their services, the group earns travel and living expenses for their representatives working in Mexico. This Sunday they are sponsoring a Mexican dinner in the St.

Augustine Center Cafeteria (across from SUB) from 5:30 to 9 p.m. The dinner will

be real Mexican food and at 7:30 there will be a pinata contest.

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What's up

THE UNIVERSITY OF IDAHO May 3, 1969

Sports

UNIVERSITY OF IDAHO, MOSCOW, IDAHO

Baseball appreciation day set for tomorrow

Idaho's Vandals will be spotlighted in "Baseball Appreciation Day" ceremonies in Moscow tomorrow when they play Weber State College.

last fall as a graduate assistant to football coach Y C McNease.

Weber

Weber brings a 2-0 record to the conference twin-bill, the same record as the Vandals. The Wildcats handed Idaho State University hurler, Brent Cutright, his first loss in 12 starts last weekend as Weber downed the Bengals 1-0 and 8-3 in conference openers for the two teams.

Behind fine pitching by Skip Irie and Jerry Smith, who each pitched two-hitters Idaho two-timed visiting Gonzaga 2-0 and 3-2 last weekend. In other conference games, Montana and Montana State split, Montana State winning the opener 6-5, and Montana grabbing the nightcap 7-2.

Whiles throws

Highlighting the ceremonies will be Silver Star winner Mike Whiles, who will throw the first pitch. The Idaho pep band and the famous Idaho Pom Pom girls will also be on hand for the 1:15 observances at University Field.

Whiles, a former Idaho football player, was awarded the Silver Star for gallantry in action in Vietnam in ceremonies during the President's Review yesterday. In addition to the Silver Star, this country's second highest military award, Whiles was presented with two purple hearts, the air medal, and the bronze star.

Whiles was a quarterback and defensive back under coach Dee Andros from 1963 to '65. He is presently studying towards a Masters degree in Education and worked

Dr. Glen Porter, Assistant Professor of Physical Education, will be attending the 16th annual meeting of the American College of Sports Medicine, May 1-3, in Atlanta, Georgia. Dr. Porter is co-author of a paper entitled "A study of fatty acid mobilization in an isolated in situ muscle preparation" which will be presented at the scientific sessions. The organization includes physicians, physiologists, and physical educators with a common interest in the medicine and science of sports and physical activity.

CLASSIFIEDS

WORKERS WANTED for pea harvest Lewiston and Palouse area. Truck drivers 20 years old or more; combine operator and swathsman 18 years old or more. Experienced with farm machinery. Pay \$2.00-\$2.25 per hour. Interviewer on campus May 7. Sign up now, personnel office, Room 208 Administration office Building.

Netmen travel

The Vandal tennis team travels south this weekend for three matches in the Boise Valley. The netmen meet Northwest Nazarene College in Nampa this afternoon, then move on to Boise to meet Boise State College and Weber State College tomorrow.

The Vandals return to Moscow next week for a home stand against the Washington State University Cougars. Idaho downed the Cougars 5-4 last Friday enroute to a first place finish in the U. of I. Invitational Tennis tourney. It was the second win for the Vandals over WSU this year.

Riders Club competes

Members of the Idaho Vandals Riders Club will compete against some 130 men and women from 17 northwest colleges and universities this weekend in a rodeo at Washington State University.

The National Intercollegiate Rodeo Association sanctioned affair will be held Friday at 8 p.m. and Saturday at 1:30 p.m. at WSU's hilltop stables.



ASSISTANT COACH WILLIAM DODD and equipment manager Mike Standly look on as a Vandal defensive back attempts an interception against the "white" squad in a scrimmage. The four squads of the football team will work out in a scrimmage this Saturday at 2 p.m., then travel to Coeur d'Alene next Saturday for a full game scrimmage at 7:30 p.m. at Persons Field.

Sports notes

by Dave Finkelburg

Tomorrow will be good news for many anglers as the general trout season, for lakes, opens.

Despite the expected cold weather, the Idaho State Fish and Game Department has forecast a good turnout of fishermen at northern Idaho lakes and has been stocking some of the smaller lakes this week.

According to the Fish and Game Department fishermen catch over 10 million trout a year in Idaho, and a good portion of those are taken in Northern Idaho. In addition, northern Idaho offers some good fishing for bass, mackinaw and other species.

Of course, the most well known game fish in northern Idaho is the Kamloop trout, found in Lake Pend Oreille. According to the Fish and Game folks the best months for catching Kamloops are May, October and November.

However, at daybreak tomorrow morning there will be a whole fleet of boats heading for the Kamloop feeding areas in the northern end of the lake, and trolling around the mouth of the Clark Fork River where it dumps into Pend Oreille hoping to land one of the big ones. The world's record Kamloop, 37 pounds, was caught in Lake Pend Oreille.

Priest Lake, which is even farther north than Pend Oreille, is famous for its mackinaw (lake trout) fishing. The mackinaw season opened there April 15 and the Fish and Game Department reports that fishermen are having some success despite cold

and foggy weather. A number of mackinaw from 20 to 40 pounds are taken from the lake each year.

Bass fishing is open year round in most lakes and streams in northern Idaho but generally does not reach a peak until the water begins to warm up and the bass move into the shallows.

Chatolet Lake, a part of Lake Coeur d'Alene is one of the better bass spots early in the year. The Clearwater River is also noted for producing some fine bass catches. At last report, however, the water temperature was still low enough that fishermen were getting poor results.

SPRING VALLEY

Closer to home, there aren't too many places for fishermen to go. For local anglers, one of the few easily available fishing spots that can be expected to produce fish well is Spring Valley Reservoir northeast of Troy. The lake is small, slightly less than 50 acres, and was built by the Fish and Game Department to provide public angling.

The lake is generally well stocked with rainbow trout and provides good fishing for opening day.

The Fish and Game Department has provided a public access area on the west and the north side of the lake. Further up the north side of the lake is a campground with picnic tables, toilets, and fireplaces. However, there is no drinking water available and the Department advises anglers to bring their own.

The Reservoir is located 2.5 miles north of highway 8 about 14 miles from Moscow. No motor boats are allowed on the reservoir, and there is a special creel limit of 10 fish per person for the lake.

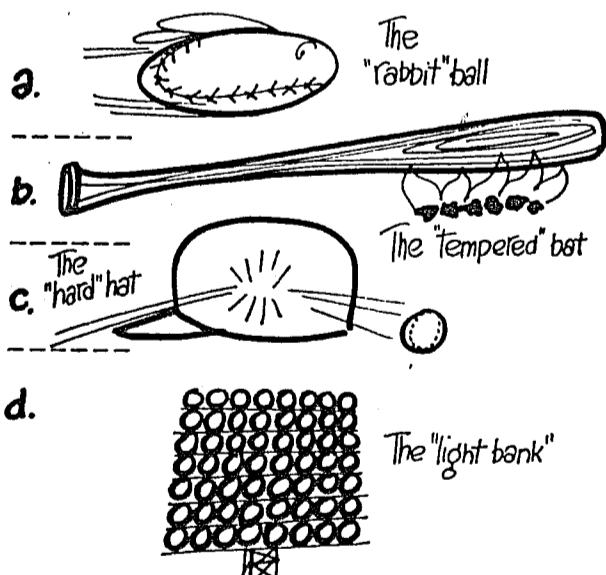
Good luck, if you are one of those folks lucky enough to get away for the opening day's fishing. And if you're not, isn't it nice to stay home and be warm and dry?

D.F.

CLASSIFIED

WANTED: 3 or 4 bedroom house with 1500-20,000 square feet of living space. Town or country. Rent up to three years or buy. Telephone 882-2507, Col. and Mrs. Paul Fletcher, Army ROTC, University.

Which did the most to change the game?



They all did a lot. But think about "d." Now almost all games are "night" games.

It's one way electricity has been "the energy of progress," turning old into new, new into better.

Electricity is so useful partly because there's so much of it, and the price is right.

And the people at your investor-owned electric company try to stay on the ball to keep it that way.

