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Not Exactly an Editor's note:

We recieved several letters this week that implied that the opinions expressed by authors of articles were the official opinions of the CPJ. We were also accused of censoring writings from those with opinions contrary to our own. This is not the case.

The CPJ is a forum for the exchange of information and opinions. We operate with a very limited budget and staff, and most of our stories are written by community volunteers. Anyone can write a news story or opinion piece. Selection is based on the quality of the work, not on the political orientation of the author.

When only one side of an issue is presented, it is because we couldn't find any one else to write the counterpoint, and figured that half was better than none. No one regrets these holes more than the CPJ staff. All new writers are encouraged to come help the newspaper be more balanced and complete.

On a lighter note, this issue's theme is the Literary Arts, and the second half of the paper presents some work of Evergreen students. The center spread shows a sample of work being done by students in the printmaking studio.

Some of you may be wondering why this issue is edited by Polly Trout and not Jennifer Seymore. Some of you may be wondering, "Who the hell IS Polly Trout?" To these students I would like to clarify that I did NOT sever Jen's jugular veins with a potato peeler and stuff her underneath my sink so that I could ASSUME CONTROL here at the office. I'm not a power-crazed megalomaniac. Oh, no. -Polly Trout

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The COOPER POINT JOURNAL is published weekly for the students, staff, and faculty of the Evergreen State College, and the surrounding community. Views expressed are not necessarily those of the college or of the JOURNAL's staff. Advertising material contained herein does not imply endorsement by the JOURNAL. The office is located at the Evergreen State College, Campus Activities Building, Room 306A. The phone number is 866-6000, x6213. All calendar announcements must be double-spaced, listed by category, and submitted no later than noon on Monday for that week's publication. All letters to the editor must be typed, double-spaced, signed, and must include a daytime phone number where the author can be reached. Letters and display advertising must be received no later than 5 p.m. on Monday for that week's publication.

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letters

► Amerika

Dear CPJ readers:

In all the inflamation surrounding ABC's *Amerika*, we have heard no one air our viewpoint: It is *dumb* and unworthy of all the to-do it has received. It's just plain dumb!

It was poorly written, poorly acted, and poorly directed, with an ending so impotent it could only be properly addressed by Dr. Ruth Westheimer.

It was an example of what media hype can do for a show. The big loud noise provided by well-meaning citizens was deftly exploited by the network as they announced before each episode that it was "the most controversial program in television history." Who can hear such an exclamation without watching at least some of it? Unfortunately for all, the program didn't live up to its preceeding trumpeteers.

Sincerely,
Dave Peterson
Ward Kranz
Karen Peterson
Lee Howard

► Gym

To the Editor:

It is with great interest that I have heard Paul Tyler and Todd Anderson make their impassioned plea against the building of the Evergreen gymnasium. In fact, I am so enthused about their arguments that I think their analysis should be extended to all aspects of campus administration.

Of course, the first place to start would be to close the Rec Center, drain the pool, and turn off the lights. The savings would be astronomical, and students would be forced to ponder deeper issues than the development of svelte, athletic bodies to place inside of the BMWs they all are doubtlessly pondering acquiring upon graduation.

The CAB building should be next. Few people will really miss the service of SAGA. Besides, it's about time that those students living in the dorms learned how to take care of themselves.

Which reminds me, we might as well shut the dorms down, too. The experience of constructing makeshift shelters in the woods would certainly be morally uplifting for the former residents.

Similar logic would allow us to close the Com building, Lab I and II (boy, there's a

bureaucratic bungle so good they pulled it twice), the Lecture Halls and the Seminar Building.

This leaves us with the Library, which might become a bit crowded. However, if Messrs. Tyler and Anderson would be kind enough to sort out the irrelevant and useless volumes, the space needed for books could probably be reduced by a factor of three. Of course, the discarded volumes could be given away to displaced loggers, who could use them to heat their homes.

In fact, those few remaining tomes could be trashed as well, since it seems that Tyler and Anderson have everything pretty well figured out. The faculty could be relocated to the most economically depressed areas of the state, where they could re-educate the locals.

