

Student Curriculum Resolutions

by Jill Stewart

In a call for action unlike anything seen before on this campus, a group of about 375 people—predominately students—met in CAB 110 yesterday, Nov. 19, to discuss student involvement in policy and curriculum planning. After three major resolutions were passed by the group during the three-hour meeting, about 145 people—including some faculty—marched in an orderly procession to Vice President and Provost Ed Kormondy's office on the third floor of the library.

Although Kormondy was not in town, a petition was presented to his office which all students have a chance to sign today before 3 pm. The petition reads:

We, the undersigned, resolve:

That a two day moratorium will be held, calling off all classes and school business, so that students, faculty, and staff can hold teach-ins for the purpose of discussing the processes of restructuring, governance, and planning at Evergreen.

The dates of this teach-in shall be November 24 and 25.

We resolve that the faculty and staff have these two days off with pay, for the purpose of attending the teach-ins.

Three other resolutions were passed at the meeting which represented the feelings of the group. The resolutions were:

I. The students of Evergreen assembled here today resolve that any restructuring of the Evergreen program should occur only after maximum student involvement and that students shall be an integral part in any decision making body dealing with these changes.

II. We resolve that a moratorium be placed on enactment of all restructuring proposals until the students have formed an organization that will have a deciding voice in that restructuring.

III. Be it resolved that the above petition advocating a two-day teach-in be taken to Ed Kormondy this afternoon. If this petition dealing with this teach-in is

not accepted and enacted upon, a strike will be called.

THE MEETING

With the room filled to capacity by 12:30 pm, late-comers squeezed into the hallways and strained to see the person talking. The dynamics of the group fluctuated, at times volatile, at times coldly rational.

Representatives of student organizations—including the Women's Center, the Gay Center and the Third World Coalition—began by giving brief statements concerning the lack of support from the administration in areas such as curriculum planning. They cited student and faculty-proposed programs that were dropped without explanation, and, also, the refusal to hire gay faculty—harkening back to the Chuck Harbaugh controversy of last year—as a few of their grievances.

As the meeting opened, individuals shared past experiences they felt were incompatible with the "way Evergreen should be," such as student-initiated program proposals forced to compete with faculty program proposals, no real influence in the firing or hiring of faculty and the up-to-now inability of faculty,

staff and students to affect any changes in these situations. A few faculty and staff also spoke out on these problems.

The tension in the group became evident when a vote for a resolution was called. The resolution—which was resoundingly defeated by the group—would have "used the consultative pool (formed by Dean Lynn Patterson) as an interim mechanism to coordinate student involvement in curriculum." As the debate on this issue increased, a predictable situation in a group this large developed. A few people became unreasonably obnoxious, cutting others short, snubbing the moderator, and pursuing any immediate thought aloud. At some point in this confusion, more than 50 people filtered out, obviously unhappy with the change in the tone of the meeting.

The situation vacillated from that point between long periods of reasonable discussion to upsurges of noise and anger. The original moderator stepped down, replaced by a woman with a greater knowledge of parliamentary procedure to guide the group. Despite occasional stagnation in the discussion, there was surprising cooperation and progress

among a group as large as the one yesterday.

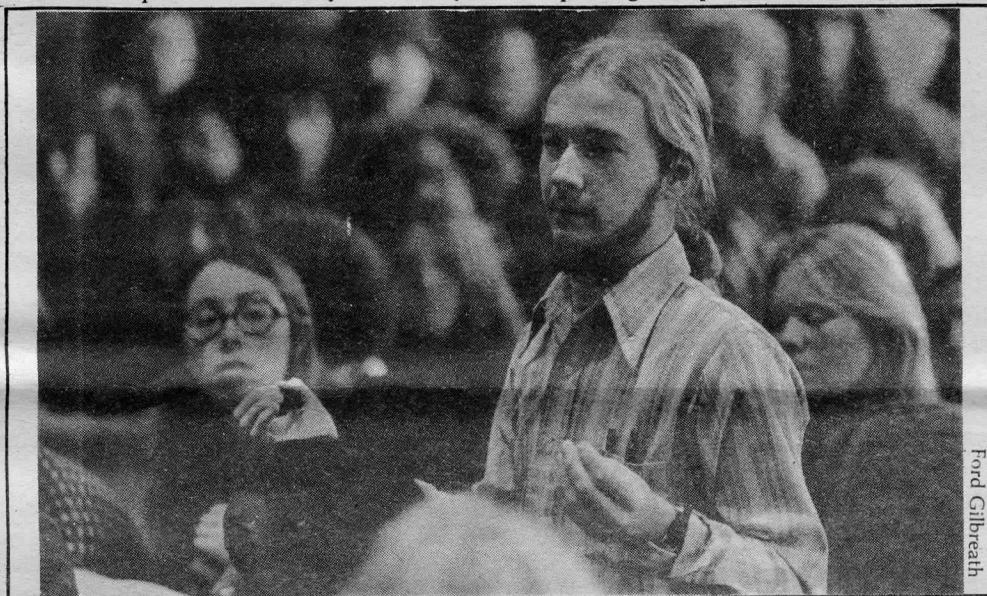
The first resolution was passed largely in response to Merv Cadwallader's structural change proposal (see page one). Students were concerned that they are not being included in planning their own education—in obvious disagreement with statements put forth in the yearly Evergreen catalog. No resolution was made to either support or reject his ideas, however, partly because many people have not seen the proposal yet, and partly because those students familiar with it are on both sides of the issue, but most because the issue is not the point. The concern is with student absence in planning all areas of their education, including re-structuring the college. An overwhelming majority approved the resolution.

Resolution two is aimed at giving Evergreen students time to form a cohesive, stable organization to represent them in any planning for re-structuring of the college. It also demands a decision-making role for students in any re-structuring.

Resolution three demands, through petitioning, enactment of two consecutive days, called "Teach-Ins," for all staff, faculty and students to disregard other activities and seriously share and discuss problems and successes in the structure, policy and curriculum of Evergreen. The organizational-planning of these two days will begin at noon, today, in CAB 110, and all are encouraged to attend.

Kormondy will respond to the petition on the moratorium in CAB 110 at 3 pm today. A large crowd is expected. Petitions on the moratorium resolution are available at the Information Kiosk, and anyone is welcome to circulate or sign them for the 3 pm meeting with Kormondy.

The march to Kormondy's office by the 145 people drew curious stares and questions from bystanders—"Hey, what's going on?" The great umbrella of apathy protecting this campus has apparently lifted.



Ford Gilbreath

Restructuring Evergreen

by Bill Taylor and Sam Solomon

A faculty member's plan to divide Evergreen into four separate colleges is one of many plans proposed during this past week in response to a steadily growing awareness of student needs and institutional demands. Students concerned with finding processes for change have been organizing to become a creative and necessary component in the formulation of any plans for future curriculum or restructuring of the college.

The plan to divide the school into four separate colleges, proposed by faculty member Merv Cadwallader, was put forth in response to a "nosedive in enrollment," coupled with what Cadwallader sees as a "kind of a mandate" from the recent Washington State Council on Postsecondary Education (CPE) report.

"The reason I'm stirring the pot now is I've become increasingly disturbed over the enrollment picture," said Cadwallader. "We could see as far back as two years ago the coming nosedive in enrollment. The crisis is serious enough that the faculty should get agitated."

Cadwallader also pointed to the CPE report which—while recognizing Evergreen's role as "the" innovative college to serve the entire state—concluded that Evergreen must also do something else; the school must serve the needs of potential students within its own regional "service area," the southwestern portion of the state.

Cadwallader's plan would divide Evergreen into four separate colleges, each with a separate dean and operating budget. Faculty would have freedom to move around between colleges, but would be asked to identify with a home college. Students would be permitted to enter any one of the colleges and move around freely, "as advised."

The basic differences between Cadwal-

lader's plan and Evergreen's existing structure lie in the division of the school, the more exact delineation of responsibilities and duties of deans, the increased emphasis on "majors" and what Cadwallader calls "interdisciplinary departments," the introduction of a graduate school and the decrease in size of the coordinated studies curriculum.

College One, or "The College of Coordinated Studies," would consist of 30 faculty members serving about 500 students. Faculty members would be selected for their competence as well as desire to teach in the coordinated studies mode. The school would offer four or five basic, and two or three advanced programs.

College Two, consisting of half of Evergreen's faculty and students, would offer "several major areas of interdisciplinary study" and "stable opportunities for students to pursue a major course of study." Cadwallader divides this school, which he calls "The College of Interdisciplinary and Disciplinary Studies Through Group Contracts, Courses, and Individual Contracts," into several loose departments. Among them are "Area of the Policy Sciences," "Area of Environmental Studies," "Area of Visual and Performing Arts," and others.

College Three, "The College of Special Studies," would focus on individual work, both on and off campus. It would have 20 faculty and offer co-op education, internships, external credit, self-paced learning, and other individual modes of study.

College Four, "The College of Graduate Studies in Public Policy," would offer evening courses and individual contract work to ward a masters degree in that subject. Its ten faculty members would also teach courses in College Two.

Cadwallader sees as major advantages to his plan the facts that the offering of

regular, specified courses will help attract more students to the school; the division of the school into four units with separate deans would increase their effectiveness while forcing a more active role on the academic vice-president; and a solution to the problem of coordinated studies programs which "blow up" because faculty and students are forced into them against their wills.

Cadwallader and faculty member Richard Alexander, a proponent of the plan, feel that every advantage of the proposal will reinforce the main one—that of meeting the problem of declining enrollment. "We've got to make Evergreen attractive to students so they'll come here instead of PLU or elsewhere," said Alexander.

Opposition to Cadwallader

The major faculty opposition to Cadwallader's plan comes in the form of apprehensions about the potential competition, isolation, and elitism that could result from splitting the school into four colleges.

"A hierarchy is inevitable with any kind of division." "Some aspects will have more status, especially in terms of faculty," said faculty member Greg Portnoff.

In seeking discussion and suggestions on the plan, Cadwallader has been holding a series of meetings among small groups of faculty members at his home. Since the first meeting on Nov. 10, Cadwallader has talked to close to half the faculty in this manner. He plans to present the proposal at a faculty work-day meeting scheduled for this Wednesday, Nov. 26.

"The issue is not whether Cadwallader's plan is good or bad," said student Leslie Owen, "but that it's being conceived and

discussed in a matter ignoring that we're all in this process and must get together."

Cadwallader denies he is deliberately ignoring students in the presentation of his plan, but points to his upcoming presentation of it to Dean Lynn Patterson's curriculum "consultative pool" and pleads time restrictions for not doing more as he prepares for presentation of the plan to the faculty at Wednesday's meeting.

Student Donald Brooks believes that Cadwallader has deeper obligations to students. "I don't know anything about it and I want to know why I don't know anything about it," said Brooks.

Administrative Vice-President Ed Kormondy views Cadwallader's plan as "one of several" ways to examine and re-examine Evergreen's original structure in attempts to solve problems such as the proper support of coordinated studies programs and improvement of the efficiency of the deans. However, Kormondy does not view declining enrollment as a major problem—yet the seriousness of this problem is precisely what Cadwallader sees as the primary argument in favor of adopting his plan. "Next spring I may be eating my words," said Kormondy, "but this is the turnaround year for declining enrollment. The enrollment nosedive is not happening."

Faculty member Greg Portnoff also believes Cadwallader's plan is addressed to the wrong problem, but has yet another view of the relevant concerns. He sees Evergreen's internal difficulties as stemming primarily from human failings (e.g., inability to do quality teaching, inability to cooperate) rather than systematic ones. "Structural changes cop out on these problems," says Portnoff. "Enrollment difficulties could be handled by far less radical surgery; for example

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LETTERS



Gregory Krall

BRING BACK MY PORTFOLIO TO ME

To the Editor:

Dear people out there: Last week I left a red portfolio outside of Sem. rm. 4151. And now I can't find it. . . Please return it whoever found it. I have looked everywhere for it and can't locate it. The paper inside it is worthless except to me for my research project this quarter, and also in it are all my notes from this quarter in Africa and the U.S. I have a green folder (3-ring notebook), and a manila folder with a red label — "Africa and the U.S. October" inside it. I am offering a \$20 reward, no questions asked. Please please please . . .

Red

FROM MEXICO

Last Saturday morning (Oct. 18), seven students left for Mexico City and parts unknown accompanied by four people who had also been studying here, but aren't Evergreeners. Eight students remained, then Karl Franz (author of *A People's Guide to Mexico*) and two others took off on a backpacking trip in the Sierras north of here. Those remaining have a really full schedule: five hours of Spanish, six hours of seminars and 15 hours of voluntary work each week. Sergio Dorado, my co-coordinator, is teaching the Spanish classes. I'm doing the seminars. We're reading one book a week or a part of one (from our book list) for one session, and in the other we discuss our voluntary work, sharing what we've learned with the others. So far, the book seminar has been in English (most of the first books we're

reading are in English) and the second is in Spanish.

Our voluntary work is fascinating — one student is probing public services — electricity and water, how it's distributed and regulated; one is learning weaving from two masters here; one is working in a tienda and a cantina (bar); another is attending classes and teaching English in a secondary school. We're all a lot busier than we'd imagined — have fiestas every time we can dream up an occasion and since we all have good imaginations . . .! On weekends we go on excursions — yesterday (Oct. 25) drove for hours up in the hills in the back of a truck to visit a mine. It was an incredible experience just being there. People kept asking *what* could have brought you *here*? First gringos they'd ever seen.

We've been particularly lucky to have met a group of professors and grad students from Southern Illinois University who are working on a dig only eight kilometers from here. Besides being able to visit the ruins and learn first-hand from a very able Doctor Kelly, the other professors have given us several hours of their time to introduce the students to pre-Columbian Mexican culture, and relate it to current conditions and practices. They've all done huge amounts of field work here, have practically lived here for 20 years, speak excellent Spanish and are generally very fine people.

This town is becoming more and more interesting the longer we stay. The population is 4,000 but swells to a good 5,000 on weekends, particularly Sunday, market day.