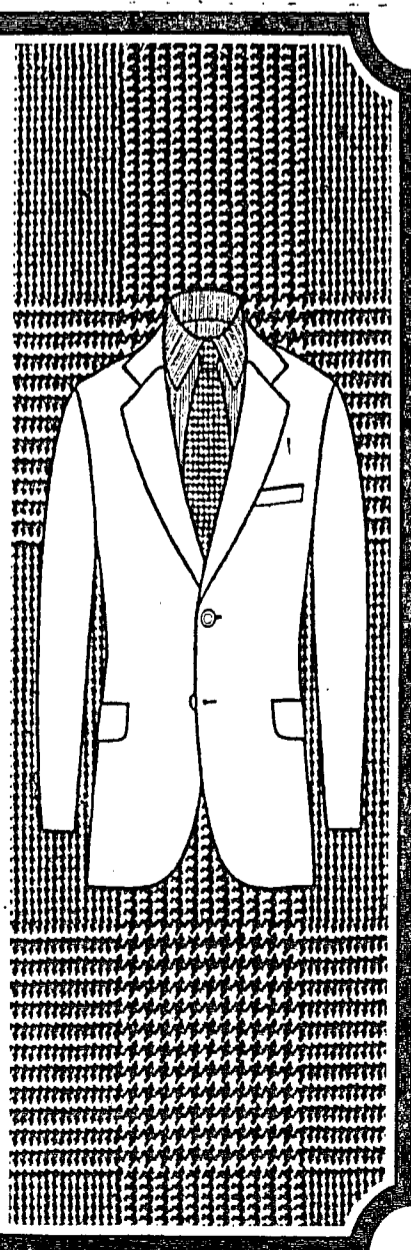
THE WASHINGTON WATER POWER CO.



Here are some plaids you should check

They're unusual. Colorings just a little brighter. Just a little more exciting. They're from the finest mills in the world. Natural shoulder for sure. Generous lapels. Deeper side or center vents. Slimmed waist shaping. \$80-\$130. Other suits including vested from \$90.

Myklebust's
SHOES
FOR MEN



Trackmeet cancelled, Martin Relays next

The Vandal trackmeet, scheduled for this weekend in Moscow with the Oregon College of Education, has been cancelled according to Paul Ostyn, Idaho Athletic Director. Ostyn gave inclement weather and soggy track conditions as reasons for the cancellation.

Without the dual meet, the Martin Relays at Walla Walla May 10 is the final regular season track event for the Vandals before the May 6-7 Big Sky Conference championships at Missoula.

Idaho had two first-place finishers at a triangular meet at Spokane's Whitworth College Saturday and took three second-place awards. But greater team depth by Eastern Washington State College and Whitworth proved the difference. EWSC rolled up 80 points. Whitworth had 67 and Idaho 29.

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"THE HONEY POT"
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Rex Harrison-Susan Hayward
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Walter Matthau, Betty Morse
Comedy in Color
CARTOON
Show Starts at Dusk

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Fri., May 2

Tennis—Northwest Nazarene, Nampa.
Golf—Inland Empire Tournament, Spokane.

Sat., May 3

Tennis—Boise State College, Weber State College in Boise.
Baseball—Weber State College here at 1:15 p.m. and 3 p.m.

Football—Scrimmage in Neale Stadium at 1 p.m.

Golf—Inland Empire Tournament, Spokane.

Sports Car Club—Winchester Hill Climb, technical inspections and practice runs begin at 10 a.m., steak fry at 5:30 p.m.

Sun., May 4

Sports Car Club—Winchester Hill Climb, timed runs beginning at 9 a.m.

Mon., May 5

Baeball—Idaho State University, here at 1:30, 3 p.m.

Tues., May 6

Tennis—WSU here at 3:15 p.m.

Intramurals

Paddleball

April 24

B. Rees-D. Collins, ATO, over J. Cronk-E. Swenson, TMA, 21-10, 21-15

Anthony-Bucholtz, CH, over Kirdand-Jones, BTP, 21-8, 21-5

Yoemans-Lundeen, LH, over Gillespie-Leonard, BH, forfeit

Storey-Engelking, SN, over Swinehart-Uberaga, CH, forfeit

Sanford-Sillman, UH, over Birch-Haynes, TC, 21-8, 21-14

Zimmerman-Goetz, TKE, over Johnson-Kirby, SC, forfeit

Gitzlow-Cuddihy, KS, over Thibodrau-Goergen, WSH, 11-21, 21-20

Wells-Anderson, PDT, over Johnson-Hagler, BTP, 14-21, 21-2, 21-16

Tee-Chester, ATO, over Eastin-Johnson, AKL, 21-0, 21-0

Olson-Kephart, CH over Inman-Bates, LCA, 21-1, 21-4

Crumrine-Arnold, DSP over Moe-Mayburry, SNH, forfeit

Softball

TC over DC, 2-1

ATO over PDT, 1-0

TKE over BTP, 8-3

LCA over PKA, 15-2

DSP over PGD, 11-9

KS over AKL, 12-8

MeH

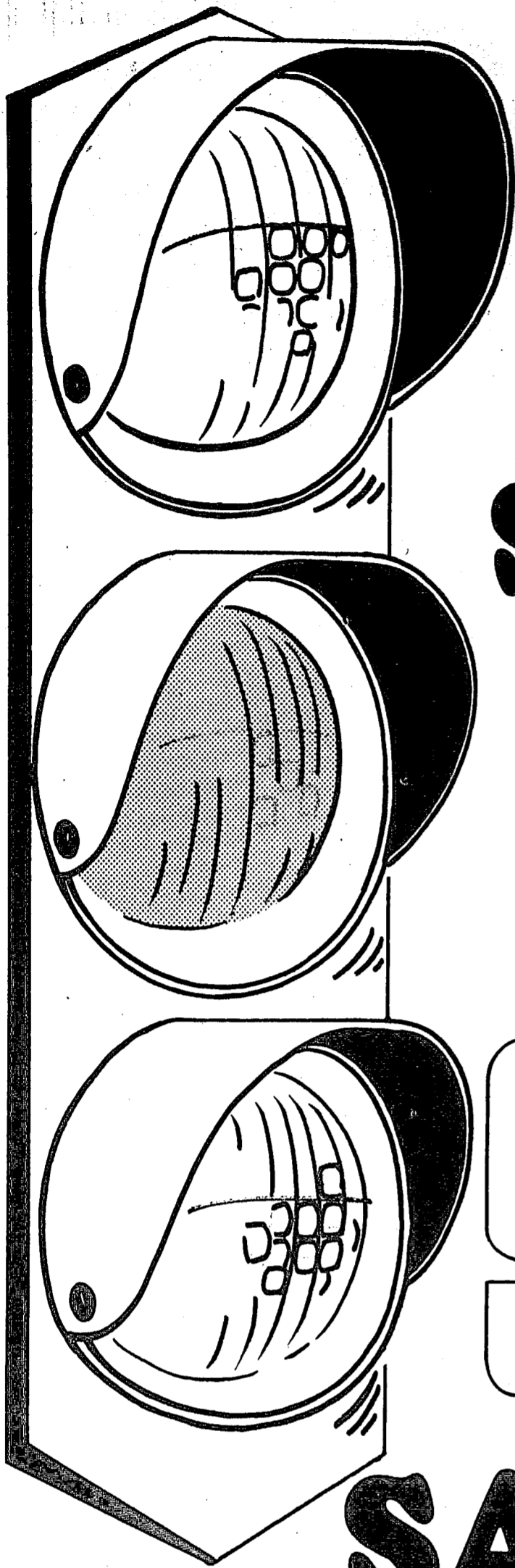
McH-2 over UH-2, 4-1

SN over FH, 21-6

TMA-2 over CC-2, forfeit

Weight lifting

GROUP	POINTS
1. ATO	64
2. DSP	57
3. LH	49
4. BTP	45
5. TKE	35
6. TMA	19
7. KS	18
8. SAE	13
9. TC	11
10. DTD	7
11. GH	7
12. PGD	7
13. CH	6
14. SN	4
15. AKL	2



STOP!

