

Spring 5-9-1978

Maine Campus May 09 1978

Maine Campus Staff

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Midweek

Maine Campus

Vol. 83, No. 54, Tuesday May 9, 1978

MPBN manager: debt not a crisis

by Sharon Deveau

Thomas P. Strauss, general manager of the Maine Public Broadcasting Network (MPBN), returned to UMO Friday and described the station's current financial trouble as "hardly the crisis it's been made out to be."

Strauss was attending meetings in Washington, D.C. last week when news of both the network's monetary problems and the resignations of two radio staff members became public.

Although no one at the network had confirmed whether there was a substantial debt, Strauss admitted the deficit's presence and set it at \$94,000. On Thursday sources within MPBN had placed the figure at \$90,000, with the possibility that it could be higher.

The sudden resignations of Richard Kunkel, radio program director and Bill Legere, producer of the radio news program, "Maine Things Considered," brought to the surface rumors that the station was in a financial bind. The

unexpected upheaval also caused MPBN to take "Maine Things Considered" off the air indefinitely.

"The immediate plan is to finish the budgetary process and see what the budget will look like," Strauss replied when questioned about the station's future.

"We will probably return to the situation we had before Richard (Kunkel) joined us, and that is, have the television program director serve as the radio program director as well," he said. The present television program director, Bernard F. Roscetti, is temporarily filling the post.

When Kunkel was hired a little over a year ago, Strauss said that the network was hoping to "expand the autonomy of radio because the budget looked good." But, he said, the recent difficulty was due to a "series of problems that couldn't be foreseen."

One of the problems was the addition of another radio station. "We were trying to operate three stations for the price of two," Strauss said, "and we've had to make

(continued on page 3)

Neville urges faculty to vote against union

by Kendall Holmes

UMO President Howard R. Neville Monday sent an election-eve letter to all UMO faculty urging them not to unionize.

"I believe there is a better way," Neville said in the letter, which followed an earlier correspondence in which he had urged faculty to study the issues involved in unionization, but took no pro or con stance on the vote.

Faculty from Orono are voting today on whether to join the Associated Faculties of the University of Maine (AFUM) or no union at all. UMO's 500 plus faculty comprise about half of the UMaine system's faculty who are voting in the three day election, which concludes tomorrow. Results from the election will be released Thursday.

Neville, in his letter Monday, offered arguments countering five of the major

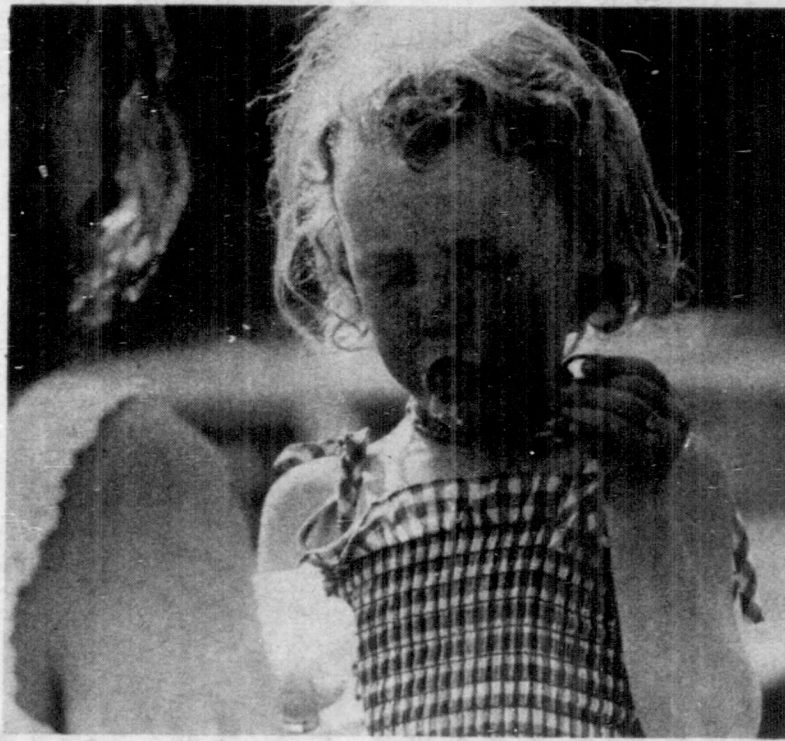
pro-union arguments that AFUM forces have made in recent weeks.

On the issues of salaries, he cited studies which concluded that "there appears to be no significant impacts on salary, compensation, and promotion associated with the adoption of collective-bargaining by college and university faculty."

Neville said he feels that even without unionization, the "economic future of higher education in Maine is improving." He also charged that the Maine Teachers Association, with which AFUM is affiliated, would be more interested in gaining higher salaries for the elementary and secondary school teachers it represents than for UMaine faculty.

Neville's letter also attacked AFUM contentions that UMaine faculty in recent years have lost their input into adminis-

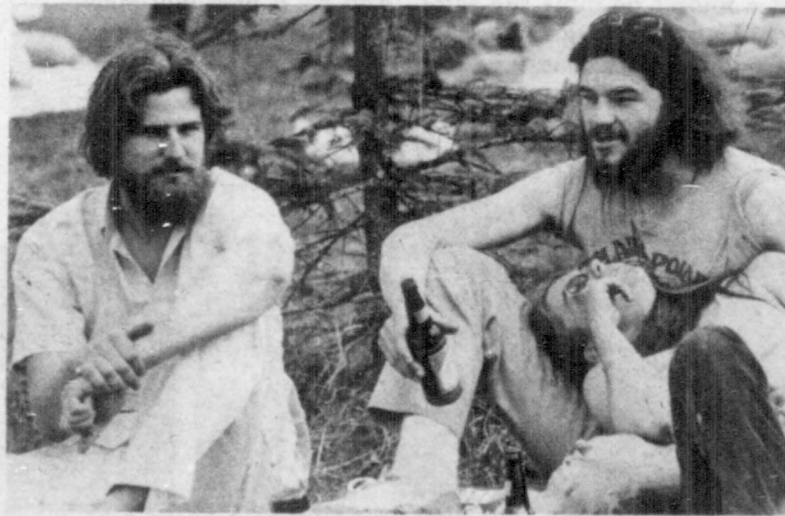
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Saturday's summer-like weather provided the right atmosphere for a day of goofing-off and having a good time with friends. Bumstock VI provided the entertainment.

The party, featuring blue-grass and folk bands from all over the state, was organized by members of the university cabins. And if the size of the crowd was any indication, it appears to have been a success.

While some were content with soaking up a few of summer's first rays, others, such as the young girl above, attempted more ambitious endeavors. [Photos by Robin Hartford.]



Ranger School: an average summer camp?

by John Foley

Sleeping only three hours a night, living in swamps, nourishing oneself on live animals, repelling out of a helicopter and hours of physical training are all part of the U.S. Army's Ranger School. Alfred Letellier, a UMO junior who is enrolled in

The school Letellier will attend has two sections. One section is a six-week mountain stage in Georgia. While in Georgia Letellier will repel (backwards, forwards, carrying another man, at night and from a helicopter), build rope bridges and patrol. The second section is three weeks in Florida where Letellier must bear difficult swamp conditions.

Letellier qualified for Ranger school by passing both map reading and written tests. UMO's Military Science Department recently instituted a rule requiring that all Ranger School participants must maintain a 3.0 grade point average. Letellier has also had an orientation with weapons, and now is in a concentrated physical training program.

Letellier's training program consists of running twice a day, sit ups, push ups and working out on the Nautilus body building machine three times a week. Other ingredients in his physical training included a 12-mile hike, and finding his way out of the Wallace Pool after being thrown in with full Army gear and a blindfold.

Two of UMO's five Rangers are helping to prepare Letellier for the nine-week camp. David Roy and Patrick Carpenter, who completed the course last summer, have been preparing the junior for the mental as well as the physical aspects of the camp. Some mental aspects of the camp he can expect are constant harassment from camp officials and getting by on about three hours of sleep a night.

Sgt. Robert Bernier, who teaches military science and is the coach of the UMO rifle team, was part of the Ranger Camp staff last summer. He stressed that the lack of sleep was an important aspect of the camp. The 1961 Ranger Camp graduate said the camp "tests the individual's limits and his endurance under combat conditions."

"The camp is a school in which one learns to lead men," commented David Roy. The future armor officer, who slept only eight hours the last twelve days of the camp, said the average student loses 20 to 35 pounds. "They also teach you how to catch insects and small animals and use them to nourish your body," Roy said.

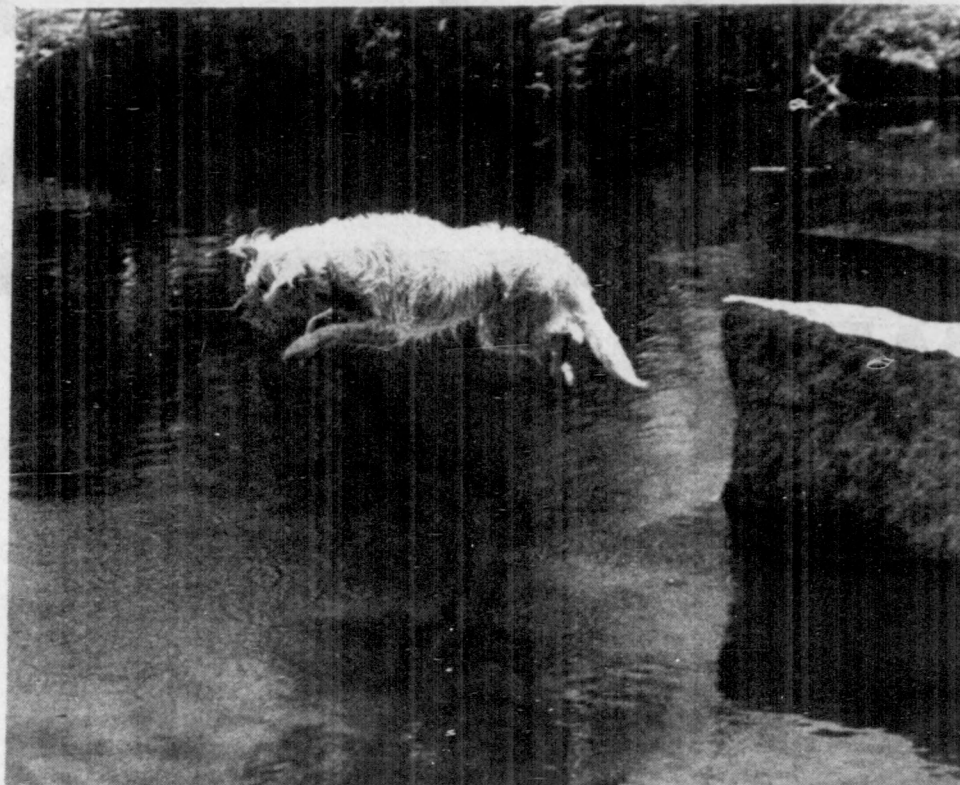
ROTC candidates are not required to attend Ranger School. But they must

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Campus Corner

the Reserved Officer Training Corps (ROTC), will attend the nine-week camp this summer.

The purpose of ranger school is to familiarize the participants with combat conditions.



Campus dogs...

You see them everywhere. Those lovable mutts that roam the mall, the library steps and Memorial Union lawn. Like loyal companions, they wait for their masters outside almost every building.

Some people take time to romp in the grass with them, others find it equally enjoyable to toss a frisbee with the furry creatures.

No matter, everyone has to agree that without the campus dogs, things just wouldn't be quite the same. And we'd probably miss them. Even if we all managed to slip on one of those piles on our way to an eight o'clock class.



Photos and text by Bob Granger

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● Neville says unionization would hurt faculty

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trative decisions. Such faculty input is known as collegiality.

"Everywhere I look, I see faculty committees making effective nominations for administrative positions, sharing budgetary decisions, using lines of communication."

Neville said he fears "an inevitable polarization with the advent of unionization." He said, "The myth had developed...that we have lost our collegiality and fallen into a management/employee relationship. I just don't believe it."

In a related point, Neville also contended that faculty will lose a great deal of independence should they join a union. "Surely, there is danger of reduced flexibility and the consequent inability to hold some of our most distinguished faculty," he wrote. "Beyond that, under most collective bargaining agreements the union retains an absolute right to represent you in discussions with the administration, whether you wish it or not."

● Few pass Ranger tests

(continued from page 1)
attend a six-week advanced camp in the summer between their junior and senior years. Ranger School will take the place of the advanced camp for Letellier, if he last at least six weeks. If he does not last six weeks, he must complete the advanced camp before he can be commissioned.

Ranger school does have its benefits, the largest being a guarantee of 20 years in the service upon commission. Participants also are paid \$500 for the nine weeks they spend in camp.

Letellier said it's a "fantastic challenge" and that a Ranger tab can only help at promotion time. The Army's Ranger units train constantly and are among the first to be notified if military action is needed.

ROTC Ranger School graduates go back to college to finish their education. Upon graduation from college and commission into the Army, they are either assigned to a

Neville also attacked unionization on the basis that it would cost faculty more than it would benefit them. "The (Maine Teachers Association) proposes annual dues of at least \$122-\$127. I am not convinced that the potential, promised benefits will justify the actual cost."

Finally, he said that unionization would weaken the autonomy of individual UMaine campuses. Collective bargaining, he said, "promotes centralization through large bargaining unit determinations and by focusing on economic issues that must be settled off campus."

AFUM Chairman C. Stewart Doty, when contacted Monday, countered Neville's letter by saying that "it won't make any difference at all" in the election's outcome.

Doty said that some anti-union people he talked with Monday were "embarrassed" by the timing of the letter, although he added that Neville was "within his rights to send out a letter the day before the election."

"Everyone seems to think that we'll win, even the people who are against us," Doty

concluded.

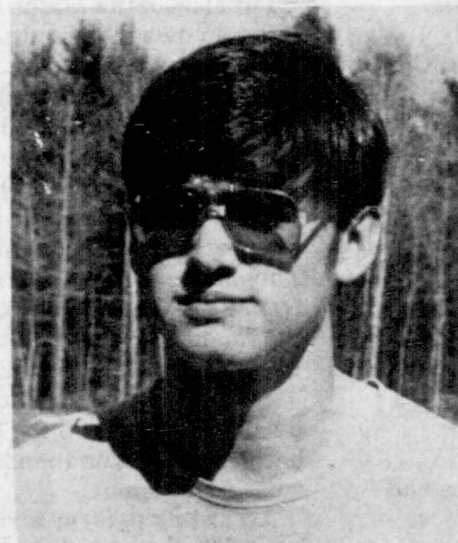
Neville's communication to faculty at Orono is the first official anti-union statement made by administration at the campus. Last week, a letter signed by 50 faculty opposed to unionization was distributed throughout the campus.

On the pro-union side at Orono, AFUM supporters last week conducted a door-to-door drive among faculty. Also last week, a series of pro and con debates were held, along with several informal informational meetings.

Support for unionization at Orono is seen by many observers as questionable, and even AFUM officials are speculating that faculty at UMaine's largest campus might vote against unionization.

But most observers agree that union support at the university's other campuses is probably strong enough to assure an AFUM victory.

Included in voting this week are all full-time faculty members, as well as department chairmen who serve less than one-third of their time as administrators.



Alfred Letellier

Also included in the voting are 45 librarians and 30 "soft money, non-tenure track" faculty. The status of both categories of employees in regards to whether they will be included in the faculty unit, has yet to be determined.

The union needs at least 50 percent of the votes cast to win. Should the votes of the 75 be crucial to the outcome, the Maine Labor Relations Board will have to rule on their status before the results of the election can be determined.

Lowdown

Tuesday, May 9

6:30 p.m. Scuba Club meeting. All members are asked to bring diving records of 1978, Walker Room, Memorial Union.

8 p.m. Distinguished Lecture Series lecture: Shana Alexander will speak on "60 Minutes and the News," Memorial Gym.

Wednesday, May 10

2 to 8 p.m. Red Cross Bloodmobile, Cumberland Hall basement.

7 and 9:15 p.m. IDB movie "Marathon Man," 130 Little Hall.

8 p.m. Dance with "Fargo Brothers," Damn Yankee, Memorial Union.

8 p.m. Movie "A Streetcar Named Desire," 140 Little Hall. Free.

Thursday, May 11

7 to 9 p.m. Outdoor Recreation Mini-Workshop on "Sport Parachuting," Damn Yankee, Memorial Union.

7 and 9:15 p.m. IDB movie "Marathon Man," 130 Little Hall.

7:30 p.m. Equal Time Series: Joe Dolley will speak on "Life After Death," Peabody Lounge, Memorial Union.

● MPBN debt confirmed

(continued from page 1)
readjustments."

The error which created the network's deficit was caused by mistakes at MPBN and at the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, Strauss said. The Corporation provides matching funds to public broadcasting stations and in MPBN's case accidentally paid the station twice for the same grant, Strauss said.

"For every \$2.50 that we raise, the Corporation gives us \$1," he said. "but in changing the regulations and how the amount was to be computed, they paid us twice and the \$94,000 deficit is what we have to pay back."

Strauss said this type of situation was "not too uncommon" and that "quite a few stations" have the same problem. "This is an unfortunate occurrence," he added,

"but it's hardly the crisis it's been made out to be."

As far as the positions vacated by Kunkel and Legere, Strauss said he hoped to replace at least one person and that he'd like to hire someone to act as both a public affairs director and program manager for the radio station.

He confirmed reports that Thomas McCormack, an accountant for the university system, had been sent to MPBN from the chancellor's office to check the network's bookkeeping records.

Legere resigned Monday afternoon in reaction to Kunkel's resignation which occurred that same day. Later in the week, Legere listed the station's large deficit, the loss of creative colleagues, an ongoing morale problem and a lack of confidence in top management by MPBN employees as the reasons for his departure.

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Needlessly leaking sewer pipes

The joke around the offices of the Maine Campus last week was that reporter Brenda Nasberg was working on a real shitty story.

But as Nasberg quickly learned, the story was no joking matter, but rather a disgusting case of the public suffering because nobody cared enough to take the actions needed.

Nasberg discovered that two fraternities—Phi Eta Kappa and Lambda Chi Alpha—have been dumping raw sewage into the UMO botanical gardens and the Stillwater River off and on since at least early this year. She also discovered that so far the frats have received little more reprimands for their misdeeds than meek verbal warnings and the proverbial slaps on the wrists.