There are a few frictions here and there, but we're adapting very well — when Karl Franz arrived, he couldn't believe how friendly the people were here and how beautiful the town is. We're situated in the hills — or Sierra Mountains — at 7,300 feet above sea level; a 419 year old town called Chalchihuites (we celebrated the anniversary of the town's founding two weeks ago, but that's another story) clustered around a beautiful cathedral and gardens.

Food is another involved subject. It's really good, but not much variation, and certainly different from Moreno's and Taco Time! Our dinners are always consistent — soup, rice, stew, beans and *lots* of tortillas! At times we have enchiladas, tacos, or chili reelenos, but they are certainly a treat rather than regular fare. There is just one kind of cheese here and it's very distinctive; beer, tequila and coke are everywhere and the milk is true "raw" milk. Everyone's been sick but me — I just had a cold from the change in climate. It's quite warm during the day — in the 80's — and cool at night. The houses all have walls at least 18 inches thick, so it's always quite cool inside.

Hope all is well at Evergreen. Do write soon. Tell everyone we're sorry you're not here!

Susan Fiksdal
Faculty member
Mexico Program

POOR WHITES

To the Editor:

After reading the Honkey Pig letter and the reactions to it I feel there are a couple of points that I should address. First, There are a lot of poor white people who attend Evergreen. We aren't all rich and middle class. Believe it or not there are a few of us who don't come from Bellevue, Mercer Island, Westchester County New York, or other relatively middle class, affluent, obnoxious, places. Not all of us can afford to "call up daddy and ask for a little more money." Some of us whites wouldn't be here if financial aid or the government didn't help us out.

Secondly, Even though poor whites are oppressed in this society, I don't want to form another center or coalition. After all, Evergreen has plenty of those already. You see I was here before factionalism became the thing to do. The good old days when it was us against them. (Them being everyone outside of Evergreen.) Now it has eroded to us against us. Honkey Pig and the reaction to him brilliantly illustrated that point for us. There was a lot of hate contained in those letters. I'm not saying that we should disband the coalitions, or that they are inherently bad. The problems facing Evergreen are real and should be dealt with. But before we huddle into our own little opposing groups let's take a good look at what we are losing.

A member of the P.W.N.C.
(Poor White NonCoalition)

Shoplifting in Olympia

To the Editor:

As an advocate working in the legal aid office at Evergreen, I have repeatedly run across a situation which I feel should be brought to the attention of the community.

Since our office opened a year ago, a number of students have come in because they were arrested for shoplifting. There seems to be a common misconception about the severity with which this offense is regarded by the courts. An individual who is convicted of shoplifting in Olympia municipal court is likely to be fined from \$150 to \$200, regardless of the value of the item stolen. We recently spoke with a person who received a \$200 fine, and a 30-day suspended jail sentence for shoplifting an 87 cent item.

Many of the students who have visited our office concerning shoplifting problems were arrested at Sea Mart. It seems that Sea Mart has a very efficient security system, and they prosecute even the most petty offenses. Perhaps this information will deter people who cannot afford to pay exorbitant fines.

Sarah Garraty

WATCH OUT BIKERS

To the Editor:

To a bicycle rider of Evergreen: I almost killed you the other night—I don't know who you are, but you came out of the dark on Cooper Point Road with no lights and one reflector on your bike.

If I had been going any faster or you any slower, you might be residing at Selene and Eros Funeral Home, or at the very least, you would be recovering in St. Peter's Hospital from the impact of my truck. (I wouldn't feel too great myself).

I plead with you and all Evergreen bicyclists: get lights and reflectors for you and your bike (leg lights are most effective and cost about \$3.) Also, wear light clothing so a car's headlights reflect on your clothes (you spent quite a bit of money on that neat bike; doesn't it make sense to have lights so you'll be alive to ride it?)

Plus, the fine for not having working lights on your bicycle or body can be as much as \$25. So, here's the choice: a \$3 light; a \$25 fine; or a \$1,000 funeral you won't even be around to see?

Name Withheld by Request

TOODLES

To the Editor:

Gary Kaufman's joke in last week's Journal about assassinating Ford had us in the dorms rolling on the floor in laughter. We especially like the part where Gary said that nobody has tried to kill Ford for almost a month, but what really had us roaring was when he said, "Better luck next time folks."

Hey, Gary, now do one how Betty Ford hasn't had a mastectomy for many months. Then say, "Better luck next time folks." Get it, Gary? We knew you'd like it. Feel free to use this witty blurb if you can't come up with anything funnier. Or repeat your Ford joke—we can't get over how witty and perceptive it was. The thing we like about you, Gary, is that you speak on our level. Toodles.

The IQ 80 Club

The Journal welcomes all signed letters to the Editor and prints them as space permits. To be considered for publication that week, letters must be received no later than noon on the Wednesday preceding the Thursday of publication. Letters received after deadline will be considered for publication in the next issue. Letters that are typed, double-spaced and 700 words or less have a better chance to get in.

Generally, a photo or original art is also published on the letters page. Subjects may concern Evergreen community life, or may be just interesting and unusual. To be considered for publication, photos/art must also be submitted before noon on the Wednesday preceding the Thursday of publication. Submission size: preferably 5" x 7" or 8" x 10, although other sizes are acceptable. Black-and-white only and name, address and phone must be on submissions. All originals will be returned.

Classified

Beautiful, new 2 bdrm., 1½ bath townhouse, view of lower Puget Sound, — bus line, convenient access to freeway. No young children or pets. Call 357-9875.

Small, furry, Shepherd-type dog seeks loving home. Male, one year old, very smart (even does tricks). 943-5336 evenings, 866-6107 days.

Couple needs single bdrm house for winter quarter. Jan. 1. I am experienced handyman, willing to do work for reduced rent. Call Rick, 5190.

Crescent 10 speed 24" full 531 frame & forks — seweups — Campe hubs — Suntour G.T. derailier — showroom condition. \$320 invested, will sell for \$240. 866-5170.

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On Curriculum

by Jill Stewart

Throughout the many discussions of curriculum planning, master planning, and structure changes recently, Academic Dean Lynn Patterson is in a position to reflect upon the events of the past week. She is the dean directly responsible for curriculum planning for next year.

Patterson stressed that if students are going to try to change the decision-making process and obtain power and authority, they should look at the whole COG document, recognizing specific instances (such as curriculum) as not being the root of the problem.

"If COG isn't working or isn't responsive, we should look at the whole governance issue. These curriculum issues are convenient for rallying, but they don't speak to the underlying question," she said.

While she agreed that energy and excitement are running high this week, she cautioned that energy "not be diffused from solid discussions. I hope students will read and make comments on the faculty proposals and engage faculty in discussions of them. It would be a waste if energy was focused on governance, decision-making or Merv Cadwallader."

To further affirm her feeling that information is the key to curriculum planning, Patterson urged students to read the faculty proposals for next year, 1976-77, and the following year, 1977-78. The proposals have been posted near her new office on the second floor of the library by the elevator. A suggestion box will be available for responses to the proposals made thus far. Patterson will personally read each response. She noted that the deadline for proposals has been extended to Dec. 1 to allow more time for planning student-initiated programs, but these groups must have a faculty sponsor

AND NOW . . . TWENTY POINTS

by Neil Marshall

A new curriculum has been designed each year in Evergreen's past. One of the unfortunate results of this yearly planning is that no one knows the shape of Evergreen's curriculum more than a year in advance. Currently-enrolled students have no guarantee that future offerings will meet their future wants. And each spring, students must reorder their priorities to meet the offerings as they appear during registration week.

Sometimes students find a course that lines up exactly with their wants, but more often we compromise some wants for others and sign into a program meeting our major interest along with other less important interests.

This situation is compounded for new students who have never taken an Evergreen course. Students who can't know what the offerings will be until late spring, when many have already chosen their college and their courses within it.

In order to correct for this unpredictability, Dean Lynn Patterson is currently developing a curriculum for next year and the year after. The idea for developing a two-year curriculum was first discussed at the Lake Quinault Planning Retreat last March. By that group, and by Lynn, it is felt that Evergreen has operated long enough to recognize the general outlines of its curriculum. If this is so, there is good reason to abstract this outline and to present it to current and prospective students. This outline would guarantee all students that certain types of educational opportunities will be offered by this school for the next two years.

Patterson has drawn up such an outline and it contains what she calls, "the 20 'must be's' for curriculum 76-77 and 77-78." Patterson doesn't feel she has necessarily included all of the points that should be included, or that what she has included is in every case the right thing. Because of this, she has formed a pool of 50 students — two from each program and contract — to read over the points and inform her of what they lack or misstate.

The pool of students has felt that all students should have the opportunity to review these points and to give input both to the pool and to Patterson about them. The pool members from your program should have a meeting this week or early next week to discuss these points with you.

To facilitate this, the Journal is printing the 20 points. We hope you'll read them over, think of their merits and demerits and attend the program meeting relating

or backer. Each group should make several copies of their proposal, posting one on the wall with the others and giving one to Patterson's secretary. An additional wall is located in the Lab Building, first floor near the Cooperative Education Office.

On the issue of faculty and students working together to plan curriculum, she was optimistic. However, she went on to say, "There is a sense among faculty that there are certain issues with regard to academic credit, curriculum planning and hiring that faculty have traditionally held to be in their domain. My sense is that indeed there would be much controversy and disagreement on the part of a large number of faculty were we to propose that faculty and students had equal determination of curriculum."

Another question being raised often is that of actually empowering students to make curriculum decisions. Patterson's thoughts: "Faculty don't make curriculum decisions. The four academic deans have all the decision-making authority as a delegation. They can choose to involve people in many ways. They have chosen to use involvement from students and faculty. You can be sure that if students got power like this while faculty have no power, they are certainly going to say, 'Wait a minute!'"

Patterson pointed out that under the present system, relaying information to the deans is necessary.

"So long as we (faculty) believe that we have deans who really can listen and assimilate information, who are moderately wise and intelligent and able to make decisions, then we can free ourselves to teach. We have to believe that these people can do the work, and support them. The support is information. Keep them informed. Deans have to know what is going on from both faculty and students," she said.

to them.

I. A number of basic programs (7) which develop facility in reading and writing and provide for familiarity with basic concepts/tools in several disciplines. They should be good starting points for any future college work. They should have some similarities but each with a clearly different emphasis.

II. At least one of these basic programs would clearly deal in large measure with visual and performing arts, and understanding and appreciation rather than a training ground for professional work . . . but with focus on reading, writing analysis.

III. A number of programs — probably 5 — which are designed to teach method and theory in specific disciplines, with problem solving or applied focus, plus one program or good contract each year which teaches method and theory in social science through community study field work experience.

IV. At least one program which features an area study with intensive language study.

V. An opportunity for intensive language training in a summer total immersion setting.

VI. One program which provides an opportunity for performance as a major focus of activity/development of expressive techniques, but not to be thought of as advanced professional training in any performance area — and not "basic" unless it has the other qualities of a basic program, specifically clear theme, major focus on reading, writing, analysis, book seminars.

VII. Opportunity to participate in credit-generating performance groups through modules in chamber orchestra, jazz ensemble and chorus.

VIII. Opportunity for study in environmental/biological sciences program, group contract and individual contract levels each year.

IX. Opportunity for study in specific subject matter through evening modules designed to support program activities. These modules will include at a minimum these next two years general chemistry, calculus, pre-calculus, organic chemistry, statistics, general physics, biology, life drawing, music theory and image making.

X. Opportunity for study in visual arts through programs at basic level (see above) and through the following types of group contracts: one each in conceptual art, 2-dimensional art, 3-dimensional art and photography or film.

XI. Opportunity for study of proposals, techniques and theory in the field of communications in an interdisciplinary program aimed at intermediate to advanced students.

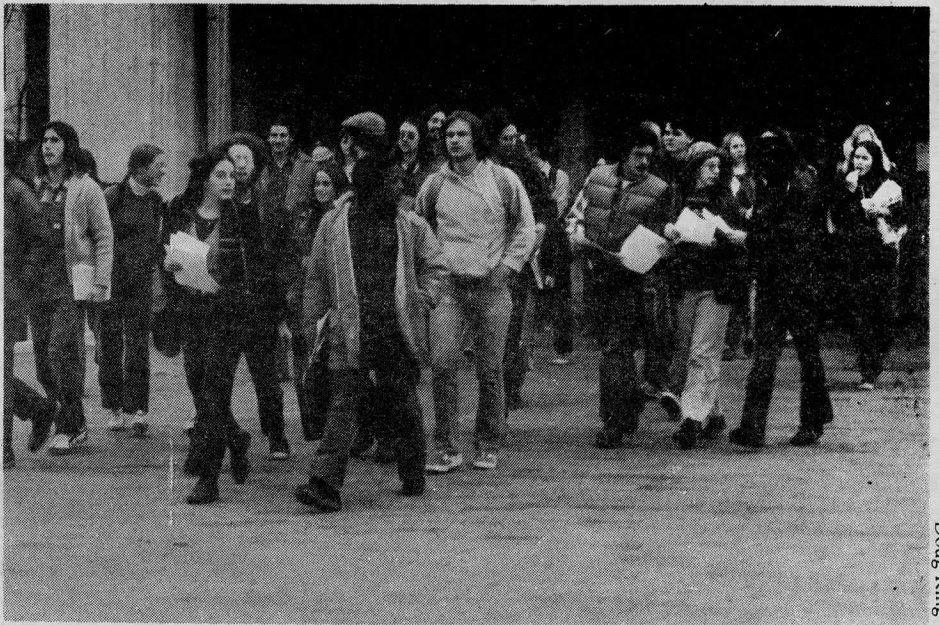
XII. Opportunity for intensive work in group contract mode in the following social science areas each year: history, sociology/anthropology, psychology and political economy.

XIII. Opportunity for advanced individual work or internships with faculty assigned to contract pool, five each from humanities, natural sciences, social sciences and at least three from arts/media.

XIV. For the next two years a program designed for those students interested primarily in studying management/administration/public affairs within an interdisciplinary setting, to be available at hours suitable for students who work part or full-time.

XV. A Native American studies program designed primarily for Native American students.

XVI. One advanced humanities program which operates at a lower faculty/student ratio than normal, with support of funds from national endowment.



