Pres. Hartung clarifies statements made at Boise Regent’s meeting.

By J. McRae, Senior
Idaho States Student Writer

University of Idaho President W. Wm. Hartung overruled some major contract regulations at the Idaho Board of Regents meeting last week, including one prohibiting students from using personal room decor at college residence halls.

Hartung explained his decision in a letter to the Associated Students of the University of Idaho. Hartung wrote that the contract regulations, including the decor rule, are being revised to meet the University’s new mission statement.

The controversy began when the Associated Students of the University of Idaho suspended the second class and refused to publish the contract regulations, including the decor rule. Hartung subsequently reversed the decision.

Hartung said he was concerned that the regulations were too restrictive and that they would discourage students from expressing their personalities.

“We have no real conflicts about the regulations,” Hartung said. “The problem is that the regulations are not clear enough.”

Hartung added that the University of Idaho is working with the University of Washington to develop a new set of regulations that will be more flexible.

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Editorial Opinion

Esquires speak out

"Go to hell," the scolded message read on a recent restaurant receipt that was received in the mail from the Paradise Inn in Butte. The message was simple and direct. It was addressed to the Manager of the Paradise Inn. The sign on the door of the establishment read, "You are here. The Paradise Inn is a restaurant. It is not a hospital. We do not provide medical care."

The twig of the economic situation was directed at the ADA because of their support for the Administration’s tax increases for the treatment of student patients. The bill has been approved by the ADA at its annual meeting in San Francisco.

The sagging economy has not been the only cause of neglect of the student. The financial situation of the University of Idaho has also been a contributing factor. The cost of living in the area has increased significantly over the past few years. As a result, student enrollment has declined. The university has made efforts to attract more students, but the economic situation has made it difficult to do so.

In conclusion, we must acknowledge that the economic situation is not the only cause of neglect of the student. The university has made efforts to address these issues, but more needs to be done to ensure that the student is at the center of all decision-making processes. The university must continue to prioritize the well-being of our students and work towards creating a more supportive and inclusive environment.

Environmental ethic for Idaho

"Environmental ethic should be integrated into the state’s educational system," declared Idaho Falls and Boise informal educational group.

A few days later, a story appeared in the Idaho Statesman, where the group discussed the importance of integrating an environmental ethic into the state’s educational system. The group believes that the current educational system is failing to instill a sense of responsibility and respect for the environment in the state’s youth.

"We believe that the state’s educational system is failing to instill a sense of responsibility and respect for the environment in the state’s youth," stated the group. "We believe that the state’s educational system is failing to instill a sense of responsibility and respect for the environment in the state’s youth."

The group is calling for the state’s educational system to be reformed to include an emphasis on environmental ethics. They believe that this would help create a new generation of Idahoans who are more environmentally conscious and responsible.

The Idaho Argonaut

Exploitations and preservation

by Donald E. Nichols

Today, the environment has become an area of increasing concern. Many environmentalists are advocating for the preservation of natural resources and the protection of endangered species. However, the exploitation of these resources continues to be a major issue.

In order to address these issues, it is important to understand the complex relationship between exploitation and preservation. The exploitation of natural resources can be seen as a necessary evil, as it allows us to make a living and support our families. However, the preservation of these resources is also essential, as it ensures the long-term survival of these species.

In conclusion, we must recognize the importance of both exploitation and preservation. We must work towards finding a balance between the two, and strive to ensure that our actions do not harm the environment or the species that depend on it. Only through a comprehensive approach can we hope to address the complex issues facing our planet.

The Niches

YAF explains Laird position

Editor: the Agnus Record, B.S. in Religious Education, St. Michael’s College, is a member of the student body of the University of Idaho. He is the father of two children and a member of the Idaho State Bar. He currently serves as the co-chairman of the Idaho State Bar’s Young Lawyers Division.

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Board of Regents accept $92,780

A total of $92,780 in grants, awards, gifts, and contracts was accepted by the Board of Regents of the University of Idaho at its monthly meeting in Boise. The funds include the following:

- $38,000 from the University of Idaho Foundation in support of a "cooperative education program for teacher preparation," under the direction of Dr. M. E. Brown.
- $26,000 for the College of Education, Dental College, and College of Pharmacy.
- $12,000 from the National Science Foundation in support of a "cooperative education program for teacher preparation," under the direction of Dr. N. E. Brown.

Leaders, activists meet
to discuss antiterror move

The University of Idaho, Idaho State and Boise State University's College of Education programs have been approved by the Board of Regents of the State of Idaho. The programs are designed to prepare educators for the public schools of the state.

