

Centennial countdown underway

By Lake Puett
Staff writer

Ten subcommittees of the UI's Centennial Commission are hard at work making tentative plans for special projects to be held during the 1989 Centennial, according to Centennial coordinator Roy Fluhrer.

"The subcommittees have been meeting for the past year," Fluhrer said, "and have been asked by the commission to rank-order their project ideas and to provide a budget for each project so that the commission is able to decide what kind of Centennial celebration we'll have."

The Centennial celebration will run from January 1988 through May 1989 with many special projects taking place on campus and around the state, Fluhrer said.

The 1989 Centennial Commission was appointed in January 1984, and plans for the celebration have been growing since then. The Centennial celebration is to be funded by the UI's investment income, Fluhrer said.



"None of the money for Centennial celebration will come from state appropriated budgets," he said, "so we're not using state money for the celebration."

The Centennial goals, as set by the commission in the early planning stages, are to review and reflect upon the UI's first century, to focus on the UI at its 100th year and to strengthen the university so that it can better accomplish its mission and goals as it moves into its second century.

Ten separate subcommittees are working on tentative ideas for activities which will achieve the commission's goals, Fluhrer said.

The Alumni Subcommittee, chaired by Philip Keffner, director of UI alumni relations, is planning a possible series of tree-planting ceremonies to take place in communities statewide. The ceremonies would possibly include other events, such as scholarship awards and the appearances of special speakers, all designed to attract attention to the UI Centennial.

"One of the goals of the Centennial," Fluhrer said, "is to touch everyone in the state and let them know how the University affects their life."

The tree-planting ceremonies, which would make sure a tree is planted in almost every community in Idaho, is viewed as an effective way of reaching many Idahoans, Fluhrer said.

The purpose of the Academic Subcommittee is to find a means of getting all UI colleges to participate in the Centennial with projects of their own, Fluhrer said.

The Academic Subcommittee plans "to provide a pool of funds for the colleges based on a formula that recognizes the difference among the colleges," he said.

"It would be the Academic Subcommittee's job to make sure that the colleges' proposals are congruent with the goals and objectives of the Centennial," Fluhrer said.

The Academic Subcommittee is chaired by Sydney Duncombe, professor of political science.

The Awards and Mementos Subcommittee, Fluhrer said, is working on integrating UI's current award system with the Centennial. "For example,"

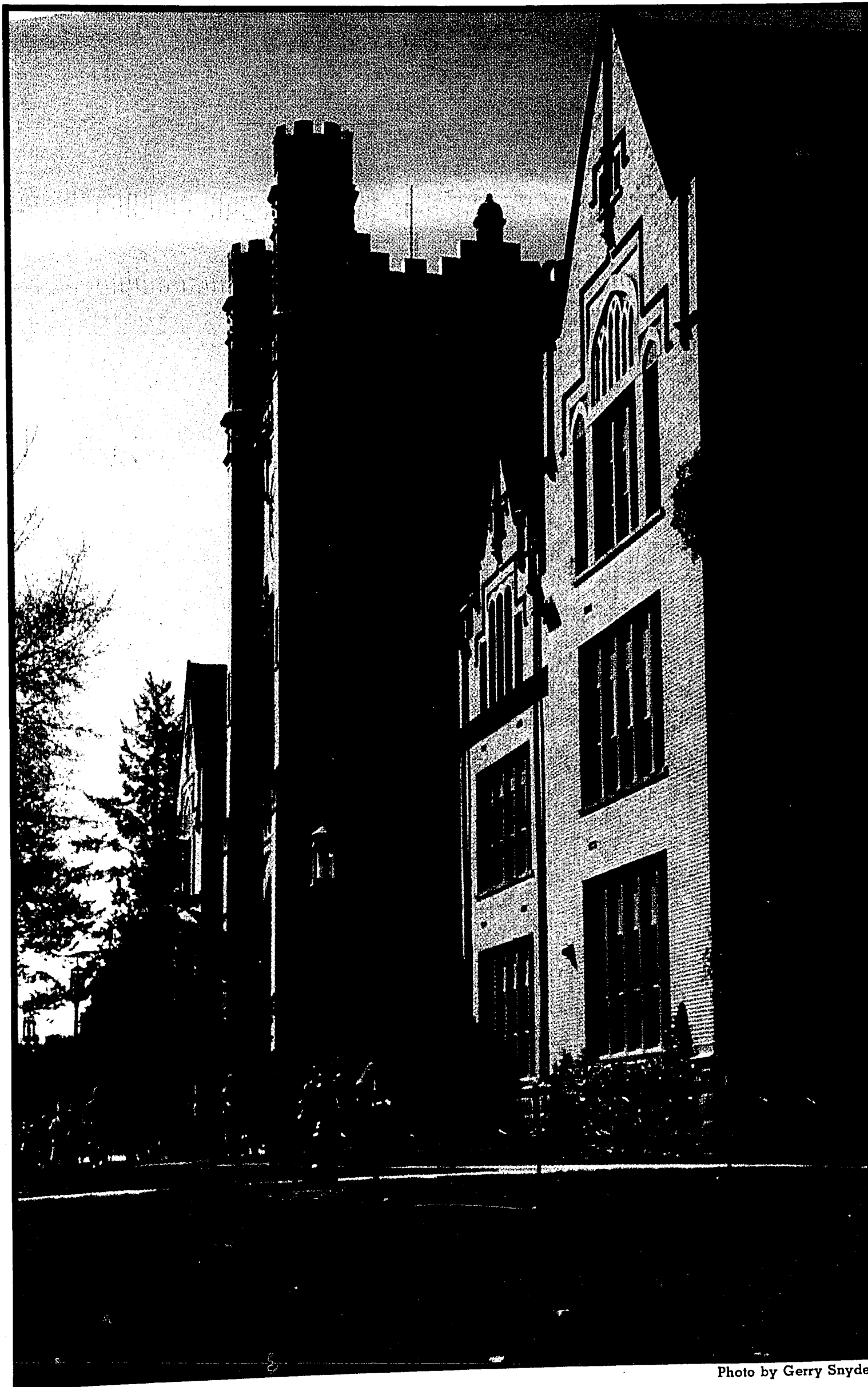


Photo by Gerry Snyder

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Keller's charisma produces winners See page 18

Stand up for your student newspaper See Jones' last editorial, page 6

Graduation 1986: A celebration of your work

By Tish O'Hagan
Staff writer

This year's commencement is the university's 90th.

Though the trappings and circumstances have changed drastically since the UI's beginning, many of the earmarks of graduation remain the same.

"I'm nervous; you wonder if all the time you spent preparing for a career in the 'real world' will be enough to see you through," remarked one candidate for a degree. This statement echoed the feelings of the majority of the candidates.

The commencement ceremonies for this year's graduating class will begin on May 16, with a social hour at St. Augustine's Catholic Church, and continue the following day, being officially over at 4 p.m. when the last ceremony ends.

General commencement ceremonies will take place in the Kibbie Dome at 9:30 p.m. on May 17.

The speaker for the general ceremony will be Thomas J. Murrin, of the Westinghouse corporation. His speech will

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The commencement schedule is as follows:

May 16

- 5:30 p.m. Commencement social hour, St. Augustine's Catholic Center
- 6:30 p.m. Annual Commencement Banquet, SUB Ballroom; \$12 a ticket. Contact Alumni Office for information.

May 17

- 9:30 p.m. General Commencement Ceremonies, Kibbie Dome. Thomas J. Murrin, speaker.
- 11:15 a.m. College of Letters and Science ceremony, Kibbie Dome;

College of Mines ceremony, College of Law courtroom; College of Engineering ceremony, Memorial Gym; College of Forestry ceremony, Hartung Theater.

• 11:30 a.m. College of Business ceremony, SUB Ballroom

• 2 p.m. College of Agriculture ceremony, Memorial Gym; College of Art and Architecture ceremony, SUB Ballroom.

• 4 p.m. College of Education ceremony, SUB Ballroom.

The perennial garden in Shattuck Arboretum is on its way to first-class status, according to SUB director Dean Vetrus, director of the project.

The garden is expected to be completed in time for the UI's Centennial celebration, which begins in January, 1988.

"We haven't got it lined up in any sense of the word," Vetrus said. "But you can see what we're trying to do."

The garden, which is funded by the sale of iris bulbs, had its first planting last fall with the help of volunteer students.

Its first blooms have been enjoyed by students all spring.

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- Law 404 - Law for Design & Engineering Professionals (2 credits) May 19 - June 6
- Phil 404 - Gandhi's Philosophy of Peace (3 credits) May 19 - June 6
- PE P 500 - Master's Research & Thesis (credits TBA) May 19 - June 6
- PE P 599 - Research (credits TBA) May 19 - June 6
- PoI Sc 404 - Gandhi's Philosophy of Peace (3 credits) May 19 - June 6
- Psych 400/501 - Ethical/Legal Issues in Psychology (3 credits) May 19 - June 6
- Psych 404 - Contemporary Issues in Child Development (2 credits) May 19 - June 6
- Rec 403/503 - Professional Development (0-1 credits) May 19 - 23

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Agriculture staff heads to fields to research

By Patricia Hatheway
Staff writer

During the summer, UI agriculture professors head out to the fields proving theories and collecting data for the next winter in the labs.

Gary Lee, associate dean of research and director of agriculture experiment stations, said the majority of the faculty conduct research in the summer.

"This is the time of year the field research can be conducted as verification of many of the theoretical aspects of the research done in laboratories and computer model projections," he said.

During the summer, all aspects of the college are doing research. "This is the opportunity for plant breeders to select varieties which are resistant to diseases and insects and to determine the ecological niches to which those particular varieties in Idaho grow best," Lee said.

"Weed scientists are able to evaluate herbicides for effectiveness of control of individual weed species and to develop weed control management systems for crop rotations," he said.

At this time the entomologists are able to evaluate insecticides for control of individual insect species, collect and classify insects that are present in Idaho and to work on biological control agents for weeds, he said.

"The soil scientists can work on fertility practices and determine nutrition levels and needs for crops in the state," Lee said.

"Plant pathologists evaluate disease incidences, economic thresholds, and control practices," he said, "and the crop management specialists are looking at new management practices to enhance profitability in crops and optimize production."

"Agricultural engineering faculty are working on water efficiency for irrigation scheduling, equipment design and gathering of data for the development of modeling crop growth and erosion control equations," he said.

Agriculture economists use the summer for collecting data in analyzing markets, predicting production and production data for influence

on commodity prices, Lee said.

And also at this time animal scientists are looking at beef herd management on high desert range, livestock breeding programs, and dairy management programs, he added.

"Then we have are laboratories which continue to function throughout the summer," Lee said. Scientists in the fields of bacteriology and biochemistry keep laboratories functioning in the summer by working on genetic engineering projects, protoplasmic fusion and fermentation research, he said.

The off-campus faculty at the research and extension centers continue to work like campus faculty in areas previously discussed, he added.

"We hire many undergraduate students to work in research programs in the summer and this gives these students opportunity to gain practical experience in their field of interest as well as provide our faculty with enthusiastic up-and-coming professionals, Lee said.

Graduation, from page 2

cover topics such as the challenges of today's society and future trends.

The thread of Murrin's speech will be one of motivation to the candidates for degrees, according to Marythea Grebner, director of public affairs.

This year's graduating class is one of the larger ones seen at the UI, with 1129 candidates for degrees, a significant difference from the four who received degrees in 1896. Then, the number was divided evenly with two men and two women graduating.

This year, as in the most recent years past, men far outnumber the women graduating from the UI.

The majority are undergraduates; 60 of them are law students; 182 are graduate students.

"The candidates for degrees are as varied as they can be. We have several from foreign countries, sets of twins, older people and three students who will be 21 or younger when they graduate. One woman who graduated in December has two sons who are graduating this spring," said Dorothy Guthrie, graduation evaluator at the UI.

Letters and Science has the largest number of candidates for degrees, barely exceeding the number in the College of Engineering. The smallest college this year is the College of Forestry.


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Landscape Architecture accredited for performance

By Judy McDonald
Staff writer

The UI Department of Landscape Architecture was recently re-accredited for another five years by the American Society of Landscape Architects.

This is the third time the department has received accreditation since it was established about 15 years ago, said James Kuska, chairman of the department.

The department is one of 31 in the United States and draws students from Alaska, Montana, Wyoming and other areas. WSU, the University of Oregon and the University of Washington are the other schools in the Pacific Northwest offering a degree in landscape architecture.

The faculty consists of three full-time professors and one part-time consultant.

The four-year program leading to a bachelor of landscape architecture is one of four separate design disciplines of-

fered in the College of Art and Architecture. The other design programs include art, architecture and interior design.

The ASLA re-evaluated the department and its program last fall. The accreditation process began with the sub-

Those considering a career in landscape architecture should appreciate the environment and be able to analyze, plan and direct a project. Imagination, design talent, understanding of engineering principles and an enjoyment of outdoor work are also important.

mission of a report to the society describing what the department was doing and served as a general guide.

The department must retain a certain level of competence, quality of curriculum and student performance.

When the three-man evaluation team visited the campus, it looked at

students' work and attended classes.

The committee also consulted with alumni and asked for letters to be mailed directly to them. The response was excellent and the letters were all supportive, Kuska said.

In order to be accredited, the department must provide a broad educational background, as well as technical studies (design, plant materials, construction, graphics, computer usage), adequate facilities and adequate office and budgetary support.

Also considered is how well students do in the job market. So far UI students have had no problem finding employment, Kuska said. He added that the approximately 100 graduates of the department are 100 percent employed as long as they leave the Moscow area to look for work.

Landscape architects are involved with anything pertaining to the development of land. Working with the natural

features of open space, they consider the needs of people, wise use of the land and artistic appeal when developing a site.

Graduates can work for private and governmental agencies, academic institutions, corporations, foreign coun-

Current enrollment is around 38 students and has been dropping. The department is heavily involved with recruiting because there are job opportunities for landscape architects all over the United States and abroad, in smaller as well as larger communities.

tries or be self-employed.

Landscape architects may be involved in such projects as site energy planning, new community planning, parks and recreation planning, transportation and utility planning, wild animal parks or botanical gardens.

Alumni and friends: Helping to make UI richer and better

By Michon Harb
Staff Writer

The UI is more than \$2.8 million dollars richer thanks to donations made by alumni and friends.

Every year the University of Idaho Foundation Inc. sums up the amount of donations that have been given to the UI and helps direct it to the various departments and areas of the UI. The donations come from many types of sources, given in many different forms and benefits the various departments and programs of the UI.

Contributions made by alumni, and friends of the UI seem to be the most important this year.

According to Sue Eschen, assistant trust and investment officer, there has been an increase of individual donations and most of them are in the form of unitrusts, or large donations.

Unitrusts are usually a large sum of money that is donated and then invested. But the UI won't receive the benefits of the gift immediately. Usually the person who sets up the unitrust will receive the invested income of the unitrust until he dies and then the university will benefit from it.

One of the largest gifts given this year was the Medical Professional Building in downtown Moscow, Eschen said. Another

large fundraiser for the UI was the annual phone-a-thon. A number of people from living groups volunteered their time and called alumni to ask for donations.

"The masses seem to be giving more," she said.

The total amount that has been given to the UI from July 1, 1985 to March 31, 1986 is more than \$2.8 million dollars. This amount is up 13 percent from last year.

Contributions are also made by corporations, foundations and organizations. The total donated by this group was \$1.1 million dollars. This amount is down 35 percent but only

because in the previous year, Basic American Foods donated a series of buildings and 8.7 acres of land in Idaho Falls which was estimated at a value of \$675,000 dollars, Eschen said.

"We didn't receive a comparable gift this year," she said.

Contributions are made in many different forms. About 73 percent of the gifts are made in the form of cash. The other 27 percent is broken up into the forms of deferred gifts such as unitrusts, gifts-in-kind such as equipment or real estate and marketable securities in the form of stocks and bonds.

The total number of dona-

tions received this year was 9,295. This is compared to last year's figure of 7,612. The average size of a donation was \$303.17, yet the largest donation was almost \$350,000 dollars. This donation was a bequest, left by a will, from Catherine Brandt Larson to be used for an endowment for general scholarships.

Endowments are usually a large amount of money which is invested, and the interest from the endowment provides money for various programs. Scholarships, student loans, research and other programs and projects are funded through the interest.

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Senate takes bogey; buys computer instead

By Erin Fanning
Staff writer

Last minute adjustments to the ASUI budget for Fiscal Year '86-87 occurred Wednesday night during an unpublicized ASUI senate meeting.

According to Cherri Sabala, senate finance committee chairperson, the meeting was called to adjust a few items on the budget. She said the senate added in \$37,000 from the ASUI golf

course budget to the budget's General Reserve account. She said this action had to be taken since the ASUI no longer has control of the golf course.

ASUI President Gino White told the Argonaut that taking back the money for the golf course might look as "an acceptance of defeat". He said if the plan was to fight for control of the golf course the senate should not have taken back the money.

Another adjustment was the addition of a \$4,000 (including installment and depreciation) computer for the ASUI office. Sabala said Dave McKinney, UI financial vice-president, suggested the purchase.

Sabala said the computer will be used for budgeting purposes so that the senate "can stay on top" of income matters.

Sen. Brian Long told the Argonaut that he was

originally opposed to the computer purchase because of several salary cutbacks in this year's budget.

He also said that KUOI had earlier asked for a computer but had not been budgeted one. But he said the senate is the only department within the ASUI that does not have access to a computer KUOI has access to computers on the third floor of the SUB where the station is located.

Policy change creates wave of student protest

By Shawn McIntosh
Managing Editor

A change in the 1986-87 housing contract for dormitory residents is creating a wave of protest among students from both the dorms and Greek houses.

The change involves even more severe penalties than the last proposed change that kept the \$50 deposit if a student moved out of the dorms after the first semester. The change was rescinded when students complained that it was unannounced even though it was in the fine print of the contract.

The new contract also forfeits the \$50 deposit, but it adds the following charges depending on when a student moves out of the dorm:

During the first semester —
See Dorm, page 15

Guaranteed student loan procedures change

UI News Bureau

UI students applying for Guaranteed Student Loans (GSL) for the 1986-87 academic year need to be aware of a change in procedure.

Dan Davenport, director of Student Financial Aid, said "new regulations require all undergraduates applying for a GSL to complete the CSS Finan-

cial Aid Form."

The Financial Aid Form has to be processed at an office not located on the UI campus. Students should plan for six weeks between submitting that form and initiating the loan application.

Davenport said the loans should still require the normal four to five week approval time.

The entire process will take ten to 11 weeks if the Financial Aid Form has not been previously completed.

He recommended that any students who might need a Gsl complete the Financial Aid Form now so that it will be on file when they need to apply for the GSL.

"Doing it now saves delays

later," he said. "If the information is not present, it could take up to 12 weeks to obtain a GSL. On a positive note, if the Financial Aid Form is filed ahead of time, there should not be any delays in processing the loan."

Students or parents with questions may contact the Financial Aid office.

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The Pizza Hut ad in Tuesday's Argonaut was incorrect. There is no free offer for hipsips. We apologize for the mistake.