Once we've really tightened some belts around this place, we can get things to where they should be: Paul Tyler and Todd Anderson standing on soapboxes in the middle of a dark and lonely Red Square, howling into the rain.

Jerry Steenson

► No girls

CPJ Editor:

Thanks to Ben Tansey for an accurate account of the adjudicator interviews. During my years of serving as a faculty member and academic adjudicator at Centenary College for Women near New York City, one source of ongoing irritaiton was the tendency for some individuals to refer to our students as "little girls." So, just to set the record straight, I never taught at a "small girls' college," but did teach at a "women's college" with a student enrollment of around 500.

Jan Lambertz

► injustice

Dear Cooper Point Garbage:

I was just curious as to where Todd Anderson and Paul Tyler are getting the money to launch a vendetta against the new classroom/recreational complex. Hundreds upon hundreds of xerox copies cost quite a bit of money. Could it be that they have discovered another use for the CPJ Digitec copy machine access card? Wouldn't such

a use for a personal propaganda campaign be another CPJ misuse of funds? And you guys wonder why you are always in trouble.

Sincerely,

Michael Shaudis

No private party borrows our copy card unless they sneak it out while we're all run to bathroom at once—a rare event. For a discussion on objectivity in journalism, please turn to page two.-ed.

► Apology

Michael Hall:

Re: Your letter to the CPJ editor in the December 4, 1986 issue and your letter of February 18, 1987 to Jennifer Seymore, Editor of the CPJ

I was disappointed when I read your initial letter to the editor; disappointed from the standpoint that you took my letter personally. Certainly, I deserve a portion of the blame in this misunderstanding, as obviously I did not take enough pains to clarify the issues.

I would like to explain my position. In the first place, it was not my intention to focus on individuals; rather, I wanted to address the overall problems involved in the allocation of student monies and the legal implications of the current process. It was not my intent to place blame. When I wrote "To be specific, since at least 1980, board members have been chosen by the S & A Board Director or by the Director of Student Activities," I did not intend to imply that you had specifically placed students on the board. What I did intend to point out were the discrepencies between what took place and what I felt should have taken place. The mention of your name was only incidental in the scheme of the whole article, though I am sorry for the discomfort it has caused you.

Sincerely,
David Konig

P.S. First person singular is the style I usually write in; and the double by-line occurred because Jennifer helped to edit and refine the final product. For further questions you can write to me at: 213 Division, Olympis, WA 98502 or call &206e943-9764.

Keynote speaker

Dr. John D. Maguire, president of Claremont University Center and Graduate School in California, will deliver the keynote address for Evergreen's Founding Festival (March 4 - 7) at 7 p.m. on Friday, March 6, in the Library Lobby.

Maguire, an internationally respected teacher-scholar-administrator, is a specialist in the relation of religious thought to contemporary society. While that subject may be a dry, esoteric field of study for many, it's not for Maguire, whose life, academic and otherwise, was profoundly influenced by a seminary roommate: the Reverend Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. The Alabama native was 18 and King 21 when the two were assigned as roommates at the Crozer Theological Seminary in Pennsylvania. Maguire says that the chance arrangement resulted in "the first abiding interracial friendship I had as a white Southerner." It also propelled the Yale Divinity School graduate into a lifelong commitment to civil rights and social justice, including a perilous journey through Alabama as a Freedom Rider in 1961.

In addition to many other duties, Maguire is currently a permanent trustee of the Martin Luther King Center for Social Change, a director of the West Coast NAACP Legal Defense and Education Fund, and a member of the Los Angeles Humanities Council. He has also written extensively on education, religion and race relations.

Before becoming President of Claremont in 1981, Maguire served as president of the State University of New York at Old Westbury for 11 years and taught at Yale and Wesleyan Universities and Silliman University in the Philippines.

Maguire's 7 p.m. speech is free and open to the public, as are most of the four-day events which celebrate Evergreen's 20th birthday. Complete details on the Founding Festival which includes faculty, alumni and legislative panels, archival exhibits, campus tours, plays, films and more are available by calling 866-6000, x6128.

