



Special Issue

Argonaut

University of Idaho, 90th Year, No. 63 Friday May 10, 1985

Idaho '85

The year in pictures



Media department heads chosen

By Kristi Nelson
Staff Writer

The ASUI Communications Board has chosen the heads of the ASUI's four media departments for next year. Phozone Director will be Bob Bain; *Gem of the Mountains* editor, Jon Erickson; KUID station manager, Greg Meyer; and *Argonaut* editor John Hecht.

Bain, a senior majoring in communication photography and film, will serve as Phozone director for the upcoming school year. Phozone (the ASUI Photography Bureau) is the division of the ASUI responsible for supplying photographs for the *Gem of the Mountains* and the *Argonaut*.

An experienced photographer, Bain is a stringer for the Associated Press, the *Spokesman-Review* and the

Spokane Chronicle. Currently he is a photography teaching assistant at the UI School of Communications.

Phozone, which employs six photographers and two other staff members, also solicits outside work such as personal portraits and passport photos.

"It depends on the director how much outside income is pursued," said Bain. He added that Phozone, located on the third floor of the SUB, would try to take up the overflow from the UI photo Bureau.

"The more money we make, the more we can change the budget around," said the Boise native, who succeeds Deb Gilbertson as director.

Phozone has an \$8,000 budget subsidized by the ASUI.

Erickson, a sophomore majoring in business management,

said his major will be very applicable to his new position as *Gem of the Mountains* editor.

"When you have a \$30,000 budget, you're doing everything a small business would do," said Erickson.

Although current editor Julie Reagan said design is one of his strongpoints, Erickson said he isn't planning any major changes in the yearbook's look, but will try to alter its content.

"This year and for the past few years the *Gem* has been heavily Greek," he said, "and I'm going to do the best I can to change that."

Erickson, the current managing editor of the *Gem*, noted that off-campus students, and to a lesser degree dorm residents, are difficult to feature because they have few or no organized events.

"The most important thing to me is making the *Gem* a yearbook for everybody."

Erickson plans to continue a policy that will be tried for the first time this year—fall instead of spring distribution of the yearbook. He explained that this allows the *Gem* to cover the entire year and not miss spring events.

Starting this fall, undergraduates will be able to pick up yearbooks at fall registration.

"Every senior (who graduated the previous spring) will be mailed their books," promised Erickson. He added that home addresses would be obtained from the university.

Meyer wants to broadcast live from community and campus sites during his upcoming year as station director for KUOI

radio. The Borah Symposium, press conferences, the Beaux Arts Ball and the Renaissance Fair are examples of the events Meyer would like to cover. Finances are the only deterrent to his plans.

"If people want to see KUOI improve and diversify its programming," stressed the telecommunications major, "they can't cut our budget."

The ASUI reduced the station's budget by \$3,500, or 17 percent, according to Meyer. He would particularly like to see the reinstatement of the news programs that were canceled because of the cuts.

Increasing the budget depends in part on increasing KUOI's listening audience. Meyer says he intends to take a fall listening survey very seriously, and to try to disprove what he thinks is KUOI's undesired image as a "punk rock" station.

Still, the junior doesn't foresee any drastic changes in program format.

"I don't think I'd be that thrilled to be the manager of a top 40 radio station."

Meyer, who has been news director at KUOI and is currently program director for KPBX-FM in Spokane, and has been a DJ for a student station and a news director for a station in St. Maries.

Meyer, who takes Chan Davis' place, encourages listeners to let him know by calls or letters their listening preferences. Students interested in working

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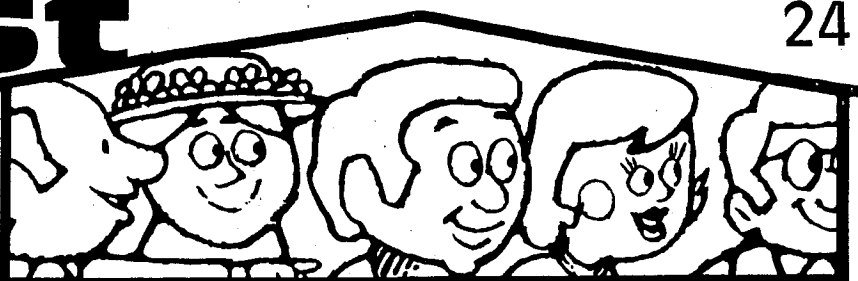
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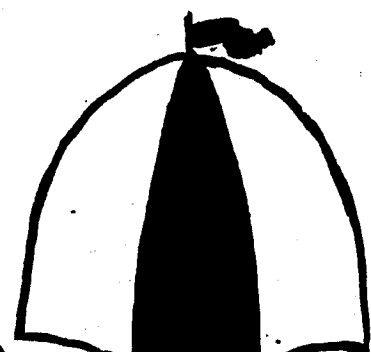
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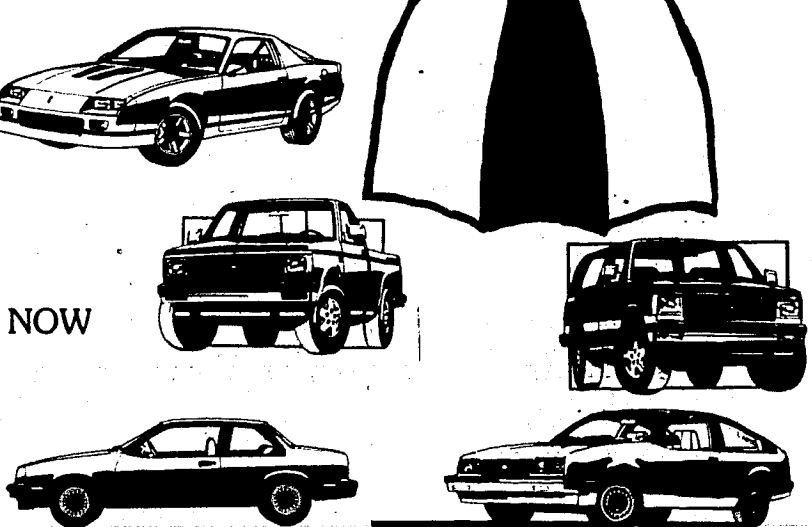
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Local conference to be held on history

A two-day seminar to explore local culture and traditions will be held June 28 and 29 at the University of Idaho. The program will examine and demonstrate the meaning, value and applications of local culture.

The conference, "Passing It On: Local Culture and traditions," will be held in the Silver, Gold, and Chiefs rooms of the Student Union Building from 8:30 a.m. to 4 p.m. each day.

The seminar, which is open to the public, is sponsored by the Latah County Historical Society and is a cooperative project with the UI Summer Sessions Office, part of the College of Education. Funding is being provided by the Association for

the Humanities in Idaho.

According to Mary Reed, historical society director, the conference is directed towards museums, civic groups, historical societies and other local organizations.

Reed said that the first day's sessions will emphasize centennial and anniversary celebrations. Madeline Buckendorf and Keith Peterson will discuss ideas and strategies based on their work for a forthcoming centennial-anniversary celebration handbook. Buckendorf is director of the "Idaho Place Name Directory," and Peterson is Latah County historian.

Also during the first day, workshops will be offered on conserving, handling and ex-

hibiting textiles; interpreting and touring historic buildings, neighborhoods and landmarks; and graphic designs for small-budget publications. The second day will highlight discussions by workshop demonstrators, who will tell how they have used local culture and traditions--particularly oral histories--in their work. Eliot Wigginton, founder of the Foxfire program in Rabun Gap, Ga., and editor of the Firefox series of books, will be spotlighted.

More information about the conference is available by contacting Reed at the Latah County Historical Society, 110 S. Adams, Moscow, ID 83843, or by calling (208)-882-1004.

UI bowl team wins '85, plans ahead

By Megan Guido
Staff Writer

The end of the semester marks the completion of a successful year for the University of Idaho College Bowl.

The A team, consisting of four varsity members, won the regional competition for the second year in a row. They competed against college teams from Alaska, Washington, Oregon and Idaho.

There is no official national tournament this year.

The UI team also participated in the Emery Bowl in Atlanta, Georgia, in April this year. Thirty-five teams competed in this (unofficial) invitational national competition. "UI ended-up ranked somewhere in the middle," said Judy Wallins, coach of UI's College Bowl team. "Obviously we had a very strong team this year because we won regionals."

Team members were chosen from intramural competitions held every fall. Four

See College Bowl, page 10



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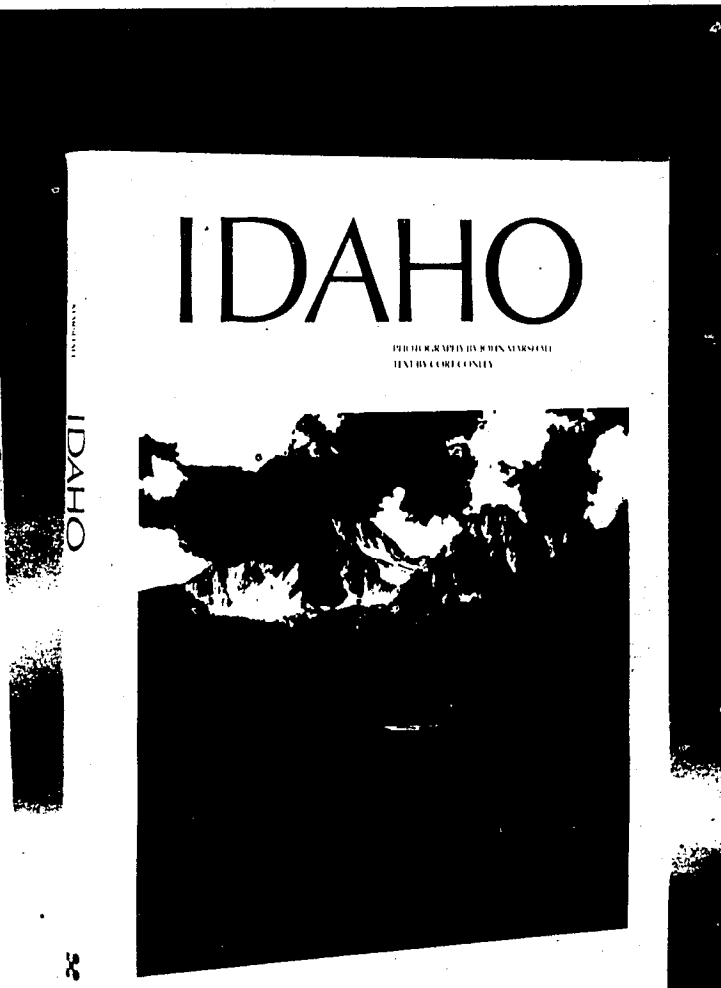
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AUTHORS' PARTY

IDAHO — Photography by John Marshall, text by Cort Conley. Comprehensive in scope, this book portrays the state from the forest and lakes of the Panhandle and the central wilderness to the sea of sage brush plains and canyons along the southern border. In addition to the scenic grandeur of the state, there are images of Idaho's mining towns, farm lands and cities as well as the people of this great state.

Boise photographer John Marshall's work includes the evening tranquility of boats on Lake Coeur d'Alene and the thundering of Split Rock Rapids on the main Salmon River. Here too are the slopes of Sun Valley, Craters of the Moon National Monument, and the depths of Hells Canyon. Cinnabar Mine's now silent buildings and foot tapping music of old-time fiddlers are part of the story too. From the State Capitol Building through the fields of hay and barley to tall stands of Ponderosa pine, the photographs provide a stunning portrait of the state. Author Cort Conley's lively text proves the reader with interesting facts and figures as well as history and present day conditions. Together the photographs, captions and text provide a superb view of this spectacular state.

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El gran error de Reagan

Doug Jones

Although it may be in our best interest to impede the advance of Soviet-aligned Communism in the Americas, Reagan's current strategy is foolish and should be abandoned, as it can only serve to push Nicaragua further into the Soviet camp.

Nicaragua's future relations with both the United States and the Soviet Union will depend on whether or not President Reagan continues to reenact the same mistakes we made 25 years ago in our reaction to Cuba's revolution.

The nationalist nature of Nicaragua's revolution and forty years of US support for the Somoza dynasty have assured that, for some time to come, our ability to positively shape the course of Nicaragua's future will be very limited. Nonetheless, our ability to screw-up our relations with Nicaragua through the Administration's policy appears virtually unlimited.

The Reagan Administration's policy of hostility towards the Sandinista government in the form of economic sanctions and military threats, and now an embargo, are forcing Nicaragua, on the threat of extinction, to align itself with the Soviet Union.

Issues which have generated Reagan's hostility are: (1) Nicaragua's military assistance to guerilla movements in El Salvador; (2) Nicaragua's establishment of relations with the socialist block; and (3) The Reagan Administration's reaction to the pace of Nicaraguan social change.

The one strategic concern has been that Managua will embark on a campaign of exporting revolution to all its Latin American neighbors. This fear for the security of United States allies (most of which are conservative military regimes) like Honduras, El Salvador and Guatemala is a realistic one, but reactionary in nature. Nicaraguan offers of sanctuary and arms, have not and will not produce revolution in El Salvador or Honduras. If Cuba's attempts to "export revolution" in the late 1960's and Iran's recent attempts in starting other Islamic revolutions prove anything, it proves that revolutions cannot be exported—they are truly homegrown products.

Administration officials "I told you so" response to Nicaragua's establishment of normal diplomatic and trade relations between itself and the socialist countries was completely uncalled for. Such relations should not have, on face value, be interpreted as hostile or detrimental to United States interests. It is simply the natural policy for a non-aligned nation.

Nicaraguan president Daniel Ortega's current visit to Moscow to plead for aid should not be viewed with surprise or contempt as it's our own economic sanctions and Reagan's refusal to allow Ortega to come to Washington D.C. that pushed him, out of necessity, to do so.

Another issue has been the Reagan Administration's unwillingness to accept the social reforms adopted by the Sandinista government. To be sure, such reforms have damaged the interests of the United States investors in Nicaragua, but they do not damage the U.S.'s national interest.

Neither the fact that we find Nicaragua's new government politically offensive or that the Sandinista regime puts the interest of the general populace ahead of the interests of the upper classes, threatens the vital interests of the United States. Neither leads Nicaragua to necessarily align itself with the Soviet Union.

What we should be concerned about is inadvertently limiting Nicaragua's options, such as the United States did with Cuba in the 1960s, so that it only has the Soviet Union to turn to.

The linkage between internal social reform and external alignment towards the U.S.S.R. has only been forged by United States hostility to the domestic changes brought about by Nicaragua's revolutionary process. We should have learned that from our experience with Cuba.

President Reagan's trade embargo, coupled with his plans to increase military aid to the Contras, can only result in cementing the ties between the Soviet Union and Nicaragua.

Such strengthening of relations, by necessity on the side of Nicaragua, can only lead to the kind of serious threat to United States national interests that we seek to avoid.

Continued military and economic threats by the United States, the largest and most powerful force in the Western Hemisphere, will only materialized our fears by driving Nicaragua into an alliance with the Soviet Union.

The only good thing, I can see coming out of this misguided policy, is that those of us that are still draft age will soon be speaking Spanish.

The true evil in the world

Lewis Day

Now we find the true source of evil in the world — Nicaragua. That country was singled out for special treatment earlier this week by the US government. Spokespeople for the US government have said the Sandinistas are solely responsible for the woes of Central America; somehow Daniel Ortega and his little band have caused revolution in El Salvador, oppression in Guatemala, unrest in Honduras and monetary trouble in Costa Rica. Quite an accomplishment for so small a country.

As it has been since the Carter administration began its reevaluation of support for the Sandinistas, the government's hysteria has clouded the reality of events in Nicaragua.

The reality is that the activities of the U.S. in Central America have been far more dangerous than those of Nicaragua. By rejecting the will of the vast majority of the Nicaraguan people in their revolution and recent voting, the Reagan administration has set in motion a series of actions which could well bring about precisely what the government claims to fear — "another Cuba" in the region.

"The Soviet Union offers assistance for living; the United States offers death," said Ortega, after learning of the sanctions. Ortega, who visited the USSR for aid not available from the US, has consistently said Nicaragua would rather do business with the US; Ortega has, however, never disguised his willingness to get from Moscow what he cannot from Washington. Clearly the actions of the US have caused the Nicaraguans to seek comfort in the arms of the Soviet bear.