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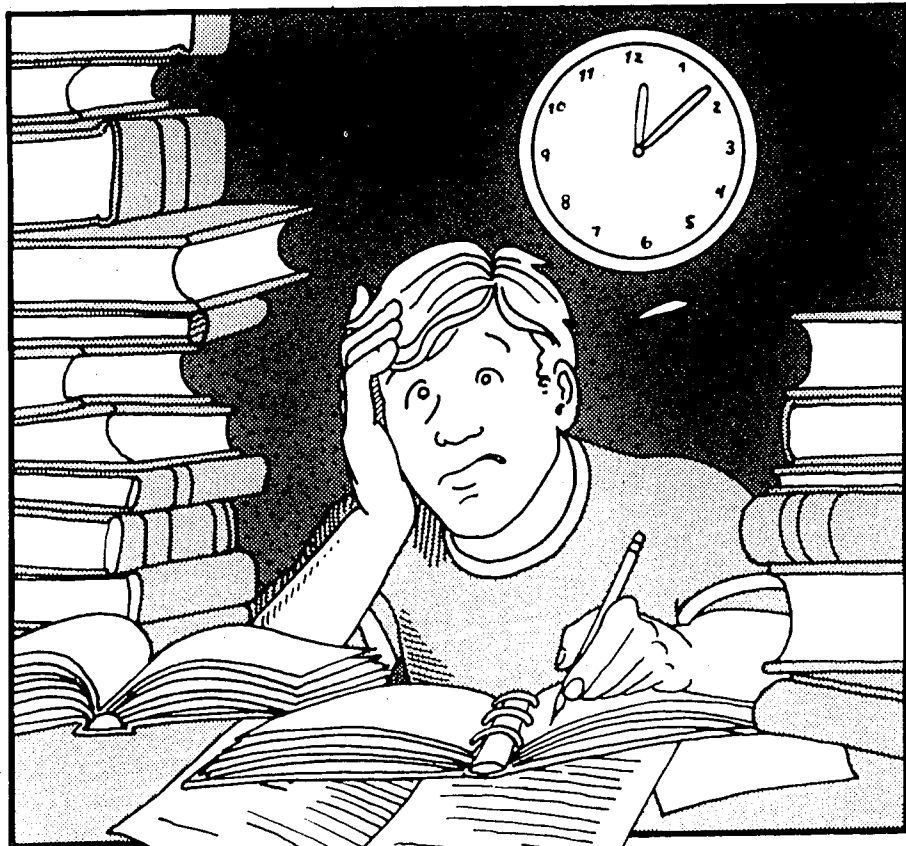


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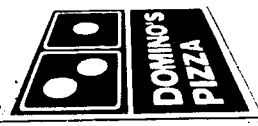
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Summa Coombs Loudly

The *Idaho Argonaut* is your student owned and operated newspaper. From the writers to the editors to the advertising executives to the paste-up crews to the people who deliver the paper in the morning; they're all students. Over 90 percent of operating expenses are covered by advertising sales; the remainder is covered by your student fees.

The *Argonaut* remains one of the few university newspapers in the nation that is free from any influence from either the university administration or the school of communication.

And we're proud of it.

The *Argonaut*, through all of its up and downs, has remained a pure student entity; a newspaper where students of journalism (and other disciplines) can learn in the only way that really counts: through experience.

Any comparison against newspapers that have advisors will inevitably lead to perceived differences. Please excuse the "un-professional" cliché, but you're comparing apples and oranges.

The benefits of having a professional advisor can't be ignored, but neither can the detriments.

If a paper is published under the supervision of professional advisors, the amount of student contribution to its quality can only be estimated.

Unfortunately, most "student" newspapers' success stands only to the credit of the paid advisor and not to the students who do the real work. Those students are robbed of their fulfillment and pride at being responsible for all facets of the paper's publication.

At your student newspaper, the *Idaho Argonaut*, the blame, the responsibility, and the credit all goes to the students.

In the last issue of this newspaper, we gave front page coverage to the statements of a communications professor who was critical of the quality of the paper. We provided that space because we feel that we have nothing to fear from such statements; moreover, we feel they are not true.

A UI communications professor's comparisons of the *Argonaut* to WSU's newspaper, which has an advisor, is a case in point. Although the *Daily Evergreen* may publish daily (something the size of their student body permits) and have more consistency from year to year than our paper, that does not make it better. When it is examined, the bulk of the *Evergreen's* copy comes from a wire service.

In fact, the *Argonaut* has more student written and edited copy in the Tuesday and Friday issues than the *Evergreen* has in five of its daily issues.

Only the Boise State newspaper, the *University News*, comes close to matching the *Argonaut* in terms of copy and copy quality. However, it too is professionally advised, highly subsidized by its student government and only publishes once a week, hampering its claim to be a newspaper. The *News* also has gone through great changes in overall format and copy control in the last year — so there has not been much consistency in its pages.

"Judge not, lest ye be judged" comes to mind when examining the defunct papers called *Campus News* and the *Summer Sun*. Advising both of those publications was the same professor who called the *Argonaut* a "low mediocre" paper.

This student newspaper can and will continue to do just fine without an advisor, thank you.

— Douglas Jones

The Exiting Editorial

As it is traditional for the outgoing editor to give a rousing exit editorial, I choose to be no exception.

This is the one editorial that the all encompassing "us" is permitted to be replaced by the "I" of the editor himself.

The people who I have worked with in putting out this semester's paper are the best. Everyone of them shared my hopes of improving the overall quality of the paper. Whether we have succeeded is yet to be seen, but we think you, the students, know the answer.

The *Argonaut* is an example of synthesis, parts coming together to create a greater sum, a product, a newspaper.

To examine the masthead to the left is to understand that this paper is not a one-man show. It takes all these people, giving their all, to put out each issue.

It is the writers, columnists, paste-up crews, and the editors who really put together this paper.

The Team and members of the twice-a-week Criticism Club were: (Too-nice guy) Shawn McIntosh, (Forever-in-Disagreement) Sarah Kerruish, (Ray Gun) Megan Guido, (What's happening?) Kathy McCanlies, and (Nice Guy) Tom Liberman.

It is these people who produced the paper in between classes, sleep, food and undernourished social lives.

I know they missed hearing it in our meetings: You all did a great job that exceeded my original expectations.

Good luck to Shawn (fall) and Megan (summer) who did not heed my warnings and choose to replace me.

Copy editors Laurel Darrow, Joel Bate, and Brian Daniels deserve the credit for radically improving the quality of our stories, and for their seemingly magical ability to change my parade of misspellings and sentence fragments into readable

print.

Suzanne Gore and the advertising crew did another outstanding job this semester, despite a slow economy. It was nice not to have to worry about that side of the office.

Thanks go to Big John, for his wisdom, patience and his willingness to let us learn from our own mistakes, Marcy Frith and Dianne Beck for keeping all the records and money in order, and typesetter JeanNette B. Wieser for all the late night corrections and friendly words. Appreciation goes to the manic perfectionist misanthrope who lives in the third floor cave.

Randy Hayes gets the "There were things they didn't tell me about this job when I hired on." award for his gallant efforts to meet all photo deadlines and get us great shots to boot.

Two people who remain practically unknown, but who are as important to the operation of the paper as everyone else, are and were our delivery people, James Allman and David Bouch.

The *Argonaut*, for all its good points, is not advantageous to a fun social life or a calm mind. Four people who helped me get through this semester will remain my friends forever: Sarah Kerruish, Kristi Nelson, Shawn McIntosh, and Laura Thompson. Any credit due me must be shared with them. Love and thanks go to you for all your support.

A ton of thanks must go out to two great ladies who helped ease my initiation pains into the journalistic world, and unwittingly helped me on the short (but challenging) road to becoming editor; Kristi and Megan.

And thanks most of all to you, the readers and supporters of the paper. We all hope you have enjoyed and appreciated all 32 issues we have had the pleasure of giving you.

Thanks to all.

— Douglas Jones

Pepsi Generation in 2030

Terri Lynch
Guest Columnist



What an ugly thought — the idea that someday we will be old. Our skin will be wrinkled. Our hair will turn gray; that is, if we still have hair. Our bones will become brittle and feeble. Our metabolism will slow down, making it more difficult every spring to lose those extra pounds left over from holiday overindulgence. We will fall prey to titles like "Old Folks" "Old People" and worst of all, "Senior citizens" (after all, we don't walk around calling ourselves "junior citizens" now do we?). If we are truly unlucky, our minds may erode as quickly as our bodies. No longer will we be able to identify with the Pepsi generation. We will have become, instead, a pooped out generation targeted by marketers of geritol rather than popular soft drinks.

Now I realize most of us reading this article are nowhere near the point of belonging to this sub-class of the human race — senior citizens. Thus, it's hard for us to imagine ourselves in the position of being old; this feeling is magnified because we're seldom confronted with the thought of old age in terms of words or images.

Our ever youth-oriented society smother us

with youth-oriented propaganda, subliminally reinforcing the message that to be young is to be attractive, articulate, spirited, free and un-touchable. Growing older is inconsistent with these admirable qualities we value so highly in this culture.

Provided you make it that far, go ahead and try for a moment to think about being old. I mean really old. It's kind of scary, isn't it? I had a friend who once confided in me her greatest fear. It is not public speaking, or unemployment, or losing a loved person in her life. It is, you guessed it, the fear of "growing old, wrinkled, feeble and ugly."

Hence pops up the inevitable question — why? Why should we be repulsed by the thought of our condition as we come closer to the natural ending of our life cycle?

I don't want to be afraid to grow old. It seems silly to waste time and energy worrying about an irreversible, natural process. If we can eliminate the bias we have in our minds about old age and quit focusing mainly on its negative aspects, maybe we can avoid feeling afraid to be old. We can look forward to our "golden years" with self-respect and a sense of accomplishment. After all, at what point in our lives will we have experienced more, know more and be able to share as much?

I'm talking about an attitude change here. There are good arguments toward this end. We need to start thinking differently about old age in this country so we may graduate into the final

years of our lives proudly, gracefully and with dignity. This attitude change will also enable us to fully reap the benefits inherent in old age. For example, by overlooking and ignoring the issue of old age, we are cheating ourselves out of a valuable resource — older people. The experience and knowledge they have to lend to our lives can be enriching and helpful, if we let it.

Then there is the idea that older people help provide us with a sense of history and background. We seem to be strangely curious and infatuated with our "roots." We search for them, we write about them, we talk about them. What better way to learn of our past than through our direct descendants? These people have lived what we read about in historical literature. In fact, older people are like living, oral history books.

Maybe we can go so far as to establish a national tribute to age. We can dedicate an entire week to the glorification of age and use a slogan that might read "Celebrate Life Week — A Tribute To Age, Wisdom and Accomplishment."

Perceiving old age in a realistic, positive light can evoke all of its strengths as opposed to perceiving it negatively, which tends to accentuate its weaknesses. Attitudes are hard to change, and change that does happen takes place slowly. But, being aware of destructive attitudes is the first step toward positive change. If we start now, we may be able to turn 65 and like it.

Thoughts in Passing

Kirk Nelson

Columnist

And so it all comes to an end. Now it's just a question of, how soon can you pack and hit the asphalt.

For many of you, this is it. From now on college life is relegated to the realm of stories you'll tell at parties when you've had a few too many. All these faces will blur with age until only incidents remain, built higher and larger by the continual mortar applied during the retelling.

Wait a minute, is this what I really want to write about? Sounds kind of lame to me. One must exercise some caution these days. Why? Because creation is a difficult task, and when you wake up in the morning, your words huddle on your doorstep like bastard children demanding a link of heredity.

So, what to write about? I'm tired of hounding the comics, and the geopolitical scene has been talked out. Well, I haven't written anything on religion, and I do hold the floor:

Take all the girls you've ever known and all the wild oats you've sown, and if he knew the priest would tell that you are surely bound for hell.

But if there is no God above who hands out mercy with His love, and if our prayers are useless chatter, well, then I guess it doesn't matter.

If that's the case we'll do no time for all our sins and all our crime. For if we have no soul to sell, they cannot cart us down to hell.

No one to cast us in the fire, no one to tell us of His ire. No reason for us to repent, No Godly grace is heaven sent.

If we're alone, then what to do? We're humans placed here just for you, to discard one, then grab another if that's the case, no man's your brother.

If Christ and all he taught's a crbck, then sue your neighbor, grab the block. To get ahead, just thief and lie and never worry when you'll die.

And if there is no golden rule and everything you do is cool, don't care about the hurt and pain, cause someone's loss will be your gain.

If anything you do is fair and it is not your job to care, then mercy can be put to rest temptation cannot be a test.

If all the things I say are true what kind of world is left for you there's little room atop the heap and little mercy for the sheep.

Cause if the strong destroy the weak, then you will not be free to speak. And if it really isn't fair there won't be any one to care.

Some say that God's a formless wraith they cannot see, they lack the faith not knowing that humanity is all the proof you need to see.

And in this life the real success will not be based on how you dress or where you went to get your tan but how you treat your fellow man.

Where to Now?

Victoria Seever

Columnist



We're nearly to the end.

The constant assault of tests, papers, recitations and projects will soon be off our backs for a while. This is also my last column, and I do want to thank so many of you out there for the comments you've personally given me. I've learned much in the doing and I'm glad we've exchanged views.

All the more reason I get a little melancholy in May is because some of you will be embarking on futures elsewhere and Moscow will miss you. However, anything that touches a person remains with you forever. Some things more than others, of course, but even the friendly howdy of a stranger cultivates a little sunshine in the heart and can lighten the darkness.

I trust we'll all go on from here with a lot more than a passle of statistics under our academic belts. We've become aware of our fellow adventurers through this year of growth. We've swapped a lot of ideas and learned something insightful about opposing sides. We've figured out more about what's beyond the University and how we want to interact with it.

When it comes down to it, May is just another month in a year of seasons which is a cycle connecting time and experience.

So taking that last final is merely a continuation of the broader life we begin anew each moment. The answer to question -33 that we forgot to study or will forget tomorrow is a piece of the pattern shaping our knowledge in general and exceeding any test material itself. The friend we say goodbye to remains a part of the friendliness in our spirit.

In that context, the beginning of summer (and maybe the pleasure of a real job) is cause for more celebration than leaving Moscow's weird weather behind and that last course you hated. And as you face the next dilemma in making your way, it'll be with the confidence of having survived the last one with lot of people backing you in the process.

There are no endings that aren't also beginnings. That's the beauty of the thing. You may not get all that you want; maybe you're a big dreamer. But there's always a lot to be had, and the best of it we find through each other. Every person we meet is an opportunity to be taught something. Every thing we become is the chance to share something of ourselves.

And Moscow, the city with a friendly smile and a lot of energy initiated from Friendship Square, celebrates another year of its graduation every May with the Renaissance Fair. Renaissance is a renewal of spring and spirit. It's a good time for personal reflection. It's a time for us all to enjoy festivities together before we leave for a summer or a lifetime.

Moscow and the University are just another home in our wanderings. Some of us have liked it better than others, but we all have invested part of ourselves here. Wherever we go, we've learned to care more about each other. And through each other, to care more about ourselves — our talents and our emotional capacities. Even in a small town at the northern edge of the country, we find we are truly a window to the world.

Enjoy the view!



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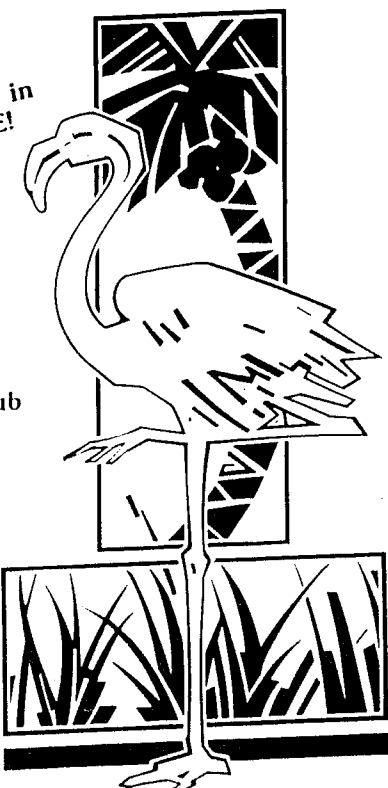
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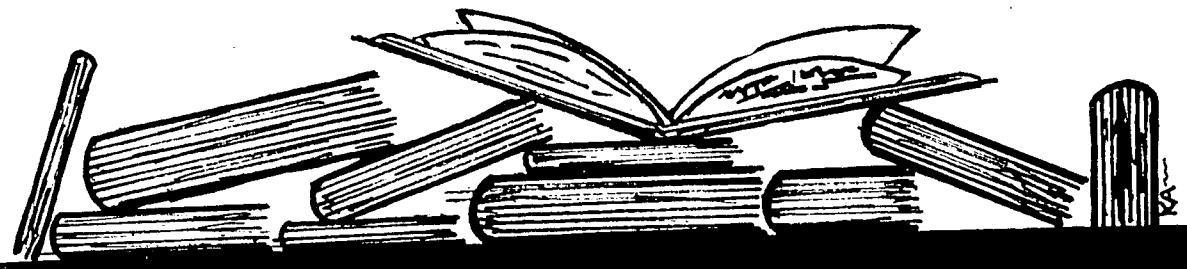
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letters

A second opinion

Editor,

I beg to differ with my good friend Don Coombs who was quoted in Tuesday's paper as seeing the *Argonaut* as a "low mediocre paper," and that Idaho State University, Boise State University, and Washington State University have better student newspapers.

After spending an afternoon in the library going through back issues of those newspapers, I will concede that they appear to be more professional. But that doesn't necessarily make them better. The WSU Evergreen (a daily) fills up a good chunk of its space with Associated Press copy and the other two publish only once a week.

And if I were mediocre (which I may be), I'd rather be "low" mediocre than "high" mediocre.

Having followed the *Argonaut* rather closely for nearly 25 years, I know that at times it has

been up there with the best of them and at other times something less. It varies over time and that is inevitable. But most important, it has remained the voice of the students, free and independent.

Doug Jones and his staff have done a commendable job this semester, given the circumstances under which they have had to work. So take heart, *Argonaut* staffers. As a long, hard and cold semester comes to an end, your work has not been in vain.

Bert Cross
Professor Emeritus of Journalism

Let'em be, Lifton

Editor:

As a regular listener to KUOI, I read with some dismay the comments of Alan Lifton and some student senators who seem to believe the station ought to be operated as if it were a commercial enterprise.

KUOI is a university station and ought to offer an opportunity to experiment and grow, to be

creative, to take chances one can't take on commercial radio. It is the purpose of a university to foster this sort of creative atmosphere. The student DJ's will have to deal with the pressures to conform to popular taste and the demands of economic competition soon enough. Let's not cut off one of the few chances they will ever have to explore their creative impulses.

Yes, DJ's can sound unprofessional and downright silly at times, but that is the price we must pay if we are going to encourage innovation and growth.

Neil Franklin
UI Law Professor

KUOI ignorance

Editor:

B.J. Hargrove and other DJs at KUOI certainly ought to be offended by Professor Lifton's crass observations. His statement that "KUOI sounds like a bunch of college kids playing with radio equipment" immediately demonstrates his enormous ignorance of the wide

range of KUOI programming.

His ignorance is understood (but not excused) when he admits that he "tried to avoid" listening to KUOI. What an incredible audio coward he must be. I admit to never having heard an opera, a Broadway show, or Nepalese folk music. Shall I take the Professor's cue to avoid them as well, then criticize them broadly?

What sadness it is to learn that a listener-ignoramus holds a professor's seat in radio and television in our School of Communication. If his duties do not extend beyond purely technical realms, I suppose he can do little harm. In matters of taste however, Professor Lifton might be potentially less harmful assuming a position in Poultry Science.

Students in the Comm School should look closely at their education and not hesitate to challenge instructor ineptness when they see it.

J. Casey Meredith

Top 40 fairies?!

Editor:

Janel Lunstrum, Biff and Page (Top 40 fairies in Tuesday's *Argonaut*) are suffering from an acute lack of individuality and social expressiveness. Their exclamations towards the "gloriness" of Top 40 (belch!) border on the realm of musical ignorance and ineptness. Who are these Top 40 fairies and where did they develop the notion that Jimi

and Janis were mere potheads? They are rock 'n' roll legends, not just potheads. Obviously Janel is unaware of KUOI's function, which is to provide a fresh alternative to the teenybopper bubblegum of commercial radio. Without KUOI and alternative listening we would inch ever so closer to an egalitarian society, and that may mean hearing shit like "Manic Monday" 13 times a day (auditory torture). Strawberry coolers and Miami Vice are bad enough but to listen to Top 40 on top of that (and I'm sure Biff likes it on top) is enough to make Ozzy Osbourne join the priesthood. Imagine that, Father Ozzy serving batwings at communion while the church choir sings "I Wanna Be a Cowboy." That would be a sad state of affairs.

Top 40 is nothing more than commercial faggotry and to induce it upon every radio station in town would be utter ennui. In the words of Dee Snider of Twisted Sister, "You can't stop rock 'n' roll." And no one can stop KUOI from rockin' and jazzin' and bluesin' and wave'n, etc. Furthermore, Top 40 is for sucks and I'm sorry to say that there are too many sucks in the world today. I guess one could add Janel, Biff and Page to the list. Perhaps those Top 40 fairies could get a guest VJ spot on MTV. If so, I will derive immense pleasure from turning the TV OFF!

Thomas C. Havey
P.S. And the sarcasm continues!

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Arts & Entertainment

Students in search of fame and fortune

By Christine Pakkala
Staff Writer

The first thing you notice, talking to these soon-to-be theater graduates, is their confidence.

These six people seem to know what they want and are determined to get it. The confidence comes, they say, by learning their craft at the University of Idaho and from professors who care.