SAVING STAMPS

AND

START

SAVING MONEY

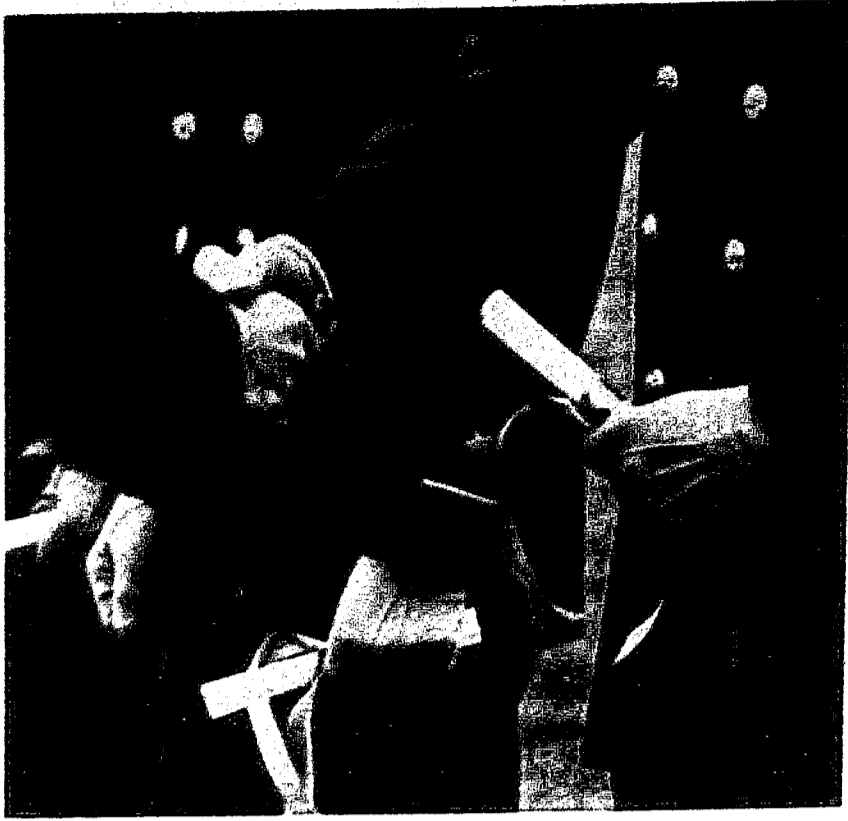


You pay your money - and you take your choice. You can have trading stamps, specials and loss leaders - or lower food prices storewide. You can't have both. The fact is that stamps cost money. So do specials and loss leaders. The money can come from just one place in the long run. And that is from the price people pay for food. Think about it. We have about 8,000 items on our shelves. Another store can match us on 50 or 100 items and still give stamps - but what about the other thousands of items? Check it out for yourself. Saving stamps is one thing. Saving money is another. If you prefer to save money, do it by shopping at Rosauer's. And let the total at the bottom of the tape tell you!

the food people

Rosauer's

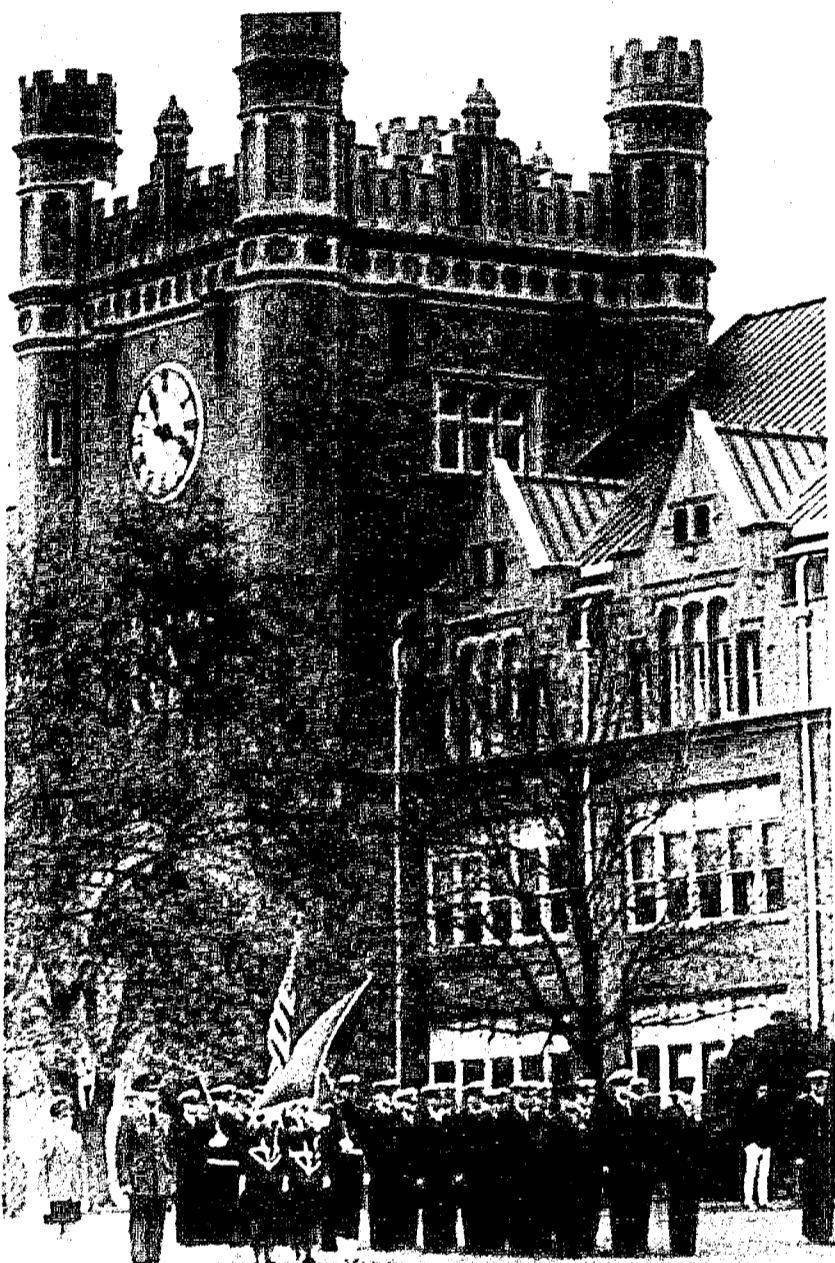
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President Hartung inspects troops



Mike Whiles receives Silver Star



Carolyn Keithly—Military Queen



The President's Review

photos by Robert Bower

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Y MINSTRELS, one of America's best known will appear here in concert on Saturday in gymnasium at 8:30. Eight members strong, performs "en masse", but each individual has specialty which can be performed as a solo—combination for the company. Tickets are at information desk.

at Union y Minstrels

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pop groups and
has been lead
singer in several
bands. As lead
singer he has
been up and
down the East
coast performing
all kinds of
music. He has
been everything
from a long-
shoreman to a
Jr. High School
teacher. But
show business
has always been
his ultimate
goal.

Kim Carmichael, known as "The Kid", has been singing since she was five. She is an ex-member of the Back Porch Majority and a single artist with Ernie Freeman, Entertainment. She is the daughter of writer-arranger Ralph Carmichael and plays guitar and piano in the band.

Randy Tallman, was dissatisfied with career opportunities after graduating from college so went to graduate school in Theatre Arts and was an actor for four years. He played folk music in his spare time and picked up the trumpet again to play with a pop group called Act VI. He is now singing baritone with the Minstrels.

Bill Heard while in school worked the Mississippi Coast, New Orleans, and Dal-

las with "The Clay Bricks" and later a show group called "Act VI". With the group Bill plays bass, guitar, and trombone, singing top tenor, and writing some of the vocal arrangements for the Christy's.

John Tyman started his career eight years ago in stand-up music as a singing waiter in a New Orleans club. He has been in several folk groups and his traveling took him to a New Christy Minstrels audition. He plays guitar, trumpet and bass, and sings baritone for the group.



considered for Chrisman- Willis Sweet

A satellite or "extension" Student Union Building is presently being considered for the Dining, Kitchen, Lounge areas of Willis Sweet and Chrisman Halls.

With the opening of the new Theophilus Tower next fall, Chrisman and Willis Sweet Halls will be converted to office space for the faculty. A Board member Mike Mann reported, "Since these two buildings have been paid for over the years by student board and room payments, these two halls might be considered as 'student owned' he said.

"This is an excellent location for an extension of the SUB," said Mann. "It's near a concentration of classrooms and would be in the mainstream of traffic for the Residence Hall students."

Since the idea of the satellite SUB in the two halls spontaneously erupted about a week ago, little actual planning has been done. SUB General Manager Dean Vetrus and his staff have indicated interest in this expansion area, and are presently investigating the situation.

"Due to the location of the main SUB, it is isolated away from the major on-campus traffic present," Vetrus said. He indicated that because of its proximity to the classrooms and the library, it would be a good place for students and faculty members to sit down and talk.

Vetrus mentioned that the current trend in some SUB's is to establish an atmosphere in the food service areas. These extension areas have good possibility for a team-type of meal, he said.

Board member Roger Enlow said that this type of SUB extension would tend to divide

of Engineering.

"This is an excellent opportunity for everyone in the community to become acquainted with our new facility," Smith said.

Dedication ceremonies will begin at 10 a.m. Friday, May 9 with the keynote address by J.E. Buchanan, president of The Asphalt Institute, College Park, Md., former dean of the College of Engineering and President of the University of Idaho from 1946-54.

William S. Foster, New York City, a native of Sandpoint and editor of American City magazine will discuss current technological-urban problems at 11 a.m. Friday.