-Information Services

Linguist speaks in Tacoma

"How Language Alienates" was the topic of a lecture given at the Tacoma campus

last Wednesday by Dr. Joye Hardiman. She discussed how language is shaped by and shapes culture and society. The lecture was sponsored by UMOJA as part of Black History Month.

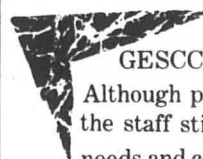
Hardiman, along with Mary Houston, shared four hours of various experiences with language. They discussed how a society constructs a dominant reality through language and how language creates a hospitable or an inhospitable environment. Suggestions for changing the dominant discourse were offered to students.

Tacoma student Paul Perone said that he felt the dominant discourse was one created by and for "high, almighty whites," which correlated with Hardiman's focus on the reimagining of language to include people of color into the dominant discourse.

Hardiman and Houston talked to their students and to visiting students from the Olympia campus, including members from the First People's Coalition.

Hardiman and Houston are currently teaching in the "Cultural Imperatives: Tacoma in the World" program at Evergreen -- Tacoma.

Kathleen Kelly



GESCCO (Greater Evergreen Student Community Cooperation Organization) is undergoing changes.

Although progress has been made in management, volunteer participation, production diversity, and group morale, the staff still needs input to best determine GESCCO's future. The object of this survey is twofold: one, to assess the needs and concerns of Evergreen students, and two, to document past participation in GESCCO events. These are an attempt to gain feedback to improve GESCCO's service and determine how effective it has been in the past.

Please check the appropriate boxes and give as much information, suggestions or comments as you can. Drop the survey off at GESCCO at 5th and Cherry or in the box marked GESCCO in the CAB.

your name:

address:

- I am an off campus student
 on campus student
 community member

I first hear about GESCCO through:

- CPJ
 Radio Ad
 Posters
 Other student groups
 Word of mouth

In the box, please note how many times you have attended the type of event listed.

- Lecture series
 Film series
 Performance productions
 Live music productions
 Dances
 Other:

Suggestions or Comments:

FAIR fights for vigorous media

by Steve Marquardt

Jeff Cohen is a pretty upbeat guy these days.

Cohen, a tall, bearded 36 year old, is the New York based executive director of Fairness and Accuracy in the Media (FAIR), a liberal media watchdog group founded in mid 1986. He is, he says, "really hopeful. With the Iran-Contra scandal, the right wing is on the verge of collapse." For groups like FAIR, hard times for Republicans means an opportunity to reenter the national political debate, from which Cohen feels the left has been excluded for the last six years.

Cohen was in Seattle last weekend to appear on KOMO TV's "Town Hall" program as part of a panel critiquing ABC's *Amerika* mini-series, which depicted a Soviet takeover of the U.S. Needless to say, he didn't think much of the show. "Why is the corporate media so prone to giving us this vision of commies invading us, raping us, and killing us?" he asks. "It's a tiresome image; it doesn't help us understand the Soviet Union, it doesn't help us understand how we can begin to dismantle nuclear

weapons and get to a saner world." Raising such questions about *Amerika* has been FAIR's biggest project to date, and Cohen proudly takes credit for the storm of controversy that erupted around the show.

"I think what happened is the biggest grass-roots upsurge ever to express concern about a television program in history. The peace movement has come alive because they're so outraged."

For Cohen, *Amerika* is only the latest example of what he believes is a "pro-corporate, pro cold war bias" in the media. He complains that the views Americans (with a "c") see on television and in the newspapers represent a sharply limited range of opinions. "When we're given debates on television, how many times is the debate conducted with, say, a Cap Weinberger on the right, who's for unlimited nuclear buildup, and on the so-called left is Senator Sam Nunn, who's for a more cost-effective nuclear arms build-up; and no one represents the millions of Americans who think the arms race should be stopped? The American press," he says, "is the most conservative in the world. All you have is the center and the right." FAIR hopes it can change all that.

In the immediate future, the group will be paying close attention to Ted Koppel's *Nightline*, along with the *McNeil-Lehrer Report* and other public affairs programs. "We'll be looking at their guest lists and seeing who they invite on as experts, how many men versus how many women, how many whites get on versus people of color, how many representatives of the corporations get on versus representatives of labor unions, consumer groups, or environmentalists."

