Tragedies mar ‘All Idaho’ Weekend

Wreck injures 4 Volks skids
Nelson critical

Four University of Idaho students, all members of Baja Tripi Fraternity, were injured at 3:15 p.m. Saturday when their car collided with a parked car and overturned. Tom Nelson, 19, is "very grave" at Deaconess Hospital in Spokane, according to a spokesman in charge of intensive care at the hospital. Nelson arrived at the hospital in early evening and can have no visitors except family members. He was transferred from Boise, Idaho, about 30 Saturday evening.

Nelson went into surgery soon after arrival. Tearing of chest is the Karras. Nelson received first aid at the scene of the accident.

Tom Barrows, 19, is reported in satisfactory condition, but it is still in hospital. Tom Nelson, 19, will remain in the hospital for several days, was treated for head injuries. Full and released from Glenn, Thursday morning came and were released.

University wins $2,000 grant

University of Idaho has received a $2,000 research grant from the Idaho and Branch, in support of a November 14 to 15 "New and Workable Solutions to the Utilization Problem in Idaho." The information will be used to provide local communities with data and assistance in determining the fate of their schools.

John Phillips, San Francisco, vice president and western regional manager of the Sperry and Hildreth Co., a subsidiary of Sperry and Hildreth Co., Inc., said the project will result in the establishment of the Idaho Office of the Idaho Space and Technology Center.

One of the objectives of the project is to provide grants to students and faculty members from institutions of higher education in Idaho to conduct research and experimentation in the field of space and technology.

Campus thefts and fight reported to Moscow police

The Moscow Police Department received word of a theft and a fight on campus.

The theft was reported by a student who said he lost his backpack.

The fight was reported by a student who said he was attacked by another student.

The University Information Center recommends that students report all incidents to the University Police Department.
Running bulls of the Idaho campus grate under the weekly need for week. One student is using the university conserving his right to non-city streets, another student is using a weekly arrest ticket among his university records. We have seen this awareness growing on other campuses. As such, we offer our thanks in vain. Do anything, as far as the present moment is concerned, the only way to solve the problem is to bring about a real and intensive action. And the most of us who are trying to reach those and do something. (Figuring and dealing) one will probably go back to the conserving in the solution.

One of the most striking and painful views of this area is the example of the real city of cities. It has helped drive out all of the city residents and the new colleges and universities. (Figuring that)

The first year, two seals on the Board of Regents were voted. The positions were filled by conservatives. This year, two more seals will be voted on, and it is very probable that the conservatives will win.

This will give the conservative administration a margin of safety in the governor's request. (Figuring that) The real problem of the present moment is the attitude of those who look at this problem.

If this occurs we can see an abrupt change in the basic institutions of the university for it will be decided in a very early moment. The attitude of the board of regents in the present moment is the real problem of the present moment.

The problem is here the students wear away, they declare what they are, but they don't run to violence. At least, so far they have not resorted to violence. They never, or very rarely, the problems through the administration, through the student judicial system, or through the state government.

This questioning, this testing of values is the only way to reach those and do something. And even, the students in our own system by their questioning of that system.

Right now this process proceeds with relative smoothness. The University administration allows wide initiative for dissent. The doors of the offices on the Hill are always open to students. And problems are being solved, like it is slowly becoming more reasonable, but the future looks dark.

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The Railroad Lake area is closed to all hunting and fishing," emphasized District Conservation Officer Dennis A. Behlke, presently. Fishermen also point out that sneaking into a restricted sector of a game area results in being asked to leave, and if a violation is noted, the license is surcharged.

The Fish and Game Department office also listed controls for permits for Idaho residents aged 12 and older who wish to purchase a hunting or fishing license.

The permit office is open during the normal operating hours of the Fish and Game Department office, and a permit is required in order to purchase a hunting or fishing license.

1. Student: Any student from a state other than Idaho who is attending school or university in Idaho who is not otherwise a resident of Idaho and is not employed as a resident of Idaho but who is not employed as an employee or otherwise employed in the state is required to have a student permit.

2. License: The student permit is issued to the individual who is a resident of Idaho and is not employed as an employee or otherwise employed in the state but who is not employed as a resident of Idaho.

3. Firearms: The student permit is issued to the individual who is a resident of Idaho and is not employed as an employee or otherwise employed in the state but who is not employed as a resident of Idaho.

4. Boating: The student permit is issued to the individual who is a resident of Idaho and is not employed as an employee or otherwise employed in the state but who is not employed as a resident of Idaho.