By way of background, many of the College Avenue fraternities—and indeed the entire university—years back dumped their wastes directly into the then-filthy Stillwater River. The town of Orono then installed a sewer treatment plant, and a collection pipe was run along the river, into which the frats hooked their sewer pipes.

In the case of at least Phi Eta and Lambda Chi, the same pipes which had served so well for so many years were merely rerouted into the new town line. Those pipes, both of which reportedly date back to before 1920, are now worn beyond repair. Each has broken more than once this spring.

The latest incident of broken pipes was discovered last week by several forestry students who were attending a class along the river. The students discovered masses of human waste behind both fraternities, and the ruptured pipes from which the wastes were flowing. In both cases, the river was the ultimate recipient. In both cases, too, it was obvious that the pipes had been broken for some time.

What's amazing about the incident isn't that the pipes were broken—pipes sometimes do that.

Rather, what's both amazing and crudely disgusting is that although everyone involved agrees that both fraternities need new sewer pipes, nobody is making sure the new pipes are installed.

Instead of taking quick action, and ironing out the details later, the two frats and the university have engaged in a classic bout of bureaucratic bickering over who's responsible for replacing

the deteriorated sewer lines.

The frats point out that the houses are on university land. The university counters that the houses themselves are owned by members of the frats. And nothing gets done.

The latest incident of broken sewer pipes could have been avoided all so easily. The university, for example, could have footed the bill, and the argument over who should finally pay for the repairs could have continued. Instead, though, the pipes both broken again, and everyone in the community suffered.

The university and the frats, then, should stop their bickering long enough to see that new sewer pipes are installed quickly.

Further, to avoid such shenanigans in the

MPBN: explanation in order

Officials of the Maine Public Broadcasting Network owe the people of Maine an honest, complete explanation.

In the midst of some sharp internal dissension, news escaped from the network last week that a \$94,000 deficit for the year had somehow developed. As a result of the internal bickering, two MPBN radio station officials are unemployed this week. And all that MPBN General Manager Thomas Strauss will say about the affair, aside from a less-than-complete explanation, is that the financial woes are "hardly the crisis it's been made out to be."

Strauss couldn't be more wrong, and shouldn't be allowed to get off the hook without offering a better explanation than he's already given for what's happened.

According to Strauss, the National Corporation for Public Broadcasting this year made a mistake, and forwarded to MPBN \$94,000 more than the network was entitled to.

That's all well and good—mistakes happen, and someone on the national level right now is probably wishing he'd been more careful when he wrote the boys up in Maine their annual check.

What's not good at all, though, is that station officials would knowingly grab, budget and spend \$94,000 that shouldn't have been theirs in the first place, or worse yet, not even have the

future, the university should inspect the rest of the sewer lines on its property, both along fraternity row and on the rest of the campus. Pipes found worn beyond repair should be replaced.

Finally, the university should institute a policy that state and federal officials unfortunately seem reluctant to invoke. When any fraternity, dorm or any other university building is discovered spewing human wastes onto university grounds or into the river, the facility's plumbing should be shut off immediately, and adequate repairs undertaken.

No such action was undertaken at the two fraternities, and the university community suffered needlessly as a result.

smarts to realize that they'd received more money than was due them.

Either way, whether through error or calculated deception, someone within the network needs to be brought to task. And whoever is guilty, and whatever is done, should be exposed to the public.

It's that public, lest station management forget, who keep the network afloat. This year alone, \$831,000 of Maine taxpayer money will flow into MPBN. A like amount will come the network's way from a combination of federal grants and private contributions from listeners.

Lest station management forget, further, the same public who keep the station afloat also comprise the audience which the operation serves. That audience is suffering as a result of the financial mistakes. Already, for instance, the popular "Maine Things Considered" radio show has been taken off the air. Further, the manager of the radio network has been forced out of his job and his position abolished as a cost-cutting measure.

Such changes, obviously, mean that MPBN's product will be of a lower quality. Such changes, too, leave the public wondering and asking themselves questions about just what's happening within MPBN.

As of yet, nobody's giving a full answer to the question.

Commentary

Bob Granger

All to get coverage

Nine days ago, about 75 energetic University of Massachusetts coeds locked themselves inside their student newspaper's office—the Daily Collegian—in an attempt to stop the paper from being published.

Their gripe—lack of women's coverage—was not quite as unbelievable as their demands:

- One page each issue, 75 percent ad free, devoted to women's news.
- Complete editorial control over that page.
- No reprisals against any of the women seizing the paper.
- No repercussions against any of the women newspaper staff members because of the incident.
- Women editors on staff should be allowed input in editorial decisions of the paper.

Well, as of nine o'clock last night, all of the coeds, in addition to a few late joiners, were still barricaded in the two-room office. Comrads smuggling food into the

building have helped enable them to hold out as long as they have.

And I don't think we've seen the end of it all. Negotiations are "in progress" and the women say they won't give up before their demands are met.

Now I don't usually like to make wild assumptions about things, but in this case I can't help myself. I figure if the cops don't get fed up with things and storm the place, the results of 75 women huddled up in an office the size of a typical classroom for that long in 75 degree weather, will probably drive them out anyway. Natural phenomenon. The only thing that would work faster would be to shut down the plumbing.

"I don't think we're being unreasonable," one coed said over the telephone. "We're ready to hold out for as long as it takes."

Even "freedom of the press" arguments don't seem to carry much weight with the rebels. Their sentiment toward that issue was neatly summed up in two short words

by one young lady: "That's bullshit."

Now the Maine Campus receives its share of criticism about not covering a wide enough variety of campus activities. Hell, we missed the sorority tea party last week, the special history symposium with Jung Chow Ying speaking on medieval Japanese revolutions, the philosophy seminar on basic mythological origins of Chinese logic, and even the psychology colloquium on the theory of tapping the schizophrenic's mind reserves with conventional means.

Certainly, we aren't perfect. Why we only managed to give the "maruading" Greeks (I'm one) two-picture coverage on Greek weekend.

So, suggestions are in order, I think.

With a little planning, the fraternities can organize, seize the paper, and hold out until we promise them one page an issue—90 percent ad free.

The off-campus people can plan a rally for similar coverage. Hell, the only reason they haven't yet is because the freaks wouldn't have enough room to play frisbee

in the office.

The administrators, not wanting the opportunity to pass by, would undoubtedly desire editorial control of page four. The philosophy department would predictably sneak in demands for coverage of five colloquiums a week.

And of course, the jocks, who now get an average of two pages an issue, would view the fad as inflationary and turn the office into a weight room until they got at least one additional page.

The list goes on.

It's not surprising then that this trend would likely gain more support than imaginable—the best solution to getting coverage yet!

What happens down at UMass will probably determine how far similar attempts will go. The seizure of the Daily Collegian has slowed that paper's production somewhat, but not altogether.

But if anyone plans such an attempt, it better be quick. Friday is our last issue.

Maine Campus

The University of Maine at Orono's student newspaper since 1875

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Elsie Grant, Copy Editor
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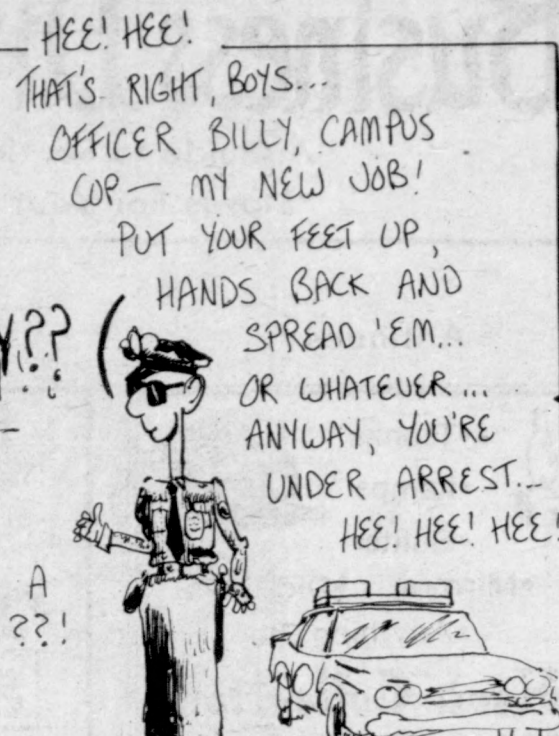
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reader's opinion

The Campus encourages letters from readers. To be published, letters must be signed and include an address, but names will be withheld upon request. Brief letters are advised, and all are subject to editing for grammar, good taste and available space.

Legal services open all summer

To the Editors:

I would like to take this opportunity to make the student population at UMO aware of a couple of items of importance concerning their Student Legal Services.

For the first time in its three year existence as a full-service program, SLS will be open during the summer months this year. The assistance provided will be of a limited nature—advice and minor negotiation and no court representation. This is necessitated by a much smaller staff being

on hand (one part-time attorney and two work-study paralegals).

The office will open on or about June 15, 1978, and any presently enrolled full-time students are welcome to utilize the assistance. It should be pointed out that summer students who do not attend UMO during the academic year will be required to pay a "user's" fee of \$4. This is to insure that academic year students do not provide legal services for those attending the summer sessions only.

Secondly, anyone wishing to apply for the position of student

paralegal for the academic year 1978-79, should register for Legal Research and Writing and Street Law which are offered for credit through the College of Arts and Sciences. These courses are a vital part of the paralegal in-service training and are requirements for employment at SLS.

If there are questions concerning either of these two items, please contact me at 30 Coburn Hall, 581-2266 or 581-7066.

Sincerely,
Timothy A. Dorr
Office Manager, SLS

Hillel thanks

To the Editors:

As I prepare to step down from two terms as President of Hillel I would like to take time to publicly offer my thanks to everyone who has in any way been of service to me and Hillel over these two years.

As I look back over these years I see many accomplishments which Hillel can be proud of. We have successfully constructed an office, a home, for Hillel in the years to come. In conjunction with Bates, Bowdoin, and Colby we have formed a coalition known as the Maine Jewish Students Appeal in Bangor.

Our bagel sales have filled an awful lot of bagel-starved stomachs. Our monthly Bagel Brunches have become a platform for students to speak with administrators in both the University and Jewish communities.

Special thanks are also extended to the two secretaries that have done so much to help Hillel...Gail Plesset and Laurie

Greenberg.

And if there are words to express my gratitude to our energetic and slightly eccentric advisor, Lianne Harris, I have not found them. Lianne over these two years has been an endless pillar of support and a steady influence on our aspirations and dreams for Hillel.

On June 1 Sue Montell will assume the reigns over Hillel. I hope Sue will continue to carry one what has been set as precedent by my administrations and build on them toward an even brighter future for Hillel. Our faith and trust are with Sue over this next year because we believe she can handle the responsibility.

In closing I would like to say thank you to the over 100 students who have been active in Hillel and keeping us strong. Without them our work would be meaningless.

Thank you to all of you for making this an experience I will cherish in the years to come.

Shalom,
Lawrence Saloman

Guest commentary

Andrew Piascik

Tenure: can blunders be avoided?

I would like to talk briefly about an issue that arose this semester on campus. This is the tenure process, and no college student can underestimate its importance.

What I've found this semester is that students are ignorant of how the tenure process works, even if they know what tenure is or what it means. Surprisingly enough, even members of the board of trustees, whose job is directly related to the functioning of the university, are ignorant of how the tenure process operates. After a while, I realized this should not surprise me at all, as it is commonplace for people at this university, as with American society as a whole, to be ignorant and/or uninterested in matters which have a direct bearing on their lives.

A university is supposedly designed for the purpose of supplying an education or job training for students. No one from the very top of the University of Maine bureaucracy on down will deny that students are the most important people at UMO. But when one looks at the tenure process, one sees this is not the case. The welfare of the students, as represented by which teachers are granted tenure, has no place whatsoever in tenure decisions.

The tenure decisions made at UMO lie in the jurisdiction of two people who have unequivocal power in granting or denying tenure: Vice President James Clark and the dean of the appropriate college.

In the case of Sociology Professor Gilbert Zicklin, Dean Gordon Haaland (Arts and Sciences) and Clark denied Zicklin tenure despite the unanimous recommendation of the tenured faculty in his department and the chairman of his department. The denial was on the grounds that he was weak in the area of publishing.

This denial means that a faculty member who is very strong in his or her classroom performance and who is actively involved in furthering students' education by bringing speakers and programs to campus (both of which apply to Zicklin) can be denied tenure, despite possession of strengths fundamental to an education.

The argument both Haaland and Clark have used in discussions I have had with them on this issue is that student evaluations are weighed in the decision-making process. But the case holds no water—to say that students' opinions are considered is meaningless as long as these two people have arbitrary power in

granting or denying tenure.

Another striking thing in Zicklin's case is that the recommendations of the people in his department also held no weight. A system in which the people who have daily contact with the teacher in question (that is, students and faculty) and who are the most capable of evaluating a teacher, but yet have virtually no say in the matter, is the most ludicrous imaginable. Someone trying to construct a process most detrimental to students' education might come up with this system.

There are no easy solutions to the issue of tenure. What is undeniable is that Dean Haaland and Vice President Clark having absolute power in the matter is a farce. My suggestion is that faculty people at a departmental level, along with junior and senior majors in a specific department who have taken at least two courses with the teacher in question have the power to make tenure decisions.

I do think if a disagreement arose between the administration and this tenure body that a discussion of the matter would follow until a decision was reached, with the tenure body being the group with the

final say.

Of course this proposal has two pre-requisites: first, it requires that enough students be outraged at the present tenure process and the way it robs them of a quality education. Second, it requires that enough students be interested in taking actual control of their own education.

These two conditions, I believe, will emerge; it is simply that students are ignorant of the operations and have been conditioned to accept the status quo (a condition, I might add, that the administration is obviously interested in perpetuating).

There is support for this type of change among students, faculty and even among the board of trustees. The interested parties now must align and act.

Whether the tenure process can be corrected soon enough to right the wrongs done to Robertson in the past or Zicklin this semester or Karush next year is hard to say; my hope is that it is. But what is most important is that change be instituted as soon as possible to prevent such blunders from continuing ad infinitum.

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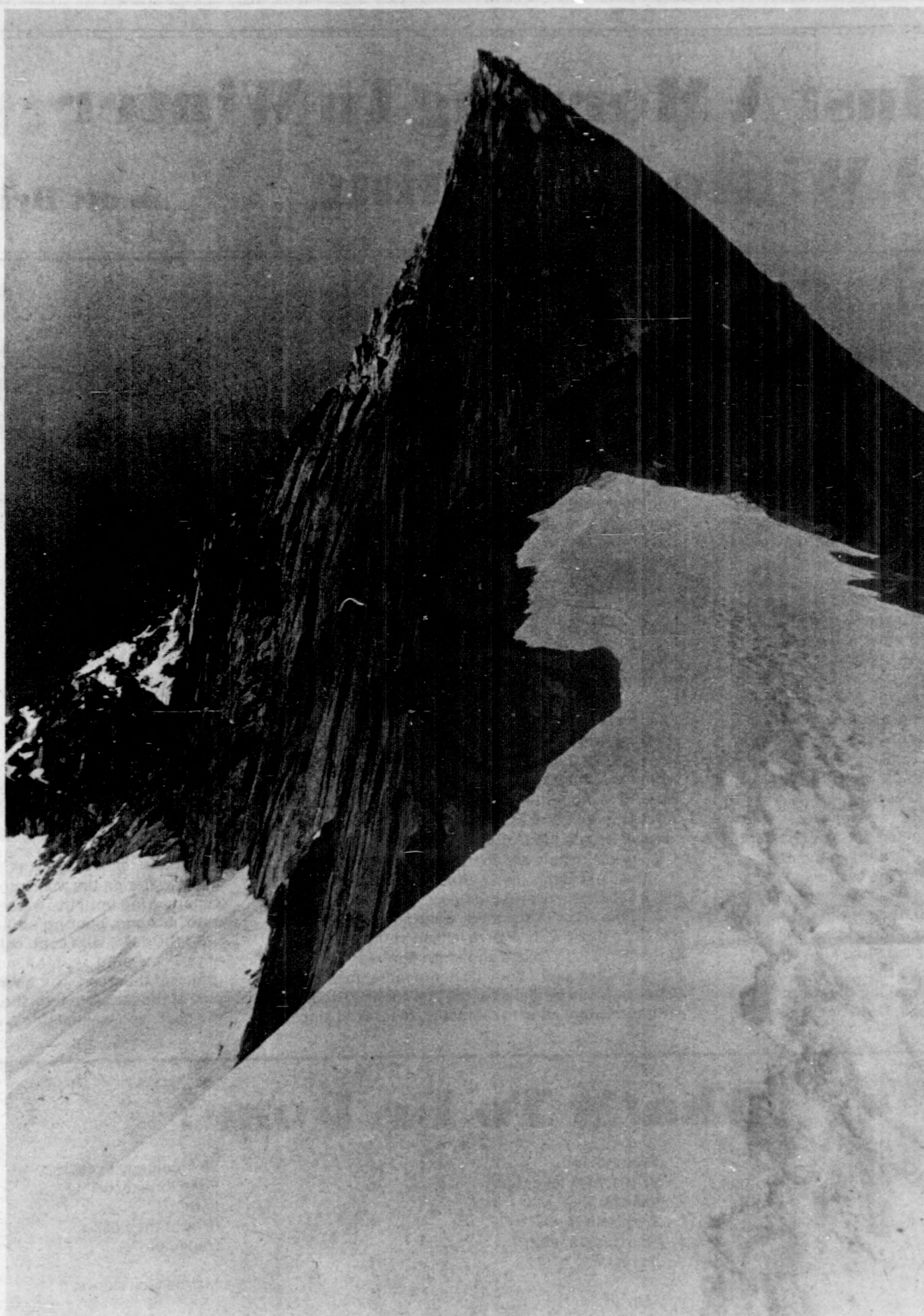
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Rumor has it you had a long visit with that
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Maine Campus Literary Supplement

***A compilation of poetry and fiction
prepared by the staff of the Maine Review***

Julie Courant, editor

Burt Hatlen, faculty advisor

Linda Card, assistant editor

Photos by Ted Dillard

***with lots of help from the staff
of the Maine Campus***

Not Just A Morning In Winter But A Winter Morning

Scott Bridgham

She died on a morning like this. Out of the hole he had scraped in the frost covered window Pierre could only barely discern the shape of the shed. The dawn light was just adequate to reflect waves of wind blown snow. One after another, since yesterday afternoon, and on and on. Where the path led to the well was now nothing but a mild depression in the surrealistic world of snow out the window. It could have been a desert — a desert of swirling snow. And beyond, where he knew the forest began, where the work of his hands stopped, loomed the shadows of the unknown, the untamed.