David Borrer, who played curly in *Oklahoma!* last week says he wants to be "the American Olivier" eventually after he gets his B.S. degree in Theater Arts this spring.

"I want to be a part of the movement toward true American theater, not a cheap American theater," Borrer said. "I want to be the best actor America ever produced, as good and versatile as I can be," he said.

A more pressing problem for Borrer now is choosing which one to take for the immediate future: New York University or the National Theater Conservatory.

"The conservatory was established by Congress in an effort to create a national theater, our version of the Royal Academy," Borrer said.

Borrer is one of sixteen people chosen by the conservatory this year.

"I want to be a part of the movement toward true American theater, not a cheap American theater. I want to be the best actor America ever produced, as good and versatile as I can be." — David Borrer

But then there is NYU, which, according to Borrer, has a "prestigious professional actor training program." Borrer flew to New York yesterday for his final audition.

Borrer wasn't always so enchanted with theater, but theater professor Roy Fluhrer, who Borrer now describes as his "surrogate father," encouraged him to develop his high school talents. He did, and the final push was summer theater, working with professional actors.

"It showed me I was as good as those people and that theater was marketable and worth pursuing," Borrer said.

Borrer first came to UI as a pre-law major but has given up "sitting behind a desk in ten or fifteen years thinking what if?" for, "constantly living on an emotional roller coaster in theater and experiencing everything I can," he said.

Mindy Lyons just had to celebrate with her friends after the phone call from Rutgers University. They called to tell her she was one of 16 who had been accepted to their Mason Gross School for the Performing Arts.

Lyons was among 40 hopefuls selected on the West Coast after the preliminary audition. She was called back after the final audition at Long Beach for interviews and more acting scenes. Then came the call.

"At the end of the three year program at Rutgers, we'll have a showcase in New York City

where we'll be reviewed by directors and producers," Lyons said. "I guess that will decide what I'll eventually be doing," she said.

Laura Lock came to the UI two years ago from Chadron State College in Nebraska and this spring she will receive her B.S. degree in Theater Arts. She says she is "schooled out," for at least five years.

"I am going to be an acting coach at an acting/modeling school in Caspar, Wyoming," Lock said. "Then I'll move to Denver or New York City and do odd jobs and look for theater," she said.

Lock works as a stitcher at the UI costume shop and hopes to find a job doing that if she can't find work as an actress.

"I just want to be working as an actress — soaps, touring, regional," she said. "I just don't want to be a waitress or anything to make ends meet," Lock said.

In almost the same breath she said, "I'm scared to death of the future" and her biggest goal, "I would like a major part in a major motion picture."

After four years at UI, Charles Miller is on his way to "one of the top schools in the nation for directing," he said. He has been selected to study at Southern Methodist University for a B.F.A. degree in directing.

Charles Miller knew that "everything in Chekhov's plays have more to them than the spoken text," he said. That was lucky because the SMU's master director has a penchant for Chekhov and liked Miller's audition. Miller said, Miller directed a scene from Chekhov's "The Seagull" involving ten actors, which he described as being "particularly difficult."

Another girl, who directed the same scene, had more professional experience than Miller and a professional resume. Miller said, but her interpretation wasn't as good.

"She didn't know Chekhov because she didn't have Idaho training," Miller said. "The things I learned up here really prepared me for the audition — Forrest (Sears, UI theater professor) really knows his Chekhov," he said.

"When I direct, I have the chance to tell a story and I really like to tell a story and I'm good at it." — Charles Miller

Miller, who was the peddler Ali Hakim in last week's *Oklahoma!*, prefers to direct rather than act.

"When I direct, I have the chance to tell a story and I really like to tell a story," Miller said, "and I'm good at it."

After Pam Stiehl gets her B.S. degree in theater this spring, she plans to follow her computer scientist husband Bill wherever he gets a job.

"I'll work one year and then go to graduate school," Stiehl said. "It is all part of compromising."

Stiehl, who played Ado Annie in *Oklahoma!* and Muffy in *Feiffer's People*, said she wants to focus on musicals and "sing and dance and have fun."

"I have no huge aspirations for fame and money," Stiehl said. "I just want to work as an actress."



Top row from left to right: Mark Bryan, Charles Miller and Lou Sumrall. Bottom row: Laura Lock, Pam Stiehl, Mindy Lyons and Kimberley Lenz. Photo by Sarah Kerruish.

Mark Bryan, the big bearded fellow who played Jud Fry in *Oklahoma!*, has entirely different long-term plans from the rest. He wants to be the owner and operator of a dinner theater. The next step towards that goal is graduating from the University of Utah, where he has been accepted to study for a M.F.A. degree in theater.

"I've always been dissatisfied with the cafeteria-style dinner theater productions I've seen," Bryan said. Bryan said he wants to create a "more cohesive dining experience: one flows into the other," he said.

Bryan said he has been involved with every main stage production for the past three years except *The Diviners* and he has stage managed Collette productions this year.

"There aren't many people in the arts who are well-grounded in business and I have been accepted to a program which will help me be that," Bryan said.

Lou Sumrall and Kim Lenz will also graduate this spring and plan to stay in Moscow. Lenz will direct some UI productions and Sumrall will act in local productions.

Exciting summer season promised

By Roger Jones
Staff writer

The wheels of this year's Idaho Repertory Theatre or UI Summer Theatre are already turning. Acting auditions were held April 3rd, selecting nine major actors. And many of the technical crew directors have been selected.

Embracing this year's motto, "We Play Favorites," the Summer theatre directors have chosen four successful and popular plays to be produced. This summer the plays, *The Fantasticks*, *Dracula*, *Arms and the Man* and a mystery play (unannounced) will be performed on the Hartung stage.

Roy Fluhrer will be the producing director for this summer's festivities. Dave Foster will be the summer Technical Director while Jimmy Humphries will do a majority of the set design.

The theme of "We play

Favorites" also applies to the UI actors that were chosen to perform this summer. Five well-known UI actors, David Borrer, Tommy Watson, Pam Stiehl, Mark Bryan and Kim Lenz, will add to the prestige of this summer's shows.

The actors and directors will begin work on June 2nd with the Technical crew beginning a week earlier.

This theatre season will kick off with *The Fantasticks*, the longest running musical ever, opening on July 8th with productions also scheduled for July 8, 9, 10, 22, 25, 31 and August 1. *Dracula*, by Hamilton Deane and John L. Balderston, will run July 11, 12, 23, 26, 30 and August 2.

Arms and the Man by George Bernard Shaw will run July 15, 16, 17, 24 and 29. And a "mystery play," will run July 18, 19, 21, 27 and 28.

A guide to having fun during finals

By Matt Helmick
Staff writer

Finals week is coming! I hope it is not as shocking a revelation to you as it was for me. Yes, finals week always hits me as something of a surprise. One minute I am comfortably sipping from a fishbowl and then WHAM!, it is the end of the semester and I have accumulated a great many text pages to read.

It is all the more shocking when I then realize that my leisure time is over. Uh huh, no more movies or bars for Matthew. No more fun, no more entertainment. Just studying. And if you are at all conscientious about your G.P.A., you should do the same.

OK, OK, well maybe there is some time for a little fun. The thing is, I always feel guilty about going out to do anything during finals week, and yet, there are those times that you just have to do something

besides assimilate information. What is one to do? Why, have a "study break," of course.

That's right, a study break. For those not familiar with study breaks, they are simply short periods of time between studying in which you do something entertaining. (other than studying, dork!)

Before attempting a study break, there are a few general rules that must be followed.

The first one is that the time spent during a study break must not be over an hour. On the average a study break should last about half an hour. Study breaks should be relatively short so that you are able to rest, but not so long that you forget what you were doing.

Another rule is that a study break should take place in your immediate studying vicinity. In other words, don't leave! If you take off downtown for a half hour you will end up in a bar for at least two hours. You have no

willpower. Admit that to yourself.

One other rule is that you should spend your breaks alone. Yes, I'm sorry but your friends are just a bunch of rowdy, beer-drinking slob who don't have anything else to do but impose on your study time. You start talking to them and before you know it you'll be back on the streets.

Now that you are aware of the general rules about study breaks, you are probably wondering what you could possibly do alone in your room and still be entertained. That is where ingenuity and *Little House on the Prairie* comes in.

Yeah, *Little House on the Prairie*.

Surely you guys remember that the Ingalls family never had any bars or modern entertainment around. During the winter these poor people had to entertain themselves in that hovel.

Remember when Pa Ingalls would play his fiddle to entertain his family, or when they would just tell stories to each other, laughing until the next disaster struck?

Well folks, what the Ingalls did was make the best of the situation. They actually invented things to do in their confined environment, which is what you should do during a study break.

But hey, being the nice guy I am, I invented some study break activities for you guys to use during your study breaks. They are as follows:

- Garbage Can Basketball. This is one of my favorite study break games. All you need to play is a wastebasket and a few wadded pieces of paper. All you do is attempt to throw the wadded paper into the wastebasket. Shoot and shoot again until you make it. If you make it, wad up another piece of paper.

- Watch television. But turn off the volume and create your own dialogue. This is always a lot fun, especially if you do it during *Little House on the Prairie*.

- Draw the funny faces that you made in the mirror. It's fun and it's also an exercise in art.

- Play with sock puppets. Take a pair of socks (preferably clean) and place them over your hands. Make a mouth by making the socks fold in between the fingers and thumb. This makes a mouth that you can manipulate by closing your thumb against your fingers. Thus you have a sock puppet.

Pretend like it's a snake and make it bite things, or take two and have them act out your favorite lines from *Little House on the Prairie*.

Well, these are just a few ideas. Feel free to use any of these or create some activities of your own. They're fun and...OK, all right, maybe they're not very fun. But hey, it's finals week anyway and you're not supposed to be enjoying yourself.

Just be thankful that you don't live on a prairie in some disgusting little hovel without electricity.


Briefs

- *Summer Lovers* is showing tonight in the SUB Borah Theater at 7, 9, and 11 p.m. Every year young people from all over the world come to the romantic Greek Islands. Michael and Cathy come from America for one uncomplicated summer before facing the future. Linda comes from France to enjoy the freedom of being alone. Together they find an unexpected experience far beyond their fantasies.

- 2XY are featuring at the Scoreboard Lounge this afternoon 4 - 6:30 p.m.

- Through May 18 "Adornments, Artist and Architect made Jewelry and Clothing" will be showing at the Prichard Gallery. Through June there will be an exhibition "The Outdoor Life in Latah County," featuring photographs, camping/sports gear, antique guns and rods at the McConnell Mansion.

- You are cordially invited to attend the yachting world's most prestigious competition in Perth, Australia. Several students at the UI are making plans to go and they will meet you, if you desire, at WAIT Tavern in Perth on Feb. 2. Ask for Nick, Laura, Buddy or Sarah.



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What to expect at Expo '86

By Christine Pakkala
Staff writer

School is out and your summer job doesn't start for two weeks.

To fill up those two weeks, drive 140 miles north of Seattle to Vancouver, British Columbia and see Expo '86.

Expo '86 is the perfect way to reward yourself after grueling finals: you'll find a multitude of activities with which to comfort yourself.

Forty-nine countries, the most ever in a world exposition,

will host a pavilion and help prepare 23,000 cultural events.

Expo has two sites: 80 pavilions along the shores of False Creek on the southern fringe of downtown and another site one and a half miles from the main sight and linked to it by train. Here you'll find Canada Place, three blocks filled with a new hotel, an outdoor fiberglass amphitheater a cabaret and a restaurant.

At the main site, you'll find some very impressive permanent sites. The Expo Center — a 131 foot high mirrored dome containing a screen covering more than half the dome. Inside, a 25-minute film, "Freedom to Move" is shown on the screen and you can view a display of futuristic vehicles and see a lighted model of Vancouver and the Expo site.

The British Columbia Pavilion holds provincial fair displays and the Plaza of Nations, where all participating nation's flags will be flown and each country will have a special celebration (The United States' is on July 4). The pavilion also holds a folklife plaza, a children's play area, theaters, cabarets and restaurants.

There is also a touch of the past and present: the Ramses II exhibit, on tour for the first time outside Cairo and displaying 67 objects from the 1290-1223 B.C. reign of Egyptian Pharaoh Ramses II. The future is seen in the West German Mercedes-Benz for the armless, operated by mouth, voice and foot and the model of a ship-lifting elevator that could make locks obsolete.

The theme of Expo '86 is

"World in Motion — World in Touch".

Rides that reflect that theme are the "People Mover" from France, designed to move crowds in areas where cars are banned, HSST — a magnetically levitated Japanese train and two gondolas over the main site.

Expo '86 also has five amusement rides, including the "Scream Machine".

If you are interested in more than a day jaunt, you may have difficulty finding a place to stay. Hotels in the greater Vancouver area are already 80 percent booked for the duration of the fair.

However, ResWest, an accommodations reservation system for British Columbia and Expo, is placing tourist in private Vancouver homes or hotels more than an hour from Vancouver. Their number is (604) 662-3300.

Interested in a little night life? Vancouver has plenty to offer, according to Norman Adams "Vancouver Top Ten." A few nightclubs are The Club Soda, 1055 Homer Street; Outlaws, 1136 West Georgia Street (features rock music); Savoy, 6 Powell Street (rhythm and blues mixed with rock) and Frams, 1415 Southwest Marine Drive, near the airport (Top 40).

Some places to hear jazz are Hot Jazz Society, 2120 Main Street and Basin Street, which is open from 2-5:30 a.m., 163 East Hastings Street.

George IV said, "I think Vancouver is the place to live." At any rate, it is more than ever the place to visit this summer during Expo '86 after you've sold your books. Have fun!

Mercy Beanz to expand

By Sara Donart
Staff writer

Moscow's Mercy Beanz will soon be transformed into Mama's Pasta and Coffeehouse, "a place to emphatically exchange ideas in the throes of impassioned sobriety."

That is how new owner Roy Easton described his vision of the soon to be revamped cafe located in the back corner of the Purple Mall. Easton plans to build a stage in the space formerly occupied by Tobacco Rose, giving musicians, poets and actors a place to perform and pass the hat.

The cafe will keep its beer and wine license, but Easton says he sees the new Mama's more as "a gathering place" than a tavern. The food menu will include cold sandwiches, hot soups and pastries and Easton hopes to have a take-out service by July. Easton, who spent several years as a chef in Texas, claims to make "a mean bowl of Texas chili" and plans to sell his chili either on the spot or frozen.


Easton, a self-described child of the 60s, plans to have the stage area completed by May 15. When Mercy Beanz finally becomes Mama's Pasta and Coffeehouse, the name was chosen "in honor of my mama who taught me how to boil water." Easton said in a recent interview. Since that time, he has done a good deal of cooking on his own, most recently as a chef/baker at The Seasons in Pullman. Easton intends to do most of the cooking and baking at Mama's, and his remodeling plans call for a new deli case and a more efficient service area.

Easton is not just a cook, however. He's also a poet and a semi-retired hippie who was first attracted to Moscow because of the "thriving artistic community" here. He hopes the coffeehouse will attract some of the many performing artists in the area and said he wants to offer light drama, poetry reading and readers theater as well as acoustic music at the new cabaret.

The stage area will seat about 30 people and will be somewhat apart from the rest of the cafe. Easton said he hoped the arrangement would allow patrons to either talk in the cafe or listen to the entertainment without interrupting each other.

Easton plans a grand opening when all the remodeling is completed in August.

The grass is greener



Sarah Kernish
Entertainment Editor

Daahlings, alas tis time for me to bid ye farewell. Let me be sappy for just one moment... here it is... "thanks for the memories for the laughter and the tears"... moment over... and now back to my wry and witty self. I came to Moscow expecting saloons, cowboys and very little culture and instead I found a cultural oasis and the Garden.

I am amazed by the number of students who think Moscow is boring. It certainly isn't New York but I, for one, have had a very exciting year... and I have been to New York, LA, Paris, Moscow (USSR), London and Rupert (Idaho). This isn't a brag, I'm just trying to get the point across that I think I have a fairly good idea of what excitement is. This is especially true after seeing Eric Yarber in action.

I began to think recently about the "grass is greener" phenomenon. Nearly all my friends in England want to emigrate to balmy climes and most of my friends here have joined the Peace Corps or are planning to "do" Europe. A minority are planning on doing Libya. Travelling is undoubtedly one the most enjoyable and satisfying forms of education but until we can head off into the sunset we should open our eyes to the world around us.

This is beginning to sound like a sermon, but living under the shadow of the bomb etc., we could all be on a much longer journey any day regretting that we didn't "eat, drink and be merry" while we had the chance.

Part of my reason for writing this is guilt. As a student in England I joined the chorus of the dissatisfied and moaned about the weather, school and the lack of interesting things to do. From across the Atlantic I can see that I missed out on a great deal while dreaming about foreign lands. And I don't think I'm looking from my new perspective with English rose tinted glasses.

I don't intend to go back to England. There is a whole world I haven't seen yet and my next stop is Madison, Wisconsin. But in my year here I have learned that the Palouse and the rolling hills of England are both rich green pastures.

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Women look for championship

The competitive season has drawn to a close for the men's tennis team, but the women still have one big tournament to play.

The Idaho men returned home last week from Reno, Nev., having finished the tournament in seventh place.

The women are in Boise this weekend for the Mountain West Athletic Conference Championships, and they are expected to have tough competition from Weber State University and Idaho State University.

The men will have their top three players returning next year, so the team is expected to be strong and to compete for top honors in the Big Sky Conference.

The women's team is more questionable, because it is losing three of its top five players.

Coach Patrick Swafford will be looking to fill two positions on the men's team, as well as two positions on the women's team.



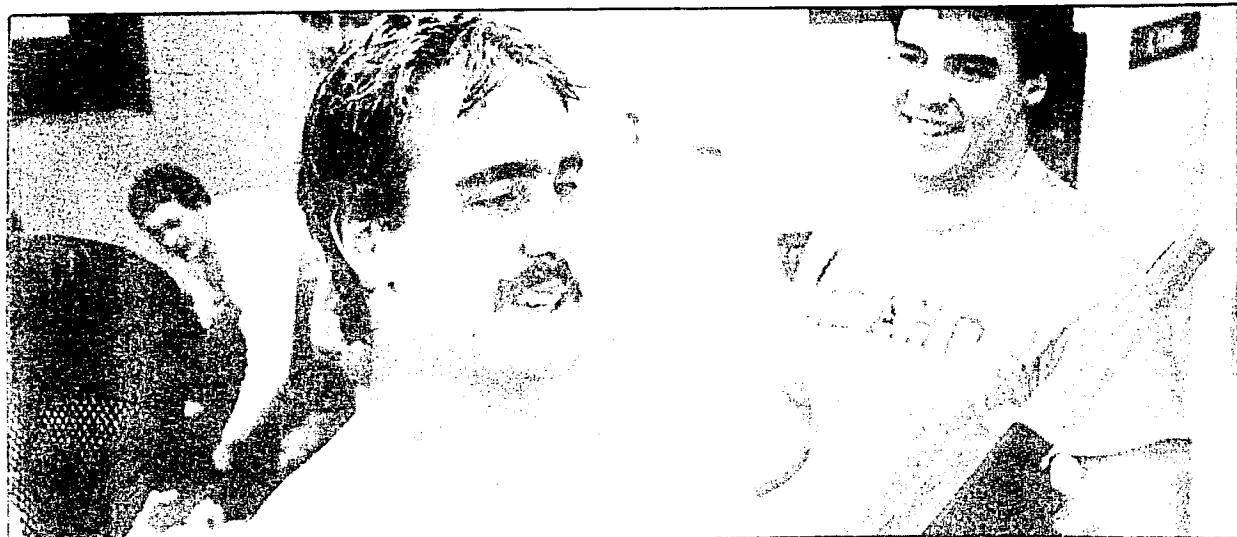
UI tennis player Holly Benson. Photo Bureau/Randy Hayes.

UI golfers host BSC tournament

The UI golf team will conclude its season this weekend, hosting the Big Sky Conference tournament at Lewiston Country Club. The Idaho players have had a fairly successful season, finishing in third place in the recent Idaho Invitational.

Freshman Steve Johnson of Trail, B.C., has been playing well, finishing the Idaho Invitational in third place overall. Darin Ball, Bo Davies, and Dave Cran are all from Lewiston, and their familiarity with the course is expected to help them in the Big Sky tournament.

Coach Kim Kirkland said that Weber State and Nevada-Reno will be the teams to beat, Weber having won the Big Sky thirteen of the last fourteen years.