Two factors show up this effort as nonsense: the inconsistency of Reagan policy with regard to Nicaragua, and the inconsistency of administration policy around the world.

The U.S. support for the so-called contras who are waging a bloody, ruthless guerrilla war makes a mockery of U.S. claims to help democracy flourish. The contras are composed largely of former members of the Somoza dictatorship's national guard. That gang of bandits

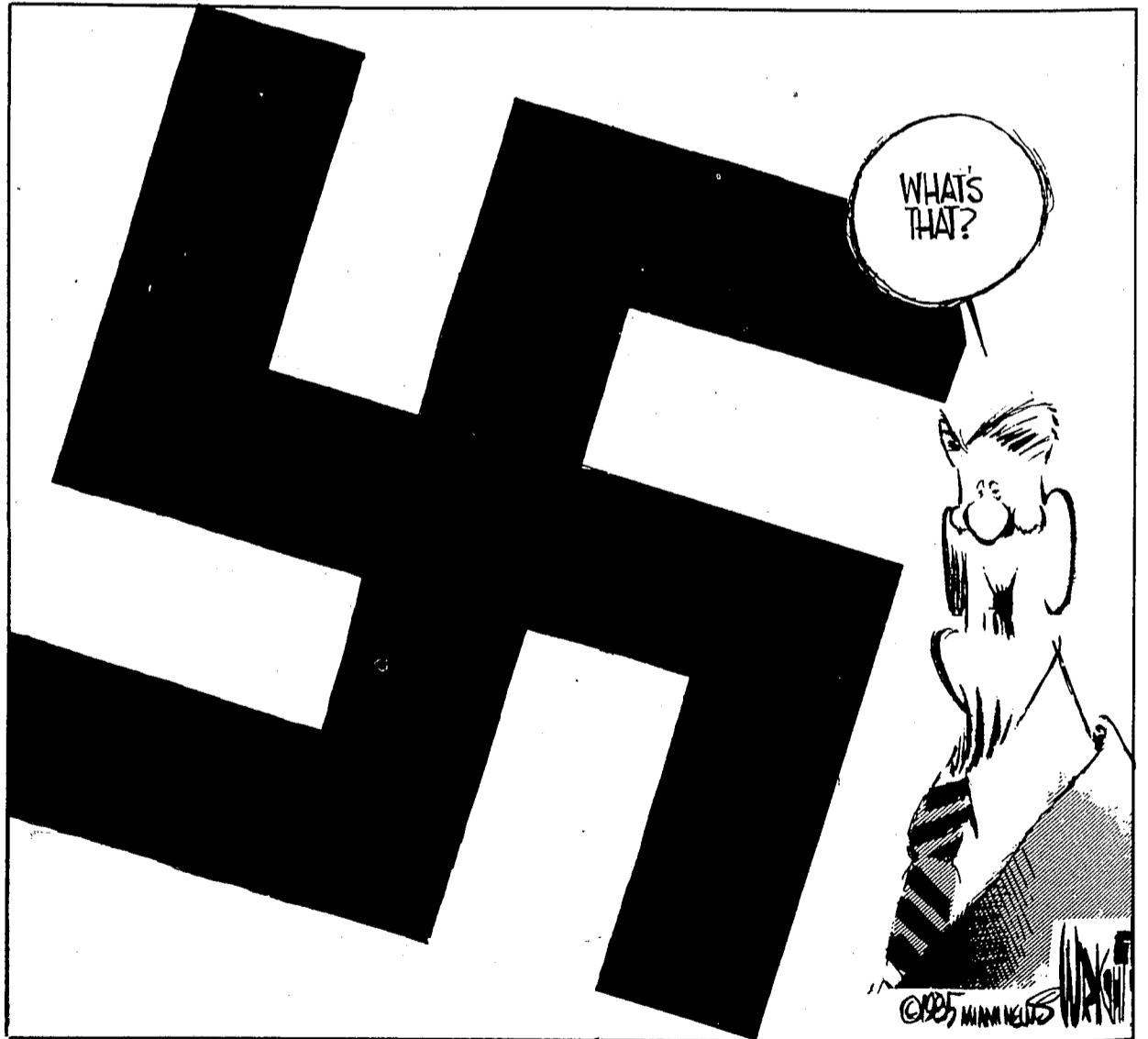
were the same people who, with U.S. assistance, kept the Somoza family in power in Nicaragua. These people, who do not shrink at murder, rape and torture, are waging a terrorist campaign to subject the Nicaraguan population once again to rightist dictatorships which will support every whim of Ronald Reagan. Reagan calls the contras the "moral equivalent of our founding fathers." Perhaps they are; surely, however, they lack the tempering influence of our founding mothers.

Secondly, the U.S. fails the test of legitimacy when policies are viewed in context. How is it that the government of Nicaragua — which allows vigorous political dissent — merits trade embargoes and CIA interference, while South Africa — which imprisons, tortures and kills dissenters — is seen as a friend, ally and fellow-traveler in anti-communism? Something is rotten in the White House.

If the government is truly interested in making lasting positive changes on the world scene it must learn to do so through negotiation and compromise. Years ago Nicaragua wanted to settle differences with the U.S. through the mediation of the Contadora countries. Reagan rejected the process. The administration has failed on every front to enter into dialogue with the Nicaraguans, a track record which can only lead one to the conclusion that what Ronald Reagan, and his State Department crew, are interested less in peace than in controlling a small neighboring nation.

The actions of the administration in the recent past — with regard to the German visit, South Africa, and now Nicaragua — heighten the sense that something is very wrong with the decision makers in Washington.

It has become increasingly clear that the foreign policy decisions in Washington are being made either by amateurs or cynics with little regard for common human decency. The American public can only hope the former is the case; the alternative can only spell more confrontation with Nicaragua, and eventual direct U.S. involvement.



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Most of the spring '85 Argonaut editorial staff. From left: Megan Guido, Kathy McInturff, Shawn McIntosh, Marcy Frith, Kristi Nelson, Michael Swanson, Greg Kilmer, Lewis Day, Stephen Lyons, Eb Gaines. Argonaut Photo by Tim Frates

Tongue tied

Kristi Nelson

Earlier this semester when I interviewed the noted Spanish fiction translator Gregory Rabassa, he lamented, as all linguists do, the fact that there are so few Americans who are functionally bilingual.

Too bad he's never been on the third floor of the SUB, where someone writes his cheat sheets in Cyrillic which looks like chicken scratch to his unsuspecting profs, where Kris the typesetter sings dirty French ditties and hisses at Greg in Catalan when he asks for yet another correction, where taped interviews are interspersed with Lewis' language lab recordings, and where Ebsie was once called an Spanish expletive by an irate reporter (no names, of course), and where we all know what Margaritas and Octoberfest mean.

Do we classify as bilingual? Probably not. And whose fault is that? In a country where foreign language requirements are not the norm, and whose size, influence and power don't necessitate that we do learn, who is to blame for our ignorance? Or laziness.

Dr. Rabassa, language professors, and your grandmother who still remembers her childhood Croatian are always urging the acquisition of language skills, but they place emphasis on the least important benefits—personal satisfaction, cultural awareness, our shrinking planet, better job offers, blah, blah, blah.

They completely ignore the three most important reasons to become proficient in a foreign language; so you'll be able to 1. avoid humiliation 2. read a menu 3. improve your love life.

The Spanish word for ponytail is *coleta*; the slang word for asshole is *culeta*. In Madrid, I was always asking the three little Spanish girls I lived with if they wanted one or two in the morning. Then there's the machine guns I'd seen the Guardia Civil sporting during a riot. I knew the word for machine was *maquina* (*ma keen na*), but for the next 10 people I spoke with, I pronounced it as *vagina* (*va heen na*). The blushing Spaniard who finally exposed my mistake also informed me that they don't use *maquina* anyway—humiliation is an understatement.

Not being able to read a menu generally isn't too humiliating, but it can induce starvation, or at the least malnutrition as you only order *hamburguesa* because you know you'll be able to consume it. Innocent little names like *calamares* can translate into "squid rings" and throw your pampered American stomach into upheaval. If you do go abroad, be sure to learn dietary terms such as *saki*, *cerveza*, *ouzo*, *bier*, *vin*—they'll carry you through in a pinch.

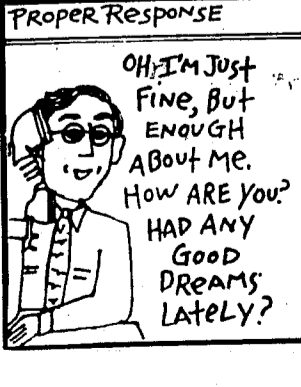
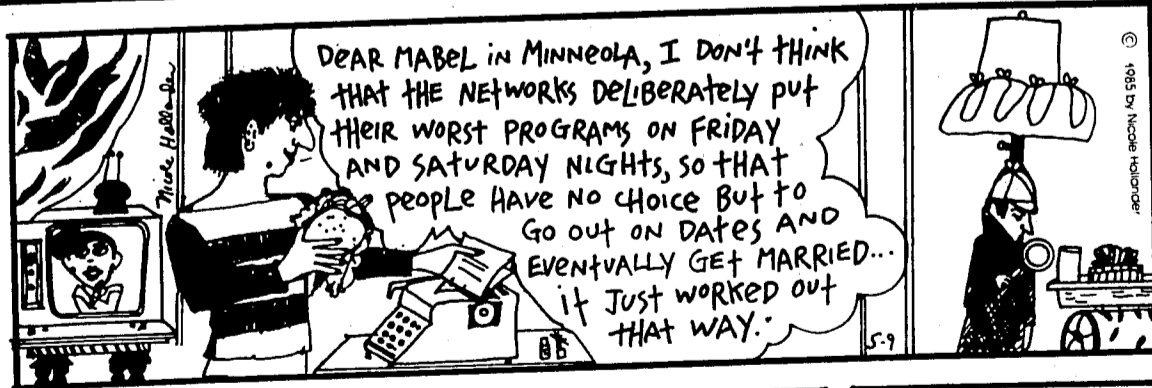
Then there's romantic communication. When someone pinches you on the metro, a quick put down is always in order. "I'ma goona breaka your fasa" won't mean anything to an Italian. And when you want the attention, knowing how to ask "What's your sign?" in Greek could come in handy.

Dr. Rabassa and the other language professors are missing the boat, and thousands of college students remain tongue tied. But up here on the third floor we know better. For lunch today we're ordering take out from a new Basque restaurant in town — *anguillas en su propia tinta*. Luckily we know what to expect — "eels in their own ink" resemble large worms in black sauce. And naturally, we won't forget the vino. "Salut!"



Sylvia

By Nicole Hollander



Letters

No to Star Wars

Editor,

The April 30 issue of the Argonaut carried an article by Mike Long entitled "Star Wars as a Solution." I think this article illustrated a tendency that some people have to accept blindly the Star Wars plan as a panacea, the perfect solution to the nuclear arms race. But as appealing as the idea of an invulnerable umbrella of lasers is, and as much as President Reagan would like to see such a weapons system developed, the vast majority of the scientific community believe that a Stars Wars type system should not be built.

The primary objection of most opponents of the Strategic Defense Initiative is that a great deal of evidence indicates that it could never work. The technical problems that surround developing and deploying a space based anti-ballistic

missile system are staggering, and many problems would undoubtedly arise that are not conceivable at this time. A system of this sort could be undermined by the Soviets in many ways. These ways include (but are by no means limited to): building more missiles with more warheads to insure that a sufficient number get through; covering the missiles with reflective coatings to reflect most of the energy of the laser beam; causing the missiles to spin like rifle bullets so that a laser could not focus on one spot; the use of anti-satellite weapons against the orbiting lasers. A space based defensive weapons system would be of absolutely no value against Soviet bombers or cruise missiles. And with today's technology a nuclear bomb could be delivered to any city in the U.S. inside a briefcase.

However, proceeding on the unlikely assumption that all the technical problems would be

solved, another reason not to develop the system presents itself. An anti-ballistic missile system like this would be a tremendously destabilizing force. The Soviets have already said that they will not waste money attempting to deploy their own defensive system. Georgi Arbatov, director of the Moscow Institute for the Study of the U.S.A. and Canada stated that the Soviets will instead build newer missiles and more of them if the U.S. deploys a Star Wars system. They take this stance because the offense will have an inherent advantage over the defense in a nuclear confrontation. This advantage is a result of the immense destructive power that a relatively small number of nuclear weapons can deliver. Even the most ardent proponents of S.D.I. do not claim that a defensive system could know out every incoming missile. And even if an unlikely kill ration of 90 per-

See Star Wars, page 15.

Register early

Editor,

I think it is just wonderful that students can register early for summer session and save themselves money. I commend the administration for sticking their necks out and trying something new.

But from what I hear, not too many students are taking advantage of this opportunity to register early for classes. I don't understand why. I hope that with the fee increase taking effect on June 1, students will hurry up and register by May 31.

I'd really like to see early registration work. Who knows, this new system could someday eliminate the hassle of registering in the dome at the beginning of each semester. So if you are planning to go to summer school, register now! Lets make early registration work!

Lisa Edens

Symms' ideas ail

Editor,

Responding to the letter from Senator Symm's office to the Argonaut on April 12 is no easy task. The letter is badly organized, poorly researched and is full of unsubstantiated assertions.

The major point of Symm's letter is his assertion that while "Apartheid is clearly wrong," it pales in comparison to the human rights abuses in other African states, particularly Zimbabwe and Mozambique. These "Marxist dictatorships" and other "Soviet backed terrorist groups," according to Symm, help the Soviets "to terrorize, militarize and destabilize South Africa," while the U.S. retreats from the region. U.S. divestment advocates would just accelerate this retreat, Symm claims, while "constructive engagement (the Reagan administration's Southern Africa

See Symms, page 10.

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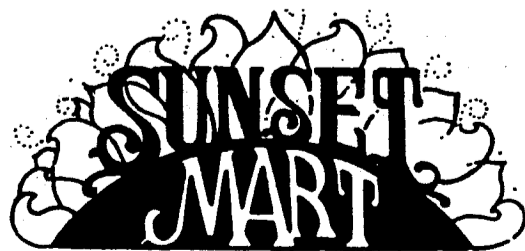
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University Program studies Juneau Icefield

By Shawn McIntosh
Staff Writer

"Nature without learning is a blind thing—and learning without Nature is an imperfect thing." Although he didn't realize it at the time, Plutarch pretty much summed up what the Juneau Icefield Program is all about.

The program started out as a Naval Research Center to understand the changes of global climatic effects as it would affect submarines and ships. With the development of satellites making certain places on the globe strategically obsolete, the Navy discontinued research there in 1958.

"We had our first classes there in 1960," said Dr. Maynard Miller, Dean of the College of Mines and Earth Resources and Director of the Glaciological Institute for UI. "We've been going ever since with between 25-40 students a year."

The program is put on by UI and the University of Alaska-Juneau and attracts students

and professors from around the world. It takes place on the Juneau Icefield about 120 miles north of Juneau and lasts from July 1 to August 24th. Although geology studies are the main thrust, there's also surveying, physical geography, glacier mechanics, and botany, among other subjects.

Students work with and learn from professors on practically a one-to-one basis, said Miller. Undergraduate and graduate students are able to apply, as well as highly qualified high school students. A student can get as many as 10 credits for being in the program. Scholarships are available to students as well. The faculty involved in the program are good too, and Miller had nothing but praise for faculty members like Dr. George Williams and Dr. Harley Johansen.

Miller said that the first week is spent in intensive survival training, which includes showing students how to get out of crevasses and other necessary information in case of emergen-

cies.

During the second through fifth weeks, students carry out various studies in the 20 different research stations within the 5000 square mile area. Miller said that some students will have walked, driven, and skied some 1500 miles by the time the fifth week is over.

In the last two weeks, students have projects and special topics they work on, many which lead to published papers. Finally, they complete their reports and have an intensive take-home final in the fall.

Although the sciences are emphasized, that doesn't mean that there's only scientists in the program. Miller said that last year they had a business professor from London with them, and this year they are going to have a political science student from the University of Chicago doing her master's.

This year Miller said that they're emphasizing the international arena, with a doctor from The People's Republic of China and two students from

Nepal. There will also be three Canadians, some students from Great Britain and Australia, and three researchers from the University of Munich.

Although the program is physically and mentally strenuous, Miller said that many students and professors wish to return in following years. Miller added that it's a constant learning experience, with "classwork" taking place 7 days a week and 24 hours a day. "Classwork" being constant first hand experience of how to run the necessary geological and survey equipment.

