SageBrausity of Nevada at Reno

VOLUME 83, ISSUE 53, APRIL 22, 1977

18-year-old Nye Hall resident kills himself by accidental hanging

Bill Becker/Don LaPlante

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The body of 18-year-old Jeffrey Allan Wilder was found hanging by a rope in his Nye Hall sixth floor dormitory room late Wednesday night. The cause of death was termed an "accidental hanging" by Washoe County Coroner Ralph Bailey.

Bailey said Wilder was apparently engaged in a practice that has been popularly termed "terminal sex" that involves hanging by the neck with a noose in an attempt to enhance sexual gratification.

Medically, the dangerous practice is known as sexual asphyxia syndrome" or "eroticized hanging."

Wilder's body was found at approximately 11:50 p.m. after it had been hanging for an estimated eight to

ten hours, the coroner said. Wilder was a freshman managerial science major. The body was discovered by Larry Warman, a sophomore,

whose room is directly across the hall. Warman told the Sagebrush Thursday he had been disturbed by the telephone ringing in Wilder's room. The neighbor said the phone had rung incessantly since 5 p.m. that day.

Even while a coroner's seal made the room off limits

Thursday night, the phone continued to ring.

"Somebody wants to reach him desperately," War-

Describing the sequence of events leading up to the discovery of Wilder's body, Warman said he had borrowed keys from the room of a residential assistant in order to take the phone off the hook.

"I thought I'd just go in and tell Jeff the next day," he said. "It was weird. I felt like someone was behind the door. It was spooky. When I opened the door I noticed the lights and stereo were on and I wondered why, if he wasn't in the room."

"I looked around the door and there he was. At first I

thought it was a dummy or something."

Warman described the body as being clad in "a woman's shirt" with "lace on the neckline and arms" and "women's black bikini underwear."

He said women's underwear was strewn across the bed under which the body hung. The student added

the ankles were bound together with rope. Warman said Wilder had "been acting kind of strange, more quiet than usual," for several days. He thought Wilder was having problems with his girlfriend who lives in Las Vegas.

The body was hanging from rope connected to a plant hook, according to the sophomore.

At least three other students witnessed the body be-

fore the police arrived at the dormitory.

After Warman discovered the body he went downstairs to the desk where George Gaynor, a resident assistant on the sixth floor, and Kate Hart, a resident assistant on the fourth floor, were on duty.

Hart said Warman came up to the desk and said,

"Somebody committed suicide."

She said they then got Sam Leaver, the other resident assistant on the sixth floor, who opened the door.

"He was hung. I'll never forget it. I don't even want to talk about it," Hart said.

Chris Cournale, the resident director of the building, said Leaver notified her. A student, then, called the po-

Cournale said she never saw the body. She said she didn't feel she needed to since four people had already seen it.

She said the body was described to her as blue around the face, with the hands black and the feet bound.

The university police arrived on the scene within about five minutes of the call, she said.

The Reno Police Department was also called to the scene to aid in the investigation of the death.

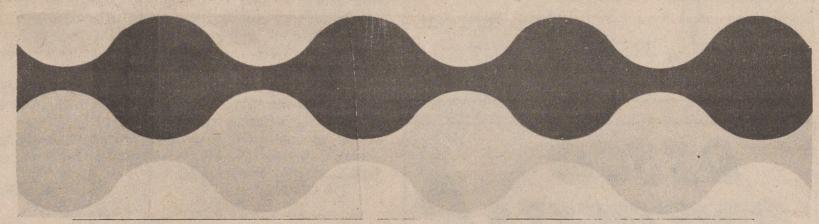
Gaynor was not available for comment on the death and Leaver refused to comment.

Wilder originally resided in Las Vegas.

Both the Reno police and UNPD refused to comment on the circumstances surrounding the death.

Funeral services are pending.

Reporters who assisted on this story: Gary Jesch, Dennis Felts, Lori Kinnear Briggs.



Not as rare as most believe

Don LaPlante

Although Jeff Wilder died in a bizarre manner in his Nye Hall dorm room Wednesday, the phenomenon that took his life is not as rare as most people would believe.

The practice that Wilder was apparently engaged in, "eroticized hanging" or "terminal sex," involves a man hanging himself by the neck while attempting sexual gratification through masturbation. The person is supposed to release the noose at the last moment.

Research into the problem is sketchy, but one person examining it is Dr. Myron Faber of the College of Human Medicine at Michigan State University (MSU). In an interview earlier this year with the Michigan State News, following a similar suicide on the MSU campus, he estimated that between 200 and 300 people die each year from the practice.

Although Washoe County Coroner Ralph Bailey said this is the first such case he has seen while in Reno, he said he had seen many during the 25 years he was with the Los Angeles County Coronoer's office.

A spokesman for the Los Angeles County Coroner, reached last night, said the office probably handles between 10 and 12 such cases a year and that they were not by any means uncommon.

The San Francisco County Coroner's office said there are between five and seven eroticized hanging cases in that city each year.

The problem with finding out how many deaths there are nationally results from misidentification of cause of death by many doctors and coroners.

Faber said in the MSU article the deaths are often listed as "accidental hangings." He said peopledon't want the manner of death released to the press in order to spare the family embarrassment.

"It is an extremely dangerous sort of thing. There is no way to know whether it is going to turn out safely," Faber said.

Although Faber conjectured that such action was resultant of a "problem with the individual," a psychiatrist at MSU, Arnold Werner, disagrees with Faber's opinion. He said he believes it is something people latch onto that they think will be enjoyable.

Although there are no statistics, Faber believes from 10 to 100 times more people practice it than die from it.

Although the manner in which it is done is often elaborate and different, medically the process involves constricting the flow of blood through the carotid arteries. Those arteries take blood to the brain and a person can pass out in 20 to 30 seconds. There is then a partial or full loss of consciousness and the person dies of strangulation, not a broken neck.

The experts in the field are unable to say how this process helps enhance sexual gratification.

There have been three such deaths reported in the three years at Michigan State University and one just recently at a college in Texas.

JUDY MACK

RONALD MACK

CAMEO LOAN & JEWELRY

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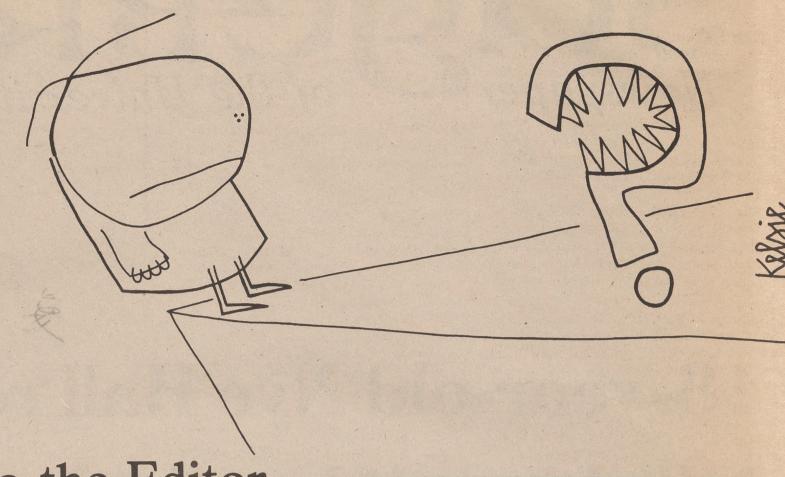
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GLADBAG





Advice and Consent



To the Editor

Golden confessions

THE TRUE STORY—One day a group of outgoing student body officers decided to issue themselves Gold Cards for lifetime memberships to all ASUN-sponsored

'We profoundly deserve them,' they told the world. 'We got our names in the paper when we were firing editors or literally forcing them to quit-you won't see us for much else; and we can even count on one hand the important things we did for the students' benefits. (Heck, the students sure can't!)

'We even let some hear how inefficient we were and how much we love to spend their money by signing checks without even looking at what they were for. But most important, and all-deserving, we LOVE to screw the students over-hell, we've been at it all year. Now that we're leaving, we'll really rip them off.'

As a working student paying my way through college, I see this as the ultimate disgust for a group of self-gratifying officers working "for the students."

Let us vote on their worthiness for gold cards and Stone, Cardinalli, Pecorilla, Gezelin and Dakin will see how much they deserve them.

Ann Dick

Golden reject

Over the last few weeks there has been much discussion concerning the issuance of Gold Cards by the 1976-77 student government. Many are unaware of what the holder of this card is entitled to.

Over the last few weeks there has been much discussion concerning the issuance of Gold Cards by the 1976-77 student government. Many are unaware of what the holder of this card is entitled to, and who is eligible to receive it. The action taken will make the Executive Officers (ASUN President, Vice-president of Finance and Publications, Vice-president of Activities, Senate President and Chief Justice of the Judicial Council) lifetime members of the ASUN. This practice of issuing Gold Cards to elected officials is not uncommon. At the UNLV campus this has been done for several years.

This card, itself, is more symbolic than it is financially valuable. The actual cost to the ASUN is minor. The Gold Card holder is not entitled to receive free admission to athletic events (such as basketball and football games) or use of the Recreation Building. The holder is, however, entitled to receive admission and applicable discounts to ASUN activities, and can receive free copies of all ASUN publications. The possibility of a graduating officer taking advantage of all or some of these activities is very unlikely.

At this early stage in my administration, I feel that Gold Cards serve no purpose other than to give token rewards to those officers who have rendered service to the ASUN in the past year.

However, enough students are concerned about the elitism and ethical significance of elected officials granting themselves gratuities other students are not allowed to receive, that I must reject the notion of Gold Cards being given to this year's officers.

It is my feeling that we are elected to serve the student body and we must make every effort to show that we are equal and not superior to the students we repre-

> John McCaskill **ASUN** President

Upsetting those who know

As journalism students, we were critically discussing the merits (or lack thereof) of the April 19 issue of Sagebrush. We have come to one major conclusion. The cover story was in the poorest of taste.

While the Reno Newspapers have their faults, they obviously have their share of talented writers. Reno should be proud to have the kind of editors in our town that can produce Pulitzer-prize-winning material.

That Sagebrush's editor can feel so secure about her own talents to parody the accomplishments of our local professionals, is reflective of the much-printed motto; "People who think they know everything upset those who do."

Having studied Journalism History, and thus knowing the qualifications needed to win this national honor, we feel ashamed to be associated with an issue of Sagebrush that would ridicule it.

We only hope that our campus newspaper will refrain from trying to put out a "Playbrush" (or is it "Sagerush") every issue. That should be reserved for April Fools' Day. There's plenty of legitimate news on campus and in Reno to fill the Brush . . . or at least the cover.

> Kitty Zonneveld **Phil Thomas Becky Blundell** Tracie Douglas J. C. Nelson

Ron McDowell Marc Cardinalli Suzie Creps R. James Liston **Bill Gross** Randy Ebner

Ed. Note: Glad to have you writing for the Sagebrush!

April 22, 1977

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Gold cards abolished for future ASUN officers

Don LaPlante

The new ASUN Senate voted Wednesday to abolish Gold Cards for future ASUN officers.

Gold Cards have been provided this year to the ASUN President, Vice-presidents, Senate President and Chief Justice. The cards will allow free lifetime ASUN membership for the officers who received them.

ASUN President John McCaskill asked the Senate to abolish the cards for future officers. He said it was not possible to do anything about the officers who received the cards this year, but he wanted the practice stopped.

Senator Keith Kullby said the cards are not a financial burden on the students, but the comments he has received indicate the students believe it is unfair.

The Senate, on a motion by Steve Martarano, complied with McCaskill's request and voted by voice vote to abolish the cards. There was one sentor in favor of keeping the cards and one abstained.

The Senate also voted to create two new committees, one to investigate making graduate students members of ASUN and another on intramural athletics.

Presently, graduate students are members of the Graduate Students Association (GSA). The first committee was described by McCaskill as a fact-finding group to investigate the interests of the graduate students.

"There are universities that do this. It would bring in additional revenue and allow graduate students to participate in ASUN activities," McCaskill said.

The committee will be composed of four members of the Senate and four representatives from GSA.

The Intramural Committee is designed to provide more input into the program. McCaskill said it would find out what students want and try to help the program.

Dave Ritch was elected Senate President over Keith Kullby by a vote of 14-6.

Kullby was then elected president protempore, and will preside in Ritch's absence. Both are Arts and Science Senators.

Members were also elected to three ASUN boards and four senate committees.

The new members of the Publications Board, along with Nick Rossi, vice-president for finance and publications, are Becky Blundell, Arts and Science; Mike Cirac, Arts and Science; Mark Dales, Medical Sciences; Jeff Marshall, Agriculture; Steve Martarano, Arts and Science; and Cindy Thomas, Business Administration.

Rossi is also chairman of the Finance Control Board, which will include Ruth Anderson, Medical Sciences; Jodi Gruber, Arts and Science; Jon Hamel, Engineering; Don Kennedy, Agriculture; Greg Neuweiler, Business Administration; Frank Stokes, Nursing; and Heidi Waterman, Arts and Science.

The members of the Activities Board, chaired by vice-president for activities Kim Rowe, are Sherrill Conley, Home Economics; Mark Elston, Business Administration; Lee Huckins, Mines; Cathy James, Education; Keith Kullby, Arts and Science; Kevin Melcher, Education; and Dave Ritch, Arts and Science.

The first meeting of the Finance Control Board will be Monday. The Publications Board will meet Tuesday with the Activities Board meeting Wednesday. All of the meetings will be at 5 p.m. in the Jot Travis Union Lounge.

The members of the Senate Academic Affairs Committee are Neuweiler (chairman), Anderson, Dales, Kennedy and Waterman. The Committee on Rules and Action has Mecher as chairman along with Hamel, Marshall and Stokes.

The Community Affairs Committee is chaired by Thomas, with Elston, Gruber, James and Martarano. The Student Services Committee is composed of Kullby (chairman), Blundell, Cirac, Conley and Huckins.

Basketball pavilion plans shelved for next 2 years

Don LaPlante

There will be no money for a basketball pavilion at UNR or UNLV for at least two years, following a decision made by the State Senate Finance Committee.

A bil before the committee, AB 612, would have provided \$2.7 million a year to finance basketball and continuing education centers at the two campuses.

The money would have come from a rebate the state receives on federal slot machine taxes. Nevada gets about \$12 million a year from the tax. The first \$5 million goes into the university construction fund and the rest goes to support elementary and secondary schools.