Doug King

continued from page 1

three or four coordinated studies programs run solely during the evenings and weekends, or perhaps a serious commitment to women's studies."

Klyn Offers Plan

"I agree we need changes," says faculty member Stan Klyn. "Lack of definition confuses a lot of people. We do a lot of lying. We need to be more honest. If we say students will participate, let's find a process for this to happen."

Klyn has proposed a plan of his own consisting of a college with three major components. The first would be "Continual Studies." Encompassing 40 percent of the faculty with an average teacher/student ratio of twenty-two to one, Continual Studies would provide an ongoing content curriculum on all undergraduate levels.

Continual Studies would be "offered periodically and continually on a predefined schedule" so that students desiring this mode of study would have a clear idea of what choices would be available to them. Klyn's plan did not elaborate on specific curriculum but said "content would be determined by faculty."

The second component of Klyn's plan is "Experimental Studies; to provide diversity and exploration/development." Fifty percent of the faculty would be assigned to this area, resulting in seventeen to one student/faculty ratio average. Programs and study modes in this area would be innovative and explorative. "It is here we try many different approaches to deal with education," said Klyn. In this experimental component "Neither mode nor content are predefined. Students and faculty determine both on a need and interest basis."

As well as dealing with an eclectic curriculum, an intrinsic part of the Experimental Studies component would be programs which continually evaluated overall needs of the college, with students and faculty doing this work together.

The third component in Klyn's proposal would be Topical Studies—"to provide specialization and depth." This program would be open to seniors of Evergreen, graduates of other four-year colleges, and working professional people. Ten percent of the faculty would be assigned to this area, providing a fifteen to one student/faculty ratio. Says Klyn, "This component would focus on multi- and interdisciplinary study of a highly focused topic of contemporary social concern, e.g. 'Energy—Present and Alternative Uses.'" Klyn speculates that one and possibly two topical areas of study would be dealt with during every two years with a new topic offered at the end of the two year period. In this component studies would culminate in "major publication and a public symposium."

Klyn feels that the problem of restructuring is something that no one and no one proposal could solve. Klyn says, "I am arguing for the existence of many proposals so that we can seriously grapple with all the issues. We must all be together in building a solution."

All Plans Immaterial

Faculty member Joye Peskin offered not a plan, but a process for evaluating the need for any plan at all—a process for evaluating individual power with a desire for creating a coalition between students, faculty and staff. "The process I am looking at is one where people start talking with one another," said Peskin.

Peskin sees the problem as being one of a basic incongruity between governance policies and the needs of students, staff, faculty and community.

Faculty member Susan Strasser agrees. "How plans are decided on and implemented is as big a problem as Merv's plan itself. I am against the COG (Committee on Governance) document and the ideas inherent to it," she said. The COG document delegates power to the administration alone.

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Hooker St. James

by John Dodge

An overflow crowd jammed Lecture Hall 1 Wednesday night to hear Margo St. James—Chairmadam of COYOTE (Call Off Your Old Tired Ethics)—rap about the role of the prostitute in society.

Margo St. James took the stage after a presentation of the film "Hookers." A casual, self-assured woman, Margo introduced herself as born and raised in Bellingham. Flashing a toothy smile, she told the audience that COYOTE, a loose woman's organization, was founded on Mother's Day in 1973. She followed her opening remarks with this recital:

"any woman can be a whore
any woman is a whore
but man can't tell the difference."

Scattered applause followed.

Margo talked about the need for feminist support at the national level to enable COYOTE to realize its goal of

XVII. At least three off-campus offerings in the form of small intense programs designed to meet needs of off-campus students, i.e. state workers, Tacoma, probably a new program someplace in Southwestern Washington area. Faculty will be assigned to work with these groups.

XVIII. One faculty member who has major part of assignment coordinates study program, individualized or group, for Evergreen staff.

XIX. Two faculty members assigned to provide counsel to students in preparation of external credit documents.

XX. One program or group contract each year which deals specifically with concerns/issues/themes important to Third World students and women students.

I estimate that doing all these things would require approximately 90 faculty members — we've got about 120

decriminalization of prostitution. Here in the Washington State legislature, Representative Kalich has sponsored House Bill 727 which calls for legalization and control of prostitution. Legalization would include licensing prostitutes and placing them under the jurisdiction of the State Board of Health. Although personally unfamiliar with the bill, Margo voiced displeasure with any bill advocating legalization, rather than decriminalization.

In an issue that strikes close to home (Martin Way between Olympia and Tacoma), Ms. St. James categorized massage parlors as the "the epitome of rip-offs." The prostitute working out of massage parlors or brothels pays up to half of her earnings to the boss. Margo was persistent in her demand that "whores" be allowed to manage their own lives.

A little closer to campus, Margo stated figures showing that the venereal disease rate among prostitutes is 3 percent compared with up to 25 percent among college student populations. She said the typical "trick" ranges in age from 35 to 55. "It has been my experience that customers under 25 are bad news," said Margo. "They are often insecure, brutal, and want their money back."

Chairmadam St. James revealed some interesting statistics about women engaged in "the worlds oldest profession." "Of the 'whores' I have talked to, over 90 percent entered the profession between the ages of 13 to 17," Margo said. "And 90 percent were also incest victims in their youth."

IN BRIEF

DEAN NOMINATIONS

by Bob Herron and Chris Carroll

Eight faculty members nominated for deanships now held by Lynn Patterson and Rudy Martin, will under-go interviews with the Dean Screening Disappearing Task Force next week, which will try to submit a non-prioritized list of four finalists to Provost Ed Kormondy by Dec. 5. Kormondy will announce his selections for the two posts by Dec. 15.

The academic deans, under a three year rotating policy, are to work "under the general direction of the Vice President and Provost" to "support the total academic effort of the college, including leadership and planning, implementation of policies, consultation on procedures, and evaluation of programs and faculty members."

A nominee must have served for at least one academic year as a full-time member of the faculty and have been involved in coordinated studies. Nominated for deanship are: Bob Barnard, Richard Brian, Betty Estes, Mary Ellen Hillaire, Richard Jones, Mark Papworth, Niels Skov and Bill Winden.

PQF's (Personal Qualification Folders) on all nominees are available in the Library and students are urged to comment on them. The PQF's contain letters and evaluations by deans, other faculty, and in some, students, concerning the overall performance of the individuals as faculty members.

The DTF, presented a list of critical issues for each candidate to comment on. The list asked for ideas on issues such as student recruitment, long range planning for the college, the nature and advisability of special programs for Third World students and women, and the fulfilling of student needs "With respect to teaching introductory bodies of knowledge in specific fields."

In light of the present furor over curriculum planning and the concern for real student say-so in the matter, it is interesting to note the apparent assumption that this student voice is not a

"critical issue". This may be due to ignorance on the part of faculty and the administration, the ambiguity and vagueness of the student complaints, or possibly a belittling of student intelligence and maturity in regards to curriculum planning.

At the curriculum planning meeting, the theme was on establishing a student power base from which to work from, but student organization in this is young, and the diversity of feelings, and plans of operation towards gaining a concrete foothold in curriculum tend to scare faculty away from making solid commitments toward student power.

It appears, either through talking with the nominees, or reading their PQF's, that all are concerned with student ideas, but how seriously this input is taken is, in most cases, questionable. There seems little excitement on the part of the majority of the nominees to incorporate student opinion as part of their function.

Country Music and Driftwood House

Thursday, Dec. 4 will be a busy day for the Evergreen campus, as two events take place to usher in a much needed winter break. In the Library Lobby, starting at noon and running until 5 p.m. will be performers from the American Country Music group contract, as well as community country music persons. Individuals involved in the program have been given a 20- to 45-minute time slot. Then, starting at 3 p.m., will be an open mike period, during which people outside of the contract are encouraged to perform. Sign up for the open mike sessions can be done during the course of the afternoon's performances just prior to the open mike session.

At 7 p.m. will be shown, as part of the Country Music Day, "Rootin' Tootin' Rhythm," a Gene Autrey movie. Following the movie will be a square dance in the Library Lobby. Anyone desiring more information can contact Marsha at 943-5722.

Also that day will be Driftwood House's Craft/Rummage/Bake sale scheduled to run from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. in the CAB Lobby. Designed to help raise funds for the building of a much needed rainy day shelter for the children enrolled at the only Day Care Center for Evergreen parents, the sale will include craftspersons from throughout the community who will be selling their wares, a percentage of which will be donated to Driftwood House. Persons having crafts they would like to sell should contact Nancy Mesta at 456-3429. Anyone having any rummage they would like to donate may deposit it in the box located just outside the bookstore in the Campus Activities Building. Food will be served at the sale as well, along with playdoh Christmas tree ornaments made by the children down at the Day Care Center. When you're meandering around the campus with the pre-break blues coming down around you in big drops of clear wet liquid, take time out to stop in the library and the CAB building; as someone brimming with the stuff triteness is made from once said, "It'll warm the cuckolds of your heart." (Too bad they didn't look up the meaning of cuck-old first.)

SOUNDING BOARD

The foremost topic of discussion at Wednesday's Sounding Board meeting was Evergreen's Master Plan and the Master Planning Interim Team.

According to Michael Lemon, student member of the group, the Master Planning Interim Team (MPIT) is a group of students, faculty and staff called together by Dean Clabaugh to provide input to Evergreen's Master Plan. The Master Plan was drawn up about 10 years ago and it is, quite simply, the physical plan for Evergreen, dictating how and where the buildings, parking lots, beauty bark and sidewalks will be located and built. Although a good plan at the time, there is now a need to "Have the plan adjusted to the situation that exists" at Evergreen, says Lemon.

The MPIT was created to advise the actual Master Planning Team on such matters as budgeting, financing and how to realize their goals. What they would like to do is have the Master Plan brought out to the campus community and allow it to be changed where necessary.

The MPIT submits its final report to Clabaugh on Dec. 1, but they still need more student-faculty input. Anyone may submit a proposal. "It's really an attentive group to what people have to say," Lemon remarked.

Joe Deer spoke for the student group that organized after the play "Once Over Lightly" to voice their disapproval with the curriculum planning process. The group staged a meeting at noon Wednesday.

Sounding Board member Bill Hirshman wanted to make the restructuring proposals an agenda item next week. Kaye V. Ladd felt that the real concern should be the method whereby proposals such as this are made. She disliked the way the proposals are first made in secret and then discussed openly.

The meeting concluded with a short "identifying" statement by Steve Ehrmann. He is working at TESC under a two year National Science Foundation grant to help students and faculty evaluate the results of the Evergreen experience. Steve is located in Lab. 1005.

S&A BOARD

The Services and Activities Fees Review Board (S&A Board) and representatives from S&A funded groups met Wednesday, Nov. 19, to discuss fund balances and to make decisions regarding them. The point of the meeting was to decide whether to recapture negative and positive balances that S&A-funded groups ended the fiscal year with, or to allocate them forward. The meeting, in which about 40 people participated in, was unusual in view of the fact that individual representatives of S&A-funded student groups enjoyed equal decision-making power with regular members of the board.

For the most part, a list of recommendations for fund balances made by Lynn Garner, Assistant to the Director of Campus Recreation and Activities, was approved by the group. The fund balances for which the most discussion involved were on those of I.D. Cards, Cooper Point Journal, MECHA, Third World Bicentennial Forum, Men's Center, EPIC and Transcripts and Portfolios.

The budgets for which decisions made Wednesday had the most impact were: Cooper Point Journal, for which a \$1,084.64 deficit was allocated forward; the Advocacy Center, which became non-existent in about 20 seconds of consideration; the Gig Commission, for which a \$1,136.84 deficit was allocated forward; and the Third World Bicentennial Forum, which accepted a \$2,365.74 deficit.

As an experiment towards a more democratic decision-making process, many considered the meeting a success.

• The Interim Campus Master Planning Team is attempting to identify and locate student work focusing on the interaction of the people on the campus (sociological, cultural, or behavioral studies, and literary or philosophical works would be especially useful). Copies of such individual contracts, program projects, research papers, proposals, maps or stimulus are not needed, merely a reference to them. Call Donna McMaster, 866-6700 if you think you can help.

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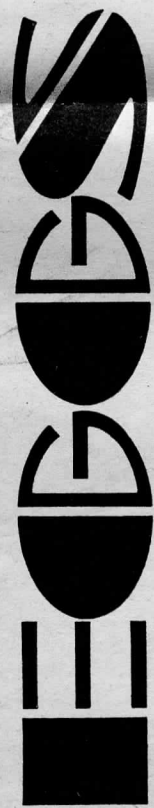
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ENVIRONMENTAL SCIENCES
AND PLANNING
JOB AND GRADUATE SCHOOL
INFORMATION DAY
December 3, 1975

Students interested in environmental sciences and planning careers are invited to participate in the *Environmental Science and Planning Job and Graduate School Information Day* to be held Wednesday, December 3, in the Board Room, Library 3109. Professional representatives from these career areas have been invited to campus to lead workshops on the job market, resumes, job search, and interviewing. Graduate school representatives have been invited to talk about their specific programs in science and planning.

Activities begin at 9 a.m. with introductory remarks and the workshops. At 1:30 p.m. students can participate in "Information Interviews" with the representatives of their choice. For interviews, students must sign up in the Career Planning and Placement Office (Library 1220). Interviews will be scheduled on a first come, first served basis and we encourage interested people to sign up prior to Thanksgiving.

SPECIAL NOTE: A *Job Day Preparation Workshop* is scheduled for Monday, December 1 at 3:30 p.m. in the Career Resource Center (Library 1224). Please attend to learn more about Job Day and to prepare a resume and to get ready for your interviews.



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Volume I Number II

A LITERARY SUPPLEMENT
TO THE JOURNAL
NEXT SUPPLEMENT
DECEMBER 11

TO THOSE WITH THE PATIENCE TO LET ME
CRAWL WHERE THEY'VE ALREADY RUN

"Only those who still have hope can benefit from tears. When they finish, they feel better. But to those without hope, whose anguish is basic and permanent, no good comes from crying. Nothing changes for them. They usually know this, but still can't help crying."