"The programs are designed to prepare educators for the public schools of the state," said Dr. M. E. Brown, director of the University of Idaho's College of Education.

A significant portion of the programs are offered at the master's level. "Although each program has developed its own curriculum, each is designed to address the same set of goals," Brown said.

"Currently, five programs have been approved," Brown said. "The University of Idaho's program will be offered in the fall of 1979, "The program will be offered in the fall of 1979, "The program will be offered in the fall of 1979, and the University of Idaho's program will be offered in the fall of 1979.

Recreational, environmental
discussion with Wildlifers

IFC offers refrigerators for Greek living groups

"We want to ensure that all Greek students are aware of this opportunity so they can take advantage of it," said Dr. M. E. Brown.

"The program is designed to help students understand the importance of conservation and environmental issues," Brown said.

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VANDALS TO PLAY HOST TO TOP BIG SKY TEAMS

By Mark Cooper

There are two big importance Conference basketball games this year at the University of Idaho. Two of the most exciting meetings in the Big Sky will be played at Craven Gymnasium in Boise State and Idaho State at Idaho on February 16th.

Big Sky Conference week will be a big year for the Idaho Vandals and Utah State. The Idaho Vandals will play their last two games against Utah State and Weber State who are both over 500 this year. Utah State is expected to be the conference champion, but Idaho is expected to finish second. Weber State, on the other hand, is expected to finish third. Utah State has won the conference title the past two years and is expected to win it again this year. Idaho has won the conference title four times in the past six years and is expected to win it again this year. Weber State is expected to finish third.

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**Reparis by Paul Arndt restore University's theater organ**

Paul Arndt, a junior majoring in theater and music, is one of the chief organizers in the movement to reestablish the University's theater organ.

The organ was given to the University by Missouri-Columbia organ buildereyes in 1964, but has not been used for over a decade. Interest in restoring the organ has caused a reappraisal of its condition. According to James Kelley, member of the American Theatre Organ Society, the organ is in burnished obscurity. This is not to suggest the organ and its plight as unworthy of consideration for Theatre Organ, but rather to illustrate the inactivity of the society.

Miss Ryna Frykman, music professor, reports that Kelley took over the organ and its rehabilitation, and has contacted various organ manufacturers for repair estimates. Magee Kelley, music professor, according to the society, may be interested enough to undertake some repairs. Kelley made rough repairs for Reedy to use on the organ to work on.

Dr. Kelley asked her to continue the repairs when he was away and now the organ is in better shape. She was able to send a check to his repair house and now will be there to follow up.
The University of Idaho

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The Machine

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SUBMISSIONS

AMYTHON invites you, the reader, to express yourself with poetry, prose, essays, drawings or any other form of expression that AMTHON is capable of exposing. Submissions can be given to a staff member dropped at the SUB information desk, or sent to 730 East 8th, Apt. 2, Moscow. For purposes of personal contact only, we request that all submittals be accompanied with the submitter's name and address. Both to be kept confidential if so desired.

Running Water

Running water
Running water, water running,
Running through my brain.
Thoughts that dull, dull, and dull,
Thoughts that dull and drain.

Push it in! Pull it out!
Tell us what to do.
Think for us and think on us.
Your thoughts are nothing new.

When you suppress and censor us.
We only hate you more.
If you'd stop and wise up fast.
You'd not be such a bore.

Bill Schelley

Snow Tracks

Shoes
Shoes with feet
Had squeched across the field
Leaving sole-shaped islands of safety
in the new fallen tufts of cotton-cloud
wetness
Too bad about your stride
too short to walk
too long to run

Genie

Editor's note—Genie, who are you?
Or do you dig being mysterious stranger?
Would you like some criticism or comments or are you unwilling to accept it?

Editorial

Mexican: Indian's price too high. Mexicans trade for 23 senoritas, 74 jugs, 4,000 arrows, 15 buffalo, 7 tommy-hawks.

Editorial Policy

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

Mexican: Indian's price too high. Mexicans trade for 23 senoritas, 74 jugs, 4,000 arrows, 15 buffalo, 7 tommy-hawks.

Indian: No take had Mexican tommy-hawks but trade anyway.
Mexican: Bueno. You got the peyote buttons?
Indian: Indians leave on peyote bush.
Keep fresh.