There is presently a bill before Congress to increase the amount the state gets back from the federal government. The bill would increase the state's share from 80 per cent to 95 per cent of the \$250 tax

The committee decided that any extra funds the state receives would go into the university construction fund. The basketball pavilions would then have to compete with other projects such as new buildings at UNR and UNLV and the community college system. The projects could not be approved until the 1979 session of the legislature.

The committee did agree to write a letter to the university saying it was the intention of the committee that the extra money be used to finance the sports pavillions. The committee members said they did not want to write it into the bill so the state would have a better chance of getting the money from Congress.

Sen. Norman Hilbrecht (D-Las Vegas) said, "There is no way I will buy that formula. You would have them building stadiums all over the state."

The committee voted unanimously to change the proposed formula and give the universities only the amount the new federal legislation might bring in.

The bill now goes to the full Senate for approval, and the Assembly must concur in the change for distribution of the money.

The Sundowners have planned a kegger in Evans Park today for Mackay Week, and according to members of the ASUN Mackay Week Committee, it conflicts with one of their scheduled events.

According to ASUN secretary Peggy Martin, the Sundowner's group is not an ASUN recognized organization and ASUN is not responsible for the group's actions.



Dennis Felts

E. Howard Hunt, a Watergate conspirator, will present a lecture at UNR next Thursday, April 28, but he has not made himself available to the Press.

Hunt has made special stipulations concerning treatment by the media during his visit to UNR. The stipulations which the ASUN Activities Board approved, call for no press conferences, classroom visits, formal receptions, rap sessions, nor any other event before or after the lecture program.

In *Undercover*, written by Hunt, he said that the media coverage of him during Watergate was speculation and fabrication. The book is subtitled, *Memoirs of an*

American Secret Agent.

"I hope the closing of this book does not mean the end of my useful life and that over the next few years I can be active in enough things of general interest to make a sequel worth writing," Hunt said at the end of his book

Besides books about Watergate and the CIA, Hunt has also written several novels.

The evening will include a lecture from Hunt and a question and answer period following his presentation. The lecture is free to the public and it is the last lecture to be sponsored by ASUN this year.

Watergate conspirator doesn't want to chat

Judgments

(Yawn!) its another disaster flick, but with a blazing crescendo

David Barnett

Currently playing at the Century Complex is the latest and probably one of the last mass jeopardy films, *Black Sunday*.

The present mass jeopardy (or more commonly called catastrophe-disaster) movie cycle had its inception in the early 70s with motion pictures such as Airport and The Poseidon Adventure. These films were quickly followed by a variety of themes with natural and man-made disasters.

Although these movies were generally artistic they nonetheless were often huge box office successes. The recent box office failure of *Two Minute Warning* and *Airport 1977*, however, has probably turned on the red light to this bad taste cinematic genre.

Of all the mass jeopardy films in the 70s, Black Sunday, despite a James Bond attitude and one incident after another of impersonal violence, is probably the best. Black Sunday was directed by John Frankenheimer (The Iceman Cometh, French Connection II) and was produced by Robert Evans (Love Story, Marathon Man).

Frankenheimer, who during the early 60s was considered one of America's most promising directors, with such films as *The Manchurian Candidate* and *Seconds*, has mounted a solid, tension-filled, high adventure thriller.

Essentially, Black Sunday deals with an Israeli Mossad agent, played by Robert Shaw (called the "final solution" in the film), who attempts to thwart a Black September plot to use the Goodyear Blimp to attack and kill 80,000 spectators at the Super Bowl.

The terrorists, played by German actress Marthe Keller and Yugoslav actor Bekim Fehmiu, and their American ally, a mentally off-centered Vietnam vet played by Bruce Dern, plan to arm the blimp with lethal steel darts and kill the spectators so that Americans will understand the suffering of the Palestinian people.

Despite the film's attempt to remain politically neutral in the Arab-Israeli conflict, the audience can't help but root for Robert Shaw since he is attempting to save the lives of 80,000 Americans. Frankenheimer, however, is intelligent enough to keep politics on the sidelines and melodrama as the main event.

Unfortunately, however, it is Robert Shaw who is Black Sunday's most negative point. His mannerisms, which have become well-entrenched in movies such as Jaws and Swashbuckler, are totally predictable. He also lacks sufficient screen presence (compared to Clint Eastwood, Charles Bronson and Jack Nicholson) to pull off the magnetism needed for this larger-than-life role. Marthe Keller is also not quite believable as the leader of Black September and Bekim Fehmui appears to be too unsure of himself. He is also the victim of a clumsy chase scene to be taken as a deadly threat. Bruce Dern, who holds the distinction of being the first actor to kill John Wayne in a movie, has become a bore in these mentally deteriorating roles which he seems to continually play.

Yet in spite of the casting difficulties and the over-whelming impersonal violence which may have the movie-goer eventually mumbling "Who cares?", Black Sunday is technologically an excellent film. The Mossad raid on a Palestinian hideout and the Goodyear Blimp attack on the Super Bowl crowd are tautly paced and edited. The suspense throughout Black Sunday builds like a classical musical composition that literally reaches its resolution in a blazing crescendo.



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Come in and take advantage of Hewlett-Packard's Added Value Days today!

ASUN BOOKSTORE

Artistic contrast

A contrast in artistic styles will be featured in an exhibition of recent works by Dick Peitz and Jim McCormick, chairman of the UNR Art Dept., at the Pinon Gallery, 1093 South Virginia Street.

A public reception will be held from 3 to 5 p.m. Sunday.

McCormick will be introducing his "Bestiary" drawings. This group of 30 charcoal and colored pencil studies evolved out of some doodle-like sketches created during lengthy committee meetings on campus. They are based on the notion that human beings, given the proper setting, can take on certain characteristics

of animals. The bestiary, like the committee meeting, is simply a group of creatures trying to do the right thing.

Peitz, an employee of the Southern Pacific railroad, has been exhibiting on the West Coast for a number of years. He studies at UNR and has held exhibits at the Art Store in Sacramento, the Gold Hill Gallery, UNR and, most recently, UNLV.

Peitz creates his images on paper with a welding torch. The result is a snake-like, smokey line which is occasionally tinted with color pastels.

The exhibition will continue through May 20.



A Getchell special

The UNR Getchell Library is having special end-of-year semester hours for late night studying. Monday, May 2, to Thursday, May 5, and May 9 and 10, the library will be open from 8 a.m.-midnight. Friday, May 6, the library will be open from 8 a.m.-5 p.m. On Saturday, May 7, it's open 10 a.m.-4 p.m. and on Sun day, May 8, 1 p.m.-midnight.

After 9:30 p.m. there will be no reference services, but students can still check out books and use the Xerox machines.

From May 11 until the end of the month, the library will be open 8 a.m.-5 p.m. and closed on weekends. During summer school the library is open 8 a.m.-8 p.m., 9 a.m.-noon on Saturdays and closed on Sundays.

King of Flamenco to play

The "King of flamenco guitarists," Carlos Montoya, will perform at the Pioneer Theatre Auditorium Sunday at 2 p.m.

Flamenco is the music of Spanish gypsies. Montoya himself is a gypsy, born in Madrid. He learned to play the guitar

at an early age and was the only flamenco guitarist to successfully perform full evenings of concert recitals. His music also contains other Spanish works and improvisations on American jazz.

Tickets for the concert sell for \$5 and \$7.50 and are available at Luke's Gift Shoppe and Maytan Music Center.

Preliminary final

Next Monday is the final day for organizations to submit PRELIMINARY BUDGETS for the 1977-78 academic year.

It is very important that each organization take the time to establish a budget and turn in their estimated expenses to Peggy Martin in the ASUN Office. Telephone: 784-6589.

Failure to comply with this oftenrepeated request will unfortunately reduce chances for future funding.

Deadline: Monday at 5 p.m.

Chemical analysis

A theoretical chemist and an IBM researcher will present seminars today in Room 221 of the Physics Building.

Dr. Thomas Bouman, professor of chemistry at Southern Illinois University at Edwardsville, will discuss the structure of organic molecules. His talk will begin at 2 p.m.

At 4 p.m., Dr. Charles A. Brown from IBM Research in San Jose, Calif, will speak. Dr. Brown is developing a new class of regents for carrying out important reactions in chemical synthesis.

Feeling board

The ASUN encourages all students to apply for the boards and committees below. It is mainly through representation on these committees that ASUN can be heard and kept well-informed.

We would especially like to urge students who served on committees this year to reapply for positions on their same boards again. In this way, ASUN may take advantage of your past experience in the making of crucial decisions throughout the year.

For further information and applications see Peggy Martin in the ASUN Office. Telephone: 784-6589.

Academic Affairs Committee (1)
Arboretum Board (1)
Arts Festival Board (2)
Computer Users Advisory Board (1)
Educational Radio and Television Board (1)
Environmental Studies Board (2)
Equal Opportunity Board (2)
Ethnic Studies Board (2)
Faculty Information and Documentation
Committee (1)
Financial Aid and Scholarship Board (1)
History and Social Theory Board (1)
Honors Study Board (1)
Institutional Studies and Budget Committee (1)

intercollegiate Athletics Board
(4: 2 men, 2 women)
Interdisciplinary Programs Board (1)
International Studies Development and Review
Board (1)

Board (1)
Library Committee (1)
Military Affairs Review Board (3)
National Student Exchange Program Board (1)
Outstanding Teacher Award Committee (2)
Public Occasions Board (1)
Residency Appeals Board (1)
Space Assignment Board (1)
Student Affairs Board (3)
Student Health Service Advisory Board (3)
Teacher Education Board (2)
Traffic and Parking Board (2)
Whittell Forest and Wildlife Area Board of
Control (2)

Summer planning

Request forms for mailing out registration packets for next fall are now available in the Registrar's Office and from your academic advisor. While the office will accept letters and telephone requests for the packets, the Registrar's office would like students to fill out the forms before leaving for the summer.

The office plans to mail out as many packets as possible during the summer before students return.

Students seeking academic advisement for next fall should contact their advisors by next Friday. The advisors will have preliminary class schedules so pre-planning can take place prior to registration in August.

ASUN flack man

Filing is now open for the position of ASUN Public Relations Director.

Students interested in applying for this demanding yet rewarding position should most ideally have some background in layout and graphics, the Sagebrush staff, a familiarity with the Reno media personnel, a controlled temper, patience; an ability to deal with strange personalities and ideas, a flexible class schedule, a desire to drive to the Reno airport lots of times; a healthy attitude toward the fact that you will have a loosely-defined set of responsibilities, and the capacity to withstand humiliating shenanigans brought about by the staff in the Activities Office.

Deadline: May 6 at 5 p.m.

Sliding by

The 21-member UNR Trombone Choir will perform its spring concert Monday at 8:15 p.m. in the Church Fine Arts Theatre. The program will consist of traditional Baroque and Renaissance music, combined with contemporary music and jazz and pop selections.

There is no charge and anyone interested is welcome.

Judge not least you be judged!

Filing for the three available Judicial Council justice positions has been extended until Friday, April 22 at 5 p.m. Please contact Peggy Martin in the ASUN Office for applications.

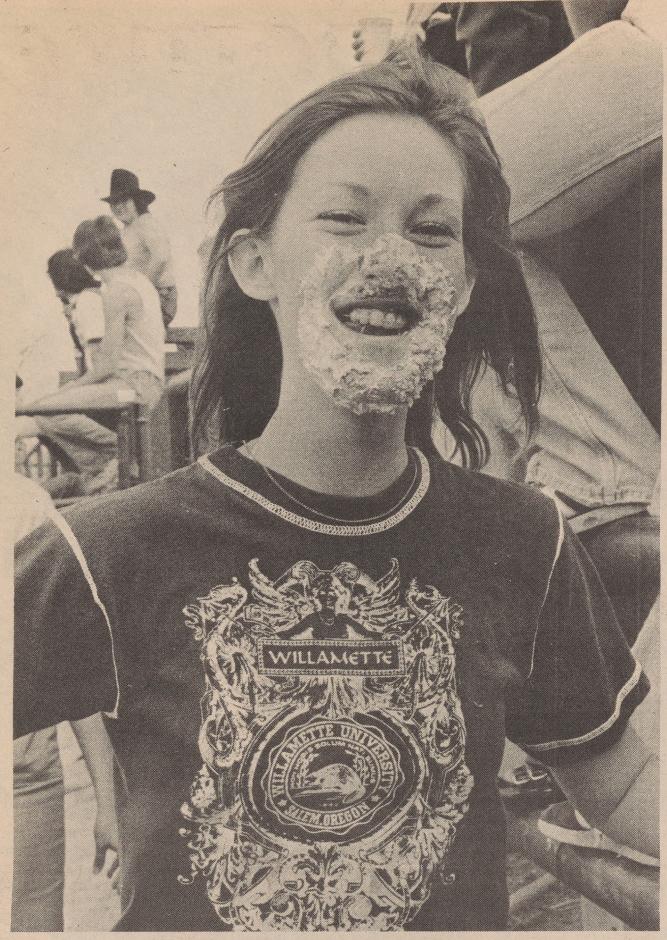
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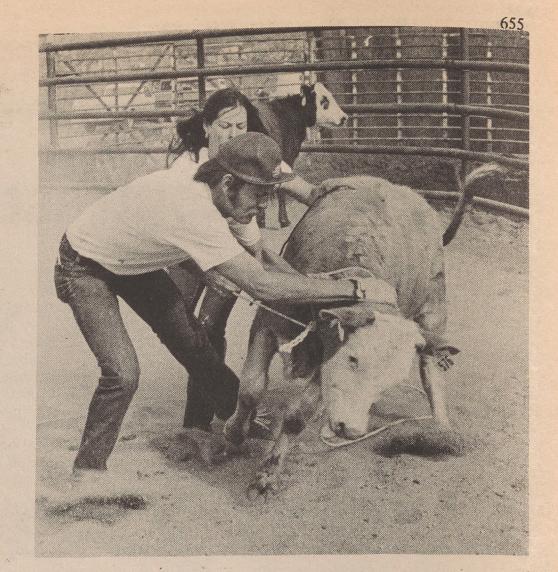








ALMOST EVERYONE at Thursday's Comic Rodeo got into the rowdy spirit of Mackay Week, whether they raced through cream pies or bit the dust wrestling calves to the ground or just kicked back with a can of beer. More of the craziness continues today with the obstacle races from noon to 3 p.m. at Manzanita Lake and Mackay Quad.