Pierre brought the coffee cup, which his hands tightly clasped, drawing all the heat possible from it, to his lips, taking a long, slow sip, feeling the scorching liquid go down his throat, leaving the warm rim on his lips long after he had taken the drink. The white porcelain cup glared huge not an inch from his eyes. He stared into the dark abyss within at the murky coffee. He thought of, when was it — two, three years ago, the time when his wife would chatter on such mornings on the other side of the table. It seemed more natural like this, alone, with the wind barely audible as it cried its song.

He had been sitting in this seat watching the last remnants of just such a storm as this, the oppressive clouds just breaking up that were somehow appropriate, foretelling of life, of pasts full of lost hopes, and of futures with no hopes at all, when the doctor came from the bedroom shaking his head. She had never understood, been part of, the weather, the land, the solitude. The doctor said it was pneumonia. Pierre knew her soul wasn't with the land, and the land had killed her. It was his land, a part of him. His soul.

He gently rocked the cup, making the warm liquid undulate against his lips. Until one knows

cold, bitter cold, warmth means nothing. Pierre staked his life on warmth. It was a precious commodity. He would one day as his father had, when life became nothing to fight for anymore, take his last walk into a winter morning, the winter morning of no return.

They claimed the land. The land claimed them. Cruel, fair, part of a mutual pact.

Pierre remembered as a boy that morning his father took his final walk. The coldest one of the year. His mother somehow knowing as he walked out the door. The strong face with those tired eyes looking at him, defeated, the only time he ever was to see that look in her eyes. For that moment knowing together all there was to know. Finally, not being able to stand the knowledge so barely expressed, eyes diverting.

He set the cup on the table. Straightening his stiff jointed finger, he reached toward the window, opaque, the frost spread across it in intricate patterns. Moving his finger along the edge of the hole, ice fell to the wooden table, crumpled now, its delicateness shattered, soon to be but random drops of water. Pierre looked at the ice crystals and thought. He thought of the ice crystals, their pure whiteness, their fragility, but nothing really but water. He thought of life and death. He thought of what strange quirk of nature gave life to matter that in itself had no life to give. He thought of his wife.

They say people are composed mostly of water. But the ice crystals just melted there on the table. He brushed them onto the floor.

And the snow descended, wave on wave. But it had to be dealt with. Pierre looked at the dying embers in the fireplace and knew now was the time. He raised his gaunt body from the table, taking the coffee cup and swallowing the last cooling dregs within. He moved with methodic, measured steps



across the room to the sink, taking the simmering pot of water on the wood stove, pouring it into the cup, pouring until the water slopped over the side onto his hand, pouring until the pot was empty.

At the door, with coat, collar up, hat, and gloves on, he hesitated . . . for a moment . . . gaze on the grains of the wood. But he must. It was dictated, part of the pact. He took the snow shovel, opened the door, and walked into a winter morning.

What's To Be Done?

Above the still planet

A gleam
of jet
Cut
a white scar
Across the azure.

Once
(When was it?)
This silvery nomad
Could slash
the sky
And summon hearts
below
To climb.

No more.

What to do
When flock fever has
vanished
And each soul
Scurried beneath
its rock?

Maybe
clutch
The memory of flight
While it still
beats
Warm within us
and let fever grow
from inside

What can be
won
From a cool dusk?

So it belongs to each
For a lone thrust
in time,
Free of the flock's
fragile power.

Maybe look skyward

And once again
Believe
that lost agent
Of the past
Who arches toward the dayshell
of the moon.
Maybe it's not yet dusk.

Bernard MacKinnon

Despondence Before Sleep

I remember the rustle in the bushes as I ran by
The circling gull like a buzzard in the sky.
Running through my own Wasteland of
Weak mind and faltering body
That houses a soul corrupted,
I wondered if I could regain that past dream
When my person seemed to perform admirably in
the world.
I sensed The Loneliness of the Long Distance
Runner
Because I am one. I feel as he, and
Though no prison fences surround my body
I am not free of the walls of guilty
Unknown ignorance that bind me tight.
The fear of unforeseen future and uneasy
Present override the safe memories of warm past.

Trying to recall life makes the elusive butterfly
Seem simple to catch. And I know within me that
the
Dreary stagnant pool of once clear pond is only
Too fitting a marking of my now condition.
The eroded culvert aligns with my mind
And the pliable soft mud brings to view
My body. Times ago offer no aid
Only a homesick longing that neither
Strengthens nor washes away the deposited
Silt of today's wrong ways.
No prophecy have I of the future,
Nor can I either define right now.
My hope remains in daily living
-but how?

Bernie Wood

I was sitt
I watch the
morning, a
further bar
bone-chillin
was due at
deal with y
"I'll call in

I thought
A duck was
And on the
that had on
interest an
to the coast
on vacation
when it wo
are tolerate
Last night

I had sle
since the la
The empty
than any of
moment. I
my window
my bed, an
searched fo
visit.

The bed
sheets wer
thoughts to
Probably c
lately; I kn
It's not my
those matt
in a week o
desperatio
little satisfi
Just the

foot of my
As I lie i
distinguish
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were curio
morning?
each of us
casual con
a bastard
then, my a
appropriat
will be est
discussing
yes. She h
her, which
had slept
we had be
to think of
for I knew
attempt to
the truth.
Needless
I guess ut
you're un
At seve

Purgatory

J. Richard White

I was sitting in the chair that I always sit in when I watch the river. I watched the sun rise this morning, and it did a chin-up on the trees of the further bank. I'm surprised it bothered; it was a bone-chilling, wet, and windy Monday morning. I was due at work in less than an hour. "I'll make a deal with you," I said motioning to my coffee cup. "I'll call in sick if you will."

I thought of the poetic potential in the view I had. A duck was fishing in the midst of the river mist. And on the further bank, the faded orange leaves that had once clothed the trees and now lost interest and tumbled into the water, catching a ride to the coast. I was reminded that my soul had been on vacation for some time now, and I wondered when it would return. Soul-less days (and nights) are tolerated, knowing no boundaries they endure. Last night was no exception.

I had slept alone last night. It had been a while since the last time. But it wasn't hard to adjust to. The empty double bed seemed no more threatening than any other night. I climbed in and listened for a moment. I could hear only rain and traffic outside my window. I twisted the switch on the lamp beside my bed, and the light fell to invading darkness. I searched for something new; I was expecting a visit.

The bed seemed larger than usual, and the sheets were cold where she used to sleep. I allowed thoughts to wander — What was she doing now? Probably crying, I frowned. It seems she cries a lot lately; I know it's my fault, but I don't feel guilty. It's not my job to feel guilty. The guy who handles those matters is on vacation. Sorry guilt; try again in a week or two. I knew I hadn't been wrong; the desperation in her words told me this. Yet, I found little satisfaction in believing I was right.

Just then, a familiar spectre danced across the foot of my bed, and I waved. It was the wine.

As I lie in bed, enveloped in darkness, I could distinguish a few truths. I've been leading a lukewarm emotional existence lately, feeling no sorrow or pain, and in turn neither beauty or love. I've attached all-purpose filters to my nervous systems, taking the place of my vacationing soul. I say vacationing, but in truth my soul had requested a leave-of-absence. It was suffering from an illness brought on by the lack of courage. Had I employed courage as an administrative assistant, my soul would be healthy right now. As it stands, I'm relying on that Old Medicine Man Time to heal it.

At one-thirty, the night traffic had slackened, but the rain remained steady. I could have sworn I had an appointment with loneliness and sorrow, and a luncheon date with self-pity. I had spoken with them on occasion about the sale of certain properties I owned. I had made it clear that I had no intention of selling, but they were persistent. I fully expected to see them tonight, but I had the feeling that they were no longer interested. It wasn't long afterward that I fell asleep, for I have no memory of anything until I awoke in the morning.

Seven-thirty brought with it the responsibility of showing up at work. Accompanying those thoughts were curiosities — would she be back this morning? Probably. At first nothing will be said, each of us maintaining our righteousness. Soon, a casual conversation would develop. I'll behave like a bastard — only speak when spoken to, and even then, my answers will be vague. After an appropriate lapse in time, a line of communication will be established; we'll tippy-toe around discussing the previous evening. What was it? Oh yes. She had asked me to be perfectly truthful with her, which was an effort in itself, and tell her if I had slept with any other women during the months we had been seeing each other. I remember trying to think of a tactful way of avoiding the question, for I knew what her reaction would be. In a feeble attempt to coax courage into my employ, I told her the truth. But, I felt strangely refreshed by it. Needless to say, she had reacted as I had expected. I guess utilizing truth is like exercising — when you're unaccustomed to it, start slow.

At seven-fifty, I put my coffee cup in the sink and

went into the bathroom to comb my hair and straighten my tie. The eight o'clock traffic grueled past my door as I turned out the lights and stepped outside. I wasn't surprised to see her sitting in her car, waiting in the driveway. She rolled down her window and smiled, "Need a lift?" She looked so meek and harmless, so removed from the vengeful sobbing woman who had cursed me and everything I touched.

I sighed an exhausted sigh. "I've been through this all before," I said under my breath. I climbed into the car and we rode in silence. When was it ever going to end? Things just weren't working out; the novelty had worn off. We both knew what was inevitable. But she was young and believed as I once had, that true love conquers all, even such minor obstacles as incompatibility.

It was still raining and the traffic crawled. I found it increasingly difficult maintaining my proud, but awkward silence. I was still annoyed at what had happened last night, and what she was doing to herself now. I suppose I should have refused the ride and told her just what was on my mind. But it would be too much hassle, and I hate to see her cry. It would have to be her decision; and, until that decision was made, I'd remain emotionally

indifferent to everything around me. With luck my soul's illness wouldn't be terminal. Maybe some desperate courage would come looking for a job. Of course the pay isn't that impressive, and the working conditions could stand some improvement, but consider the potential!

She pulled to the curb across the street from my office and looked at me with expectant eyes. "Thank for the ride," I said, trying to maintain an expressionless face. She watched me all this time, motionless, saying nothing, waiting for me to make the first move. I stood by the front of the car for a moment, waiting for the traffic to clear. When it did, I started to cross the street. Halfway across, I heard her call my name; I knew this was coming. "What!" I shot her an impatient glare.

"Is it over?" I couldn't tell whether she was crying or if those were just raindrops sliding down her cheeks.

"The time has come," I told myself, "I've got to tell her exactly the way I feel about the matter. It would be the best thing for both of us. All I have to do is nod my head and walk away." Horns were blowing, then I realized that I was holding up traffic. I was also getting soaked. "It's up to you," I said and ran for shelter.

A Night Tableau

A rain rattled night
Rain blasts the dirty sidewalks
Battered newspapers are blown
Through the streets
The wind is wild
Whining through dead, boarded up buildings
And around street corners
People pass occasionally
Heads bowed against the wind
Stick figures
Clothed in the rags of yesterday
They don't look up

They follow the wind to its source

Black trees coated with soot
Naked to the cold wind
Paint chip mosaic on an old warehouse
1935 "Camels" ad dying with it
No stars here
The moon's an old globe lamp
Protesting through ghostly fingers of smoke
Goddam, Ezra

Steve Arnett

Untitled

love
comes
in clouds
of narcissism
glittering

ego mirror
in self disguise
we all
fall
into ourselves

self acclaimed
philanthropists
martyrs
to our minds
and bodies

Diana L. Cookson

The Obvious

Outside the prejudice of the raucous crowds
who would keep you for their own amusement.
Outside the banging clanging bubble
a searching as stumbling and tortured as a
muscular
young black who ain't got no rhythm.
Alone as the submerged nine tenths of any iceberg
with a demand for an intense passing through.

Vignette consciousness
warned against the polymers of culture,
Lady, lumen of nectar
beckons the me that isn't left
as silt in my bathtub, on.

Then tonight coming out of the
cool college campus complacency
of an autumn night.
Onto this lonely section of wooded road
seeing the aftermath of a near fatal car crash.
Flares ablaze. Surreal inferno.
Ambulance crew and police
cutting the victims out
beneath their boots a grinding
the crimson grating crunching glass.

A rolling over at last at night
after tossing to find the best position for sleep
quite by accident.

Joseph Juda

Fetid Babies

Ellen Ferguson

Margaret stood framed in the window, like an Andrew Wyeth painting, holding the curtain back and watching the rain fall. For two weeks, it had been raining without so much as a ray of sunlight filtering through the late afternoon clouds. Children passed the house in their yellow slickers on their way to school. They looked like little robots when they turned to look at their friends. Even her youngest child was beyond that stage. The children passed from view. A car slowed down to wade through the deep water at the base of the hill in front of the house. It sped up and was gone. Margaret turned away from the window.

The dog was asleep on the dining room floor. Margaret wished he wouldn't lie there because he was a black dog, and the rug was a light color. It was so old, she couldn't describe the color. It was a sort of grey-violet, and she hated it. It was the only rug that went with the wallpaper they had back then. That was before Al had a good salary. They could wait to get a new one. After payments on the car and the dishwasher and the college were all taken care of.

She wandered into the living room and stood looking at the television awhile before she turned it on. She flicked through the channels. There were three game shows, a soap opera, reruns of a show she always hated and a bad movie she had already seen three times. She turned it off.

So the television was out. She could bake, but she didn't feel like it right now. For that matter, she could go back to bed. Back to bed! In a few years, she'd never have to worry about getting pregnant again. No more aches and pains or depressions and no more marking the calendar. She would only have four now if she had marked the calendar right. No, she had never wanted any children. They were Al's idea. But she really did love her children. One son in college, next year, a daughter, too. The thought of having two children at once in college pleased Margaret. And there was the second daughter, always plotting and planning for the future, noting what her mother did and planning to do otherwise.

Margaret sat down by the window in her bedroom and watched it rain. It was cold and wet and depressing. She had thought about suicide once when she was younger. So much younger. She was Peggy then, an aspiring author. She had left a note for whoever was interested enough to read it, hoping that it would be Greg who would find it. She stood in front of the tub with her razor and a copy of William Faulkner's book, "The Sound and the

Fury."

She couldn't remember now how Quentin killed himself in the book. He might have thrown himself in the bay. Boston Bay. She used to watch it go by while she sat on the train. You couldn't see much of it because of all the buildings on the piers. But you could catch an occasional glimpse of it. If you rode in on one of the roads now — Margaret couldn't remember which one — you could see that they put the flea market back in Quincey Square for the bicentennial year. That was when the exposition was voted to go to Philadelphia, or wherever it was voted to go before it died.

Margaret was an aspiring author when she lived there. She'd read them all: Dylan Thomas, Ernest Hemingway, T.S. Lawrence, and William Faulkner. She was in a group. An underground circle of aspiring writers—artists, actually—one wanted to be an actress and one a painter. But for the most part, they were writers. She was still Peggy then, during the war years when she didn't approve of it; or of anything else, for that matter. She would never let her children know that. Not even Al knew she'd tried to kill herself.

Greg stopped her. He'd read the note and had come to save her. She was standing there naked in front of the tub. Six of them rented the house in Cambridge and called it a commune. They were said to be communists, and they were lucky they broke up before the witch hunt. Arthur Miller. Damned depressing writer.

Greg took her to a movie that night. Neither one of them paid much attention to it. Afterwards, they went out to Rockport to watch the sunrise. He was the only one of the circle that became famous. Later he moved to California and told her to write to him. But she met Al and didn't dare to write. One of Greg's books was dedicated to her, and he sent her a signed copy. She didn't like it. She read the first chapter and hid it away in a corner. It was about an aspiring actress who tried to cut her wrists with a butcher knife. Blood and gore. She never read the rest of the book.

From the bedroom window it was two storeys down to a mushy, marshy lawn. If she jumped, she would only get wet. She had a family to consider. Five lovely children, who weren't children anymore, and a wonderful husband. Al was a brilliant man. He always intimidated her with his brilliance. She was no dumb bunny, but she felt inferior to him, both intellectually and otherwise. She had always been intimidated by someone, and she came to admire those who intimidated her. Her

sister, her father, her husband, and even her older, headstrong daughter.

Greg had been brilliant, too. He had intimidated her, even though he didn't mean to. She was Peggy then, and she at least thought she was independent then. Those were the days. The best years of her life. She was an aspiring author, but she never had the nerve to publish anything. She was afraid. So afraid. She had visions of sending her best heart-rending story to publisher — big men in big offices in the tops of big buildings. They'd sit with cigarettes in one hand, and her story in the other, laughing and dropping ashes on it. She cried to think of it. She didn't want the fat balding man to say to his associate, "Look, Fred, this is hilarious. A bad gothic romance at best. Can you imagine anyone actually writing this trash?" Then both would laugh together while they read the work aloud in hysterical voices, mimicking the men and women she loved more than anything else she knew. They were like her own children — they were a part of her. She labored to bring them to life, just as she had labored with her living children. How could those publishers laugh at her work? How dare they?

She came to believe her fear, and now, she had not only never published anything, but she never even submitted it. For twenty years, since meeting Al, she had written nothing but grocery lists and letters. Once in a while, she would feel that she could write, but something would come up and there wouldn't be time. A child would get sick, a vacation would come up, there would be a meeting to go to, and she would put off the writing. She was too scared now even to look at a pen and a piece of lined paper. For twenty years, she had had a perfect opening sentence in her head for when she got up the nerve to write a story to go with it. It didn't mean anything, but it rolled across the tongue, it echoed in one's ears, it was soft and malleable like wet clay. It was great. "The heat was hot and oppressive, and all around, the fetid babies cried."

She rose from her seat by the window with a sigh. What was there to do now? She felt like crying, but there were no tears. She felt like she had twenty-five years before in front of the tub with William Faulkner, only worse, because twenty-five years had gone by and nothing had changed.