"Morale is always high because it's fun and challenging," he said, adding that many of the students and professors make life-long friendships during the course of the program. He said that many students come back ten or fifteen years later and say how the program was one of the best academic and personal experiences of their lives.

Miller stresses that student learning is the prime objective of the program, not only in a textbook sense, but in an individual sense as well. The program helps students mature and become more self-confident, as well as showing them how to use what they've learned in a practical situation.

"While working together in a stressful environment, we grow together, the student himself personally and professionally," Miller said.

Applications are still being considered, and they will be accepted until May 15th. Miller said that scholarships are still available too. If students are interested, they can pick up an application at the College of Mines and Earth Resources.

"In most sciences, we try to bring Nature into the lab," said Miller, "but we're unique in that we're taking the lab to Nature, and I think that makes the whole program that much more special."


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Art & Architecture

Friday, May 10, 1985

11:15 a.m.

SUB Ballroom

Business & Economics

Friday, May 10, 1985

7:00 p.m.

SUB Ballroom

Education

Friday, May 10, 1985

11:15 a.m.

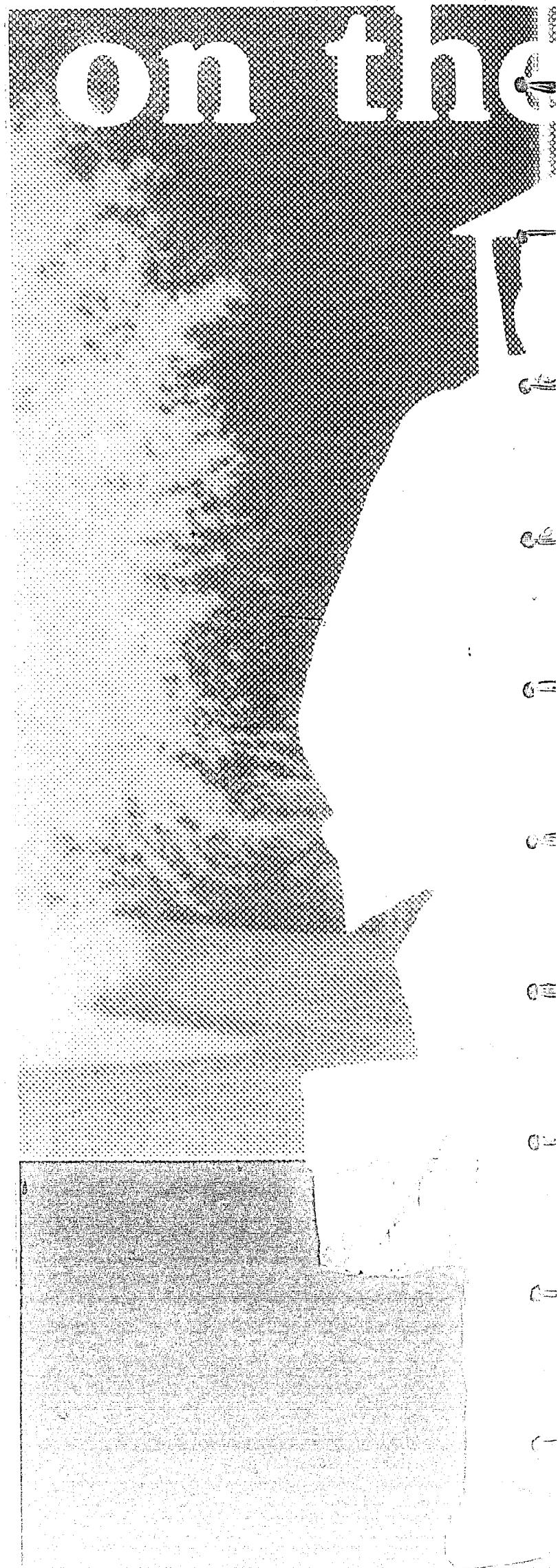
Administration Auditorium

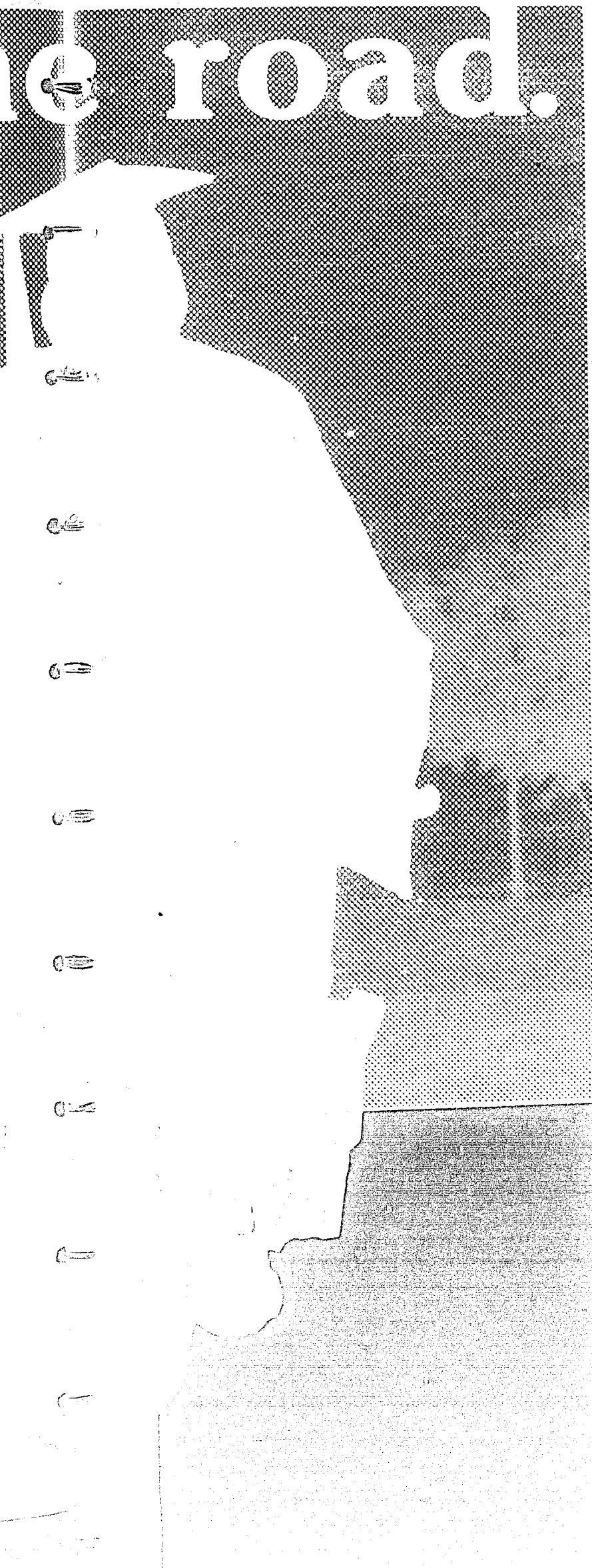
Engineering

Friday, May 10, 1985

11:15 a.m.

Memorial Gym





Forestry

Friday, May 10, 1985

11:15 a.m.

Hartung Theatre

Law

Saturday, May 11, 1985

2:00 p.m.

Administration Auditorium

Letters & Science

Friday, May 10, 1985

11:15 a.m.

ASUI Kibbie Dome

Mines and Earth Res

Friday, May 10, 1985

11:15 a.m.

Law Building Courtroom

University of Idaho

Friday, May 10, 1985

General Ceremony 9:30 a.m.

ASUI Kibbie Dome

Media, from page 2

at KUOI next year to see him in the station's third floor Sub offices.

Hecht, who will be the Argonaut's editor for the Fall '85 semester, hopes to publish a summer Argonaut every Thursday after the beginning of the summer session.

"It looks promising," said the political science and telecommunications major. "We're going forward as if it will go off."

Hecht said financing is the only stalemate, but the Senate's expected approval should come momentarily.

At 37, Hecht is the oldest ever Argonaut editor. He received an interdisciplinary degree from the UI in 1980, and resumed his

studies here in 1983. He has been a reporter or correspondent for several newspapers, including the Anchorage Times and the Spokesman Review. Last fall he was interim managing editor of the Argonaut under current editor Lewis Day, who was interim editor at the time.

"To me the Argonaut is a community newspaper," said Hecht, explaining that Moscow needs to be informed as to "what ASUI officials are doing, and what university officials are doing."

But Hecht won't neglect the UI.

"My priority is to cover the campus," he affirmed.

College Bowl, from page 3

people are picked for the varsity team and four for the B team as alternates.

Wallins remarked, "A newcomer has to overcome the fear of being wrong."

During the matches, it is important to win the toss-up questions, so one's team can answer the big point bonuses, she said. "A good team knows who can answer a certain question."

No eye contact is allowed between members of the same team because it is considered consultation.

"You play on vibes," commented Wallins. "Our team is exceptionally good at this."

She encourages people to try out in the intramurals. A person must find three other people to form a team. "With the current interest in Trivial Pursuit, we're hoping we can get more people for more teams."

Symms, from page 6.

policy) has brought more improvement in race conditions than the past forty years of misguided rhetoric and sanctions."

In support of his assertion that African human rights abuses are "far worse" than apartheid, Symms presents no evidence from internationally recognized monitoring groups (Freedom House is not one of these groups). He suggests that Zimbabwean and Mozambican human rights records reveal "the selective indignation of divestment advocates," without citing any evidence of their abuses. Of course, he ignores the facts of South Africa's human rights record.

The fact that in South Africa 72 percent of the population (African) are herded into 13 percent of the land, branded with passes and subjected to political repression solely on the basis of their race, has earned the white minority government richly deserved international condem-

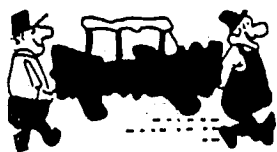
nation. An example of political repression exposed by a human rights monitoring group is the 1978 Amnesty International report "that torture is extensively inflicted on (South African) political detainees," 59 of whom have died in police custody since 1963. This is quite apart from the daily mass media reports of police shooting down dozens of unarmed Africans in the streets. Such is South Africa's human rights record.

Symms asserts that Mozambique and Zimbabwe are "Marxist dictatorships," the African National Congress and Namibian organization are "Soviet backed terrorist groups," and they are all part of a grand Soviet design "to terrorize, militarize and destabilize South Africa." Again, his assertions are not supported by evidence. Although Mozambique proclaims itself a Marxist state, Zimbabwe does not, and neither are dominated by the Soviets, as Symms suggests. Both have received economic and military assistance from China (a bitter rival of the Soviets), and from Western as well as Eastern Europe. The ANC and the SWAPO sought and received Soviet military assistance only after they were denied it in the West. They are not terrorist groups (which engage in deliberate attacks on unarmed citizens), but they are recognized by the United Nations as legitimate representatives of the South African Namibian people.

See Symms, page 15.

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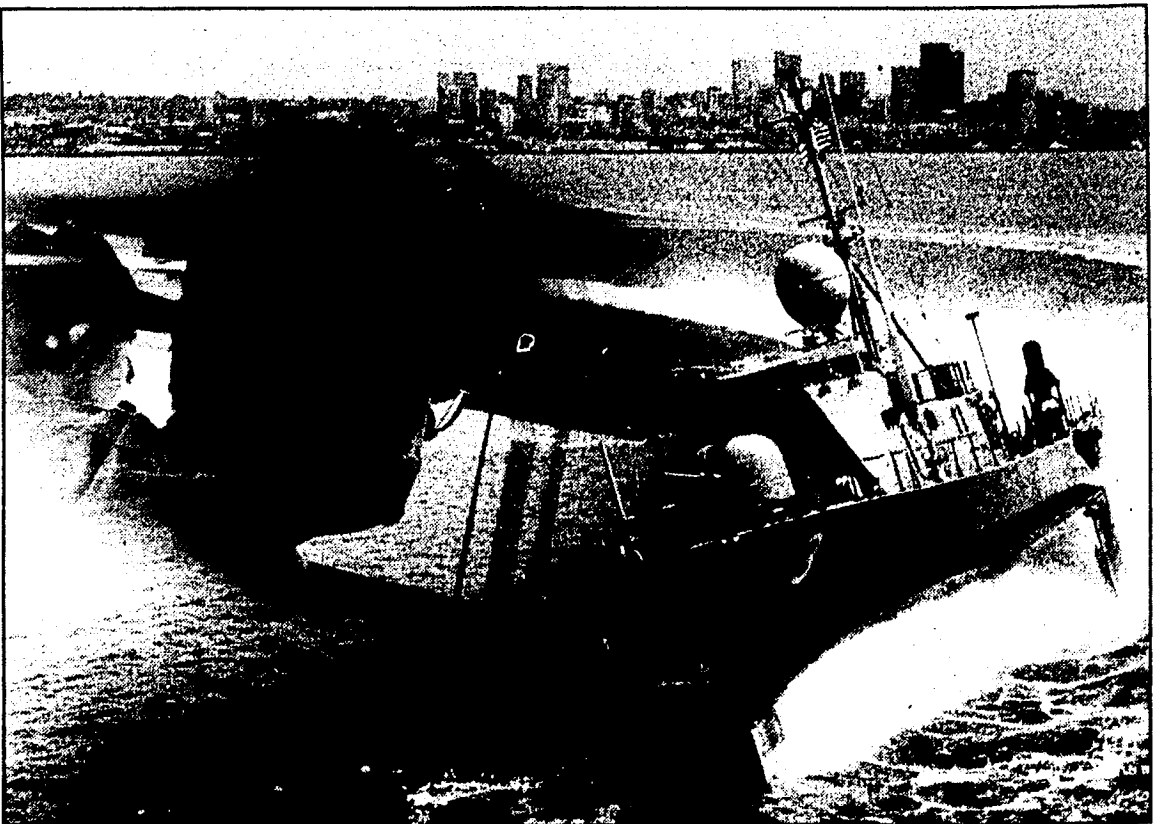
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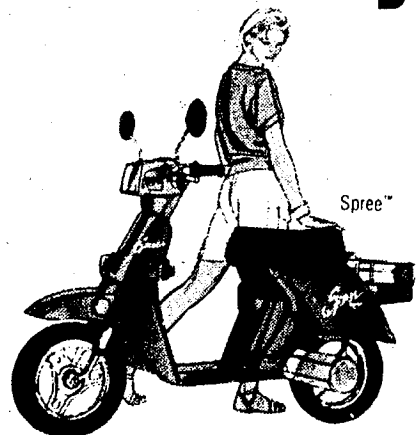
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The Argonaut Art and Entertainment Section

Front Row Center

Eclectic Chameleon has something for everyone



Nancy Kaufman, owner of the Chameleon. Argonaut Photo by Michael Swanson.

By Michelle Cantrill
Staff Writer

That peculiar little lizard, the chameleon, changes its color from night to day to protect itself. However, what does that have to do with Moscow's newest nightspot?

When the sun is out, and downtown Moscow seems innocent, the Chameleon is a relaxing place to be. An air of tranquility intermingles with the warming smells of freshly-brewed coffee and croissant sandwiches. Magazines are casually strewn about and the music is only the background to the quiet.

Dark-gray booths line the empty coral walls beyond the bar, with tables and chairs filling the empty space in the middle. Four shiny acrylic bins filled with various varieties of coffee sit at one end of the long angular bar whose stools wait patiently for afternoon coffee drinkers. Beer flows intermittently, and the coffee cups take

command over the imported beer army standing at attention on top of the bar.

Yet, like that ever-so-sly, schizophrenic lizard, the Chameleon metamorphoses drastically after the sun goes down.

Coffee cups and magazines are stashed under the counters. The bean bins are pushed to the end of the bar to make more room, and the tables and chairs are shifted from the middle to the front of the room. Beer starts to flow rapidly and the import army stands at ease.

Welcome to the Club Chameleon.

Nancy Kaufman, former owner of Cafe Libre, wanted a new look for Moscow, an alternative to the current nightlife. She wanted to create an establishment similar to those found in the heart of many big cities.

So, when Cafe Libre's lease came up for renewal last August, Kaufman decided not to renew it. She had an idea in

mind for a bigger, better, if not more diverse business.

By October, Kaufman had found a vacant building in downtown Moscow, and she started remodeling and decorating it immediately. On December 1, 1984, Kaufman's pet project, the Chameleon, became a reality.