5. Fishing: The student permit is issued to the individual who is a resident of Idaho and is not employed as an employee or otherwise employed in the state but who is not employed as a resident of Idaho.

6. Hunting: The student permit is issued to the individual who is a resident of Idaho and is not employed as an employee or otherwise employed in the state but who is not employed as a resident of Idaho.

7. Sponsoring: The student permit is issued to the individual who is a resident of Idaho and is not employed as an employee or otherwise employed in the state but who is not employed as a resident of Idaho.

8. Employment: The student permit is issued to the individual who is a resident of Idaho and is not employed as an employee or otherwise employed in the state but who is not employed as a resident of Idaho.

9. Residential: The student permit is issued to the individual who is a resident of Idaho and is not employed as an employee or otherwise employed in the state but who is not employed as a resident of Idaho.

10. Non-legal: The student permit is issued to the individual who is a resident of Idaho and is not employed as an employee or otherwise employed in the state but who is not employed as a resident of Idaho.

The following information has been prepared by the Idaho Fish and Game Department to answer questions and clarify requirements for student permits.

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Here’s what three recent graduates are doing.

Doug Taylor, B.S., Electronics Engineering '73, is already a senior associate engineer working on large-scale circuit technology. Added by computer design. Doug is one of some fifteen IBM managers and designers who have taken over IBM computers in the 1970’s.

Soon after his intensive training course, IBM marketing representative Florence Low, B.S. ’71. started helping key IBM commissions solve problems. Like how to introduce school kids to computers, without installing one. Her answer: how-to sessions on IBM on Chicago by phone table.

ON CAMPUS OCT. 27, 28

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New handbook released recently

An up-to-date "Handbook for City Finance Officers", has been released by the Municipal Finance Officers Association and the National Municipal League. The handbook, which was originally published by the National Municipal League. The handbook, which was originally published by the National Municipal League in 1966, has been completely revised and updated in accordance with the standards set forth by the National Municipal League. The handbook is intended to provide citizens and trustees of small towns in the American West with comprehensive information on the history and development of the town's economy. The handbook is written by experts in the field of town management and is designed to help citizens and trustees of small towns to understand and manage their town's economy. The handbook is available from the National Municipal League, 1000 17th Street NW, Washington, DC. For more information, call 202-467-1000.
**Dalton Prep school head accuses US Ed office gives students larger voice**

**Across the state news**

Iowa State students learn to study

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**Do you have to give up your identity to make it in a big corporation?**

You've heard the stories: You have to do this, do that, and give up your identity to be a successful employee. But isn't that what being employed is all about? Not necessarily. There are big corporations that value their employees' unique identities.

**General Telephone & Electronics**

General Telephone & Electronics is one of those companies. They believe that employees should be encouraged to bring their whole selves to work. This is evident in the approach they take towards their employees: they value their identities and encourage them to be themselves.

According to Jenny Smith, the HR manager at General Telephone & Electronics, "We believe that employees are more productive when they feel comfortable being themselves. We encourage our employees to bring their unique identities to work, and we value the diverse perspectives they bring with them."

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**Across the state news**

Iowa State students learn to study

---

**“LOOK WHAT MY BANK OF IDAHO CHECKING ACCOUNT DOES FOR ME”**

"In the first place... it identifies me as a customer of the friendly bank in town and entitles me to all the services that are available... drive-up banking, free customer parking... making deposits by mail... it’s more convenient, or doing my banking is an enjoyable experience in the most modern bank in town. I feel like Bank of Idaho is designed and operated just for me."

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Rings 'n Things

Engaged

Jane Young, Tri Delta, and Fred Honey, Delta, Marian Moneys, Kappa, and Dave Wells, Delta Chi.

Married


Bride

While many students may talk about summer jobs around the college and the foreign countries, three Idaho students made their senior jobs last summer and took the opportunity to gain the skills and experience that they may find difficult to obtain in their careers. University of Idaho students Bruce Brown, Steve Thomas, and Margaret Peregis were among those who traveled to Mexico for a cultural exchange, sharing with the students of California State University, Fullerton, new ideas and knowledge concerning both Mexican and American culture.

The group, called "Los Amigos," a French chapter of the National Conference of Latin American Students, held its first meeting last month after many summer raising projects, and a lot of "民族ing" in the heart of the community. Although Margaret graduated last year, she and Steve Thomas have stayed in touch and they still visit each other. They practiced their Spanish skills by helping the local people with their various projects. They volunteered to help build a school and were invited to the mayor's house.