Mexican: Where is the peyote bushes?
Indian: Indian grow bushes in northeast corner of Ft. Stinking Desert Reservation.
Mexican: We steal peyote and bushes.
Pollock: What for?
Mexican: Mexicans want all the peyote buttons.
Pollock: What for?
Mexican: To take across the border.
Pollock: What border?
Mexican: The Indian Mexican border.
Pollock: What for?
Mexican: To sell to the Indians.
Pollock: What Indians?
Mexican: The stinking Indians across the border.
Pollock: I know, the Indian Mexican border.
Indian: Indian keep two braves to guard peyote bushes.
Mexican: Two hundred banditos will ambush guards and steal peyote bushes.
Indian: Indians drink firewater instead.
Pollock: What for?
Pollock: What for?
Indian: Peyote go across border two times. Price go up. Indians sell back to Mexicans.
Pollock: Indians win!
Mexican: Indians lose. Indians eat only buffalo chops and Mexicans steal all the buffalo.
Indian: Indians will have all Mexican scalps hanging from tepee sticks.
Mexican: No buffalo, no buffalo skins, no buffalo skins, no tepee, no home, no home. No Indians. Surrender or die.
Indian: Indian never surrender. Eat lizards first.
Mexican: Kill the stinking Indians.
Indian: Scalp skinny Mexicans.

Mexican: Hey filthy Indian, you wanna have pow wow?
Pollock: What for?
ADOLPHO
A short story
by Dan Stephenson

At the last minute, Adolpho threw her a wildflower. Then Peter (the organ grinder) said something about how the sewers always ran over during the rainy season and when Adolpho looked back to where she had been, the shining glass and metal of her car nearly bowled him over as it whiffled away into the rainy mist.

“Terribly hot today,” hinted Peter, and they both straggled off to the Fourth Street Pub.

While Peter was relieving the tension, Adolpho studied the ornate wood carvings on the walls in the dark cubicle. Light wanted to get in but could not, being blocked by the stairway. The only way to the light was to climb the stairs, but they were old, old wooden things that might give way as you climbed. He was thinking how he wanted to see the light, even at the price of crushing to the floor.

Peter came over to Adolpho’s perch in the dark corner and they both walked over to a table nearer the windows. Lily came over with a couple of rather large drinks for them. “Wine,” he guessed.

“What have we here, Lily?” began Adolpho.

“Ah, some cherry wine, my sweet. You are very lucky, for only four bottles were left and three of those promised, finished Lily.

“Tourists certainly take something out of a town, don’t they?” added Peter.

“Not many tourists left now, Dolphie (as she called Adolpho), with our rainy season being what it is, most tourists don’t stay here very long,” said Lily to Adolpho, who had been absently staring at the rain-washed window pains.

“They take enough,” thought Adolpho.

“Enough,” But Dolphie did have a question. “Tell me, love, who is that girl I saw driving the Lotus today?”

“Oh, you and your cars again,” whispered Lily, as if it were a secret.

“She brought it from, from, oh where was that? Yes, Dolphie, it was Lancaster, Lancaster.”

“Don’t say her name, and what does she do?” pleaded Dolphie.

“Well, well Peter, our fair Dolphie is finally coming around. Shall we tell him, or do you think he can quite handle the fact sex?”

“Now, now, Lily, don’t taunt our poor lad, let him have what he wants.”

“Very well, Dolphie, set me down in your lap and monsieur will tell you all about the sins and wickedness of the real people——

He had not walked very far down Cowell Lane when he could see the rain gently streaming its way down the sky. He watched the rain glinting off as it came. Sweet, sweet rain, soft and cool on his lips that made him think of the excellent wine he had drunk, and because of that of Lily. “Don’t forget to check out her geysers, now, love.” Lily had teased. “Booh!” he thought. “Lily and Peter, they go well together. Not like me. They don’t understand, but somebody must!”

He stopped suddenly in front of a rather old flat upon whose door hung a huge Oriental painting. Here he ducked into a narrow hallway, accidentally tinkling a few of the bells that hung from the ceiling in profusion. More bells tinkled as he stumbled through a jumble of more Oriental art.

He knocked three times, and her soft, low voice reached out to him through pattering rain in her apartment. She asked him to enter.

“Rain in your flat?” he asked.

“I’m having a sauna bath,” she said.

“Wonderful, but who is going to clean up this mess?”

