Dr. Steffans, 12 cadets receive awards at President’s Review

The Idaho Argonaut
The University of Idaho - MOSCOW, IDAHO

Dr. Steve Steffens, Idaho’s 1982 and 1983 Young Alumnus of the Year, presented Dr. James A. Read, Idaho’s 1989-1990 Young Alumnus of the Year, with several awards at a dinner Tuesday evening.

The event was held in the Idaho Memorial Union Grand Ballroom.

President Read was the keynote speaker and Dr. Steffans presented several awards to him.

The awards included:
- The Outstanding Alumnus Award
- The Outstanding Service Award
- The Outstanding Graduate Student Award
- The Outstanding Undergraduate Student Award
- The Outstanding Young Alumnus Award
- The Outstanding Faculty Member Award

Dr. Read was also given a plaque and a letter of appreciation from the University.

Dr. Steffans, who is a former state senator and member of the Idaho Republican Party, has been a strong supporter of the university and its students.

He has long been active in community service and has been a advocate for education and the arts.

Dr. Read was joined by his family, including his wife, Sandi, and their children, who were also present at the event.

The awards ceremony was well attended and included a large audience of faculty, staff, and students.

The event was a great success and the attendees were all happy to see Dr. Read receive recognition for his hard work and dedication to the university.

Minsters to present concert May 10

The Minsters, a local rock band, will be performing at the University of Idaho on May 10th.

The concert is free and open to the public.

The band has been performing for several years and has gained a large following in the Moscow area.

Their music is a mix of rock, blues, and country, and they are sure to please any audience.

The concert will be held in the Student Union Ballroom and is sponsored by the University’s Arts and Culture Program.

The Minsters have a strong following and are sure to draw a large crowd.

Dr. Derlry says new sports facility a reality

Dr. Derlry, University president, announced yesterday that the university will be building a new sports facility.

The facility will be located on the west side of campus and will include a gymnasium, a weight room, and a swimming pool.

The university has been working on plans for the facility for several years and has received funding from the state.

Dr. Derlry said that the facility will be completed within the next two years.

He also said that the university is committed to providing quality facilities for its students.

The new facility will be a major asset to the university and will be a great addition to the campus.

The university has a strong athletics program and the new facility will allow for greater opportunities for students to participate in sports.

The facility will be open to the public and will be a great place for community members to use as well.

ABM forum to present both sides of proposal

The ABM forum will be held at the University of Idaho on May 10th.

The forum will feature presenters from both sides of the ABM proposal.

The forum will be free and open to the public.

The ABM proposal is a controversial issue and the forum will provide an opportunity for citizens to learn more about the proposal and to ask questions of the presenters.

The forum will be held in the University Union and is sponsored by the University’s Association for Social and Political Science.

The forum will be a great opportunity for citizens to learn more about the ABM proposal and to voice their opinions.

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Editorial Opinion

An Introduction

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

t's you decided to offer this addi
tion to the service we are already providing you the
students of this school and you will find many excellent works, both prose and poetry, written by students of this school. The
Argonaut is not a news magazine, nor is it designed to poli
tics or social issues, but it is a collection of articles, essays, and poems written by students of this school.

According to the Academic Senate, feel, everything governed by
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Iot A

articles this month. In the last issue of March. The Argon

Students are not pleased with the publication of the last issue. The Argon

The study on the campus is that several students are not satisfied with the

Because of its Rocky Mountain nature, students are not

It is not for us to publish the

as far as is possible, facts, opinions, and thoughts.

To the Editor:

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...the Argonaut is a news magazine, not an academic journal..."...the Argonaut is a news magazine, not an academic journal...

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New Federal legislation relates to student violations

The U.S. Department of Education has announced plans to release guidelines for the implementation of a new federal law that addresses student misconduct. The law requires institutions to develop policies and procedures that ensure fair and consistent enforcement of the law. Failure to comply could result in the loss of federal funding. Institutions must also provide training for staff and students on the new requirements. The guidelines will be released in the coming weeks.

Pea City Hash 'happens' tonight in Borah Theater

"Pea City Hash" will happen tonight in the Borah Theater at 8 p.m. Pea City Hash is a unique event that features a variety of musical acts and performances. Tickets are $10 at the door. Be sure to check out this exciting event.

Three U-2 students travel to Mexico

Three University of Idaho students recently traveled to Mexico for a month-long study abroad program. The students, who majored in political science, history, and international studies, spent their time exploring the culture, history, and language of Mexico. They also visited several cities, including Mexico City, Guadalajara, and Cancun. The students plan to use their experiences to supplement their coursework.