The Chameleon is an espresso, beer and wine bar that serves baked goods and croissant sandwiches during the day, and moonlights as a dance club at night.

Kaufman said she is more comfortable with her work at the Chameleon than at Cafe Libre. The differences between the two places is vast in both atmosphere and clientele. Cafe Libre, she said, really wasn't her style.

"It really wasn't me," Kaufman said. "I inherited a large clientele: it was folksy."

Because Kaufman didn't open Cafe Libre, but bought it in

See Chameleon, page 12

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KENWORTHY Downtown Moscow	Code of Silence	7:00	9:00	R	
NUART Downtown Moscow	Gotcha	7:15	9:15	PG-13	
UNIVERSITY 4 Palouse Empire Mall	Lady Hawk	5:15	7:00	9:00	PG-13
	The Last Dragon	5:15	7:00	9:00	PG-13
	Just One of the Gang	5:15	7:00	9:15	PG-13
	Mask	5:00	7:15	9:30	PG-13

Chameleon,

from page 11

1981, she already had a set group of customers. However, with the Chameleon, she has been able to create her own clientele.

Being far from "folksy," the Chameleon's patrons range from mild-mannered business people, who come in during the week for a quiet lunch and some coffee, to bizarrely dressed, avante-garde individuals, mostly students, who come to socialize and dance on the weekends.

"It's real varied," Kaufman said, "but it's mostly people who want to have fun."

Kaufman began the dance nights in January, and she knew exactly who she wanted to attend those dances. Wanting to play only New Wave music, Kaufman focused on bringing in the crowd who used to go to J.W. Oyster's New Wave night before it was cancelled.

"This group was kind of who

I was zeroing in on," said Kaufman, "the people who would want to come to New Wave, and I knew who those people were."

Kaufman said she chose New Wave music because it's something that isn't offered elsewhere. Jockey Griswold, the former disc jockey for Oyster's New Wave night, makes all of the Chameleon's dance tapes.

Both Washington State University and University of Idaho students are coming to the Chameleon on weekends, Kaufman said, and they are forming a strong regular crowd.

"The New Wave following is a faithful one," Kaufman said.

She also said the Chameleon's crowd doesn't treat it like it's just another bar in town. People aren't coming in to drink, but to dance and have fun as well. Kaufman receives many compliments during the course of a dance night from people telling her how much fun they are having.

Doug Jones, a UI student, said that the people who go to the

Chameleon to dance aren't going just because it's the Chameleon, but because they know who will be there.

Jones, who has regularly attended the dance night said that the "music, dancing and observing people" brings him back every weekend.

"It seems it was designed for the reasons why I go there," Jones said. "I like to watch people and it fits that."

Kaufman agrees her bar is a part-time observatory, but also mentioned the people are also there to be seen.

"A lot of people come here to look and to be seen," Kaufman said. "I think that's real important to them."

Jones said the design of the bar itself facilitates the observing function. With all the seating along the walls separate from the bar, the space in the middle creates a stage in and of itself.

"The way the room is divided with pillars creates the difference between what is an

observing space (the bar) and a performing space (the dance floor)," Jones said. "It is designed so you are looking at people and not a wall or a television."

According to Kaufman, the designer, Ann Wellenitz, did not have that intention in mind when designing the interior of the Chameleon. It just turned out that way, she said.

The interior of the Chameleon has received quite a few comments. It is stark with clean lines and few decorations. Wellenitz termed the design as a "modern re-interpretation of art deco."

Kaufman said the starkness and the uniqueness of the bar often scares potential customers away.

"A lot of people in Idaho are not accustomed to a place that looks like this," Kaufman said. "So they are just wondering who we are? What are we trying to do? and, are we trying to pull one over on them?"

The Chameleon's look contributes to the crowd's diversi-

ty. The day crowd is a great contrast to the partying, dancing night crowd, according to Kaufman.

"During the day, it's real different," said Kaufman. "It's definitely quieter."

However, for a long time, it used to be even quieter. People were unaware the Chameleon served lunch, and downtown seemed to ignore the place. To some degree, the ignorance still exists.

"I think that's a problem," Kaufman said. "People will walk by when we're not open or even when we are and see the expresso and wine sign and not the menu that's posted on the window."

Now, more people are coming in during the day for lunch and coffee.

"Business people are coming in and realizing that we really serve lunch," observes Kaufman.

Knowing most of them by name, Kaufman is developing a strong set of regulars who come in about three times a week.

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Mon - Fri 8:45 pm **Careers**
Lt. Richard High, Navy pilot, discusses the military as a career. 15 min

Mon - Fri 9:00 pm **Adult Cartoons**
Art for Art's Sake
Artistic influences are explored in a series of moving animated pieces. 30 min

Mon - Fri 9:30 pm **The Fabulous Sixties**
1968: (Part I)
First heart transplant. Dr. Spock indicted. Tet offensive. 30 min

Mon-Fri 10:00 pm **GROOVES**
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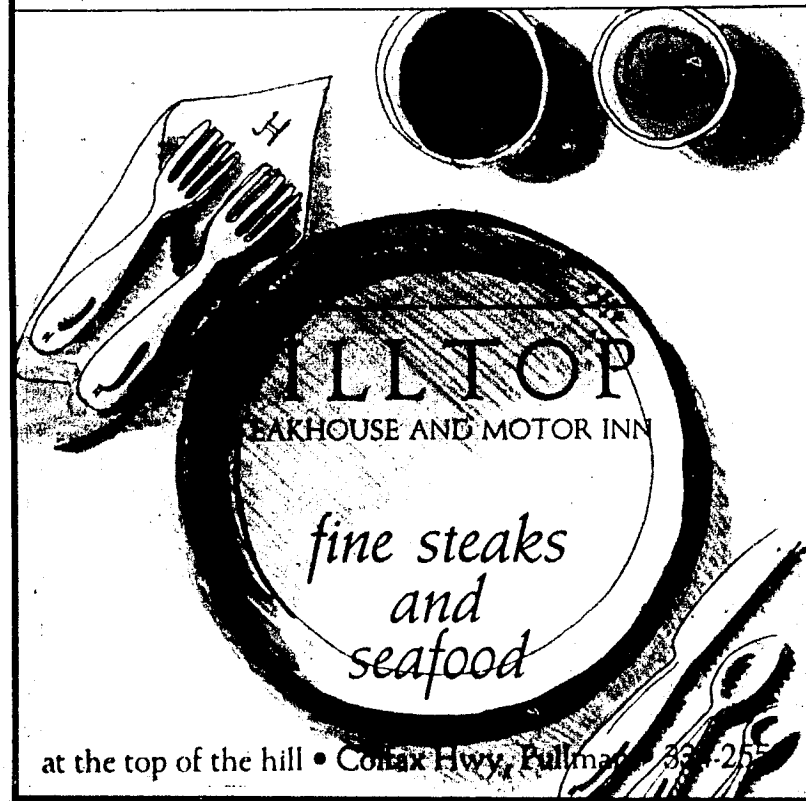
Mon - Fri 11:00 pm **STUDENT SHOWCASE**
The Droids
Greg Stump's (Univ. of Southern Maine) "dream" ski vacation. 30 min

Mon - Fri 11:30 pm **REAL TO REEL**
Vision Dance
A dance collaboration between the Sioux Indians and a non-Indian dance troupe. 30 min

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Theresa Litourneau, who frequents the Chameleon about five times a week, says the Chameleon has the "best coffee in town." She also enjoys the simple atmosphere with its soothing colors and quiet music. Cafe au laits and croissant sandwiches also encourage the frequency of her visits, making her a daytime regular.

"It's a place you would see on Broadway in Seattle," Litourneau said.

She also likes the daytime crowd, especially the downtown people who come in during their lunch hours.

"It's a real easy place to strike up a conversation."

Jones, on the other hand, has only been to the Chameleon a couple of times during the day. He said the reason for the difference in the atmosphere is because people are there for different reasons.

Also, the crowd makes a difference, according to Jones. Daytime customers come for a short period of time, and to see people on a one-to-one basis. Nighttime customers arrive in a crowd and stay for the duration of the evening.

Jones had only one complaint about the Chameleon. Many times, he said, the Chameleon has stopped serving alcohol early and that the serving manager doesn't show a lot of individual concern for the customer when they do that.

"When they quit serving early, you can always go to another bar and get a beer," Jones said.

Rumor has it the Chameleon is a gay bar. Kaufman said she is aware of that comment, and that the "avante-garde element lends itself to that."

Kaufman blames the unique character of its looks, especially the coral walls, for those comments. Often, she said, joking remarks are made about her "pink" walls.

"It's difficult for some people to handle," Kaufman said. "People think it's a problem."

"I would like to develop a greater clientele, especially during the weekdays. So people know that you can come here. You don't have to be groovy."

Kaufman said she needs more residential and suburban customers for the Chameleon.

Kaufman feels her bar is "eclectic" because of its diverse functions. It offers beer, wine, expresso, and croissant sandwiches, and it's a place where people go to dance and to read magazines.

Summing her bar up, Kaufman said, "It's a carnival."

Entertainment spotlight

FLICKS

Moving Violations - Audian (Pullman) - (PG-13) 4:15 7 and 9 p.m.

Mask - (PG-13) Cordova - 4, 7 and 9:15 p.m.

Code of Silence - Kenworthy - 7 and 9 p.m. (R).

Gotcha - Nuart - (PG-13) 7:15 and 9:30 p.m.

Return of the Jedi - University 4 - (PG) 5:15, 7:15 and 7:30 p.m.

Witness - University 4 - (PG-13) 9:30 p.m.

Police Academy-2 - University 4 - (PG-13) 5:15, 7:15 and 9:15 p.m.

Gymkata - University 4 - (R) 5:15, 7:15 and 9:15 p.m.

The Purple Rose of Cairo - University 4 - (PG-13) 5:30 and 7:30 p.m.

Never Cry Wolf - Friday and Saturday - Micro Cinema - (PG) 7 and 9:15 p.m. *A Sunday in the Country* starts Sunday (G), 7 and 9:15 p.m.

Monty Python and the Holy Grail - is the midnight movie both Friday and Saturday - Micro Cinema - (R) 7 and 9:45 p.m.

The Breakfast Club (PG-13) - Old Post Office Theater at 7 and 9:30 p.m.

Night Music

The Capricorn - Western Justice, Friday and Saturday, 9 p.m.

Chameleon - New Wave music every Friday and Saturday, 9 p.m.

Garden Lounge - Progressive jazz music, Wednesday, 9 p.m.

Rathskellar's - Circus - Friday and Saturday night.

Scoreboard Lounge - Bishop - Friday and Saturday 9 p.m.

Murdoc's - Spinning Discs - Friday and Saturday night.

Art

SUB Gallery - Ursula Dawson Bhatia's Black and White photographs depicting formal still life compositions capturing visual moments are displayed. The gallery is open daily from 8

a.m. to 11 p.m.

WSU Museum of Art - The Washington State University Fine Arts Graduate Thesis Exhibit opens Monday, April 15, with a reception for the artists and the public at WSU's Museum of Art.

UI Gallery - The BFA art show through May 10.

Of Interest...

The spring issue of *Snapdragon*, a regional literary magazine is now available in local bookstores. The issue is 56 pages long and includes poetry by local poets Pete Cruz,

Thurber Levy, Jr., Bill McGarry and Jamie Shepard. Art for this issue has been provided by Andrea Stones and Laurel McDonald. *Snapdragon* sells for \$2 an issue. The magazine is posored by the UI Department of English, the University Library and the UI School of Communication.

Friends, Unlimited, is once again sponsoring the Youth Summer Job Bank for all young people in Latah County. The jobs are anything from babysitting to lawn and yard work, farm work to office or store jobs.

If you are interested in finding summer employment just drop by the Friends, Unlimited, office (room 201) in the Latah County Courthouse to fill out an application and have an interview.

Interested persons can call 882-8580 ext. 209 for more information.

Dance

There will be an author's reception from noon to 2 p.m. at the UI Bookstore. Author Cort Conley and photographer John Marshall will be autographing copies of their recently published book, *Idaho*. According to Judy Lyons, general book manager, all faculty, students and staff are invited to drop by to meet Conley and Marshall and view their publication.

The Idaho Geological Survey is having a topographical map sale through May 31 for hikers, backpackers, hunters, field scientists and those who love maps. All maps are marked down from \$2.50 to \$1.25 and may be picked up in room 332 in Morrill Hall. The sale is limited to stock on hand.

The American Festival Ballet School will present a dance program, entitled, *Spring Dances*, Saturday, May 11, at 5 p.m. at the Hartung Theater in Moscow.

The program will consist of dance performances by the students of the American Festival Ballet School and by the American Festival Ballet Junior Company directed by Janice James and John Nelson. Dance students from Moscow, Pullman and Lewiston will also be performing in the program.

Selections of ballet, jazz and tap will be performed.

Admission is \$2 for adults and 50 cents for children 12 and under. Tickets will be sold at the door.

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Sports

Golfers finish 5th

The University of Idaho's golf team concluded its season this past weekend with a fifth place finish in the Big Sky Conference Championship held at Pocatello's Riverside Golf Course.

The Vandals, paced by Blaine Dixon's three-round total of 226, scored an overall 926 points. Dixon had rounds of 76, 74 and 76 over the par 72 course, finishing 16th overall in the tournament.

Weber State University captured the team championship with 860 points. The Wildcats were followed by Nevada-Reno's 868, Boise State's 879, Idaho State's 892, Idaho's 926 and Mon-

tana with 926.

The tie between Montana and Idaho was broken on the basis of the lower score of the team's fifth man, which for the Vandals was John Kari's 240, (78, 82, 80). Kari's performance placed him 27th overall.

Freshman Darrin Ball of Lewiston finished second behind Dixon in team scoring and 22nd overall with a 231 total (77, 79, 75). Bo Davis, another freshman from Lewiston, placed 25th overall and third in team standings with a 235 total (78, 82, 75). Veteran Rob Dammarell was 26th overall at 238 (79, 76, 83).

Men settle for 3rd in Sky's

By Greg Kilmer
Sports Editor

The University of Idaho men's tennis team closed the 1985 season with a third place finish in the Big Sky Conference Championships held in Boise last weekend.

The Vandals finished the four day round-robin tourney with a 5-2 mark, finishing behind champion Weber State and runner-up Boise State, each finishing with 6-1 records. Weber won the tourney by winning the head-to-head confrontation with Boise.

Weber's only loss came in its first match against Nevada-Reno. The 'cats quickly rebounded with six straight wins to grab the crown.

Idaho's only losses came to the two top finishers, 3-6 to Weber and 3-6 to host Boise.

"The only real disappointment was finishing behind

Boise," noted Head coach Jim Sevall, referring to Boise's 0-5 conference mark. "We lost four of four three-set matches, that was the difference."

Although disappointed with his team's finish, Sevall was happy with the squad's overall effort.

"A couple guys didn't play as well as they could, but we played hard," Sevall said. "Guillermo (Alvarez) did a good job for being out six weeks and Nate (Jones) did a good job for not being 100 percent."

The Vandals looked as if they would challenge for the crown as they ran off four victories in their first four matches.

Idaho downed Idaho State 5-4 on opening day Thursday. Northern Arizona fell to the Vandals by the same score later in the day. Idaho continued on Friday with victories over Montana State and Reno by their familiar score of 5-4.

"Bob (Hlavacek) really saved us through those first two days," Sevall said of his No. 4 player. "He was 5-2 for us and teamed with Efrem (DelDegan) for a 5-2 doubles mark."

Saturday, things changed for the Vandals as they dropped both matches to BSU and WSC.

Against Weber, No. 2 Skosh Berwald (6-4, 6-4) and No. 3 Alvarez (7-5, 6-2) picked up the only UI single's wins while the team of Del Degan/Hlavacek picked up the only doubles victory.

Against Boise, No. 3 Alvarez (7-5, 7-6) and No. 4 Hlavacek (7-6, 6-0) took single's victories while Berwald/Kim Carter (7-6, 6-2) took the lone double's win.

Idaho rebounded for third on Sunday with a 6-3 victory over Montana.

Berwald, Alvarez, Carter and Jones captured single's wins while the teams of Carter/Berwald and Alvarez/Jones took home double's wins for Idaho. The Vandals finished the year at 19-8.

Sevall's thoughts are already turned to next year. "With our top four players returning, we will be looking to finish higher than third next year," he said.