The next morning, he carried her out to the car from the farmhouse and dumped her in the car, right on the floor. Then he slowly drove back to the village and her flat. After dumping her off, he parked the car. He was walking down the street early in the morning watching the rain gently streaming its way down the sky. He watched the rain glinting off as it came. Sweet, sweet rain, soft and cool on his lips that made him think of the girl, and because of that, the whole damned charade. He came to a telephone booth. After carefully squeezing himself in, he smashed in all the windows and put his bloody hand in his pocket. The pub came next.

“Hi Dolphie. How did it go?” He walked over to the bar and got a full bottle of red wine. Then said, “Ask her, you’re a sow too.”

Then he walked out to where he could find Peter. When he came to where Peter was playing, he set the table on the sidewalk. Then he hit the monkey-grinder in the face with his bloody hand. “Right in the snout, you bastard!” “Goodbye, you bastard,” he said, and politely bowed doing so. He picked up his bottle of red wine and walked to his flat. He sat down in the Hispano-Suiza. Adolpho started pouring his first drink.

“Bastards,” he yelled to the cars. “They are all bastards!”

“Everybody is a god damned bastard!” “Except—” he thought slowly to himself, “me and my cars—”

You can, or can’t in and get broked.

Do you swim?

“Like a Dolphin.”

“Well, I’ll just make a pool in here.”

“Ummmm—you smell like a big sweet cherry.”

Must be that wonderful cherry wine I drank, but don’t tell anyone. There are but three bottles remaining.

“Want to make it two?”

“Ach, the tourists probably have it by now—but, we can look into the matter—— Fine, just let me slip into something more presentable. Let me see, your things must be dry now.”

Minutes later, they were rocketing down the narrow lanes that comprised a village maze of unidentifiable roads. All leading out of town to some little farm.

“I’m just wild about your car,” he said as he stepped out and walked across to the little pub.

Later, he emerged, carrying a precious cargo. “Safe from those tourists now,” he thought.

“What year?” she asked. “Let me guess—1936.”

“I don’t really know, but I shall guess.

“1938. But, who can tell? It may be that these cherries hung on the trees for two years?” Dolphie exclaimed.

“Yecceeeeh——

Sunset found them wandering through his shop where antique automobiles were re-finished and re-upholstered. “I do most of this work myself—the master’s touch, you know.

They sat for a while in one of his prize automobiles, a 1934 Hispano-Suiza—

Perfect mechanical condition. Checked out the gears myself. By the way, how are your gears?”

“So there, Lily,” he thought.

“Pretty line, wouldn’t you like to drive.”

He had driven about three kilometers out of the village when she saw someone she recognized. They stopped, and a young man, who she obviously didn’t like said. “Well, sister, art dealers certainly are in demand, aren’t they? Who was it last week? Oh, yes, that organ grinder in the village. They call him Peter, yes, it was Peter the grinder. Did he let you go?”

Adolpho had taken about enough of this game and removed himself from the car and calmly walked to where the young man was speaking.

“What’s going on here,” he said to the girl, “is this person bothering you?” said Adolpho.

“Look, boy, I’m not bothering you. You get your kicks (and he pointed to the girl) and I get mine.” said the young man, and turned away.

“Smack!” Adolpho knocked the young man down into the soggy grass. “I’m going to kill you,” he said, and Adolpho knocked him square in the chest.

Adolpho kicked the young man until he begged and then she said. “Come on, leave him alone.”

Adolpho angrily found himself, and pulled himself together. “Shut your mouth, you sow, and as for your boat here, I can rot.”

“Take me home.”

“No, we’re not, we’ll play this game my way from now on.”


The Good Rain

Rains sparkle on the slanted roof
The chances wrinkle into a smile
The number of times the rain drops
The priests worship inside the whole church
Keep the rain slow
Keep the church white
the gutters will change in time
Float downstream
Bless the rain
Curse the sun

Michael Kesten

PARADOX

They tell me made for the public good
I wonder if the public has done?
They tell me believe in the one true God
But I ask
Where is the proof of this absolute?
They tell me
You are free to choose your own belief
But when they
Scorn me as a damned atheist.
They tell me
Be proud to die for your country.
But I say.
I am not proud of any country.
They tell me
I am unfeeling,
But then they
Tell me,
I am unfeeling, but
I tell them.
The world hurts.

Sue Preston

LIZARDS IN LILAC

The talking flowers breathe their smell,
And I am afraid.
The darkness moves around me,
And I am afraid.
The lizards in lilac turn and call,
And I am never afraid.
Wind no longer bowls;
The sky is no longer pregnant with rain:
I have a friend.