University of Idaho President Ernest W. Hartung will officially dedicate the Buchanan Laboratory Building at a no-host noon luncheon in the SUB Friday. The luncheon is open to the public and reservations may be made by calling Dean Smith's office.

Friday afternoon activities include a speech on "Economic Aspects of Environmental Control" by James A. Crutchfield, professor of economics at the University of Washington, at 2:30 p.m.

A special tea honoring Mrs. Buchanan and other women guests will be held in the laboratory at 2:30 p.m. for faculty wives and women of the community.

A panel will meet at 3:30 p.m. to discuss the relevancy of humanistic-social studies in the engineering curriculum.

Members of the 3:30 panel include Dr. Robert R. Furgason, moderator and chairman of the Chemical Engineering Department; Dr. Victor e. Montgomery, chairman of the Psychology Department; Stanley W. Thomas, director of the Idaho Institute of Christian Education; and Louis L. Edwards, associate professor of chemical engineering.

Open house at the Buchanan Laboratory will be from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m. Saturday with numerous demonstrations and exhibits planned throughout the day. A conference for junior college and

occupied, according to Smith.

Smith said that the building has a total of 800,000 square feet, or almost two acres, of floor space.

The four-story building houses all labs for civil, agricultural and chemical engineering and about half the labs for electrical engineering, Smith said. The dis-

Big Name Entertainment undergoes study, Stradley makes false statements about increase

Big Name Entertainment and the entire BNE concept is presently going through a thorough study, a prerogative ASUI President Jim Willms exercised last week.

Reasons for the study center around the \$2,233,600 deficit compiled by the Big Name Entertainment of Grassroots and Gary Puckett and the Union Gap. Willms questions the validity of paying huge sums of money to professional "money makers" regardless of whether it's done on an individual basis as at present, or under the proposed fee increase.

Willms went on to say in his memo to Scot Stradley, Big Name Entertainment chairman, that it would appear from the losses suffered this year, that we need to review the manner of selecting names, if we intend to continue.

Stradley sent out yesterday an explanation of the Big Name Entertainment fee increase which reads as follows:

On the tuition-increase referendum, a proposal is being made for a Big Name Entertainment fee to be paid by the student to cover all costs of entertainment throughout the year. The three-dollar figure is malleable downward to whatever the Regents feel is necessary to support the costs of present entertainment. The tuition increase will admit students

in the country is used in the building, Smith said. Total cost of the building was \$2 1/4 million.

More than 500 invitations for the two-day event have been extended to political and education leaders, as well as professional engineering colleagues in the Pacific Northwest.

to all concerts with the presentation of their ID Card. In essence, rather than paying \$3 or \$4 for the student and his date per performance, he will be paying \$5 or \$5 a year for four or five concerts.

Currently there is a mood in the ASUI administration to abolish all Big Name Entertainment. By showing approval for this increase, Big Name Concerts will continue. The committee guarantees a better quality of entertainment (through student opinion polls) if this is passed. Why? Because they will have a fixed budget with which to work which is more attractive to performers coming to this school. According to Willms, there are some "grave misunderstandings which may have arisen.

In Stradley's statement he infers that if the referendum for BNE does not pass, that Big Name Entertainment will no longer come to the Idaho campus. Willms corrected this by saying that Big Name Entertainment will continue to come to the campus. The vote tomorrow on the referendum is only on the fee increase.

Secondly, Willms says that "the three dollar figure is malleable downward to whatever the Regents feel is necessary to support the costs of presenting entertainment," statement made by Stradley

is wrong. "It is not the Regents problem to determine the necessary amount — it is ours. This is the figure the proponents of the increase have set, and if approved, the \$3 will go to the Regents. The statement Stradley made in regard to the tuition increase admitting you to all concerts with the presentation of ID Card is true only if the number of people attending is less than the capacity of the gymnasium. In the case of more people, Willms explained, some will be turned away, even though they have already paid the fee. In addition is the problem of selling tickets to non-students who may displace students who have paid the fee.

Another false statement made by Stradley says that "rather than paying \$3 to \$4 for you and your date per performance, you will be paying \$5 to \$5 a year for four or five concerts." Willms says that the number of concerts may be a rather optimistic figure, dependent upon the quality of entertainment. Secondly, someone is going to be paying for that difference — that someone being those who did not attend BNE. In addition, each individual may choose not to attend every concert.

The statement that the committee guarantees a better quality of entertainment

leads one to believe that if the fee increase is not passed, the quality will be poorer and student opinion will not be sensed. This statement is also false according to Willms. Last week Willms formed an ad hoc committee to study the area of Big Name Entertainment. The committee's job is to recommend improvements in BNE regardless of how the referendum goes.

Students composing the ad hoc committee include Janie Slaughter, chairman; Ted Creason, Tom Shropshin, Greg Heitman, Pat Johnson, Scott Stradley, Bob Serrano, ASUI Program Adviser; and Dean Vetrus, ASUI General Manager.

A blue box has been hidden somewhere on campus. In order to promote ticket sales for the New Christy Minstrels, the finder of the blue box will receive two free tickets to the performance, set for this Saturday at 8:30 p.m. upon presentation of the box at the SUB Information Desk.

Clues will be given daily Thursday in order to help seekers find the box. The clues may be heard on KVOI. Monday's clue was: Hunt the blue box between trees and rocks. Today's clue is: Crawl on your knees from ice cream and cheese to butterflies and bees.

AMYTHON

Morgan LeFay

EDITORIAL

"Consequently," concluded Amython, "I maintain that people use either a subconscious attic or cellar in which they store the disturbing context of their contacts with reality. Whether they use efficiently ordered shelves, crumbling cardboard boxes, or just tangled piles of random heirlooms and souvenirs, their one subconscious room becomes a catchall for everything they must have time to rummage through before deciding to what use it can best be applied.

"I prefer to conceive of the human mind as inhabited by potential morons, criminals, fanatics, lesbians, politicians, poets, geniuses — as a matter of fact, any aspect of identity for individual human existence. I say it's a process of manufacturing an identity from bits and pieces of memorized experience. And one must express himself to others to catch their feedback, even if it comes wrapped like rings on the fisted hand of the real. Nevertheless, it will assist him in determining what he next needs to take from his private attic or cellar before again leaving his silent retreat to meet the public.

"Expression, people. That's what I advocate! To write? Yes. But even more than that, to lubricate one channel enflamed with stimulation and constipated. And the most intriguing part comes when one realizes that his expression has become communication with others. And that means they will have a few more items to stash in their heads and use as source material while they continue to write their lives, and feed all the inhabitants that live upstairs who generally keep the shades pulled.

The March issue of Amython came out in an undesirable quantity of only 200 copies for distribution. There are still a few left at the SUB information desk or at the bookstore. They are being sold for 25 cents to keep the budget people happy.

Because the March issue was the first attempt at getting our material to the public, the following has been reprinted from that issue's "Editorial"

to let you know what we think about creative expression.

"This is the first issue of Amython, a product of a change in policy from that of the former 'Literary I'! For those interested, Amython is not a word taken from Greek mythology or history. It is a creation by the members of the staff to symbolize what we feel to be our primary concern — creation. In this word is found the principle objective of this publication, that is, the exposure and expression of the creative thoughts and projects of students.

"... It is our desire for future issues to include other strains of the Amython being, their conception found in the union of the subconscious mind with penetration of external influences. From without comes the stimulus which enters a receptive mind that ponders it, conceives it as an illuminated image, and then collects these forms and exposes them to the critical observation of others. And there are few restrictions, for creativity is not just cloistered in an exclusive sphere of "higher arts" but composes an entire cosmos of perception and expression.

"In concordance with the above mentioned policy change, Amython invites you to express yourself . . . in a manner of personal preference that will allow you to release and expose to others the thoughts, convictions and personal philosophies that inhabit your mind."

In future issues, space will be reserved for (letters to the editor). Comments and or criticisms about any of the material in Amython are welcome. We request that your name and address are included, the address to be kept confidential if you like.

If you want to express yourself and feel Amython can help, send your material to 1205 East 3rd Apt. 101, Moscow, or 504 Spotswood, Moscow, or drop it at the SUB information desk. We request that all submittals be accompanied by the submitter's name and address, the address to be kept confidential.