Just those unapathetic students winding up Mackay Week

For those who happen to notice the frivolity and games going on this afternoon on Mackay Quad and Manzanita Lake, don't be alarmed. It's just those unapathetic students around UNR winding up Mackay Week with the sometimes exhausting, sometimes embarrassing and always hilarious Obstacle Races. Yesterday was the Comic Rodeo at the UNR Horse Facility on Valley Road.

Today is the day once a year when otherwise sane students take a dip in Manzanita Lake's muddy, ice-cold waters for the inner-tube race, the log rolling contest and the tug-of-war. Others will try their skills at log sawing, tricycle races, egg tosses and many more. The races go from noon to 3 p.m.

Later, from 4-6 p.m., will be an all-school social at Evans Park with music by "Alpine Band," which will also play at the dance from 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. at the Horse Facility.

From 5-7 p.m. will be Mackay Town in Evans Park. All organizations on campus set up booths of carnival-type games or to sell food, and it's almost like revisiting an Old West shanty town.

Mackay Week traditionally has been the "let yourself go" week before cracking down for finals at UNR.

102 "MUCKIN" YEARS OF TRADITION

All Day

Discount Day at the Beer Barrel.

12-3 p.m.

Obstacle Races, Mackay Quad and Manzanita Lake.

1 p.m.

Beard Judging and Costume Judging, Mackay Quad.

4-6 p.m.

All-School Social, Evans Park with music by "ALPINE BAND."

5-7 p.m.

Dance, UNR Horse FAcility, Valley Road, with music by "ALPINE BAND."

MACKAY WEEK AWARDS AND MA AND PA MACKAY ANNOUNCEMENT WILL FOLLOW THE DANCE.

John Mackay stands tall

Terri Gunkel

Nevada, the Silver State. A state formed because of the treasures its mountains hid and those pioneer miners who fought hardships, and sometimes each other, to come strike it rich.

UNR's Mackay Week, which, incidentally, is this week, continues that western spirit which is so much a part of Nevada. But the memory is carried on throughout the year for anyone who cares to look.

When he's not smothered in his umpteenth shellacking of spray paint or decorated in a roll of toilet paper and underwear (the constant object of student activity), the seven-foot bronze statue of John William Mackay stands dignified at the north end of the university quad. With a miner's pick in one hand and a chunk of the precious ore in the other, he looks out to the mountains around Virginia City, the Comstock Lode where he made his millions.

His statue, donated by his wife and son, commemorates the more than \$1.5 million Mackay donated to the university for the School of Mines which bears his name. He was the first great contributor to the university. Sculptured by Gutzon Borglum, the famous American who sculpted Mount Rushmore, the statue was unveiled June 10, 1908, nearly six years after Mackay's death in London from pneumonia.

Actually, the idea of a statue of Mackay, who was also a very prominent Virginia City citizen, was conceived by a Carson City newspaper editor, planned for erection on the grounds of the capitol building.

But the plan fell through and UNR President Joseph Stubbs suggested that the statue be situated on the campus since the Mackay family was financing the new mines school.

Around the pedestal are plaques depicting the excitement and adventure of Mackay's Nevada, although after 69 years, they are somewhat worn. There are the engravings of a bustling Virginia City with the mines pouring out millions of dollars in silver ore.

Mackay, a poor Irish immigrant, came west from York City when he was 28. He became not only a miner and prominent citizen, but established the Commercial Cable Company in San Francisco, the Postal Telegraph Cable Company, the Metropolitan Opera Company in New York City and owned the Nevada Bank in San Francisco.

An ambitious, hard-working man who still had compassion for others, even after becoming a millionaire, Mackay, as well as the statue, are warmly described by Samuel Bradford Doten in "The History of the University of Nevada."

It reads, "The statue shows us today a moment in life of John Mackay when he paused in his work and faced the wall of rock which might mean at any instant the crushing out of his own life and the lives of the men in his employ. And so the statue stands... with head thrown back and the look of more than physical courage... the statue speaks of the day when courage and justice in a day's work will be regarded as higher things

than wealth."

An so he stands in work shirt with the sleeves rolled just past his elbows, and rumpled trousers tucked into his boots, now overseeing the annual festivities which remember him and that pioneer spirit which built the "Silver State."



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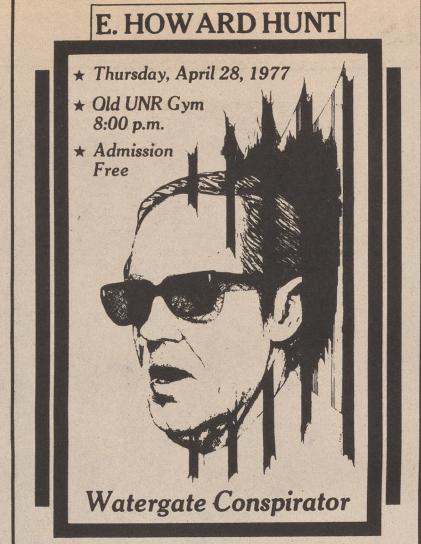
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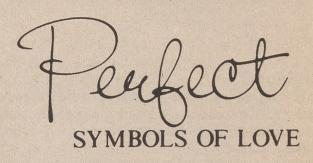
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(more) Judgments

Ishmael Reed's Jackal-Headed Cowboy

Paul Lyon

Instead of welcoming a time in history when "American" isn't interchangeable with rudeness, grossness, and provincialism, but stands for a society where all of the world may coexist, and in which cultural exchange thrives, they are seen as a threat, and as even a terror. This is truly sad.

-Ishmael Reed

A review of "The Jackal-Headed Cowboy," 95 lines, from the book *Conjure*, University of Massachusetts Press, 1972:

1. Title

In the manner of the Egyptian heterozoomorphic icons, beast and human physiology mingled, the great grinning head of an enjoying, lusty dog on the shoulders of the white frontier hero. The fringe-fanatic lunatic of the animal kingdom substituting the old head, that which has been severed at times in the native image, the hilarious and devouring, supposedly empty-headed scavenger, now containing the faculties of mind for us, while, ironically, the body is the remnant used from the old hero, setting aside his Baptist brain.

Note: historians have brought up the fact that, while the popular image of the cowboy is one of a caucasian rowdy, a third or more of the cowboys were blacks, Mexicans and Indians, and "breeds" of the four, an isolated and simple occupation being desirable for social outcasts.

2. Metrical

and then We will rush like crazed antelopes with our bastard babies number books mojo goofer dusting razor blades chicken thighs spooky ha'nts daddygracing featherdivining jack legged preaching bo jangles sugar raying mamas into one scorching burning lake and have a jigging hoedown with the Quadrilling Sun. (lines 67-73)

3. After four readings

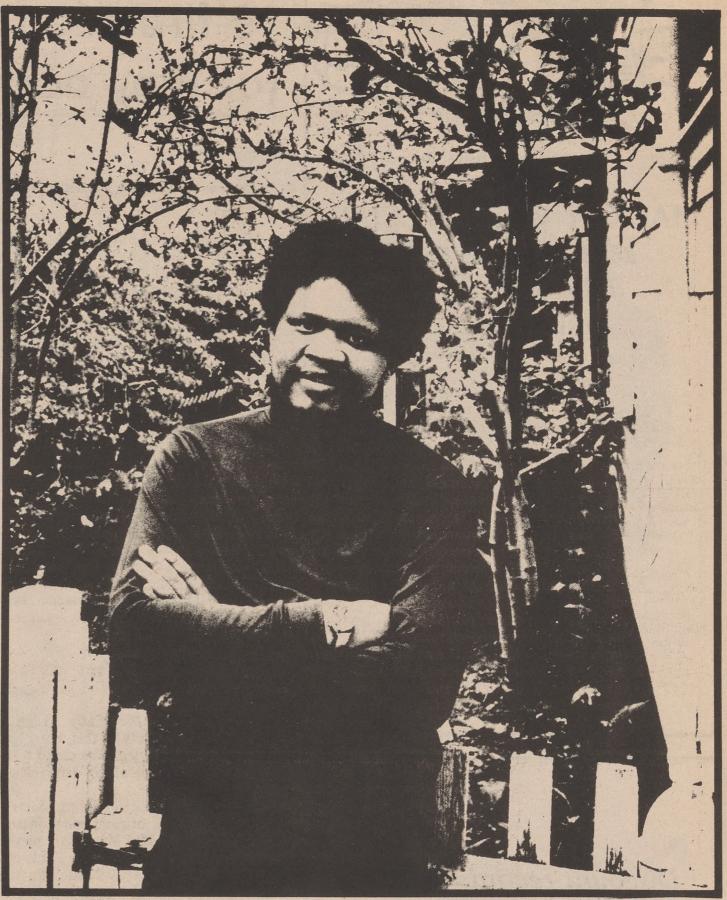
A history of all the racial minorities which white men spooked by their sudden, overpowering, mechanistic velocity, and then wanted to believe that this spooked nature meant that they were deliberately and subversively spooky. ("It's quiet out there, too quiet;" "How long can they keep them damn drums going;" "I think they're digging in under the walls.") Poem moves in this fashion—We Were This, We Are Now This, We Will Become This—the "Become" is near the end of the poem, relying on the advent of the messianic Anubis saddletramp. There will be violence (and much of it since the poem's 1964) but it's purgative violence, celebrational, as in the phrase here, "cheery smithereens."

The first stanza finds the Pentateuchal "us" in a primitive state, clinging to trees, while suddenly the overwhelming industrial culture comes through like a "big mack" truck. Time goes by and finds the wounded "us" out of synch, "homesick." More time goes by and finds them kicking ass on the imPounded economic system. (Cf. line 19, "Usura") Some while later they are doing the Ghost Dance in anticipation of the god wearing spurs—the dance is excerpted in number two above. Here is how the poem ends, keeping in mindGraves' ideas of the deified Moon, how its worship is feared by the historically masculine societies, how Reed's revived god here is a god of unity and pleasure, his hysterical millenium intended to "bathe us and swathe us" (line 81):

And his gutbucketing rompity bump will cause sweaty limp flags to furl retreat and the Jackal-headed cowboy will ride reins whiplashing his brass legs and knobby hips.

And fast draw Anubis with his crank letters from Ra will Gallop Gallop Gallop

our mummified profiled trail boss as our swashbuckling storm fucking mob rides shot gun for the moon and the whole sieged stage coach of the world will heave and rock as we bang stomp shuffle stampede cartwheel and cakewalk our way into Limbo.



Poet - novelist Ishmael Reed

There's a hoodoo man coming to town

Mark Whittington

There's a hoodoo man coming to town to cast a few spells, shout a few incantations and, probably, raise a few eyebrows.

Ishmael Reed, who often has been at the center of controversy, will read his poetry at 8 p.m. tomorrow in the Jot Travis Lounge.

Reed is the author of five novels (The Free-Lance Pallbearers, Yellow Back Radio Broke Down, Mumbo Jumbo, The Last Days of Louisiana Red and Flight to Canada), three books of verse (Catechism of D Neoamerican HooDoo Church, Conjure: Selected Poems and Chattanooga: Poems) and several essays. His work has won several awards.

He is the co-founder and editorial vice-president of independent press in Berkeley and is editor of *Yardbird Reader*, an anthology of works by writers of varied ethnic backgrounds.

While a guest lecturer in American literature at the University of California-Berkeley, Reed was chosen as the school's outstanding instructor. He later was embroiled in a controversy when he was denied a position as the English Department's first tenured black professor.

But most of all, Reed is a conjurer. He uses the magic of his words to attack the psychic oppression of our civilization. His works set out the principles of the Neo-HooDoo Church as an alternative to the separation of man and environment at the core of Western thought.

His work is personal, satirical and political. It draws from the voodoo rituals for power. This is much more than lip-service to his ethnic heritage.

Voodoo (which became hoodoo when it landed on American shores) was a means of preserving the spiritual values of African slaves. The religion mixed some Catholic ritual with powerful magic and a belief that the environment controls man.

Reed mixes this magic with his own wit and insight to provide potent medicine. Powerful magic challenging the strength of Western beliefs.

"Sometimes I feel that the condition of the Afro-American writer in this country is so strange that one has to go to the supernatural for an analogy," Reed said defending his role as conjurer.

His powerful magic is also powerful fiction. In *Mumbo Jumbo*, he outlines the struggle of jazz as an emerging black aesthetic in conflict with the stiff, Puritanical (Atonist) views of Hoover and other American leaders. Boring history, right? Wrong. You become so engrossed in the story that you don't notice the revisionist history until you've swallowed the book.

Tomorrow's reading will be the third in the Ethnic Writers Series (which previously presented Victor Cruz and Jose Montoya) sponsored by the Ethnic Studies Board, the Foreign Language and English Departments,



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(more) Judgments

10 fireside record reviews that may (or may not) be right for spring

Bill Becker

Even in the Quietest Moments, Supertramp A & M, Sp-4634

What strikes one immediately about Supertramp is its similarity to Genesis, both tonal and vocal. The deception extends itself if one is able to characterize the group's four albums in the same formalistic mold as that of early Genesis products.

The melodies are predominantly unassuming with an occasional scattering of bite; the lyrics are English contrivance. In short, Supertramp is of the Genesis school. Set apart from the mold, the group sustains a droll approach to the genre which makes it easily identifiable. The band, or at least members of it, have potential to reach star status like that which is currently being tasted by Peter Gabriel and Phil Collins.

Alas, the sound is more repetitive than genuine at point. It isn't fair to Supertramp to compare it with Genesis, but if success comes for this band it won't be for another two albums when the identity is in focus.

The new album is better than the last, Crisis? What Crisis?, but misses some of the punch of Crime of the Century. There's nothing like Bloody Well Right or Dreamer here. The jazz stylization is absent entirely. But generally, the formula remains the same. It's a good formula which has yet to mature.

In Your Mind, Brian Ferry Atlantic, SD 18216

Listen to Love Me Madly Again. Its staccato trail makes for some sanity in this, Ferry's fourth solo excursion. It remains difficult for me to take him seriously or even in the context of art. His music is not for every man.