How sweet it is! Tom Hennessey revels in the big Big Sky championship. Photo Courtesy/Randy Hayes.

A season of joy and tears

It was a season of joy and tears for the Idaho football team as it won the Big Sky and lost a head coach as well as two last-second football games.

On the way to a 9-3 record, Dennis Erickson, in his fourth season as head coach, set the all-time record for wins as a Vandal coach. His record of 22-15 tops all coaches but Erickson did not add to that total. He moved on to the Wyoming Cowboys' eight after the season ended.

And what a way to end as Eastern Washington drove 87 yards in the last minute to defeat the Vandals in their first playoff game.

It was *deja vu* for the team that

had earlier lost to Idaho State on a last minute bomb.

The season was not just tears, though. After an opening season loss to Oregon State the team won five straight before the disappointing loss to ISU.

A season ending win over Boise State gave the UI the conference championship and also extended Erickson's mastery over BSU to four straight games without a loss.

Even though the loss crushed the season for the Vandals the time was the most wins ever for the football team and the hiring of Keith Gilbertson as new head coach promised the continuation of Idaho football success.

We got more than we asked for



All-American Mary Raese had an exceptional season by leading her team to the NIT championships. Photo Bureau/Henry Moore

High expectations were rewarded in an unexpected fashion for the UI lady basketball team this past season.

The women were favorites to repeat as champions of the Mountain West Athletic Conference to but two losses to eventual champ University of Montana dropped them to second place.

Returning four starters from the team that had only lost one regular season game the previous year, including top scorer Mary Raese, top rebounder, Mary Westerwelle and guards Robin Behrens and Netra McGrew, the Vandals looked unstoppable.

The losses also ended any chance for NCAA post-season play. But a last minute reprieve came as the eight team National Invitational Tournament extended to invite to the 23-4 women.

Then the ladies swept three games to capture the NIT championship and redeem themselves. Meanwhile UM was crushed by USC in the second round of the NCAA playoffs.

But the NIT gave the women one more chance. The team beat Fresno State in the first round and then upset number one seed Notre Dame in the semi-finals.

Idaho Sports '85 — '86

Youngsters take fourth in MWAC

The Vandal volleyball team produced a 19-17 mark last fall despite the fact that over half of the squad consisted of freshmen.

The young squad, led by four veteran seniors, placed fourth in the Mountain West Athletic Conference playoffs after falling to eventual Division II National champion Portland State in the first round and losing to Idaho State in the second.

Senior Robin Jordan was named to the Mountain West Athletic Conference first team, followed by fellow senior Kelley Neely, named to the second. Jordan, known as a strong offensive middle hitter, led the Vandals in kills per game (3.6), season kills (490), hitting percentage (.270), and blocking.

Neely led the conference in assists per game (10.1), led team in service aces with 58 and is currently the leader in career assists. Another senior, Laura Burns, led the conference in digs per game (3.37).



Freshman Keesha Christensen. Photo Bureau/Randy Hayes.

UI countdown to Big Sky showdown

With only two weeks to go till the Big Sky/Mountain West conference track championships, both the men's and women's track teams are beginning their final preparations for the competition.

This weekend the men travel to WSU to compete in a three way meet with WSU and Washington. The men will then compete in Modesto Calif., the week after with the championships.

The women will travel to Cheney for a rare Friday afternoon meet at the EWU. The women will then have a week off with the championships following a week later.

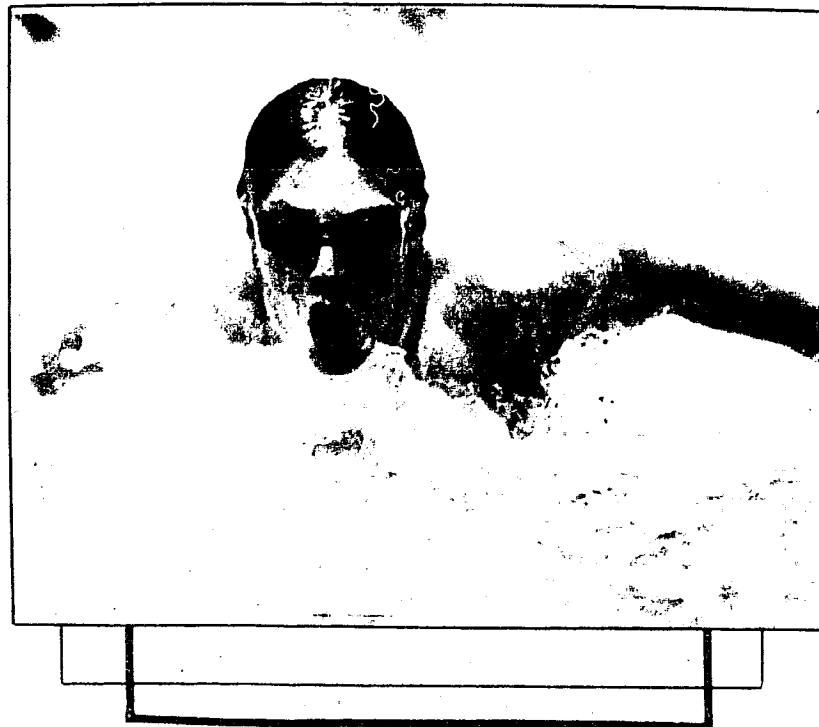
For coach Mike Keller it has been another year of sprinters stealing the

show. The foursome of Patrick Williams, Dayo Onanubosi, Chris Stokes and Everton Wanliss have captured the brunt of the spotlight.

This quartet is still looking to crack the N.C.A.A. 400-meter relay qualifying time. This weekend's match against WSU is going to be once again a golden opportunity, if the weather cooperates.

The women have been hurt all year by injuries and don't appear to be a factor in the team scores of the Mountain West, but Coach Scott Lorek is still looking for some outstanding individual performances.

The meet will held May 21-24 at the UI outdoor track.



So long swim team

The 1986 Vandal swim team had its share of high and low points during the season.

A high point for the swimmers was the competitiveness of numerous squad members. Junior Rich Root lead the swimmers all year and capped off his season with a school record 1:55.35 victory in the 200 meter backstroke at the Pac West championships.

Other team members who enjoyed good seasons were Andy Iyall, Robert Koga, David Zimmerman and Mark Bechtel.

On the negative side, the swimmers completed their final season this year as the program has been dropped. The cancellation is due to budget cuts that are being felt through-out the whole campus.

For coach Frank Burlison it was a good way of going out as the team enjoyed one of their best conference meets in recent memory. It's sad it had to be their last.

Athletic Trainers: The unsung heroes

By Kathy McCannlies
Sports Editor

If you don't look close enough you'll miss them — they're the ones who pace along the courts or sidelines. They hand out water and towels, and are ready at a moment's notice if something goes wrong.

They are surrounded by many people, yet don't have much time for a social life during their team's season. The hours are long and sometimes tiring, hard on the back.

The pay for most is nil to none at a university, and the gratitude for their service is rare.

Who is this unsung hero? The athletic trainer.

Trainers are an imperative part of any UI varsity athletic team, yet they are not the ones who receive the awards or applause for a job well done.

But they keep the team together by dispensing preventive measures to keep the athlete healthy and by guiding the athlete to health if injured.

There are two paid athletic trainers in the UI athletic department and eight to ten student trainers who work for the hours and experience.

Dick Melhart is the head trainer. He has been taping ankles and knees at the UI for the past four years, but has been in his profession for more than 20.

He is a WSU graduate, and has served as a trainer from high school through professional levels. He has served at many colleges. He was a medic in Vietnam and a trainer on the U.S. medical staff at the 1976 Winter Olympics in Innsbruck. Now he makes his home in Moscow.

Melhart spends many hours in the training room. His work day is a nine to five, but he also has to work at every game during the football and basketball seasons. At football games nearly every player, around 90 of them, has some sort of tape on him, and Melhart is part of that.

At away football games, the tap-

ing regimen begins at the hotel and finishes at the stadium. During the game he is constantly scanning the field for signs of injured players.

After the game, Melhart assists the athletes with ice and heat, dispensing aspirin for aches and pains. Finally, around midnight, he can relax.

Throughout his years in the field of athletic training, Melhart had no problem naming the most rewarding aspect of his job. "When an athlete finishes his or her competitive endeavors, he may have suffered some injuries," he said. "But if they leave healthy to a point to carry on and to live a normal life, that's the most satisfying thing for me."

The typical day in the training room has its lulls and hectic times. The athletes meander into the coed room and prepare themselves for that day's practice. Two freshmen football players tape each other's wrists in preparation for a workout in the weightroom. Is the tape for added wrist support? "Naw," said one. "It looks neat."

The whirlpool, used to loosen up tight muscles, is usually crowded with athletes from various sports. There is social and competitive talk. The basic "How'd you do?" can be heard above the buzz of the whirling water and the rock 'n' roll on the radio.

The smell of creamergesic is strong, as is spray for pre-wrapping. When the barrage of athletes enter the room wanting their wrists, ankles and knees wrapped, the trainer is in great demand.

The jocks line up on training tables in a row like dogs waiting to be judged in a show. After the appendices are safely wrapped for practice (and a roll or two of tape is used), the trainers usually get a polite thank you and the training room is once again peaceful.

Joan Brockhaus, the No. 2 person in the training camp, has been a trainer for three years.

She mainly spoke well of her career, saying the only negative aspect is the hesitance of some athletes to report their injuries.

"The best guys come in with the first sign of injury," she said, "but the worst don't come in until their injury is a big problem and it takes a long time to get over it."

Darin Spalinger, a secondary math major with a minor in athletic training, said he became a trainer so he could stay with the athletic teams in high school. He was in athletics for a year, but decided he would never be a great athlete. "So I became a manager. I've been taping a lot of ankles since then."

As he spoke a member of the football team came in with a sore knee. "I need to get it checked out," he said.

Darin moved the injured athlete's knee around to find sore spots. After some consultation with head trainer Melhart, Darin came back with the verdict: a bruised knee. "We'll treat him with heat, the whirlpool and ice," said the trainer, proud to have helped an athlete with a problem.

Kathy Murphy, a zoology student with a minor in athletic training, said many people think trainers have a glamorous job, especially because they can work closely with some star athletes. "But it's real neat when all of your friends are at happy hour and you're here cleaning out whirlpools."



A student athletic trainer applies tape to one of the many athletes that visit the training room. Photo Bureau/Henry Moore.

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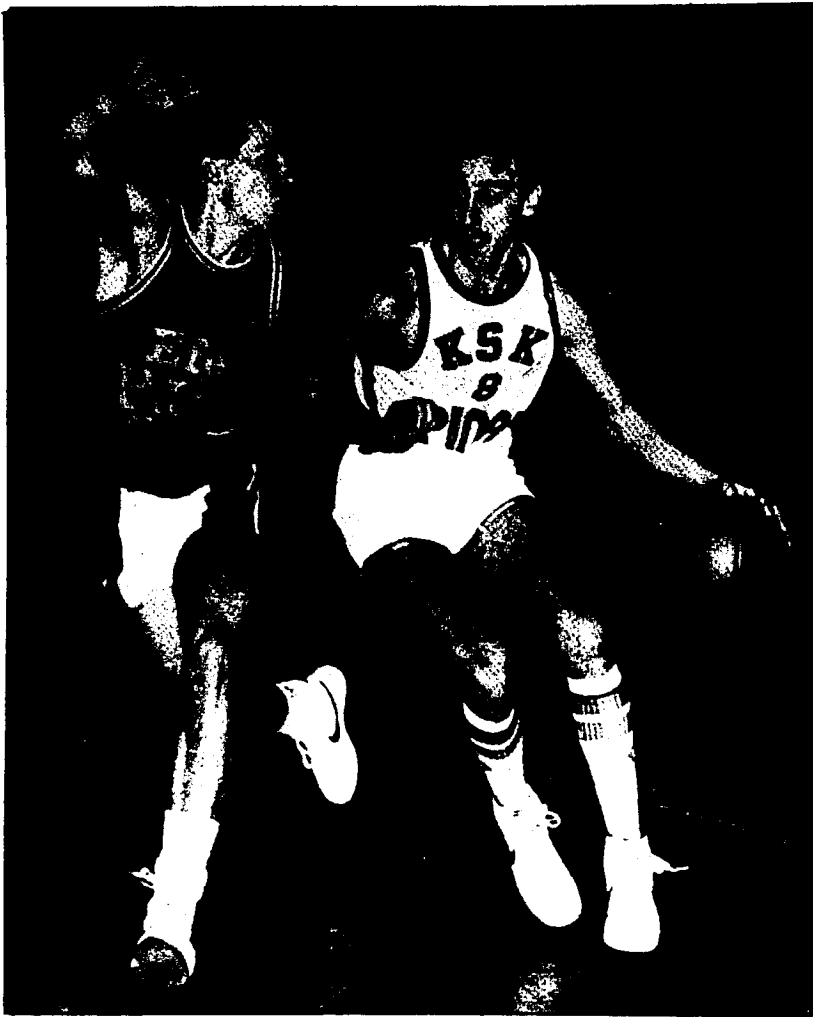
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Two UI alums help lead Turkish basketball revival



Former UI standout Brian Kellerman plays guard for an Istanbul team, Efes Pilsen. Photo courtesy Compass News Features.

By Buddy Levy
Staff Writer

If you happen to be in Istanbul this summer, and like basketball, you could have a chance to see a couple of UI alumni in action.

That's right, both Brian Kellerman (1983) and Ron Maben (1982) are playing professional basketball in Turkey. Reportedly, they are two of 20 Americans earning between \$40,000 and \$100,000 a season.

The American players are lured over by large salaries and fringe benefits such as free housing, automobiles and education for their children, and often living expenses paid by the clubs.

Some players like the lifestyle over there so much that they become Turkish citizens and stay.

Kellerman, a former star at the UI, was drafted by the Houston Rockets in 1983, but didn't see any playing time with that franchise. He was participating in an amateur tournament in Colorado Springs, Colo., last year, when his team played the Turkish national side.

After the match, the Turkish coach approached him with an offer to play professionally in

Turkey, and he accepted. He now plays guard for the Efes Pilsen club of Istanbul.

Ron Maben is playing for Besiktas, one of the 12 teams in the Turkish first division basketball league.

Some of his exploits are overshadowed by the attention paid to his teammate, Mike "The Bulldozer" Robinson, who plays center. Robinson is from Chicago, and is one of the league's leading scorers and rebounders.

Like many American stars in Turkey, neither Robinson or Maben ever played professional basketball in the United States. But since coming to Turkey, both have become popular among the fans.

The American infiltration has aroused interest in basketball in Turkey. Attendances have increased dramatically over the past decade, primarily as a result of the new Americans. Weaker teams are now able to compete with the others by including a few on their rosters.

Also, the Turks are learning a great deal about the American style of play, and the game is becoming very exciting and competitive.

Turkish clubs first began

signing Americans in the early 1970s, but next season they will be permitted only one foreign player each.

Several clubs have gotten around this restriction by persuading their U.S. stars to take citizenship. Two years ago, one club used this strategy to have three Americans on its roster and thus win the championship.

The level of play in Turkey is improving, but the Americans still find Turkish and European basketball underdeveloped. The athletes are reportedly taller, stronger, quicker and more talented in the United States, and according to Robinson, "we are 30 years ahead of Turkey and the rest of Europe."

The playing facilities in Turkey are reportedly not up to American standards, and this is due partly to the fact that the clubs are spending money on American salaries rather than on new facilities.

Istanbul has one Olympic-size basketball court, and most of the city's professional and amateur teams practice there.

There are those basketball experts who criticize Turkish teams for paying huge sums to foreigners instead of developing local talent.

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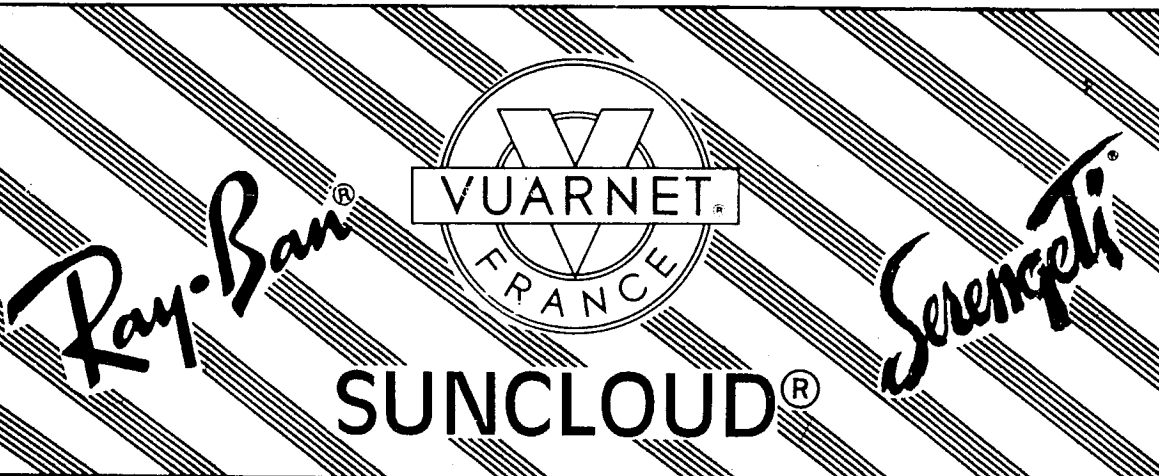
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Prediction says Idaho will be left out of education increase

The education reform movement is in trouble as the nation's schools face an array of financial problems, according to a recent report issued by the National Education Association.

"While some states are doing fairly well financially, the majority are not," said NEA President Mary Hatwood Futrell, who released NEA's *Estimates of School Statistics: 1985-86*.

"What makes these school financial problems different than those in previous years," Futrell said, "are federal budget cuts and collapsing energy and farm prices, and a tax revolt at the national level."

"Many of the Plains States, Western, and Southwestern States are experiencing severe fiscal difficulties while most of the Farm States are in an economic recession," she added. "And energy-producing states are facing hard times as oil prices decline, causing some unemployment."

Futrell noted that, according to current estimates, 32 states, including Idaho, will fall to match this year's 7.1 percent national average in increases in total revenues.

More of the same is in store for the 1986-87 school year, Futrell said. "The current report shows that 31 states are expected to match the 7.1 percent increase in total revenues."

"This percentage is a significant drop from the 10.5 percent increase in total revenues reported in 1984-85."

percent growth in total state revenues.

"We estimate, as do other experts, that comprehensive reform requires a 20 to 25 percent increase in current expenditures," said Futrell. "There's a big job to do out there, and we've hardly scratched the surface."

Increases in public school revenues, Futrell said, have only barely kept up with inflation over the past 10 years. Between 1975-76 and 1985-86, school revenues, after adjusting for inflation, rose only 8.5 percent.

The state share of the school revenue dollar, Futrell pointed out, has risen to an all-time high of 50.1 percent. The local share, now 43.5 percent, continues to decline.

Futrell predicted that states will feel further fiscal pressure as federal dollars become scarce at the state and local levels. NEA's *Estimates* report notes that the federal government is now only footing 6.4 percent of total school expenditures, the lowest percentage in 20 years and a 32 percent drop from the level of federal support the year before the Reagan Administration took office.

"This percentage is a significant drop from the 10.5 percent increase in total revenues reported in 1984-85."

enrollment has bottomed out. Total enrollment is now estimated at about 40,000,000 million for 1985-86, an overall increase of about 109,000 over 1984-85.

As enrollment increases, more teachers will be needed.

"Rising enrollment, coupled with retirements and resignations exacerbated by an increasingly frustrated teaching force, has led education officials to predict that more than one million new teachers will be required by the early 1990's," Futrell said.

Teacher salaries, meanwhile, remain too low to attract large numbers of talented young people into the teaching profession. On the average, annual salaries rose to \$25,257 this year, a 7.3 percent increase over 1984-85. But a total of 31 states have average salaries below \$25,000.

"Much of the reform movement has been aimed at significantly raising the level of teacher compensation, but most states have made only minimal gains," said Futrell.

Two states are still below \$19,000 in average annual salaries, 10 are between \$19,000 and \$21,000, 13 between \$21,000 and \$23,000, and six between \$23,000 and \$25,000. Twenty states are above \$25,000.

UI among 12 states vying for \$3 million research grant

By Judy McDonald
Staff writer

The UI should know by mid-summer whether the state of Idaho will receive a \$3 million research grant from the National Science Foundation, according to Arthur R. Gittins, associate vice president for research and dean of the graduate school.