Nathaniel West



Jerry Mitchell

How well can you find
your dots and lines?
They separate us you know,
between every one and every thing.
Make them into constellations, radius vectors of
elliptical orbits,
paintings, memories, symphonies, driving manuals,
conversations,
orgasms, strawberry shortcakes, slugs, ribbons,
back seats on greyhound buses,
poems.
Just pick the ones that please you most.
And who knows,
maybe one day our destinies will meet
on some distant dot between our souls.
And you may like what I have.
We may even hold hands,
and nail one another to our crosses,
and start a funky new religion when we rize.
But please don't expect me to love you.
Please.
Because love isn't made with dots and lines.

Donald Everette Hansbrough

Brian Globerman

The Beast gave a howl,
The Beast gave a curse.
The Beast recited poetic verse.

Panting gently, he crouched and crept,
He looked upon his prey and wept.
For it was a Judas Lamb whom the Beast regarded.
Open thighs, dripping vulva, begging eyes.

Slinking away to drink
from the sub-conscious stream.

standing behind her waiting for the light to change,
innocent look, turns to a gaze, "waiting for me to
grab you between your legs?" I slipt my hand under
her dress. "What'reya doing? Do it some more!"
One hand does me, the other hand undoes her dress,
Why digress? Fucking on the sidewalk, people going
around, pretending that it's business as usual.
My cock, my cock, "My beautiful cock!" "Awake,
Awake!" I crow inside her. Better than an alarm
clock. She's ashakin', clutching with her legs to
keep-hold me there, sperm on her thighs, moans and
cries, "How beautiful! It's just what I want, what
I need! Please don't stop. Go On! Go On! O O O Orgasms
rolll," LIGHTS!

*primal me screaming
to be free of painful past
falling pieces of ghost or ghosts
shouting i'm you, i'm you
shattered they
a dusty, moulding, putrid pile
of hurts, lies, unrealities
again, but softer, phantoms cry
to the last, then gone
unrelenting, self tormenting
shades of that not me*

Alan Gyorfi



Yes. Slinking away to drink from the sub-conscious stream. It's wet,
but it's a dream.

The Beast gave a howl,
The Beast gave a curse.
The Beast recited poetic verse.

Senses sharpened by hunger,
Desires increase.
"Without cease! Without cease!"

Sharpening the knife for some skinnin',
The Beast is grinnin',
As he starts
The dim-litted forest
Aflame.

"Gee now. Who's to blame? Must be some pas'sin
civilization threw a burning desire into some
kindle wood mind."

Like a Hydra Snake, here comes
Social Creature
Chased by the forests fiery,
"Wake!"

I cut of the heads thoughts. They'll grow back.
Meanwhile . . .
The Beast and Lamb
Jump into the sack.

Matthew Sperling

THIS PIGEON FLIES

I
This pigeon flies
Between folds
In the slippery sky

Among architecture
Of city streets
This pigeon skates!

And casts a silver
Shadow, glance
Across the glass.

II
The Romans, equipped
With regiments
Were never quite so fortunate
As this common pigeon
Magnificent
Against the glaring firmament.

Joseph Mitchell

when you dance

when you dance you create
the space around you:
each moment of motion
contains the complete rhythm.

i watch you
discover your body
for the first time:
when you stand
playfully poised
on the edge of a note
i seem to hear
the petals of your skirt
breathing

Stephen Palmer

Getting There

Today
of all rainys
I feel the road lightly before me.
Wanting to feel every bump,
every curve,
every stop
so that the getting there
is not blinded
by the arrival.

Lucy Woods

PARTLY CLOUDY, 60% CHANCE OF RAIN

Partly Cloudy, 60% Chance of Rain

A lot of white cats
crossed wet fields
with wet mouse bodies
in their mouths
today. I
saw them.

Lucy Woods

Post Veterans Day Weekend

Home again, home again
jiggety jog.
To diet, to diet
God, what a hog!

Lucy Woods

Wilma and I had talked it over for a long time; we finally agreed that I really should quit smoking cigarettes. I was a confirmed smoker, my vice was very strong. Will power? I could only give it up, not use it, for it was will power in the first place that had led me to a daily pack and a half. We had heard of "The Rank Center for the Abolition of Vile Personal Habits" through all those T.V. advertisements, and I remember well, as we sat immersed in the six o'clock news, the first time one of their messages conveyed its point.

A well-known actor, whom I remembered from last night's movie, "Reaching Out," implored us to pay attention to what he was saying.

"Two years ago, my health was failing. The mornings found me cranky, with heavy lungs and a scratchy throat. And then my doctor informed me of an abnormal cell growth in my left lung. (At that point I shuffled off to the kitchen, Wilma shot me an anxious glance.) "It was that very day he also told me about 'The Rank Center for the Abolition of Vile Personal Habits,' so I decided to take a chance on what may well have been the

most important, and I might add, fruitful undertaking in my life. I decided to call this number."

In the kitchen, I was blissfully unaware of the digits flashing in front of Wilma's eyes as I munched thoughtfully on a sour dill. Little did I know how many things I was unaware of; for one, the truly delicious taste of what I was eating. And the tar stains on the back of my teeth, well, I left it to my dentist to remember those, twice a year. In fact, I didn't even give them a thought as I lit up after the dill.

This simple process of going to the kitchen while Wilma stayed and watched frightening anti-smoking commercials went on quite unobtrusively for many months (perhaps years), so it was difficult for me to see the many ways in which she was pleading with me to cease my consumption of tobacco. She was a subtle person, a twitch of the eye here, a dropped book there, in these ways she told me. And then one day — though which one I can scarcely remember — I returned to the living room following a strangely dissatisfying dill and was immediately startled at the way in

which her eyes flicked quickly from the T.V. set, to my baby blues, to the butt in my hand and back to my eyes again, all in a frenzy, just like that.

Soon we had to speak openly on the matter, for it was clear that her darting eyes contained all too brightly what was being repressed in her heart. She was searching for the first signs in me, a pillar, of the ravages narrowly escaped by the late night actor. Once she laid out her stake in my decision, I saw clearly that where there had once been two happy individuals under our roof, there were now two unhappy souls and an evil gloating villain — the smoke! the smoke! The realization of the problem (as is often the case) did little to solve it though. I was loath to spend the price of twenty cartons merely because of medical advances which, in keeping with technological traditions, exposed problems and dangers far more readily than cures and safety devices. This feeling, like air and other stagnant gasses, soon passed however, and I began to feel I had one more obstacle to face. The station break-dill pickle-cigarette syndrome had been part of my life for years unsung, indeed I only smoked after eating one of my precious sour dills and most certainly dills were best enjoyed during station breaks.

You can easily see now, as I did, that will power itself had to be abandoned at that point, my only other course of action being to place myself under someone else's guidance.

I was ready.

The drive was less than an hour to the east, and while it ran its course, I quoted passages of philosophy in the manner of those embarking on a new and difficult journey, as the effect is often soothing to the mind. "To travel is better than to arrive" I said. Wilma glanced over from her duties at the steering wheel and smiled that smile... that smile... that smile! The one, so fondly remembered from our carefree younger days, that had grown worried and pasty over the long years and months of married life, and now, to see it again tore fifty and a hundred pound sacks from the weight on my back and steeled me, as it were, for my upcoming venture.

Walking in from the parking lot, I was no more nervous than

a young man who has just turned in his civilian clothes, yet, like this lad, I was quite full of questions. Our advance calls had given us assurance as to the rightness of my decision, but the response to our inquiries of their methods was rather guarded. "Due to the subtle nature of our cure, it is policy that our patients not be informed of its exact workings until the very moment of its use, as expectations, were any prompted, could only be precursors of failure." We ascended the steps, and I had no idea of what medical and psychological forces I was about to be exposed to, and I trembled. Naturally.

No sooner had we passed through the doors of the center (these doors were very indistinguishable from any other doors; they might even be called non-ominous) than we were met by a man in his late twenties and an older woman, both the picture of health and radiance. I saw them as the type one might expect to bounce into a patient's room with a little brown bag to ask "And how are we this morning?". This expectation was quickly dispelled when the woman said merely, "Wilma and Phillip Groppy?" to which we nodded, and with nothing more than a "Please follow me" the young man pointed the way for Wilma, while my escortess sang out with a hearty "Walk this way please, Mr. Groppy," and no more. Only a fool could ignore that classic line which some limping, stoop shouldered butler had offered to Groucho Marx in last night's late movie. It set me to thinking of the upcoming station break which (naturally) led to thoughts of a dill pickle which led to...

I musn't think.

"Yes, right this way, I'm coming. And where are you taking Wilma?" I asked, as she had just tilted her head and waived to me before disappearing around a corner. "Only to fill out a few forms, so that we can help you as soon as possible, Mr. Groppy," said my assistant, giving a little wink and a nod to emphasize the words 'Help you.' With that, she said no more but only strided purposefully down the hallway. I was, of course, very involved in looking for signs, groups of other people like me, in fact, any hint as to how I was going to proceed with my task of discarding cigarettes, so I was unaware for a moment and nearly bumped into her as she stopped and pointed out the room she had just unlocked. "Please wait here for a few moments, and feel free to make yourself as comfortable as possible," she said with the same twinkle, and then started to walk away. Being left so quickly, the effect was strikingly similar to Nanny letting loose the hand of the child she has brought to the zoo and saying, "Go into the snake-house, I'll be right back."

My nurse didn't even say if she intended to come back! But I did go inside, shutting the door as an afterthought, to hide my pacing back and forth.

The room was along the lines of a one man apartment. Double bed, night-table, a small combination stove and fridge, T.V. set, bathroom; etc. Though I had set to pacing right off, it is not, as you may know, an especially satisfying method of relaxation, so it gave way soon enough to simply lying on the bed. The remote control switch for the T.V. was convenient on the night-table and needing some distraction, I turned it on. A most delightful one act play was in progress, of the type that were so common before television "Came of age," as they say. The combination of my head sinking into the pillow and the light-heartedness of what I was watching served to relax me a great deal, and I was about to reach the point that so often interrupted a late night movie — that of sleep.

It might serve me well to tell you now that only one thing can wake me from a sleep so achieved. Words from Wilma's mouth might sooth a nightmare, should one occur, but they would not wake me; the ringing of the phone could only send me into deeper sleep, and the cats so often tread upon my lap as to be unnoticed, but always, without fail, the cue which was the local station's signal was mine also, and I would arise to make my way to the kitchen. Being in a room of "The Rank Center for the Abolition of Vile Personal Habits" made no difference, I rose again and walked over to the refrigerator.

My hand had already touched the latch before I realized that this was merely the repetition of an altogether too unconscious act. So realizing, I said half-aloud, "Ah-Ha! They put this refrigerator here to trap me, yes to force me to open it up... only to find it empty?" Poised on that thought, as the poker player who has not payed to see the hand grabs at his opponents' cards for fear of being bluffed, I pulled the handle, the light went on inside, and it was not empty.

Sitting on the upper shelf, plainly marked, was a single jar of my beloved dill pickles!

I trembled. Naturally.

Removing the cover, I pulled out and ate it normally, not at all like a compulsive, for I know now that it was not the pickle at all, but the idea, the half-formed thought, the slight suggestion, the want, yes, even the need of a cigarette that immediately followed the ingestion. My resolve of the morning hours had led me to resist buying a pack right before Wilma and I started off; it was this resolve that was crumbling as I noted the night stand next to my bed, for there was a little drawer on its front,

continued on page 12

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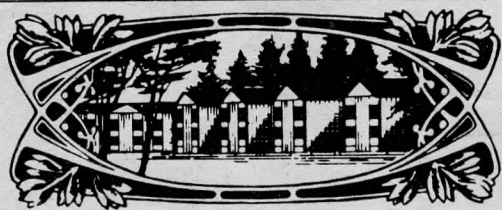
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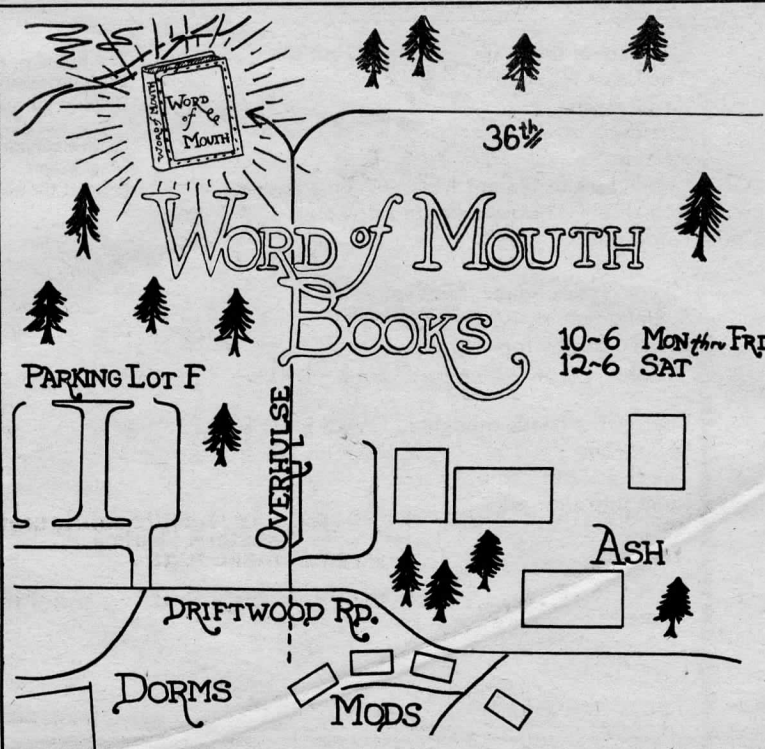
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I think of you
sitting alone on your
wild beach
sand water gulls crying
you
pondering your heart

waves wash over stone
pondering me and
the pain I brought you

white gulls
circling over the wet stretch
of dying foam

now
later
the wind keening outside
I wonder

the constancy of your love
rain falls
in a space of still wind

the ocean is distant
you in the midwest
I by the coast
and I wonder

the turnings of your heart
Lynda Hillman

The White Cat's Secret
Nine Shadows grasp
shade a dark wall
Whiskered girl
whole and smooth
holds an ancient pearl

Rolled from lost seas' tides
it's bare
and smooth.