Three counselors needed for Idaho State Youth Camp at Priest Lake

Contact Bob Dutton
Box 853 Kellogg, Idaho

The Idaho State Youth Camp at Priest Lake is seeking three counselors to work with children this summer. The camp is located on Lake Pend Oreille and offers a variety of activities, including swimming, boating, and hiking. The counselors will be responsible for the safety and well-being of the campers. This is a great opportunity for individuals who enjoy working with children and are interested in outdoor activities.

$393 per month plus room and board

Six counselors needed for Idaho State Youth Camp at Priest Lake

WORK ON THE ARAGONA STAFF

IT IS AN EXPERIENCE AND SALARIED, TOO!

INTERVIEWS FOR THESE POSITIONS ON MAY 13th & 14th

- MANAGING EDITOR
- PROOFREADERS
- NEWS EDITOR
- ASST. CIRCULATION MANAGER
- ASST. SPORTS EDITOR
- POLITICAL EDITOR
- SOCIAL EDITOR
- PHOTOGRAPHERS
- FEATURE EDITOR

REPORTERS & AD SALESMEN

Get Info In Arg. Office on Monday and Thursday Afternoons

- DON'T KNOCK IT BEFORE YOU TRY IT -
Baseball appreciation day set for tomorrow

Walkers will be entertained in "Baseball Appreciation" type ceremonies between games when play began.

Whites throw

Highlighting the ceremonies will be the second game played by the Whites, who will throw the first pitch. The White's first base and the White's after base will be on hand for the 1:15 ceremonies at this Jackson Field.

Other teams.

Among the other teams, a former high school football team, was prepared to play and the community softball team will be on hand for the 1:15 ceremonies at this Jackson Field.

Weber

Weber brings in 5:45 to the ceremonies because the team next on the field is due to play.

Weber is a member of the Univers."A team which won the District 13-15 championship at this Jackson Field.

Three

Three will be the last team in line.

Netmen travel

The netmen have traveled west to this weekend for three matches in the Blue Tarp. The netmen must Northern Idaho College in Sun Valley this afternoon, then move to New Mexico State.

The netmen travel is by bus, and the teams were given the opportunity to use the facilities of the New Mexico State College, while staying in the room public.

Riders compete

Members of the Idaho State University, College of Agriculture and. Small Business Administration office.

Which did the most to change the game?

WANTED:

1. Men willing to take part in the annual track and field meet, which will be held on the 8th of July, at 1:00 p.m., at the annual meet.

Raiders compete

Members of the Idaho State University, Baseball team will compete against six local teams.

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED

WANTED.

WANTED: Five to seven

5.00 per day per person, possibly only 15.00 for the

THE WASHINGTON WATER CO. POWER

Electricity is a useful part

THE "GATE" BALL

a. The "GATE" BALL

b. The "Temporarily lost we"

c. The "Lost ball"

d. The "Lost ball"

e. The "Lost ball"

They all did an lot. But think about "it." Now almost all games were "night" games.

To some electricity has been the "energy of progress," turning old into new, into better.

And the people of your investing

energy company try to stay on the ball to keep it running.

THE WASHINGTON WATER CO. POWER
STOP!
SAVING STAMPS
AND
START
SAVING MONEY

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

the food people
Rosauer's
The President's Review

photos by Robert Bower
Big Name Entertainment undergoes study, Stadrade makes false statements about increase

Big Name Entertainment and the entire Name concept are currently being studied by a group of entertainment industry professionals. The study is being conducted by a team of experts led by Dr. Louis Smith, head of the Entertainment Industry Research Group (EIRG).

The study is being funded by Big Name Entertainment and is expected to take several months to complete. The EIRG is made up of experts in the fields of entertainment, economics, and market research. The goal of the study is to determine the feasibility of expanding Big Name Entertainment's operations into new markets and to identify potential areas for growth.

Dr. Smith, who is leading the study, said that the results of the study will be used to develop a plan for the future of Big Name Entertainment. "We are looking at all possible options," he said. "We want to make sure that Big Name Entertainment is positioned for long-term success."
EDITORIAL

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

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

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

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

"Because the March issue was the first attempt at getting our material to the public, the following has been reprinted from that issue's "Editorial" to let you know what we think about creative expression.