You Couldn't Become a Chesspawn

Autumn was it for you
In the middle of the spring
I'm thinking of the pale leaves
Falling on the polished sidewalk
Trampled, and they walk on.
Marching til the stale air
Descends on the forehead
For you had to walk
Ten, twenty, maybe thirty miles
To push a bullet through a hungry brown body
Now you're only a name
And the spring is dying a million deaths
in rice patties every day

You would have danced on Saturday
Without knowing the pain
Of an eliminated pawn.
Your brother across the Alaskan mountains
Is duped just like you
Though his collapse is unknown
And so can't be neglected
Neglecting has become a national hobby
And we can fertilize the patties with napalm
And the game goes on and on
Here, there, everywhere
Making scars on her face
Then they shout her name
Humanity, Humanity, its all for you
Only the players differ
Submitting like castrated chess pawns
The Stalin's, Johnson's, and Mac's
They're giving you missiles
For you play without protest
They think its a glorious flick
But for you
It's all over, my unknown soldier.

Indifferent men have made a deal with
indifferent gods
And Prometheus is still bound to the rocks
Falcons leap at the sight of the brown dove.
And presumptions float in the air
We have to get along
After all the chains are golden
And we can say we are free.

THE MACHINE

Editor: Marshall Hickman
Asst. Editor: Doug Hill
Secretary: Helen Lafrenz
Asst. Sec.: Garth Schmeling
Literary Editor: Tracy Hamby
Political Editor: Mike Murray
Art Editors: Eve Garner, Karen Barr
Exchange Editor: Alan Heasley

Cover: eg
Art: Mike Eugene

Tracy Hamby

ATMAN

When i went down the road
i paused
looked at a pebble
became it
then went on

Editorial Policy

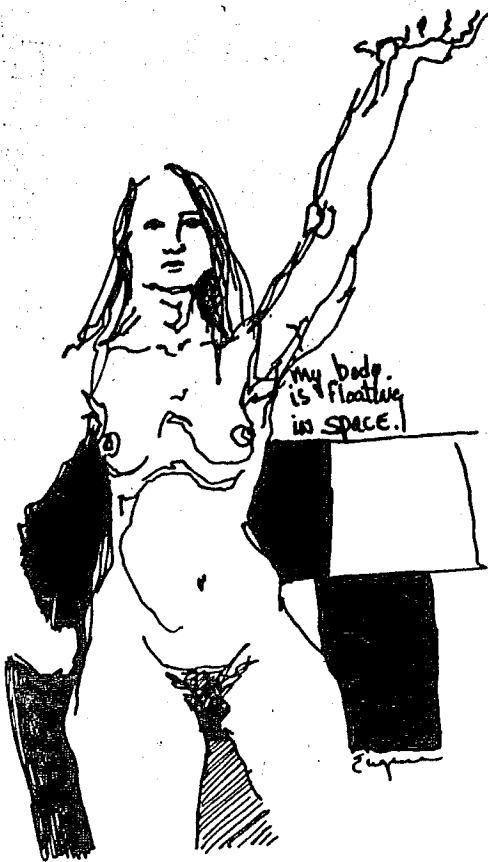
The "Amython" is published monthly by the Argonaut as a special literary insert. The editor of the Argonaut feels that such a publication can provide valuable service to the students of the University of Idaho. In this light, any material included in the Amython will be published without censorship.

Trip

Satyendra K. Tripathi, or "Trip" to all that know him, is a University of Idaho graduate student from India. "India", you say, "That's the land of the Taj Mahal and snake charmers." Yes, and to many of them this America is the land of the Empire State Building, George Washington, and freedom for all. Somewhere along the line, brevity has undermined the concepts the citizens of one country have of the other. Visions have been formed that omit the human element and place in its stead a setting, free of all the aggravating vermin that give man cause to doubt themselves, distrust their comrades and start a tunnel under their environment to escape the imperfect reality it continues to represent.

It's a lesson in ideals when a foreign student comes to the United States to submerge himself in the broad expanses of our harmonious national community and finds everyone living a lie they can't take time to apologize for. They make love to capitalism only to become infatuated with the assembly lines that produce all the coveted equipment that an uninhabited desire for life, liberty and property can devise. There is abundance, but not in equal quantities for everyone, for surpluses mean it is not necessary that in order for one to get ahead everyone must get ahead.

AUTOANESTHESIA, people, is written by a "foreigner" who has seen our act from the audience and not as a member of the cast. The background of the poem is the Borah Symposium and its aftermath. Nat Hentoff used the word "autoanesthesia" to describe the shielded way of life most of us live. The lines, "The girls . . . grass blades," refers to a statement of Tom Hayden, "The roots are in the soil."



A Tramp In The Night

The fog is dense
Clotting around the blurry neon lights
It is a late hour
the girl I saw
was walking alone
like a shadow, in her own night.

Incoherent waves, fusing
with the rising foam
in mind's dark sea
I live.

I am the lonely wanderer
polluting the still quiet night.

The books in my hand
have executed their meaning
printed words imposing
like creeping black insects.
A branch of tree
obstructs the Notre-Dame
It is only a lecture post-card
which you sent me the other day
I wish,
Green spring
and warm new-born babies
taking over the rotting reason
I shiver

Till I Bleed

Till i bleed trip

North wind,
caresses the tree tops
and the leaves
they shiver with sensuous pain

The barren speechless silence
break it forever.
The roses waiting to blossom,
to tremble with the dew drops,
then scatter the petals in the north-wind

Touch me softly,
then fiercely,
with your fingertips
till I bleed
to the color of your cheeks.

Autoanesthesia

Crimson colored tie,
and all those clay molds,
hanging from the roof.
They asked questions
Casting suspicious glances
if the colors were real,
Applauding the creamy confusion
then the band played in the evening
probably to celebrate an icy spring.

Intelligencia,
they come here
and talk about a strange horrible dream.
Is it really that bad?
We will know tomorrow
today let us sleep
on our cushioned mattresses
embracing the golden haired princess
her face might be scarred tomorrow.

The girls were dancing on the lawn
trampling the grass blades
Neon lights make your shirt look so white
Her lips are red and rosy
Don't tell me about the naked hungry child.
Don't show me the stains
And ignore the paleness beneath the lipstick
So, I may dance in the stars
And who knows about tomorrow.

You are a child.
whose dreams are running away
and you have to run
but I have to drink black coffee

Let the fungus grow in the corner
my walls are still white

Democracy is
everybody in his own autoanesthesia.

INFORMATION

Multitudes swaying with the rock band
A blindfolded man is groping in the dark
Someone was talking about the religion of Hindus
And I am walking along the slippery sidewalk,

Do not utter obscenities
Because

It is fashionable to talk like a Greek.

She slipped the empty bear-glass
Casually into my pocket
And laughed while going away.

They are swinging with the rhythm
"Lot more talk of Jesus and a lot less
rock and roll."

Let us slip into the silent night
And whisper the unsung dreams
leaving the frenzy behind.

You wish you were a child again
But it is far-far-away.

Ask at the information desk
What else is going on tonight?

garth schmeling

i remember:

other times when i was small.
we played on the swings in the park.
we always ate ice-cream.
we always talked,
but never about love
Why?
i remember:
other times when i was small.
we played intelligence games in class.
we always used out best etiquette.
we always talked,
but never about marriage.
Why?
i remember:
other times when i was small.
we walked through a drizzly rain on the lake shore.
we always tried to change everyone else.
we always talked,
but never about us.
Why?

Gene Bundy

TROIKA

The worst night of all came for me during lookout duty for a small patrol. I could not pace up and down, as usual, but had to sit in the snow until the next man took my place. My hips, and the underneath of my legs, began to fall asleep. I had sat down upon a sharp twig beneath the snow, but it did not irritate me enough to break my lull and make me move. Later, the stick itched more than hurt, and, finally, it was almost a pleasurable sensation, as my head nodded gently and my mind dimmed away.

A branch broke somewhere behind me in muffling snow. I sat up, focusing. Then, I leapt to my feet, and turned in time to see a redcoat bearing down on me with a long bayonet. My musket was at my feet; there was only one thing to do. I seized the undulating blade. My body tensed, and my hands squeezed the cold, red blade. My body lurched grotesquely.

Somehow, I was seeing myself stretched straight out in the air, horizontal from the musket which jutted upright from the snow. The bayonet kept slithering in my hands. My body became suddenly wide and thin. No longer had I arms or legs. My bright red veins became flat red stripes down my length. My blue eyes exploded on the surface of my widened face, forming a blue patch, with the whites showing through in little blotches. The bayonet was now still, but I began to flutter in the breeze; the stars and stripes were born.

As it turned out, foxholes would have been better than the two oddly shaped trenches we had dug. They were tearing us apart.

Sarge decided to take half of us in a rush for the trees. The half that ran was in the open and only yards from the jungle when the enemy machine guns opened fire. At the same time, we in the trenches were rushed full force, and strafed from the trees.