She went into the bathroom and turned the water on in the tub. She wondered if she could feel the misgivings she felt before, but she felt nothing. Only a desire to let Al know what she was about to do. She went to the telephone in the bedroom and called his office. "Hello, I'd like to speak to Al Morris, please," she said when the receptionist answered the phone.

"One moment, please." Margaret was put on hold. A telephone rang. It was Al's. It rang six times before the receptionist came back on. "He doesn't seem to be in his office. I'll have him paged." Margaret was put back on hold. A moment went by before the receptionist came back a second time. "He doesn't answer. Can I give him a message?"

"No." Margaret hung up abruptly. What next? The bath tub was going to overflow. She ran back to the bathroom, but the water hadn't reached the top of the tub. She found her razor in the medicine cabinet. She would have to hide that. Her youngest son might try to kill himself with it. She put it on the counter next to the sink and undressed. Her body was fat and disgusting, where before it had been slim and firm. Five children will do that to you.

She turned the water off and watched the steam rise from it. The individual spirals fought with each other for the fastest way upward and disappeared in their struggles. They rose and rose, writing their names on the walls.

She stepped into the tub, ignoring the heat. The steam made her sweat, and all around, the fetid babies cried. Slowly, she lifted her leg and gently applied the razor.

A.G.M.D.

Goya

Of famine, and war, and hate you told on your canvases.

Of hunger, and bloodshed, and ignorance. I feel the anguish in the strangled yellow eyes That stare through death black in a painting. Those eyes haunt me when I leave, And they follow me to bed at night.

Those eyes stare at us sardonically through two centuries,

For they are with us today:

They are with us
Wherever a hungry child cries into the deaf night,
Wherever bullets crush with red rage into flesh,
Wherever a dumb black boot step on an utterance.
I feel them with you, Goya,
And with you, I write.

Steve Arnett

my great aunt...

my great aunt is dying
and i can not help her.
the cards i send her
and the smiles i give her
are useless strings
to live.

we are all dying
we never look at each other when we pass by
never see each other
i can not beg her to live.

Jill Gott

The Bustle Of Life

Gregory Carr

Our helicopter circles slowly, silently, over the bustling metropolis, drifting lazily through the heavy air like a carefree seagull, the engine silent, the rotor motionless, the eye of God.

The sky was pierced by massive, monstrous, metal mansions. False halos of dense, sticky air hung around their steeples like the rings around Saturn. Smaller skyscrapers neatly filled the gaps between the giant ones like mortar between bricks.

Though it was mid-afternoon, the sun was not out; at least you couldn't see it. In fact, not one of the bustling, scurrying people had even bothered to stop and look into the sky and wonder where the sun had been for the past week. They were too busy, always rushing belatedly to appointments. A screaming police car sped to a hospital, a mother-to-be in heavy labor in the rear seat.

Teenagers cruised the streets looking for excitement. A businessman was late for an appointment. A huge black hearse eased its way toward the mortuary.

One attractive young lady was hurrying to a nearby bus stop where an uneasy crowd of elderly people waited. One grey, wrinkled old lady with a long pointed nose and about half a dozen chins in various stages of development dozed while leaning against the lightpost on the corner. Another ancient hag leaned unsteadily on her aluminum crutches, one leg a foot shorter than the other. A third read the paper, her nose brushing against the page, she held it so close.

The young lady carried a bulging grocery bag underneath each arm like a young farmer's son lugging sacks of grain into a barn. They were heavy and kept slipping. Her bright, rose-colored cheeks

tightened with strain as she grasped the bags closer to her breast. Her tense face seemed almost too pretty for her to be carrying groceries. She was the kind of girl you would expect to see endorsing face cream on a television commercial, or helping Joe Namath spread shaving cream on his face.

She reached the bus stop just as the large omnibus pulled up to the curb like a fiery chariot from hell. Turning suddenly, she saw her small, ash-blond haired son confronting another small boy, not talking, but sniffing and circling each other like two dogs meeting for the first time. The young lady hollered something that sounded like "GETYOURASSOVERHERENOW," and the little boy ran to her as if he was being chased by a ghost.

With a small amount of hassle from the antique obese bus driver and the equally elderly riders, they entered the cramped vehicle and rode home in the midst of continual ridicule. Old people who are preparing themselves for death don't like things that remind them of youth and the fact that life will continue after they have departed. They would much rather ride through a graveyard than drive past a schoolyard at recess.

Home for the pretty young lady and cute small boy consisted of a shoddy five-story apartment building in the middle of many other shoddy five-story apartment buildings. The development looked as if the boy had spilled a bag of building blocks on the floor and had left them there forever. The house the pretty young lady lived in had never been painted, and now the clapboards hung from its sides like tinsel from a Christmas tree. They lived on the top floor, and, of course, there wasn't an elevator in the building.

In the sparsely furnished living room the pretty young lady's husband lounged like a great, lazy lion. He had one beer can in his hand and another four empties rolling around by his feet. His harsh brown eyes squinted uneasily, alternately glaring at the wavy television picture tube and out the dirt-stained window at the mangy building next door. He rested his head on a worn, tattered, khaki green jacket. He could hear the couple in the apartment below fucking like a couple of wild, squealing animals. They halted and an exasperated groan seeped through the floorboards. The man grinned coldly.

Beside him rested an M-16, the piece of weaponry that had been his wife and savior in Vietnam for three years. He sure missed those days. In one hand he fondled a cold, black .44 magnum revolver. Occasionally he aimed it at the television and threatened to kill Walter Cronkite, but he seldom pulled the trigger. In fact, he hadn't pulled the trigger since the last job he did, almost a year ago. On his lap rested an oily cleaning rag, a package of gauze, and a bottle of Hoppes #9. He cleaned his weapons every day during the news. The room was thick with the smell of cleaning oil. He tossed his mangy mat of dirty, blond hair away from his face and watched his wife approaching him, speaking:

"Did you get a job today?" she asked hopefully but dejectedly, frustrated and depressed.

"I tried," he answered, forcing a twisted smile from his yellowed teeth and cracked lips. "I really tried. But today there just wasn't any jobs to be had."

The pretty young lady bent over him and kissed him. Their son watched intently from the kitchen. The man responded not like a husband bothered by such triviality in front of a child, but like a guy experiencing the wonders of a girl's lips in the back row of some darkened movie theatre for the first time, complete with groping hands and trembling lips. The red lava of his body bubbled like molten liquid and his mountainous body rumbled like a volcano threatening to erupt. The pretty young lady pulled away and pleaded:

"You really must look harder to find a job, dear. We just can't make it on my paycheck alone. It is not enough. You have to start bringing in some money soon."

Air

Alive with the gentle motion memory
as alveoli, swelling,
caressing like the glassine vapor
of a young girl's hair
entangling your face,

soothing, with the ebb and flow
of intercourse, on the gliding,
from barbed tree tops
to psalm giving lungs.

Joseph Juda



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Food Chain

John Brewer's 'Food Chain' was recently awarded first prize in the Steve Grady Perpetual Memorial Endowment Fund for Creative Writers contest for 1978. The annual contest is sponsored jointly by the UMO English and Journalism departments.

'Food Chain' Copyright
by John Brewer, 1978

Herding Prote involves almost nothing in the way of brains. Cynics call Protes the ultimate animal. They're a special breed, all right, measuring about eighteen hands from ground to shouler. Walking food lockers. And they have perfect characteristics. Protes always tend to stand in one place until prodded into movement. They also tend to eat, eat, eat, until their food is gone, leaving them docile, fat, and tasty.

Slaughtering the Protes is easiest of all. They don't even seem to mind.

"Cut the power, you bonehead!" shrieked Bower, the shift boss. "Cut the power. Cut!"

The man he was venting on turned out to be Carver, the new guy. He was jumping about on the flow control platform like a live wire, yanking at switches, shoving or pulling everything in sight. Low-viscous fodder was jetting out all over the yard, covering the pens, the walks, and Bower, who was bending and picking at the brown stuff heaped up on him.

Laughing, I shot up the accessway and put the flow while Carver looked on. As the stream of fodder sputtered and stopped, I saw Bower heading for the platform, slow and very mean. Down below, the Protes were milling around in the pens, licking food off each other's puffy hides.

Bower halted, dripping, with his hands extended toward Carver's young neck. "You lamebrained, chuckie-headed, Prote-minded idiot!" he roared. Flecks of fodder sprang from Bower's smothered mouth. Carver quailed. The big shift boss seemed to be preparing for a personal assault. I decided the humor of the situation was wearing thin.

"Easy Bower," I broke in. "He's not an expert at the job. If you'd trained the lad carefully enough this wouldn't have happened." Bower subsided a little. Carver looked pale, but no doubt bristled at the way I'd called him "lad." Off the hook, but still ashamed — just the way I wanted him to feel.

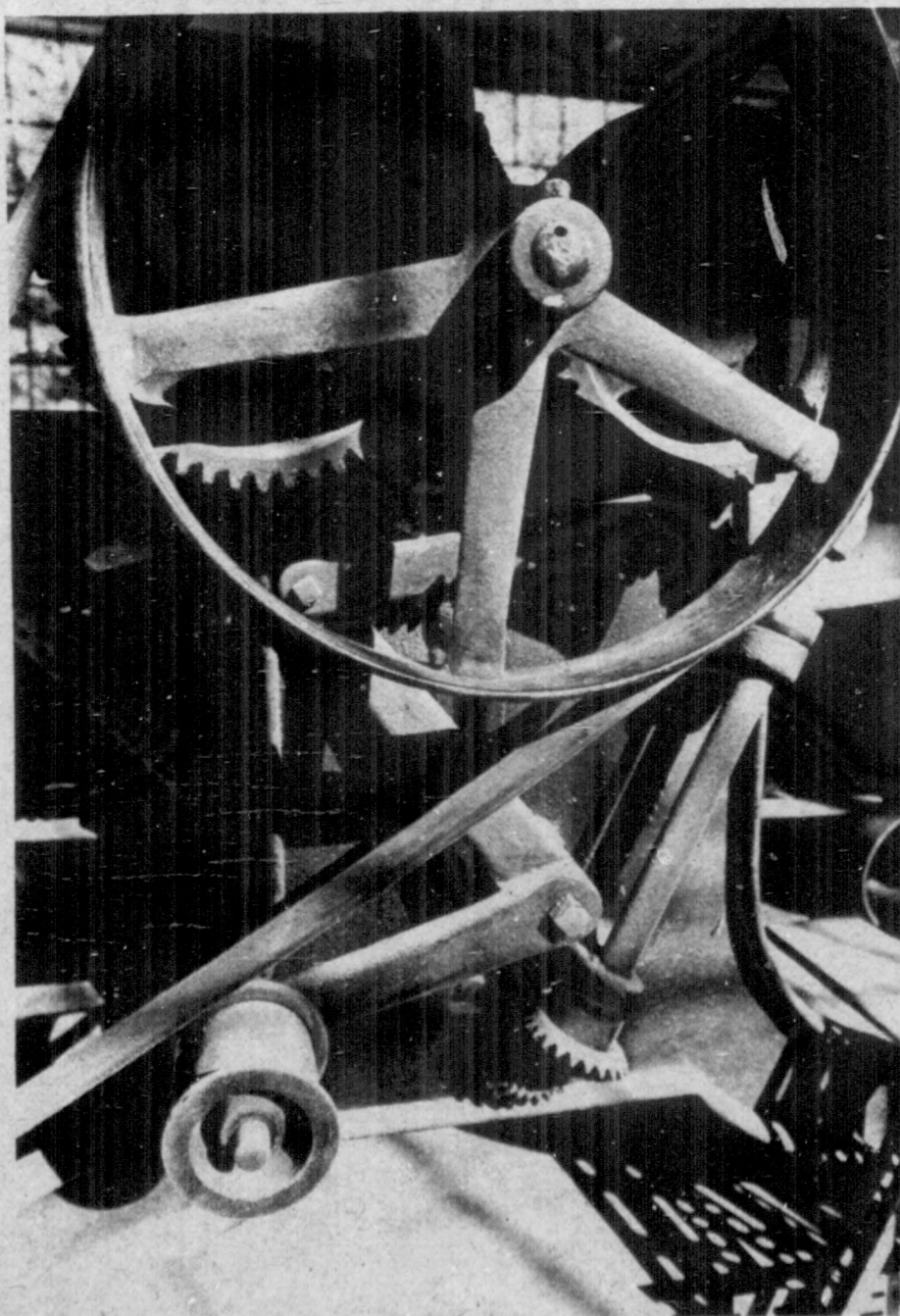
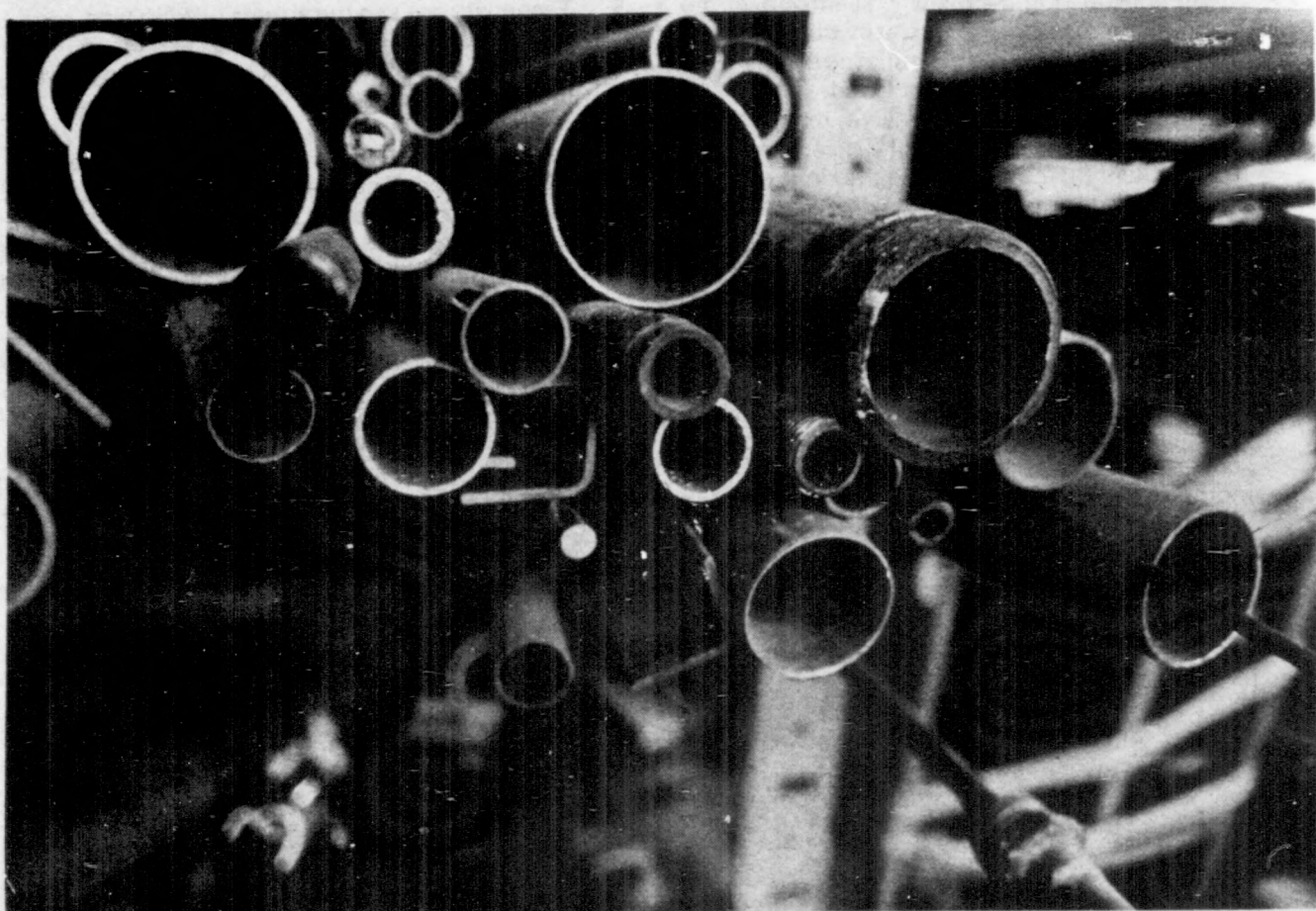
"Listen Mac," steamed Bower. "This guy just burst a main slop silo." Bower indicated the big processing barns behind the pens. High up on one silo was the twisted wreckage of a blown aerator. A two-week job, at least, to repair that damage, beginning with draining the silo. I felt a sigh escape me. There was no humor at all in this.

"Clean up, Bower," I said, and stepped onto the fastladder from the platform. Production, production, production. As I made my way to the Offices to report, I was hoping no one would starve because of this. Behind me Bower gave Carver a shove and moved on. I didn't reprimand him.