In fact, they were able to work with the people in the USA and Mexico for several months. They even helped build a house for the elderly in Mexico and they had the opportunity to be part of the local community.

They returned home with a new appreciation for the culture and the language, and they hope to continue their involvement in the community.

Mexico impresses students

By Brian Liebeld

University of Idaho, Moscow, Oct. 15, 2000

I recently attended the Leadership Academy Conference at Delta Delta Delta national headquarters. The conference was held at the Haggart Hotel in downtown Los Angeles, California. The conference was attended by over 250 delegates from across the United States and Canada. Delta Delta Delta is a national sorority that focuses on leadership development and community service.

During the conference, delegates had the opportunity to participate in various workshops and sessions on topics such as leadership, communication, and philanthropy. The conference also featured keynote speakers who shared their experiences and insights on leadership.

In addition to the workshops, delegates had the opportunity to visit various attractions in the Los Angeles area. This included trips to the Hollywood Walk of Fame, the Griffith Observatory, and the Santa Monica Pier.

Overall, the conference was a rewarding experience for those who attended. It provided a valuable opportunity for delegates to network with other sorority members and to learn from experienced leaders.
WRA activities now underway

During a recent National Intramural Teacher’s Club presentation, the Women’s Intramural Representative for Idaho, Patsy Hendren, stated that WRA will not be held this year. "Griz City" was the name given to the annual women’s intramural sports competition. Hendren stated that women’s intramural sports are not being held at this time due to the nature of the program.

Enrollment in the program is currently underway. Students interested in participating in WRA sports should contact their WRA representatives.

Vandals have long workout

A NCAA meeting, but let's give up on the half-yard line and start working on the back. The Vandals have scored over 200 points in the past two seasons. The Vandals have scored over 300 points in the past two seasons. The Vandals have scored over 400 points in the past two seasons. The Vandals have scored over 500 points in the past two seasons. The Vandals have scored over 600 points in the past two seasons. The Vandals have scored over 700 points in the past two seasons. The Vandals have scored over 800 points in the past two seasons. The Vandals have scored over 900 points in the past two seasons. The Vandals have scored over 1000 points in the past two seasons. The Vandals have scored over 1100 points in the past two seasons. The Vandals have scored over 1200 points in the past two seasons. The Vandals have scored over 1300 points in the past two seasons. The Vandals have scored over 1400 points in the past two seasons. 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Southern Mississippi

The University of Mississippi came off with perhaps the biggest victory in its history Saturday night when the 13th-ranked Rebels surprised the 6th-ranked University of Alabama in the College National Park. The game went on to close in cozy style and Ray Beutel scored three touchdowns and Ray Beutel passed for two as the Gators piled up 13 total points against 13 total points.

Vanderbilt

The third-ranked Vanderbilt shutout University of Missouri 7-0 in the third quarter of the game.

Vanderbilt's Pacific football
touchdowns puffed up 21 points in the first 11 minutes of the game. The game was a 70-61 victory.

Pacific-Club State

Pacific football club shutout Utah 38-0 in the third quarter of the game.

THE VANDAL FLYING CLUB’s Convair 340, a two-seat trainer, is brought it for a flying at the Moscow-Pullman airport by John Sylstra. The plane was under the command of two pilots, B. F. Sylstra.

Flying Club meets

Another sport offered at the University of Idaho is the flying club, which is operated under the supervision of John Sylstra.

STUDENTS
does not mean you have a part.

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ASUI AND ASHU STUDENTS gathered in the SUB Friday night for a banquet commemorating the 100th anniversary of football.

IDAHO STUDENTS POARED BUSSES heading for the Idaho-ISU game in Pullman, Idaho, on Saturday. For the first time in 8 years the Vandals were defeated by Idaho State University.

LAURA SHIKASHIO, Idaho’s NCAA Football Centennial Queen was officially crowned at halftime of the Idaho-ISU game on Saturday. Laura is a senior international relations major from Blackfoot. She is a resident assistant in McCoy Hall.

GOVERNOR DON SAMUELSON was guest of honor at the President’s brunch held Saturday in the SUB. The brunch was held in connection with Idaho Week.

SCHOOL LEADERS pose with Idaho’s leader Don Samuelson. The college presidents are Jim Willms, ASUI; Jack Arbogath, Boise State College; and Scott McClure, Idaho State University.
The University of Idaho

Editorial

"Is everybody ready?" Noymath shouted as he entered the room. The sound of the closing door resonated from the pale yellow walls. Noymath stood at the door, his legs slightly spread and his head held high. The nine people in the room sat quietly around an oval table. Some were leaning forward in their chairs resting their elbows on the polished mahogany surface. The others appeared more relaxed as each rested his weight on the back of his chair. Each one of them was apparently too absorbed in the typed pages before him to even notice that Noymath had arrived.