Cohen resents suggestions that his group is a liberal version of Reed Irvine's conservative media activist organization, Accuracy in Media (AIM). He calls AIM a "hysterical fringe group" that "hates the media." FAIR's approach, Cohen insists, is to offer constructive criticism. "We are sympathetic with the working press...we're for a more vigorous media, a more aggressive press. We won't be intimidating reporters; we'll be calling them to do more and to dig better, and that's ultimately good for the American public."

Though his organization is a relatively

new one on the political scene, Cohen believes that its constructive approach has already gained a lot of credibility with the media. Aside from the controversy and counter-programming FAIR generated over *Amerika*, Cohen points to other successes. "Talk show people now sometimes call us for recommendations," he says. "We get calls from producers asking us who's a good expert on some progressive issue. We're having an impact." Confirmation that Cohen and FAIR are being taken seriously by the media came frequently while I was taking with him, as our interview in Cohen's Seattle hotel room was interrupted by telephone calls from the AP wire service, the Seattle Times, and the *Studs Terkel Show*, all asking for his reaction to the last episode of *Amerika*.

Cohen believes that his group and what he calls "progressive" movements are now on the threshold of major successes, as the Iran-Contra scandal calls the right wing into question. "Opportunities—you can't even count them they're so numerous," he says. He cautions, though, that it will take hard work to undo what he refers to as "six years of a media propaganda barrage." He points out that after Watergate "progressives" failed to take advantage of conservative disarray. "We can reach the working press, the editors, and the producers, and that's what activists should do. They shouldn't grumble to each other about how bad the media is; they should set about trying to change it." Locally, Cohen gives high marks to the Seattle Central America Media Project (SCAMP), whom he calls "an amazing group. They've done a lot to monitor and change the inaccurate images that have appeared in Central American coverage."

Ultimately, FAIR hopes to have an impact on national electoral politics. With fairer media coverage, he believes, "you'd see a real boom to the fortunes of progressive candidates in the political arena. But," he adds, "if progressives don't get their fair share of access in the four years between presidential elections, then someone who comes out with a progressive agenda looks like he or she is coming from Mars." And that's why Ted Koppel should expect to be hearing a lot from Jeff Cohen from now on.

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Hiring process raises suspicions

by Dave Campbell and Scott Buckley

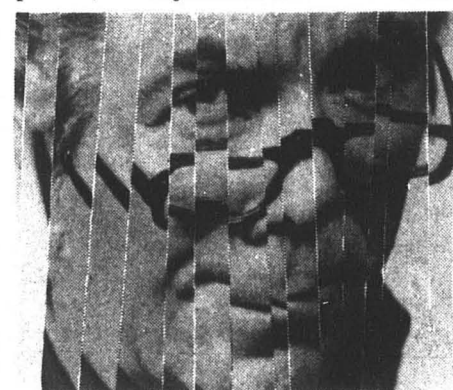
In last week's *CPJ*, a small article described the methods used by the office of the Vice President to search for a new Campus Adjudicator. The bland assertions of that story raised far more questions than they answered about how Evergreen deals with individuals who fall outside its norms, how "justice" is dispensed here, and who decides what justice is. Some still-unexplored questions about the *process* used to select the new Adjudicator were hidden within the article; unfortunately, the answers to these questions may show that the selection process, which involved a secret and anonymous organization of Evergreen employees who call themselves "The Network," represents a fleeting glimpse into the business-as-usual methods of a secret, self-appointed group who are behind the real mechanisms by which "law and order" is maintained at Evergreen, and by whom students who are considered "dangerous" or "disruptive" are watched. [For background, see *CPJ*, June 5, 1986, page 1, "Secret Organization Polices Students' Behavior."]

It is hard to imagine a more public post than the position of Campus Adjudicator. Officially, the individual selected to fill this role is to be the very embodiment of justice within the Evergreen community. The Adjudicator is responsible for all actions taken to discipline students at Evergreen, and enforces the somewhat vague provisions of the Social Contract. When he decides that a student has violated one of those provisions, the Adjudicator has several options.