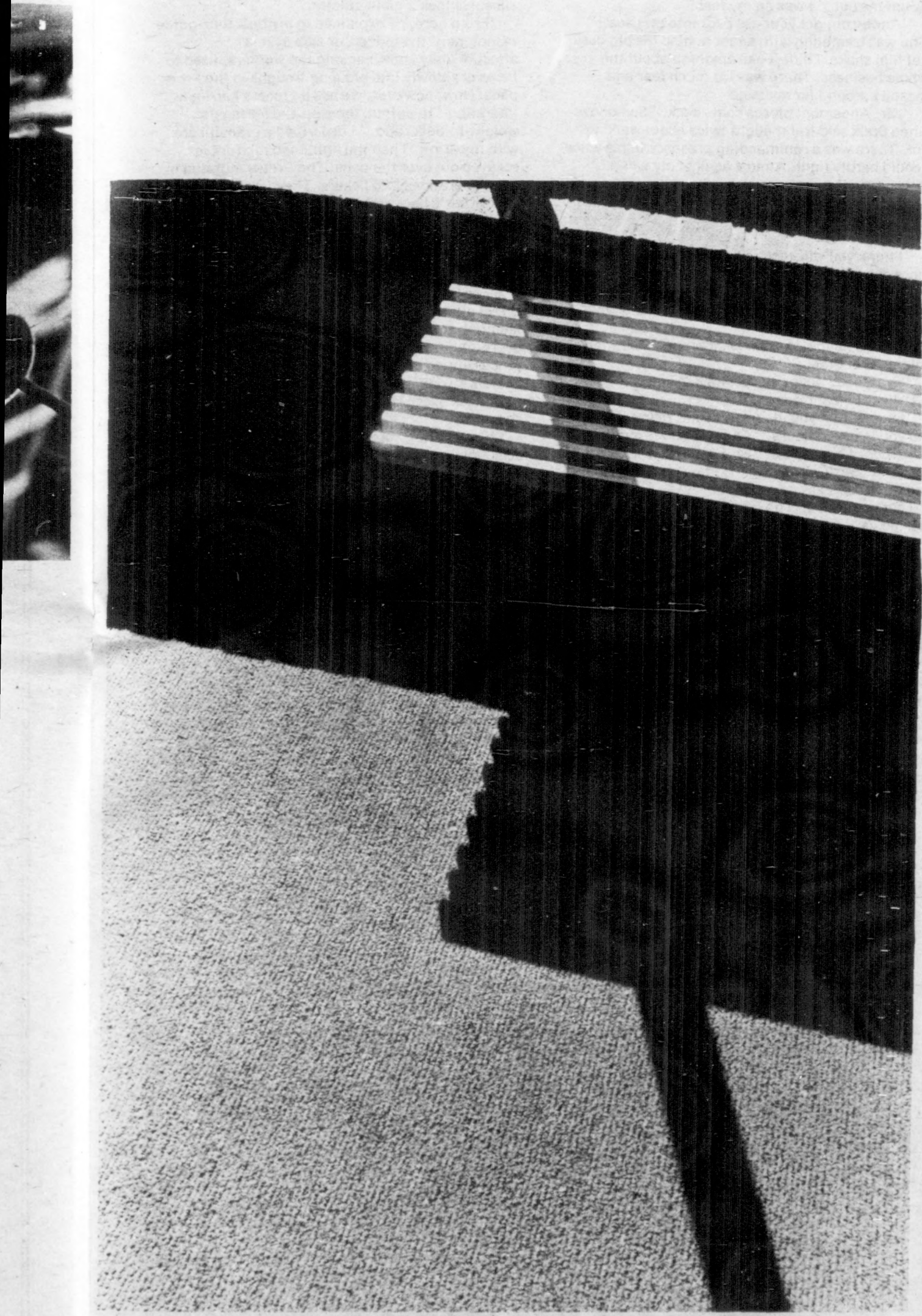
Frye, the Supervisor, was livid when I reached his office. "Lost an aerator!" he screamed. "Don't tell me we lost an aerator. I've got a dozen red lights in Systems Status that've already told me that. Lit up like a Goddamned Christmas tree! Who was shift boss, Mac? Bower? Was it Bower? I'll have him picking Prote skeletons clean with his teeth for six months for this!"

"Don't come down on Bower for this one, Frank —" I began.

"don't come down on him? I'll raise his viscosity



John Brewer



a few percent, that's all I'll do," he fumed. Rising, Frye waved his hands at simulation reports on his desk. "I had these in my hands minutes ago. Look! We'll lose forty thousand head of Prote minimum because of this. What am I going to do with a million gallons of watery fodder? Inject the damn animals? This is a disaster! We will not only lose this year's gold production star, we will probably also lose half a planet's population to hunger. Starving children, Mac." Down slammed Frye's hand on the reports.

"Frank. Listen," I said calmly. "It was an accident —"

"I want Bower held accountable!" this once, go with me, Frank. He wasn't negligent, not really. Stand behind a guy like Bower this once, back him up, and you'll have a lifetime of loyalty from him. Best damned shift boss we've got, anyway."

"Just get him in here."

"Alright, Frank," I sighed, and left. The secretary put in a summons for Bower at his residence. I waited around, irritated. Frank Frye was a Supervisor with an ulcerated stomach lining, excitable as hell, and because of that probably the worst man for the job anyone could have picked. His favorite saying was "starving children." If all the children had starved that Frank had said would starve over the years, the human race would have been back on one planet long ago. In fact, that pet phrase of his reassured me; it meant that food reserves could probably take up the slack. I only hoped Bob Bower wasn't going to be out of a job because of this.

The secretary beckoned to me. "Mr. Chu wanted to see you, Mac," she said. "Good luck. You can go right up."

That was not good news. I'd met Chu twice in my life — once at a gold star production ceremony and once when he assumed chairmanship of the Planning Council. Chu was installation commander. He was boss of me and 50,000 other workers. Chu was God. With a parched tongue cloven to the roof of my mouth, I roved toward the executive life. Suddenly I wasn't worried about Bower.

Bower had it easy.

"Yes, Mac — can I call you Mac?" wheezed the commander as I stepped into his cavernous office.

"You can call me Mac, Mr. Chu."

"Have a seat. Be seated." The years had worked on the boss since I'd seen him last. There was more grey at his temple; he looked careworn. "I've selected you, Mac, because of your record —" he began.

"About the aerator, sir," I blurted. "I —"

"Oh yes, the aerator," said Chu. He looked annoyed. "I'm sure Frank Frye can handle that."

"Yes sir."

"Mac, I want to tell you something straight out," said Chu. "Here at this installation we put out twenty million protein slabs every year. We feed more than five times the saturation population of First Earth. We're a vital, special cog in the Big Machine." The commander leaned forward on his elbows. "But we have a problem. You're going to help us out of it. I want you to go down to the freight dock. There is someone coming in this afternoon on the Shuttle from Astro-Center." Chu stood up slowly, looking down on me as if from a great height. A flicker of something uncomfortable showed in his eyes for just a moment. "I won't tell you any more until the man gets here. Your job is to aid our visitor from the Center in any way you can. Answer any questions. Take him anywhere he asks. Keep your mouth shut. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Mr. Chu." That funny light in his eyes bothered me. I don't respect scared men much.

"That's it then," he said. "Go." I turned without another sound. I went.

And so I left Bower to the mercy of Frank Frye and made my way out to the cargo pad. Not a

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Food Chain

continued from page 7

moment too soon; the incoming freighter was just sinking out of sight down its loading shaft, raising billows of dust and spraying with grit one lonely figure standing off to the side.

"Mac Anderson," I shouted, approaching him. He was tall, almost seven feet, dark black and wearing a heavy robe. Starburn and Astro-Center garb. A real traveller, from the look.

"Inspector Stalk," the big voice rumbled. "Where's a shower?"

"This way, Inspector," I said and took him down to Re-Lax. As we moved off I noticed something not quite . . . right . . . about his gait. Unnatural. Maybe he'd had an accident.

The first thing Stalk wanted after his shower was sleep. He got it, eight hours of it, while I supervised the start of drainage activity in the silo. I'd just come off a regular shift and didn't relish the additional hours of fodder rerouting. I cajoled storage foremen in twelve different plants who swore I overloaded them to bursting, and hustled on my own second crew into more man hours of pain and labor than they thought possible. Finally, I knew I was at the end of my waking stamina. I stumbled out of the control house and back to my residence, only to discover a handwritten note in my box . . . handwritten by the inspector, demanding a tour, a meeting with Commander Chu, and a set of file references for every worker in the installation. I had in mind about ten hour's worth of sleep, but there was no help for it. I coerced my tissues into action again and joined Stalk in the employee lounge.

"First, Chu," he said, and we were off for the plant offices again.

The commander looked worse than the last time I'd seen him. As Stalk and I took seats, the man's eyes seemed to take on that watery, hunted look again. When Stalk settled down to regard him, however, Chu brought himself under control once more.

"Mr. Stalk," said Chu softly, "good to have you here."

"Mr. Chu," growled the black man, "it is not good to have me here, and I know it. But you have a problem and I may be able to solve it. Have you isolated the victims?"

"Yes. I have a Holostrip of them." Uncertainty, as Chu's eyes darted to me for the first time. "Shall I —"

Chu thumped a contact at his side and the wall to our left lit up. In the wall, in 3-D Holoform, were a number of bodies. Not corpses, although at first the still figures resembled the dead. There were several men and women in the screen. Blank eyes. Hanging tongues. Occasionally someone would crawl a few inches, or a hand would twitch. As we watched, one head turned toward us, eyes pressed shut, mouth dropped open in a soundless scream. The strip ran out.

I couldn't help it; with a sharp intake of breath, I leaned forward. "What — what's going on?"

Chu said softly, "They are all quite mad. We discovered them last night, after work. This is D shift. Most of them had wandered from their posts. A few we found floating in the vats, decomposing."

I sat back. I knew personally about half the people on D shift. A guy named Wilson saved my skin once, pulled me from a burning repair copter just in time. I asked Chu about him.

"He was in the Strip," said the commander. "Like the rest."

"Who is this Wilson to you?" asked Inspector Stalk.

"A Buddy, I guess." I looked into the black man's face and saw a disagreeable coldness there. "I knew the guy. He saved my life some years ago."

To Chu, Stalk said, "This one will be a good assistant. He has strong motivations and that's good." Cold blooded bastard.

"Look, what is all this?" I flared. "Who is this slop-butt? I'm not assisting him to the can, Chu.

Count me out." I was on my feet.

"Anderson, get your ass back into that seat!" Chu was trembling with anger behind his big desk. Let him shake. I didn't like anything about the whole business. There was too much fear and insanity around for my taste.

"Mr. Anderson, please come back." Somehow when Stalk said it, I thought twice about walking out. There was a commanding presence in his voice I could hardly fight. Almost against my will, I returned to the chair.

"Mr. Anderson, excuse me if I was impolite," he said.

"You were."

"I think you will wish to help me when you learn more about what is afflicting your area." Turning to Chu he said, "Please give us the chance to view the establishment and to speak with some of your employees, Mr. Chu."

"Do you need sleep, Mr. Anderson?" Strange animal, that Stalk.

"Everybody needs sleep, Stalk," I said.

"What I meant was —"

"I know what you meant," I said, rising. "I'll see you in seven hours." As I stepped through the office door I heard Stalk say, "He'll do very well, Mr. Chu. He doesn't let himself be pushed around, and he doesn't ask questions."

That was wrong. The questions just hadn't started yet.

Stalk was waiting for me when I woke up. I took time for a shower in spite of him, and made him sit in the commissary while I wolfed down some prote toast and prote bacon. Then something strange happened. "Are you hungry, Stalk?" I asked.

He said, "I'm very hungry, Mr. Anderson." But when I offered him food, he politely refused.

Our tour started at the fodder binds. Skinners were floating in from the fields with their harvests of raw fiber bulk. From the bins I took Stalk through the whole process, from the composing vats to the hydro-tanks and then the thickening

silos. He took it all in quietly.

"From here," I explained in my best tour-guide monotone, "the fodder, or slop as it is affectionately known among the workers, used to flow very slowly into big long troughs in the Prote pens. Now, however, we use a process known as 'aerating' to puff up the slop and lessen its weight-to-bulk ratio." I described a graceful arc with my arm. "Then the lightened mixture is sprayed out over the pens. The Protes mutated in five generations into lickers. They lick the food off each other's backs, and the fattening process proceeds almost twice as fast as before. Interesting?"

"Somewhat." Stalk moved on without further comment.

Since I couldn't seem to get his goat, I tried a direct attack. "And just how is this tour of our facilities going to help you explain a shift full of overnight lunatics? If you're going to link fodder processing to mass insanity —"

Stalk swung on me, and skewered me with his coal black eyes. The man was like a hypnotist. I was speechless.

"You will not," he hissed, "mention the accident while we are in public, Mr. Anderson. Please." Then he turned away and I could breathe again.

"Yes, sir," I muttered, and I followed him back to Re-Lax.

Unexpectedly, Stalk left me alone for the rest of the day, giving as a reason, "temporary spasms." He took his leave gracefully, and I made for the company bar with a double spin- tonic and a twist on my mind. I wasn't prepared to see Commander Chu there, hanging off the bar like a limp rag, but there he was, mopping up rum sizzles like a smiling sponge. I joined him and ordered a drink.

"Howdy, Mr. Chu," I said.

"Ah, it's a sad day, son. A sad day," he slurred, blinking at me. "You shouldn't try to be so cocky." He turned back to his drink. "Whole plant in

Learning To Canter

One-Hundred white stallions
Side by side.
All racing to the same point in time.
Lunar controlled . . .
Another minute or two
and
They'll be here
and
I'll talk to them — about running.

Steven J. Bateman



trouble like this, and a prote-headed fool making noise and walking out . . . damn-near blew it for all of us with your arrogant stupidity —" Chu's elbow slipped from the bar and I caught him by the shoulder as he went over. "Dumb shit," he said, righting himself after a fashion.

"Just because you're scared of Stalk —" I began.

"Scared!" he exclaimed wetly. "Scared? You bet your ass I'm scared. You would be too if you saw the reports."

"What reports? Insanity reports?"

"Shhhh," he said. "You wanna be heard? Insanity . . . hah. Goddamned minds sucked right out of 'em. Poor bastards. And it happens. It happens. Everywhere. It's fright'n'n." Chu leaned in close to me. His breath almost knocked me down. "It's a damn food chain, that's what. Big secret. You never heard of it. No one but Management and Government ever heard 'bout it. 'T's a damn food chain. Poor bastards."

"What do you mean, 'food chain'?" I prodded.

"What d'you mean, 'what do I mean'?" It's a food chain, see?"

"No."

"Dumb shit," he sighed wearily. "Look. The slop gets grown in the sunlight, right?"

"Right." Sounded like he was rambling.

"Okay. Now, the Protes eat the fodder, don't they, and then the people — that's us — we eat the Protes, right?"

"Right, Chu."

He grabbed at my shoulder, pulled me even closer, and whispered alcoholically in my ear. "Well who the hell d'you think eats the people?" I just looked at him for a moment. Suddenly it hit me that Chu wasn't half as loaded as he tried to appear. And he wasn't joking.

He was scared.

"Fucking food chain," Chu murmured into his sleeve. I left my spin-tonic unfinished and wandered back to quarters.

There's a picture on the wall in the employees' lounge down in Re-Lax. It shows a tiny fish being gobbled up by a larger fish, which in turn is being eaten by a yet larger fish, and so on. The last fish in the row has a hook in its mouth, and the line leads up and out of the picture. That night I thought about the picture a lot. I made up a few different guesses about where that fishing line might lead. Sleep came, after a while. After a few hours, anyway.

Next day Stalk was back in the swing, demanding that we pick up the pace. He wanted to schedule some interviews with workers in my shift. I didn't argue, I just dialed crew Headquarters and set up a list. Then I left to kick some ass and make sure Stalk got cooperation from the boys. Some of these farmers can be a mite hard-nosed.

Outside of control I met Billy Waits and Gut Boggs carrying both halves of a two-man Prote costume. They were having a few loud words with each other. I decided to calm things down a bit. "Can I help you, men?" I said.

Gut looked up. "Damn right you can, Mac. Look, the autoProte broke down again and we're gonna have to spot check the beasts manually. Now Billy here has the idea he should get to wear the front half of the Prote suit."

"It's my turn, Mac," said Billy.

"Look boy, every time we gotta go on in there and check them Prote ourselves, there's the chance we might get a little bit squashed should the beasts get spooked for any reason. Now it has been proven and reproven that even with the suit on you just can't act enough like a Prote to pass. They sense that you ain't movin' right, and that gets dangerous for us should there happen to be your basic stampede, O.K.? It's less chancey with you in back. I ain't riskin' this neck on your actin' ability."

"Bein' the back end of a Prote is humiliatin', that's what I say. I want to be the front."

"Mac, you wanna tell this guy?" Gut appealed. "If you wanna go unnoticed minglin' with Prote, you got to know how to act like Prote. It's that simple."

I said, "Gut's right, Billy. You take the back of the suit. Do a good job, guys, then report to the pay shack for an interview. And be nice, or else. And Billy," I added as they began to suit up. "Don't feel bad 'cause Gut can act more like a dumb animal than you. He's a Method actor." I left Gut gaping and Billy laughing, and rounded up some more interviewees for Stalk.

It took a whole morning and afternoon of interviews to realize that Stalk wasn't watching the people we had traipsing in and out at all. He was watching me.

He's supplied me with a little questionnaire. I did all the talking, grilling each interviewee from the same dull list. Background. Length of company employment. Skill level. Current events questions. Easy history questions.

When we were done Stalk nodded to me and walked off with that stiff gait of his. He didn't look good, either. His color was wrong, even accounting for space burn. I had the feeling Stalk was a very sick man.

After three days we still weren't close to anything. I got quizzical stares from everyone, and after-hours talk around the lounge centered on me and the strange visitor. The second topic of conversation was Spore Measles, a fictitious infection which had supposedly swept through D shift personnel a few days before. The temptation was to link Stalk with the disease. Some uncomfortable stares came my way in the bar, and I took to avoiding the place completely. That I didn't like. At all. Made me surly. I decided it was high time I got some answers of the direct kind from my friend.

But before I could get the chance to confront him, I had another monkey on my back. Number six silo the one young Carver blew the aerator on, was fully drained and ready to be inspected and cleaned. Crew assignments for that sort of major job were my responsibility. The opportunity for some more o.t. had arrived, and it looked like my second sleepless night in two weeks was in the offing.

I put both Carver and Bower on the cleaning shift . . . Carver because the whole thing was his fault in the eyes of a number of the men, and Bower because even though Frank Frye had spared him, he needed to be reminded of his responsibility in the matter. Two days of scummy labor in a sticky silo bottom would do them some good. I believe that a little pain is good for the soul. The rest of the team I took from the bottom of the discipline record. Occasionally a job like this one is good. Gives the rowdy boys something to think about next time they go busting up a bar.

Gut approved of my choices for Clean Team. He wasn't on it. "It'll do that Carver guy some good," he said. "He's a strange one, that fella. Never seems to get the hang of anything. Even walkin'."

"Don't get down on him too much Gut," I said.

"He's a new man —"

"New man? Since when? He's been around longer than fodder. You might not have heard cause you been so busy lately askin' dumb questions. That Carver's been kicked off more shifts and teams than anyone I know."

"That's Prote slop, Gut," I said. "The boy's not more than nineteen."

"Not so, Mac."

"For certain?"

"Certain. He never talks to nobody. I think he keeps gettin' shifted around cause he don't fit in anywhere. Ask Bob Bower. Bower'd do anything for a buddy. He knows you went to bat for him and he says he'll never forget it. But he agrees with me, Mac." Gut shuffled his big feet and gave me a sober look. "Carver don't act right. Gives the men on our shift the shivers, Mac. He's bad fodder, take it from me."