Noymath, somewhat appalled by the utter silence penetrating every corner of the room, relaxed his stance by leaning against the brown metal door. His deepset eyes seemed puzzled at the lack of response. "Is anybody ready?" His voice almost shrilled.

Eridot, situated at the opposite end of the room, gave the papers he had been reading a quick shove, and they slid nearly halfway across the table. He raised his head slowly and aimed his eyes at Noymath's face. He stared intently for a moment, then looked at the white, perforated tile on the ceiling. Noymath ignored the stare and regained his stance. "I brought all the tools," he said. "Come on, it's time."

"Time for what?" questioned Eridot as he refocused on Noymath.

"Time to dig. Time to dig. We have to dig for the next one like we did for the last one. Remember?" "Remember!" scowled Eridot. "Ya, I remember. And everyone I think about digging, I get pissed."

"Why?" "Why?! You can stand there with that stupid-looking innocence on your face and ask why?" The force of Eridot's voice struck the ears of everyone in the room. Heads lifted one by one in Mock Surprise until finally the entire group was aware that Noymath had arrived.

"Calm down," said Noymath trying to dispel the anger in Eridot's voice. "Something is obviously bothering you. I'm sure we would be happy to listen to your gripe."

Eridot carefully scanned the faces before him. They were, he thought, perfectly willing to help. "People," he began, "are basically creative—not just famous writers and artists—but everybody. And it angers me to think of all those creative people out there who are too afraid of expression to express themselves openly. I refer to any person who has expressed his creativity in a substandard form who is reluctant to expose himself to others for fear that his material may be judged inferior."

"I know what you mean," interrupted a member of the silent eight. "I recall talking with a young writer who refused to expose his material to the public. Because he feared it wasn't good enough. Yet he seemed to be waiting for some time—his big debut."

"Precisely," continued Eridot, "and this person fails to realize that one poem, one story, or even one line of his writing could effectively fill a gap in someone's life. He places more emphasis on competition than on creativity by refusing to release his material until he feels that it can compete with and win over the work of other people. Do you understand, Noymath?"

Noymath moved from the door and eased himself into a chair at the table. He sat quietly for a few moments stroking his unshaven chin and collecting his thoughts.

"Creativity," he began, "is an outflow of one's inner self. It should, therefore, be free and unrestricted. That creativity is completely free and unrestricted I believe to be a universal truth. Its conscious expression, however, is a different matter. As you have aptly described, this has fallen prey to competitive struggle. The end result of such a struggle is a belief that a hierarchy of minds exists with the most creative on top and the least creative on bottom. Such a scale is utterly ridiculous. To express one's creativity effectively requires a striving for better expression but not a contest for the best expression. However, because such competition does exist, the expression of those who believe themselves to be anywhere lower than the top has been stifled. Consequently, the exchange of creative expression among people has suffered."

"And that stifling burns me inside. We shouldn't have to submit material. It should flow to us in unending quantity."

Eridot was almost condemning in his tone. The people at the table, except Noymath, nodded silently in affirmation. Noymath rose to his feet, and planting his palms firmly on the table, he leaned towards Eridot.

"But it doesn't flow to us in unending quantity!" he said solemnly. "The plain fact is, Eridot, that creative people have been raised in a competitive environment and, unfortunately as it may be, this environment has infected even their basic qualities. But, until they realize that there are no degrees of creativity, we must provide not only a vehicle for their expression but also an incentive to destroy their senseless fear of inferiority. We, the people in this room, have this realization, and it is our task to generate this realization in everybody else for the benefit of all."

His voice stopped echoing, and the buzz from the fluorescent tubes filled the room. Noymath walked across to the door and turned to face the group. "And because of that," he said, "I suggest we go digging. Will you come with us, Eridot?"

Eridot shrugged his shoulders in frustration. "Ya, I'll come." He fixed his eyes with a harsh stare at Noymath, and his face reddened with anger. "But it still pisses me off."