Ferry departs from updating oldies on In Your Mind, which features all original songs. With Paul Thompson, John Wetton and Phil Manzanera playing (Andy McKay and Eddie Jobsen are missing), this can legitimately be hailed as the new Roxy Music album although it lacks the caustic vitality of any of the group's albums.

The Beach Boys Love You Warner Brothers, MSK 2258

I've read reviews by Hilburn (LA Times), Billy Altman (Rolling Stone) and Timothy White (Crawdaddy) of this album and I think we would all agree that Love You is one giant hell of a lot better than last year's 15 Big Ones. (I wince every time I play it trying to give it another chance)

There are songs here that give me hope although it appears that there will be no concept or experimental albums from the Boys (maybe) ever again.

Yes, Johnny Carson is trite. Even worthless. But (yes, again) The Night Was So Young makes me feel like the white Anglo-Saxon Protestant I've grown proud to be (shades of "Roots" inverted?). I just wish Brian would quit modifying "her and I." The words, "Wake up, call me, baby, call me" make up for the poor grammar. Will the next album be the one we've been waiting for? Maybe



KRAFTWERK

not Pet Sounds II but, possibly, Friends Again.

Musicmagic, Return to Forever Columbia, PC 34682

I became burned out with Chick Corea when No Mystery was released and, consequently, I never listened to Romantic Warrior, The Leprechaun and My Spanish Heart.

I had no idea that Al DiMeola had left the band but I thought that Stanley Clarke probably had (he hasn't). What little I heard of Leprechaun I didn't like, particularly Gayle Moran's vocals.

So it's a pleasant surprise to find that Corea is no longer ensconced in rock-jazz fusion. It's also a pleasant surprise to see that Joe Farrell has rejoined RTF. It's a triple surprise to find out that I like Gayle Moran's voice now. I will admit that I was somewhat biased against her from the start because Flora Purim had left such an indelible impression with me.

This is a "fun" album and there is no experimental outreach. In that sense, it is a disappointment as a jazz album. But RTF has become popularized to the extent that it may no longer be a jazz act. Jazz has taken so much away from itself in the last five years that the word has become nebulous. In the case of RTF, pop is the byword here. It's, like I said, a fun album. Muzak?

Works, Emerson, Lake and Palmer Atlantic, SD 2-7000

KGLR-FM is playing the right cuts from this album. Closer To Believing and Cost La Vie on the "Greg Lake" side of this double-record set are the most appealing melodies. Keith Emerson's Piano Concerto No. I is the most overt conception of classical music ever performed by a "rock star."

Still, the album is behind the times and has a morose flavor that doesn't seem to mesh with my spring fever. Perhaps I'll like it better in November.

Islands, The Band SO-11602

Now, The Band has the right idea. Release an album in April and make it happy. The title song is an inviting instrumental.

Burnin' Sky, Bad Company Swan Song, SS 8500

Foreigner, Foreigner Atlantic, SD 18215

This band sounds more like Bad Company than Bad Company. Hell, it sounds better. I never liked Mick Ralph's guitar playing anyway

Ralph's guitar playing anyway.

Foreigner, like BC, is composed of refugees of other bands. Atlantic is playing up that fact but not half as much as Bad Company did during its inception.

Feels Like The First Time will be a classic whether the band records ever again or not.

Violation, Starz Capitol, SW-11617

When I reviewed their first album in a Georgia newspaper I gave them no credit for anything. Later, I decided that *Pull the Plug* was an outrageous social commentary and funky to boot.

Violation was pressed on yellow vinyl and features Cherry Baby (a single release) which rocks pretty well. I don't like this type of rock band (like Kiss, Aerosmith) but I'll give them some credit now.

Trans-Europe Express, Kraftwerk Capitol, SW 11603

I love the graphics for their albums and I hate Deutsch singing. I love space music but I like it subtle. This is as approachable as a Brian Ferry album, although I appreciate the acknowledgement to David Bowie and Iggie Pop. How it rates with their other albums? I'm not sure I understand the question.

LITTLE PENNY

Sagebrush classified

RIDER NEEDED to Washington, D. C./New York leaving May 20. Share expenses, Call 825-6106.

Applications are now being accepted through Monday, April 25 at 5 p.m. for camp counselors, aides and recreation specialists, for the 1977 Summer Camping Program for Mentally Retarded Citizens of Nevada. The camp is held at Stateline, Lake Tahoe, Nevada. Applications are available at the Division of Mental Hygiene and Mental Retardation, 4600 Kietzke Lane, Bldg. A, Suite 108, Reno. For information call Larry E. Oakley, Camp Director, 784-4071.

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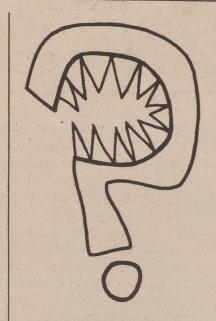
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IF YOU WERE at the corner of California & Arlington sometime around 5 p.m. on 4/31/77 we need you for a witness if you saw that middleaged man in a rumpled suit assault that root canal.

AGENT HUNT: Good boy clam up. Throat in Haiti. Dick safe. Advise to make bread on lecture gig, remember 10 per cent CREEP tithe. Looks good for 1980; Gerry still dense, viable.

ALL JOURNALISM majors: Special letter-writing seminar for small fee, can be taken for credit in lieu of History of Journalism 102, learn half-witty quotes, paraplegic syntax, autograph techniques, etc. Taught by rural waitresses. Job at Reno papers guaranteed. See Editor, Sagebrush.

to cop a Flamenio



Will you be ready for Bob Broadbent's birthday party?

SUMMER HELP wanted: Married or single, over 21. Leavitt Meadows Lodge, Bridgeport, Calif. 93517.

Need ride to Tucson, Phoenix or L.A. mid-May. Will share expenses, driving. Randy, 786-7398, 358-9355.

For Sale: The hat, shoes and clothes worn by the notorious outlaw P. H. her entire time she was with the SLA. Contact Chico, ad. No. 111 in care of this paper.

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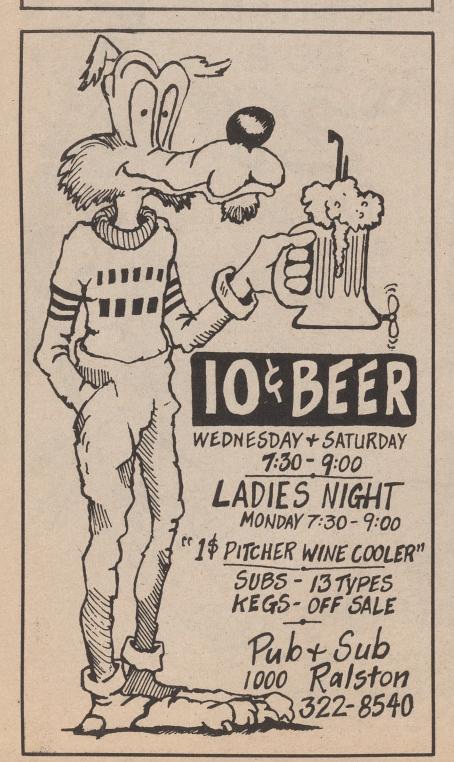
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Teamwork wins ballgames

Shirley Sneve

Women's athletics at UNR are in their prime this year and Coach Olena Plummer's softball team is no exception. Now at Chico State for the NCIAC regional tournament, the women are still undefeated in conference play.

"We don't have stars on our team," Plummer said, "they give us trouble. All of our players fill a very important role on our team."

Joanne Culverhouse and Terry Elsrode agree. Before Tuesday's afternoon practice, Culverhouse said the team is good, because they're strong in every position. Cocaptain Elsrode said the girls have a good time when they play. Both girls said exceptional pitchers also make the

Only two teams have given the girls trouble this year- Sacramento, whom the Pack just squeaked by in nine innings, 4-3, and Oregon State, the only minus mark in the team's otherwise perfect record, 3-1.

"Either we're very good, or they're very poor," Plummer said about the competition given the Pack so far. She said that as far as the Sacramento game, it was hard to say who's the best team in an extra inning situation. Plummer said she thought the Pack was the better team, but then added "I might be a little prejudiced." The Wolf Pack plays two more conference games this season.

In Plummer's office above the pool in the Lombardi

Building, she talked about her players.

"Debbie Flateau is probably the best freshman pitcher in our region," she said. Senior Cam Brownell, also a pitcher, "Is better than ever." The coach added, "Those batters don't want to be up there." Both girls are also hard hitters when it comes to offense.

Senior and co-captain Pat Hixson plays catcher and calls a good game for the pitchers and is also a good batter this year. Back-up catcher is freshman Regina Ratigan.

Plummer said she's only seen one better catcher's arm than Ratigan's, and that's a girl from Chico State. "It's

hard to steal from her," said Plummer.

First baseman Elsrodeis a good defensive player. Junior Jan Mecham is playing her first season with the Pack, but is experienced. Plummer said her no-worry attitude adds a lot to the team. Another co-captain, Bridget Galvin, who is playing her last season, is shortstop. Plummer said she keeps the outfield informed, which is the difference between an error and a play.

Carlinda Poe, now a third baseman, converted from outfielder, is working on her pitching for next year. Ellen Townsend, switched from third base to left field, is out there because she has a strong arm. Freshman transfer from UNLV, Beccie Huddleston has been batting very well and is working into left field.

Center field freshman Culverhouse is a shortstop convert with lots of experience. She played for the Bellswho have represented Nevada in national competition-in Las Vegas.

Plummer said the outfield had trouble with Humboldt, adding that the girls don't like people watching them make mistakes. "Good communications will just make us that much better," Plummer said.

All the players are important to the UNR graduate, now coaching for her second year. She said the players who aren't as good, work hard to improve and make everyone else work harder. "I appreciate that attitude,"

Only three of the girls-Brownell, Hixson and Galvinwill not be back next year.

It's no secret that a team that gets along together, plays better together and this team is that way.

"I love to play softball," Flateau said simply. "The season so far has been really great and I'm excited. I think

Go ride a bronc

The UNR Rodeo Club will compete with 25 other clubs in the biggest event of the year, the annual Cal-Poly, San Luis Obispo Rodeo, today and Saturday.

Among the UNR entrants will be Roger Richards, Dale Bugenig and Reed Simmons, who are among the top ten in the western region in their events.

The rodeo is part of the San Luis Obispo campus' Poly Royal," which is similar to UNR's Mackay Week which concludes today.

we'll go all the way." She added that she's thankful to be pitching, but tries not to make it the center of attention. "Without the team you're nothing," she said.

Co-captain Elsrode said they have a good time playing and "keep it loose." Nicknamed "Pigpen," she said, "We're not worrying about losing." She added that they're just confident, not cocky, and they "feel good about what we're doing."

Catcher Hixson said she likes hearing the action. She works close with the pitchers, and has "to know when something is wrong and get them to pitch as well as they can. That's what makes it fun." The senior said, "It would be nice to finish my four years at nationals." Like quite a few of Plummer's team members, Hixson played three sports this year.

Galvin said she likes softball because it's a rowdy sport. "You can scream and yell while playing." Rock added it's not enclosed. Both Rock and Galvin play city league in summer.

Even though Ratigan plans to concentrate only on basketball next year, she enjoys softball because it keeps her active and she enjoys the competition.

Golf takes fifth

Tom McQueen

Patty Sheehan of UNR's women's golf team finished first Monday in the Nevada-hosted NCIAC conference tournament. But Sheehan had to share it in a three-way tie with Tammy Snooks of San Jose State, and Kathy Woodward of Sacramento State. Each shot a five-overpar 80 at the Hidden Valley Country Club.

To followers of the women's golf team, Sheehan garnering medalist honors is not an uncommon occurrence. The two-time Nevada Women's Open champion has also finished ahead of her teammates in every match this

San Jose State, with a team score of 329, was the tournament victor. The Spartans have won every NCIAC tournament this season.

UNR, with a team total of 404, finished fifth behind Sacramento State, Stanford and Santa Clara.

In other Nevada scores, Sally Siri fired a 96; Robin Rose, 102 and Debbie Anderson, 126.

The men's golf team is currently competing at Stanford in a three-day tournament which started yesterday.

Here's the pitch

Terri Gunkel

The UNR baseball team added two more victories with a doubleheader sweep of Sacramento State Tuesday, 11-2, 4-3, improving its season record to 19-23.

In one of his best pitching performances of the year, Pete Padgett struck out 10 batters in six innings, walked four and gave up five of Sac's six hits. However, three of those came in the sixth inning to combine for the Hornets' only earned run. His relief, Carl Henry, also did an outstanding job on the mound with five more strikeouts, one walk and one hit.

The Wolf Pack collected its runs in that first game in five different innings on a barrage of 15 hits. Second baseman Ron Ball led the attack with a pair of singles and a double in five at bats for one RBI. Butch Dayton and Paul Loveseth also had two hits apiece.

Pitching was the Pack's strength in the nightcap also, with Mike Brunett getting the win and Scott Moore credited with the save for two innings of scoreless relief.

Brunett was strong for four innings, allowing only. three scattered singles, but he got hurt in the fith as Sacramento rapped three singles and capitalized on a centerfield error, scoring three runs and making the contest a

The Pack scored its runs early with leadoff batter Rob Young coming home twice. Young also was two for three at the plate, leading Nevada's seven hits. Tom Bowers and Mike Zunini scored the other two runs for the Pack, both in the second inning.

The Pack hosts the University of Pacific in a 2:30 p.m. game today on University Field with a noon double-

header Saturday.

supplement

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Words&Pictures







I worked in a hospital during the war.

From that experience I decided that medicine interested me most. Whether or not medicine needed me I did not question. So I enrolled at Columbia University in New York and started in to do the peculiar things they do who would be physicians. I fed orange juice to mice and dissected cockroaches. I have never seen a cockroach since but I remember that the creature has an extraordinarily large brain.

However, I could not forget airplanes.