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

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

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

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

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

"You & I"

Autumn was it for you
In the middle of the spring
I'm thinking of the pale leaves

THE MACHINE

Editor: Marshall Hickman
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Secretary: Helen Lorefren
Art. Sec.: Garth Schmelz
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Art Editors: Eve Garner, Karen Barr
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Cover: eg
Art: Mike Eugene

You Couldn't
Become a Chesspawn

Morgan LeFay

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

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

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

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

A Tramp In The Night

The fog is dense,
Clothing around the blurry moon lights
It is a late hour
The girl I saw
Was walking alone
Like a shadow, in her own night.

Incoherent waves, fusing
With the rising foam
In mind's dark sea
I live.

I am the lonely wanderer
Polluting the still quiet night.

The books in my hand
Have executed their meaning
Printed words imposing
Like creeping black insects.
A branch of free
Obstructs the Notre Dame
It is only a lecture post-card
Which you sent me the other day
I wish,
Green spring
And warm new-born babies
Taking over the setting reason
I shiver.

Till I Bleed

Till I bleed trip
North wind,
careens the tree tops
And the leaves
They shiver with sensuous pain

The barren speckless silence
Break it forever.
The roses waiting to blossom,
To tremble with the dew drops,
Then scatter the petals in the north-wind

Touch me softly,
Then fiercely,
With your fingertips
Till I bleed
To the color of your cheeks.

Autoanesthesia

Crimson colored tie,
And all those clay molds,
Hanging from the roof.
They asked questions
Casting suspicious glances
If the colors were real.
Applauding the creamy confusion
Then the band played in the evening
Probably to celebrate an icy spring.

Intelligence,
They come here
And talk about a strange horrible dream.
Is it really that bad?
We will know tomorrow
Today let us sleep
On our cushioned mattresses
Embracing the golden haired princess
Her face might be scarred tomorrow.

The girls were dancing on the lawn
Trampling the grass blades
Neon lights make your shirt look so white
Her lips are red and rosy

Don't tell me about the naked hungry child.

Don't show me the stains
And ignore the paleness beneath the lipstick
So, I may dance in the stars
And who knows about tomorrow.

You are a child,
Whose dreams are running away
And you have to run
But I have to drink black coffee
Let the fungus grow in the corner
My walls are still white
Democracy grows in my own autoanesthesia.

INFORMATION

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

Do not utter obscenities
Because it is fashionable to talk like a Greek.

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

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

Let us slip into the silent night
And whisper the unspoken dreams
Leaving the frenzy behind.

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

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

I remember:
other times when I was small.
We played on the swings in the park.
We always ate ice-cream.
We always talked,
But never about love.
Why?

I remember:
Other times when I was small.
We played intelligence games in class.
We always used out best etiquette.
We always talked,
But never about marriage.
Why?

garth schmeling

other times when I was small.
We walked through a drizzly rain on the lake shore.
We always tried to change everyone else.
We always talked,
But never about us.
Why?
Gene Bundy

TROIKA

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Charles Bonney

Absurd,
By An Absurdist

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

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

Absurd plays are absurd. The actions in these plays do not and can not happen. But these things and more absurd things happen in everyday life only to be rationalized away by man. In "Rhinocer-
os" by Ionesco, ordinary people in an ordinary, orderly town literally turn into rhinoceros, but Bero-
egre wants to do so. If we see the absurdities as ideas, we then have a very real situation with the rhinos physically expressing thought and ideas. Berenger becomes the goat, odd one, or villain of the story. Or you can see the rhinos as the non-thinking creatures which man is becoming. Of course other ideas are brought up such as what is beauty, illegal logic, what is life's purpose etc...


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

See now possible connections in theme With differences in interpretation by authors, See now possible connections in differences By individuals in audiences. See now authentic feeling and emotion and thought By people in world. How ridiculous Absurd.
Lu Mezzetta

EUCALYPTUS

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

Jane VanKleeck

Pam

Two men in my life-
One with a dimple,
One yet unborn,
Will share my love, my tears.
She touches the world.
A child, driven by curiosity,
She thumps and cares for it.
The world lures her on,
Purring
Until it snaps!
And she becomes a woman.

Filed under Cannot, Knowledge is

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

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

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

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

"The thing for 10:00;"
the others.
with
go?
So we go?
there.

(dale uravich

opera
and
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and
as
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resting
rate
contain
in

One
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touched
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rocks
along
the
edge
of
the

mountain
and
I
left

on
a
cold

way,
at

mountain
Nathan Samuel

Whatever Happened To Charlie Redeagle

Charlie pranced around the lounge.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"They're so damn stupid."

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

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

"Well Charlie where you been?"

"Nowhere.

"Aw come on we know you were gone."

"Yea, well, hell, I was with a girl."