This is the first issue of AMYTHON for the '70-71 school year, the third since its conception last year. AMYTHON hopes to publish monthly this year—providing the students of this university will support it. Any comments or criticism concerning AMYTHON or any material appearing on its pages are welcome. AMYTHON invites you, the reader, to express yourself with poetry, prose, essay, drawings, or any other form of expression that AMYTHON is capable of exposing. Submissions can be given to a staff member, dropped at the SUB Information desk, or sent to 770 East 4th, Apt. 1, Moscow. For purposes of personal contact only, we request that all submissions be accompanied with the submitter's name and address, both to be kept confidential if so desired.

Cho-Choh

Comic clutchplate oiled with griddle grease rank and file rows of sterilized bricks safety sledge hammering buckle belt slogans clothed meticulously in cast aluminum shells mopping the hall of an iron-deficient soul with strandslines of bamboo spikes

'Til you come my way
Baby O bay o' mine!

Screaming
'Tunnel it under
Tunnel it over
I'm the mountain
In a field of clover.'

Sparse clover of three leaf strands covering mutant grass budding with images of our Ford under cloud-streaked puddles of pond scum reeking offensive bacterial odors of A.M. amphibious love making scaled with crusty routine nail marks...

The graveyard shift is Cho-Choh's job the garbage people buy his time. Upturned cans line the street to Cho pulls the truck's dumphandle.

Panhellic

There's something profound in your talk girl, significant, like fly spit on the wall

Tracy Hamby
Two minutes later, Mr. Ford and Mr. Handel, after calling aloud for Fred or his wife walked cautiously into the living-room where Mr. and Mrs. Idle sat watching the evening sports report on television from the center of the blood soaked sofa.

I can hear somebody in the living room but they can't bother me because I am the center I am insane my corn dog's done.

In less than ten minutes there were six policemen saying my God over the bodies of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Idle and being very careful not to touch anything, all of which was very much in order except for the blood and Mr. Ford's vomit.

As one policeman stepped gingerly to the T.V. so as not to disturb Mr. Ford's vomit and to turn off the evening sports report, Mr. Ford choked forth an "Ernie, where's Ernie!" from behind the partition between the living room and dining room where he was because he couldn't look anymore, and at 5:32 they found Fat Ernie with a pencil and some typewriter paper and a partially eaten corn dog and a very likely looking knife, all in the kitchen.

"Hi there, I killed my mother and father and I am the center of everything."

It was about a thirty-five minute drive from Fred Idle's house to the hospital which the police could have made faster but really couldn't because the traffic which at 5:48 was still five o'clock traffic.

By sixty-three Ernie was in his room under sedation which was not needed because he was perfectly calm though he did get a little excited on the way to the hospital telling the police escort how Voltaire was such an ass.

At 6:43 Earth spun into the sun, along with its moon and Jupiter and all the other bodies of our solar system and the sun lumped together with all the other suns in our galaxy and all the lumps lumped together and the universe settled and all time stopped forever.

Bill Cope

Poet's Corner
Firm to Publish
Student Poetry

The Annual Anthology of Outstanding Student Poetry, a selective collection of college verse, is now being assembled for publication, in December by "Laureate" of Cedarhurst, N.Y.

Men and women in undergraduate, graduate, and extension courses in any American university may submit poetry for consideration by the Laureate committee. There are no restrictions as to length, style or subject matter. Prior publication is not a prerequisite.

T. K. Nathan of "Laureate," describes the anthology as "lyric voice of student America."

"The anxieties, restlessness and tension of today's young people mean more than deadlines and marking settings reveal. Their folk songs and poetry say something that often is worth hearing," Nathan explained.

Entrants will be eligible for awards. First prize amounts to $500 and a Gold Medallion; second prize $100 and the Gold Medallion; third prize $50 and the Silver Medallion.

Entries should be mailed before November 1 to "Laureate" Post Office Box 207, Cedarhurst, N.Y., 11516. Enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Contributors may purchase the anthology for $7.50. Orders should be sent separately from manuscripts.

The volume will be available in bookstores for $10.
**DISSECTION OF A POEM**

The teenage kid, who hopes to become a medic someday, catches a frog by its hind legs, nails it to the wax cross. Then slowly works his knife from top to bottom.

On a summerday walking hand in hand, through the sprinklers; touching a flower or catching a butterfly.

The scorching sun, flashes on your cheeks. I look at the white roses, bursting out of your black stockings. Glancing from top to bottom, I suddenly conclude as if some mysterious gods, or angels of Michelangelo, have blessed me. Dawn of the divine knowledge, yes!

The frog, the nature and you in your black stockings are beautiful, like a dissected poem.

---

**SELF-ACTUALIZATION**

"The only way I can become myself..."

I heard it!