Poetry by Kristin Laxalt

kathy

kathy steps lightly,
bell around her ankle,
bringing music when she comes.
sandy, bushy hair
softly brushing bare shoulders,
jean skirt dusting the floor,
bringing smiles when she comes.
brown eyes of innocence
sparkling trust like a newborn lamb,
shedding her lovelight upon her world,
bringing hope when she comes.

kathy's gone to georgia.
her sobbing voice comes home
through miles of telephone line "do you know that the blacks here still live in those
stinking nigger-shacks on the side of the road?
jesus, they don't even have outhouses! they watch me
go by with hate in their eyes and i can't even go
tell them i'd help if only i could! isn't there any
way, goddam it, any way at all?"
kathy's gone south,
taking tears as she goes.

kathy walks quietly, brooding in the sultry silence of a georgia night. the group of lusty southern boys watches her - talking filthy talk.

white trash.

leave her lying still soaking in her own warm blood in the sultry silence of a georgia night.

spring lamb led to slaughter.

kathy's coming home to the high country, crooning to the misty cloudbank that breaks upon the peaks and rolls breathlessly into the valley. she awaits the muffled snowfall to cleanse her body of stained blood, her sould of unspoken fear.

her bell is gone.

she brings knowledge of betrayal when she comes.

The Horseman

Time will tell, in scars etched deep,
Of horses' hooves and braided reins
Held fast in gloves with half-stuffed ends Half-fingers never meet.

Time will tell, in stiffened back,
Of unbroke colts and famous broncs
Too quick to buck, too slow to land,
And racers on the track.

Time will tell, in withered eyes,
Of blowing dust and sun-struck snow,
Of long nights watching horses gone down,
Who finally life denies.

Time will tell where telling fails, But still, he'll tell the tales.

Poetry by John Mark Crawford

NO NATURAL RELIGION

Spectacles bound before my eyes
Shall be the measure of myself
To which rabbis shall refer
And to which each reference made
To heels, calves, knees, and thighs
Must make doubled, stringent appeal.

Four sixes thrown on the bar,
A fifth six, lost, landed
On the wooden floor, close to the dog.
Three people turn to the thrower,
And the thrower to the proprietor.

III
My teacher's head moving in
And out of the Chinatown light at 5.
Kuan Min in a seamy window
Beside the window of split fish,
Thin fish from the same ocean
They had always been brought from,
White fish, with flesh soft
As the jade skin of the Kuan Min.
Stupidity and pity mingled,
Inhuman mercy taught and taught.

A POEM IN WHICH ANYONE'S THOUGHT

Jointed like a large arthropod
With growing and ever more bowed legs
Walks into an old landscape

Discomfiting the ruddy peasants
Who have turned out not to see it but
Whose priests said it meant something.

The land is dim and flat; perhaps A far windmill turns with slowness. Thought feels it is being mistaken. It keeps looking and stops at nothing.
It uses unmercifully the field animals
—It does not play at length with food.

It hurts here and here and here It says by pointing with a spare leg. No one cares to stop its pointing.

Thought squints with compound eyes.
The landscape assumes a clarity
For it and then it turns away.

"IT IS THE ROCK OF SUMMER"

-Wallace Stevens

The lovers, yes, I saw them—
They held hands, standing
In a line, and joining the ends
Of the line with free hands
They made a circle—I saw it—
Around a rock. Two
Of them stepped in, the ring
Closing again as they,
The young man and woman,
Moved around the circle,
Keeping their eyes on the rock
—Not on each other. I saw
They loved the rock first.
Second they loved each other.

The other lovers looked
Over the moving shoulders
At the rock. It was the center.
The two labored to find
The two places from which
Each could approach the rock
In the right direction. So
They and the rock made shadows,
Determined angles, vectors,
And their resultant, until
A cloud covered the sun,
Cooling the white kaftans
They stood in, as I saw them.

Confessions of a Primatologist

By Robert Davis

I have taken to imitating gorilla berhavior patterns in an attempt to gain admission to group society

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Hymann,

As a personal friend of your daughter, allow me to tell the both of you that she was among the most popular, well-adjusted young women any of us here at The School have ever had the opportunity of knowing. These precious few pages, written in your dear daughter's own hand, were found among her scientific journals and records at the abandoned camp site. We send them to you unread, trusting you to notify us at The School should they contain any information pertinent to solving the mystery of her disappearance. Along with these notes we also send: two pairs of khaki trousers, both khaki shirts, one pith helmet, two undershirts, two pairs of underwear, four pairs of socks, one pair of dark green hightopped tennis shoes and one pair of leather lace-up hiking boots: all, aside from her scientific records, that remained

at the camp of that sweet young girl.

In regard to the questions posed by your recent letters to this office, perhaps a bit of informational data is in order. First, let me state that there is no political unrest in this tiny African nation, Mr. Hymann, and it is very unlikely that your daughter has been kidnaped by a terrorist group. In any case, no ransom demand has as yet been received. Mrs. Hymann, the natives in the neighboring villages are now, and have been since 1891, on very friendly terms with the Europeans who trade in the vicinity, and they find the consumption of human flesh just as distasteful and repugnant as you or I do. It is improbable, therefore, that they have devoured her. It is also just as improbable that a carnivorous animal (I presume that you meant a lion or leopard, as there are no tigers in Africa) could have eaten her, since these beasts are practically unknown in the mountainous jungles of the area in which your daughter studied. Furthermore, they seem to conscientiously avoid the foraging grounds of the mountain gorilla, the subject of your daughter's research. In denying these possibilities, Mr. and Mrs. Hymann, please do not leap to the erroneous conclusion that the case is closed. On the contrary, we will continue our investigations until Doomsday, if need be, before we will admit failure. Mystifying it may be, but insoluble

Yours in hope, Dr. Richard Phipp Coordinating Director of Studies Abroad Southern California School of Primate Anthropology

P. S. I am sure you understand the necessity of assigning an "Incomplete" for her final grade in Primate Anthropology, Independent Study (PA 980). If she is found within the year (and of course she will be) she will be allowed to rectify the "Incomplete" by completing her field work.

RP

A. M., April 21. Slept poorly last night. Will spend the morning hours as near the group as possible. Must keep busy.

P. M., April 24. Cannot get within observation distance. (Professor Corman says anything beyond forty feet in the jungle is too distant for proper observation.) I seem to carry a whirlwind of noise with me and the gorillas frighten so easily. Time is on my side.

P. M., April 26. Still not sleeping well. Must keep busy at all times. It is only when I am still that the horror of my failure confronts me. Tomorrow I shall rise before light so that I may be in their foraging grounds before they arrive. If the big cowards wish to avoid me, they may go hungry for the day.

A. M., April 27. Hope to be able to read these blind scribblings in the approaching light of morning but just now I cannot risk a light to write by any more than I can let these thoughts fly past me. I feel possessed of that lucidity which accompanies pre-dawn thought. Truth is more easily understood in the unity of the night. The world loses the superficial complexities of the daylight hours and falls into the original simplicity of its design. The myriad of ferns, trees, bushes and grasses are returned to their family and become simply "jungle." A million hues and tones of color, varied and subtle, lose their individual brilliance and become simply "light and shadow." Serpent and vine lose distinction. Mass joins gas in its invisibility and in utter darkness all is in place and all is one. How beautiful it all is, but how ugly when one lone element is out of place. Just one sorrowful young woman, denied her niche in a perfectly balanced world, and all symmetry is lost. Just the whites of one pair of unblinking eyes and all the unity that darkness has sought to bring is upset. Darling, without your breast beneath my head I am but a blemish on the face of an otherwise perfect earth. Enough! They come!

P. M., May 13. I am quite pleased with myself for upholding my promise to refrain from making any more journal entries until my attitude improved. Thank heaven for work! Daily I have relentlessly hovered near the group until the roars and charges of the silverbacked males have driven me away. All their theatrics, tearing up innocent saplings by the roots and thrashing the jungle grasses with them, biting in half the bloodless stalks of mejom canes, shaking their bristling fur convulsively-all these are bluffs, of course, but they are disquieting, nonetheless. Do I wear an indelible mark, visible to all, that cries

out, "Deny me!"? Uh-oh, there I go again. Back to work.

P. M., May 22. I have taken to imitating gorilla behavior patterns in an attempt to gain admission to group society. I crouch on my haunches and lip leaves as I have observed them doing and I try to duplicate the cooing and grunting noises of pleasure that they make so musically. They watch from a distance-very amused, I think.

I have assigned names to all fourteen group members. I thought it might be cute to name one old silverbacked male Tom, but the appearance of his name on the page

brought tears to my eyes and another sleepless night to my bed.

P. M., May 26. I made an important discovery today. Since I have only two changes of clothing in my wardrobe, I try to wash one set every other day, wearing the clean set while the washed one hangs on a tree branch to dry. While I basked in the sun (on one of the few clear days there has been this month), an older female, Simia, her youngster, Ho-Ho, and another female, Mucha, foraged nearer and nearer to my dripping clothes. They were within 20 feet of the clothes when a breeze stirred the sleeve of my shirt. They were terrified! A cry from Ho-Ho brought the silverbacked male, Jem, to the scene in an instant. While the two females and Ho-Ho scrambled to shelter in the trees, Jem roared and charged like a freight train, showing his great, two-inch yellow tusks and destroying numerous, guiltless vegetable bystanders. He exhibited such an enraged, chest-thumping, blood-curdling display of aggression that the forest remained completely silent for almost a half-hour after his soliloquy had concluded. Imperturbable, my shirt and trousers held their ground with a nonchalant wave of a sleeve and a shy kick of a pant leg. My impractically skimpy lace panties positively smiled with a blank radiance that totally frustrated the heroics of Jem.

Importantly, though, from my vantage point I could see that these theatrics were the counterparts of his aggressive behavior toward me. The idea occurred to me that possibly, just possibly, it was my external dress that worried these simple mountain folk and not myself alone. The idea filled me with hope. Though I usually reserve my Mondays for "housework" and paperwork, I decided to experiment. I would approach them au naturel.

I went into my tent and, after absurdly zipping shut the entrance and pulling down window flaps, I stripped . . . I reconsidered. I searched for alternative explanations for Jem's behavior. One-he thought I was in the clothing. False-even a gorilla's poor vision would enable him to see quite clearly that the clothes were empty, and besides, each item hung on a different branch. Number two-the clothes had become a conditioned stimulus to which he merely responded. False-it was quite obvious that he preferred addressing his threats to the empty clothes instead of me, even though I sat, clipboard and felt pen in hand, in plain sight. That left number three—the group members were more upset by

my outer dress than by my person.

I began to feel very naked, even inside the darkened tent. The idea of promenading about nude in the jungle, beneath the bold, amorous eye of the sun, at the mercy of the lascivious fingers of the unprincipled wind was less than inviting. Bluntly speaking, I felt like a virgin trembling on the brink of the transition to bride. I told myself that I was not a puritan; I reminded myself that I had slept with several men before marrying Tom, that I approved of homosexuality and nude beaches and smoking marijuana and even coeducational gym classes. Politically, I was very liberal and had actively campaigned for Gene McCarthy in 1968. I told myself all of that and Myself smiled beneficently and asked, "Then why don't you put aside your self-important fantasies and step outside this tent?" I had no answer. I looked at my breasts-smallish, at my stomach-fattyish, at my skinwhitish, and at my knees-shakyish. I put aside my self-important fantasies and I stepped outside the tent.

P. M., June 17. Am making excellent progress in every direction. Daily, the group seems to show a little less fright at my presence. I am getting a wonderfully even, chest-

P. M., June 26. Last Monday I donned my clothes for my monthly hike to the village. I gave the postmaster my reports to be mailed back to California. There was no letter from Tom again this month. Does he believe a single letter may awaken this slowly dying flame? Maybe he's right. Maybe love, like will, is not really free but is pre-determined. Maybe individual action is as unrelated to love as it is to heavenly grace. Oh, why must it be my question to answer?

My work, my life, everything seems so unimportant beside my solitude. Good Lord! All my high spirits disappear behind the loneliness of my heart like the sun does behind these clouds of jungle mist. At times I feel myself slipping toward insanity. Only my work

P. M., July 8. The group is accustomed to my presence and, though it still does not allow me nearer than 20 feet, it no longer threatens, but instead moves quietly away.

Today I watched the silverbacked male, Bowler, with his mate, Beta, and their offspring (I almost wrote "child!") lounging in a clearing near their nest tree. (Can I write it on paper without weeping?) Bowler lay on his back with one arm outstretched, perpendicular to his torso, the other draped carelessly over his brow, as if shielding his face from the sun. Onto his massive chest and off, pulling at great tufts of fur, toothlessly biting his ears, frolicked the young one. The baby ("baby," why not "baby?") would start at one of Bowler's leathery, flat feet and climb to his father's knee, his own long arms more a hindrance than a help. Then, reaching the summit of the knee, he would give another push of his legs and shove himself over the top, only to dive nose over toes into the great male's lap. Bowler held perfectly still, never wincing at the feel of tiny nails digging into his flesh or miniature fists clenching fur or small lips pulling at tender ears. He only moved when the child (There! I said it!) threatened to wander into the underbrush, out of sight. Then one of those giant arms, thick as a tree trunk, would scoop up the squirming adventurer and place him in the shadow of his father's bulk. Such gentleness in that one movement and such trust in the young one's abandonment was moving enough. But the sight of Beta, 10 or 12 feet away from father and child, was overwhelming. She squatted upright in deeper grass, the sun bringing a deeper, earthen glow to the rich loam-black of her fur. Immobile and unmoveable she sat, a mighty appendage to the mighty earth. The unbroken lines that draped from the crested peak of her skull down her sloped shoulders and heavy arms to the gargantuan breadth of her pelvic girdle, gave her the appearance of a living, black, triangular wedge of breathing earth thrust into the chalky blue of the sky. Even the wind seemed obliged to detour around her and be contented by the rustle of leaves rather than cause a stirring in her fur. Yet there was movement there and only a woman, or the side of a man that is womanly, could have perceived it. She watched the movements of her mate and her young and she must have been, (I'm not claiming to know positively that she was) dimly aware of the tightness of her much-nursed, yet still swollen breasts. And I believe that she made some kind of conscious connection between that tightness and that child, and that she made a conscious connection between that child and its father. And her blood must have been heated a bit and quickened and her breath must have been caught by the unconscious awareness of the trinity that the three of them composed, for in her eye, and I will stake my sanity on its being there, a tiny, brittle gleam of moisture sparkled before it was blinked over the rim of her lower lid and coursed slowly, tenderly, down both our cheeks.

a story of a beautiful, nude gorilla woman

P. M., July 31. My relations with every member of the group, excepting an adolescent male whom I call Maximo, have stabilized at the 20-foot limit. Only Maximo allows me to come any nearer. Perhaps he has allowed his curiosity to overcome his timidity because he has no peers within the group. At any rate, almost daily he allows me to approach

nearer than the day before.