The lady leapt
like skin across a fire.
The water danced beneath her
paws
the pearl, gripped like
mouse in jaws.

She crouched,
leaping
yet ever still
Stood quiet
with the darkening of the house

Stood . . . eyes big
in the dark
snowing
house

Connie M.

Shooting holes inside of silence,
slowly
drips
the
hours
past.
Tying in all illusions
the final
the last.
acting out the players and,
playing right into her hand,
comes a termination,
slowly
falls
the
waiting
sand.

The clouds unpair
and drift off
to be painted in departing colors,
this end of a day,
by the diving swallows.

Lynda Hillman

Bruce Golob

Person in Performance

i also feel that burden
the pulleys and props
rhythmic rising and falling of
corrugated smiles.
it is not so new..
under the groping finger
of a spotlight
the mouth burns
or twitches artfully
with all the
epilepsy of our speech.

in the end though we
recede to the cave
dwell with the darkness
and wait for the screaming
gentle ambush
of the intruding tide.

a sightless bird
beats its wings
to a state of contusion
then falls
rubble of bonefeather
and warm limp flesh
washed out by the reflux

Stephen Palmer

- monday and what it said -

remember monday at 11 a.m.

its pink toenails
may well never

tiptoe through your open door

again.

remember member monday
its cold hands
had to warm themselves
in your pits

and even when the furnace spoke
ice hung condemned
on the fire's thin beard.

Aubrey Dawn

Today
this mere flash
of 24 typical hours
could be the first, the very
start, why that fabulously
fresh beginning you've all
been so anxiously waiting for
has arrived.

My collared citizens. Only
in miraculous America
(with the goldtrimmeddreams)
could this riotous sale,
this veritable steal, this
pompous opportunity
(no money down — just hourly pay-
ments)
of imagined reality
be recreated especially
for your self-deceived enjoyment
(without regard to race, creed or
collar size) in this celluloid
life. Imagine —
this day as the first
that 4th of July
supermarketspecial day
of all those best of better days
in that something
called land of tomorrow, from now
till the fat elegance
in simulated forevers
of the rest of your life!

Hallelujah! Rest that blessed
cellophane soul, praise the A
T&T this is IT!
(now hold your peace)
(but not your breath)

Joseph Mitchell

The teacher tells you all, you know,
you're not to blame. Delirium takes you
off, to play his games.
shouting to recede, pausing in regain.
And find yourself, a place in your world.
deliver me now, myself exclaimed,
Breath into me, the cord of life now
within,

turn round, changer,
cast off, preserve,
reach out, pretain,
sun shower, sonic rain,
as one, sees them,
feeling, reaching,
climax, certain,
fearing, final curtains,
transform, actions,
reasons, seasons,
total, time warp,
so saying, distorting,

but the words and their meanings
escape me now. Coming into a friend, ad-
justing to the crowd.

breath out, but not in, in this place you
hold. My life is my own, i presumed and
immortalized.

for the truth will remain, as others die.
We begin to believe, we accept, and
realize.

Bruce Golob

Oval Pebbles
Live in Round Homes

river.
hasty water;
froth, foam waterfall,
mist thunder.
gorge bound caldrons.
gray, smooth granite
folds of whale skin.
intrusive capillaries,
veins,
knurling,
probing undulating surfaces.

history of a pebble:
hard,
angular at first,
stopping in an eddy
to rest.
wafted around and
around.
old man pebble,
becoming oval.
hole home,
rounder,
deeper.

now.
oval rock perfect.
home perfect.
other pebbles come to see
perfect round
hole home,
oval pebble prison.
dizzy,
trapped,
they grind into silt.
green deep water
seaward flows.

My brother, prostrate on sun
warm rock, touches the pothole
bottom with a six foot stick.

Woody Barmore

- what one may learn if one does
not learn as one properly lives -

Maybe they
asked me out
but I don't think
I could go.
One learns quickly
that there is nothing left.

Aubrey Dawn

portrait of Sebastopol -

What do they catch
in Sebastopol?
Pool of bright and
changing mirrors.

What do they teach
beneath the red waters?

Waters that weave
smoke icing
lover's fear.

What is the tourist shooting
with his lens?

Tomorrow the change
may come again.

For what is Sebastopol famous?

Its banks of earth and human
keepsakes are filled

The ruins of a civilization
carried on horseback
while asleep.

Aubrey Dawn

Vivisection

What insanity provokes me
to imprison this delicate feather
of a poem
On a sheet of paper
to be hacked and trimmed
and destroyed by the editor's art?
How can I trust him to be gentle?
Who the hell cares? (me)
Just let him slash the thing to
shreds.
All I need is his 'Journal' as a reference -
Someone who's printed my fragile
junk -
So I can take my good things to a
surgical editor
Who will be knowingly quiet
And will appreciate
(my swelled pen?)
me.

It still hurts to see the junk
experimentally slaughtered,
dissected.

Susan Beyer



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It was a cool, damp, overcast day, with just enough of a threat of rain to keep everyone looking furtively skyward. Hundreds of new and used faces scurried back and forth, trying hard to find out who they were and what they wanted to be. Occasionally, a familiar face would zip by in the September registration frantics, but would only pause, smile, and say gottarunseeya-later. I walked around the square and watched other old faces touch and smile and care about what had happened while they were apart. I was new to this town, having just arrived from Boulder.

Before I'd left there, some people had thrown a party for me. Some of them were climbing partners, and they talked among themselves about the winter ascent of Long's Peak we'd just finished planning. They were talking about the strategy to be used on the base-camp traverse just prior to the actual assault of the Diamond. One of the periphery, non-climbing audience began trying to convince them the traverse could be avoided. He'd done some fourth class climbing; he knew. I had left the party around nine that night; they told me later it went on till three am. Posted on the door of the house the party was in had been a list of the addresses of all the people who'd come to the party to say goodbye to a friend — me. It blew out the car window somewhere in Idaho. Before I'd left town I'd managed to talk the fourth class Royal Robbins into buying all my old equipment, including my three year old 180' GoldLine. I imagine he's still got them hanging on a cedar-shake living room wall gathering dust but looking great.

There was a face in the anonymous herd swirling around me that was newly old. We had been lovers and friends — now we loved. But I still needed to touch and that need; the need to feel the touch so I would know the feel grew, until it made the touching impossible. The past had had a face like that.

Her name was Sam and she had invited me for dinner. We had duck and soda-pop wine in beer glasses and flaming peach melba without the brandy because we were too poor. But it was fun. We cuddled after dinner and watched the tube. We toked and Johnny Carson told not quite funny enough jokes. We dozed one at a time while grasshoppers ate Chicago — or was it crickets? She asked me to stay the night; I drove home. Two weeks later I left for Washington. She left for Maryland. The mountains stayed in Boulder.

I went inside, sat before the stage and watched the play begin. She walked up the stairs and sat behind me saying hellohowareyou silently so as not to disturb the performance. I had known she would be there. It was a good play; I had mentioned it to her — or had she to me?

There were three women performing three different mimes while a man strutted across the stage. They accused him of invading their world so they dressed him as a woman. He became their mother. She begged them to stay; they were the meaning of her life. They had to find their own meanings they said. They were not rejecting her; they loved her. But they loved themselves as well. The stage went black.

She sat with her feet on each side of me. It made me feel good for a while; someone liked me. But I was mistletoe; I was, because my root were buried deep within another. One summer my father had planted a holly bush so we'd have it to send to our relatives at Christmastime. A mistletoe sprig latched itself on and took root and by the time we noticed it, it was too late. The holly died that August. The following spring I cut down the dead trunk and dug out the roots that hadn't even had time to work their way out of the burlap they had been wrapped in at the nursery. I wished I were her so I could make me be. The play went on.

There was an empty chair. A woman walked on stage and sat down on it while behind her another woman came out yawning. She said doyouwantmore-

coffee. No thanks. Lastnightwasgood Yea. I meanwe finally opened ourselves up and expressed our feelings. Yea but what did it mean. I don't understand we love each other and we shared that love by touching what else is there. I don't know; I know I love you. I just don't want to sleep with you anymore. They froze and the lights faded . . .

It had been the Thursday before the Fourth of July weekend when we first met. Come visit methis weekend she'd said as she gave me directions to where she was farm sitting. The directions had been incomplete: it took me 2 1/2 hours to find the place. We stayed up late and watched the "Door without a Latch" After the movies over let's go to bed I said. Okay. Thankyouforlast-night she'd said in the morning.

A woman walked up the steps and sat down. She came down and sat next to me. Our shoulders touched; our hips touched. Do you want a plum she asked. Yes thank you I said smiling. We watched the rest of the play in silence. Just before it ended, I had to leave. Thank you for the plum it was good I said. I put my hand on her leg and looked at her for the first time. She was beautiful. Her eyes smiled and her face smiled and her words smiled. You're welcome she said. I turned to my friend and said seeyoulater. The plum pit was still in my mouth. I tucked it away in the corner.

As I picked my way down the now crowded stairs, I realized, almost regretfully, that I didn't know her name. As I walked past the stage towards the door the left heel of my boot clicked loudly each time the nails holding it in place came into contact with the brick floor. My roommate walked by. A group of people dashed by the two of us, shaking the last stubborn drops of water off their umbrellas. I won't be home for dinner don't plan on me being there he said. Seeyalater I said.

I went to visit that night. They sat on her waterbed. I sat down on the big pillow her dog slept on. It coma over and licked my face asking me to move so he could get some sleep. I got up and drove the carload of her things over to the house she was going to be moving into.

The driveway was long, dark, empty and there were still puddles scattered down its length — a momento of day's of welcome-to-Washington-in-the-winter weather. The house was empty; and cold; and silent. The floors and walls sucked up the sounds my footsteps should have made. Even the water, dripping from the faucet in the tub, was absorbed by the stillness. I turned the light on the front porch so I could see my way back and forth from the car and managed to get the first load in without any problems. But there were no lights inside. Stumbling my way into the bedroom, I tripped over the empty paint cans we'd left from the night before. Her room was lavender, it matched her bedspread. I finished unloading the rest of the boxes and drove back.

They were on the waterbed. The zipper on her new tights was down further than it had been when I left. Stayfora-while she said. I took off my coat and sat on the floor.

She was reading him R.D. Laing's Jack and Jill dialogues. I listened and scratched her dog's ears till he fell asleep. She paused from her recital and looked up. Heyarewestillmovingthebed-Sunday. Sure, I'll finish moving the rest of the stuff tomorrow and we'll do the bed and whatever else is left Sunday. Sounds fine she said I'llcallyoutomorrownight. I got up and put on my coat. Youleaving. Yup. I'llseeyoutomorrow-morningIhavetopickupsomestuffbeforeI-takehertowork he said. I won't be up see ya later. The car lurched forward when I turned the key in the ignition. I'd forgotten to put in the clutch.

Driving home, I stared through the cracks in the cloud cover, searching for Mt. Rainier. On full moons it could be seen shining, phosphorescent, despite Tacoma's smog. I spied Venus trying hard to poke her way down to me. But it was a cloudy night; Neither of us got through.

HERE'S TO "FASCINATING WOMANHOOD" AND MODERN DAY CINDERELLAS WHO ARE LOOKING FOR A FELLA . . . I MET MY PRINCE AT THE GOLDEN CARRIAGE AND HERE'S WHAT HAPPENED TO ME . . . HE TOOK ME HOME . . . AND I SHOWED HIM MY DOMESTIC SKILLS . . . BUT HE NEVER CAME BACK. TELL ME . . . DID I TAKE MY SHOES OFF TOO SOON?

FRAGMENTED FEMINIST 1975

brown dirt endless
I burrow beneath my house hands and heart ache

I dream a wasted life away my cold summer is spent with the moles of blindness

Do you ever wonder about those people who demand: I love you, don't I; isn't that enough?
What do they mean?

Lucy Woods

Lynda Hillman



Josh Touster

1
the vegetation on the dream tundra

twists purple and green august snappers in november

2
the dream tundra a cracked piece of brown field

hoarfrost barking

3
while i sleep and she sleeps hoarfrost barks between our legs

the moon squeezes from between two clouds

4
when i wake: the dream tundra is covered with penguins and co-eds

5
golfers leave tiny holes in the dream tundra

spikes in their spats

6
the cinematographer went crazy on the dream tundra

7
i ate anchovies on the dream tundra

pushkin makes it all sound so romantic youth
challenge, escapade, love in the end justice smiling as it hangs by a rope
plath makes it sound so comfortable death inside a bell jar concealed in a seductive cellar cell cobweb confinement

Joey Blum

Parking Lot F

As the crystal shadowing by Athenas orb etches itself across your car

I shiver (Damn you — are you late again?) And the puddle of mud-water grows to engulf me as I wait. Something in me reassures me you'll come
And laughs at the doubt the Cynthiax priestess plants in my mind
Trees shiver cascades of liquid sun
Onto my dubious braids.
Waiting.

Susan Beyer

Divorce

Going through our old things reminiscing. You looked up from in the midst open and wondering, "You did love me once, didn't you?" "I still do."
You closed yourself and turned away
And again I remembered the why of our separation.

Lucy Woods

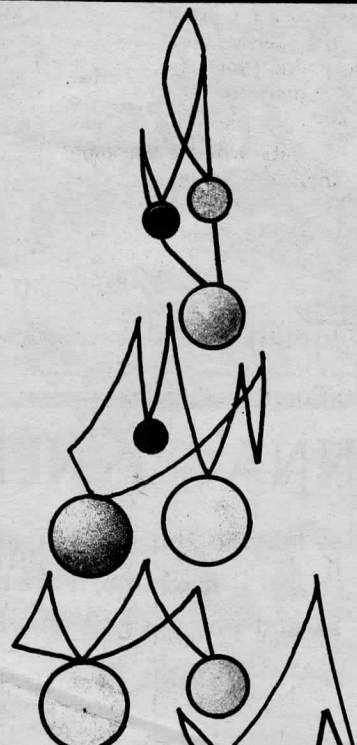
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Socialist Feminists Speak

by Lenore Norrgard, Radical Women and Marcel Hatch, Freedom Socialist Party

CLARIFICATION

Due to a shortage of space, our last week's column was cut short before the conclusion. Also, there was a misprinted question mark after one of the last sentences, "What is needed is our own democratic governance, to insure that our decisions will be carried out." This sentence is one of our conclusive statements, not a question. The rest of the article that was not printed last week follows:

We must never view the Sounding Board as an alternative community government as the administration would have us believe. We instead should use the Sounding Board to present our issues and grievances, and keep alive the open discussion and debate necessary for us to decide action.