John Burlison

TO THE REMAINS OF MY LITTLE SHY ONE WHO GAVE ME NO LOVE

Don’t sleep my little shy one for the black hungry man will EAT you in your room’s dark behind the safety door with your mother, deaf and helpless in sleep, nearby, and the stories of boogie man in your girlhood will all come back in tones of ridiculousness.

B. Downey

KNOWLEDGE LAYS BAD EGGS

knowing is a fallen tree and learning is planting for the fall; so
rotting wood builds thatched cottages for shacking worms;
information drains the swamp to make land for a chicken farm; but
dissimilar to pickled eggs forked from a gallon jar behind the bar
ignorance smells like nothing.

Marshall Hickman

LISTENING TO TRUCKS

pump noise into the air the damp still
frigid none on the highway concrete
asphalt night waiting for friends
brings daily little town Death
I’m plotting my own murder down these muddy streets far off in cars
they spring from truck noises for me to wish I was somewhere else
after they come.

Tracy Hamby
I SPOKE TO THE STREET AT NIGHT OF YOU, AND

to be melancholy
a thought
of yellowed sheets
too white
in our minds ARE
Things are as they are.
just as they are?
My eyes
brick red hard with jealousy
told me it should be mine.
What is mine isn't
I was told to walk
down the street
in the static night
because it's fitting I
see only your pattern.
Hitching is bad
this time of year and
I suppose I've nowhere to go
anyway But nothing moves
unless I do.

Tracy Hambly

FOLLY, MAN

what a surprise
when you ate
the chocolate-covered
cricket
spit out his
top hat, cane, and monogrammed shorts
and shivered.
his name
was
Jimminy
and as big
as yours.

Marshall Hickman

He penetrates the night with
glimmering eyes,
They mean destruction to you
but crystallize into diamonds.
There's a feeling of wealth, an
awareness of startled beauty.
You die in a dream of shimmering
steps and silicon clouds —
Then awakened to a reality
of shattered illusions
consuming a dream.

Kathryn Haight

"Time Past"
Yellowed and ancient —
The snowberries, long since ripe.
Cling wearily to life.

Sue Preston

hunger, the blue child

under the bloodless skies
the blue child plays with a battered doll
she has no eyes

she watches in rags
of moonlight
the blackened form "sorry
she has no voice
that has no tongue

under the bloodless skies
the blue child plays with a battered doll
she has no eyes

Tattered fear
wants her
to dance
she has no feet

and so they
told her
no

Tracy Hambly

Flashes of electrical fury
that tore great gaping holes
in the dark clouds.
They bled sheets of rain.
warm, fresh, rain.

Dan Stephenson

SONG TO JIM LOVE

I kicked a boot
tonight
in the black weeds
that had a foot in it.
A cowboy drinking
beer in
a speeding pick-up
crashed
into my father's silo.
The silo was full
of chopped corn
broken glass
and
the other boot.
Dad told me
to see if the horses
were alright

Marshall Hickman
Even as a Child

Through clouds of uneasiness
I look in at you
The blue navy blanket sits crumpled on the floor
thrown off (since the last time I looked)
as if you were afraid of being smothered
You lie like a child
free — uninhibited
with arms and legs spread
waiting...
being touched only by a dirty sheet.
I touched you before
but you turned away
not to say anything
or hurt me
but it was like a kiss
that was wiped away afterward —
gently
with soft beautiful fingers.

RUSTED

Early morning
leaded eyes
and dry-rust squeaking of bird-hinge songs.
First step taken
again
into a dream plagued lighter shades of since lost count
days.
Morning to a next
and
perhaps fate:
Crusted rusted and laden to duty.
Fed a social seed
to sing.
Our thing is dead.

A BERRY-TALE (FLORA)

I think of you
and
tastes
like you (flora).
I milk its breasts
wash my hands
in the cream
think of you (flora)
stop
and go back to the house
to spend the rest of the morning
tossing in bed and beating sheets
with my wife.