P. M., August 7. When I entered the village last Monday I detected a strange sort of awe, even reverence, in the natives' attitude toward me. It was only after prolonged questioning of the postmaster that he revealed the reason for their sideways stares and refusals to meet my eyes. It seems a poacher returned to the village with a story of a beautiful, nude gorilla-woman, seen by his own binocular-aided eyes. She eats, speaks and sleeps with the mountain monsters and they in turn worship her as their queen. Not very surprisingly, his physical description of the gorilla queen, minus some obvious exaggerations and embellishments which the postmaster refused to repeat, fits me perfectly, even to the detail of my ever-present clipboard. When the bearers laid down this month's supplies at camp, I could not resist sending them off with a chest-thumping howl followed by a scramble into the dense foliage of my former laundry tree.

P. M., August 16. Today, as usual, after several hours of objective observation I took my place outside the 20-foot boundaries set up by the group. I imitated the browsing motions and noises I have observed and I looked for Maximo. I couldn't find him all day long.

P. M., August 17. I was relieved to find Maximo back in the group today. As a younger male, he follows the social pattern that relegates him to a position on the outskirts of the feeding group. I cut my objective observation period short so that I could undress and position myself nearer to the group in general, and to Maximo in particular. I told myself that it was my scientific curiosity that was aroused and that I wished to discover, if I

could, the cause of his absence yesterday.

He crouched shoulder-deep in foliage, stripping branches of their leaves with a delicate, exploratory movement of his lips. Plucking a slender branch, he placed it in his mouth and drew it ever so slowly past his lips until each leaf had been tongued, nipped and finally, pulled from its stalk by those strong, white teeth. Although superficially concentrating upon his breakfast, I could see that his eyes, as yet unshadowed by the huge, beetling brows of the adult male, were fixed on me. I, in turn, pretended to be absorbed in my own "browsing" while all the time I moved nearer and nearer to where he sat. He made no effort to leave as I passed the 20-foot point and then the 15. He mutely watched, still lipping but no longer eating the leaves, as I cautiously moved even closer. 12 feet. Nine. I held at what must have been seven feet for a half hour. Maximo made no effort to leave. Our eyes met once but I looked quickly to the jungle floor, preserving, I hoped, my unconcerned expression. I crept to within four feet, an arm's length, of him and I looked directly into his face. I could see the shininess of his hairless, black lips and nostrils, and the fragility of those lips that covered his horrible fighting tusks, and I could see minute rust-colored flecks in his small, innocent, deep-set eyes.

As if coming from a long way off, in the distance, or in the past, I felt a tingling, flushed sensation that began in my scalp and spread downward along my spine. My stomach fluttered feebly and my knees lost their rigidity and suddenly I felt very unmodest, naked.

Naked in a way that I hadn't for a terribly long time.

P. M., September 9. I, who held routine in such contempt for long, have now become the willing slave to a more structured existence than the most mundane nine-to-five businessman or the most domestic of housewives. And, strangely enough, I enjoy it. Up every day before dawn to a breakfast of instant coffee, powdered eggs and Tang, then a pleasant walk and an anxious wait for the group to make its appearance. I take a few notes from the perspective of the "objective" (ha!) observer before joining Maximo to lounge about in the grass for the rest of the afternoon. Maximo now accepts me as his one and only peer in the group and I no longer have any fear of frightening him away, though the 20-foot limit is still rigidly enforced by the others. Neither does he seem to have any fear of me and he often indulges in the petting and touching behavior common in peer relationships among primates. Despite his extraordinary bulk (though an adolescent, he must weigh close to 275 pounds), he is amazingly gentle. Not one time in the past few weeks, no, not even inadvertently, has he so much as brought my blood to the surface in a pale

violet bruise. He seems to understand instinctively my frailty and he touches my skin with all the delicate sensitivity of a harpist for his strings. It is only with the greatest re-

luctance that I tear myself away from him to return to camp.

There I am occupied by the logging of the day's data and, while writing, I laugh out loud at all the nincompoops who have ever written studies on the mountain gorilla. In their extreme ignorance and false pride they have given my gentle mountain folk such names as "man's primitive cousin" or "another useful tool in linking man to his ancestry." They talk of these loving and sociable primates as though they carry the guilt of some original sin. As though these folk aspired to the almighty throne of humanity and are being punished for their presumptiousness by a denial of our technological paradise. How far from the truth! Mankind is a skyscraper of pride floundering on a foundation of bog. Mankind, and not my gentle mountain folk, has been banished from Eden.

A. M., September 10. Maximo's behavior can be readily explained as the natural phenomena of stimulus coupled to hormonal activity, but my behavior raises questions. Perhaps if I write it down step by step, as it happened, the answer will appear of its own accord. Yesterday, the two of us were lounging about as usual, chewing an occasional mouthful of mint-flavored leaves, watching the antics of the young ones and hearing the calls of the birds, when Jem, the silverbacked male, hooted in what I had learned was a warning signal to the group. Without hesitation every member melted soundlessly into the jungle and from my standing height I could see, crossing the clearing about 100 yards distant, the cause for alarm. Two poachers, one white, one native, rifles slung over their shoulders, were wading through the tall grass of the clearing toward the area recently evacuated by the group. They were nearly parallel to my camp site and I remember resigning myself, after a momentary consideration, to the trivial embarrassment of streaking nude toward camp and clothing. But before I could act (all totaled, no more than a few seconds could have elapsed since Jem's initial alarm), Maximo galloped, howling and bristling, from the hidden depths of the jungle, and planted himself menacingly between me and the poachers. Roaring, pounding his chest, devastating the surrounding flora, he wreaked the same brand of havoc that I was used to witnessing in the elder silverbacked males. The poachers responded to his thrashings by unslinging their rifles and sprinting in our direction.

Naivete being one of my stronger points, my first thought was that Maximo was committing suicide. I was horrified. He was too young, I remember thinking. He crouched and bristled and I could see that he was prepared to do battle to the death. Then, turning his stare toward me, eyes wide in fright, he hooted once, in perfect duplication of Jem's warning to the group. Followed closely by Maximo, I dashed into the forest to find shelter in in the trees.

Why?

P. M., September 28. The poachers of two weeks ago searched fruitlessly beneath our sheltering branches, finding nothing. Just the same, though, something unseen lay at their feet wounded and bleeding.

Countless times I have wished for words from the mouth of Maximo. Simple words, nothing extravagant. The tenses needn't even be correct. Just some verbal symbol that would allow me to share his thoughts. But his protective actions on that day spoke to me more eloquently than any words could ever have done. And I wish to God I had never heard. I saw Maximo not as the awkward, simple, immature creature of his species, but as he would appear sooner than I had anticipated; I saw him as the enraged adult male gorilla, guardian of the family group, and protector of his mate. And in his heroic return from the security of the forest I saw that already he was beginning to feel the need of fulfilling his adult role. It is time that I face the unavoidable. He is an adolescent no longer. And it is time that I face an even more blatant fact. He considers his mate already chosen. In his eyes, I am she.

Since the moment that the full weight of this realization descended upon me, I have not left the camp site, which is still forbidden grounds to Maximo. Unbearable, in the afternoons, are his mournful cooing cries. And though I feel those small but expressive eyes following me as I fuss about the camp, I have not the strength nor the courage to meet his gaze with my own. Now I am thankful that his inability to comprehend language relieves me of the moral obligation I would otherwise face. I feel too much for the gentle giant to scald his heart by pouring into his ears the words that Tom left in mine.

and now, all at once, time has run out for me

A. M., October 11. Sleepless nights have returned. Monday, when I hiked to the village, Maximo followed me half the distance. His devotion and willingness to leave the folds of group society in favor of my company distress me very much. The clothes I am again wearing at all times confuse him slightly but they do not keep him at bay as they had earlier. At the same time that I wish to explain everything to him I am relieved that I cannot.

P. M., October 20. The cloudbank to the south of the Queen Victoria Mountains has been gathering force for nearly a week and it shan't be long before the rainy season drives the group to the interior and drives me back to California. There I'll compile my thesis and eat pizzas and drink beer with some pale and flabby, bearded graduate student. And with a whole world separating us, Maximo will carry on, cooing and moaning in the afternoons and, I fancy, disturbing the black unity of the night with the whites of those dear,

dear, unblinking eyes.

A. M., October 26. Last night the first of the rains came and it is certain that the wet season is but a few short days ahead. I have been very busy packing and organizing my things. When it came time to wrap this, my personal journal, in its protective plastic bag, it occurred to me just how important it had been to me all these months. It has sat faithfully on the floor of my tent, nearly hidden in the shadow cast by the knee-high stack of scientific journals that it rests humbly beside. Yet, how much more important it has been to me than have its weighty neighbors. I am only now beginning to appreciate. Was it to fill this tiny notebook, and not those great tomes, that I came to this jungle?

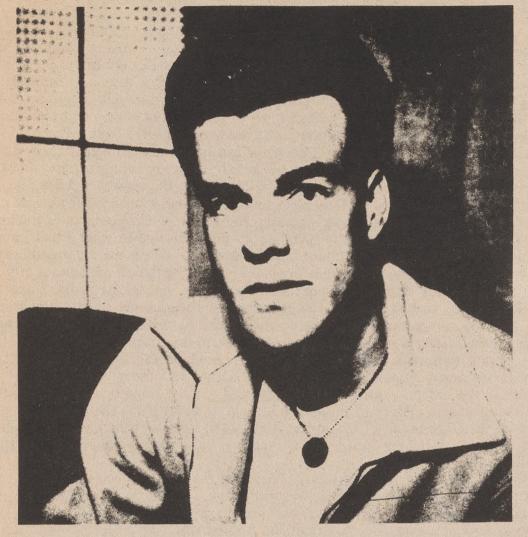
And now, all at once, time has run out for me. I must ask myself what, if anything, have I learned on this my pilgrimage. I must decide for myself whether this book is to be

like those cold ones lying there or if it is to be something else.

The journal is in my lap, the felt pen is in my hand. The plastic bag is at my feet, the question is in my head. The time for deliberation is past, yet still I deliberate. The time for writing is past, yet still I write. Which of these words shall be my last?

Vonnegut's Breakfast of Champions: The Conversion of Heliogabalus

By Robert Merrill



Dwayne Hoover in 1948, part-owner of local Holiday Inn, his own Pontiac auto lot, "three Burger Chefs, five coin-operated car washes, and pieces of the Sugar Creek Drive-in Theatre, Radio Station WMCY, the Three-Maples Par-Three Golf Course, and seventeen hundred shares of common stock in Barrytron Limited..."

I am better now. Word of honor: I am better now. Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. 1

The reviews of Kurt Vonnegut's Breakfast of Champions (1973) seem to me remarkably misleading. Where one reviewer speaks of the book's "gratuitious digressions,"2 another refers to the "banality, the nearly Kiwanian subtlety of [its] social criticisms."3 Yet another describes it as "a deliberate curiosity, an earnest attempt after getting Dresden out of the way." Throughout the reviews there is much talk about Vonnegut's "stick figures" and "facile fatalism." Anyone who reads through these reviews must conclude that Breakfast of Champions is an act of sheer audacity. It would seem that Vonnegut has exploited his enormous popularity by throwing between covers nothing but what one critic calls "textural irrelevancies." Yet to speak of Breakfast of Champions as "play" suggests an almost absolute misunderstanding of Vonnegut's intentions. Whatever else it might be, Vonnegut's latest novel is hardly a literary rip-off.

I would argue that Breakfast of Champions can only be understood as a novel about "facile fatalism." Like Slaughterhouse-Five (1969), it is a novel in which Kurt Vonnegut is his own protagonist, but the "Vonnegut" of this book is rather less appealing than in the earlier novel—so much so that his facile fatalism and banal social criticisms have tended to alienate his readers altogether. I think this effect is largely deliberate. Breakfast of Champions is a "moving, tortured and honest book," as Robert Uphaus has said, because it is a book in which Vonnegut turns an extremely cold eye upon his own artistic practices and philosophical assumptions. In a rather zany way, it is a Bildungsroman about a fifty-year-old artless artist and facile philosopher. It is also a novel about the regeneration of this sorry figure. Far from being the dispirited effort its reviewers have taken it to be, Breakfast of Champions is an artistic act of faith.

These assertions must be fleshed out, of course. But before speaking further of what Vonnegut's novel is, I should perhaps insist on what it is not. Most crucially, Breakfast of Champions is not a traditional novel of character. Vonnegut remarks in Slaughterhouse-Five that "There are almost no characters in this story, and almost no dramatic confrontations, because most of the people in it are so sick and so much the listless playthings of enormous forces." The characters in Breakfast of Champions are "stick figures" for much the same reason. Breakfast of Champions also examines the apparent "sickness" and "listlessness" of contemporary man. The novel's thematic structure requires that Vonnegut's characters seem wooden or mechanical. This is not an artistic flaw, for these characters are exemplary figures in a moral fable. As a number of critics have suggested, all of Vonnegut's novels are such fables. 10 One might doubt whether Vonnegut is capable of writing a more traditional fiction in which "rounded" characters are of the essence. Strictly speaking, however, he has never tried to do so.

Still the novelist of ideas must somehow interest us in the fictional debate which informs his work. In Slaughterhouse-Five and Breakfast of Champions, Vonnegut does this by focusing on his own attempt to comprehend the problems of his characters. Vonnegut has said that these two novels were once "one book," and nothing points up the family resemblance so well as Vonnegut's use of himself as a persona in each novel. His self-portrait is essential to the meaning of each fiction, though there is a crucial difference between the two personas.