Students, staff and faculty must work to build organizations in which we can democratically make decisions to meet our needs. In turn, our democratic organizations must have the power to determine our own directions and goals at Evergreen.

It is only when we have final say over our working conditions and educational needs that the administration will be put in its appropriate position of managing and administering our needs as we determine them, not as the State does.

CURRICULUM CONTROL

Last Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 12 and 13, The Theatre of the Unemployed presented their play, "Evergreen; Once Over Lightly." It was a post-view of TESC in 1977 after it had been closed down because of chronic underenrollment.

The play concentrated on the frustration students face in not getting their curriculum demands met by Evergreen's unresponsive administration, and it sparked much productive and lively discussion after the performances. The play covered some of the modes which students at Evergreen have traditionally used in attempting to affect curriculum design. It didn't, however, mention last year's movement for a student union, and it failed to suggest any new proposals for student control of curriculum.

"Evergreen; Once Over Lightly" incorrectly identified faculty as the main roadblock for students in curriculum design, rather than the deans and administration who have the first and last words on curriculum.

The play drew anti-organizational and anti-political conclusions. It mimicked the confusion students usually face in working to solve our problems instead of showing how it could be done, and it incorrectly put Marxists on the same level as it did reactionaries.

The play failed to draw what we — as Marxists — see as the necessary and only workable conclusion: organizing for real, long-range student control over curriculum, and other areas as well.

The play did allude, however, to an idea that threatens to bureaucratize the curriculum process even more, and would serve as a bulwark against student control of curriculum. This idea is gaining support among small groups of administrators and students — that of "student para-professional deans." The concept of a "student para-professional dean" says that one or several salaried students would serve as a liaison between students and deans. They would "communicate" curriculum needs of students to the deans and vice versa.

This concept reduces the whole conflict between students and administrators to that of a "communication gap." This is the same line that the administration gives us to keep us unaware of the real problem of no student control over curriculum. We've heard enough about "communication" and "input;" what we need to do now is organize for control.

The proponents of the "student para-professional deans" imply that by establishing positions of salaried translators, the deans "could" begin to respond to student needs since they would then understand what we say.

This is how the "student para-professional deans" (SPD's) idea would work. The SPD's transliterate student proposals into language that the deans could comprehend. The SPD's move with sensitive appraisal in this act since they too were students at one time. The deans would proceed to cut and slash, then reconstruct the transliterations into sleek new curriculums, safe and removed from students demanding to participate in this process. The deans then would channel the approved new curriculum back to their translators. The SPD's would again transform the curriculum from "deanese" into "student language," and on mandate of their job, "sell" it to the students.

SPD'S ABSOLUTELY UNSUITABLE
We want no opportunist and potentially sell-out individuals to rise to the dean-chosen positions of SPD's, unaccountable and uncontrollable by students.

We say no to the SPD proposal in any form. The better of two evils is the situation we have now where we have direct access to the deans, where their actions are naked and undisguised.

There is only one form of student representation to the deans that will meet our needs on curriculum. That is a representative elected by the students — from a student union — prepared to negotiate and bargain. A team of student negotiators, backed by the students and accountable to them, carrying with them well-developed curriculum of student and faculty design, would be most powerful. The deans then would be put in their appropriate position of managing our curriculum needs, not controlling them. Our task as students this year must be to organize ourselves, and build a democratic mechanism that will meet our needs.

poisonous and hallucinogenic mushrooms. The first talk will be from 10 to 11; the second from 3-4.

At the fair you can get your hearing tested on an audiometer, your eyes checked by an optometrist, and, if you have children, you can have their teeth cleaned by a dental hygienist. Other topics represented include drugs, physical fitness testing, environmental protection, and First Aid.



NEWS FROM CAREER PLANNING

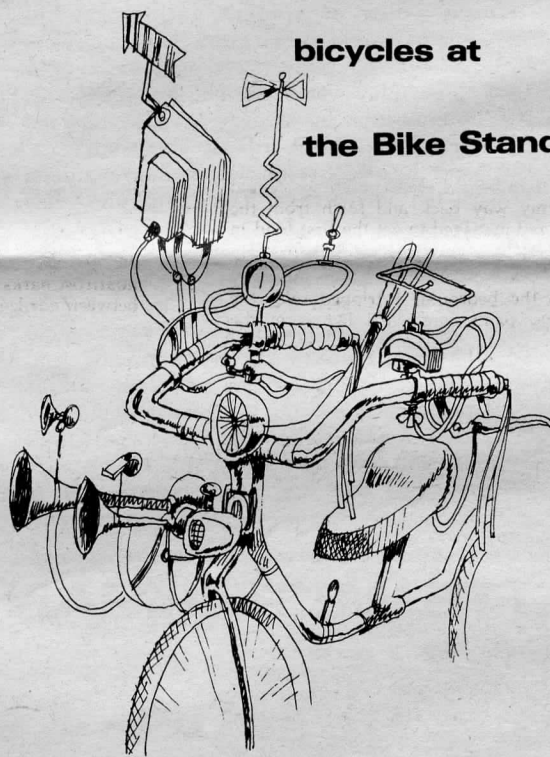
by Molly Wright

Career Planning and Placement is in the process of developing a graduate school advising referral system. In September we sent out a memo to all faculty and some staff explaining our role in graduate school advising, which is more factual information giving and gathering than advisory in nature. We view faculty as the major on-campus information source regarding quality and content of graduate programs in specific academic disciplines. Many students utilize their faculty sponsor as a graduate school resource on an informal basis. We requested that faculty and staff interested in graduate school advising of students who may or may not have studied with them, respond with information about schools they have attended, graduate field of study, areas they would be able to advise students about, and special interests. Out of 125 faculty and approximately 20 staff persons contacted, we received 39 responses. A wide variety of graduate areas are represented, from librarianship and philosophy to law, economics, and all areas of music. Senior students interested in talking about a specific graduate field or school should contact Career Planning and Placement at Lib. 1220, 866-6193.

Colleen Hunt, a Student Counselor in Career Planning and Placement, is helping to coordinate the Career Film Series. She says the first two films will focus on women and their roles in the work world. Included will be *The Women's Film*, by, for and about women, and a New Day Film entitled *Betty Tells Her Story*, about a woman's self-esteem and confidence. In addition to the films Thelma Jackson, a representative from Work Options for Women (WOW) will talk about WOW efforts to place women in non-traditional jobs, and the possibility of internships in positions not customarily staffed by women. The films will be shown this Friday, November 21, from 2 - 4 p.m. in Lib. 3319. Colleen adds that although the focus is on women, men are encouraged to participate, to share homemade refreshments and their viewpoints in the discussion afterwards.

Featured this Friday at the Career and Graduate School Lecture Series will be Dean Clabaugh. Dean will discuss graduate school programs in Business and Public Administration and the effects of this particular career choice on working climate, life-style and job possibilities. His background includes: B.A. in Political Science, University of Illinois; M.A. in Public Administration, University of Minnesota. He has held positions as Operations Officer, Navy; Underwriting Reviewer, life insurance company; Director of Legislative Research Council; Legislative Auditor, Executive Director, Business Manager and currently Vice-President for Business at The Evergreen State College. The lecture will be in the Lecture Hall Lounge, 12 - 1:30 p.m., Friday, November 21.

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• Pre-registration for winter quarter will take place at the Registrar's Office from Monday to Wednesday, Nov. 24-26, from 8 to 11:45 am, and from 1 to 5 pm.
This pre-registration will be a time for any eligible person to register for a class next quarter, to re-register for a new class (such as if a person's class ended after fall quarter, or if a person wanted to transfer into a new program), to take a leave of absence or to withdraw from school.

CONSERVATIVE BACKLASH BY MICHAEL CORRIGAN

Evergreen is in serious trouble these days. Our failure to meet enrollment projections was a serious symbolic blow for the school. The gap, while not very large, undermined a major claim of the institution, that we are providing a service for the state of Washington that a growing number of high school seniors desire. This year we only provided that service for 66 Washington high school graduating seniors. At a time of fiscal difficulty, many people can correctly feel that we are a high-priced diversion for the very few who desire this kind of education. With the number of college-age youths declining, this is a very unpleasant position to be in.

With this over our heads, I would hope to see some solidarity and a rallying of support at Evergreen. After all, we should be the ones who see most clearly how special and important this institution is. It is sad then to see increased division, erosion of trust and some incredible nit-picking at a time when we can least afford it. Faculty unions, student unions, gay demands for a place of the board of Trustees and all of the other demands coming from various groups.

At this point the rightness or wrongness of these demands are of little significance. These demands reflect serious problems at Evergreen, problems which must be resolved. We must be careful though. We are in a position where students can demand themselves right out of a school and faculty and staff, right out of their jobs. Moderation is clearly the key here. We can become reactionary in dealing with our problems, but clearly, that will only make them worse. We can re-structure ourselves to the point that we become another second-rate state college. We can unionize students, staff and faculty I suppose, but those institutions at other schools have shown that they are neither democratic, powerful or for that matter, very helpful. In short, we can revert to all of the tried and true procedures but the end result will be a second-rate college with very high costs per student. When it comes time to cut the budget, any reasonable legislator would cut this place without a second thought. After all, this physical plant has many possible uses. I suppose this would satisfy some of those who have always regarded this as an expensive playground.

The governance system, teaching structure, administrative organization and many other aspects of Evergreen are coming under fire these days. Some claim

that one or all of these are failures, crazy ideas which don't serve the needs of very many of us. If this is true, I guess it means one of two things. Perhaps Evergreen really is a failure, the whole idea just the product of academia's idealist drop-outs. I would insist that this isn't true. The second possibility is that one contradiction was built into Evergreen when it was created. A spirit of community is essential in a place like this. Unfortunately the creators were unwilling to accept an integral part of the idea of community, the necessity of occasional submission of individuals for the benefit of the group as a whole. Clearly no one is willing to do that these days.

We can go on like this and have (as we no doubt will), our little war. People are already taking sides for this war but when its over and the time comes to pick up the pieces, I would wager that the victors will have very little to lord over.

If this place is worth saving, it is so only within the original concept of this institution. Hopefully we can solve most of the very real problems within this context, but if we can not, an Evergreen based on unions, departments and the rest seems the only solution. In fact these kinds of things are already being proposed. If that happens, I would rather see the place turn into a state office complex.

After all, why waste taxpayers money with another second-rate state school, we have more than enough of those as it is.

'ONCE OVER LIGHTLY:' CATALYST FOR CHANGE

by Jill Stewart

"Evergreen: Once Over Lightly" is gone, but the effects of this recent play, the brainchild of ex-Evergreener Beth Harris, are present this week as numerous meetings were held and planning groups were formed, including one discussing the possibility of forming a 'union of students' here. What nature of play could produce the whirl of student gatherings and energy rarely seen before on Evergreen's moderately apathetic campus?

The play was performed by students. It was written by students. It was directed by an ex-student. It was about students, and their past role in curriculum planning at the now defunct Evergreen. The year, 1977.

Tammy Trying, Brenda Burndt, and Clark Capable portrayed students dissatisfied and frustrated with the curriculum structure. Their feelings are summed up by this exchange between Brenda and Clark: Brenda—"The problem is that programs are being designed without any kind of analysis of what the students need or want, and programs will continue to be designed that way until students can be responsible for curriculum development.

continued from page 3

Both Peskin and Strasser feel the need for change but acknowledge this cannot happen unless the fundamental and humane processes are created. "After four years, the community finally views us not as a bunch of weirdos," said Peskin. "This could be a perfect school, if only we would use our imagination."

Peskin decried the de-emphasis of students and staff in the faculty-hiring process at Evergreen. "No student ever asked me about my qualifications when I was being considered for a position here," she said. "And the staff knows more about this place than anyone else, but people just give them shit."

In regard to student participation in the restructuring proposals now being circulated, Peskin said she would like to see a moratorium on all long-range planning, with an agreement not to resume until students were guaranteed an active and creative role.

Student Concerns

The students, rather than concerning themselves with declining enrollment and the efficiency of administrative structures, see these problems merely as stemming from the more basic problem of lack of student involvement in decisions affecting their lives.

Ernest "Stone" Thomas, director of the Third World Coalition, had some personal observations to make regarding problems Third World people have when dealing with student participation, institu-

And that will never happen until we re-educate the faculty and administration." Clark—"We don't have all the answers, but neither do they."

The faculty roles, including Buddy Boye, Stu Pidgeon, and Francine Frank, were often thinly disguised representations of faculty at Evergreen. Buddy Boye—the idealistic wanderer interested in co-operation and interchange with students; Stu Pidgeon—the all-knowing teacher who prefers to mete out bits of knowledge to the intellectually-starved students; Francine Frank—the outspoken troubleshooter for student rights; they all are alive and well at Evergreen.

The play attempted to define some of the problems at Evergreen and look for solutions to them. Emphasis was on increased dean support of student-initiated programs, and re-educating faculty to become more aware of student needs, especially in continuing co-ordinated studies programs and individual contracts.

Presented by The Theater of the Unemployed, the play acted as a catalyst for the intense discussions that immediately followed both performances. It was from these discussions that many of the meetings this week originated.

tional structure, and curriculum planning. "The minute the institution talks about restructuring and prospective curriculum, Third World people must first have a comprehensive overview of what is going on," said Thomas. "Third World students cannot afford to buy into a non-functional system."