The Idaho women have finished their 1985 season and are preparing for the Mountain West Athletic Conference championships in Cheney, April 13 and 14.

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The Betas swept to their third intramural championship this spring with a 12-6 victory over the Law School Slugs.

The BTP boys have had different people during their three year spree but five have been the backbone. Nick Troyer, Kevin Burton, Scott Patterson, Ted Tobin and Brady Lee have all been members through the three year stint.

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Symms, from page 10.

Symms opposes divestment (or disinvestment) mainly because it could deprive black South Africans of jobs. If he paid attention to black South Africans in the ANC, the United Democratic front and other anti-apartheid organizations, he would know that this is the price they are willing to pay for getting the West to isolate the white minority regime. Buthelezi, head of the white created KwaZulu bantustan (where some Zulus, not "KwaZulus" live—"Kwa" means "place of"), is not willing to pay this price because he represents a tiny, privileged African elite.

Symms asserts that "constructive engagement," unlike sanctions, has led to "economic improvements for (South African) blacks that are translating into political equality..." As evidence he cites constitutional reforms, integrated hotels and universities, and "black ownership of property." Unfortunately, he fails to mention that over 20 million Africans were excluded from the constitutional reforms, they cannot afford to stay in luxury hotels, only a handful have been admitted to white universities, and they still cannot own land in white areas (87 percent of the country). If blacks are getting more "political equality," as Symms says, why do they continue to risk their lives by protesting in the streets, and why has the white government recently charged the leaders of the UDF with treason?

Finally, let me point out a glaring inconsistency in Symm's support for the Reagan policy of "Constructive engagement" is thus designed to stabilize the entire region. Symms supports easing the pressure on Apartheid, but he opposes administration efforts to discourage South Africa from using Unita and Renamo to destabilize Angola and Mozambique.

The Symms prescription, which is aimed at combatting Soviet influence, in fact, will have the opposite effect. If South Africa follows Symm's advice and continues to use Unita and Renamo to destabilize Angola and Mozambique, those states will be forced to turn to the Soviets for help. Consequently, those who oppose Soviet influence in Southern Africa should oppose the Symms prescription for the region.

Barry Rigby

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Star Wars, from page 6.

cent could be achieved the missiles that did get through would still cause unimaginable destruction. A Star Wars system could increase the chance that the U.S. might enter into a nuclear confrontation it perceived as "winnable." And it would almost certainly lead to an escalation of the arms race by forcing the Soviets to counter

with more offensive weapons.

Today, when President Reagan would try to alleviate budget deficits at the expense of the poor and the elderly (not to mention students) I think we could find better things to do with our money that throw great gobs of it at the Pentagon, a vast bureaucracy notorious for wasting scandalous sums.

Tim DeBleck

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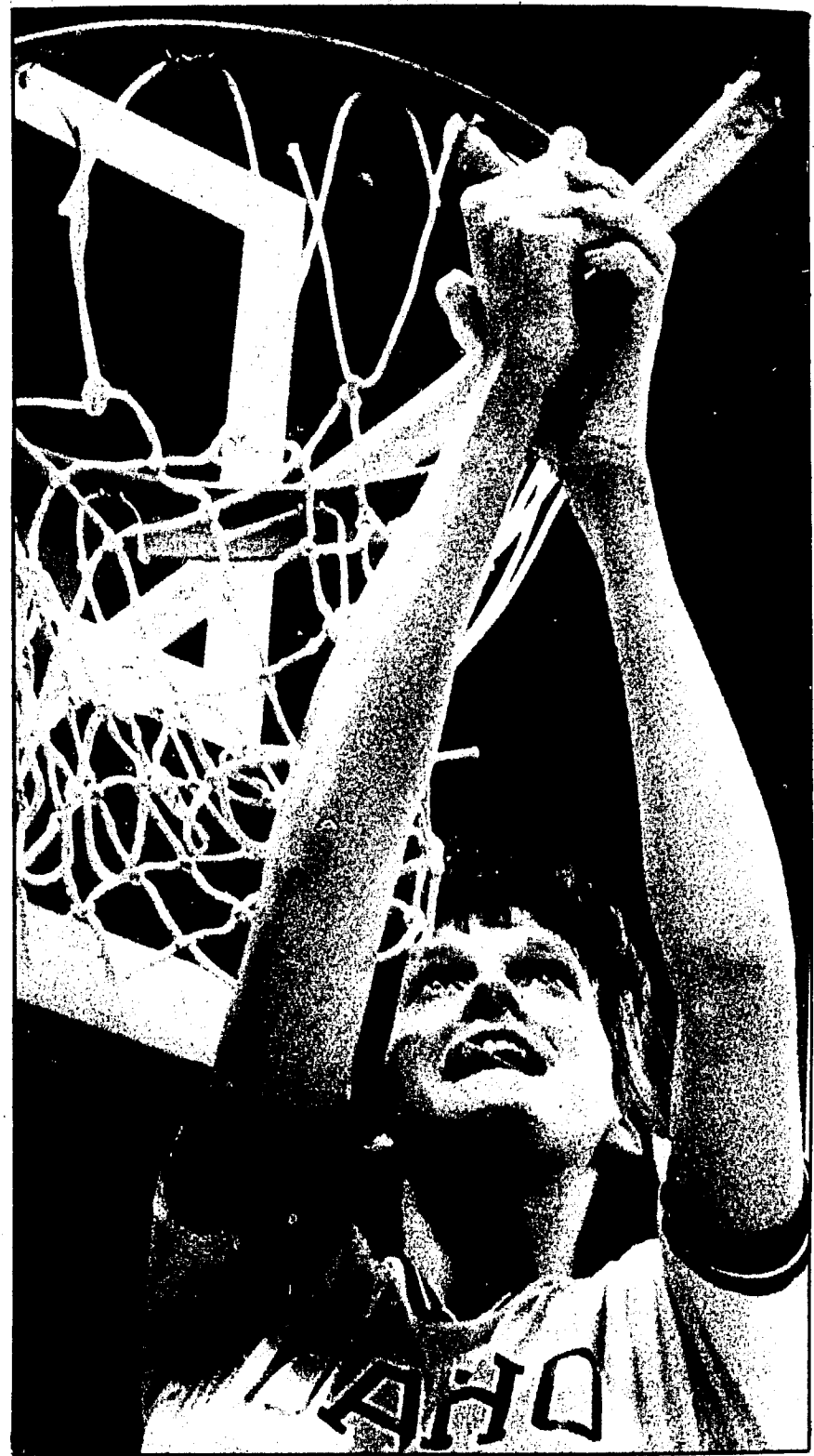
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Palouse Review



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Out

Me and Sam McGee

I used to be a perfect student. Up till this year, the only time I got in trouble was for throwing snowballs last year in fourth grade, and I had to write four hundred times, "Throwing snowballs is not safe at school." Four hundred times, and I was only throwing them at a stupid tree. But besides that time, I never got in trouble. Oh yeah, Sister Margaret used to get mad about how I always played kickball with the boys instead of jumprope with the girls. "Minnie Minny Ha-Ha went to see her Papa" was never my idea of a good time. Anyways, in second grade we still had to wear dresses, and Sister Margaret said I shouldn't play kickball because the boys could see up my dress when I ran. I said I'd wear shorts under my dress. She just shook her head and said, "What am I going to do with you, Jess?" I said, "You're going to let me play kickball, right?" She just laughed and told me to go ahead.

In third grade they changed the dress code and said the girls could wear pants, and I thought that was great. At recess on the first day, I ran out to the field all set to play kickball or prisoner's base or whatever we decided. There was a new boy in our class named Craig. He looked at me and said, "We aren't going to let any girls play." Rick said, "It's OK — she's not a girl." I told him to shut up. Then I asked Craig, "Why can't I play? I'm the fastest runner in the class — ask anybody." He laughed and said, "Not anymore, you're not." So I told him I'd race him. Everybody came to watch. Most the boys were cheering for Craig, and all the girls were cheering for me. Except Mary Catherine. She had a crush on Craig.

We ran from the bleachers across the field and back again. Well, he beat me. Not by much, but he beat me, fair and square. That meant I was still the second fastest runner in class, but he wouldn't let me play anyways. When I complained, he challenged me to a fight, but even in third grade, I wasn't that stupid. He had about twenty pounds and six inches on me. One way or another, that let me with Minny Minny Ha-Ha in the parking lot.

I decided if I was going to jump rope, I was going to be good at it, so Crystal Baker and I started practicing in my driveway every night. We got so we could jump with our arms crossed, forward and backward. Then we perfected one-handed jumping — you use the rope sort of like a lasso, and it isn't easy. Then we took a longer rope and tied one end to the garage. Crystal turned the other end, and I jumped in while I was still jumping my own rope. At first the ropes got messed up, but we worked it out. One night we talked my big brother, Steve, into helping us. We got another long rope and Crystal and Steve turned the ends, one rope going one way and the other the opposite. I jumped in and caught on pretty fast. Crystal was even better at it than I was. Steve was a total wipe-out. We tried triple-rope jumping too, but it didn't work out.

After a couple of weeks, Crystal and I introduced the third grade to the art of trick jumping. The girls forgot about Minny Ha-Ha in just a few minutes, and within a couple of days, even the boys had gotten ropes and were trying it. Craig, of course, wouldn't have anything to do with it, by anyways, trick jumping was a real craze that fall, and it was all because of me and Crystal.

I should explain about Crystal. The two of us are the only kids in our neighborhood, so we've been friends for years, even though we're opposites in most ways. She's pretty, I'm ugly. She used to play with dolls, I always liked cowboys. Her mother makes pizza a least once a week, mine makes me eat breaded liver. Crystal and I both love mysteries, though, so every summer for the last three years, we started writing mystery stories with ourselves for the main characters. Even when we start them, we know they'll end up in the trash by September, so we always call them our "Wastebasket Novels."

Crystal was always like me — a perfect student. We're both good in math and science and spelling, and we read a lot. Only, she's better in music than me. Once right before the Christmas pageant, the music teacher took me aside and said, "Jess, you have such an expressive face. The visual aspect of a concert is just as important as the audible, so I think you should concentrate on your facial expressions and not worry about singing." I said, "What?" She looked at me like I was dumb or something. "Just move your mouth and don't sing." An expressive face. Geez.

Anyways, Crystal and I never got in trouble till this year. Fifth grade did something to us, I guess. I blame it on Sr. Agnes — Sr. "Aggie", we call her. My brother Steve calls her Sister Agnatha. He says that's a kind of fish with no jaws. Crystal said the reason we stopped being perfect students was because "the time had come for us to revolt." Crystal tends to be dramatic. I said revolt is right — Aggie sure is revolting. She has dandruff, and her slip always shows. Whenever she wears a white blouse, you can see the embroidered name on the back of her bra: "Sr. Agnes Marie." Plain as day. I wouldn't be caught dead with my name on my bra, even if I had one. I don't see what the big deal with bras is anyways. I'd rather not even wear a shirt if I could. Crystal got her first bra last year — she was the first in the class. You could just faintly see the straps through her shirt, but the boys teased her so much she wore a sweatshirt for weeks afterward.

Right after Crystal got her first bra, Mary Catherine came to school and said to me, "Jess, come with me into the bathroom." I said, "No way, we'll be late for class. Besides, what for?" She said, "Come on. I have to show you something." So I went, like a dummy. We got inside and she pulled up her shirt and she was wearing a bra, with lace yet, and an ugly flower in the middle. I said, "Big deal, what's it for?" She got mad, but then the bell rang, and she made me wait for her to get her shirt straight again, so we were late. Our reading teacher asked me why, and I said, "Mary Catherine wanted to show me something." The teacher asked me what. Mary Catherine was turning beet red and shooting me dirty looks. I sure as heck wasn't going to admit I'd been stupid enough to follow her into the bathroom to get a look at her bra, but she didn't know that. I looked crossways at her and said to the teacher, "I don't know. It sure wasn't much." Mary Catherine never forgave

me for that one.

The big kids say you've never really been in trouble till you've seen the inside of Sr. Cornelia's office door. That's because the only time that door is closed is when somebody's inside, really getting heck. Well, this year was my first time. In math class one day I was imitating the eighth grade girls, who were all trying out for cheerleaders. The teacher didn't think it was too funny. I shut up for a minute, but I could see Crystal still trying to hold in a laugh, so when the teacher's back was turned, I did the arm motions to a stupid cheer. Just my luck, right then Sr. Cornelia decided to walk in. I never saw her that mad before. She screamed, "Jessica Schultz! You idiot! Come here!" You could see the cross around her neck glinting. She yelled again, "Come HERE!" I went.

She grabbed my wrist like a vice and dragged me down the hall. Then she pushed me against the lockers so hard they rattled, and looked over her glasses at me. "What did you think you were doing?!" How could I explain? Besides, I was scared to death and couldn't talk. She grabbed my wrist again, towed me to her office and slammed the door. On the inside of it, there was a poster of a beautiful, green meadow, with the quote, "The Lord is my Shepherd. I shall not want." All I could think of was me writing over and over, "I shall not want. I shall not want."

I missed the rest of math class, plus social studies and half of religion. After she cooled down a little, Sr. Cornelia started in on her famous Bulls-Eye lecture. When I saw that pencil and paper come out, I almost wished she'd just slam me into the lockers again. She started drawing a big target on the paper. I quoted every word with her in my mind.

"Jess, there are all kinds of people in the world. Some lie right here." She poked her pencil in the middle of the bulls-eye. "Some lie a little further out." She moved the pencil to the middle section. "And some," she glared at me, "lie way out here!" She jabbed the pencil beyond the edge of the target. The lead went flying, but she didn't seem to notice. "Now, this doesn't mean that those people can't improve. All it takes is a little aim to end up right in life's bulls-eye!" I nodded gravely. She repeated the whole thing in case I had missed a syllable, then went to her other standard lectures. I get them all. The Hairy-Toothed Gossip, the Kite With No String, the Train With No Tracks, and the Boy With No Eyes (knocked out by a flying spitwad), and finishing up with another rerun of the Bulls-Eye. I just kept nodding and looking at my feet, thinking how my hand was going to ache from writing "I will seek better aim in life" 3,000 times. But then out of the blue, she said, "That's all." I just stood there for a second in shock. She repeated, "That's all, Jessie. You may go." I whipped out of the room, thinking maybe the Lord really was my Shepherd after all.

After that I stayed out of trouble for quite a while. I even was nice to Mary Catherine for two whole weeks. She doesn't make it easy, though. In English class we were supposed to memorize a poem and recite it in front of class. I chose "The Cremation of Sam McGee" by Robert Service. Mary Catherine got special permission to do some poems that she wrote herself. She strutted around and told everybody about it, like we were supposed to be impressed at her incredible talent or something. Today in English, the teacher gave us a chance to work on memorizing. We were supposed to whisper our poems to ourselves and work on inflection. How can you inflect a whisper? Anyhow, Mary Catherine sits next to me in that class, and she was reciting her corny poems so loud, I couldn't even think. I tried to ignore her, but I couldn't help hearing things like, "O beauteous tree, how fond of thee am I and I alone." Or, "O my love, my precious light, never with you will I fight." So I started doing mine a little louder too. I was only trying to concentrate.

"There are strange things done in the midnight sun
By the men who toil for gold;
The Arctic trails have their secret tales
That would make your blood run cold."

Mary Catherine gave me a dirty look.

"I'll love you in the springtime, and in the summer rains
—"

"...So I want you to swear that, foul or fair,

You'll cremate my last remains." I was really concentrating hard. The teacher said, "Jess and Mary Catherine. Quieter, please." I nodded and lowered my voice. Things were okay for a little while, but then Mary Catherine started getting dramatic again.

"My love is like the sunshine, and yours is like a flower.
My love shines down upon you and yours grows by the hour."

"Then I made a hike, for I didn't like to hear him sizzle
so;
And the heaven scowled, and the huskies howled,
and the wind began to blow." I forgot all about Mary Catherine and the English teacher.

"And there sat Sam, looking cool and calm, in the heart of
the furnace roar;
And he wore a smile you could see a mile, and he said:
'Please close that door.

It's fine in here, but I greatly fear you'll let in the
cold and storm —

Since I left Plumtree, down in Tennessee, it's the first
time I've been warm."

I could just see old Sam McGee grinning away in the flames, and I was all set to launch into the last verse, when I faintly heard someone say my name. All of a sudden, I realized I was on my feet, my chair lying on the floor behind me. The whole room was silent and everyone — even Crystal — was staring at me like I was crazy. "Oh my God," I thought. "I must have been shouting."