Step two in the selection process, peer review of individual proposals, should get underway shortly, he said. The first phase was completed April 24, when a four-member NSF panel headed by University of Notre Dame Provost Timothy O'Meara visited the UI.

After the review, a national team will evaluate the entire proposal, including the site evaluation.

The grant is funded by the Experimental Program to Stimulate Competitive Research (EPSCoR), founded by the NSF in 1978 and now in its second cycle of competition.

Idaho is one of 12 states vying for \$24 million in research money, of which up to eight could receive funding.

In the past, NSF grants have been clustered in areas such as the east and California, Gittins said. EPSCoR is designed to provide a more even distribution of funds to areas that haven't received many grants, and to help them become more competitive for research money.

Each state submits proposals written by scientists and engineers, as well as a plan concerning how research and engineering will be improved throughout the state.

The application process began last summer when Idaho received a \$75,000 NSF/EPSCoR award to fund preparation of the research proposal. The planning grant was matched by \$25,000 from the state.

The seven projects eventually selected included six from the UI and one from ISU, covering chemistry, geology, mechanical engineering, physics, biological sciences and geography. Jean'ne Shreve, head of the chemistry department, will be the project director for the five-year program.

The proposals were due in Washington, D.C., by March 1.

Before awarding funds the NSF also requires the state to demonstrate a commitment to research. Therefore, the Idaho State Legislature allocated \$300,000 in the 1986 budget as its share of the project, insuring consideration of Idaho for an EPSCoR grant.

Idaho has been at the bottom of the list in terms of money coming in for research, ranking 49th, just above Alabama. If the state succeeds in securing an EPSCoR grant, it could reverse this trend.

"The key will be to use this initial \$3 million to upgrade our research capabilities so we are more competitive for all NSF money," Gittins said.

It is difficult to get grants without a track record, which can't occur until Idaho receives some grants. EPSCoR is designed to bridge this gap and to build a reputation for future research dollars.

In July the state will receive one of three messages — that a total grant has been awarded, or part of it, or that efforts were unsuccessful. Everyone is hoping for the first event.

Centennial, from page 15

"They are planning a modification of the diplomas so that they reflect the centennial, a centennial medallion for every student and they plan on inviting back 100 of the famous UI alums and having them march in the Centennial commencement," Flehrer said. "The Class of '59 will also march, and there will be distinctive Centennial robes."

The Athletic Subcommittee, chaired by athletic director Bill Belknap, is planning an Athletic Hall of Fame for the Kibbie Dome.

The Fundraising Subcommittee, chaired by Arnold Schaid, director of the UI Foundation, is for the time being responsible for determining the size of fundraising efforts which will take place during the Centennial.

The Centennial celebration will be enhanced by similar celebrations which will occur nearby, Fluhrer said. "One of the interesting things we face is that you have the Moscow centennial in 1987, ours in 1989, the Washington centennial in 1989, WSU's in 1990 and at least four states nearby are having their state centennials between now and 1990."

"We want to do the best we can to make sure that we find the best way, especially with our sister university celebrating at the same time, of working together to have a major impact on the Palouse," he said. "I'm already working with Dan Peterson, WSU's centennial coordinator, on exploring ways that we might work together on projects that might bring credit to both institutions and recognition to the area."



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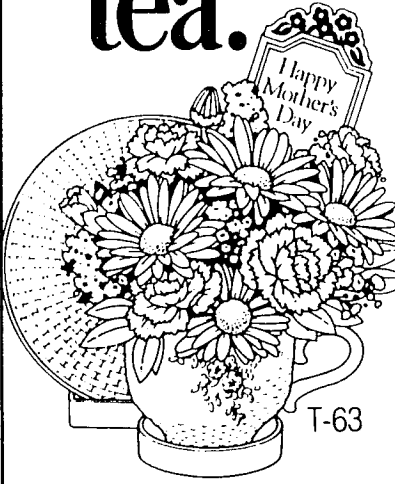
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Travel

Packing: the art of travelling in comfort

By Sara Donart
Staff Writer

Your plans are made, the destination decided. Your ticket is in hand with perhaps a passport beside it. Packing your bag is the only item left on the list.

Now, what to bring?

That decision depends entirely upon you, your mode of transport, style of travel, length of stay and destination. So, I'm sorry, but I am not here to help you pack. I am here to help you unpack, to unload now so you won't have to unload later.

First, eliminate across the board half of what you've planned to bring. You will usually find that what you don't have, you can do without, and that everything you truly need can be had on down the road.

Next, never take anything that has sentimental value unless it is extremely lightweight and small enough to fit into your pocket. Things can

get lost or stolen, but more often than that, things just get shed as their excess weight and impracticality becomes increasingly apparent.

Don't take your grandmother's handknitted sweater with you on an overland trek through the Panamanian jungle, unless you care to constantly curse its weight or forever squirm with guilt for having traded it, in a weak moment, for an old straw hat or the last cold beer in the bar.

In fact the best approach in my book is to leave home with next to nothing and acquire as you go along. That way you are assured of having exactly what you need and no more.

Like a ninny, I carried or wore a pair of the heaviest hiking boots ever invented (or so it seemed) for over a year while traveling in South America and never did have the good sense to get rid of them. Don't ask me why. They were totally imprac-

tical, heavy (have I already mentioned that?) and, in the eyes of the locals, downright silly.

By the time I was in Asia some years later I had the smarts to immediately unload most of my Western clothes and pick up on the local garb. It was much more practical, suited the climate, offended no social taboos and, after a few days of feeling slightly self-conscious, allowed me to immerse myself a bit more in my surroundings.

And this brings us to the most important item to leave at home: your preconception of what you will find.

Obviously, if you hire a porter at every hotel and train station, the weight of your bag is not a consideration. If you're just going as far as Canada, adopting local fashions won't take much doing. But however you travel and wherever you go, even within America's borders, keep in mind that the idea is to learn about new people and places,

not to prove some preformed opinion you may have.

If you go away expecting all Frenchmen to be snobs, all Italians to be ass-pinching perverts and all New Yorkers to be rude and pushy rapists, you may well fulfill your own prophecy.

Your best bet is to treat each person you meet as an individual and to keep in mind that in another culture the yardsticks you were raised with just don't apply.

Finally, there is one last item to think about adding to your list of leaveables: your traveling companion. If you have automatically assumed that traveling with your best friend would be much more fun than going it alone, you may want to reconsider.

First of all, traveling can put a lot of stress on a friendship, and more than one has dissolved under the pressure. More importantly, though, bringing a

buddy along can often limit the depth of your experience.

Being on your own forces you to be more open. It means that you will probably meet more people, have more opportunity to speak the language (even if it's just Brooklyn-ese) and be able to freely decide just what you want to do and when.

However, if the whole idea of facing the unknown on your own leaves you in a state of panic, then forget it. It's not for everybody, and if it's not for you just pick out a pal and have a good time.

But whatever you elect to leave behind, do not forget to pack your sense of humor.

When you've just missed the last train, you're soaking wet and almost out of francs, that one weightless item may be worth far more than even your precious passport and a dry pair of socks.

Hints on working abroad

By David Blakely,
Associate Editor

Imagine this: you've just finished a six month tour as an English teacher in Japan and now you're taking a well deserved vacation, on the tropical island of Bali.

As you're laying on the beach soaking up the sun a woman walks by and asks you if you'd like one of their famous body massages. You haggle a bit over the price, knock it down to the going rate of 50 cents, and then proceed to enjoy an exquisite half hour of sheer relaxation.

Yes, it's a tough life working your way around the world — but somebody's got to do it.

In fact, it is a lot easier than you might think to get jobs in other countries. Japan is probably the easiest since there is a big demand for English instructors and tutors.

Speaking Japanese is not a prerequisite and is generally not necessary. Most Japanese people speak a little English.

So how does one go about getting a job after arriving in Japan. Initially check the English language newspapers, of which there are several, for advertisements. There are usually half a dozen classifieds requesting teachers in various parts of Japan. Also check the notice boards in the local youth hostels.

You'll find that the only prerequisite for employment in one of these schools is a college degree. Classes are generally small, from 1-4 students, and you are working from a prepared lesson plan.

The pay is good by Japanese standards; and if you work full time, six day a week, you'll probably take home the equivalent of \$1500 a month.

The cheapest way to live in Japan is with a family, exchanging English lessons for room and board. Youth hostels are another option. Renting an apartment is very difficult here since landlords often ask for exorbitant security deposits.

If Japan isn't your cup of tea, then it's best to do a little research on the countries you would like to visit. Picking fruit seems to be the one job that exists throughout the world.

Australia and New Zealand

have very small populations and are always looking for workers. Like Japan, nobody seems to care if you don't have a work visa. A bit of research is necessary to determine just when the harvests take place. Fellow travellers are your best source of information on this subject.

Another possibility is to become one of the assistant wardens or houseparents of a youth hostel. There are a lot of private hostels in these two countrys and the houseparent jobs turn over frequently.

Better paying jobs or steadier long term work is also a possibility especially if you have a skill or trade that is in demand. New Zealand is suffering

from a shortage of skilled people since many migrate to Australia for better paying jobs.

Jobs in Europe are a somewhat more difficult to obtain but by no means impossible. London is always a good place to start. Pubs often need extra help and sometimes let you have a room upstairs as part of the deal.

Switzerland is another possibility, especially if you like to ski. Hotels and restaurants are permitted by law to hire foreigners as seasonal help. Early November is a good time to arrive and if you speak a bit of French or German, and if you have some experience as a waiter, you shouldn't have much difficulty.



Illustration by Brian Tuomey

Yankee to hit highlands

By Shawn McIntosh
Managing Editor

Although London jobs might pay the highest, and there might be numerous jobs on England's southern coast, my Scottish ancestors are calling me to the Highlands, and I have to listen.

During the search for summer jobs in the early part of the semester, I began to give up hope of getting a job overseas. Although it has been a dream of mine for a long time, the practicality — and the availability of such a venture remained out of my reach.

All this changed when I saw a poster in the library advertising a "Work In Britain" program offered by the Council on International Exchange (CIEE). On the bottom of the poster it had a person to contact.

I took the first step and called the girl, who was a two-time veteran of the program, and she told me all about her experiences when she worked in London. She offered to give me a brochure on the program. The brochure gave me the essential

information on the program, although I wasn't sure where exactly I wanted to go.

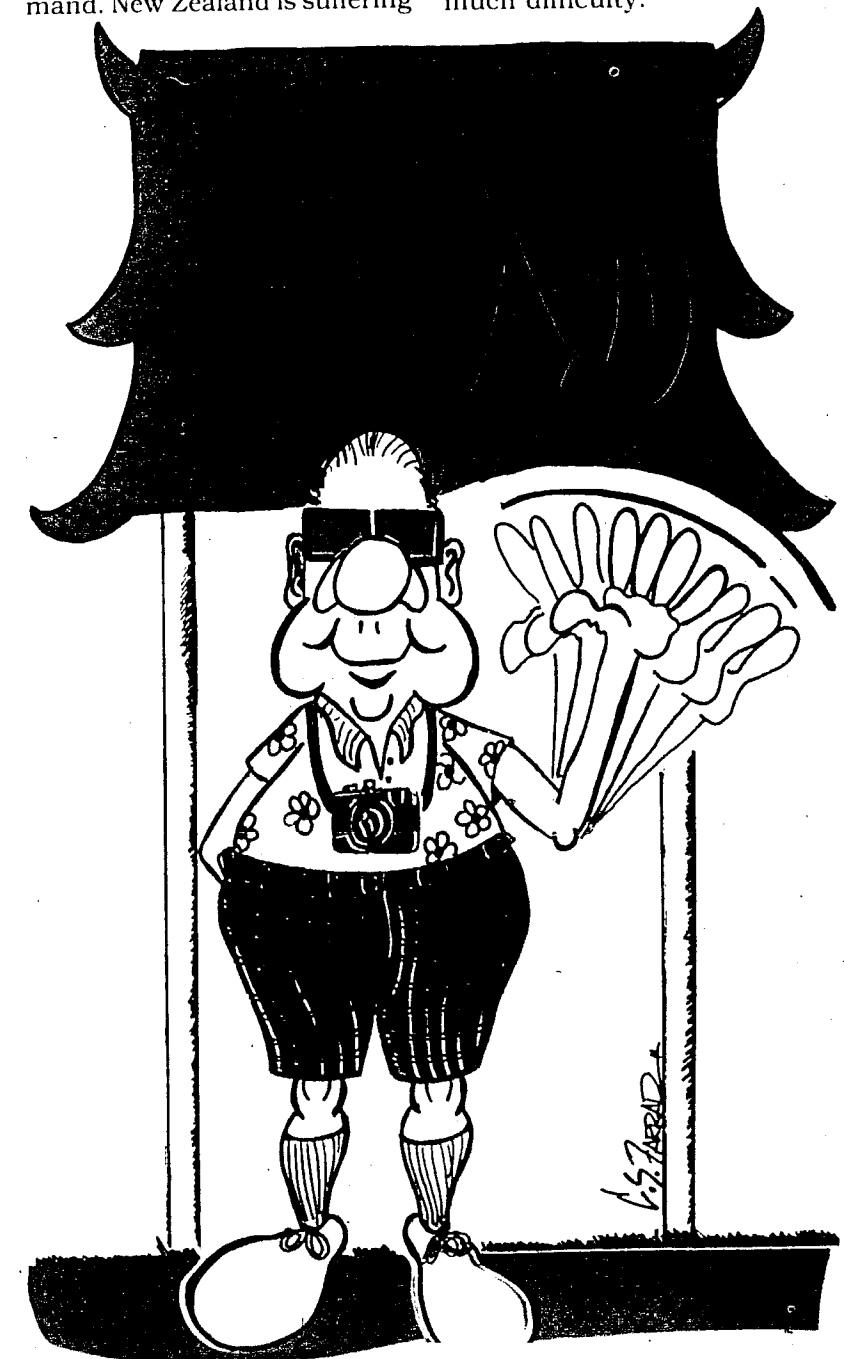
One of my first questions was, "How much will I be able to save, if any?" The brochure answered this by saying "not very much, if any." It did say that students could support themselves and save a small amount for travel, depending on their lifestyle.

OK, so I definitely won't be making any money on this adventure, but it will allow me to have an extended stay in Great Britain without going broke. I then took the next step and decided to apply.

What an interested student does is send \$72, two passport size photos, proof of full-time student status, and an application (that comes with the brochure) to Work Abroad Dept., CIEE, 205 East 42nd St., New York, New York 10017. Applications can also be sent for with the above address.

After they accept your application, they send you a blue card.

See Yankee, page 19



Mike Keller: what's good for this coach has been good for his team

By Chris Schulte

Staff writer

With the revolving door policy that seems to be going on at the UI athletic department, one face has remained the same for the last 12 years. Idaho track coach Mike Keller has been at the UI since January of '74 and has seen more changes at the university than probably any other coach in Vandal history.

In his 12 seasons as head track coach he has seen the building of the dome, 5 basketball coaches and 4 football coaches. Keller has also witnessed the dropping of 6 varsity sports over those years. "It has been quite the 12 years when I look back. There have been lots of changes within the department and within my program also," Keller said.

Keller came to the UI from Spokane Falls Community College to a program that was "more like an intramural program than an N.C.A.A. Division I program," according to Keller. "The A.D. at the time, Leon Green, told me that they were going to upgrade the program and increase my scholarships from 5 to 13 and I was looking for a 4 year level job so this was good," Keller said, when asked what lured him to Vandalland.

In his 12 years Keller has taken

the Vandal men from the doormat of the Big Sky to consistent contenders for the championship. In the past 5 years his teams have won the conference title 3 times and finished second twice.

Things are beginning to look tough for Keller once again with budget cuts in the program as Keller explained, "we have dropped back down to 9 scholarships which makes it tough to contend against the likes of Northern Arizona who have 14. You don't have to be brilliant to see that we are at a disadvantage. The NAU coach has done a great job but who couldn't with 14 scholarships." Keller sees NAU as heavily favored heading into the final month of the track season with the Vandals and, the nemesis from the south, BSU fighting for second.

Keller has built his program largely on foreign and out of state athletes. Keller's favorite place has been sunny Jamaica where he has landed some of his top performers. When asked why he travels out of the country to recruit Keller said, "believe it or not its cheaper in the long run for me. Instead of battling 50 other coaches for some high school stud I pay my own way to Jamaica where its just me and a championship meet and I don't have

to get into the phone calls and trips to campus etc." Keller continued, "it's worked out well for everyone involved also, and saves me money because I don't have a recruiting budget to chase after kids; if I do it comes from somewhere else in my budget."

The reason behind getting out of state athletes as opposed to Idaho athletes is simple according to Keller: "Idaho just doesn't produce the talent to compete on the Division I level in track, so we look in Montana, Washington and Oregon for state side kids, but even that can get expensive for what you get."

Keller is proud of his program and what he has accomplished in his years here. Often when schools recruit foreign athletes, grades tend to be a problem but not here at the UI. "All but one of the athletes I have recruited from out of the states has graduated from here. It's tougher on a foreign kid to get into the university so it shows in the grades they maintain while here. Obviously there are adjustments to be made, but they all do it and in the long run become better adjusted than some local kids." Keller explained the latter part of that statement, "with a foreign guy he knows that he is here for the duration and doesn't have



Mike Keller

parents to run home to every time something goes wrong. They buckle down and make sure that it doesn't occur again where local guys will tend to give up and head home."

Over the years Keller has been said to be ruthless to his athletes and a little less than caring. To this statement Keller smiled and replied, "well I don't know if I'm that bad, but I am a driver and discipline oriented. I think any successful parent or teacher needs to be like that. Its how you can build character in people and in my case the athletes."

Keller sees his job as coach as twofold. First, to make a good citizen out of his athletes and secondly to help them develop to their fullest —

academically and athletically. "I really can't say I regret anything I've done since being here. I see the success I've had already by the number of phone calls or letters I get from former athletes who say thanks for this or that. That's what really matters in the long run. If the administration felt I was abusive I wouldn't have lasted this long."

Keller said, "I've only worked under two administrations since I've been here and both have treated me great. If I didn't like it I sure wouldn't have stayed. The school has been good to me and has done a lot for my career."

Not to mention what Mike Keller has done for the UI.