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

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

"Charlie, knock it off you clown. Tell us the truth."

Charlie knew he would tell them everything, but he just didn't want to ask why.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Hell what's the use."

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

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

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

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

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

Charlie stood, ya he had a responsibility to the kids — he was their leader. Sure they liked him, everyone liked Charlie Redeagle. He stumbled back to the dorm. He had to get out.

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

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

"He can turn the tide and calm the angry sea..."

He finished the song and grinned.

"Well how about it?"

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

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

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

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

What happened to the American Indian...
CIRCUS

Throbbing heart beat world of man
Chaotic circus of a million voices
Joining breathes and mouthing phrases
In side show wonders
Or giant tents

Laughing  —  Yelling
Hissing love,
Love. . .
say did ya hear this one? there we were in bed
out of the blue she says, why don't we get married?
marrige, god! I was just havin' fun!
Fun. . .
What grand fun
The merry-go-round of
ha
ha
ha's
A light in the eyes and a free ticket
To a brief rest,
We needed that one
Huh pal?
Pal... .
two heads are better
for discussion of life.
The Life
mine or yours?
let's go for all of it
and throw in a new outlook
because it's Columbus Day
and the coffee's good
Good...
For alot of things
If you give it a try,
well, let's go where the action is
where nobody cares what anybody says
and we'll solve the worlds problems
in a glass of Lucky Light.
Light... .
And they're still mumbling
From the night before.
The wild Ferris Wheel ride
Past the house of mirrors.
were you the one
it's hard to recall
we almost fell
What a ridiculous thing to say Adam
Whatever will the neighbors think?
Think...
about it baby,
and we'll watch the clowns
that one looks alot like you
hey, there's the one like me.
Funny you should mention that, yesterday, I heard a tale
it went
like this
so... .
Oh please be silent
We'll all now stand to sing
The great world anthem
You sing soprano — I'll sing bass
Then we'll get on with the show.

WATER WORLD

I was sorry when I saw you crying
Poor little figure in the rain,
In the rain tears are baby
The youngsters of a water world
That sometimes surges
Sometimes ones
Blood of the Soul
and what
of the
Blood
of the tears
of the tears that wash away the blood
of other worlds — the old world — the young
stained by warring
stripped by hunting
scarred by hate
all join arms and stagger toward the pool
those who have no arms
follow.
Now everybody sing — we shall overcome
We shall overcome
We shall...
Fall in the mud made slippery by the
Rain
Crawl through the thick black earth
And squeeze it between torn fingers
But please,
Don't forget to wash it away
With the tears
While the rain
Trickles down the body creases
and drips
From the face with the tears
And runs with others
Until the blood is gone.
Gone with the puddles
Diluted by the rain
Swallowed by the sun
Returned to the Earth
To make it
grow.

EMPTY

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

Nobuko

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

It was raining and I stopped to look at things while I walked along. I'd really forgotten myself and kept going without knowing except to wonder when the black and slash asphalted street would come up to meet my rushing face. The rain 

fouling the hairs, stealing my breath, but then it was when I gathered my eyes on the sidewalk cracks rushing by 

faintly black in grey below. How how how how how... Suddenly Realizing I HAVE FEET! Fod how wonderful I cried and thought and thought, thou... No longer will I be afraid! Into a graceful arch my body drew and I watched as my ears trailed back along into the rain wind catching rivulets in their crevasses...?!

What if something chases them? O godogod god dog

RUN! (I will) to the crosswalk where I found that I had tripped on the curb 

embracing the asphalt grating wet i looked around sad felt as I walked past the last trailing hairs of my bleeding living disconsolate body lying there

Another Lov Poem In Stumbletongue

De or girl,
I love you somehow
But it pains me
Having to throw
Through your
Parent-given
Patient indifference
Could you possibly,
I mean, perhaps
See your way to loving me
On the outward side
So could have some to?

Signs of the Times

...and then I went out
to find the street
saying YES YES YES
To all the stop signs
Go-signs
Smokey bear signs
And Texaco gas station signs

All! All the lovely signs!

Cop signals in white gloved protoplastic fluid motion and I not saying yessir, yessir, yessir. Mr. Cop sign.

NOOOOO, no i won't step into the street wrongisned and endanger my life no no no i won't...

So go my feet

I've no time to think of you
(I have to trust you feel!)
No time. No time
Got to look out for signs...

But NO! NOFEET NO!

Watch out FEET!

A bubble gum wrapper trips me and I am last seen giving flat faced oration on the goodness of signs to all the minority creatures of the dust...