"Doesn't act right, huh?" I asked, thinking hard. "Tell me, Gut, do you know which crew he worked before coming with us?"

"Yeah, I seem to remember . . ."

"Which one was it, then?"

A pause. "Oh, I got it," said Gut. "The crew that got hit by the Spore Measles. D shift."

"Thanks, Boggs," I said. "You may have helped me out just then." He waved. I left, looking for Stalk.

I got him out of bed. He hadn't been sleeping; he had his day robe on. A real queer duck.

"Look Stalk," I blurted, grabbing for his arm and missing. "I've got some questions for you now." He regarded me evenly. "You been watching me like a hawk for four days now. Just what exactly are you waiting for?" He started to speak, but I cut him off. "No, let me tell you. You're waiting for me to react, aren't you? Waiting for me to tell you who your man is by catching some sort of instinctive feelings."

Then Stalk surprised me. He said, "That's right."

I faltered, began to run out of steam. "I know about the food chain," I said a little lamely.

"You do? Oh, Oh, I see what you mean."

"When the Prote need to be checked for disease, or cut from the herd for slaughter, we use a machine shaped like a Prote to guide the real animals. And when the machine breaks down, we put men in Prote costume and send them into the pens. Only usually that isn't such a good idea because the men can't ever act Prote-like enough to completely fool the animals. The imitation isn't quite right."

"Yes?" he said. He wouldn't give me any of it. I had to figure it on my own.

"So what you're waiting for is me to sniff out the wolf in sheep's clothing, right? Because that's what's happening, right? Someone in this plant isn't a someone. Right? There's a something on the loose here, isn't that right?"

Stalk's face was unreadable. He didn't look healthy to me. Even in the dim chamber light he looked wan . . . maybe in pain. Then suddenly he gave an almost imperceptible nod. "Everything has to eat," he whispered.

That was enough for me. I knew who it was: Carver! He didn't fit. And I didn't need to look at my chrono to know where Carver was now — fumbling, not-quite-right Carver.

I'd made out the schedule. I'd put Carver in the silo with a vulnerable Clean Team.

I raced to the silo top in record time. Gut was there; he was crew overseer that night.

"I want everyone out of the silo pronto," I barked to him, pulling on slop boots and cleaner's gloves. Gut's a good man. He didn't question and he didn't gawk. He moved. "Gut," I added. "Everyone but Carver. Tell Carver I want him to wait for me. I'm going down."

The call-alarm went out. Gut's voice bellowed down into the huge black circle. In minutes the men started to leap from the chain lift, each one unhooking fast as the next guy shot up behind. Soon they were all there except Carver, and they were all in one piece. I moved to the drop chain, ignoring Bower, who kept after me for some explanation. Then the silo rim was past and I was dropping swiftly down into the dark, my ride-hook latched into the long chain track that ran the vertical length of the silo wall. In the other hand I clutched my flash. I thumbed it on, but its beam barely touched the opposite wall . . . the size of a silo is really awesome. Two minutes later I hit bottom. The cold bottom slop was almost boot-top high. I should have worn waders. Condensation fogged the dense atmosphere as I unhooked carefully and flashed the beam around. It didn't penetrate twenty feet through that mist. I called out for Carver. No answer. He evidently wanted to play cat-and-mouse games. Moving out from the wall, I

continued on page 10

Food Chain

continued from page 9

kept listening for the sloshing sounds of other feet. Nothing . . . and I knew it would be difficult to find anything under these conditions.

"Carver!" Still no answer. I slogged through some more of the watery slop. Tough to keep balanced. The smooth silo wall curved out before me into the dark. My legs just would not move in the sticky mess. Suddenly the whole plan seemed less appealing to me. With a cautious feeling swelling in my stomach, I took a quick sighting on the lift chain and snapped off the flash. Turning, I stretched one arm out ahead of me and slowly started toward —

DO NOT MOVE.

I froze. A steel vise slammed shut on my brain. It was right up in the top of my head, tearing the roof off. I couldn't move. Terrified beyond imagining, I . . . could . . . not . . . move.

STAY STILL

Panic. Move! Run! Legs would not respond. Some small part of my mind that was not filled completely with the panic said, Carver is after you. My heart throbbed harder and harder, trying to work its way out of my rib cage. My brain and my pump overloading themselves, about to explode. I felt a whining in my ears. And then I saw what I'd gotten myself into. I was a rabbit under the claws of the wolf. In only seconds he'd be on me, in my head, ripping and tearing through the tissues there. In a moment I'd be like all those workers from D shift. Dead like Wilson. Body alive, mind dead.

If only I could run. If only I could move . . . "Anderson!" You there?" I recognized the voice now. Bower. Get away, Bower, run! I tried to scream. There was no sound.

"mon Anderson. Will you answer me? Where the —"

DO NOT MOVE.

Bower grunted and the flashlight fell, its light swallowed by the muck. There was silence.

He'll be coming for me now. Carver will be coming. What to do? What can I do? Do? Then suddenly I thought of something. Do what that rabbit does. Blend in. Carver feeds on thoughts; don't have any thoughts. Or rather, think what the wall thinks. My legs trembling uncontrollably now. I . . . am a wall. I am a wall. Flat — no, slightly curved. Shiny, smooth, cool to touch. I . . . am . . . a . . . wall . . .

Something very large — much larger than Carver's human height — slid through the fodder nearby.

Wall wall wall wall a wall I am a wall . . .

And then a shriek rent the air, a death shriek I heard and felt inside at the same time. Poor Bower. The sound seemed to go on for minutes. And with it was another sound, just in my brain, barely present yet chilling all the same.

A sound very much like chewing.

Then all fell silent again. The Carver-thing's attention shifted. Toward me. There was a turning in the darkness. A sloshing noise.

Wall wall wall. Wall! Smooth and curved. Wall.

A momentary confusion in the air. A flicker of indecision.

THINK. MAKE THOUGHTS.

Oh God. No use, the fear gripping me, terror slipping out. Jesus, I'm sweating so —

In the dark, movement. Certainty. In my head, the sound of satisfaction and . . . hunger. In my heart, the knowledge of death. Gnashing teeth. I should have left everything alone, left it all to Stalk

A flicker. Something wrong in the dark.

Stalk?

Hesitation.

Stalk Stalk Stalk Stalk! Yes! Yes! A glimmer from the Carver-thing. A definite glimmer of —

Fear.

Stalk! Yes, Stalk, and everything I know of him. Fill my head with thoughts and feelings and impressions of Stalk. Black, quiet, somehow powerful.

Sloshings and stirrings, as my attacker thrashes back and forth. And suddenly my legs are lighter, just a bit. I am winning. The worm has turned. I am Stalk! I am the most powerful man —

Like lightening the vise grip is back. Can't move.

And Carver-thing moving in on me again. In my head, the Carver-thing's anger and relief. I blew it. Had control and lost it. My face is wet in the blackness. Tears. The Carver-thing is sending one last signal as it approaches.

The Carver-thing is chuckling.

Suddenly there's a roaring in my ears.

Something wet and pulpy slams against me, covering arms, legs, head. A sticky, pulpy taste on my lips. Fodder! Someone has opened the slop ducts. Already, I can feel the level rising over my knees, up my calves. All around there is the roar of the pumps, the heavy slap of fodder pouring down. The Carver-thing never pauses. Feels like sand in my mind. Can't think.

Then, through the haze in my brain, through the loud rain of slop, there is light. Some kind of bluish, hurting glow, drifting down closer and closer, lighting the streams from the slop ducts, casting dim shadows on the silo walls. And, vaguely, the fear feeling is back in my head. Not me. Not my fear. The Carver-thing's. Then my neck muscles are loose and I turn my head to see, just behind me in the blue shadows . . .

The Carver-thing.

I begin to scream, voice fighting the heavy particles in the air. Like a roach waking to the spider's touch, I stand and stare at the thing that pretended to be a human being called Carver, and I scream my lungs out. The tendrils are inches from my eyes.

Then the blue glow comes close, so close it burns my senses, and the smell of ozone stings my nostrils. The fear I can feel in my head, the fear that the Carver-thing transmits, rises to fever pitch. There is another presence sending signals now . . . more powerful than I can imagine. This voice commands not me but the other, in a language I do not know, on a level I cannot comprehend. Suddenly my legs are free. The mind grip loosens. All around there is a crying and roaring. My head swims, released. I can barely see something near me covered in blue light, fighting, screaming, pulling away. And bits of something flying past me in the air, burning with the blue light.

Then my legs give way completely and I sink down into the ocean of food, gasping, as blackness

closes in.

Stalk woke me up. I peered up out of a dreamy gloom to see his healthy face — smiling now, for the first time I'd ever seen.

"How do you feel, Mr. Anderson?" he said.

"Like death," I answered. But still, I had to bring myself to ask one question. "What in God's name happened?"

"You should have thought through what you were doing. Why, you walked right into the predator's den. Pretty Prote-headed, if you ask me."

"No one did. The blue . . . that . . . light. You?" I already knew the answer.

"Yes. We all have to eat something," he said.

"What about Bower?"

"I wasn't quick enough. I had them flood the silo with fodder to try to buy you time. Not only was it too late for your friend by then, you nearly drowned. Bower's gone. His body went unrecovered."

"Absorbed by the slop." Bower's mind had fed the Carver-thing. The Carver-thing had fed the Stalk-thing. Bower's body would feed the Protes. And the Protes would feed . . .

The Anderson-thing.

"Thanks for the effort on my behalf, Stalk. But, why?"

For the second time in all the days I knew him, Stalk smiled. Then he said, "You're a clever one. I think you're . . . let me see. Ah, there's the word. I think you're cute." And while I was mulling that over, he left.

I can't give up eating Prote. Everything under the sun is made of it, and I want to stay alive. But I did reduce. These days I'm a pretty svelt guy. Often, while looking over the pens, though, I consider the act of saving a Prote from slaughter, the way Stalk saved me. Just doesn't seem possible. They're only Prote. At those times Stalk's heroics seem very mysterious to me.

One thing's sure. I no longer share the same security everyone else shares. I'm scared. Commander Chu has gone Alcholy. I don't blame him. But me, I take solace in a different kind of therapy. I keep pets.

Cute little fish. You should see them.

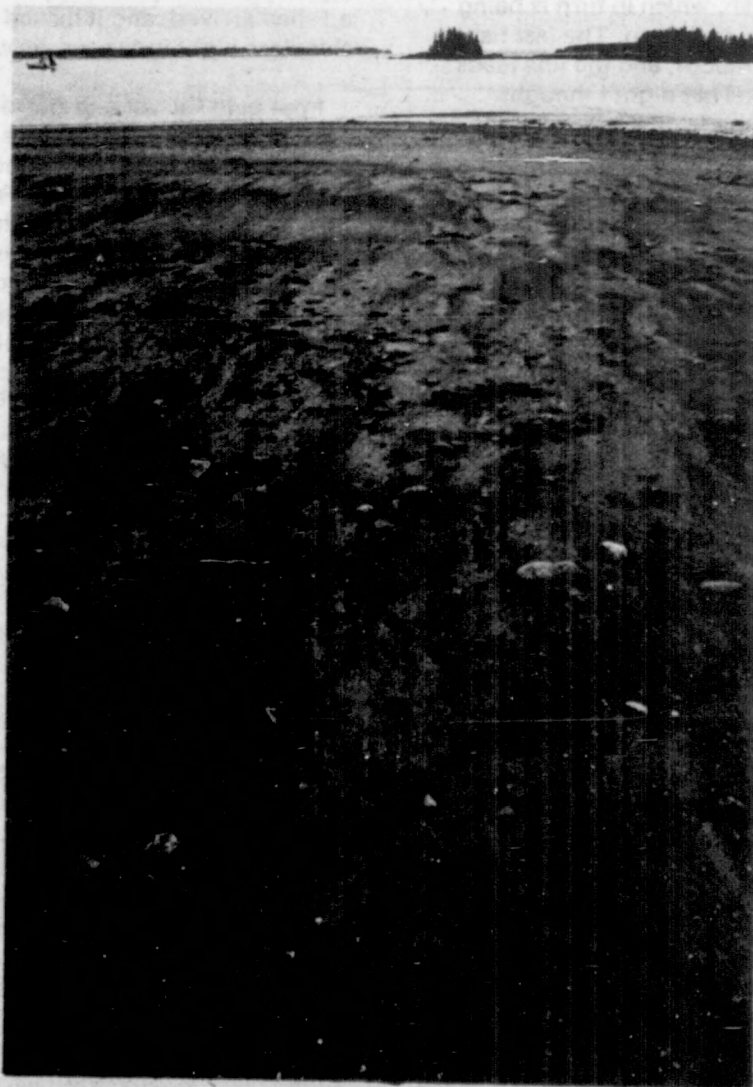


photo by Phil Roy

Gran-Da

Elsie Dinsmore

Gran-Da died almost five years ago, back when I was a little kid jus' startin' school. Every time I think of him, I remember how his extra-special swear-words were a soothing comfort like when you were hurtin' on the outside and cryin' on the inside and didn't want anyone to know. 'Course, it was alright as long as you kep' those words in your head, hidden behind your eyes where no one else saw 'em. But sometimes they got to humming around so much they jus' sorta slipped down into your throat and jiggled on your tongue and first thing you knew, they had squeezed out past your teeth as slick as that! That was when you got into a l-o-t of trouble.

Take one day that summer jus' before school started. It was hot, hotter'n. . . well, it was so hot, I was sweatin' and the words "Fall and Winter 1936" came right off the Sears catalog and stuck to my bare leg, way up on the thick part. (Mam always insisted on my bein' a lady and even in summer I had to wear dresses.) I never could understand those catalogs — like it was so hot and here were all the winter things and boots and such that Mam would be ordering for cold weather. Anyway, I was sittin' on both Spring and Summer, and Fall and Winter, so I'd be high enough for Mam to reach so she could cut my hair. All the time she was getting ready, puttering around the kitchen cupboard, getting out her factory scissors and the sheet-remnant to put around my shoulders to keep the hair off my neck (only it always got in my nose instead), I was wishin' hard I was with Gran-Da and Tan, walkin' on the beach.

Me and Gran-Da and Tan walked on the beach every day in summer and all the other times any nice day we could. Gran-Da had been as far as St. John and he'd tell me and Tan tales 'bout the outside world. Me and Tan, we hung on every word and jus' stood there wide-eyed and stared over the water into Canada and tried to imagine what it was like. Tan never said much and when he did, it was in a funny little voice as if he had something fuzzy in his mouth. His real name was Jonathan but his three brothers shortened it to Tanner. From there, Grand-Da took it down to Tan. He wasn't like those three brothers at all. They were a lot younger — big and strapping and always hunting and fishing and drinking and what Gran-Da called whoring around. There was one sister in Tan's family named Kit. Last spring she'd called off her wedding the day before and run off. Next time I saw her, she'd come back for Tan's funeral all dressed in a black nightgown with a white thing around her face, lookin' like some big bat that had got its head stuck in the flour barrel. That was the next April after Gran-Da died when we had the terrible blizzard and Tan shoveled a path, as neat as could be, from their house right up to the barn door and went in and hung himself.

Anyway, that day Tan and Gran-Da were walkin' without me and I guess I got kinda upset about that and forgot myself.

"Mam. . . why do I have to have a piss-pot cut?"

Mam stopped shakin' out the bit of sheet she had washed and ironed and tucked in the drawer for emergencies and asked me where I'd heard such a thing.

By this time I knew I'd slipped so I got busy pickin' at the scab on my knee where I'd fallen while roller-skatin' on the sidewalk and scraped it. Runnin' my tongue back and forth through the hole where my front tooth was missin', I bent way over so I could reach a real stubborn piece of the dot-dash scar. But I didn't know any better than to tell her.

"Gran-Da tol' Tan my hair looked like someone put a goddam piss-pot on the top of my head and cut around it." I didn't look up. I knew from the quick breath she took that her mouth would be shaped in a great big O, like it was when the fire alarm blew our number in the night and she got us all out of bed. And the time lightening struck the 'Hersey barn and burned it down. And the day Miz Doyle tol' Mam that Old Man Thomas, the banker, had knocked up the young Smith girl who was his wife's live-in help. I never did hear the end of that story 'cause Mam rolled her eyes at me and muttered something 'bout little pitchers which was always her way of sayin' "git" on Miz Doyle's day.

That was once a month, Miz Doyle's day was. She was a maiden lady who lived up-country and kep' house for her brother. He drove an old panel truck into town every Saturday with farm vegetables and meat fresh-killed. Once a month, 'bout bill-collecting time, Miz Doyle rode in with him. . . jus' to keep him company. She tol' Mam that brother had a fair amount of success collecting bills. Mam seemed to respect brother 'cause he was, as Miz Doyle put it, "in business." I didn't know the way Mam tol' Miz Doyle that "himself" was in scrounging. Miz Doyle was a real, honest-to-God Irisher and talked like it too. She seemed to think Mam was, even after Mam said plain-out that the only thing Irish about Ned Malloy was his name. But Mam would have died before she let Miz Doyle know that "herself" came from a long line of Whigs in the old country and was a back-sliding Methodist.

Anyway, once a month Miz Doyle came to our house, with her beady eyes that missed nothing and her nose, puckered like old Brandy Collinses, sniffing. She had what Gran-Da called a Nova Scotia stern. . . she was built square-rigged in the aft. She was kinda square all over though, 'cept in front where she was round and heavy and swung like two balloons in the wind. She wore a straw hat and her straight hair stuck out like straggly bits of grey straw. The hat was trimmed right in the middle of the front with a big cabbage rose of a kind of faded red and it bobbed as she walked like a flag waving to warn she was coming. Mam admired that hat. The only one she had was a felt, flat and black, that sat on her pug like a mildewed pancake. She kep' it for funerals mostly. Mam never guessed I knew that it was not so much the news about the Smith girl that took her aback as it was that she'd missed hearing the story and that Miz Doyle had come all the way from up-country and tol' her!