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Parting Glances

Inside:

• Two tourists, two hundred pesetas, and 'ladies' in Spain. See page 2

• Poems about life, love, and death

• A study guide that really tells it like it is. See page 10

Diversions

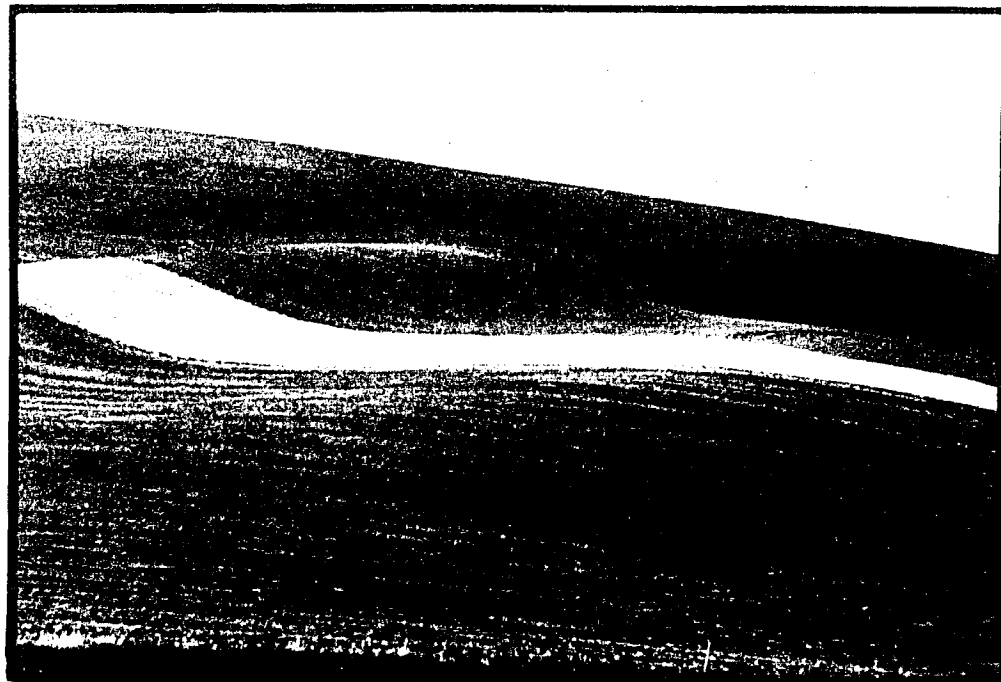
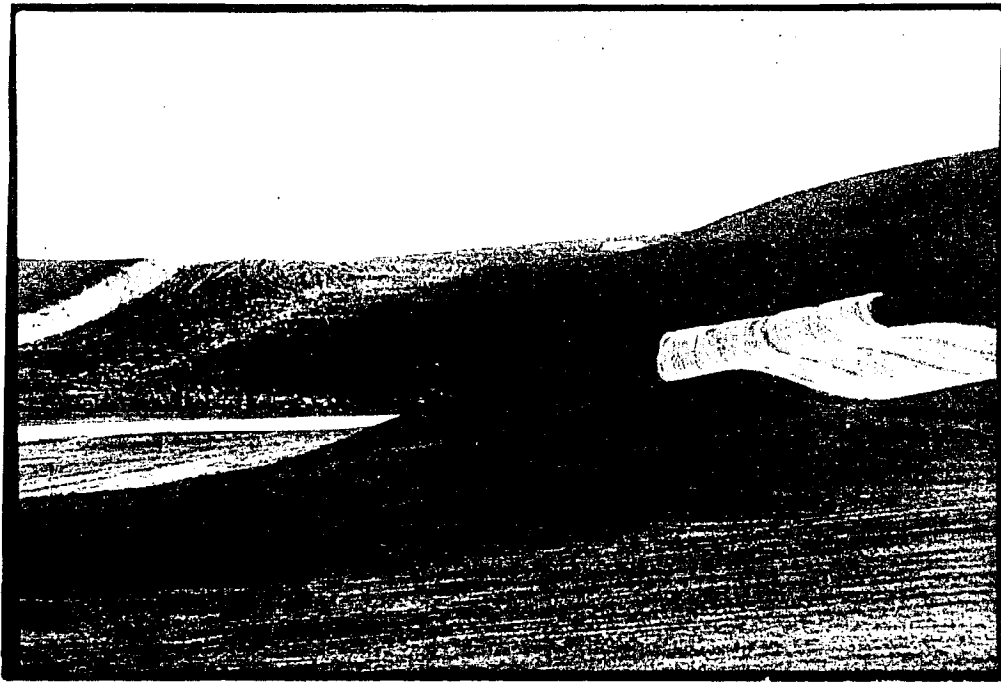
by Buddy Levy

"Dunnybird," I said to him as I shook his leg hard. "you won't believe this."
 "What the hell is it, I'm tired."
 "They're only two hundred pesetas."
 "What's only two hundred pesetas?"
 "The whores!"
 "Bullshit."
 "No shit."
 "Where'd ya hear that?"
 "From Lucky, that black bald-headed guy from Bermuda."
 "Are you sure?"
 "Yeah, I'm sure. C'mon, wake up. Only two hundred pesetas. That's...two bucks to get you laid."
 "Well, I needed to get up anyway." He got out of bed and drowsily pulled a shirt on, getting stuck inside and as he struggled it looked like some small mammal trapped in a gunnysack. His head poked free.
 "Here, have a shot out of this bota-bag," I said.
 "What's in it?"
 "El vino tinto."
 "What the hell." He opened his mouth wide and the wine hissed as I squeezed hard on the wine-skin.
 "Not bad," he said, wincing.
 "Let's go, Dunny. Bring the vino."
 Outside of the hotel, the narrow street San Pablo was loud

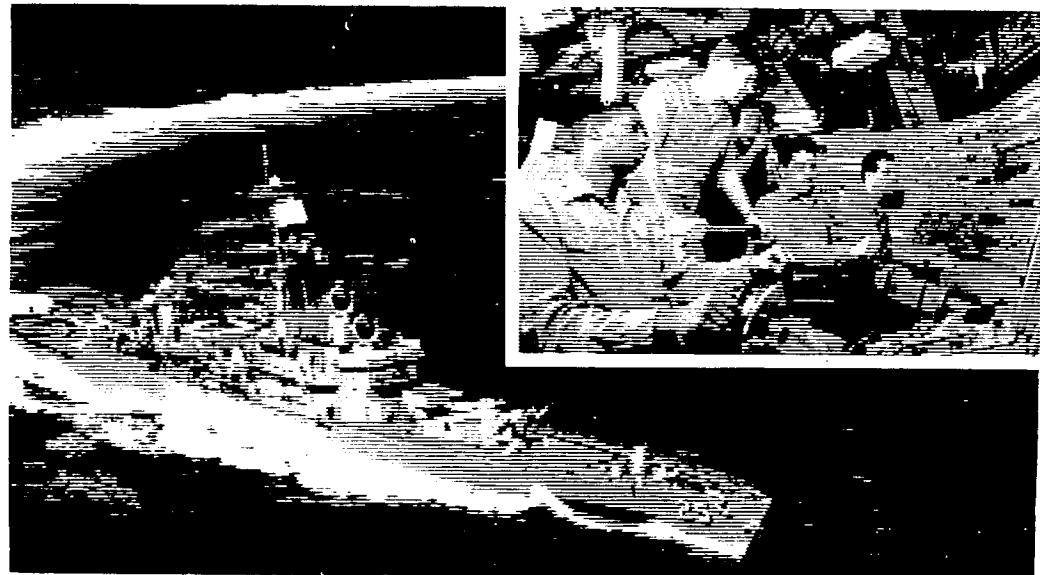
with the din of cars and taxis and mopeds wheeling past. Spanish drivers. No breaking for pedestrians here. Especially "gringo" pedestrians. We shuffled down the sidewalk, Dunny pulling his hands over his face from forehead to chin, as if the momentary "picabo" would clear his perceptions.
 "Ok, I'm here," he said. "Now where are we going?"
 "Follow me, Lucky told me where to go."
 San Pablo was a line of flashing neon, bars and nightclubs. Women, brightly clothed and dark skinned danced pelvically in open doors to disco, smiling and winking as we walked by.
 "I don't think those are of the two hundred peseta variety," I said. We kept going until we got to the sidestreet Lucky had told me about. "Down here," I said.
 "Looks pretty seedy," Dunny noticed. We passed a place with blackened windows, and bold letters reading *Gay Sex Shop*.
 "Nice community," Dunny said. "Do you think they sell postcards?"
 "Hey, give it a chance. Have I ever lead you astray?"
 "No comment."
 As we continued there was less neon and as the light of the streets dimmed, there were more women. Turning down a one way street with few cars, there were now whores everywhere. They had a whorey look about them. Slinky, revealing dresses slid over their bodies. They were not shy. They radiated sex. I thought Dunny probably wanted one. I was smoking a cigarette, and as we passed one she said, "Bon nuit, messieurs, cigarette?" Shit, I thought, we're sup-

posed to be in Spain.
 "She wants a cigarette," I said.
 "Give the lady a cigarette, then," he said.
 I walked over to her. "Here you are," I said, giving her a cigarette, lighting it, and noticing her blotchy skin attempting to hide under make up.
 "Parlez-vous francais?" she asked me.
 "Oui, un peu," I answered.
 "Aimez-vous amour?" she asked.
 "Do I like love?" I laughed. "Sure I like love. Don't you like love?" I nodded over to Dunny.
 "Yeah, I like love."
 "Aimez-vous fucky-fucky," she said, hiking her skirt up above her knees. "Aimez-vous tacky-tacky-tacky," her hips shooting forward with each "tacky."
 "Right, how much?" I laughed.
 "Quoi?" she said.
 "Oh, ah...Combien?"
 "It is one thousand pesetas," she said in English.
 "Christ," I said, "that's a bit steep." She looked confused.
 "Ah, c'est tres chere." "Expensive," I said to Dunnybird.
 "It is ten pesetas for me, and nine hundred for the room," she said.
 "I have my own room," said Dunnybird, hopefully.
 "Quoi?" she asked.
 "Il a une chambre," I explained.
 "Ah, mais non!"

See Diversions, page 3



By Jeanette B. Wieser



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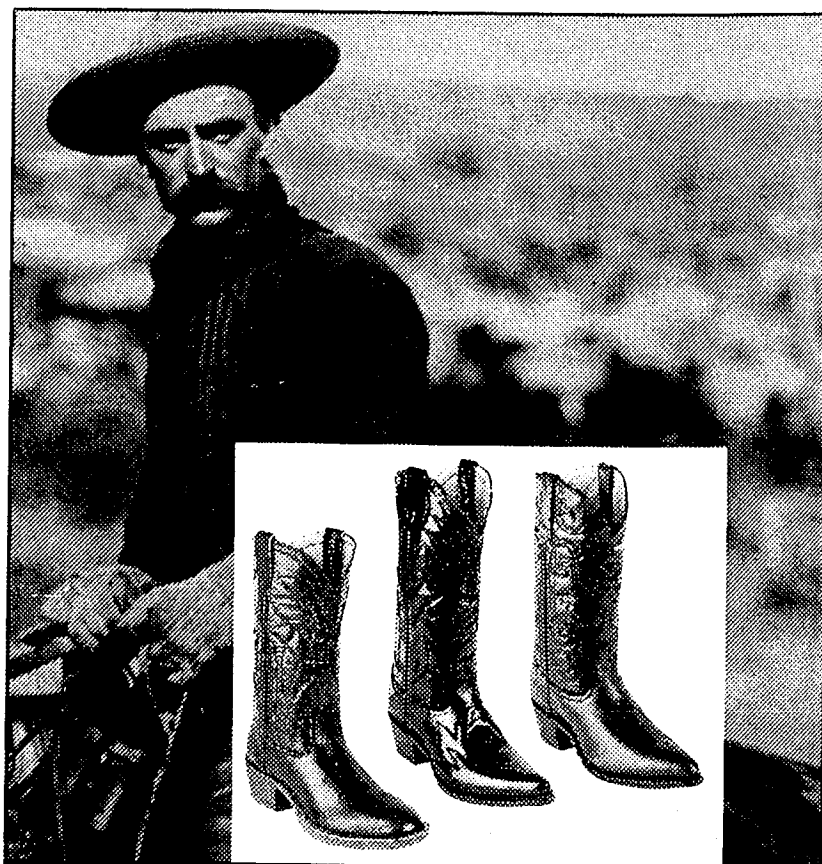


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Diversions, from page 2

"I don't think that's company policy," I told Dunnybird. "OK, it was nice knowing you, have a good life," I said, waving and pulling Dunnybird away as he resisted, looking back over his shoulder.

"Shit, ten bucks isn't too bad," Dunny said dejectedly. "No, but we can do better. Look at all of them." "Do you think we offended her?" "Shit."

The night was clear and clean and we took shots out of the bota-bag as we went along. The warm red wine tasted good in the cool air. Across the street on a dark corner was a tall one in white with obsidian-colored hair.

"Hey, I'll handle this one," he said, approaching her. "Buenos noches," he said to her. "Cuanto?"

"Subtle as a sledgehammer," I teased. The whore answered thirteen hundred pesetas in a deep voice.

"You go on ahead, I'm staying here with this one."

"Jesus, she's Amazonian. C'mon, here we can get you laid for a couple of bucks with a little shopping, a little business savvy, and you want to spend five days food on a woman big enough to be your father."

"She looks fine to me," he said. Something didn't feel right, and I felt we could do better than thirteen hundred, but as I started to argue they were already up the street and turning into a small, dingy doorway, the whore in front, pulling Dunny along, I caught his glance as they evaporated into the building. I waited a minute, then followed.

The air was musty in the tight hallway with shut, peeling doors on either side. A conglomeration of sounds, dull and foreign and bass, came from no particular place but rather from the periphery. I recognized the singing of Julio Iglesias above the combination of foreign voices, and the metallic, mechanical grating of cheap beds, and the guttural moans of people engaging in sex. I listened. Two forms brushed by me and as they turned down the hall the man looked back at me and remarked, "Some prefer listening or watching," and the woman giggled. Finally I discerned Dunny and his favorite Spanish phrase, "Me llamo Dunny." Christ, does he really think this whore cares what his name is? The whore began talking in a low voice which became almost a purr as the words blurred together. I pressed closer to the door, feeling the footsteps across the room, and the joining of two bodies. The brush of clothes against skin, rough, urgent...buttons and zippers...I thought I knew those sounds. Then a voice said, long and drawn out in a moan that was clear, "Soy hombre."

"Jesus Christ!" Dunny yelled. There was a slam against the wall, and verbal barrage and another thumping sound. I kicked the door open. Dunny stood at arm's length from the whore, who leaned against the mottled stucco wall.

"What the hell is going on in here?" I asked. Dunny cursed and spat and strode out of the room. The whore glared at me, from the floor where she now knelt, and placed a waning erection back in her skirt. I watched her manhood disappear into frilly panties. Riveted there, I started to speak, then ran out after Dunny.

I caught him about a hundred yards down the street and we slowed to a walk but continued and didn't look back.

"Jesus Christ!" he said.

"I know."

"That was intense."

"I heard the whole thing."

"She, or he...oh fuck."

"Dunny, hang in there. Don't worry about it. We'll...ah...we'll find another one."

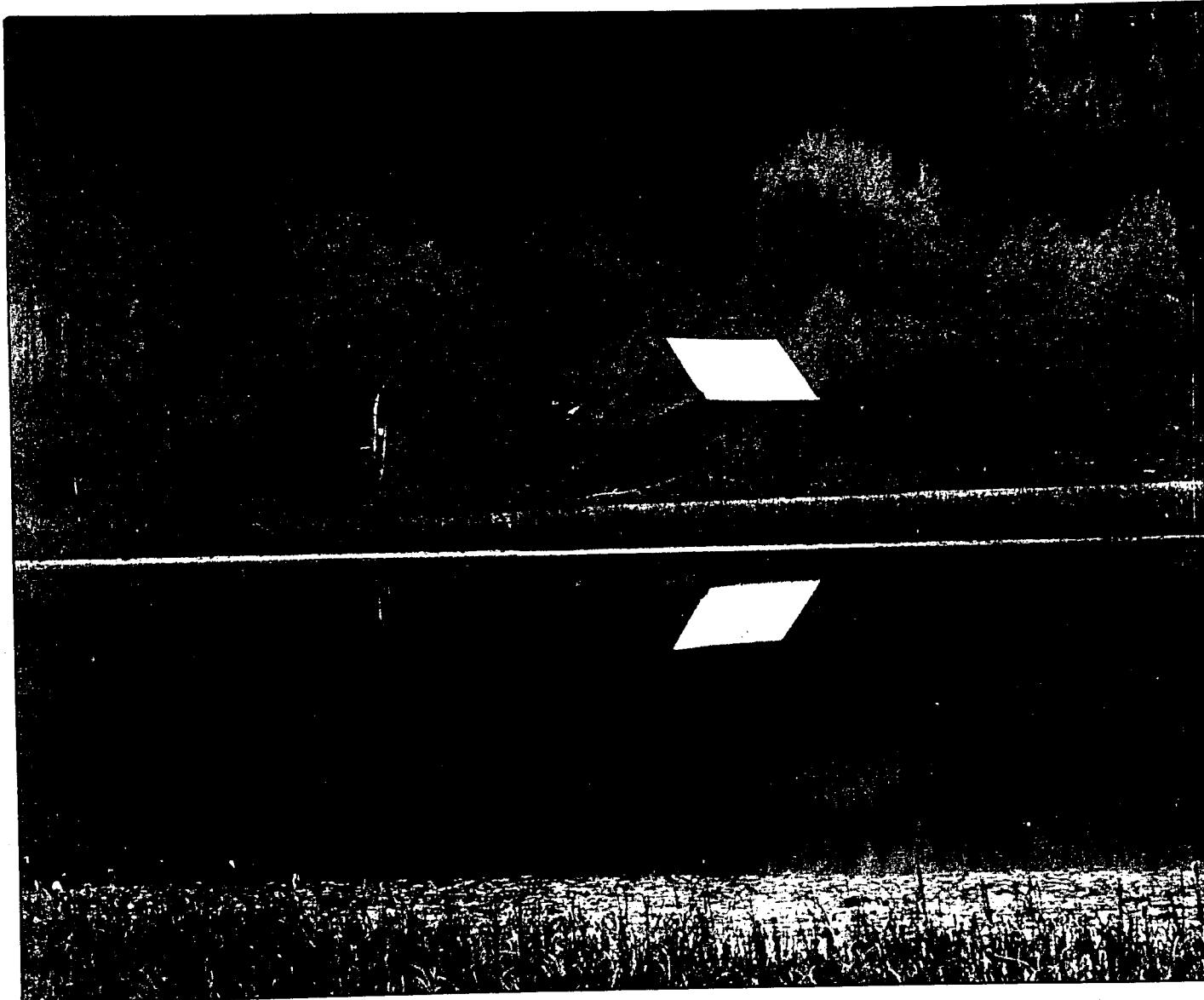
"That one was enough."

"C'mon, you're OK. No harm no foul, right?"

"Listen," he said, looking at me sternly. "I need a drink."

Ahead, the street narrowed and illuminated and became San Pablo, as narrow a street as I can remember. Across the street were three whores in front of a club called *Feliz*

See *Diversions*, page 4



By John P. Wilson

Dream

it's all I dream about anymore
ageless faces and discreet rain
the sound of your breathing

thick blankets cover a mirror
empty boxes on airport floors
slow lips parting--mouthing words

shaking eyes and it was eternal
dust mingles with a sigh
fresh cotton and fading dew

muffled thoughts hide a memory
tufts of dog fur and old tired books
a feeble breeze from an open window

a whispered name trickles out my ear
I blow a kiss to a flower
it's all I dream about anymore

by Douglas Becci

In Autumn

In autumn
leaves
slowly
descend
on oft trod paths.
As admiration for their year's
growth:
summer's sun stretches her
rays
through cold september days.
Verdant radiance longed
but only rustic hues enhanced,
she hides her shame among
dun clouds darkened during
fall dates.
Autumn doesn't mind.

by Ed Ulman

GRADUATION WEEKEND

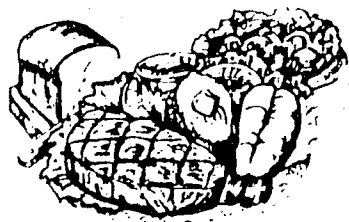
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Diversions, from page 3

with colorful, tiered dresses and sharp shoes. They looked like Flamenco dancers.

"How about in here," I offered.

"Yeah, what the fuck." His eyes were narrow and his jaw tight.

"Christ, lighten up. What's the problem?"

"Lighten up, huh? Why don't you piss off. I've listened to you enough."

We arrived at the entrance and were pulled into the place through a dangling-bead doorway by a woman with large breasts and long fingernails which scraped my skin as I passed her. Smoke diffused the light. The room was empty, with a vacant, open look except for a long bar and a few asymmetrically strewn tables and chairs. We nudged up to the bar and a whore flanked us on either side. More Julio Iglesias out of raspy speakers. The female bartender smiled a jagged, tobacco-stained smile.

"Dos cervezas," I said, proudly displaying my singular Spanish knowledge. Dunny rolled his eyes. The whore next to me spoke French and ran her hand along my back, wet from the heat of the cloudy bar. Dunny drew long on his beer, then swung his stool in my direction and grinned.

"Looks like its your turn, eh?"

"What are you talking about," I asked.

"Little Frenchy here likes you," he motioned to the short, pretty French girl who seemed to have become surgically attached to me.

"That's nothing new. I'm always fighting them off," I said.

"Yeah, you're such a stud," he said, then continued "it's OK to send me off with an unidentifiable breeding object, but you are too goddamned spineless to try your luck with a beautiful French girl, huh? Wait 'til the boys back home hear this one. They just might start to think...."

"Spineless?"

"Well, you sure act squeamish. Have you ever been with a whore?"

"That's not the issue," I protested.

"Well I'm one up on you there: and that answers my question." He looked to the French girl. "You like?" he asked, pointing to me.

"Oui," she nodded quickly. Two of the other evening ladies were near, and they looked on in agreement. The bar had become quiet and interest fell on our table. Dunny, gaining confidence, continued. "How much for the back room?" he asked bluntly.