Thomas felt we must clearly define the influence Third World students will have on the curriculum. "Third World people have been left out of shaping curriculum. We have been interviewed out of programs we need." He felt more discussion was needed in an attempt to articulate the consciousness and ideology of the institution as a whole.

Both Thomas and academic Dean Rudy Martin felt that we must all keep in mind the Quinault II document as it relates to Third World Students.

"Third World students need a broad as well as in-depth education with specific curricular offerings dealing with our particular, unique position in society," Martin said. Curriculum and restructuring proposals must "key into our experiences," he said.

"We must cut through jargon and sloganeering. We must find out what terms like 'responsive curriculum' mean." Martin emphasized the need for identifying the kinds of consciousness and awareness being talked about.

Gay Studies Rejected

Lenore Norrgard, speaking for the Gay Center, points out the difficulty of implementing gay studies at an institution which does not allow gay students to participate in faculty hiring.

"A proposed gay studies program was rejected by the deans for lack of a faculty member competent to teach it," said Norrgard, "but when a gay applied for the faculty, he was rejected."

A representative of the Women's Center at yesterday's all-campus meeting expressed a similar frustration regarding a feminist studies program which was killed by the deans last year. "We found we needed a new faculty member in women's studies, but we couldn't get one," she said. "Finally we ended up doing individual contracts with four separate faculty members."

It would seem that factors which have been around for a long time, such as student involvement in curriculum planning and faculty hiring, combined with the new development of proliferating proposals for the radical restructuring of Evergreen, are acting together to catalyze a new activist attitude on the part of the students. However, unlike similar attitudes caused by various controversies and conflicts evidenced in the past, student activism now seems to have a clearer direction than ever before.

FOOD / NANETTE WESTERMAN



EATING IN ONALASKA

(with help from Doug Schuler)

Occasionally the academic scene here at Evergreen becomes too heavy, too nerve shattering, or too overwhelmingly mundane, and I am forced to take refuge far from the insidious intellectualizing. Most frequently sanctuary is found in the small town of Onalaska, Washington, about 35 miles south of here.

Onalaska has about 400 people, among whom are Aunt Peggy, her two sons, Trots, Dixie, and Schmoogan, all members of an extended family who've adopted one another over the last few years, and more recently, adopted me. We gather at Aunt Peggy's house to play cards, drink beer, listen to Frank Zappa, laugh and eat. The cuisine of Onalaska is noted primarily for its spontaneity and lack of inhibition.

They are a resourceful bunch: not only the garden, but the nearby woods and the trash cans behind the supermarkets in Chehalis provide components for a meal.

Following are the directions for a traditional favorite, Onalaska Stew, straight from Schmoogan, the resident stew expert.

Step 1: Sauté at least one onion.

Step 2: Look around the kitchen for ingredients that would be good in the stew.

Step 3: Think about the ingredient and its possible influence in the stew for a little while before dumping it in. If it's a pretty spicy thing, add a little and taste it before dumping it all in.

Step 4: If you think it's tasting OK, and there's enough for everybody, go to step 5. If not, go back to step 2.

Step 5: Serve with bread and Buckhorn Beer, Buckhorn Beer poured into Budweiser bottles, or coffee. Don't forget to throw the rotten part of the vegetable to the animals and the good part in the stew. Don't eat meat or eggs found in trashcans. If doubtful, sniff before eating. This stew has been eaten in such diverse places as Spokane, Washington and Audobon, Minnesota.

Sometimes life in Onalaska gets boring, so we all pile into the Blue Whale and head out to the Dome. The Dome is a vaguely spherical, hand-made structure built by Space Enclosure Systems, a construction company consisting of all the aforementioned people, plus others now scattered over wide areas of the state and Mexico.

The Dome is a great place. There's lots of land and quiet, no plumbing or electricity, and it didn't leak once in September. It was the site of The Evergreen State College's First Annual Bogus Rowdy Ball, held last June. The well-attended event provided an inspiration for a number of digestive delights, not least of which was a large pot of Merdes Petite d'Onalaska, or Dome Cooked Beans. To re-create the dish, thereby re-creating in part the enthusiasm and spirit of the Bogus Rowdy Ball, begin by cooking up a pot of beans: pinto, kidneys, soys, garbanzos, or any old bean

will suffice. Add sliced onions, enough tomato sauce to envelope the beans, molasses, and moderate to extravagant amounts of vinegar, garlic, cayenne (just a pinch), mustard, oregano, thyme, and a chili pepper. Beware of the seeds: They're HOT. If you find that someone has added too much molasses, a discreet amount of lemon juice will help to counteract the sweetness. Any kind of vegetable can be added, or meat, if the group to be served is carnivorous. Ham hocks are especially good. Cook it all up together for at least two hours; it gets better everyday. When the beans have reached the right thickness, cover them so they won't dry out. If the lid should get knocked off, or used as a plate, add tomato sauce, water or red wine to thin the mixture out. On the second or third day, mix up some cornbread, put grated cheese in the batter and bake it on top of the beans, which are now thick and hearty. Served up warm with dark beer or milk, it's almost a company dinner.

Cooking at the Dome is really very simple. Only the ingredients on hand are used, and everything has to be cooked on top of either a propane or wood stove. This combination of circumstances has been known to produce rather exotic results. One night, when Schmoogan's culinary artistry was at a zenith, he presented us with Peanutbutter-Garlic Sauce. Don't be afraid to try this recipe, it's deceptively good. First make a white sauce. (SEE the first food column, or consult a cookbook for directions.) Add sautéed onions and at least two cloves of garlic, sautéed with the onions. Add a little curry powder, 1/4 - 1/2 teaspoon, and one to two tablespoons peanut butter. Mix it all thoroughly over low heat, taste, and adjust till good. Pour over chicken, pork, shrimp, or rice. Chutney's good with it.

If you awake one morning to find that you've spent the night at the Dome, chances are good you can get some food. If offered one of Dixie's pancakes, proceed with caution. Before eating one, sniff it, and offer a bite to the dogs. If the dogs decline your offer, the compost pile is the logical place for the thing. A more trustworthy item on the menu is Potatoes au Trots. This begins with Trots frying up some potatoes. Cooking at the Dome being a flexible process, Aunt Peggy is liable to walk by, notice a zucchini or green pepper on the shelf, and add it to the potatoes. Sensing that the potatoes are almost done, Trots returns to add onions and garlic to the frying potatoes. When he's almost ready to eat, he cracks a few eggs into the stuff, stirs it around, adds hunks of cheese, and covers it till the cheese melts. By this time, everyone is standing around, fork in hand, waiting for the final unveiling. We eat it all and another day at the Dome has begun.

Downtown movies (by popular demand)

Capitol Theatre: "Fantasia" by Walt Disney is back for another round. Showings at 7 and 9:45.

Olympic Theatre: Starting Friday, Nov. 21, is "Rooster Cogburn" with John Wayne and Katherine Hepburn. It's her first western and his umpteenth. Shows at 7 and 9 p.m. weekdays.

State Theatre: Continues showing "Tommy" and "Let the Good Times Roll." Of the two, I've been told that "Good Times" is the better. Showing of "Tommy" is at 9:25. "Good Times" shows at 7:45.

ENTERTAINMENT

by Gary Kaufman

Last week, or was it the week before, someone wrote a letter complaining the *Journal* altered History. Tallyho! Someone has finally got History all figured out.

OLYMPIA:

Applejam: On Friday, Nov. 21, Eric Park and David Levine will split the bill. Eric performs finger-picking and slide guitar along with a bit of harmonica in an almost bluesy style. David continues the evening with guitar, Irish flute and penny-whistle with a series of Irish, American, and British folk tunes. Saturday, Nov. 22, Applejam will be moving to the Chambers Prairie Grange on the corner of Henderson Blvd. and the Yelm Highway for an Old Time Harvest Hoedown. It'll start at 8 pm and will include waltzes, polkas, much square dancing and just plain good old down home music. They're asking \$1.50 for adults and 75 cents for kids under 12. Folks over 100 years-old get in free. There will be live music and a caller.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 21

Friday Night Film Series presents, "Dark Star", plus a Laurel and Hardy short entitled "Scram" at 7 and 9:30 pm in Lecture Hall One. Admission is 50 cents.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22

The Evergreen Coffeehaus presents, as a part of its Saturday night film series, "Jason and the Argonauts" at 7 and 9 pm in Lecture Hall One. Admission is 50 cents. Starring Tod Armstrong and Nancy Kouack, this classic schmaltz covers, in the typical macho style, the myth around Jason and the golden fleece. If you haven't taken your tomatoes in from the garden yet, this cold spell should have made them just right to take to the movie.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 24

EPIC presents as part of its film and speakers series, "Appalachia: Rich Land, Poor People" at 7:30 pm in Lecture Hall One. Depicting the struggle of the poor and uneducated in Kentucky and the struggle they fight against exploitation and ecological destruction by mining companies, this film will provide an excellent basis for the discussion to follow.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 25

Faculty Film Series presents, "The Trojan Women", a film based on Euripides tragedy at 2 and 7:30 pm in Lecture Hall One. This film was requested by the program, Social History of Women with good reason; it successfully re-creates the attitude of women established by the play. Go see it.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29

The Evergreen Coffeehaus presents, "The Bishops Wife", starring Loretta Young, Cary Grant and David Niven, at 7 and 9 pm in Lecture Hall One. Admission is 50 cents. If you're around for the turkey break, it's an entertaining movie.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 1

EPIC presents a slide show on Chile in co-operation with the group, Non-Intervention in Chile (NICH), at 7:30 pm in Lecture Hall One.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 2

Faculty Film Series presents two movies, "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" and "Meet John Doe" at 2 and 7:30 pm in Lecture Hall One. Both movies are early Frank Capra, and follow in the vein of "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington," also a Capra flick.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 3

Health Services, in conjunction with their Health Fair, will be showing the film "Away With All Pest" at 11 am and 4 pm in Lecture Hall One. A documentary by Dr. Horn about his personal experiences in the Peoples Republic of China, this film explores China's liberation and how its medicine has grown with its politics.

Those of you who brought me Demiurge material, thanx very large. Toodles.



Preview: A DOLL'S HOUSE

by G.H. Kaufman

First dress rehearsals, as a rule, tend to be choppy and static with many awkward pauses, and breaks for second guesses at forgotten lines. But rules were made to be . . . and all that. Such was the case with last Sunday's rehearsal of Henrik Ibsen's "A Doll's House," scheduled to premier Thursday, Nov. 20, at 8 p.m. in the Library Lobby. Presented by Director Andre Tsai and the Live and Recorded program at Evergreen, "Doll's House" will be performed, as written, in the round.

Watching the performance Sunday was quite a treat for me, as it has been many years since I have witnessed and/or participated in the tensions of dress rehearsals. The first act began and ended slowly and painfully, but as I listened and watched, I was filled with the uncertainty of whether it was the fault of the play or the actors, as the first act is designed as a tone and character display in which the paradox between the outside world swirling around the inner one of the Hilmer home is established by Ibsen. The actions did not lend themselves to anything but boredom throughout the entire first act. But that was the first act seen in the first dress rehearsal. The rest of the play is an entirely different story.

The second and third acts were performed properly enough for me to wonder how Ibsen — the master of dramatic realism — would choose to end the production. I found myself laughing at the oftentimes ludicrous antics of the Hilmers and cringing as their lives collapsed in front of my eyes.

sea wind whipping through the wharves and hear the creaking of aged lumber as the bows of the whaling vessels groaned while men scurried about busily preparing to set sail. Philip Hanson was no longer the form upon the stage as he began, "Call me Ishmael." The tale progressed through the various passages as the form became an old man, Queequeg, Ishmael, then Ahab and on as Hanson became each and every character. Just to watch the audience was sight enough to behold. There wasn't a stir in the crowd of about 30 to 40 people. All watched the changing form on stage brimming with the awe of children seeing a fantasy for the first time as he

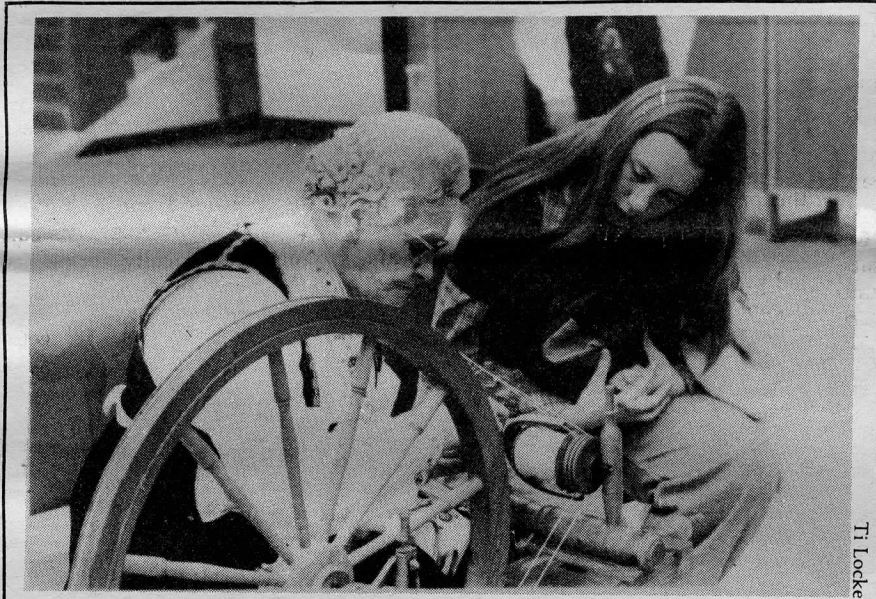
The technical and prop crew have already done an excellent job with the positioning of lights and getting hold of piece props (19th century furniture). They spent the evening experimenting with lighting to help accentuate the performance. The costumes fit the characters they were designed for, and worked well as an extension of their projected personalities to help the audience (me) identify with the characters.