I turned to shoot into the trees, but was pelleted across the midriff. I slumped to the bottom of the trench. Many thoughts exploded in my mind: I was finished, the squad was finished, our position was finished. I panicked at the thought of my fate, as blood pumped out over my chest and stomach. I couldn't lift my arms to stop the bleeding. My head dropped back and all I could see was the sides of the trench and the blue sky. I knew that I was dying, but now I didn't care.

No longer was I in the pit, I soared upward. The speed of my ascent refreshed me. I looked down and saw the bodies in the trenches, including my own. The trenches showed bright red, and formed the letters U N. The letters grew smaller, until they were just a desecrated spot, standing for nothing of significance.

The jungle is a slimey place when it rains. The trails turn to mud, and the leaves become knife blades. Our sweep kept the Viet Cong running day and night. They were devils in the jungle, but our dogs were the great equalizers. My dog, Nicki, and I were always sent ahead in new territory.

The worst day I had was when I first encountered an enemy alone. Nicki had stopped and stiffened, while looking off to one side of the trail. Then he had stalked edgily, at chain length. He halted before a clump of strange ferns, and I hand signaled him to sit and stay. I nudged my way into the foliage. A dark head of hair, nestled near a mossy log, was visible between the stems in front of me. Startled and scared, I didn't see a branch at my feet, which rustled fiercely.

It was my business to locate the enemy, not engage him. The boy jumped up and looked around. His rifle was still on the ground. There was nothing I could do, I had to kill him. I crashed through the grass between us, and lunged at him with my bayonet. He grabbed it in his bare hands, but I managed to plunge it into his chest.

I found later that he had neither ammunition or a bayonet, yet he might still have used his rifle as a club.

The night which followed was as bad as my experience of the day. I dreamed that I found myself at a top level meeting of the C.I.A., where a Krushchev-like man, (exhibiting a southern drawl and sprouting a cowboy hat) was banging on a table and demanding that we would bury them, and I didn't have the guts to oppose him.

dh

HART

so far from my eyes
yet so near my heart
i feel a shattered dream

tearing
the thoughts of then
the beauty of now
the hope of when

a once felt warmth
now burns in flame
a stinging heart
turns cold

an elegant love

a tangled mind twists
warm thoughts of comfort
to pain

sorrow of loss

i hear the voice
of a innocent child
i search an answer
to his tender question

Why



Brainard

Wrappers

We wrap
Packages
Some times
For friends
Always for others

With some
Distaste
We note that
The string is short

And we cannot
Bind securely
All parts

Revealing
Ourselves

Charles Bonney
**Absurd,
By An Absurdist**

It is not a way of staging nor designing nor lighting a play. It is not a style such as Representative or Method acting. It is not Realism, Dadism, Surrealism, nor Mixed-media. It is a classification of plays and playwrights. Now that we know what it is and what it is not, we can see and discuss "Theater of the Absurd."

My purpose is not to give you a brilliant and instant understanding of this form of writing for this is impossible, as it is with anything of an aesthetic nature. But if I can create an interest and a rational base for you, then perhaps it will be easier for you to understand and feel the absurd play. From this point I embark:

Absurd plays are absurd. The actions in these plays do not and can not happen. But these things and more absurd things happen in everyday life only to be rationalized away by man. In "Rhinoceros" by Ionesco, ordinary people in an ordinary, orderly town literally turn into rhinos, but Berenger never does. If we see the rhinoceroses as ideas, we then have a very real situation with the rhinos physically expressing thoughts and ideas. Berenger becomes the goat, odd one, or villain of the story. Or you can see the rhinos as the non-thinking creatures which man is becoming. Of course other ideas are brought up such as what is beauty, illogical logic, what is life's purpose? etc. . .

Berenger hero. . .

Berenger goat or hero,
Which thought do you follow?

See it as you may,
You are in the play!

"Stanley: How would you like to go away with me?"

Lulu: Where?

Stanley: Nowhere. Still we could go?

Lulu: But where would we go?

Stanley: Nowhere. There's nowhere to go. So we could just go. It wouldn't matter.

Lulu: We might as well stay here.

Stanley: No. It's no good here.

Lulu: Well, where else is there?

Stanley: Nowhere."

"The Birthday Party"
by Pinter

This is similar in thought to both Behan's "The Quare Fellow!" and Samuel Beckett's "Waiting for Godot." (On channel 10 last Wednesday at 10:00; i.e., for nothingness in the actions of man.

See now possible connections in theme

With differences in interpretation by authors.

See now possible connections in differences

By individuals in audience.

See now aesthetic feeling and emotion and thought

By people in world.

How ridiculous ———— Absurd.

dh

The Fountain

I stood in the shadow of the three story opera house. "Beat it. Take you hair and beads and get outa here." His words bounced between by ears. Saying nothing of his shark skin suit, I had walked out quietly leaving only an empty stare.

Before me the sun was changing the brown-green grass to green-brown beyond the shadow line. I laid my sandals and watch beneath a fern and stepped onto the bristly carpet — squinting, as the sun beamed down to fill my shirt with rays. Rustling water sounded in the distance where a small rainbow danced upon the white water of a fountain. With locked eyes I shivered from the mist in the fresh air, and my bare foot moved forward. One step, two, three — faster, faster, until the green cloud below flew by and notes of a harp touched my ears, birds sang our song, while the mist washed my skin.

A flickering shadow played on the jagged rocks where the water splashed down. I walked along the warm rim feeling the cement-encrusted pebbles pressing against my souls. Half-way around the opera house reappeared. Near one corner a solitary clump of ferns surrounded a statue. Intrigued I left the fountain's peaceful lull and almost slipped on the mud beneath the moulded man. His leg was cold, hard, drab green. From his waist hung a bayonet, on his shoulder, a rifle. My heart fell dead at his face. Godno! A soldier, his back to the fountain. SMILING.

I hope they buried me by the water.

Lu Mezzetta

EUCALYPTUS

Gum tree
of the country club road
peel to me,
bend,
this scent
of wind-thrown silver.
Make payment
for my trespass.

Jane VanKleeck

Pam

Two men in my life-
One with a dimple,
One yet unborn,
Will share my love, my tears.

She touches the world.
A child, driven by curiosity,
She thumps and caresses it.

The world lures her on, purring
Until it SNAPS!
and she becomes a woman.

Blue becomes you
in the spring,
your blue dress tight across your tanned thighs,
like the daybreak I once saw from your window,
and have not seen again.

Now you walk in the sun,
bring to me coffee and conversation,
liquid with heat and unconstrained.
Vacant coolness, like snowy lots in April,
your blue is a memory
of when I stood cool in your room
while your words fell like flakes of snow,
dissolving me, heat returning through the stilled linen,
the open window unnoticed.

Now you walk in the sun,
your brow watery and your cheeks flushed,
and when you wave to me
your dress moves higher above the tan,
and the division is not lascivious,
but natural like days and seasons.

My hand and voice still,
looking above you,
I make floats by the sky
and fail to remember.

dale uravich

Filed under Cannot, Knowledge is

(in the beginning nothing
so virgin intellects stumbled
eagerly, to the universities)

seekers approaching knowers,
they prostituted self to barren
professors in deluded hopes of
intellectual-copulation, knowledge

(the lecherous ones were skilled —
adroit manipulation soothed all with
multiple frenzies of orgastic delight)

majorities thus lulled — only those
passionate-fertile, abhorring
stagnant ponds, sterile plains — fled
in quest of meaningful experience

(life, truth remained by proclamation;
variants miscarried, aborted — victims
of a puritan righteousness, vigilance)

yet a few, ripened minds oozing the
pregnancy of thought, realized birth —
bastard ideas emerging from the womb
shrieking illegitimate defiance —

(forever scorned, inheritance denied,
these cursed ones are ostracized, and
condemned to wander in solitude)



Whatever Happened To Charlie Redeagle

Charlie pranced around the lounge.

"Walk around, walk around," he mumbled, "Hey you" he staggered over to one of the other Indian kids, "You wanna get tough huh?" They all laughed. Charlie was a real clown. That's why the kids elected him president of the dorm. Everyone liked Charlie, he was a good Indian.

Already it was the second week of the summer program. July was hot and classes — God, classes were boring. So the boys invented games for the cooler nights, Charlie was good at games.

"Come on guys, we're gonna sneak up to the girls floor." And the guys made the raid. The girls loved it with pretended horror. The summer grew hotter still, boiling the insides of the "under privileged kids" until Charlie had better ideas, but it wasn't all Charlie. He tried to stay clean, but it was "glue man" and you had to "groove", so they "hit the bags", and life was great!