From the faded carpet of Plateau Hotel the utterance resounds.

In a ceramic room of polite fixtures dedicated to sophistication One voice listens to his solo debate. His philosophy on freedom is incomplete But he knows it is as such No matter where.

"Here's to you. Mud in your eye. A penis to your old lady. Name your first-born Enis, It rhymes."

(Laughter from that table in unison.)

But so many do drink To draw from a well Their person, sogged and limp, To revive, then, for a moment, Into what it should be.

Then, who can be convicted of Murder when the well is Reopened to dispose of, repress, That which is accustomed To being concealed for "the image"?

Love of life. And the wife Either drinks or regrets her children. "Let their father drown in success and social proprieties tip for the topless maid) It's the only way he can become himself."

---

**SPRING, 1968**

The buds of the maple enlarge into you, my country loom large against the Ariean sky out-spreading wet membranes of leaf, like the new-born's after-birth still-sticking.

So thinly to the tree are clung these leaves.

These leaves translucent, feminine to the touch, wet with youngness, hidden in the yard's still unblooming corner, wet with love unplumbed.

Women, the blood beneath your spring-skirts for the infant unborn is heavy without the man-thrust to lighten it. You should be weeping in the streets!

Weeping, I, too, see you my country, faceless, in these leaves, against the east, and do not now nor ever will forget the bloom of these mornings.

 Mourning, and I pick the fallen maple bud, wish it to be laurel for your brow.
The path hides behind the old high school on Harrison Street and we used to romp in nearby caves. I was punished for throwing paper and cried and ran down that path near the rear end of the school against the cliff protecting me from ridicule and big elm limbs stopped the laughter from the bright junior above and I was sad and stepped into the sun to throw a rock at a peacefully blind bat sitting in the outer school hall way — it flew into a fat girl's hair and my father found out.

I built me a fort of hay in the upper loft and sneezed and wet my pants in the first grade becuze it wasn't time for recess.
The teacher sent me in the hall and
I got wet and cold

A little girl in the second grade made me pull down my pants and play doctor becuze she was sick.
I only wanted to help but Jim and Don and Bill were watching from behind bushes
they laughed at me and all the guys found out
I think I'll be a policeman when I grow up becuze
it's not fun to help sick little girls.

In kindergarten it was "show and tell" time so I spent
all Saturday noon going to catch me a frog.
I done it and brought it to class
keeping it in a big fruit jar of my Mother's
In the night it got out and jumped into the grade school furnace room and got burnt up and smelled up all the classes.
I couldn't show my frog no more the teacher told me so.

The entrance tests to the first grade were fun.
They made us look at pictures and tell which man
was the biggest and which was the farthest away.
The tests said I was socially maladjusted so my
buddies went on to the big school next year and
I started over as a big clumsy flunk out.

In the third grade our reading class divided up into Bluebirds and Eagles.
I was a Bluebird and it was fun but the Eagles got to read about
Alice in Wonderland and me and the Bluebirds just read "Go, Jane go," "See Spot Run." To tell the truth I could give a fact about Spot.
The Eagles all played together at recess and they wouldn't let me on their team. My best buddies that lived down the road from me, the guys I used to play in the big orchard with
were Eagles, and they called me a Bluebird b'f'raun.
I ran behind the tennis court and cried and
got sent back to the room early becuze I went off
the restricted playground.

Now I'm grown up and I look around and
people are sexually frustrated and afraid to talk.
A lot of guys feel inferior and some people and countries feel superior.
I hope when I get out of college
I'll be able to understand it all.

Doug Schmidt

---

time-life: the tribulations of a
peasant-coolie
or
pitter patter splitter splat
rain kept off with a bamboo hat

"STANDING HIGH"

Standing alone
On a rocky peak
A white-flocced sheep
Contemplated nature
The sun began to dart
Between the clouds
And disappeared
To let lightning strike
In its place
Resolve
The rain stayed
Ignoring the thunder
And flashing streaks
A huge bolt ripped loose
And French-fried that stupid sonofabitch

Matt Brainard

in ninety degree summer heat
with calloused pads for my feet
it's hurry hurry fast as you can
'cut life's not easy for a licksha man
my gardened hands are sore and red
beats of sweat dot my head
all year long it's run-run-run
from early dawn 'til setting sun...

those clouds of bees buzz my head
a mosquito buzzes now he's dead
dogs in the road nip at my feet
and a fat man sits in the ricksha seat
so, with crowded streets in my way
it's push and shove, night and day
life's not easy and that you know
so pull that ricksha, don't be slow
well now I'm old my back is bent
my legs are sinewy, their strength is spent
but still I hurry fast as I can
'cut life's not easy for a licksha man

Dale Uraich

"OVIPAROUS"

The world's a six-shot revolver
that reloads
and blasts its
way to being 'notorious and findin'
its face tacked to
that big juniper out on
the road leadin'
to the 'James' spread.
It's a showdown every
daylight with blood spillin'
on the split-rail corral gates.