Theater as a whole, I feel, is made up of two essential factors — a stage with performers and an audience for them to respond to and interact with. Dress rehearsals more often than not lack the critically needed audience to help make the performance work as "Theater." However, after Sunday's sneak preview, I found myself walking home through the snow (yea!) pleased with my decision to stay until after midnight to watch the topical ending. Henrik Ibsen walks away at the end of the play as a playwright on the top of the list of men involved with the struggles of women in the world today, and with the extrapolated problems of humans as they struggle to overcome the pressures of a society needing to structure the lives of the people comprising it. The people from Live and Recorded have managed to capture and project that struggle, as well as the irony with which Ibsen oftentimes approaches the subject.

Tickets for the show may be purchased at Yenney's (downtown), the Music Bar at South Sound Center and at the door. Admission for the general public is \$2, students \$1.

proceeded with his tale. The form was dynamic, powerful; smiling, giddy; sad, evil as the characters ran fluid-like from one into the next.

After the hunt of the great white whale, the form finished as he began with an old whaling song and once again the form became Philip Hanson. The audience stood waiting, not realizing the end had come. Philip looked out over them smiled and said, "That's all there is, there's no more words." He was still smiling as he left the stage to the applause of the audience. Everyone rushed to congratulate the man on his magnificent performance. As I shook his hand, I felt I had met a great storyteller and actor.



NORWEGIAN CELEBRATION

by Gary Kaufman

As I stood in front of the windows on the third floor of the Library lobby Sunday, Nov. 16, watching the crowd flow endlessly beneath me to help celebrate the Sesquicentennial Norwegian Folk Festival, I found myself trying to figure out exactly what I would say about the evening. It was a good evening, and proved to both the Olympia community and the Evergreen administration, I hope, that the college can indeed act successfully as a center for community, rather than merely college, events.

In the Library proper, craftspeople sat carving wood or spinning, while still others worked with the calm certainty that years of work at rosemaling or embroidery brings. The festivities, ushered in by Nels Christianson playing a birch trumpet-like instrument called a Lur, did just that as it lured me with its magic back into the days of hardangers and Norse gods, and I imagined myself looking shoreward towards the lyrical sounds beckoning me home. And it was in Norway I stayed as the festivities continued with the singing of the beautiful Norwegian national anthem and our own not-so-beautiful American counterpart. As the anthems were sung however, the audience, estimated by some to be over a thousand people, became a participating crowd as their voices blended into those of the Normanna Male Chorus, making me wish that I could claim even

a fleck of Scandinavian blood so I too could beam with the national pride that worked to successfully coalesce the afternoon into a truly community event.

School children from the third and fourth grades of L.P. Brown grade school — under the direction of Lorraine Lattaire, Lisbeth Johnson and Peggy Kormondy — paved the way most pleasantly for the Mayfest Dancers, a troupe of students from Pacific Lutheran University who study Scandinavian dance. The dancers maintained beautifully the illusion of Norse life as they enchanted the audience, twining their way intricately and gracefully through a series of folk dances to infect all present with the joy and pleasure the dancers derived from sharing a part of their heritage with people who cared enough to be there and watch. Following the dancing, a traditional Norwegian wedding ceremony brought out all the cameras in the house as bride and groom, decked in elaborate, traditional garb, stood before a priest similarly dressed. The words of the ceremony, performed entirely in Norwegian, were totally incomprehensible to my unfortunately bilingual ear (English and English), but their tone carried the unmistakable beauty and splendor that those involved with the tradition's origins had incorporated into it.

All in all, the afternoon was pleasing despite the rain which

could not alter the festive spirit that moved outdoors as the wedding procession marched around Red Square, putting the finishing touches on the activities part of the evening. Afterwards was a traditional Norwegian dinner, which I have been told was as well done as the bulk of the evening. If Sunday's festivities prove to be any sort of precedent for the college, Evergreen can be anxiously looking forward to many excellent community events.

MOBY DICK

by Bob Shumate

It was raining outside; the turnout was small. After the drudge, what one saw was a tall, thin, shallow man dressed in a tuxedo, centered on the stage talking pleasantly to the audience, preparing them for "Moby Dick."

Philip Hanson had no expensive set and lighting, nor cast of thousands. All he had was himself, a red cafeteria chair, an aging, tattered French Provincial stool and a worn copy of *Moby Dick* to aid him.

He began in a mild manner. "Remember, I am not alone on this stage. The words are not mine, they belong to Herman Melville, the author of *Moby Dick*." He then placed the book on end and began an old whaling song. Soon, though the stage remained unchanged, it seemed to take on the form of a whaling town. You could feel the salty

Doug King

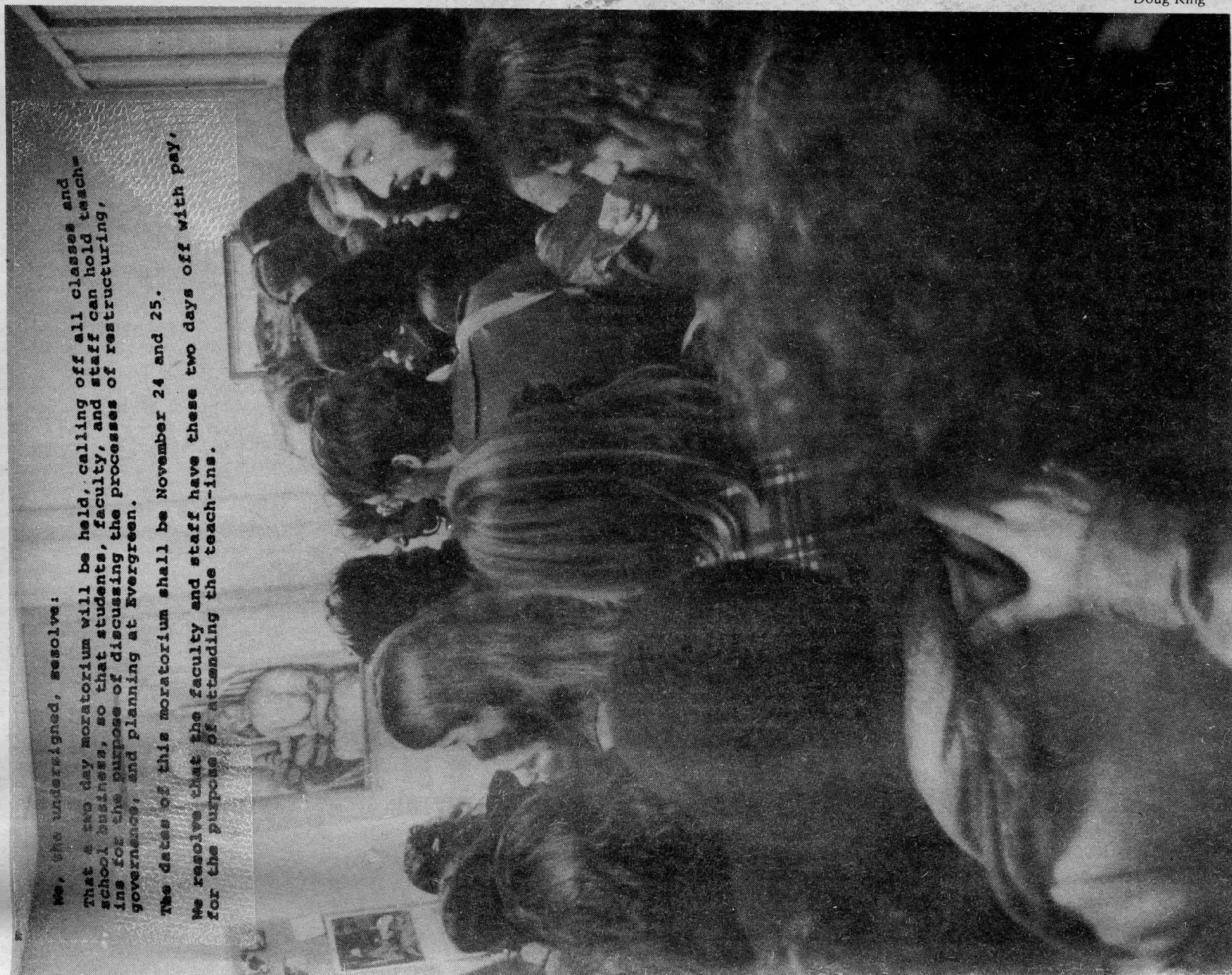
Curriculum Planning

We, the undersigned, resolve:

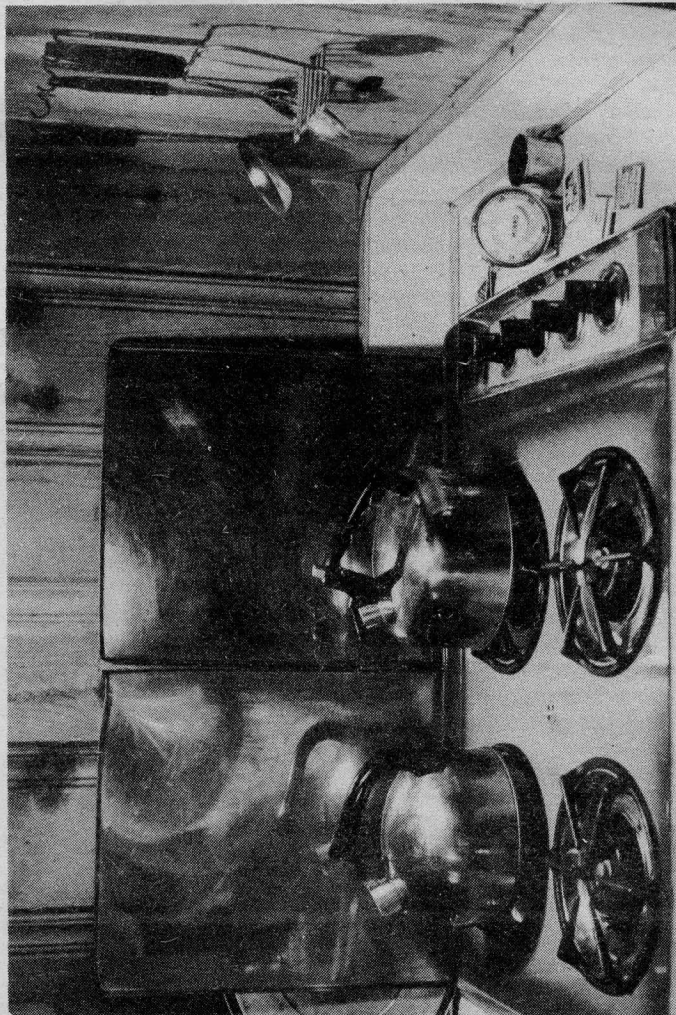
That a two day moratorium will be held, calling off all classes and school business, so that students, faculty, and staff can hold teach-ins for the purpose of discussing the processes of restructuring, governance, and planning at Evergreen.

The dates of this moratorium shall be November 24 and 25.

We resolve that the faculty and staff have these two days off with pay, for the purpose of attending the teach-ins.



Gregory Krall



continued from page 6

and we all know what is in the drawer of a smokers night stand. (After all, the dills were in the fridge.) I did not lunge for that drawer, but reason, in its infinite wisdom, allowed me to smoke one more cigarette before they forced me to quit, and once decisions have been made, it is best to move rapidly.

I was happy to find that my brand had been placed in the drawer; it made me think that Wilma had been secretly consulted in some way to help with the Center. But to be completely frank, after this thought had passed and I had taken a puff, all hell broke loose. The ceiling, apparently stable to all lay observers, descended with such rapidity as to cut my exhalation short. It stopped short at a point so close to me that, despite clutching the sides of the mattress with a vigorous downward force, the tiny hairs in my nose actually touched the plaster and I had a chance to examine the rough white surface at much greater length than I cared for at all. Without warning, as before, the roof ascended quite suddenly to its former height, and the bed ironically shot up to where the roof had stabilized.

And being thus pressed, I could hear the sounds of many tiny ball bearings all about the room which stopped at precisely the same moment that my bed plummeted with great alacrity to its starting place. This event was perhaps even more shocking than the first in that it mirrored the trauma of the birth. My eyes, being open to the utmost, immediately and unavoidably caught sight of the figures that were roller-skating about my room, all of them with umbrel-

las, make-up, and padding around the mid-section as one might see at a circus. Or a contest for that matter, for each smiled huge toothless smiles and then took a wide arc towards my bed, leaning to pick up speed, and then LEPT! up and over, holding out the umbrellas to slow their descent considerably, until they landed on the other side, some coming down to execute a figure eight, some a pirouette or a haughty bow. Those who landed particularly well were applauded and cheered, while one who fell down disappeared altogether. When they seemed to tire of this sport, several of them grabbed the corners of my bed and began to spin it around quite rapidly, while the others held matches to the sheets and spreads that had been flung about. Needless to say, the worthless things caught fire, and I was obliged to sit up rather quickly as the space that had been the bed was rapidly going up in smoke. In seconds, I was down to standing room only on a small patch of bed which diminished even further to about the size of, oh, roughly that of a cigarette butt. Standing in such a spot, I could only hop with one foot and then the other as it was burning with a scathing heat. The room was filling to the brim with smoke, I had lost sight of the skaters, and I no longer knew if I was spinning or not. In this condition, I looked down at the ember I was standing on, and angrily jumped full force upon it with both feet, and upon so doing, it lost its burning characteristics and became instead like a teter-toter board which had been jumped on and unbalanced. My fingertips dug in

that one places against the teeth and plays with a Sproing! Sproing! sound imparted from the thumb? At that point, I had to run and run I did, across a deep chasm, the type that is all too common in movies concerning ape-men, the artic, the ocean itself, the face of jupiter, and through, and through, and out, out, out, out, out into the parking lot and Wilma was there, running towards me with tears streaming down her face, and laughing too. She was shouting, "They told me how they were going to do it!! They told me how! Phil! They told me all about it! As soon as I reached her, I kissed, scolded, forgave, and fell in love with her again all at the same time, and then we both laughed for a long while.

Since then, we send our kindest regards to The Rank Center for the Abolition of Vile Personal Habits each year, I have never even told my friends how I quit smoking.

Warm November night and the stars shining, Alabama, right outside now almost inside with the loft doors owpen waide. Little sparks up there in the navy pecan pie-sky, arcing their route all night without clouds. The Southern Exposure Cinema Corp giving loft seats away free.

Lucy Woods