"Charlie, we want to talk to you." The program director scratched his fat stomach as he ushered him into his antiseptic office. "Sit down boy." Charlie wanted to laugh, God another speel, Bubbles would rave like hell for awhile and then the pitch would come —

"So you see, Charlie, it's up to you to set the example." The "Great White Father" crushed a sweat bead with his giant back hand, "We're counting on you."

"Ya, sure" he replied humbly, "I'll do my best sir." Charlie stood up slowly, you fat bastard, he thought as he sauntered out the door. It banged shut behind him.

Booze, that's what Charlie needed — a drink! It would be easy to get. College kids would always buy. Some night he would just disappear after lights out, nobody would know.

"They're so damn stupid."

It was about 2:00 a.m. when somebody said Charlie was gone, so now the counselors were waiting for him. The three of them sat huddled in the shadowy hall. The dribbling shower faucets splashed the only sound in the quiet.

"Well what are you guys doin here? must be a party of somethin." It was Charlie.

"Well Charlie where you been?"

"Nowhere."

"Aw come on we know you were gone."

"Ya? Well, hell, I was with a girl."

"Sure Charlie." They all pushed through the door and walked into the lounge. "Charlie have you been drinking?"

"Ya, sure. I'm drunk see, yoko, yoko I'm re-el-ly dr-unk" he stumbled and blinked.

"Charlie, knock it off you clown. Tell us the truth." Charlie knew he would tell them everything, but he just didn't want them to ask why.

"God I know it's bad — my mom died from it and my old man, he drinks heavy now — I don't wanna do it — but I do. It makes you forget." He blurted it all out and was shocked. "But you guys don't wanna talk about that. Hey I'm sorry, okay?"

He told the kids about his great escape the next day. Charlie was a real nut, they all laughed at the tale. But nobody laughed the next time Charlie got drunk.

"I'm gonna kill you son-a-bitch" he snarled, "I'm gonna cut you up!" Charlie's steel blade came closer and closer to the white boys neck.

"Knock it off Charlie, dammit this is no game." Three of the guys jumped and forced the knife out of his hand, but it happened again. The next week it was even uglier than before and the kids were fed up and the "big guys" found out.

"Look son, one more time and you'll be out. Remember you have a responsibility to the other students." Bubbles glowered with fishy green eyes.

"Yes sir," Charlie replied. God how he hated that responsibility bit. He didn't want it. He just wanted — what? To be left alone? Someone to care?

"Hell what's the use."

What Charlie really wanted was to run away — away to the mountains, away from Whitemen (soyapos). He could live with the trees and the deer and when he died his spirit would be free to spend eternity roaving the forest — but THEY wouldn't let it happen.

He had the knife again and enough hate to destroy the world.

"Come on big boy, I'm gonna cut your heart out!" Charlie picked on the wrong man this time. It was Joey Red Heart and his eyes burned as he whipped off his shirt and flashed his white teeth. The kids pushed close.

"Get him Joey, kill the son-of-a-bitch!" They chanted with hate, but Charlie was so drunk that he struck blindly, wildly, sweated and cursed. Joey gave him a push and spit on the ground.

"Forget it Charlie." The kids left. Nobody said much.

Charlie stood, ya he had a responsibility to the kids — he was their leader. Sure they liked him, everyone

liked Charlie Redeagle. He stumbled back to the dorm. He had to get out!

The search was on, even the police were looking and suddenly he was back smiling, being the clown — the kids all laughed.

Charlie was singing when the director walked into the lounge. He was practicing for the talent show and he stood with arms outstretched and eyes far, far away singing —

"He can turn the tide and calm the angry sea. . . " He finished the song and grinned.

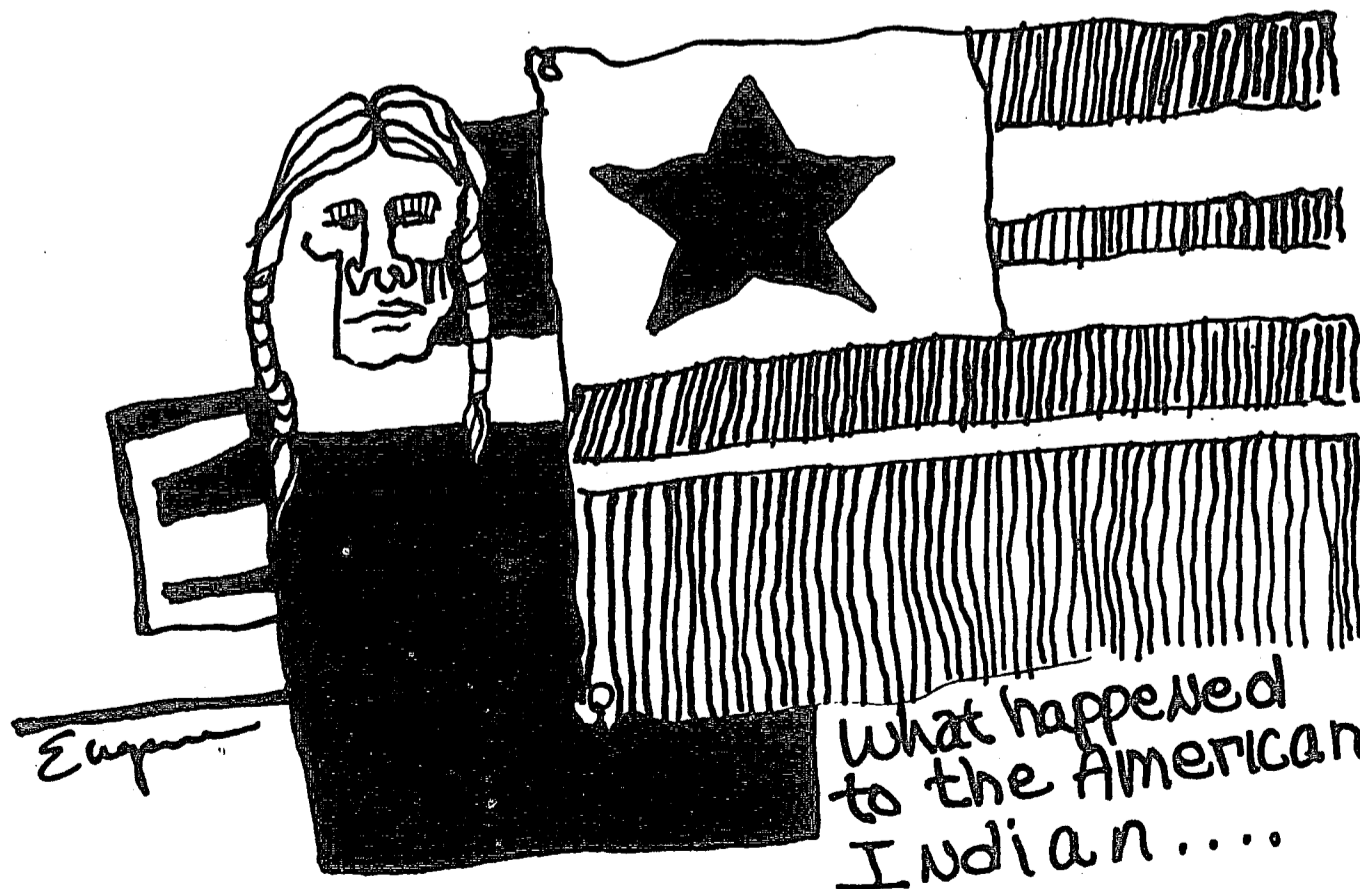
"Well how about it?"

The "White Father" mumbled something about real nice in heaving breaths, and then came the cold news — just like that.