The "Kurt Vonnegut" of Slaughterhouse-Five is an attractive figure. Above all he is honest. In the novel's first chapter, Vonnegut charts the decline of his youthful idealism. Once he and his wife were World Federalists, but now, as they near fifty, Vonnegut isn't sure what they are. He supposes they are Telephoners (S, 11). He is a Telephoner, at any rate, for he admits that he is in the habit of calling up old friends after getting drunk and driving his wife away "with a breath like mustard gas and roses" (S, 4). But if Vonnegut is "an old fart with his memories and his Pall Malls, with his sons full grown" (S, 2), he is an

engaging old fart-one who speaks fondly of Guggenheim money ("God love it") and likes to quote dirty limericks (S, 1, 2-3). And surely we are made to feel that his idealism hasn't really evaporated. Rather, it has been challenged by the most fearful of realities: his memories of the fire-bombing of Dresden. In fact, we strongly identify with Vonnegut's predicament, for this first chapter traces his successful attempt to throw off an understandable depression and somehow deal with those terrible memories. Vonnegut may tell his publisher that Slaughterhouse-Five is "short and jumbled and jangled. . . because there is nothing intelligent to say about a massacre" (S, 19), but the book still represents one man's attempt to exorcise the numbing sense of helplessness we all must feel in an age of cataclysmic horrors. We love Vonnegut for becoming "a pillar of salt," like Lot's wife (S, 22), for in doing so Vonnegut has looked back. He has asserted, implicitly, that even the worst of modern disasters can be dealt with from a human point of view. Finally, it is not Vonnegut's depression that we remember so much as his transcendence of this melancholy. This is reflected in his promise to Mary O'Hare that when he finishes his war novel there won't be any parts in it for Frank Sinatra or John Wayne (S, 15). It is reflected in the advice he offers to his sons: "I have told my sons that they are not under any circumstances to take part in massacres, and that the news of massacres of enemies is not to fill them with satisfaction or glee" (S, 19).

The "Kurt Vonnegut" we encounter in Breakfast of Champions is a good deal less heroic. He is still self-deprecating, telling us that he feels "lousy" about his book (4), suggesting that he is "programmed at fifty to perform childishly" (5). But here his depression seems rather more serious. Here we get no stirring speeches to one's sons. The man we meet here is not so much depressed by man's inhumane practices as by his very nature. He suspects "that human beings are robots, are machines" (3). It is "a big temptation" for him to say, when he creates a fictional character, "that he is what he is because of faulty wiring, or because of microscopic amounts of chemicals which he ate or failed to eat on that particular day" (4). There is nothing very amusing about this Kurt Vonnegut. Instead of witty limericks he offers us pictures of assholes (5). This Kurt Vonnegut doesn't seem to love anything, not even Guggenheim money.

Of course, both of the "Kurt Vonneguts" I have been discussing are literary constructs. When Vonnegut tells us that his mother committed suicide, we are sure he is telling the truth. But Vonnegut has assimilated such facts into a fictional context, so the question of their "truthfulness" is really irrelevant. I have no doubt that Vonnegut was a slightly happier man while writing Slaughterhouse-Five, but it is his fictional strategy which demands that he so represent himself. Vonnegut's tactic in Slaughterhouse-Five is to establish a vital contrast between himself and his protagonist, Billy Pilgrim. In writing his novel "Vonnegut" faces much the same problem as his hero-how does one make sense of such hopelessly irrational events as Dresden? Pilgrim's answer is escapist, involving his spacetravel to the planet Tralfamadore and his adoption of the deterministic philosophy he encounters there. Vonnegut suggests the inadequacy of this "solution" by depicting his own inability to rest content in the quietistic assumptions of Tralfamadore. It is the very meaning of his novel that requires Vonnegut to present himself as a sympathetic figure, one who can make speeches to his sons that are anything but quietistic in nature.

The "Kurt Vonnegut" of Breakfast of Champions is a different character because this novel treats a different problem. Here Vonnegut does not wish to protest the social attitudes which lead to wars and ultimately to Dresden. Instead, he wants to explore the possibility that our attitudes are irrelevant to such events. To do so, he creates a persona who fears that men are machines, utterly without free will. Notice that this persona

Footnotes

1BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS (New York: Delacorte Press/Seymour Lawrence, 1973), p. 199. Unless otherwise noted, all page references will be to this work.

2Peter S. Prescott, "Nothing Sacred," NEWSWEEK, May 14, 1973, p. 114. 3Richard Todd, review of BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS, THE ATLANTIC, 231 (May, 1973). 4J. D. O'Hara, "Instantly Digestible," THE NEW REPUBLIC, May 12, 1973, p. 26.

6Prescott, p. 114. 7Peter B. Messent, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS: The Direction of Kurt Vonnegut's Fiction," JOURNAL OF AMERICAN STUDIES, 8 (April, 1974), 111. 8 Robert W. Uphaus, "Expected Meaning in Vonnegut's Dead-End Fiction," NOVEL, 8 (Winter

9Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., SLAUGHTERHOUSE-FIVE (New York: Dell, 1971), p. 164. Future refer ences to this work will be incorporated into the text, with the abbreviation S.

doesn't tell us that men are machines. Rather, he refers to his "suspicion" that this is the (14). This is where Kilgore Trout comes in, of course, for it is Trout who will provide case (3). Moreover, he remarks that it is a "temptation" to say that his characters are controlled by chemicals. Such terms imply an element of doubt. In the course of Breakfast of Champions, these suspicions are tested and finally exorcised. It is not too much to say that Breakfast of Champions is a book which dramatizes its author's intellectual dilemma.

One value of seeing the book in this way is that we can explain its much-lamented "digressions." The novel is filled with social commentary of every conceivable variety, especially a series of rather crude reflections on American hypocrisy. Vonnegut devotes much of his book to insulting the national anthem (8-9), the idea that Columbus discovered America (10), the nobility of the founding fathers (11-12), the justice of our cause in Vietnam (11-12), and other American myths. These remarks are invariably expressed in the baldest manner possible, as when we are told that "the demolition of West Virginia had taken place with the approval of the executive, legislative and judicial branches of State Government" (123), or when West Point is defined as "a military academy which turned young men into homicidal maniacs for use in war" (157). Given Vonnegut's reputation as a comic novelist, there is an odd humorlessness to all of this. Even when Vonnegut provokes a smile, as when he records the size of each character's penis, the humor is soon dissipated through an almost manic repetition. One can understand why a reviewer would speak of the nearly Kiwanian subtlety of the novel's social criticisms, for there would seem to be no subtlety at all to Vonnegut's attack. And roughly half of the book is given over to this sort of thing.

Vonnegut's social and philosophical reflections must be seen in the dramatic context I suggested a moment ago. In his preface, Vonnegut¹² explains that he has dedicated his book to an old friend, Phoebe Hurty, who lives in his memory as a child of the Great Depression: "She believed what so many Americans believed then: that the nation would be happy and just and rational when prosperity came" (2). Phoebe Hurty believed in those very myths Vonnegut debunks so gracelessly throughout the novel. As his discussion of Phoebe makes clear, however, Vonnegut attacks these myths from the point of view of a disillusioned "believer": "nobody believes anymore in a new American paradise. I sure miss Phoebe Hurty" (3). It would be wonderful to have the faith of a Phoebe Hurty, but we know too much for this. And after such knowledge, what forgiveness? Vonnegut turns on the idealistic myths of America with the passion of a betrayed lover. When he tells us that he is "trying to clear my head of all the junk in there" (5), he means to include all those patriotic ideals which have come to seem the soiled heritage of a past forever lost. Vonnegut wants to believe in this heritage. He says that he "can't live without a culture anymore." But the reality of both past and present America is such that he must also say, "I have no culture, no humane harmony in my brains" (6). Vonnegut's social comments reflect his anger and frustration. It is as if he would cultivate a cynical pose in order to cast out such "junk" once and for all. We see much the same process at work when Vonnegut speaks of his "suspicion" that men are machines. If men are not the noble beings of myth, they must be robots.

This dubious logic is also seen in the "story" Vonnegut creates to illustrate his new cynicism. This story involves two characters who embody different aspects of his own personality. Dwayne Hoover represents his Midwestern, middle-class background, while Kilgore Trout is a somewhat comic embodiment of his artistic and philosophical career. Like his creator, Trout has become a devout pessimist in his old age: "But his head no longer sheltered ideas of how things could be and should be on the planet, as opposed to how things really were. There was only one way for the Earth to be, he thought: the way it was" (106). Indeed, Trout thinks that "humanity deserved to die horribly, since it had behaved so cruelly and wastefully on a planet so sweet" (18). It isn't clear why human beings "deserve" to die horribly if they are merely machines and "there was only one way for the Earth to be," but Vonnegut contrives to bring Trout to Midland City, Hoover's home town, to confront the folk with this bracing "truth." And he contrives to have Dwayne Hoover suffer the experience of receiving this "truth." It would seem that Vonnegut wants to rub middle America's nose in the sheer ugliness of life.

Trout's resemblance to Vonnegut is in many ways quite playful. For example, Trout's remarkable anonymity is surely meant to remind us of Vonnegut's early problems in securing hardcover publication, not to mention a significant audience. But in Breakfast of Champions there is a more serious link between the author and his creation. Both are frustrated idealists. As a young man, Trout did shelter ideas of how things could be and should be on this planet, as opposed to how things really are. We know this from the nature of his innumerable publications. (Trout will die in the harness, at work on his twohundred-and-ninth novel.) In God Bless You, Mr. Rosewater (1965), we learn that "Trout's favorite formula was to describe a perfectly hideous society, not unlike his own, and then, toward the end, to suggest ways in which it could be improved."13 As summarized in Breakfast of Champions, Trout's tales teach such lessons as our tragic failure to communicate (58), the tendency of government to deal with secondary rather than primary causes (74), our disastrous inattention to ecological problems (88-89), our contempt for art (132-33), and our ridiculous obsession with national averages (173). But of course Trout is an unappreciated prophet, almost literally unread, and he has gradually lost faith in the possibilities of reform. In fact, he has become a rather frightening misanthrope. Early in Breakfast of Champions he tells his pet parakeet that "We're all Heliogabalus, Bill" (18), alluding to the Roman Emperor best known for his habit of entertaining friends by placing a human being inside a hollow, life-size iron bull, then lighting dry firewood under the bull (18-19). It is no wonder that each of Trout's three wives has been "shriveled" by his pessimism (113).

Yet the most interesting of Trout's fables, Plague on Wheels, radically qualifies his despair. The moral of this tale is gloomy enough—"There was no immunity to cuckoo ideas on Earth" (27)-but the book suggests Trout's unwavering belief in the importance of ideas. As Trout says elsewhere, "Ideas or the lack of them can cause disease!" (15). His very epitaph, taken from his last, unfinished novel, suggests that "We are healthy only to. the extent that our ideas are humane" (16). Nothing connects Trout and Vonnegut so securely as this "faith" in the power of ideas. 14 The Kurt Vonnegut we meet early in Breakfast of Champions may be a pessimist, but even he must concede that it will take more than chemicals to unhinge his "hero," Dwayne Hoover: "Dwayne, like all novice lunatics, needed some bad ideas, too, so that his craziness could have shape and direction"

these bad ideas through one of his own books. I will return to these "ideas" in discussing Dwayne Hoover. For the moment, I would point to the contradiction between Trout's attitude toward ideas and his misanthropy. There may be no immunity to cuckoo ideas on Earth, but if bad ideas can destroy us, humane ideas can give us health. As a young man Trout has understood this; he has known that "the purpose of life" is to be "the eyes and ears and conscience of the Creator of the Universe" (68). Implicit here is the notion that we can exercise conscience. At the time of the novel, Trout has turned away from the implications of this idea. Yet he will return to these implications, for in 1981 he will say that we are healthy only to the extent that our ideas are humane. What happens to cure Trout of his misanthropy?

What happens is that both Trout and Vonnegut encounter a wrang-wrang. According to Bokonon, the prophet of Vonnegut's Cat's Cradle (1963), a wrang-wrang is "a person who steers people away from a line of speculation by reducing that line, with the example of the wrang-wrang's own life, to an absurdity."15 The narrator of Cat's Cradle meets such a figure in Sherman Krebbs, a nihilistic poet. The narrator lends his apartment to Krebbs for a brief period of time. He returns to find the apartment "wrecked by a nihilistic debauch" (CC, 58). Krebbs has set fire to his couch in five places, killed his cat and avocado tree, and torn the door from his medicine cabinet. He has hung a sign around the dead cat's neck which reads: "Meow." The narrator comments: "Somebody or something did not wish me to be a nihilist. It was Krebbs's mission, whether he knew it or not, to disenchant me with that philosophy" (CC, 59). In Breakfast of Champions, Dwayne Hoover is Trout's and Vonnegut's wrang-wrang.

Dwayne Hoover is a slightly revised version of Billy Pilgrim. Like Pilgrim, he is a successful entrepreneur: besides his Pontiac auto lot, he owns part of the local Holiday Inn (41), "three Burger Chefs, five coin-operated car washes, and pieces of the Sugar Creek Drive-In Theatre, Radio Station WMCY, the Three Maples Par-Three Golf Course, and seventeen hundred shares of common stock in Barrytron Limited, a local electronics firm" (65-66). He lives "in a dream house in Fairchild Heights, which was the most desirable residential area in the city" (17). But Hoover is also like Pilgrim in that he suffers terribly despite his apparent prosperity. Whereas Pilgrim is haunted by memories of World War II, Hoover is burdened with the suicide of his wife, the homosexuality of his son, and

Vonnegut wants to rub middle America's nose in the sheer ugliness of life

growing sense that his life is meaningless. At one point he even compares himself to Job: "'I couldn't help wondering if that was what God put me on earth for-to find out how much a man could take without breaking' "(170). As he first appears in the novel, he is a man in search of "new truths." He wants to meet artists at the Midland City Festival of the Arts "to discover whether they had truths about life which he had never heard before." He hopes these truths might "enable him to laugh at his troubles, to go on living, and to keep out of the North Wing of the Midland County General Hospital, which was for lunatics" (200). Hoover is in the same position as Billy Pilgrim and Eliot Rosewater in Slaughterhouse-Five. In the aftermath of Dresden, Pilgrim and Rosewater find themselves dealing with "similar crises in similar ways. They had both found life meaningless. . . . So they were trying to re-invent themselves" (S, 101). Pilgrim finds his "answer" in the Tralfamadorian theory of time, which assures him that "everybody has to do exactly what he does" (S, 198). This is reassuring because it means that no one is responsible for anything. Dwayne Hoover comes to believe the same thing, but the consequences are something less than reassuring for Trout and Vonnegut.