I looked at the door, and of course, there was Sr. Cornelia. She didn't say anything. Neither did anyone else. I walked to the door, past Sr. Cornelia, and down the hall to her office. She followed me in and shut the door. "The Lord is my Shepherd," I thought.

Mary J. Hartman



Gayle Williamson

Van Gogh (1977)

When I saw him there in the park in Santa Barbara I thought it was Van Gogh. What with the red-cropped beard and the ear chopped off. So I let him sketch the dogs for four bucks (in advance). He took his time, straining like it was the Sistine Chapel or something.

But the simple job took too damn long and when he handed it over it looked like slug trails or a two-year-old's mess.

When I looked up he was gone of course and I tossed the sketch away in the trash.

The dogs didn't mind and what's four bucks when you can meet Van Gogh.

Stephen Lyons

Speculations on Territoriality

It is,
perhaps,
our odysseys
that inflame
our love of return.
Just as,
after a long lack of it,
sleep is sweeter, deeper.

Then again,
maybe it's just our minds.
Creating a home worthy
of our anthems,
our tales,
our numerous apple pie odes.

Shawn Vestal



Michael Swanson

The Hammer

It was always depressing taking the helicopter out of Morgan City part of the reason was because it was always at night. When I was young and sent away to school I always felt homesick at night. Our crew worked the graveyard shift. We all were depressed on that flight.

This one flight seemed to take forever. The lights from the offshore refineries and drilling rigs lit up the horizon as the helicopter headed further out into the Gulf of Mexico. I couldn't stop thinking about Richard. He wasn't with us anymore. He was replaced by Bill from Biloxi, Mississippi. We were sure to break him in this time out. He said that he had experience but so did a lot of men that needed a job badly enough.

We dreaded the flight out. We were silent for the two hour trip only on occasion to compare some of the unusual experiences we had on our time off. We had to mentally prepare ourselves for seven days of wet pipe and fast moving machinery twelve hours at a time.

Sam didn't show it like the rest of us. He was the driller. I know that he didn't like Richard because he always tested Sam on decisions that could cut corners, but were usually more dangerous. Richard liked to live dangerously.

During the flight out, Sam always had his mind on what condition the rig was in and how deep we would be drilling by the time that we arrived. He had worded the oil field from North Dakota all the way to the smallest split that caused the Tuscaloosa Trend to extend down into the Gulf. This was his life, these isolated weeks out in the middle of that big, blue body of water. It sometimes bothered me about Sam's complacent approach to the situation. He'd see his family for a week then go out and work for a week. That's better than others that I knew. Some of them would go out for a month at a time. It scared me to think that some day I'd have that same show of emotions. It was too patterned. It seemed odd that a man would go out to sea and work so

hard and dangerously only to fly back into port and spend a week with his family not to step out of his house but to get the mail.

Richard was a Cajun. He was from Catahoula, Louisiana. It was a small town outside of New Iberia where people either lived off of what they could catch in the swamp, or they flew offshore to drill for oil. The reason he was my best friend was because we were so different. I came from a rich family up North and he from a poor family that lived on the bayou. His Cajun dialect and my northern accent always seemed to satisfy each other with a mixture of curiosity and blind trust. I was amused at how he spoke his sentences backwards with a French sound to them.

Richard took me under his arm when I went out for my first hitch with this crew. And now he wasn't around anymore.

One night I was working up in the derrick while we were pulling 17,000 feet of pipe out of the hole. My job was to release the pipe from these heavy latches that pulled it from the ground and place them into slots in chronological order. It was a demanding job that I learned in the Overthrust in Wyoming. But the pipe that was used to drill in the Gulf was much bigger and harder to work with. I was struggling and Richard knew it. When one moment I held the crew up, because of my troubles, Richard yelled up to me, "Eb, if you not start to work man, I'll upclimb the derrick and do some satisfy me." I knew right away that these guys out here in the ocean were faster and took their jobs a lot more seriously than those up in the oil field in Wyoming.

Richard climbed up the derrick to where I was working and stepped in to show me an easier way to work the pipe. I wasn't using my back enough. No wonder my arms felt like pulp. This was unusual. Most roughnecks do only their job and care only about themselves. I had made a friend. One who knew the business and was professional about it.

He always worked with a smile, sometimes whistling. He had a

See Hammer, page 10

Mirrors and Friends

The dingy mirror above the sink is honest, at least.

Your eyes drag me in and twist me.

Shawn Vestal



Equal Opportunity #2 — Charlie Wells

Mr. Mud

Maybe Stan Bird was a redneck. That depends on definitions. He had the insignia of a "crete-worker;" stooped shoulders, but very powerful; rough, cracked, bleeding, nail-less hands, caused by handling concrete without gloves; the seared skin of a shirt-sleeve tan, and of course, the beet-red nape. He perused the site in steel-toed Red-Wings, a luxury my pay scale didn't offer, and well used nail-bags dangling below his Schlitz-induced girth. His Silver Creek Supply baseball cap seemed surgically attached to his head, pressing down over thick dark brows which shaded darker, intense eyes. That he was always clean shaven kept me guessing. I mean, why does a guy have to be spruced-up and talc-powdered to show up each morning at "the hole?"

The hole is an excavated area, dug by large, costly machines designed for that purpose, in which concrete foundations are poured, on which houses are then built. That was our job, the concrete part. We pour mud. You learn the terminology pretty quick. Like the first time Stan yelled over to me,

"Hey, hand me that Bull Prick," and I looked questioningly around me, my eyes settling finally on the most obvious place to me, my groin.

"No rookie, that big iron prod-bar we use to bust up the crete."
"That's what I thought you meant, Stan," I joked. He didn't think it was very funny. Certain things, like this, I couldn't help commenting on. It all seemed so sexual. Take the Bull Prick. About six feet long (thank you) and weighing a healthy seventy pounds (good heavens), it is an iron bar used, aside from the job Stan so deftly described, for the purpose of breaking-up pockets of congealed concrete, to keep the walls from having "rock pockets." Well, what you do is, while one person is pouring the crete into the form walls, another, usually me, is standing on top of the walls with the Bull Prick, hands firmly grasped shoulder width apart on it, slamming it up and down as I walk along, keeping the crete moving and the rock pockets from for-

ming. This technical job with the Bull Prick is so important that it even has name; Rodding. I rod, you rod, he she it rods. I rodded all summer, and didn't think much of it until one day when Stan looked at what I had rodded and, displeased, said, quite seriously, "look, ya gotta rod 'er til she creams." As Stan stood there, I questioned, "let me get this straight. You want me to rod her til she creams? Isn't that something I should do at home, in the privacy of my own..."

"Watch you mouth." (He was a semi-strict Mormon). "Look how I do it." I giggled, thinking of Peter Sellers in *Being There*, saying "I like to watch." I noticed how, when done correctly, indeed a smoother film, the infamous cream, rose to the top and made it easier for the others to "float and trowell." So I smiled, bit my lip, and rodded away

Working in the hole was dangerous, because even before you could pour the walls, you had to set the top of concrete pads about two feet wide and six inches deep on top of which the walls were poured. Setting the footings, which were formed with long boards, was always annoying, because there was all sorts of stuff lying around. Snap-ties and whaler-brackets and cleats and rebar (short for reinforcing steel, get it, RE-BAR, makes perfect sense to me?). Once, when we were setting the footings, Stan called over to me, "Now take an' lay 'er out twelve inches on center." I looked up imploringly and rejoined, once again gazing south,

"Seriously Stan, I don't know that I have the means." He walked over to me, calm but noticeably miffed, and said

"So you wanna be a wise ass, huh?"

"No Stan, I'm just not certain I understand the import of your directions, could you perhaps extrapolate on the art of..."

See Mr. Mud, page 12



Equal Opportunity #2 — Charlie Wells

Taxi Rhapsody (For Bruce)

Long past taxi-time midnight. Your hour.
A rhapsody of Brooklyn street sounds.

Remembered, in triplets,
lights green, through yellow,
to red.

Traffic, a medley.
Foghorns, the bass.
Sirens, for tempo.

This place. An embroidered network neighborhood of steamy
ankle-level cafes under walk-up stoops.
Children and alleys in pawnshop arrangement.

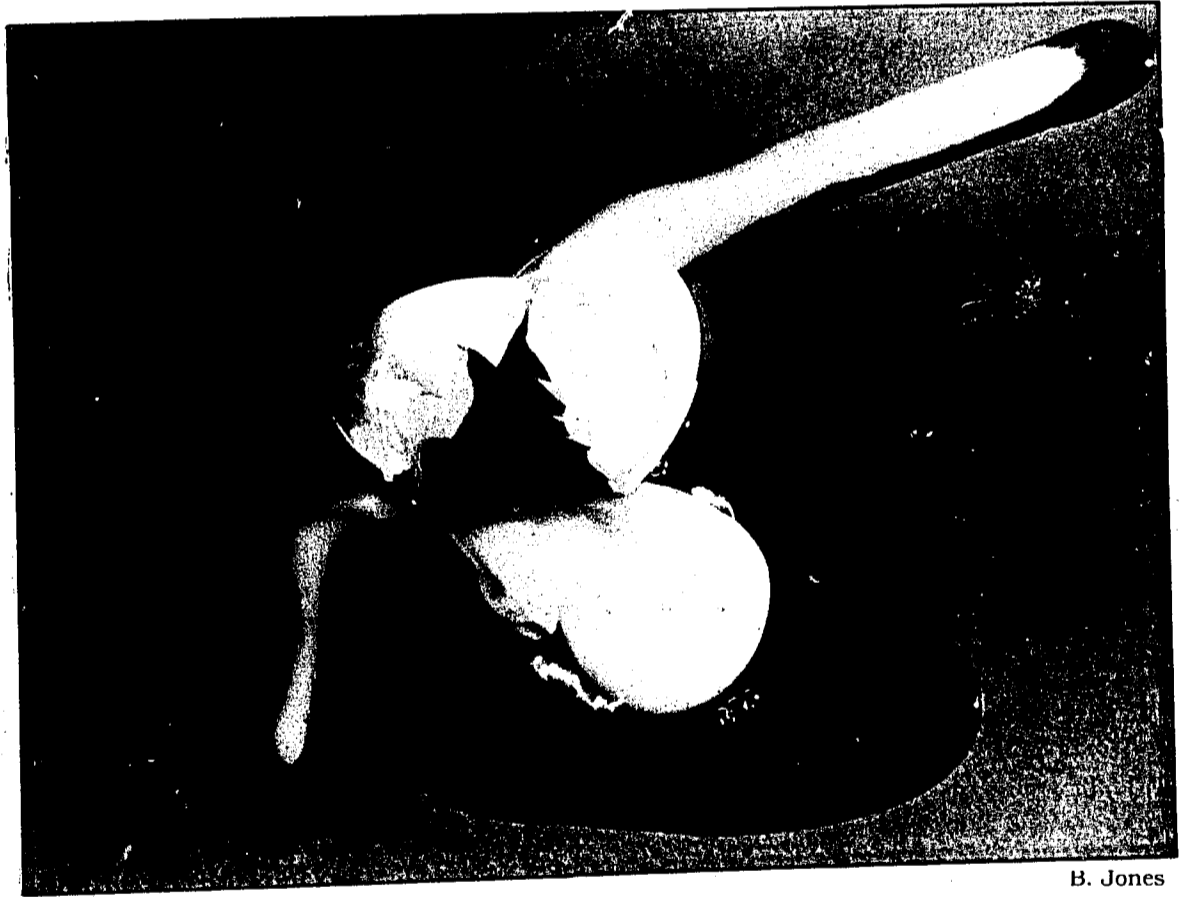
On the corner, with the barkers, saxophone
madness with bruised case open staggered coins,
bus tokens, blowing vibrato urban sidewalk talk.

All coming through to rest in you, up above,

in fishbowl green fern windows
steamed with coffee breath.

A view of the park and a city you came home to.

Stephen Lyons



B. Jones



B. Jones

Apology

Talk to me,
please.
For I revel in your troubles.
The empty swirl of my advice
comforts me for encumbering you.

All you want is my ear.
I would seem deaf.

Shawn Vestal

Cahier D'un Retour au Slag Heap

a Tribute to Aime Cesaire

As I watched the sun come up, I thought of the hopelessness. That's all there is, after all — hopelessness...

I'm not going to think of better things: of money, good food and high society. They are the colour of evil. How many backs has Big Boss stabbed to enjoy these material wonders of the world?

I turn to the river, calm and serene — but strong enough, and deep enough, to swallow a full-grown man. *And there, lulled by the effluvia of endless thoughts* my mind wanders to the town: the main street with false fronted stores from the past century; from the barren mountains killed by industrial pollution to paint falling in chunks from decrepit homes and businesses; and the neon lights on the bars so cleverly situated between the churches.

Every day I watch the sun come up, it shines down brightly on the brown mountains, but you must wait longer for morning in the silver valley. It's a pit in the rocky mountains, a lead-stained wreck, an exploited paradise — now dynamited with alcohol, stranded in the mud between the mountains in the dirt of this city sinisterly stranded.

I awake to another morning and *the desolate scab* on the beauty that was Idaho. The strong men wake to this every morning. They work in the mines to destroy the land — they break their backs to kill the flowers and horses galloping on small ranches on the hill. But the wretched fools don't realize — here they were born and educated — they graduate to the underground and break their backs to feed their children so that they may grow up and do the same. And the valley withers, and the rivers fade from crystal clear to a dull gray, and the trout swim as fast as they can to escape to the river bank where they bake in the sun, and the children play in the dirt and make trails in the opaque black sand they call slag, and high school athletes race around the track to inhale the smelly fumes all the faster and you can smell a calm day even 30 miles away.

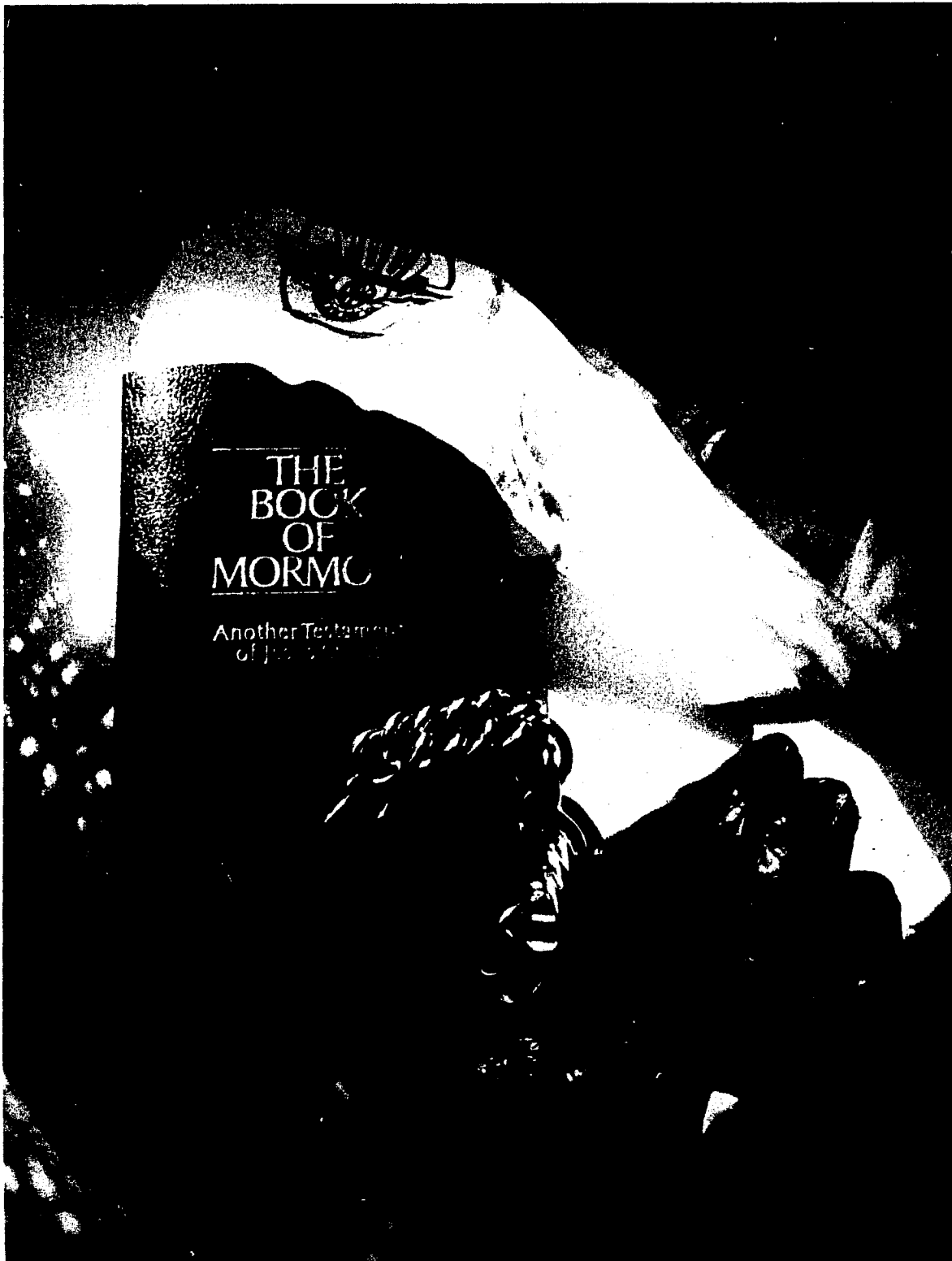
In this inert city, this brawling crowd which so astonishingly by-passes its cry, its motion, its meaning, calm, passive to its true cry, the only cry you want to hear for it is all the city can say, because the sound inhabits some refuge of shadow and pride in this inert city going by its cry of hunger, of grief, of revolt, of hate, this crowd so strangely blabbing and mute.