She had started to nibble on my earlobe, her warm liquor-breath moist on my neck. She lifted her lips from my nape and said seven hundred pesetas. Dunny liked the idea of seven hundred pesetas. He liked it a lot. Before I could say a word he had the money out and handed it to the girl and she was leading me across the wooden floor of the bar and back some tight hallway. She knew the route, pushing through a khaki-colored doorway which opened into a room furnished only with a creaky cot and a cheap wooden nightstand on which there was a black phone. The air was dense and my eyes watered a bit from something that had been left in a brown wastebasket and I noticed some soiled men's boxer shorts on the floor leading into the bathroom. He must have left in a hurry, I thought. The dark-haired French girl had removed her blouse and was sitting on the side of the cot, starting to wriggle out of her skirt. I looked at her large white breasts.

"No. Wait a minute," I began.

"Ah, I understand, she said in English. "I know what you mean."

Before I could explain she grabbed my waist and pulled me to her, her hands sure and steady and firm on my belt which she undid with practiced speed. I closed my eyes and let my head drop back. The muscles in my thighs and ass tightened as her mouth closed around me. She knew her job. I kept waiting as she worked to a frenzied pace, then she spit me out and sat back and looked up at me.

"You are dead," she said. I pulled my pants up and buttoned them.

"Here," I said, giving her five hundred more pesetas. "I'm sorry." Pulling on her blouse, in decent English she concluded, "It's not my problem."

Back in the bar Dunny had loosened up and was drinking beer and talking to some Spanish ladies. He smiled as I approached. The French girl skirted off to the bar and was giggling with some of her business associates as Dunny spoke.

Sub Song

Sub
sub sub sub
Sub
sub sub sub
Sub
sub sub sub
Sub
sub sub sub
Submarina
sub sub sub
Subcutaneous
sub sub sub
You're so subtle
sub sub sub
I could cry
sub sub sub
Like to die
sub sub sub
Stick a needle
sub sub sub
In my eye
sub

boo hoo

Sub
sub sub sub
Submarina
sub sub sub
I'm down
sub sub sub
And you're beneath me
sub sub sub
You're low
sub sub sub
You're six feet under
sub sub sub
Baby
sub sub sub
You're subterranean

by Matt Muldoon

in defense of emotion

i shed for you one tear
and one for myself.
and, with both eyes so washed,
i again see clear.

by Ed Ulman

"That was pretty quick," he said. "Speedy Gonzalez at the wheel, huh?" he joked.

"Something like that," I answered.

"Go on," he pressed, "how was she?"

"You know I don't kiss and tell, Dunny."

"Well this is a bit different. You probably won't ruin her reputation." He chuckled, amused at his own cleverness. The French girl's laughter was beginning to make me nervous.

"Let's get outa here," I suggested.

"Already? I'm just starting to have a good time. How about another beer?"

I stood up and said, "I'm leaving," and headed for the bead doorway. Dunny threw some money down on the table and followed me. We slid outside into the coolness of San Pablo and walked without speaking. Up ahead, on the corner, stood a tall, bulky form with black hair in white, and Dunny stiffened beside me.

"Jesus, there it is again. It makes me sick. How disgusting." We crossed to the other side of the street but kept walking. As we came even with her Dunny yelled some obscenities and flipped her off but she wasn't looking at him. Our eyes had met some distance back and we stared hard at one another. Dunny rounded the corner ahead and I followed, my head not making the turn, still locked on her black, lonely eyes which seemed to want to tell me something. I had almost stopped when Dunny yelled, "Hey, c'mon, quit lagging." I shuffled quickly to him.

"Pretty bizarre," he said. "It's almost worth another look. You meet all kinds."

"Yeah," I answered, brushing some sweat off my forehead.

"You've got that right."

Hardluck Cafe

The small cafe
in downtown Tripoli
where we met is gone now,
and so are airports,
streets we once walked
and you.
The embassy is pebbles,
powdered pieces of diplomacy
reminding me
of a land I thought I knew.

I cannot leave this place
or call or write
but I can fantasize
departure —
internalized expressions
interpreted as suppression
by my captors
who don't care
that I despised the jets
of righteousness that slid
in low and late
and lit the Mediterranean as good
as any July Fourth I've ever seen.

I'm rooted here, proud
possessor of a Yankee passport
whose pages have begun
to tear and fade and peel
and look like parchment.

by Buddy Levy

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- Becky Bailey

Broken Times

Today, you can nearly hear the rumble of nuclear fire following the most innocent sonic boom.

In sunglasses and colored baseball caps the young men of our college softball team gathered around a canvas bag full of bats and balls, looking the same as every Monday afternoon, except for the faces. Terse, empty talk from dry mouths, unnerved dispatch fragments of Tripoli. No clos. Just talk.

Ready to go to Canada?
I can see it, really. We had to do something.
Why did we have to do something to that?

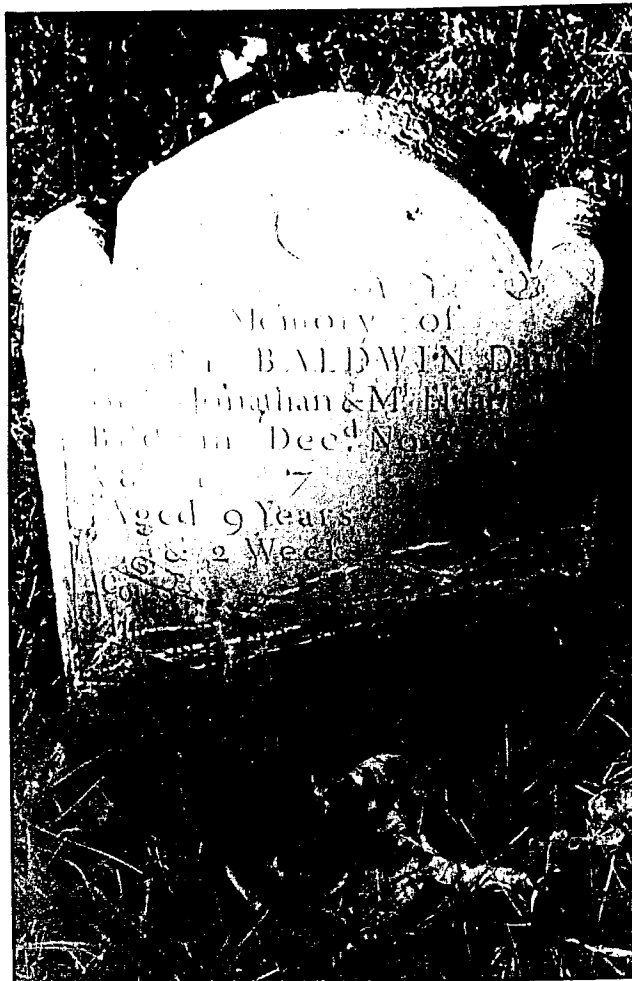
In the fluttering leaf-fall of an F-111, he remembered the cold, crushed grass beneath his hands, back on the softball field where this all started, the stoic activity branching from chicken-wire backstops, a very serious and defensive game being played. He wished, as a rod of fire probed his shoulder, he'd have been a runner that day.

In frayed cut-offs, on the shine of a new Plymouth's hood, the neighborhood guys squinted into the pavement, soaking up the moment; another one had just been notified.

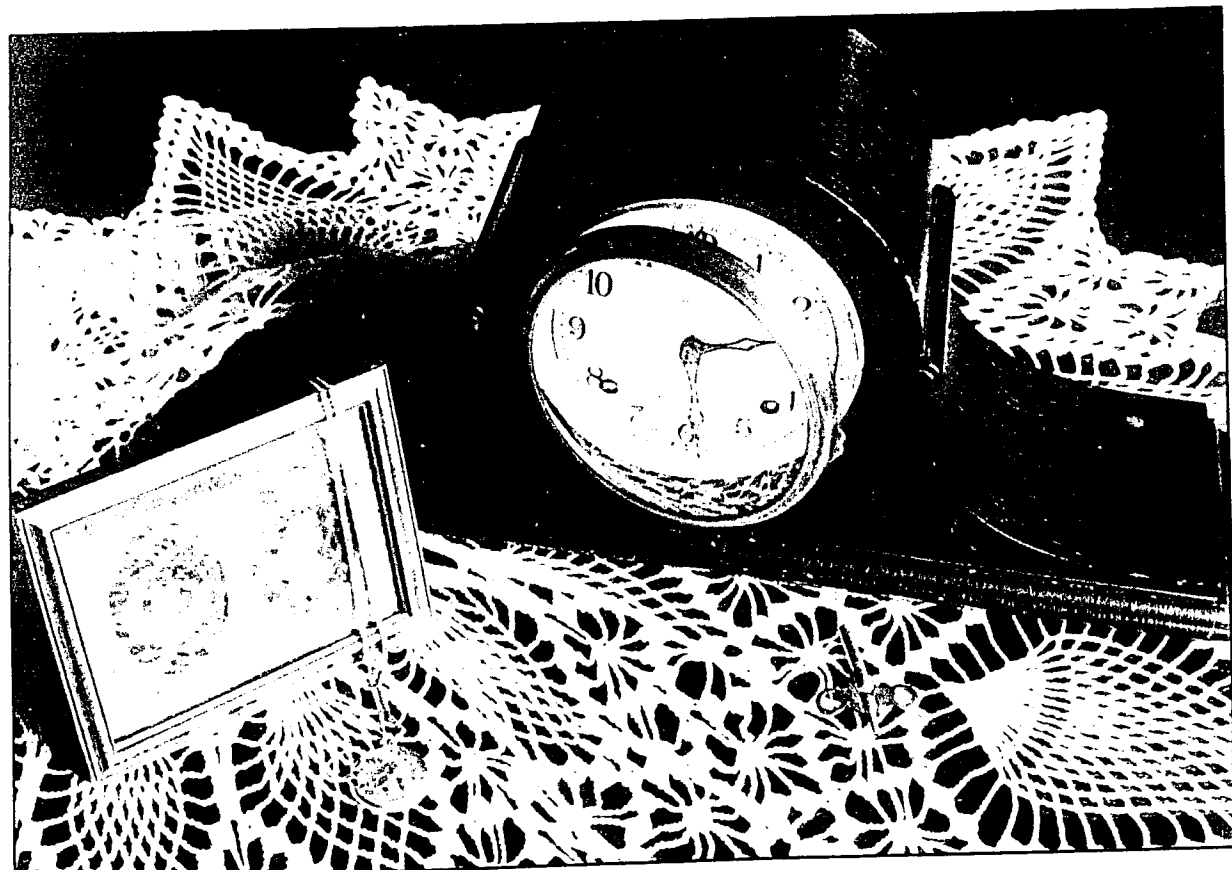
Greeting
The letter in his hand sang like a dirge, and the guys knew it warned of evil times to come. The thing in Southeast Asia had gotten way out of hand.
Why are we even over there?
To stop communist aggression.
Why do we need to do that?

In that sunset-long second, just before death, he tried to speak, but blood had fused his mouth and tongue; he did not want to touch his face. So he closed his eyes and went to the desert where the guys drank cold beer from clean, brown bottles in the warm night air, tossing the remains to lizards. He lay bleeding in mud, wishing he'd made love.

by Jeff Stoffer



By Jeanette B. Wieser



By Toni Smith

Too Many Things to Do

There are too many songs I want to hear
and books I want to read.
There are too many places I want to see
land paths I want to explore.
There are too many people I want to meet,
friends I want to love
and lovers I want to touch.
There are too many poems I want to create,
stories I want to write
and problems I want to solve
There are too many lives I want to live
or maybe there is just too little time.

by Douglas Jones

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By Jeanette B. Wieser

About Lions

Even the dandiest lions
stand firm
during their hour
amid
earth's lush carpet
Golden Kings
reigning over
seeded steppe
Swift attainers
of cloud-white crowns
dissipated
by a gentler breeze

by Ed Ulman

Mirrored lenses reflect

The space between us
You're there
I'm here
A fence stands between us
A chainlink of holes
Filled with space
I'll not fit between
But you can cross
To meet me
With nails as sharp
As Diana Dor's
You claw away at
The flesh you save
As fulfilled as a
Grey cat with a
Hairball
In its stomach
You lick, and lick, and lick, and lick
To no avail
The mouse is dead.

by Darin Andrews

**Let me drink my
hallucinations from
colored paper
dreams**

Faces and serial -'s
on green paper parchment
champagne and rows of colored
pills
make me feel free
The crystal flute shatters (we
musn't quit toasting)
the pretty colors
vanish
I walk now in pieces
broke and broken
trapped in colored paper dreams

by Kristin Pressey

not the showers

do i no longer hold thee as a spring
flower awakening?

not the shower
can on evenings smell so
reborn or
as unfolding to your touch

by Craig Dionne

About Explosions

Explosions
should be left
to nature;
for nothing
created by man
can surpass
a flower
bursting into bloom.

by Ed Ulman

I am your constant companion until
in darkness you go.
I can distort and make a mockery of
your form.

I have a foe which is more powerful
than myself.
With a direct blow she can kill me.

I hide from her and she never really
sees me.
When she isn't around, my brothers
and I gather together and create the
perfect hinding place.

But she is not my true foe, for with
out her I could not exist.

Can you name my name and the
name of my foe?

Cocktail for one

Beautifully suicidal
she walks
and talks
and breathes a limited edge
until the final slice
splashes
and rests upon the bottom
of pink frosted glass

by Kristin Pressey

By Roger Jones

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Reflections for Richard Brautigan

I
There is the taste of ashes on my lips
as I breathe stale air and ponder
the words left unsaid
What you needed yet to tell us,
what we do not have the courage to know

II
Preoccupied relatives with bandaged heads
place birthday cards
in the mail, one month late
empty and unsigned

III
When you die alone
does your soul linger
until your death is noticed?
How could death be complete
without acknowledgement from the living?
In death we are most cheated
in life.

IV
The guardian angel of suicides
forges through blocks of silence,
for the sky remembers
what the earth forgets

V
Nobody is a hell
of a lot of people, and forever
is too much time.

by Douglas Becci

Dying Artist

Sculpt
another image
clearer
in death
than
life's transparency

by Kristin Pressey



By Tom Smith

“I was debating which part of
our perfect evening I would
remember the most ...

until I found the diamond ring
in my glass of champagne ...”



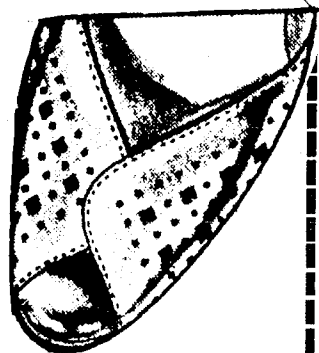
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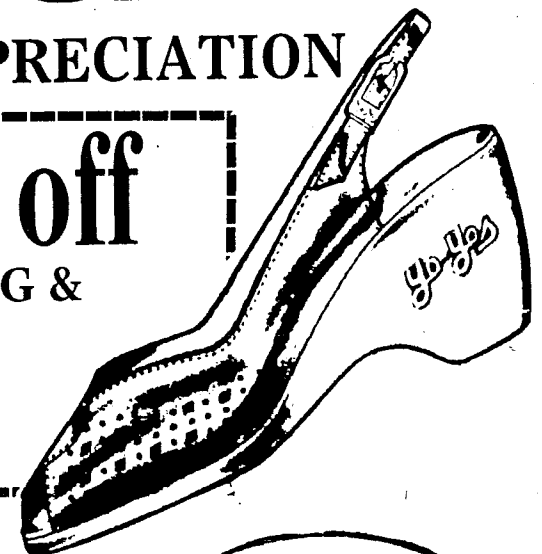
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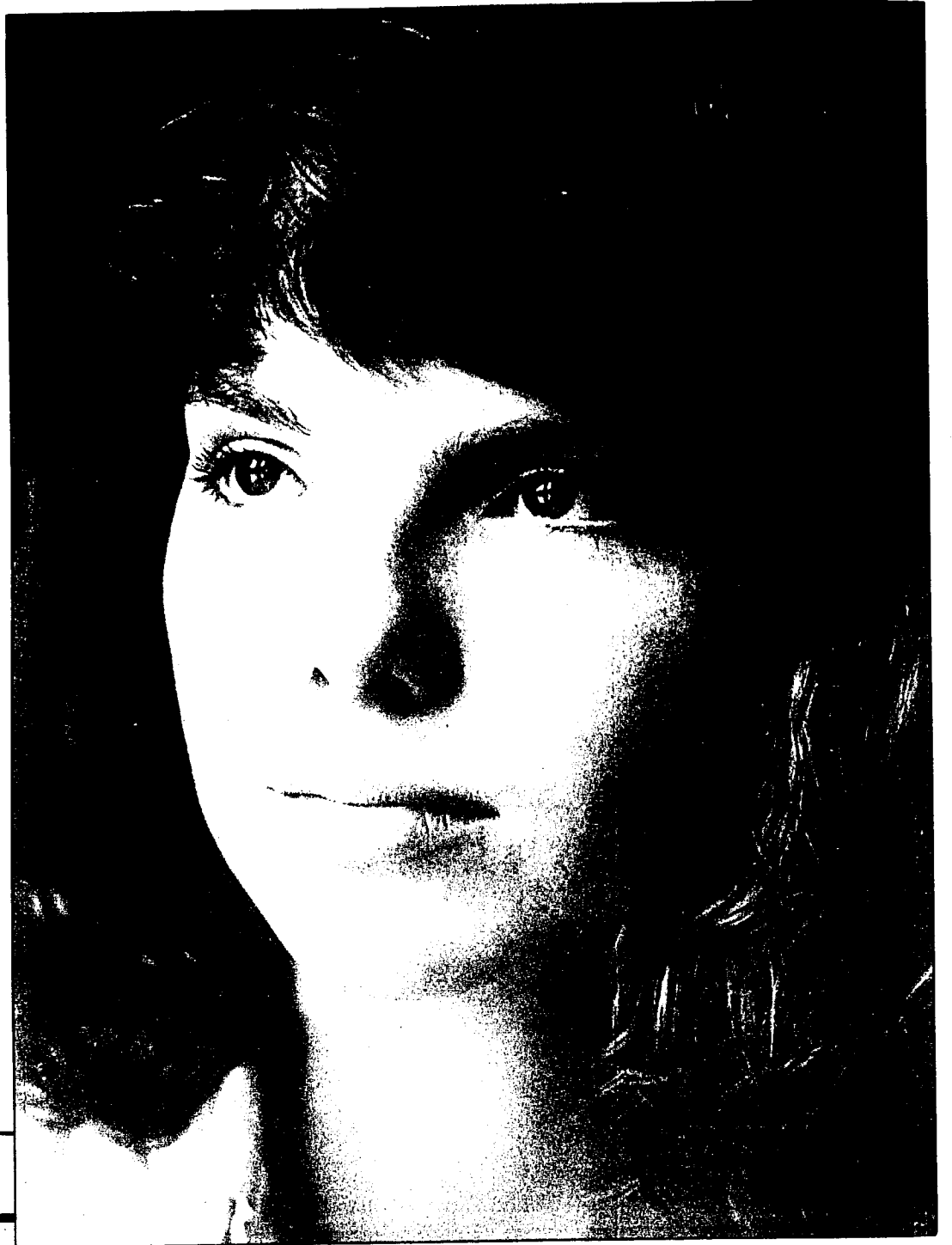
Red Globes on Grey

I need a new toothbrush
a brighter colour might bring new outlook
to a cliched life.
"Please turn down the t.v..."

I wonder what color their underwear was
Red, White and Purple
smoke streams puff and expand
Patriotic
in some strange land.
Boom Boom BOOM
Isn't instant replay grand?
A child's destruction
They all fall down
a giggle splashing like warm milk
into cool glasses
they meld.
crimson brain from fragmented skull
flesh pink particles
charred.
NASA can't cook.
A ghastly medicine
LIFE (fragile short-term creatures)
Clad in grey with names like Thomas
they ride in shiny black parades
to empty boxes.

Frothy waves
wash over blue-sky dreams
my eyes burn (for blindness)
red gel glob
a steel sink full of Close up

by Kristin Pressey



By Sarah Kerruish

Roadies

Thousands of street lights
Shine through the windows.
His eyes remain closed
He sleeps like a child.

This lady knows how to travel.
In complete panic, with weird things.
An old map of a distant state.
The bass player clutching guitar.

Steaming hot coffee
A styrofoam cup.
Blurred eyes twitch open.
"Good Evening" he says.

by Lori Ann Wallin

The cafe stays open all night
But morning won't them near here.
With long days of road to cover.
The parched hours of mileposts behind.