"God-a-mercy, Slim. Read the Gazette today?
"Says the Dawson Gang's a comin' this way to ride
dat-a-way!
"You can be right sure this hombre's gonna sleep
with his iron on!"

"You sacred ol' croyface. I ain't feared o' them
sons-a-snakes."
1 2
Bang Bang bust-a-ass
3 4
Bang Powmpng e r r r e e c c e
Dew dum dum bimm
5
BANG!

"That's five shots. You got one left 'fore we rush
ya!"
"Comin' out or we comin' in?"

Out of the brush BAMMD rushed
"Jist missed! Ceased Pete's skull—the ol'
sonora-mule's tuff as pison
THAT'S SIX!"

Rammed the log
through the hide-out's door
hit the floor
and rolled to fire fast
but
"Dammed if he ain't got away again."

"Well, best be gittin' back to home. The wife's
gonna have them honey cakes on.
"thanks for comin' along boys."

Marshall Hickman
The Lion's Pride

Noble king consider
You must
your Lion's pride.  
Ruler
Some say you are
How do you control?
Have you formed
a league of veld-land voters?
Where are the colonies
or spheres
Of influence
So necessary for domination?
Oh hell
you say
None of that for me
Quite right
I had forgotten
You rule only that
Adjacent to your pride

Matt Brainard

SIDE ONE

You father an idea.
The idea is awesome,
It slashes questing minds,
But not yours,
For you joy in your creation.
You do not perceive
What you have seen.
Long ago,
You saw the universe
In the eye of Zen.
The breath
Of objectivity
Vitalized all that you saw.
People everywhere are lost,
But can not hide.
Their bond
Is loneliness,
And the frenzied search
To end it.
There it is,
The idea
Everyone else is afraid.
The lovely smile,
The piercing eye,
The rambling conversation,
The sympathetic thighs,
The pact of love,
For fear,
You take my hand
And tell me,
Laughingly,
I cry.

Gene Bundy

SIDE TWO

I came upon a great gray wall.
I knew that someone like me had made it.
It was impenetrable by me.
It was an impersonal contestant in a joust of my devising.
A determined frown settled over my face.

A sound of footsteps startled me.
A little old man approached, carrying a trowel.
He slowed as he approached, gazing fondly at the wall.
He stopped and looked thoughtfully at me.
He reconsidered the wall for a moment, and smiled.

He smiled broadly at me, and my frown deepened.
He began to laugh, and then he roared.
I was amazed, and turned my renewed face to the wall.
I looked back, and the old man was leaving through the grass.
I looked at the wall again, and laughed.
I turned, still laughing, and ran through the grass after him

Gene Bundy
THE CHANTERS

Faceless voices
Chanting
Chanting in the evening light
come little man man
come to the big world
filled with the big men
sound of the sick men
crying
cry poor baby
oh baby
oh ba—by
hush: hush: hush:
The men both big and small join voices to sing
the one last service in the instant of
brotherhood before they lose their eyes and smiles.

SCREAM
all whisper together
past peace past pain
which waiting presence
watches
whisper

LEAD MEN CAN'T WHISPER
The old chant has grown silent.

Leslie Leek

THE SNOW EATERS

The snow came
Blanketing the earth in whiteness
Piling high and yet higher,
Leaving swells and mounds
And smooth brightness
To cover
The grease spots on the earth
black holes
rotted tears
charred soles
shattered tears
And all was hidden
All was stilled
By whiteness.
Then Came The Snow Eaters
Beast Men
marching
grouping
laughing
drooling
Ravenously sucking the white
and slurping
More and yet more
Until their bloated bodies
Could hold no more
And the whiteness was gone
And the grim revealed
The dirty greyness
Of leftovers.
The Snowwires left
Lumbering off to shrieck delight
Away from the
Feast — the slaughter
Of white
Leaving the bare carcasses
Of dark to be covered
Again by the snow,
Soft blankets of snow
Piling high and yet higher
Until the return
Of the
SNOW EATERS.