In this inert city the people still live and work every day. They know nothing else — they don't even know how the big boss laughs at their ignorance, at their reliability. And when a too-early aged man climbs up from the big hole cursing the union — oh, then he really laughs, then pats the worker on the back — would he dare to offer him a lollipop?

As the sun rises, I lie awake thinking about my poor lower class peers hiding behind a facade of middle class cash every other Friday — but the checks buy booze and "enjoy it now" items — strictly a lower class practice and then it's gone, but they go back downstairs and pick at the rocks and Big Boss picks his teeth ... and smiles — he spends his money so wisely after all.

I watch the sun come up to hear on the local radio how the happy couple just got married — he's 17, she's 15, oh, the happy, happy people.

I watch the sun come up to hear on the local radio how the handsome 23-year-old shot himself in the head in his pick-up outside the kopper keg, oh the happy, happy people. And now Big Boss must find someone else - ah - a - graduate - nice - and - strong - oh - you - just - got - married - how - lovely - how's - the - wife - yes - here's - your - hard - hat - and - a - light - so - you - can - see - down - there - you're - so - lucky - to - have - a - right - to - work - oh - watch - that - first - step - it's - a - doosey - heh - heh - and - if - you're - good - well - here's - a - lollipop - yes - good - your - knees - are - soiled - from - practice - you - show - promise. The silver valley is famous for its prostitutes.

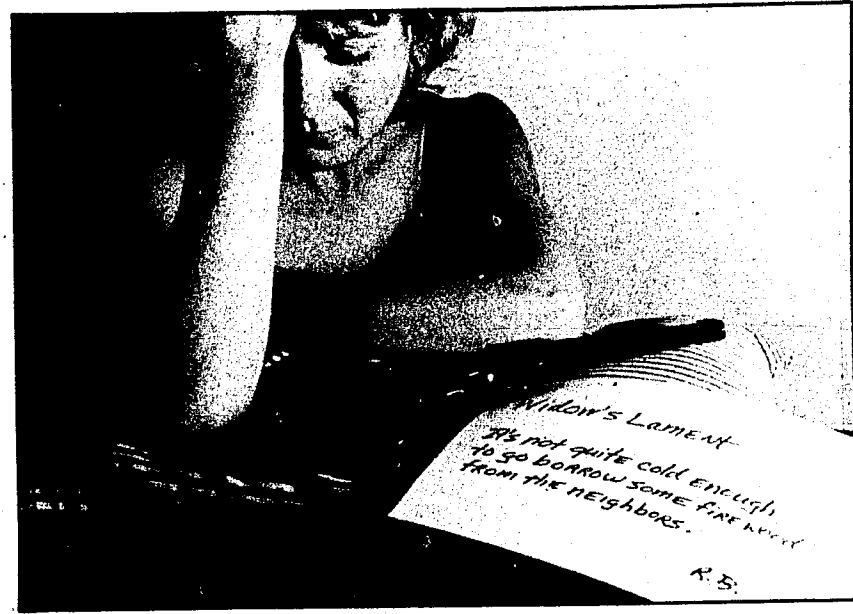


Michael Swanson

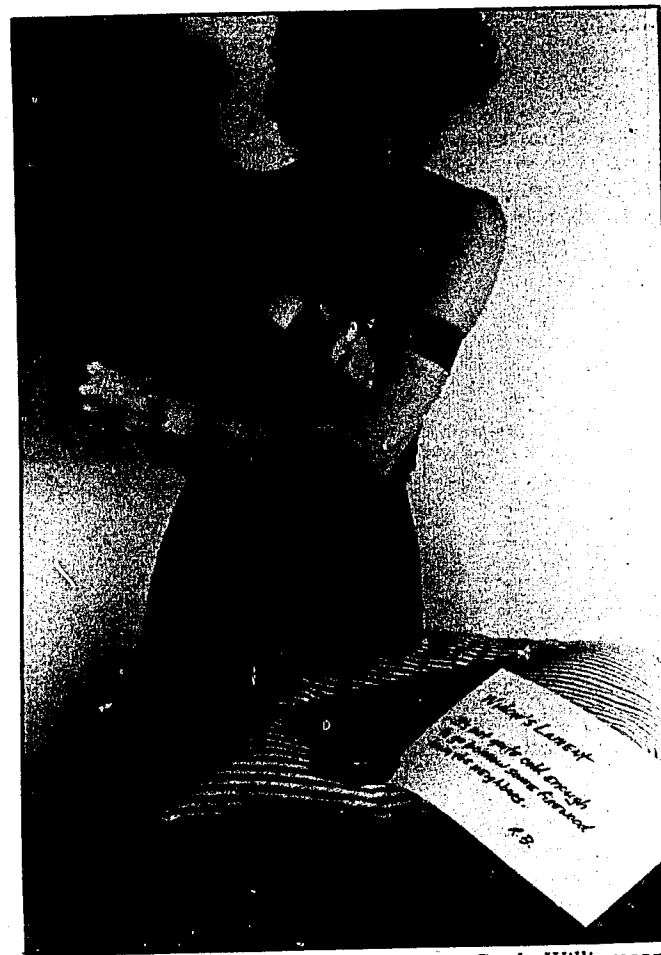
A Pleasant Residue

When the sun shines
like it used to,
or the radio plays
an old one,
I realize
that traces of you remain.
Unbidden, but not painful, understand.
Just wistful.
Like wisps of rain water
riding gusts after a storm.

Shawn Vestal



Gayle Williamson



Gayle Williamson

I watch the sun come up to hear on the radio how Danny is burning his Satanic tapes and record — he bought them with all his underground earning, what was left after the booze. Danny saw the devil down in the Earth — he'll never go underground again, he'd rather stay in the hospital, warm and dry — oh, here comes the Big Boss, he's looking for dirty knees ...

I watch the sun come up and listen to a sermon: Praise - the - Lord - for - our - good - life; but the priest is staggering before the front pew — he is still drunk — from the blood of Christ, and his breath is heavy with the stuff. But all the good people come — and Big Boss is there — smiling.

I watch the sun come up and I am nauseous, I am ashamed — they all seem so happy but they are hopeless. I must get out of here — here I am nothing; I am doing nothing about anything; I am a scab on the community. If I stay my knees will get dirty and I will walk with the rest of them in the never-ending circle. I must escape ... to Israel.

To leave As there are hyena-men and leopard-men, I would be a jew-man.

In Israel I could do something worthwhile — ride a wild camel, make a mark in the desert. Stop! The Jews do not cry for my help, and Big Boss smiles — he'd rather I leave: Big Boss has never been a fan of ivory knees.

But these workers have not seen the last of me. I should come back to this land of mine and say to it, "Embrace me without fear ... If all I can do is speak, at least I shall speak for you." And I should say further:

"My tongue shall serve those miseries which have no tongue, my voice the liberty of those who founder (unknowingly, until then) in the dungeons of despair."

Chan Davis

Toast to Our Friendship

To my good friends I say adieu.
In my life each will have a little place
Where in my heart your memories shall stand firm.

Smiles pass down the sidewalk,
"Hello!" heard from around the corners.
My heart is filled with your shared joy.

Your shadows have passed through my heart,
And I through the fibre of your lives too,
As time carries us further in our own paths.

I go on to live a life you will not experience.
A life that is noisy, yet silent.
I will be busy, and yet I will have lots of peace.

Bells will sound my life.
Song will be my eternal praise and thanks.
My hallmark in life — to be joyfully silent, in thought.

It is a hard commitment, you say,
Yet I feel no fear from within,
As I shall be in my domain.

In your life you shall have your own quarter,
Be in your own peaceful existance,
And so shall I be, in different ways.

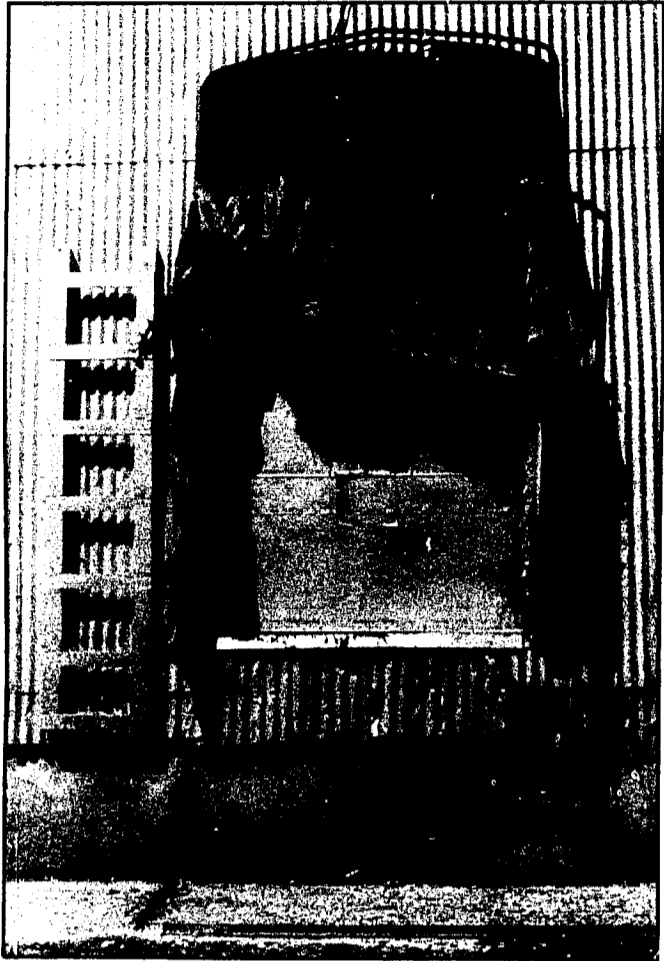
Please remember you are a part of me,
And your prayers shall be mine,
As I thank Him for our gifts shared.

As the bells ring
We shall meet again —
In the happiness of peace.

Thomas H. Godbold II



Michael Swanson



David Gibney



Renewable Energy #3 — Charlie Wells

Substance Abuse

The first time I smoked a cigarette was in the sixth grade with a group of the wilder girls—mostly who went to the Catholic school. We passed it around like a joint.

Debbie looked at me and said, "You don't inhale, do you?"

The next time I tried smoking was with Tammy, my best friend. We bought a pack at the 7-11 and smuggled it into the Ladies Room at Wards. We each smoked one. We got very high.

She taught me how to inhale. Tammy and I kept one pack, usually Marlboros, in her locker when we were in Jr. High. We also kept our liquor there. Airplane bottles of whisky, brandy in tupperware, cans of beer. At lunch we cold smoke one cigarette going to 21st street and one coming back.

Our Algebra teacher found everything in a locker raid during a test.

Tammy moved to Montana and we didn't write. I went to high school alone. At night I stayed up after the late news to watch "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman" and smoke Kools and drink screwdrivers - heavy on the Smirnoff.

Mary Hartman was the closest thing to a role-model I ever had.

I moved with my family to Walla Walla in my senior year of high school and just as Tom Robbins said that human beings are created by water as a means of transportation, I became a means of transportation for my cigarettes. Nothing happened in my life between cigarettes. Everything I did was a response to my cigarettes' demands. My life was a string of restaurants, bars, parks and ashtrays.

Cigarettes, being my only companions, became my only reason for existence.

I became a member of a post-high school gang. Our purpose of meeting was to drink to ease our emotional aches and to express ourselves within profound, exten-

sive discussions.

On New Year's Eve, we smoked a dollar bill and got high on the propellant in cans of whipped cream.

I had my first date when I was eighteen. Pat came to pick me up at my apartment. We were supposed to go to a movie. I played a Rolling Stones' album and he fell asleep listening to "Angie." I went into the living room, watched Johnny Carson and smoked until he woke up and went home.

Cigarettes have never stood me up or told me they'd call and didn't.

The first time I kissed my husband was on a park bench along the river. I was in-between inhaling and exhaling and had a mouthful of smoke. I tried to swallow it; suppress it. He had taken me by surprise.

In that moment my dedication to socially-acceptable -suicide wavered.

I told him I would quit, with his help. He got me through the first difficult month, and then through the first year. The constant cold, runny nose, congestion, the extra ten pounds.

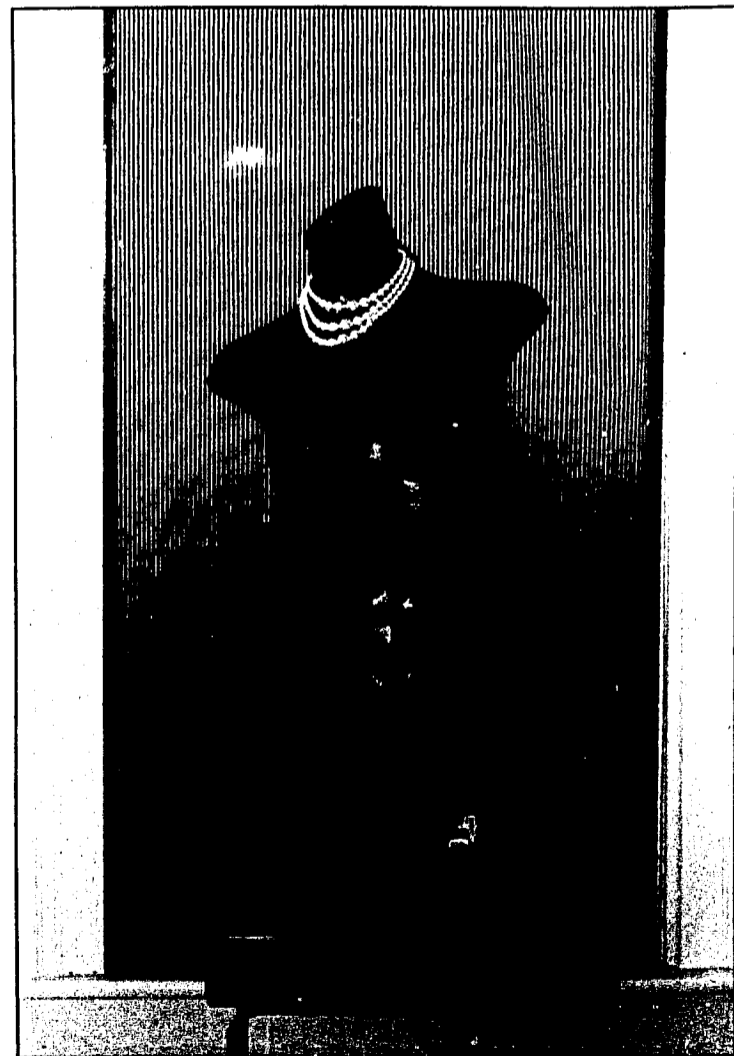
He was worth it.

Now I'm grown up. I've ceased most of my mental torture. I'm fine all the time except when he leaves me alone all day long. Then I feel like the three little pigs in their brick house. Alright, for a short while but knowing the black wolf of doom is creeping through the window cracks, under the door and down the chimney.