"I'd started to doubt
That you were alive."
She smiles a siren
And shifts into drive.

The coffee is scalding and strong.
The engine whines as street-lights fade.
Darkness invades where silence plays
And the night shrieks past like a song.

"At least I'm trying."
He states his defense.
Knowing dead lovers
Are of little use.

Don't

Don't try
Don't Allow
Our lust to become Love
Transformation Kills
The desire we have known

Don't

by Kristin Pressey

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Springtime in Montana

Green hills, uncertain skies...
Hereford cows grazing peacefully.
Their young calves sleeping nearby.
Scattered junipers and pines dot the hillside.
Rock outcroppings and sagebrush contrasting
The new year's green...
Below, the cold stream rushes on.
The sun tries to outwit the clouds.
And bring warmth to the high country.
On the mountains in the distance.
The last of the winter's heavy snow
Is slowly disappearing
The breeze picks up.

Playfully pulling at the blades of grass.
The watchful mother looks up
To check on her baby.
A silent hawk floats by.
His shadow dancing along upon the ground.
The long-legged calf gets up and stretches.
Already his sleek style shows much potential.
It's dinner time and he lopes
Happily to his waiting mother.
The soft wind goes on through the trees.
The sun shines down, and the hawk cries...
It's springtime in Montana!

by Chad Smith



By Toni Smith

"Don't Walk"

So I've waited all my life
To meet the man of my dreams
But I never find him,
never find him.
Now I'm waiting for the light to change
Light says, "Don't Walk...Don't Walk."
And there he is.
Across the street
Glimpses of him, through
Blue cars, red cars, green cars
Zipping by.
And there he is.
The man I want to make babies with.
Please, God.
Make that light green, say "Walk, Walk."
Grab him, share coffee and inspiration
At the West and 42nd coffee shop
Standing there, his dusty shoe
taps, taps.
Dark head looks both ways
I glance up, glance down
"Don't Walk, Don't Walk."
Dream man darts, dodges
Whack!
Hit by an (ice-cream) truck
Light says "Walk, Walk"
Darn.

by Christine Pakkala

How to Write a Paper

by Craig Dionne

It is that time of the year when sparrows come back from wherever they've been...when blades of grass break through the damp soil to do whatever blades of grass do in the damp soil...and when every copy machine in the library is busy making plagiarists of us all. I have spent a lot of time at these copy machines, and I have seen the faces of despair. Over the years I have picked up some helpful tips to control the epileptic seizures associated with last-minute paper writing. My step by step procedure is a no-frills saccharin free cure-all for the stress of writing.

Step 1: Clean your desk. No one can concentrate on the Liberal Arts or Sciences with a dirty desk. Impossible.

Step 2: Call up your friends to see what they're doing. It's awfully hard to even imagine working on a long paper while your friends are out screwing around at the Hotel, or at Mort's. If you get a hold of any of them, ask them what they're doing. When they ask you, say: "Nothing, just a research paper... so I can't get drunk." If they fall for it and ask you to go out, you hold true to your convictions. No no no... Maybe just this once.

Step 3: Pace. Seriously think about this thing. As you walk up and down, look at your typewriter and regret life.

Step 4: Take a shower. Make it a long one. Have to stay awake, and it looks like a long smelly night.

Step 5: Make the bed. You never make the bed. Now might be a good time.

Step 6: Watch Star Trek. Many times writers are spurred into the most startling revelations by doing everyday, mundane things. Make sure it is the episode where the Enterprise is in danger, and the Captain wants to risk his life to save the ship.

Step 7: Bitch. Bitch at everything. Bitch inside your room. Bitch at your roommate. Bitch at your roommate's closet. Bitch everywhere: bitch from the Stone Mountain of Georgia! Bitch from

Lookout Mountain of Tennessee! Bitch from every hill and molehill of Mississippi. From every mountainside, let your bitching ring. Bitch in every village and in every hamlet, from every state and every city... black men and white men, Jews and Gentiles, Protestants and Catholics, we will be able to join hands and bitch "Free at last! free at last! thank God Almighty. We are free at last!"

Step 8: Start to panic. It's late, and you haven't done a thing. It's best to sit down for this step. Hold the edges of the bedspread tightly, until your knuckles grow white and your fingers feel like they will explode. Then take a deep breath. Breathe in. Breathe out. Say: "Shit shit shit. Okay, now... ohshitthatshit... shit..."

Step 9: Order a pizza. Yes, it's going to be a late one. This pizza will help. You must look at short term goals: Canadian bacon and pineapple? Maybe pepperoni... knock on some doors and see if you can find someone to go in halvesies.

Step 10: Hit the sack. A lot of people turn their papers in late. There's no crime in that. After all, you've put in a long night and you're not getting any younger. Caution: you might regret life itself during this step. You might question the existence of true freedom and get into some incredibly philosophical high-wire acts. Don't worry. They brought back Classic Coke, didn't they?

If you're like me, you don't let these things get to you. Papers are only part of your college career, and, after all, not everyone can write. It's like those Rubik's cubes, you know? People like you and I must take their time when they write. We care too much to go and dash off anything. You know what I'm talking about? I mean, for sure. It's not that much of a big deal... but my typewriter has been on the fritz since last Tuesday. No kidding. And I hurt my index finger in a soccer game. I can't *begin* to describe the pain. Have I told you about all the articles I was looking for in the library? Ripped right out of the magazines. Yep. Funny thing. And I lost my rough draft... paper shortage hitting the bookstore. I hear...



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The Rise and Fall of Everything

by John Vinzant

Lucy, short for Lucifer some thought, was the cold and pretty girl, the one who felt the least pain. Jonas was the quiet boy who loved her and martyred them both. There was no one else, really.

They met for the first time at the movies. Lucy sold tickets from the glass booth to support her daydreaming habit. Jonas was with a date that night, some girl with leukemia who didn't know it. He couldn't tell you her name. He was so busy trying to understand this girl, trying to unearth in her some semblance of himself, that he didn't spot Lucy until he stood third in line. What he saw put a tickling in his stomach like sparks of laughter or a second glass of wine.

There are certain flowers so rare they grow in only one small, isolated place and botanists are willing to fight and die for them. Lucy was just such an orchid, her features so delicately sculpted that Jonas had to consciously keep from breaking up. Except he didn't think in flowers. As a stockboy at the Alpha Beta, his skill was thinking in numbers, and Lucy was higher than he could count.

So he balanced himself and kept his gaze on her until he reached the head of the line. He had to look through his own transparency in the glass to see her, which added to his conviction that he was a ghost. He slipped his billfold from his jacket pocket and croaked in an unintended Hepburn impression. "Two adults."

Lucy, not known for looking up, said, "That'll be eight dollars, sir." Jonas couldn't handle the proximity or the "sir." He'd been dancing with gravity and now the music was

off. His face left a wet smear against the glass as he slid to the cold pavement below. His date managed a yelp and the rest of the line stepped back, but Lucy didn't say a thing. No one knows if she ever did look up.

In the ambulance, Jonas threw up twice. Between heaves he repeated "dummy" over to himself.

Six weeks later, Jonas did his laundry. He was learning the contours of an obscene blue plastic chair of the kind that survive nowhere outside of laundromats. Open-mouthed in his lap lay an old copy of Cosmo, which was all they had. Jonas now knew eight ways to please a man, and was working on number nine. Then Lucy showed.

She came through the front doors fighting with two laundry-jammed, floral-pattern pillowcases, one over each shoulder. She made Jonas think of a far-off peasant girl with a wooden yoke and buckets of water. In her progress toward the washers, she gave away the subtle grace of someone who is art. Each machine secretly wished it would be the one she picked. She chose an older model without so many dials. She put in the clothes, all whites, then the detergent, then the coins. She left. Jonas tried to continue with the other seven ways to please a man, but his mind just wouldn't sit still. He put down the magazine and hyperventilated.

Lucy returned one hour later. Her clothes were pressed up against the insides of the washer like kids on a Round-up. It made Jonas sad to watch her using those angel hands to pry out her damp, shriveled laundry, so he turned away. She transferred the load into one of those vertical porthole type dryers that always has room for more. She closed the hinged window, dropped in the coins, dimes this time, and left. Jonas waited twenty minutes before he eased over to the machine and removed a pair of her laciest underwear. He hid them in his shirt. He left no ransom note.

She was back in two hours. She folded her dry clothes and returned them to their pillowcases. Chaos hung down its head. She was gone.

Jonas followed her, a good five lampposts behind, and saw her enter a six-story, brick apartment complex just four blocks from the laundromat. He knew where she lived.

His laundry was long gone by the time he remembered it the next day.

Jonas hadn't seen Lucy in three months, but it seemed more like three months and a few days to him. He decided it was time they got to know each other. That's why he went to the women's clothing store.

The salesgirl wasn't very helpful. She had Jonas pegged for a sicko, so she pretended he was somewhere else, perhaps at the roller rink. After all, he did take his sweet time thumbing through the hosiery section. She



By Bill Voxman

remembered other sickos who came in claiming they were shopping for wives or girlfriends; Jonas made no such innocent plea. Maybe he was so far gone that he didn't care what people thought. Maybe he was king of the perverts. She was thinking 911 when Jonas approached her.

"I'd like to buy that," he said, pointing at a lady mannequin dressed in a fuzzy pink blouse and pomegranate skirt. It had to be the most capitalist ensemble in the place.

The girl was no telepath. "The whole outfit?" she asked with a touch of helium in her voice.

Jonas wanted to break it to her easy. "Yes," he said, "or...no, no actually I want two of them. And the dummy." The girl pictured some kind of bizarre sex cult, but let it pass. "You want to buy the dummy?" she almost laughed. This would be one to tell Shelley about.

"Yes, and two of the skirts and two of the blouses. That's all I want." The catfish look on his face gave her the feeling he went out and bought a mannequin every day.

The girl took a baby step back. "Sorry, sir," she said, purposefully meaningless, "but our mannequins are not for sale." Maybe she'd been a little blunt. "But I can still sell you the outfits, if you like," she repented in mouse tones.

Jonas was never one to waste his words. "I'll give you fifteen-hundred dollars," he warbled in true cattle trader's drawl. Fifteen-hundred was a big number, even to Jonas, but it sure felt good coming off his tongue. He'd had to wrangle the money from his bank machine, nearly came to blows with the damn thing. Now he was a rich man. The money was partly from pawning his dead roommate's belongings and partly from the time he found the bloody paper bag in the

dumpster behind his building. Money's money, he figured. He planned to pay for accountant's school with it, but that didn't matter much now.

The salesgirl wasn't a salesgirl anymore; she lapsed into her natural harpy form. "Enough's enough," she spat. "I don't think any of this is funny. I want you to leave right now." Jonas slipped his billfold from his jacket pocket and showed her the currency. Her metamorphosis reversed itself. She remembered the cute little blue Volvo just sitting in the dealer's lot. The downtown bus must've taken her by it a thousand times. Fifteen-hundred would more than cover the down payment.

"Would you like your dummy gift-wrapped?" she smiled, with the motives of a girl who just got her braces off.

"No, I'll eat it here," Jonas ribbed. But the salesgirl was too busy test-driving her new car to hear him.

Jonas looked a sight with the mannequin strapped to the back of his 10-speed. Three bungie cords did the trick. The dummy lost her wig somewhere down Ninth Street, another roadkill, and her skirt kept flying up. Some black kids chased him for a stretch but he outpedaled them, even with the extra weight. The five-mile trip back to his apartment ended just as the sun peaked and began its free fall. He didn't bother to lock his bike.

There were seventy-three stairs up to his floor. The elevator hadn't worked since the cable broke in 1958; no one died, but one man lost a leg and another lost his hat. Jonas walked the steps, the dummy under one arm, the package with the identical outfit under the other. The empty stairwell echoed with a sound like the rattling of chains. Step seventy-two groaned as usual.

See *Obsession*, page 11



By JeanNette B. Wieser



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Obsession, from page 10

Jonas unlocked the door to his apartment, -419. The furnishings — couch, La-Z-Boy, American flag — were all his roommate's who was killed when he sleepwalked right into the elevator shaft. It was the smell that led them to the body. There was a small service, but his roommate wound up going to some medical lab. His parents had never come to take his toaster, or his blender, or any of his machines. Their son had always been dead to them.

Jonas tried to remember his own parents as he dragged the dummy across the Persian rug and into the bedroom. His father was a weak, sweaty man, a schoolteacher, who was stabbed to death in the classroom. Jonas recalled his mother, with her blue-veined hands, refusing to leave her bed after that, just wasting away. She died within the year, making Jonas an orphan at twelve. He liked to fantasize that he had killed her, maybe smothered her in her sleep. Fifteen years later, he was convinced he had.

The apartment was just big enough to stand up in. It'd taught Jonas why a kitchenette can never be called a kitchen, why water isn't always clear. Every pattern of wallpaper from the past hundred years showed through somewhere in the place. It was an apartment to shoot up in, to get shot up in. It was his purgatory. It was no place to live.

Jonas sat the mannequin down on the bed and noticed her bald head for the first time. "We must do something about that," he said. He searched through some drawers and found his roommate's ivory-handled straight razor. It cut his finger when he opened it; he imagined rivers as the branched of blood spread down his hand. He went in the bathroom, over the sink, and held the razor to his throat.

"Wait," he said. "shaving cream. I need shaving cream." When he found some he shaved off his beard and mustache and the hair on his head in short order. There was no lipstick so he settled for Magie Marker. The blouse and skirt were a little tight. He was almost pretty.

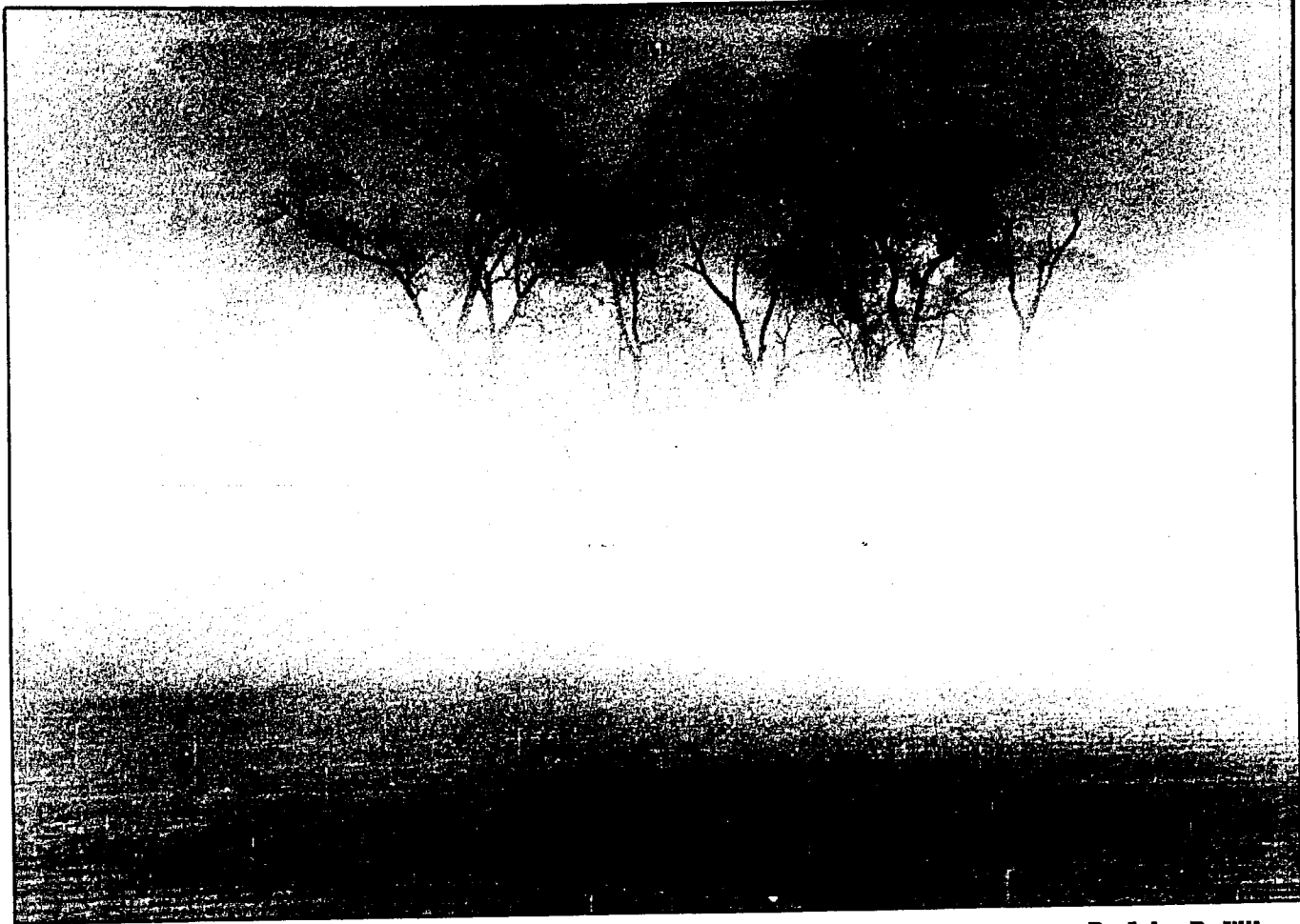
Jonas climbed Lucy's fire escape to reach the roof of her building. The mannequin was reluctant to come along, perhaps not wanting to be seen with him. Mannequins don't get out much.

The view from the roof was all in orange with the sun making its last rounds. Jonas could see the whole east side, but he couldn't pick out his own building. He wished he could step from rooftop to rooftop, just walk on top of the city. The studded asphalt was a little rough on his bare feet so he sat down. He waited.

He spotted Lucy and her pillowcases three blocks away. It was a good thing for Jonas she was consistent in her laundry. But most people are. He kept quiet until she crossed the street below him.

"Halloo," he called. She continued toward the front doors of the building. "You with the laundry!" he yelled, cupping his hands to his mouth. He wondered where all the dried blood came from.

Lucy stopped. She set the pillowcases down



By John P. Wilson

Coeur d'Alene to Moscow

by Craig Dionne

Pushing myself through the steering wheel south on 95. I cross the Spokane River. Rivers and creeks are poems... we meet as spirit and rock, asphalt over water. I circle around the west side of the Coeur d'Alene heart of the needle stitching a network of North Idaho rhymes: Harbor Island Green Ferry Road. Cougar Creek. Kid Island Bay. Mica Bay. Mica Creek. Rockford Bay. Fighting Creek. Windy Bay. Sun-up Bay. distance is measured by intervals of water. Lake Creek...standing and running. Rock Creek...spirit and rock. Through the Minaloosa Valley the water thins behind the cars I follow--

Moctileme Creek. Hangman Creek. Sheep Creek...fleece edges the flowing water.

On Skyline Drive the sun is coming through the clouds... Deep Creek Palouse River Grass is bright and green Conifers glisten waiting for the sun even the cows are statues... Four Mile Creek (their names are songs) Pushing through the wheel. I see a doused barn sparrow balancing on a telephone wire ruffling itself into a tiny period.

on the sidewalk. Her head turned up slowly, like a farmer feeling the first rain after a long drought. She had to squint. She saw an apparition in a skirt wave at her.

"Hi!" Jonas shouted. "Remember me? We met before. The theater and the laundromat. Remember?" He felt powerful, like a man? He was wearing her panties.

Lucy was unsure. Was this a joke? She had to get away, but she couldn't go inside. He probably knew her apartment number. This wasn't right. She grabbed up her laundry and started back across the street. Jonas gulped.

"Don't run away!" he screamed. He was frantic. "Wait, I want to show you something. Just stay there!" Lucy kept walking but turned to look over her shoulder. His silhouette dropped from sight. Something flew over roof's edge. A blur of something, no, a body. Lucy's mouth opened wider than in her dentist's most far-flung dreams.

Jonas watched the mannequin fall away, her clothes flapping like some awkward bird. She seemed to float. She grew small and then she met the street. Her arms and legs snapped off and her torso broke in two. Jonas

could see she was hollow, but he'd sensed that already. He felt a loss.

Lucy let her laundry down. She aimed herself at Jonas. "You bastard!" she squealed. "You nearly killed me, you dumb bastard! You're crazy! I'm calling the cops." And she turned to go. It was then he knew how Icarus must have felt, and her cherubic glow flickered, and he saw where in the world he'd arrived. He wanted a way home.

He took the first step across the city, and it wasn't so bad, really, not with Lucy and her laundry to cushion the fall.

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