INCIDENT IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

Stomp, stomp, stomp, stomp
They're coming
Stomp
Through the valley
Stomp
Ten thousand oranges march out of the hills
Attacking the pickers who run through the trees
Stomp, stomp
On they march
The riot police have arrested nine,
Peeled them and thrown them behind bars
Much like their usual crates
Stomp, stomp
999i move on
Quiet and uniform
Glares their angry color
Except for seven —
Green ones,
Picked before they could understand
Shouting and spitting seeds
At the wide-eyed little girl
Who only wanted an orange

Pat D. Cuvella

Marshall Hickman

Mike D'Isos

Brian Lobdell
it's sticky, and it clings
an invisible membrane that clouds the
feeling.
sometimes you sense it's there,
this film that clouds and sticks.
but you don't know
like the plague, it seems to come out of
nowhere.
it strikes and suddenly you are alone
this membrane covers your eyes and face,
and sticks to your hands and fingers.
like the old slap-stick comedy with the fly
paper
that keeps sticking to either hand.
but with this film, this membrane that
clouds and sticks,
you don't laugh; you die...alone
when you're young and alive.

Garth

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ADDIO, AMERICA

Woken by branches against the glass.

there is no reason—
The leaves, once golden,
lie like the residue of the grapes
after the wine—making.
in the streets.
The land, so new,
have been wrung out, already
(blood squeezed out as from the grape
to make the wine, which soars with the wine).

"Esto Perpetua" (motto of one of these states!):
the fear is inward in the faces,
in the smile which is the weight
of the land, which alone endures,
against them: the stupor.
I read the National Geographic
say, do you want to see where I was born?
No one does.
The blue of the gull on the page screams my
name.
The women, ugly, hair by their lips. in faded peasant dress, are
going to market in La Spezia.
These did I know once and in American arrogance
sit fighting the cold in the warmth of the campus round
and set myself above.
but the people of the room are lost beyond measure
and I know by the silence.
without idealization.
who are my people:
The women. IGNORANT, sweat-SMELLING, the hair
UNSHAVEN under their arms. from the Cinqueterre
which is where I was raised, in a town called Paradiso.
When I dream.
I often dream in Italian.
but no one understands me in the dream.
The leaves lie fallen throughout the city,
becoming like earth under the weight of automobiles.
When the bare branches move against the glass
I awake
and hear the bug of my room
buzzing against the glass
which is not a window
and there is no reason
to stay
anymore.

John Brlison

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MY MOTHER

My Mother
raised me
in a field of weeds
a weed herself. I charged her
since she was master
of my guts.
to make me free.
And I ran
to a Grand Old Lady
with broken myths
and dusty hands
who sold me stories
and stories of statues
with torches and gallant
dying men. She broke off
my thistles and spines
and made me a flower,
sent me to a battlefield
and dying with my dusty
hands, other rose up
to take up the fight
for this freedom and,
like the other soldiers
dying long ago in a
war more. I cried out
to my mother.

Tracy Hamby
Lionel Crossman rose this morning as he did every morning promptly at six o'clock. He had work to do for last night he had received notice of a skirmish in a small village a few miles north of his encampment. He looked blankly through the opening of his tent into the humidity of the East-Asian morning and hastened his movements realizing the bodies would be decaying rapidly in the wet heat. Finished dressing, he walked into the morning light and past the smoldering campfire to the ten of his assistant, Tony McDowe.

"Tony, wake up!" he shook him slightly. "We've got work to do." 

Tony sat up, shaking his head to clear away the sweaty sleep that had possessed him last night and every night since he had arrived in Viet Nam to work under the great Lionel Crossman. He half expected to wake some morning with the A.R.C. brand across his forehead.

"I reported dead and there's probably more. You fix some breakfast and I'll get the truck ready.

Lionel moved back into the light and toward a large black truck with the letters A.R.C. painted on its sides in white. He worked quickly and efficiently as always. While working, he thought of the new innovations in body recovery work such as this mammoth truck equipped with a refrigeration unit and accurate scales. A lot of things had happened since he first entered the business. He could remember when the bodies had to be dismembered and encased in barrels of formaldehyde for shipment. Until 1981 when modern refrigeration techniques were put to use, refrigeration made things so much easier and almost doubled efficiency.

He checked to see that there was an adequate supply of blood sealer which was so important to his line of work. Blood sealer, now available in spray cans, stopped the flow from wounds and cuts in the bodies. Loss of blood meant loss of weight. Lionel stared at the letters A.R.C. on the truck's side while he filled the gas tank. He had first gone to work for the American Recovery Company in 1976, shortly after Congress legalized the recovery of dead bodies for industrial and war-time use. New processes had made using corpses as a source of valuable chemicals and substances very profitable. Since the war had spread world wide and nuclear and bacterial warfare had been outlawed by the Geneva Convention of 1973, the U.S. had to resort to every available source at its disposal to support its conventional warfare methods and efforts. This included the use of deadmen.