It's made of brick, but bricks crumble into grains of dry sand.

Recess in grade school. Birthday Parties. The Freshman Dance. The Sophomore whatever. The Junior Prom. The Senior Ball. Mardi Gras night at college. My husband's at work. I open all the windows-play Aerosmith as loud as I can stand it-smoke a cigarette and hide the ashes in a pop can.

Anne Kilwein



Michael Swanson



Renewable Energy #2 — Charlie Wells



Renewable Energy #1 — Charlie Wells

Radio-Free Moscow
(c. 1985)

After months of waiting
In a hotel off the square
Out of hope I'd get through
Signal jammed everywhere
Underground in the cafe
Another espresso on the KGB
Ukranian comrade selling tobacco
Whispers a message to me

(chorus)

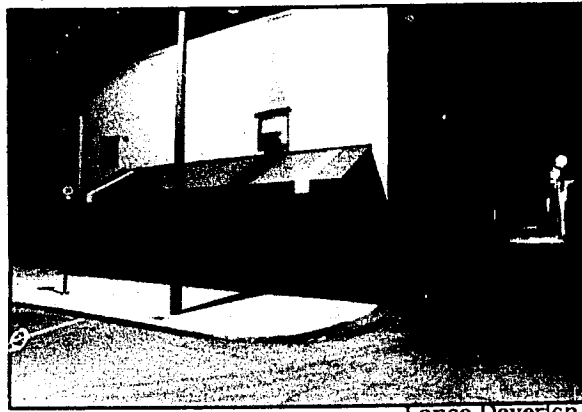
This is, Radio-Free Moscow
To my love, my heart, my dear.
Radio-free Moscow
Will she break my code of fear?
Radio-free Moscow
Radio-free Moscow

I rode for hours in the backseat
A blindfold takes my sight
Thoughts of you in a free world
I'll be on the air tonight
In a room full of shadows
Flourescent lies along the edge
A man switches on the power
Into the microphone I said:

Rendevous on the boarder
In the darkness of a night
In love we take asylum
From the sorrow and the fight.



Lance Deverich



Lance Deverich



Lance Deverich

Hammer, from page 3

long, thin moustache and wore his hard hat tilted over the side of his head. This gave him a unique style that I had never seen before in the oil field. He was built like a tank.

We became friends through our work and always helped each other out in tough situations. I became a dependable derrickman and our crew could accomplish whatever was put in front of us.

Richard would take me home to Catahoula on our time off and we would fish and hunt in the swamps. Sometimes I would take him to New Orleans where I lived and we would drink and challenge the city's night life.

I thought about what it would be like working without Richard. Sam did also but wouldn't let us on to it if it were the end of the world. He wanted us to believe that he had confidence in his newly hired worker from Mississippi. He couldn't fool us. We had all worked long enough to see that this guy was a rookie. The way he tried to start conversations with us during the flight out told us right away that he wasn't used to the depressed waiting feeling. Waiting for another week to end as soon as possible.

It all happened that one afternoon. We were working as a team. We've just finished tripping 18,000 feet of pipe out of the hole and were in the process of changing the bit. As soon as the last stand of pipe came out of the hole I climbed down from the derrick to help out on the floor. Richard was working near the hole, that led down into the earth, with two other men trying to unscrew the dulled bit off the bottom pipe that I had left hanging from the derrick. I noticed it to late. There was no cap covering the hole. If some tool lying nearby on the ground were to find its way into the hole it would drop the full 18,000 feet. Then it would have to be retrieved. This was called "fishing". It would cost the company a large sum in order to finance the tools that were necessary to retrieve the anything that should fall down into the hole. The hole had to be cleared to prevent any deviation of the pipe. Certain men were paid money to figure out the proper direction that the drilling pipe must pursue in order to find oil. The slightest little mistake would cause that pipe to travel off course. If it went off course it was a waste of time and money for the nervous executive in Houston with the bank loan.

Richard lost his footing and kicked a sledge hammer right into the hole. Everyone nearby froze. I felt a tingling sensation run through my tired arms in realization that all our work was for nothing. We all felt our

stomachs knot up as the sledge hammer rifled its way down the pipe sounding off a muffled echo that disappeared about 5,000 feet from the surface.

Sam pushed a button and the company representative ran out of the cafeteria onto the floor. We were all amazed. Richard of all people was least inclined to make a mistake like this. It was oil field taboo to let anything drop down the hole.

"You son of a bitch," shot the company rep as he looked down the hole, then up at Richard. Richard looked up at me and smiled. I smiled back even though I knew we would be working the last four days of the hitch hard as hell to get that hammer out of the hole. And we did.

Different tools were flown out to us as we kept putting in and pulling out pipe. There was practically a traffic jam trying to land those helicopters on the landing pad.

I sensed a humorous attitude in Richard that spread to the rest of us. The rest of us but the company rep. That attitude was necessary to get us by that hard work in trying to bring up that hammer. The attitude took place of gull. We kept guessing when or even if the company was going to fire him. It didn't matter to Richard. He had the experience to get another job as soon as he got back to shore. That's the oil field. They jump on Roughnecks like him.

The four days finally came to an end and we had not retrieved the hammer. The company had spent nearly a million dollars on lost time and tools by the time the next saddened crew flew out to replace us.

Richard and I went to New Orleans. We drank and danced in and out of the French Quarter hoping that he still had a job where we could maintain being partners in crime. It was always easy to forget about anything in New Orleans. All of the bars and seafood took a great allocation of time and energy. If we weren't stopping down oysters layed out across some wet, marble-topped bar, we were stumbling around drunk in the streets dancing to the jazz bands and throwing quarters to the young black kids tap dancing along the side walks. The city was an escape. Ironically it felt good after working so damn hard to wake up with a pulsing head underneath a blanket of newspaper in an alley where some solo saxophonist had sent us to sleep with his riffs of blues melodies that echoed off of the brick walls that been standing for so long.

We flew back off shore only to find that the crew we had replaced a week earlier was still fishing for the hammer. The company, we found out, was irate. We knew there was an uncom-

prehensible amount of work with no reward ahead of us.

I climbed up in the derrick and pulled pipe while Richard worked the floor again. On and on the work kept coming.

Finally on the third night I heard a voice below cry, "We got it!" Sam noticed an additional 20 pounds on the weight pipe indicator. We had the hammer. A shot of adrenaline ran through us all as we tripped pipe cautiously in order not to disturb the magnet's hold on the hammer. All that was left was to make sure it did not fall back down.

Five hours passed and we finally pulled the hammer out of the hole. Richard grabbed it and held it high above his head. "We did it boys," he yelled as the company rep approached the floor area. I climbed down out off the derrick.

"Put a cover on that goddamn hole," shouted the company rep as he approached Richard. "This is for you," he continued as he handed Richard a red piece of paper. There all knew what it meant. There was nothing that anyone could do. "It came from Houston a few days ago," he chuckled and grinned.

Richard looked down at the piece of paper, then at me. He paused.

"Well," said Richard with a

grin on his face that hid his exhaustion, "If I don't have a job, I guess I sure as hell won't need this." He kicked the cap off the hole without any hesitation and released his grip on the sledge hammer. The hammer once again rifled down the hole followed by its muffled echo that eventually disappeared.

"You mother fucker!" yelled the company rep whose humorous facial expression turned into an eye-widened sign of terror. "Get out of here, now. Somebody call a fucking helicopter for this bastard, I want him off the rig."

I couldn't to this day believe that Richard let the hammer go. It scared me that anyone could act so impulsively. I knew he felt good about doing it and probably still does. These companies treated us like machines.

I wasn't sure how long I would last on this rig anymore. As the helicopter landed on the platform I saw the same company rep through the window of the cafeteria. As we jumped out of the helicopter with our suitcases it shut down its motors I watched the new hand from Mississippi, Richard's replacement, as he climbed down the staircase from the landing pad to the main deck. Things just wouldn't be the same.

Eb Gaines



David Gibney



Michael Swanson

Alone at the Bottom of the Sea

Certain thoughts rise.
Like a gem atop a mound of pebbles.

Sometimes,
or at least, often,
the thoughts flee
into a pile.
Grasshoppers leaping from my palm.
Leaves me empty,
the pearl-less oyster.

Shawn Vestal

Herma

Herma, a chubby little hag of a woman, sat trapped in a freshly polished wheelchair behind a long, oak desk in the back her indoor newstand. The surface before her was cluttered by several outdated issues of the Boston Globe, three unused fountain pens, a beat-up looking metal cash register, a dozen half-unraveled register tapes, and a black, tattered golden-edged Bible. Herma's thin, dark hair with greying temples harshly contrasted the purplish reflection that the bloated varicose veins in her legs made upon her glistening silver wheelchair.

From her slouched position at the rear of the downtown magazine shop, Herma could gaze into the 12-inch, black and white television set which was attached to the shop's northern wall, providing round-the-clock game shows and soap operas. This backseat view also enabled the invalid to periodically glance around the store, quickly checking for loiters and potential shoplifters.

"You looking to buy?" she would glare at any unfamiliar face that picked up a periodical. Then she would pause a moment, waiting in silence. If no answer was given, she would add, "or are you just looking?"

Those who didn't understand Herma or had never been to her shop were often offended by such remarks and would discretely leave the store without saying a word to her. Others, feeling the pressure of her quiet, deep voice and piercing, dark blue eyes would quickly pick up the nearest magazine and purchase it, not really understanding why or what they were doing.

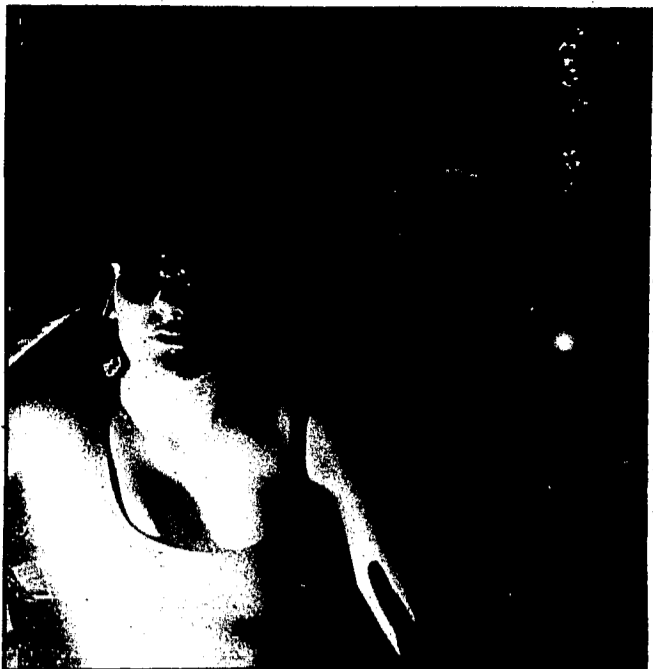
But she understood. Herma seemed to know and understand everything about human nature, including all of the latest gossip around town. When she wasn't watching television, she could usually be found gripping a small black telephone receiver that she would lift out of her top drawer, voicing her right-wing opinions.

Watching Herma's telephone conversations was like watching a movie. Every time she would speak, you could see her flabby fat cheeks puff in and out, and the sides of her mouth quickly forming her arguments, changing from smiles to grimaces. If Herma was in a particularly heated conversation about politics or morals, her long, chunky arm might swing up and down in a rhythmical pattern as she spoke, like she was the new Adolph Hitler. Sometimes, Herma's whole body would even quake with excitement as she presented her ideas to her mysterious callers.

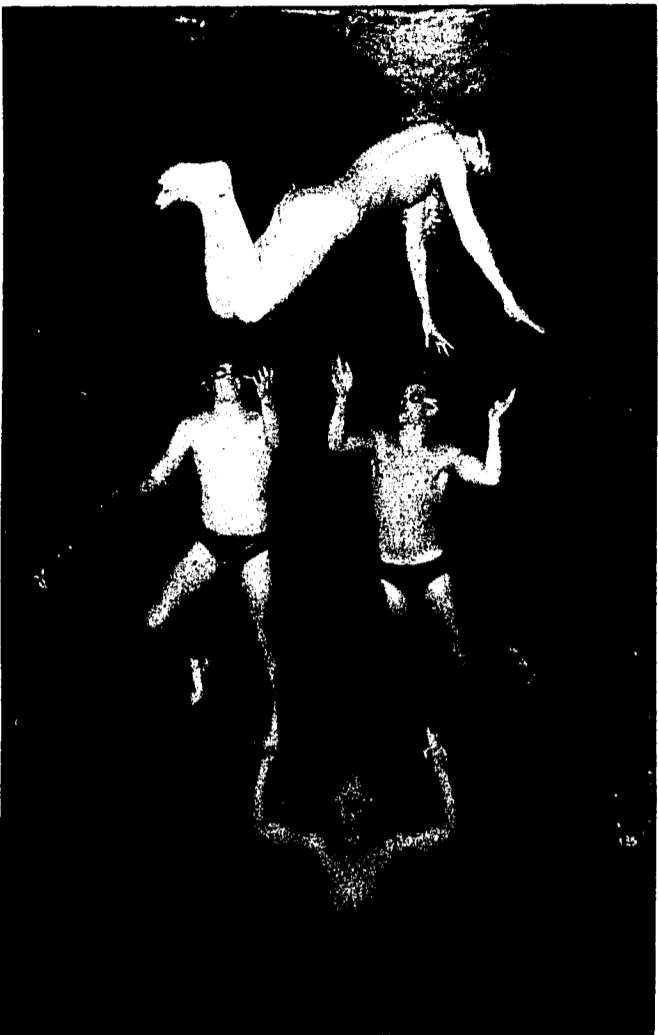
Nothing ever changed at Herma's shop either. Day after day, she would sit in her small, metal wheelchair, wearing the same light green smock and black polyester slacks. From nine in the morning when she opened the shop, until when she locked the door precisely at five every evening, she would just sit there, growing old.

Customers often returned to Herma's magazine shop. They came not to buy magazines, but to see Herma, and her mysterious mannerisms. They came not to read, but to be read. And they came because she made them come — using her deep, dark blue eyes.

Paul AllLee



Ray Bohn



Ray Bohn



Ray Bohn

Mr, Mud, from page 4

"Enough of yer book-learned bullshit. Just do what I tell ya and keep yer mouth shut!" So that's how it went around the hole. Stan would eventually say something and I would come back with some astute, witty comment, which he never found amusing, and we tolerated each other.

Sometimes, when he was in an extremely good mood (lunch hour was about the only time this occurred), Stan, with that big apres dejeuner dip of Copenhagen stuffed into his lower lip, would tell me stories or make his patented comments. He told me how, one time, another worker friend of his had noticed that Stan's daughter, April (who was sixteen at the time), was blossoming into a real pretty little woman. "Byers," he'd said to the man, "there ain't nuthin' you can buy in the drug store that'll kill ya any quicker'n messin' with my April." Another time, in town picking up some lumber, he spotted a pregnant woman and elbowed me and said, "hey, looks to me like she took somethin' serious that was poked at 'er in fun." I nodded and chuckled, wondering whether he thought these up himself or if they had been passed down through the Bird Family Tree. If I'd complain that it was too hot or too cold or the work was too hard, he'd size me up, shoot me that glance of disgust, and say "if yer lookin' fer sympathy its between shit and syrup in the dictionary," and I'd say "was that the Websters Pocket or the American Heritage Collegiate Dictionary?" and he'd tell me to get back to work.

The Plumb-bob was what caused it. I shouldn't have gone on about the Plumb-bob. A Plumb-bob is a weighted, metal tool, pointed at the end and attached to a string which is used to determine the "plumb-ness" of things. Surely you know about "plumbness." When I first latched onto the concept and Stan and I were doing some measuring, I started addressing him as "yes your Plumb-ness," or "his Royal Plumb-ness." He'd grin, tobacco juice flowing in rivulets down his chin, with a sort of "one of these days" smile. The first time I used the thing, Stan said to me "Now go on over there and drop a Plumb-bob." My response came, without premeditation, "Shouldn't I use the outhouse?" His nail-bags were off and he was moving very quickly towards me, but I was laughing at myself, thinking I'd found some new Stand-up material. As he hoofed across the hole, I still laughing, caught my breath and said,

"Watch where you walk. Stan, you wouldn't want to step in that Plumb-bob..."

I woke up with a broken nose and a check stuffed in my nail-bags.

Thurber (Buddy) Levy, Jr.