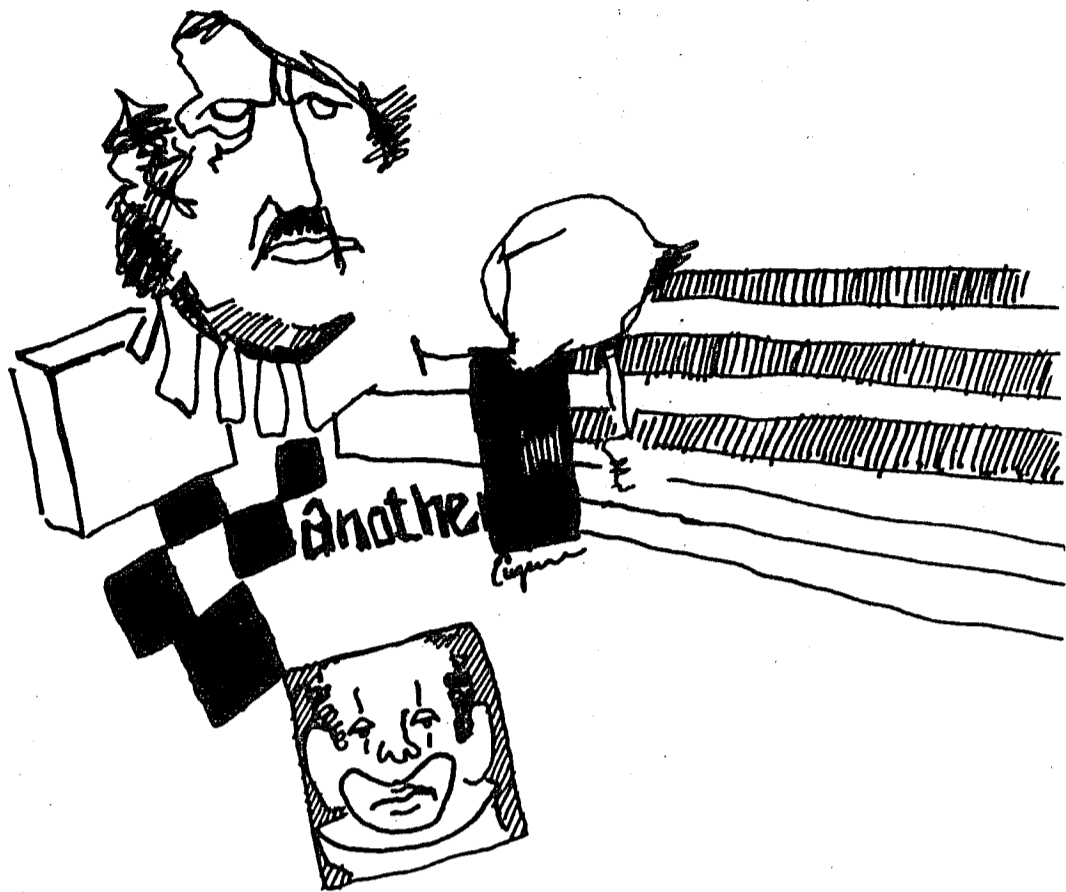
"I'm sorry Charlie, but you'll have to leave. We tried to give you every chance, but it's just not fair to the other students to have you around. We'll take you back to the reservation tomorrow."

Charlie still grinned, inside the blood pounded rhythms in his head. God what would happen now? He'd never get back in school. He'd blown it. God damn he wished he could die!

The evening sun was diving behind the back end of the dorm when Charlie walked downstairs with his suitcase. Nobody said a word. He looked at the kids. Some nodded good-bye, others only looked back. He grinned again. Would anyone ever wonder what happened to Charlie Redeagle? He wondered himself as he trudged out to the car. He swallowed hard. God they were kicking him out and he was their leader. Well at least he'd have more time for drinkin. Charlie laughed and raised the peace sign to the bystanders. Hell, what difference did it make anyway!



Leslie Leek



WATER WORLD

I was sorry when I saw you crying
 Poor little figure in the rain.
 In the rain tears are baby
 The youngsters of a water world
 That sometimes surges
 Sometimes oozes
 Blood of the Soul

and what
 of the
 Blood
 of the tears
 of the tears that wash away the blood
 of other worlds — the old world — the young
 stained by warring
 stripped by hunting
 scarred by hate

all join arms and stagger toward the pool
 those who have no arms
 follow.

Now everybody sing — we shall overcome
 We shall overcome
 We shall . . .
 Fall in the mud made slippery by the
 Rain
 Crawl through the thick black earth
 And squeeze it between torn fingers
 But please,
 Don't forget to wash it away
 With the tears
 While the rain beats steady on the barn back home
 While the rain
 Trickles down the body creases
 and drips
 and drips
 From the face with the tears
 And runs with others
 Until the blood is gone.

Gone with the puddles
 Diluted by the rain
 Swallowed by the sun
 Returned to the Earth
 To make

it
 grow.

EMPTY

Once where there was life
 Empty dwells

EMPTY.

Empty.

empty.

A space once taken
 Now blank,
 A body once laughing
 Now gone
 Out of sight isn't bad
 If you know there's something,
 But if something's gone
 Not there in your mind
 Or alive far away
 You know what empty is
 It's gone
 And it hurts.

CIRCUS

Throbbing heart beat world of man
 Chaotic circus of a million voices
 Joining breathes and mouthing phrases
 In side show wonders
 Or giant tents,
 Laughing — Yelling
 Hinting love,
 Love. . .

say did ya hear this one? there we were in bed
 out of the blue she says, why don't we get married?
 marriage, god! i was just havin fun!

Fun. . .
 What grand fun
 The merry-go-round of
 ha

ha
 ha's
 A light in the eyes and a free ticket
 To a brief rest,
 We needed that one
 Huh pal?
 Pal . . .

two heads are better
 for discussion of life.
 The Life
 mine or yours?
 let's go for all of it
 and throw in a new outlook
 because it's Columbus Day
 and the coffee's good

Good. . .
 For alot of things
 If you give it a try.
 hell, let's go where the action is
 where nobody cares what anybody says
 and we'll solve the worlds problems
 in a glass of Lucky Light.

Light. . .
 And they're still mumbling
 From the night before.
 The wild Ferris Wheel ride
 Past the house of mirrors.
 were you the one
 it's hard to recall
 we almost fell.

What a ridiculous thing to say Adam
 Whatever will the neighbors think?
 Think. . .

about it baby,
 and we'll watch the clowns
 that one looks alot like you
 hey, there's the one like me.
 Funny you should mention that, yesterday, I heard a tale
 it went
 like this

so. . . an. . . so
 Oh please be silent
 We'll all now stand to sing
 The great world anthem
 You sing saprano — I'll sing bass
 Then we'll get on with the show.

Nobuko

You think of yourself
 First, I'm black
 then, I'm a man
 Why can't I convince you
 You're a man first
 then, you're black
 if Black must enter
 How do I reach beyond your false fronts?
 You ask for understanding.
 You won't let me in.

Tracy Hamby

RAINSTONE

d

It was raining and I
stopped to look at things
while i walked along I'd really forgotten
myself and kept going without knowing
except to wonder when the black-slash asphalted street
would come up to meet my onrushing face.
The rain i noticed blew into spots
on my glasses to give the lights many silver arms;
O so scared was i when the rain blew into my nose
because it was that i could see the icicles
fouling the hairs, stealing my breath, but
then is when i
gathered my eyes
on the sidewalk cracks rushing by
fastly black in grey
below O how ohowohow how how ho....Suddenly Realizing
I HAVE FEET! Fod how wonderful i cried and

thought
and thought thou... No longer will i be afraid!
Into a graceful arch my body drew and i watched
as my ears trailed backlong into the rain wind
catching rivulets in their crevasses...?!
What if something chases them! O godogod god dog
RUN! (I will) to the crosswalk
where i found that i had tripped on the curb
embracing the asphalt gratingwet
i looked around sadfelt
as i walked past the last trailing hairs
of my bleeding living disconsolate
body lying there

THE GARDEN CLUB

The garden clug Tracy

Old ladies in tennis shoes
carrying lead weighted umbrellas

prowl the night streets
under the circled moon

to kill the grass
and smother the geraniums

under their snap & pop
basketball rubber.

Beware of Luna
when she is high.

Another Lov Poem In Stumbletongue

De
ar girl,
i lov you somehow
but it pains me
having
to thrash
through your
parent-given
patient indifference
could you possibly,
i mean
i mean,
perhaps
see your way to loving
me
on the outward side
so i
could have
some
to?

Signs of the Times

...and then I went out
to find the street
digging it all
saying YES YES YES YES
to all the stopsigns
go-signs
Smokey bear signs
and Texaco gas station signs

All! All the lovely signs!

Copsignalsigns in whitegloved protoplasmic fluidmotion,
and I not saying yessir, yessir, yessir, mr. copsign..
NOOOOOO, no i won't step into the street wrongisnged
and endanger my life no no i won't...

So go myfeet

I've no time to think of you
(I have to trust you feet)

No time No time

got to look out for signs...

But NO! NOFEET NO!

Watchout FEET!

a bubblegum wrapper trips me
and i am lastseen giving flatfaced oration
on the goodness of signs
to all the minority creatures of the dust....

Tom
erend
Studer
tee m
studen
receiv
The
8 a.m
Buildi
lace C
open c
Fou
ballot
a \$1 p
fundin
per st
establ
pover
per s
develo
ASUI;
per so
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Rec
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Presic
receiv
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endum
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vote v
regarc
or not
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to pay
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