Lionel finished servicing the truck and hastened back to the fire to eat a quick breakfast. Tony, who was already eating, sat silent as usual. He seldom spoke.

"You know, Tony, I was thinking. When I first started with the A.R.C., it was operating on a government subsidy. Now its one of the best investments on Wall Street. Who would of thought fifteen or even ten years ago that people would be investing in dead bodies and making money at it too. I'll tell you, it's a screwed up world. The right guy could make money at damn near anything any more if he handled it right. Management — that's the key — the A.R.C. is on top because of good management and a good supply of dead people thanks to the war.

Tony only nodded and continued eating. A few minutes later they were both finished with their breakfast and making last minute preparations such as grabbing cigarettes and fixing lunches for the day ahead. Lionel passed for a moment, stretching and bending.

"Goddamn it Tony! I'm getting too old for this. One of these days soon I'm going to quit this field work and retire to a nice
Tony did as he was told and they both went back to work. Shortly before noon, they loaded all the bodies they had processed so far into the refrigerated truck to keep them from decaying. They weighed and counted each corpse again, then took a break for lunch.

The afternoon went much the same way until the area was seemingly cleared of bodies. They paused to rest and Lionel lit up a cigarette as he turned to Tony.

"Good day's work. The truck's damn near loaded and we've got enough time left to get to the air strip and unload before dark."

They started to put their tools away when Lionel glanced out across a field to see more bodies.

"I see one more."

Tony looked in the direction of his pointed finger and nodded in agreement.

"I see it too, but that sign over there says that field is mined."

"What the hell? A corpse in a corpse and we're getting paid by the pound. Come on, let's go."

After grabbing the equipment they needed, they started across the field toward the body. Lionel leading and carefully picking his way through the mines which had been exposed but not yet removed. Soon they were standing over the corpse of a young Vietnamese girl who had fallen victim to a hidden mine, probably while trying to escape the fighting in the village the day before. Apparently, she had fallen forward detonating the mine with her extended left arm. The left side of her head was almost totally blown away.

"Looks like the head is ruined, Tony. Better cut it off and I'll put the brand on her back."

They went to work, finishing in a matter of minutes. Lionel applied the brand with the battery-powered branding iron, another innovation of the trade, and then hoisted the body over his shoulder while Tony gathered up the tools. Lionel was about a hundred feet ahead of him by the time he had everything situated and turned toward the truck. He turned just in time to see the explosion.

Lionel was tired and maybe careless. He stumbled under the weight of the corpse and fell sprawling. His left foot raked across the detonator of a landmine as he fell and the resulting explosion momentarily dazed him. When he regained complete consciousness, Tony was standing over him. He propped himself up on his elbows and stared at the damage done by the explosion. His left leg was blown completely off and blood spurting rhythmically out onto the ground from the shredded stump. His right leg was also bleeding excessively although the damage to it was less apparent and severe. The headless corpse of the Vietnamese girl lay a few feet away, undamaged. Tony was unhurt and had only felt the force of the blast slightly.

"Tony." Lionel was surprised by the raspy weakness of his own voice. He was losing blood very rapidly and knew it.

"Tony, stop the bleeding. Do something. Help me!"

Tony stood silent. He made no effort to aid Lionel, but just stood silently watching. A minute passed and another and still Tony remained motionless.

Lionel made one last effort to speak, but he knew it was useless. Tony finally moved into action. By the time he seared the brand into Lionel's forehead, Lionel was dead.
I Spoke to a girl.  "Sagebrush Gone Child
in this wasteland Sad Country
on the edge of a dream.
you have rights
so pass by
(this illusion)
not yours anyway."  
"Her mangy sheepdog
yipped at my heels
leaving the camp.

Tracy Hamby

The Lay of Almost Martie

That, which she so willingly offered.
Is not yet available in tinned cans.
Hardly! But... Wait!
(nor in plastic sacks.)

Admirable — her generosity — yes!
Truly charitable, christianlike her.

My egoism — greed

When she offers to others.
Despicable! Her generosity.

Unchristianlike.

Whore!

dale uravich
Two loves

Feeling crisp lace
Around your ivory neck
Reminds me of nipping cool frost
From the rim of a frothy beer mug
I get drunk on both of you

Brian Lobdell

CHRISTMAS 1969

Does Christmas
Live
In the hearts of men?
If so
what of those men who
have no hearts?
Or is Christmas, Christ?