Jus' like it was bad enough that I said the words Gran-Da used about the piss-pot but it was far worse that he'd said them first to Tan. Great-Aunt Lettie, Gran-Da's sister, was always gettin' onto Mam about one of them hanging around a young-un. Mam always gave a snort that was as nasty as taking ipecac and said Tan couldn't harm that young-un. Well, that day she jus' pressed that O right down into a straight line and went at my hair pretty fierce. It looked so bad that Gran-Da said later that it was so ragged there must have been a lot of chips cut of the edge of that piss-pot!

One bright morning in October Gran-Da dropped on the beach. The doctor tol' Mam he was gone before he hit the sharp rock that made a gash, jagged and ugly, on his right temple. Tan carried him home. I was in school when it happened. That noon when I came down the hill and saw the bunch of flowers hangin' on the front door, I knew it was Gran-Da even before Mam tol' me. All I could think of was his dropping like that and me not there and Tan bringin' him home. He and Tan were small, pretty much of a size, but where Tan was pale, Gran-Da was browned by the sun. In my mind's eye I could see how they must have looked — Tan, a small white ant, crawling over the rocks and up the road, carrying the brown bundle that was Gran-Da.

They put Gran-Da in a box in the parlor and pulled the blinds. Mam, all quiet and dry-eyed, met the neighbors at the door and if I heard once, I heard a hundred times, "don't he look good?" Great-Aunt Lettie said it didn't look like him at all and for once I agreed with her. They'd combed his white hair all nice and neat over the red scar and put a white shirt on him. I'd never seen Gran-Da in a white shirt. Mam made me go in and look at him. I stood there thinkin' it wasn't Gran-Da and how he'd gone a lot farther than St. John this time. I wouldn't go back in there again and I wouldn't go to the funeral. Tan didn't either.

Mam wore her pancake and sobbed under her breath. I could hear her from the kitchen where I sat in the rockin' chair in the sun to keep warm. The wood-fire in the stove, its black hulk all spit and polish, was put out to keep the body. I rocked back and forth and watched a fly stagger up the window pane 'cause the sun lied about it bein' summer. From under one side of Mam's curtains, washed and starched and ironed, the top of the old maple peeked out. Gran-Da always said it had been there long before he remembered. On the other side, a fluffy white cloud began to push past the ruffled edge. The voice of the minister droned on about a man I never knew. Then a scuffling of feet tol' me it was over and the neighbors and Great-Aunt Lettie and Mam were leavin' for the cemetery. The wind came up. It caught the door as the pallbearers carried the box out to the hearse and slammed it behind them. It whisked the fluffy white cloud across the sun and the fly was quiet on the window sill. The kitchen was awful cold. The extra-specials couldn't get past the smartin' in my throat. As I swallowed again and again to get rid of a taste worse than ipecac, I saw the cloud go crashin' into the shivering leaves of the old maple.

The Bustle Of Life

continued from page 5

"And I wish you wouldn't be waving that gun around in the house like it was a flag and this was the 4th of July. You know how it scares me. Every day after work I ask you to put it away. I am afraid that someday you might hurt someone. And I don't like it out where our son can see it. He should never have to know of one."

"You listen to too many Bob Dylan albums," he said. "This gun is harmless. Watch."

The ugly man pointed the revolver at his son standing in the doorway, and for the first time in over a year he pulled the trigger. The boom of the exploding cartridge rocked the floor and echoed

throughout the small apartment. The man watched the heavy bullet travel slowly, ever so slowly, toward his son, almost as if it were suspended in time. It entered the boy's chest and killed him immediately. The man panicked.

He turned and fired at his pretty young wife. The first bullet tore into her shoulder. The second into her abdomen. She fell to the floor and died slowly.

The young man looked excitedly at the two corpses. He remembered the last time he had used the revolver. He had only used two bullets. One on a security cop and one at a manager's desk. He should have one left. He placed the warm, smoking

muzzie into his mouth and yanked the trigger once again. The gun exploded in sound and the back of the man's head popped off like a cork from a champagne bottle, and spattered on a nearby wall.

Walter Cronkite finished his news broadcast. The people on the streets bustled on, unaffected.

Our helicopter swoops down on the family like a bald eagle attacking a mouse to feed its young, grasps the pretty young lady and cute small boy in its talons, and then shoots straight upward like a rocket, heading for the sun. A chariot from the deep will be along to pick up the man in the morning.

The Morning After

Through broken blinds the sunlight fell,
Inside the cluttered room,
A scene that looked like Dante's Hell,
Immersed in murky gloom.

For broken glass was everywhere,
The carpet was a sight,
And yet the Huns had not attacked,
We just got drunk that night!

Mark Munson

For An Old Friend

On a shelf
among seashells, a few dried sweetheart roses
And movie tickets torn in half

A moment
Caught in amber, covered by the dust and years
Holds down unanswered letters.

An image
Shadows on a backdrop of smooth white marble
Silhouettes in moonlight

A couple
Leaning his head against her breast, he listens.
His eyes are closed, I think

Forever,
They sit, or perhaps they lie (I forget which)
In silent understanding.

Linda Emerson Durand



photo by Russ McKnight

Effluent Society loses project**Paper recycling activities change hands**

by Eric Herlan

Misunderstandings and "real communications problems" have brought about a split between the university's Effluent Society and the Orono Conservation Committee (OCC). The two groups have been jointly handling paper recycling on campus and in Orono for five years.

David Dow, president of the OCC, informed the university group on April 22 that the commission would "be able to do the loading without the Effluent Society."

The recycling collection on May 12 and 13 will instead be handled by the OCC and Paper Recycling Committee. The Paper Recycling Committee is an on-campus organization founded at the urging of the OCC in March.

Dorothy Anderson and Sherman Hasbrouk of the Paper Recycling Committee's steering group are also members of the Orono Conservation Commission.

The student-operated Effluent Society, which founded the project in 1973, had been handling the financing and loading entirely until December. That month, the OCC took over control of the financing of the recycling project.

Michael Amoroso, president of the Effluent Society, said, "For five years we didn't get any help from the Conservation Commission. We managed, month in and month out, to keep recycling alive at the university and in Orono and still gave them 50 percent of the profits. We were carrying both ends of the program with a minimal amount of workers."

"Now, because Orono suddenly decides they're interested in our project and we aren't capable of handling the increased work, they completely cut us out without even a formal meeting to discuss it."

Amoroso explained his group's past involvement in recycling. "The Effluent Society extended an on-campus recycling project into Orono in February, 1973. We handled the hiring of trucks, the financing, and all the loading of paper, both on the campus and in Orono."

"Then, because the town let us collect their paper, we forwarded the Conservation Commission 50 percent of the society's profit at the end of each year. We donated our half of the profits to Fogler Library. No assistance was given by them (the OCC) over this entire period."

However, interest in the recycling project within Orono increased last fall. The OCC, under the new leadership of David Dow, decided to play a more active role in the program.

"There was almost no recycling of paper on campus, an infinitesimal amount," Hasbrouk said.

The OCC met with Amoroso in September, expressing their desire to expand on campus. They urged the Effluent Society "to mine the university for new sources of paper."

"I could understand their desire to expand," Amoroso

said. "But it was the Effluent Society who was handling all the work at that time. Volume had been increasing in Orono during the past year and we didn't have the manpower to begin soliciting new paper sources on campus."

Then, on Nov. 28, Dow sent a letter to Keyes Fiber Company, the recycler of the project's paper. It said, "Because of reduced involvement of the Effluent Society, the Orono Conservation Commission will be becoming more directly involved in the management of the paper recycling project."

"We have discussed the issue at a number of meetings with Mike Amoroso and have agreed that the Orono Conservation Commission will take over the management of the project as of this date," the letter continued.

"I was shocked when I got a copy of that letter," said Amoroso. "Not only hadn't I attended 'a number of meetings' with them, but I'd also received no complaints of reduced involvement on our part. Only demands for increased involvement."

Change in policy

Amoroso explained that since his staff was stretched at the time, he didn't complain when the financing was taken over by the OCC.

Then, in January and February, Keyes Fiber began to complain to the OCC about unacceptable paper materials that were being sent for recycling.

Members of the OCC were upset by Keyes Fiber's change in policy. The company had previously remained flexible in the paper products it would accept for recycling. And since the Effluent Society was handling the paper pick-ups, the OCC complained to Amoroso about the materials that were being accepted at the collection points.

"This was a surprise to us," Dow said. "I called Mike and told him we had to get things straightened out about what the people were turning in (for recycling). We made the point at the pick-ups about what we couldn't take."

"We got the impression that the Effluent Society wasn't the first priority on Mike's part. The people who were loading weren't interested in following our directions (on what could be accepted)."

"We'd received similar demands from Keyes Fiber when we were dealing with them," Amoroso said. "We were bringing them an awful lot of paper so when they complained, I'd just tell them we'd take it to someone else for recycling. Then they'd always accept it. Orono's just being pushed around by those guys."

Scott Norton, an Effluent Society worker, said, "We may not have approached the job as we should have, but it's awfully hard to have a positive attitude when you have to turn away elderly ladies because their bundles

aren't wrapped."

However, complaints were again received by the OCC about materials sent to Keyes Fiber in March. Concerned because of failure by the Effluent Society to follow directions, Dow and Hasbrouk decided to push for a new on-campus organization to work with them.

"We weren't trying to squeeze them out," Hasbrouk said. "A vast amount of paper on campus wasn't being recycled."

"During our February meetings, things were breaking fast. It looked like we had a new market for our papers (Sawyer Environmental Recovery Facilities) and decided to encourage the formation of a new university group," Dow explained.

On March 15, a well-publicized meeting to plan a new campus recycling effort met and was well received. According to Hasbrouk, about 20 people, ranging from faculty members to students and janitors, volunteered to help.

A steering committee was established and plans were made for paper pick-ups starting in May.

Amoroso did not volunteer to help the new Paper Recycling Committee.

"At the meeting they never considered operating a revived program through the Effluent Society," Amoroso said. "We also weren't asked about how our two groups could work together on the new project."

"I made a mistake when we convened this group," Hasbrouk said. We should have asked him to be on the steering committee. We didn't concern ourselves enough with how he felt."

On April 22, Amoroso was informed by letter that future recycling would be handled without the Effluent Society. Three days later, the OCC and the Paper Recycling Committee publicly announced their new paper drive plans.

"Groups need to be recycled too. We needed new blood," Hasbrouk said. "But we didn't make enough of an effort to clear up our problems. Nothing would please me more than to let them in."

"It's lousy just to get a letter terminating a relationship," he added.

Dow said, "Since he (Amoroso) didn't have the meetings to increase activity, we decided he wasn't interested. We didn't talk to him about it, which was a mistake. It's a communications problem more than anything else."

Hasbrouk said, "They have done a good job over the five years. They've been extremely dependable. During low periods for us, they've kept the project going. I guess we just haven't indicated enough appreciation."

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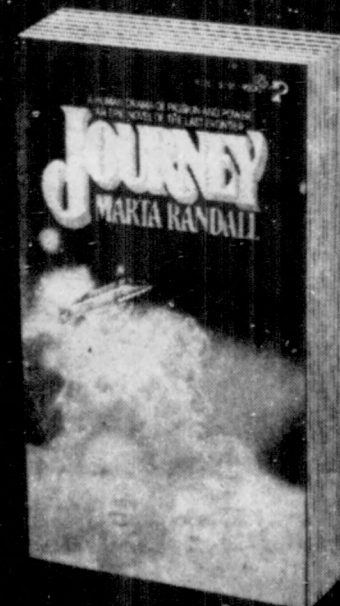
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Cold symptoms may be the measles

by Theresa Brault

If you've had a cold for a few days complete with a sore throat, fever and cough, you could be in the preliminary stages of the measles. There are a lot of measles cases going around campus. In fact, UMO is in the center of a measles epidemic.

Dr. Robert A. Graves, director of Cutler Health Center said there have been around 100 cases of measles reported so far this year. "This is unusual," he said. "We haven't seen measles for a long time."

Following the cold symptoms a rash develops around the neck, then proceeds over the entire body.

Graves said the cause for the measles

outbreak stems from several towns around the area with outbreaks. "There are a lot of non-immune people," he said. "And when you have a whole batch of non-immune people, it can cause an epidemic."

Monday, May 1 the health center and the State Department of Human Services gave a measles vaccine clinic for UMO students. "We gave out about 279 shots," Graves said. "That was a disappointment

If a student thinks he has measles, Graves said he should make some kind of plans to isolate himself, since measles are very contagious. Students can come to the health center, he said, but most students go home for a few days until the symptoms wear off.

The measles are self-curing, Graves

said. The only thing you can do is take remedies to relieve the cold symptoms, drink fluids and rest.

to me. I hoped to have 500 to 1,000.

However, shots are still available for students who want them. All they have to do is call the health center in the morning and leave their name. At the end of the day, around 3:30, the health center will get in touch with all the students and give out the shots. The health center has to do many shots at once because once they open a bottle of vaccine, it is only good for eight hours and they don't have single shot bottles right now.

Photographs show Antarctic

Anne Simoneau's photographs of the Antarctic in the Memorial Union Photo Salon will be one of the features of the May and June art exhibition program.

Icebergs, seals and penguins highlight the exhibit from Mrs. Simoneau, a Vermont photographer whose particular interest is to bring to people in temperate climates an awareness of the problems of existence in other parts of the world and how animals, people and plants make their peace with the environment.

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Visiting faculty discuss unionization pros, cons

by Kim Marchegiani

Faculty members from Youngstown State University in Youngstown, Ohio spoke Thursday to UMO faculty on the pros and cons of unionization and collective bargaining.

The panel discussion was one of five scheduled last week by the Council of Colleges and the committee on bargaining. Youngstown faculty member John Van Norman explained that the YSU faculty had several reasons for deciding to unionize six years ago.

"We had just come through some rough times," he said. "We were close neighbors of Kent State, our enrollment was declining, and all funding of sabbatical leaves had been stopped."

Unionization brought several results, he continued. Among them, several "Distinguished Professor Awards" with grants of \$750 were reinstated and research professorships which called for reduced teaching time and more lab time were begun.

With the help of a co-operative legislator, funding for sabbaticals was begun again and salaries, particularly those of women, were increased, he said.

Van Norman, presently on sabbatical, said the 80 percent of his salary which he is paid while on leave is more than the total salary of many full professors at UMO.

Prior to the YSU union, he said, salary levels were among the lowest in the 12-campus Ohio system. At the same time, the administration had transferred \$490,000 of salary funding to a budget for new air-conditioning.

YSU faculty member Jean McClure Kelly spoke in opposition to unionization.

'Trade-off'

Although she is a member of the YSU union, she said she still had serious reservations about collegiate unions as the only way to solve university problems.

"Remember that one institutional reform cannot solve all problems, and indeed can cause a host of others," Kelly said.

"For every gain, there is a trade-off," she continued "and you must know that price you may pay for change."

Faculty members at UMO would have no checks on the union, she said.

There are no other faculty organizations such as a senate nor have other alternatives to unionization been explored.

"I'm not sure you even know exactly what your problems are here, and you can't expect the union to solve them if you don't know what they are," she said.

Howard Mittee from YSU responded that "there are cracks in the ivory tower and work conditions are degenerating. It's a slap in the face to receive no raise or a one percent raise in pay a year."

He said the union and the faculty should and could work together to prevent "academic erosion."

Mittee stressed a need to find faculty priorities, possibly using a poll, and to act on those ideas.

This requires a strong, united faculty, Kelly said. There is much work involved in a union, and if the union is going to reflect truly the concerns of the faculty, everyone must be willing to work.

"You can't have an apathetic faculty," she said. "If you do, then the union will be run by a handful of individuals who will decide everything."

James Hauck said professional economists disagree as to whether unionization brings higher wages and faster promotions.

"There are several disadvantages to unionization," he said. "There is often little correlation between local union views on an issue and the national organization's position."

Hauck said he particularly objected to the shop clause in the present YSU contract which says all faculty members must join the union.

The dues are \$139, he said. What happens in the beginning is that people have a wait-and-see attitude and don't pay.

Soon, he said, the union can't support itself and must force the faculty to pay.

"As you set more and more rules, you lose flexibility," Hauck said. "You can negotiate wages, hours and working conditions. Soon, more and more options, like the calendar and maintaining office hours become working conditions and thus become negotiable."

Mittee reiterated items which become subject to union contract depend heavily on what the faculty wants.

"Before accepting a union, I suggest you explore other alternatives," Hauck said. "Know what you're trying to do and what you expect to get. It's a lot harder to get a union out than it is to get a union in."

Lack of funds prevents additional seats in arena

by Kevin Burnham

Blueprints for the addition of about 800 seats to Alford Arena have been drawn up, but because of lack of money there has been no final decision on when the project would become a reality, according to UMO President Howard R. Neville and Athletic Director Harold Westerman.

"We have looked at blueprints in Alan Lewis' office and have discussed the possible position of the seats," Westerman said this week. Lewis is director of the physical plant.

Westerman added that the seats would probably be installed at the

further end of the arena, across from the entrance.

"The 800 seats would give the arena a seating capacity of about 4,000," Westerman said. "The original plan was to have a 5,000 seating capacity when the arena was built but again, the lack of money wouldn't permit it."

Westerman said that if the money did become available, then the project would be started before the next hockey season. He added that the money would come from private donors. "We are talking to a few private parties and if we receive some money from them, then maybe Mr. Alford could supply the rest for the project," Westerman said.

Departments to contact freshmen before fall

by Kim Marchegiani

Future incoming freshmen will have a taste of college life long before September thanks to a series of new policies being adopted at UMO.

"We want freshmen, especially the early admissions, to know what's going on and what's available to them," said Elaine Gershman, associate dean of the College of Arts and Sciences.

The new policies include acknowledging and welcoming the accepted students, putting them in touch with their department or advisor, and having them get an early start on financial aid applications.

"Many of our early admissions are the tops in their high school class," Gershman said. "In the past, once they knew they had been accepted, it was a good number of months before they heard from us again, sometimes not until summer orientation."

This will change over the next few years, she said. For example, the College of Arts and Sciences will send a congratulatory letter to each student accepted into the college, in addition to the acceptance letter sent by the University.

The letter will ask students what their interests are, so that information about possible majors can be sent to them.

"Once we find this out, we can send brochures from that department," Gershman explained. "For those who are undecided, we can send a little bit of everything."

Other colleges will have programs similar to the Arts and Sciences policies.