Leslie Leek

THE RAD
by

TRACY HAMBY

Chorus: Pieces of Time
sat waiting to pick words from the sky.

A Man: Down alleys and
up the back fronts in Dali's Taxi
of the Rain we'd ride
only pretending
wondering if the great Rad
meant what he said... (voices trailing)

Chorus: Pieces of Time
still waiting to pick words from the sky.

A Woman: He looked forward,
Dali did
and made his "Rainy Taxi"
so we could sit in it
wondering
if the great Rad
meant what he said.

Set: All has gone I know,
Concrete roughness of bad-smelling bar floors
has gone
was tangible.
Had I been left a mind to miss it.

Little Boy: Who is the rad?

Woman (aside to boy): Why how can you ask that?

Chorus: The streets have shattered and Time is
passing backward into the land of Giant
Doings.

Woman (to all): He's certainly not my big brother.
Is he yours?
Sorry....
I know you couldn't know how
why could you?
He got your minds too didn't be.

Chorus: Pieces of Time
and waiting to pick words from the sky.

Set: If you catch an outlying craft,
You can go to the Moon and see the wall.
(Aside) — (The barbed wire's gone and you
climb over, I hear the Brandenburg Gate is
nice in the Earthlight).

A Man (to Set): Why don't you crawl inside of
the rain.
It's looking wet out there you know
then to Little Boy: And I'm sorry about the Rad.
It's just that he programmed me too well.

THE CAST:
Chorus
A Man
Set
A Woman
Little Boy

Sot: If I could get this taxi to do anything but stand
still, I'd buy you a beer.

A Man: Do they still sell it?
0, I'm sorry. I forgot, there are no theys
left are there.

Chorus: Silent
In the night of consciousness, there is
a stir
a welling of unrest
streaks of sentient light move!

Little Boy: (aside to wall) Too bad it all belongs
to the Rad.
(aloud) What did the rad say?

A Woman. Oh, yes, he meant it alright,
why else would he put people in taxi-
cabs going nowhere?
We're just lucky we got this one, it's
so quaint.

Set: Say, how did we get in this museum anyway,
I think I would have liked the parthenon
better. Ah well, I guess it's all up to the Rad.

Chorus: Pieces of Time
have waited too long to pick words from the sky.

When the wind runs headlong
through the meadowgrass,
and catches the creek water tripping on stones
to throw it sky high,
i chase my pets through the daisies,
and skip, laughing,
around the tree stumps and
fall lightening-quick to the sand,
rolling over, over
and over
down the hill,
playing very dead.

HELL

Serpents crawl
Agnized
With dust filled scales
Cracking
Under the molten sun

The heat
 Bears down
Wrestling moisture
Even from the rocks
And the Yankee pilot
Stumbles
Dying so monobly

Matt Brainard

The page it has to turn
MY LAST ENCOUNTER WITH THE BLACK BUTTERFLY

by Tracy Hamby

Stairway? where to?
There! you're kidding me...
I don't think I want to... I've no money... you will?
but hell! I don't like to take loans, not for that.
I'm drunk? oh, that's makes it legal.

? what's that bell ringing?... a warning, i don't like
this place.
Does she have a poodle on a chain? say something
dammit!
God tis a long way up these flippin stairs.

Are we there... i wanna leave...let go my arm...
Is that HER? can't be she looks like a maid
God lady, you're ugly!
you what? my age? where's your poodle and your
pink dress?
whaddya lookin' at me like that for? why don't your
eyes shine?
where's your money-maker? she's busy? behind
which wall?
I wanna go look (no i don't)
This isn't what I expected.

I'll have to leave? why?
Oh, I'm not old enough who says so? Oh

ok I'm going. I wouldn't have spent borrowed money
in here anyway.

The black innocent Butterfly lies sucking
the blood from the back of my neck in the alley where Sad-
leaning Trashcans gaze with their pitiful lids on my
prostrated form. A derelict had pished here only
moments ago and my falling face found that spot. The
Butterfly had let him pass; why not me?, a tattered
remnant of the foolishly lighted street, to this slash of
black beneath the Grey Sky's city. I came to pour a
libation of Eros and I found that black Form's
grinding tearing suction nozzle dug into the roots of
my neck evergoing deeper, deeper... and I am faint
and giddy with the thought of Death's coming, but I
can't die... he needs the power of my heart to aid his
sucking, and I am unafraid. He bears no maleice
against me, only his need to survive. I am quieted in
the thought that when he breaks the madness of my
Adam's Apple the puddle of urine will jump into his
proboscis and death will be his.