Hoover discovers his comforting "truth" in Now It Can Be Told, a book Trout has carried with him to Midland City. This book is in the form of a long letter from the Creator of the Universe to his experimental creature, a man with free will. In his letter the Creator tells this man, " 'You are the only creature in the entire Universe who has free will. You are the only one who has to figure out what to do next-and why. Everybody else is a robot, a machine' " (259). This is very close to what Billy Pilgrim learns on Tralfamadore, though the Tralfamadorians allow for no exceptions: "Tralfamadorians, of course, say that every creature and plant in the Universe is a machine" (S, 154). Billy Pilgrim is pleased by such a message, but the response of Dwayne Hoover suggests there is another side to this coin. Hoover reasons that if all other men are "unfeeling machines" (266), he can do whatever he wants to them. At the end of the novel he acts on this belief, beating up everyone around him until he has sent eleven people to the hospital, Trout among them. He does this with no sense of shame, for he has been "liberated" from such feelings. "'I used to think war was a shame—and automobile accidents and cancer . . ." But now he doesn't think anything is a shame. "Why should I care what happens to machines?" "he asks (270). Why indeed? If men are machines, why should we be horrified by Heliogabalus himself?

Dwayne Hoover's thematic function is to point up the disastrous consequences of adopting a deterministic view of man. Dramatically, his function is to reveal these consequences to Trout and Vonnegut. Following his trip to Midland City, Trout rejects his belief that "there was only one way for the Earth to be." He returns to his former task of alerting mankind to its inhumane practices. 16 He does so in the belief that man's capacity

10 See, for example, Robert Scholes, THE FABULATORS (New York: Oxford University Press, 1967), pp. 35-55; Raymond M. Olderman, BEYOND THE WASTE LAND (New Haven and London: Yale University Press, 1972), pp. 189-219; Karen and Charles Wood, "The Vonnegut Effect: Science Fiction and Beyond," in THE VONNEGUT STATEMENT, eds. Jerome Klinkowitz and John Somer (New York: Delta, 1973), pp. 133-57.

11Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., WAMPETERS, FOMA & GRANFALLOONS (New York: Delacorte Press/ Seymour Lawrence, 1974), p. 281. 12 Rather than continue to use the awkward device of quotation marks, I would simply have it understood that the Vonnegut I refer to is the persona who appears in BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS.

13Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., GOD BLESS YOU. MR. ROSEWATER (New York: Dell, 1970), p. 20. 14 Cf. Vonnegut's personal remarks: "Writers are specialized cells in the social organism. They are evolutionary cells. Mankind is trying to become something else; it's experimenting with new ideas all the time. And writers are a means of introducing new ideas into the society . . .", (WAMPETERS,

FOMA & GRANFALLOONS, p. 237.) 15 Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., CAT'S CRADLE (New York: Dell, 1965) p. 59. Future references to this work will be incorporated into the text, with the abbreviation CC. 16Cf. Vonnegut's comment in an interview: "But I continue to think that artists—all artists—should

be treasured as alarm systems" (WAMPETERS, FOMA & GRANFALLOONS, p. 238.)

to believe anything can be his salvation as well as his cross. As he finally says, "'now we can build an unselfish society by devoting to unselfishness the frenzy we once devoted to gold and to underpants' "(25). Trout says this in 1979 as he accepts the Nobel Prize for Medicine. Vonnegut's playfulness here is not without meaning. By 1979 Trout has become a true "doctor"—one who would restore us to health through good ideas.

Vonnegut is "rescued" from his own despondency by the example of Dwayne Hoover, but also through a speech by one of his other characters, Rabo Karebakian. Karebakian has contributed a painting to the Midland City Festival of the Arts called *The Temptation of Saint Anthony*. This huge picture consists of a green field painted in Hawaiian Avocado and a vertical orange stripe. The people of Midland City are outraged that Karebakian has received \$50,000 for the picture, but the artist is eloquent in his own defense. He gives his word of honor that the painting shows everything about life which truly matters, with nothing left out:

It is a picture of the awareness of every animal. It is the immaterial core of every animal — the 'I am' to which all messages are sent. . . . It is unwavering and pure, no matter what preposterous adventure may befall us. A sacred picture of Saint Anthony alone is one vertical, unwavering band of light. . . . Our awareness is all that is alive and maybe sacred in any of us. Everything else about us is dead machinery. (226)

This speech marks a dramatic reversal in Breakfast of Champions. We had been led to anticipate a climax where Trout would teach Hoover everything he didn't want to know about the vanity of human wishes. But before this encounter takes place, their creator stumbles upon a "spiritual climax" of his own. Vonnegut tells us that he is "transformed" by Karebakian's speech (223). He had feared that he might kill himself as his mother did (198). He had come to believe that "there was nothing sacred about myself or about any human being, that we were all machines, doomed to collide and collide and collide" (224-25). Karebakian's speech saves him because it suggests how we might "adapt ourselves to the requirements of chaos": by asserting our sacred awareness in the face of chaos itself. As Vonnegut says, "It is hard to adapt to chaos, but it can be done. I am living proof of that: It can be done" (215). By this point Vonnegut's dark "suspicion" about man's nature, expressed at the beginning of the novel, must be identified with the "bad ideas" Dwayne Hoover learns from Kilgore Trout. At the end of Breakfast of Champions Vonnegut rejects both the suspicion and the ideas, just as Trout will do in the last years of his life.

In the novel's final pages, this newly-rescued Vonnegut bestows a final gift upon his most famous creation. Vonnegut arranges a final meeting where he tells Trout that he is going to follow Jefferson's and Tolstoi's example and set all his literary characters at liberty. From now on, Trout is free (301-302). This gesture seems to have been misunderstood, for Otto Friedrich has said that Vonnegut "seems to conclude on an even grander destructive note, namely the destruction of his own fictional universe." Surely this is a distorted view of what Vonnegut is about. Just before he releases Trout from literary bondage, Vonnegut offers a second gift: an apple. As he tells Trout, "We Americans require symbols which are richly colored and three-dimensional and juicy. Most of all, we hunger for symbols which have not been poisoned by great sins our nation has committed, such as slavery and genocide and criminal neglect," (301). So he first offers Trout an apple, a superior symbol, then his freedom. Such an ending is hardly "destructive"; it might even seem terribly sentimental. To forestall this reading, Vonnegut has Trout call after him, "'Make me young, make me young, make me young!" (303). Freedom is not enough. Indeed, freedom can be frightening. Earlier, Trout has offered freedom to his parakeet, but the bird has flown back into his cage (35). There is always the danger that man will reject the possibilities inherent in his freedom. What is Vonnegut telling us on every page but that man has been doing just that from the beginning of time? But he is also telling us, in the fable he contrives, that only by asserting our freedom can we possibly adapt to the requirements of chaos. We can't make ourselves young again, but we can make ourselves more humane.

I say that Vonnegut contrives this fable because throughout Breakfast of Champions he insists on his role as master puppeteer. As Edward Grossman has said, "Vonnegut's figures are mechanical contrivances bathed in a stroboscopic glare—fleshless robots galvanized by his will, moving jerkily toward the next joke, moral, or plot-advancing surprise."18 Grossman is discussing Vonnegut's earlier novels, where the appearance of fleshless robots may be something less than artistically ideal. In this novel, however, there is no pretense about the status of Vonnegut's fictional creations. Toward the end, Vonnegut even seats himself at the same bar with his characters. While sipping his favorite drink, he proceeds to explain why he has decided to have these characters act as they do. (This Nabokovian device is of course anticipated in Slaughterhouse-Five.) This insistence on the artificiality of his dramatis personae emphasizes that there is really only one "character" in Breakfast of Champions. It is no accident that Karebakian's painting is named after Saint Anthony, for Breakfast of Champions is about its author's triumph over a great temptation. Saint Anthony's temptation was of the flesh and Vonnegut's is of the spirit, but we should know by now that it is the spirit which both kills and dies. At the end of this novel, Vonnegut's spirit refuses to die. "I am better now," he tells us. "Word of honor: I am better now." His hope is that we might all become "better." His message is that to do so we must resist the seductions of fatalism.

like his creator, Trout has become a devout pessimist in his old age



Kilgore Trout, in his optimistic youth, with Amelia Earhart

there would seem
to be no subtlety at all
to Vonnegut's attack

Poetry by William Wilborn

Out of Orofino into the green woods where the bar music does not carry into the silence the road takes him pulsing into her sinuous gut.

McConnell, "hair like a wooly Montana sheep," when you hit the wall, hard, did your love fly off with the ice cream cones one in each hand, as they rumored in Missoula?

That you should die with such clarity! like ferns into the sheer rock like Ektachrome thrown hard against a plastered wall.

Born transparent, colorless, out of a grey woman, a brown man out of South Dakota dust in wartime.

On the streets of Missoula, the brown hat of Smokey, like a mound of loam behind the wheel, follows you down to Eddy's.

And after, into your room, into the folded uplands of your brain the brown man follows, heavy as clay, retaining rain.

The brown men are selling our mother— Mood's father, my grandfather, Swedes, men from Minnesota, Irish, dead men we love.

Their desks in our houses are full of memoranda, paperweights heavy with snow:

McConnell, flocky hair, ride heavy into the wilderness for us.

Audiophage

New York (AP) Employing a fine nylon mesh suspended in the parterre, technicians today successfully filtered Schubert's "Trout" Quintet (Op. 114) from the air of Carnegie Hall. The process, called "winnowing," confirms for the first time the particularity of music which appears to be scaly in structure. It is hygroscopic, and when allowed freely to absorb water, formed a thick, bad-smelling paste, that weighed in at just under two pounds. At present the process (owned by the Grumman Corporation) offers only a limited challenge to conventional recording methods largely because of the odor of the preserved performance. This limitation seems to apply also to the spoken word. A "winnow" of William Blake's "The Tyger" (read by Lorne Greene) yielded a quantity of pungent yellow grease "not at all palatable to the average poetry fan," according to a Grumman spokesman. The immediate appeal of winnows, he suggested, will be limited to the cultured outdoorsman, hunter or fisherman, "that rare Jeffersonian aristocrat who would bear his culture lightly on his back, even unto the howling wilderness."

The Hole

Edward Steiner of Blaydon England when after twenty years you thrust the little knotted rug aside and pried your floorboards up you must have known the cold sufficiently then that stiffens on the cottage floor in every shire's end in England

against the woolens
against the slippers and the seacoal
and all the little popping
gas-grates
in England.

("While searching for the source of a draft he had felt for twenty years in his living toom, Edward Steiner of Blaydon England pulled up the floorboards and found a hole 1000 feet deep." Esquire, January, 1972)

Tableau Vivant

The rain fell on the roof.

Dropping from puffy clouds it fell, in Studebaker curves, like words

into the trough or gutter, pleasant, into the angled drainpipe into the green and glossy grass.

The man stands in the door his enamel all crazed as if to fall in shards around him. The glassy sun shivers on his brittleness.

So immaculate is memory.
The man in the house is dying, who was vital.

The Library Party

In Missoula Montana the youths surround the library, whose frescos picture trout and broken falling ladders; their spectacles are thick and wibbly, like glassy walls of locker rooms.

Beer! The library brims with beer!
Fifteen-thousand-five-hundred gallons
to its frosty lip! The books are made
of gutta-percha, some are mistaken
for gumboots! A youth is crushed!

Everyone has gone home. A man towels down a book. His eyes are salmon eggs, Pautzke's "Balls o' Fire": gravely he reads the grave rubbery words. Outside the ladders finally hit the ground.

The Doctor

drives balloon tires over the leaves barely pressing them.

They yield a fine dry aromatic crackle as of

a vase of roses on the radio where baseball

quivers into words some Sunday years ago

in Jersey. This is the doctor, this is Doc Williams, his words

now.

Wallace Stevens Seen From the Air: The picnic at Hartford

He made the path he made the point of a world in generation, blazing his locus in the long grass of a clearing. The woods imploded constantly, as if a fuse, in some film of Cocteau retracted fire from the very air and spun its powdery cord again. It was as if, when Duchamp's shingle factory burst, the shingles all leapt back into their trees, into the integer of woods he walked in, integrating. It was like that, but the grass stood up and shook itself in memory, and the shingles of the cottages gave back the summer sun as usual. It was the integer of words, not of the woods itself that made the clearing seem a clearing; he crossed it widdershins, muttering, into an old symmetry of stone and shadow. The empty grass shuddered once, resumed: the world took place.

The Last Romantics

It is amazing how
a wet soda-cracker
resembles an oyster
said W. B. Yeats to
Maud Gonne (momently
an odor as of roses!)
: How do you like the soup?
she replied, that
swan-like gal.





Carol Forest studies print making and textile design at UNR as well as photography. She has exhibited in the Spring 1976 Student Show and is represented in the 1976 Student Print Collection Revolving Exhibition and an Art Dept. publication. Wide Open Beavers (1975). The photo at left was to chosen to be in the recent Sierra Silver Photography Show at UNR.

Forest

Memorial Day 1967

Military music, like quiver of sun off concrete, beats on the mind in waves. Fifty yard across the grass, frayed piping, brass buttons sprung, a butcher guides the city band.

Memorial day in wartime, and we've come home; My son is squatting in a pool the New Deal built for me, My wife's hem observes a wartime high, and everything comes round again.

Comes round again to me, who might be hiding in this shade.

Am I supposed to be my father, smiling, thumbs up under the fuselage in a dusty frame, waiting the shiver of plexiglas over France?

This morning, while the air was still clean, We laid the flowers. The bugler toyed with his horn, warming the mouthpiece. That, I know, was me: I rode in a pick-up with veterans in chrome helmets, and they put me on a rise near my grandmother. Three ragged volleys; I drew in the taste of brass and played, the long shadow of my shako cast out on the turf. I was a high school kid; he was a grateful veteran, said I did a good job. Ask him now, he'd say I'm not my father's son.

But I know the music. I know, from the dark parlor where my grandmother talked, of lilacs in a glass beside an older picture, and I have heard her sing the songs of that war: they play them still, between the Goldman cornet pieces.

It comes round to me: I'm not my father, but it's wrong to say I'm not his son: my teeth join like his, I can see it where he smiles; his lips would meet the horn like mine.

And more, I know this noise
the butcher waves out from aldermen;
I played the music for that life
and would have lived it,
left my child a snapshot instead of words, a different irony
for him to read, if he could read it.

It comes again; the irony is in our lives,
And though no words would make a veteran understand,
I claim my patrimony in the images which crowd
the mind this day of memory, and in the pain
of this dumb sound I know my kin.

-William Wilborn



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