"We also want to explain that, as freshmen, they will not necessarily be housed at BCC, but that living at Orono may mean living in a triple," she said.

One important change will be that financial aid applications can be given to incoming freshmen earlier. Once processed, Gershman said, the university can notify the student of his award earlier than in previous years.

There will be no registration for classes by mail, however, she said. That will still be done at summer orientation.

In connection with these new goals, the university is sponsoring the Maine Top Scholars Program.

"On May 22, juniors and seniors from across the state will visit the campus," Gershman said. "They will meet with faculty members and learn about specific programs offered here."

Some students think they have to go out of state to find what they want, she said, because they're often not aware of what is available here.

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Neville's approval needed

Disciplinary code alternatives proposed

by Douglas Bailey

A program called Alternative Diversion, which would change the university's disciplinary code, will be sent this week to President Howard R. Neville for his approval, Cal Brawn, student government research assistant said Monday.

At a meeting in the Memorial Union intended to inform students of the new program, Brawn outlined the details of the program and said he has received initial approval from Penobscot County District Attorney David Cox to implement the program by next semester.

"The program is not meant for everyone," Brawn said. "It is intended to be for first offenders of minor crimes against property rather than crimes against people."

A person who had committed a minor crime would be invited to enter the diversion program, Brawn said. Whether a person is invited or not is left to the discretion of the investigating officer.

If the offender chooses to enter the

program he must voluntarily agree to be involved with alternative diversion and must agree with the complaint against him. The agreement would be viewed as a nolo contendere plea meaning the person accepts the punishment but does not necessarily admit guilt.

The offender would then be diverted from the criminal justice system and the alternative diversion committee would decide what form of retribution the offender must make.

"Punishment would probably be in the form of a certain number of hours of work or the person would have to pay for the damages he may have caused," Brawn said.

The advantage of the program, Brawn said, is to give first offenders a chance to make retribution for their acts without having a record kept, as they would if they went to court. The program would also take some of the burden away from the criminal justice department, which prosecutes a large number of minor offenses.

If a person does not fulfill the

requirements of the program then the case could be given back to the criminal justice system for possible prosecution.

But Brawn said Cox promised him evidence obtained from the committee against a person in the diversion program could not later be used in court if the person did not fulfill his requirement of the program.

Violations of the disciplinary code would also be included in the program, Brawn said.

"University code violations which are not criminal would be handled by the central disciplinary office, which will be Sharon Dendurent's office at Student Affairs."

The program would be open to anyone in the university community including faculty and employees, Brawn said. However, he added that he did not know if University Park residents could be included because they actually live in Old Town.

"We are going to implement this program on a trial basis," he said. "We don't know how successful it will be. But if it is successful, then the program could probably be expanded to include a wider range of people and crimes. I think that any complaint handled by either campus police or Student Affairs could be included in the program, regardless whether the offender lived in University Park or is an off-campus student."

Budget problems reduce summer work-study jobs

by Natalie Slefinger

Two hundred fewer students this year have received work-study awards for this summer. Many of the students denied admittance to the federally-funded program this year had work-study jobs last summer.

The reason, explained David Baxter, assistant director of financial aid, is that last year the program received a supplemental grant of almost a quarter of a million dollars in February which allowed the UMO Student Aid Office to employ 850 work-study students in June.

The fiscal year, though, runs from July to June. In July and August, wages for students hired through the supplemental grant funding were paid through the new year's budget.

"Now," Baxter said, "we have lower

funds, because we employed more people than we should have last summer. The June money is spent, and no more additional awards will be made. We can only employ 650."

Another cause of the reduction in summer work-study is the higher minimum wage, Baxter said. "Students are working the same hours, but earning more money," he said.

Baxter said the money problem is related to inflation. "In the past year," he said, "minimum wage has gone up 23 percent, yet the funding appropriations have only increased 6-8 percent."

The work picture, he admitted, is "grim." "We're having complaints from students and from employers. But, we can't open the floodgates in this July, because we'd have the same problem next June."

Fall Campus staff chosen

Melody Jean Foster, a junior business administration major from Washington, has been elected business manager of the Maine Campus for the fall semester.

Foster, who was elected by UMO's 15-member publications committee, has previously served as treasurer of the Bangor Community College Coffee House during the 1976-77 academic year. She is a Dean's List student and a member of the Undergraduate Business Association at

UMO.

Other students appointed to next year's staff by editor-elect Robert Granger include Dianna Benner, production manager; David Karvelas, managing editor; John Donnelly, news editor; Andrea Cronkite, copy editor; Mark Joyce, sports editor and Douglas Bailey, features editor.

All have been reporters for the Campus. Benner, current production manager for the paper, has also served as a typesetter.

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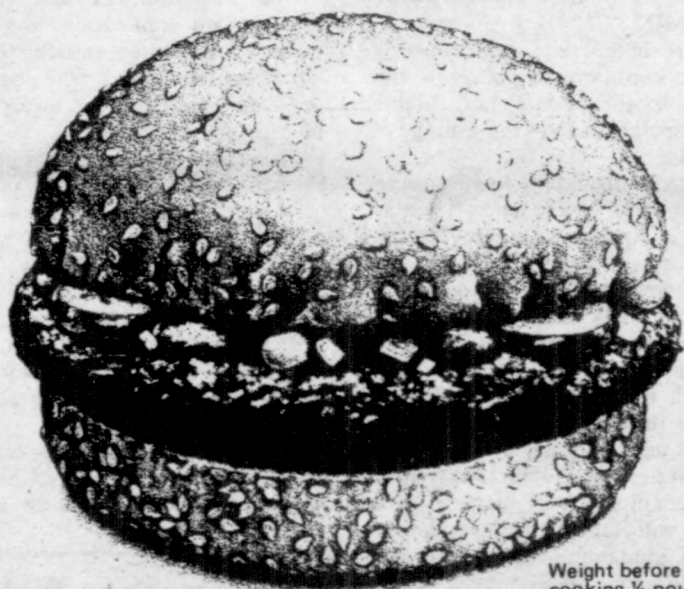
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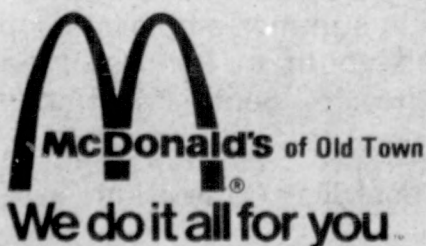
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Black Bear's winning streak ends at eight

by Stacy Viles

Jack Leggett, Maine's outstanding outfielder and slugger, returned to haunt former coach John Winkin and halt UMO's winning streak at eight as the Bears and Vermont Catamounts split a doubleheader here Saturday.

The baseball team swept a doubleheader 6-3, 4-3 over UMPG Friday. Thursday Barry LaCasse struck out seven Northeastern Huskies on the way to a 10-3 victory.

Maine's win-loss record is now 17-9 and there is a slim chance that they will be one of the four teams selected Sunday

Homers sink Bates

Maine hit four home runs yesterday afternoon to down Bates 12-6. Ed Mitchell hit a shot, his eighth of the year, to set a UMO single season record, and Billy Hughes (7), Russ Quetti (4) and Mark Armstrong (2) added their support. The win went to Barry LaCasse, who went six and a third innings before he was relieved by Bruce Justice.

for the ECAC playoffs.

Vermont won the second game of the twinbill, 6-3, stinging starter Kevin Buckley for four runs in the first inning after two outs.

"There's a lot of pressure on him (Buckley)," said Mark Armstrong. "He's doing well...for a freshman," he said with a smirk. "He's got three years to go."

"I thought I threw pretty well speed-wise," said Buckley. "They were putting the bat on the ball. They were taking good shots at it."

Buckley was relieved in the seventh by Bruce Justice who completed the game.

He's got a lot of potential," said Leggett of the versatile Buckley who plays left field when not pitching. "No doubt about it he's quite an athlete."

Of the split Leggett said, "We should have won the first game. We're inexperienced and to come back and win over a top team like Maine, well, it's an unbelievable satisfaction."

It was a 9-6 victory in the first game as the Black Bears got on the scoreboard quickly when co-captain Billy Hughes blasted a three run homer.

In the sixth, inning, freshman third baseman Mike Coutts sparked the winning

rally with a single to right. Frank Watson, also a freshman, walked and Bob Anthione doubled home the winning run. UMO scored two more on a Catamount error and an infield hit.

Starter Jon Tomshick went five two-third innings, giving up nine hits and striking out five, before giving way to Don DeWolfe, who picked up the win. The arm of Tom Griffin was needed in the final inning to secure the game.

Against UMPG on Friday, John Dixon pitched well in the first game, battling out of problems in the fourth and the seventh when the Huskies threatened.

In the seventh inning, Armstrong led off with a double to right-center. Watson walked but was eliminated on a fielder's choice. Quetti scored "Army" with a single to center and Hughes reached on a base on balls.

And then, up stepped the powerful Ed Mitchell who cleared the bases with a

homer to left.

The day before the Black Bear bats banged out three homeruns, two doubles, and three triples to defeat the Northeastern Huskies 10-3.

Armstrong, who has been a real spark plug to the team, hit two doubles and a homer. Quetti and Mitchell each had a triple and a homer.

Going into the eighth the score was 3-2 in Maine's favor, but the Bears broke in it wide open for Barry LaCasse by scoring five runs and added two in the ninth.

LaCasse went all the way yielding 12 hits and three walks, while striking out seven.

The Black Bears finish up the regular season this week. Today at 2:30 the Colby Mules will invade Mahaney Diamond for the final UMO home game of the season. John Dixon is expected to take the mound.

Pitching ace LaCasse will be taking the mound for Maine Saturday against Boston College in Beantown.

Track team overpowered

by Steve Vaitones

Connecticut displayed awesome depth by scoring 200½ points and winning their second straight Yankee Conference outdoor track title Saturday afternoon at Vermont.

A first place in the three mile gave Massachusetts second (127½) over a tough Boston University squad (121), while New Hampshire (44), Rhode Island (43), Vermont and Maine (23) followed.

Connecticut failed to score only in the 220, 440, and steeplechase and scored at least twice in every other event except the hammer throw. UConn seniors Pat Augeri and Jodi Walton each boasted two victories. Augeri won the high jump and set a Yankee Conference record, 6'9" (breaking the old mark of 6'8½ set by Maine's Eric Lamni in 1975) and won the triple jump with 47'3", while Walton had wins in the shot put (53'5") and the discus (161'4").

The big story at the meet, though, was the performance of BU Olympian Glenn Cohen. The freshman from Britain ran in two individual finals and two relays, which ended in 4 wins and two Yankee Conference records.

He cruised through two trials in the 220 before winning it in 21.5, won the 440 in an impressive 47.7, a YC record, and anchored the 440 relay to a record 42.0 and the mile relay to a 3:16.6. The meet-concluding mile relay was the most exciting and closest event, as a tired Cohen barely held off UMass' Joe Martens, and both teams were given the same time.

Other notable team efforts included UNH's 1-2-3 in the hammer throw, Mass's dominance of the distance runs, and BU's three places in the 100 and 200.

Thirteen of Maine's 23 points were scored in the field events. Al Sherrerd scored twice with a third in the discus and fourth in the shot, and Jeff Wood (discus) and Steve Rines (hammer) got sixths. Mark Boynton, with a fifth in the long jump, accounted for the other field event scoring.

In the running events, Maine got a sixth from Jon Simms in the intermediate hurdles (56.2) and a sixth in the steeplechase from Sam Pelletier, while Kevin Dyer's excellent 49.6 in the 440 was good for fifth. Also, the 440 relay of Bob Giguere, Harry Dwyer, Mike Burns, and Bill Nason took sixth, and Ed Gott and Nick Tupper joined Simms and Dyer to run a 3:21.9 in the mile relay to take fourth place, five seconds behind BU.

Except for a handful of athletes who qualified for the New England, the outdoor track season is over for UMO. The shortness of the season, the lack of an all-weather track and the travelling distance from quality competition are all disadvantages that the outdoor program has to contend with.

It is also hard to compete in the Yankee Conference meet on an even basis against the likes of BU's fourteen track scholarships, the concentration of quality in one or two events which scored UNH a lot of points, or the sheer numbers and corresponding quality that UConn and UMass constantly have.



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Rugby

Irish beer and dungeons...

by Susan Lamothe

Leaving their books behind them, four UMO students set out for Ireland to get a taste of native rugby, but also had time to sample the native pubs and castles on the Emerald Isle.

UMO Rugby Club members Joe Loring, Bruce Cooper and Bob Mathews, all Seniors and Dave Easton, a junior, accompanied the Portland rugby team to Ireland on their annual spring trip, April 15-22.

"It was quite an experience," said Loring, a resident of Gannett Hall. The four players agreed that they learned a great deal about the game as well as enjoying the Irish hospitality.

The Maine team played three games against Irish teams while on the trip. They lost two of the three to Cork and Dublin, and beat the Limerick Bohemians 20-19.

The players said they found that the Irish team played much more physically than their American counterparts, due probably to the fact that they had started playing at an earlier age. "It all boils down to experience," said Cooper. None of the four UMO players had ever played rugby before coming to college.

As for physical size, "The Americans were bigger and faster, but they (the Irish players) don't need speed and size because they're so far ahead as far as finesse and skill," said Easton. "The plays we had to think about, they just did out of habit," said Mathews.

Playing rugby was not, by far, the only thing the boys from Maine did while in Ireland. There was plenty of sightseeing, naturally including the authentic Irish pubs. The pubs could only mean authentic Irish beer, which the team drank with authentic Irish enthusiasm.

One of the more colorful pubs they visited was Durtie Nellie's in Limerick. A piano player provided music and everyone sang along in what Easton deemed "a friendly atmosphere."

"It was just like an old-fashioned pub except there was no dartboard," Cooper said.

The American team also visited Bunratty Castle in Limerick where they feasted at a medieval banquet. They were served their meal by "ladies-in-waiting" and their only eating utensil was a knife, as in medieval times. "We had to eat salad with our hands," said Mathews.

Toward the end of the meal, a member of the Portland team was thrown in the castle's dungeon and told he'd have to sing a song in order to get out. He proceeded to

lead a rousing rendition of "God Bless America" and was released.

As for the Irish people themselves, the players said they were very friendly and helpful and, as Easton put it, "They talk a blue streak." "They're very political," said Loring, "They just love John Kennedy."

One oddity the players noted was the way the people dressed. "Even the road crews wore suits," said Easton.

Although the week of school they missed will mean a lot of work to catch up on, the four agree that the experience was worthwhile. Said Loring, "I'd recommend Ireland to anyone."

The UMO rugby club put it all together for their last match of the season, defeating Bates 49-0 Saturday.

Tom Bolser led the attack, scoring three tries, while Kevin Cullenberg, Matt O'Hagen, Bruce Stephenson, Bruce Cooper, Corrie Johnson and Dave Easton each scored once.

Easton also scored three points for a well-placed, running drop kick, the only time Maine has pulled that off this year. "We played well," O'Hagen said afterward. "Our scrums worked well and I was very pleased with the whole game."

O'Hagen also said Bates was a new club and relatively inexperienced.

The win ends Maine's season on a good note. They were 5-3 overall and many players showed improvement with each game, a healthy sign for next year.

There will be a team get together Saturday night at Bruce Stephenson's house. New officers for the club will be elected. Matt O'Hagen can be contacted at SAE for information.

Softballers lose

In a single-elimination state tournament at Colby this weekend, the UMO women's softball club beat Husson 10-8, but were knocked out on the next game, losing to Colby 7-1. Maine had lost to both teams earlier this season.

Karen Peterson, from East Union, who has been sharing the pitching duties with Tandra Hopkins, had a no-hitter going against Colby for five innings but was removed after the fifth and the Colby bats started making contact.

Coach Janet Anderson explained that she uses a rotation system to play all 20 members (starters play five innings and subs play two, then it's reversed for the next game) and Peterson was taken out accordingly.

"I want to give all 20 a chance to play because that's the purpose of a club sport," Anderson said. "Until we get varsity status, that's how it will be worked."

The club finishes up the season Thursday against UMPG at Dow Field in Bangor, and Anderson feels the team has worked out well despite a short spring.

"The hitting was erratic, but we spent more time on outfield practice and getting the infield to work together," Anderson concluded. "The kids have had a good experience."



Kevin Colley whistles a shot past three WPI players to score one for Maine this weekend, but WPI went on to win the game 10-7, and the championship was theirs. [John Brewer photos]

Stickmen drop a tough one

by Charlotte McAtee

Worcester Poly tech took home the winner's trophy as the best lacrosse team in the college club league by beating Maine in the championship game, 10-7.

Maine beat URI on Saturday morning 11-6. Co-captain Kevin Colley opened the scoring at 3:19 of the first period. The Rams tied the score briefly, but Maine came back with two unanswered goals before the end of the quarter to take the lead.

Ed Spencer scored two goals in the second quarter, but Maine lost outstanding defenseman Jim Long with a separated shoulder in the penalty-marred game.

Spencer completed his hat trick in the third quarter, and Rocky Carzo chipped in with two goals. Bill McEnaney picked up three assists. Outstanding defensive play by Leo Leger and Bob Keller, and Rob MacMillan's superb goaltending held off the tough URI squad.

In the afternoon game, what at first looked to be an easy victory for WPI over Fairfield turned into a real dogfight. WPI scored six goals in the first quarter and the engineers were leading 8-1 before Fairfield really started to move, scoring ten goals to WPI's one and taking over the lead 10-9 with ten minutes to go in the game. But WPI pulled it out in the end 11-10.

The championship game was a tight one. Only one goal was scored in the first quarter, by WPI's Guy Osborne with ten seconds remaining. WPI led 5-2 at halftime.

Colley got things moving for Maine in the second half, scoring two minutes into the third quarter. McEnaney passed to Charlie Thomas on a beautiful play to cut the score to 5-4, but that was as close as the Black Bears got. Mike Almeida scored four

goals to pace the Engineers' attack. Jeff Deacon notched two for Maine, but the loss of defenseman Long was too tough a burden to bear for the young defense under the powerful and well-disciplined WPI attack.

In the consolation game Sunday morning, URI beat Fairfield 11-6 to take third place.



Defenseman Leo Legere relaxes during a break in the action Saturday.

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