Church
Turkey
Presents
Carol

The glow
of genuine happiness
in a child's eyes?
Giving-Taking
Money-making
(Crowded post offices)
Cards of friends
Gifts

Trees
Lights
Ornaments
But what of
The Slums; the Tenements
The poor?
The Fugitive
These who fail to acknowledge
as individuals
And those who seek essence-meaning
worthiness
To justify
annual feasting-merriment
For the few, but not the many?
What of those
To whom Christmas
Is just another day
Bearing no joy, but
Pain-misery, the curse
Of continued life in a
World
Without without anything
A world of hunger
Disease
Poverty
Laziness
A world which they wait
Patiently
To end for them.
Yet
In the spirit of Christ
Santa Claus
Saint Nick
Reindeer
The Virgin Mary
The spirit of one born in a stable
We find not
Humility
We find
And search for

Christ
On this day would give
Meaning
His example
(we need)
He would devote selflessly
to
the downtrodden
the miserable
Those who see no reason to continue.

We say
(See I gave)
(But what to whom?)
A token
To a loved one
Some one
Who
needed
It
Is anything more meaningless
Than offering
Our gifts
On the altars
Of plenty
Would it be more meaning
Full to extend our hand
To one's shoulder
And say
Friend?
Christmas is to enjoy
But why?
Why should some
And not others?
And not all?
Enjoy?
I wait
For the day
When
The guilty
Church ceremonies
The parades
Bright lights
Competing interests
Are
No more
When hypocrisy, holiday truces
Disappear
When Christmas
Is no longer a frenzied
Put on
Exploited by
Business
Church
Political leaders
(And others)
Followers
When Christmas
to children is more than toys
To parents is more
Than expense-obligations
Competition to outdo.
When the exteriors go, Christmas will
Arrive
At last.
When Christmas
Becomes
A feeling
Loving
Yes love
Christmas will need be no more.
For then
Christmas will be
Always.

Last night
I turned
Looked at
You
Sensed my fears
Finding an honest one
Told you I felt alone
Your face twisted over in the sheets
Shrugging the sleep
From half an eye.
Assigning me the proper
Sympathetic reaction
Said not to worry
Not alone
Then leaving sleep
In silence
Making me wonder
And doubt your cares.
Later I understood
You were just being
Honest and picked
The one care
That mattered most.
Sleep.

Tracy Hamby

Frying fish
Wonderful, beautiful less surely time
Fly to the sun in search of thyme.
Speed so fast you think you'll crash
When burgundy clouds lash streams of cold
Listening that resounds with crash!
Slash of blood floods slimy hot.
Searing pain, your hand's caught
Pull it free, dangle limp
Swimming in sea, warm among shrimp.
Fish all you can, clean your mind
You find the Om. life is poem
Of rivers and fish. eels and otters, slaughter
Of man and injustice of the mud...
Of the May variety which as it is was.
rather. April then
You can easily escape with the flap of a

Dan Stephenson

sen
sin
sentences
sin temes
life

my lost sentences
due in vibrations
Embryonic in motion
Touching the waves
In light of lust.

Fornication---crustacean
Foreign hardness
Dingly sought
Ties the soul
Inside the shell

Christi
Last Sight of America; 
Just What Was it Anyway?

The fragrant summer air
Pastures and haystacks
 touched our feet
 standing nuded
 on the canal bank.
 she said: ..........
 and I said:
 sex is too extravagant
 for this fertile air.

Instead we made drawings
 in the bare earth with our toes.
 whistled tunes of our past.
 sat dirty bottomed on the bank
 and saw the moon in the water.
 She asked what it was
 and how it got there . . .
 I said nothing
 with a long grass blade in my mouth.

Gone —
No longer here
Sometimes
Good things leave
Like butterflies
flitting from tree
 to tree —
Nice
while they're there.
Butterflies
 are so finite.
But do you know
what I am trying to say?
Like butterflies
Like light
like a sudden flash
of thought
and inspiration
and all those things
from old and wretched poems.

You were here
 and gone
 and remembered
 and thought of.

Children laughing walk hand in hand,
 their music is but the pulsating wings of a
 butterfly. Small minds pierce all, small
 eyes see only truth and love. Small ears
 hear "NIGGER" but only a loving friend
 is present, not a color.

How fortunate are the young, for their
 eyes see without looking, their tiny ears
 hear without really listening, their hearts
 beat a new rhythm known only to the
 young. They feel life writhing their small
 bodies, yet they know deep inside that
 bodies are only the shells which house
 their minds. Little minds that know all,
 soon to be hindered by the knowledge of
 their ancestors.