He can expel the student from college entirely, or allow him or her to continue to be enrolled subject to the terms of whatever

special conditions he may choose to set. (One typical condition, which has been used in the past, is that the student submit to psychological examination and regular "sessions" at the Counseling Center. The student's continued enrollment may be contingent on these sessions.) The Adjudicator may also decide that expulsion is not enough, and issue an order banning the student from the campus entirely -- such an order is known to Security as a CT (Criminal Trespass) citation, and means that if the student appears on campus, he or she will be arrested. Although the ex-

act number of students who are banned by such orders is considered a secret, it is considered likely that there are at least twenty. In addition to the above "official" powers, the Adjudicator also has the entire



Has Richard been a naughty adjudicator?

resources of a secret information-gathering system, "The Network," at his or her disposal.

As with any clandestine organization, a fully accurate description of "The Network" is impossible. Meetings are closed, no records are kept; there is no written agenda and no minutes to audit. Even the identities of its members are secret. Membership is presumably by invitation only, and the exact number of members are unknown (one unofficial source puts the number who supply "The Network" with information at 40, with far fewer attending regular meetings.) In the absence of any verifiable information, one is forced to rely on what its members choose to say about "The Network." However, even this much

"Meetings are closed, no records are kept... members identities are secret."

raises questions with regard to student rights and privacy. The assertion that "The Network" maintains no records of its own is open to question, as well, since some members have referred in passing to "files" on students which span several years.

The background and training of many of "The Network" members seems to be in either psychology or law enforcement; it has been publicly acknowledged that "The Network" receives information from Security, Housing (including certain student managers), the Counseling Center, at least one dean (Larry Stenberg), and that

the Adjudicator helps to coordinate its efforts and acts on its information.

We believe it quite possible that Richard Jones' term as adjudicator was marked by repeated violations of students' legal rights and civil liberties. We, therefore, feel it only just and appropriate that the next adjudicator (if there is one) be an individual who is widely respected for his or her role in defending civil liberties. While Professor Harding is unquestionably the best of the four finalists chosen, the method of his selection shows either ignorance or contempt for a tradition of open nominations, from start to finish, at Evergreen. [Since the writing of this article, Phil Harding has, in fact, been selected as the new campus adjudicator. --ed.]

We wish to register outrage and shock that, to date, the selection process for a public post at Evergreen has consisted solely of consultations by a Vice President, Gail Martin, with an anonymous and self-appointed Star Chamber. Only at the very end of the selection process was the community consulted at all, presumably to give a false color of legitimacy to one of four finalists, already *pre-selected* by the Network (*CPJ*, February 19, 1987). This is the stuff of Orwell or Kafka -- not the way in which a public institution chooses its most public officers.

One provision of the Washington Administrative Code (WAC) states "Decisions must be made only after consultation with those who are directly affected by the issue. Consultation must be a formal process, to assure the widest possible community involvement." Certainly, students comprise

the only group "directly affected" by the actions of the Adjudicator, since faculty and staff have their own mediation procedures;

yet students were not consulted in the initial nominations. How can a Vice President ask a secret organization to name candidates to a public post which profoundly affects the lives of students -- by expelling or retaining them at will, banning them entirely, or even, it would seem, having them placed under "surveillance" in violation of the right to privacy? The selection process which was used was certainly unethical; under the hiring provisions of state law, it was probably illegal.

continued on next page

Part time classes lack quality

by Barbara Warren

The administrators of Evergreen need to re-evaluate the part-time classes which are offered here. The classes listed now seem to be chosen for the full-time students to add to their regular programs as "filler" classes. Very few can be considered as a means for students to receive a degree through a part-time education.

I began my college "career" in 1983 at South Puget Sound Community College. I received my AA degree two years later, all the while planning to attend Evergreen full-time to work towards a BA focusing in psychology. I had heard many good things about Evergreen and was looking forward to receiving a quality education.

Since I am a single parent with two children, I qualify for financial aid. There was no way three people could survive on the amount awarded to me, however, so I could not attend full-time solely on financial aid. I had to change my plans: accepting a full-time job, working from 5:00 p.m.

to 1:30 a.m., and going to a class which was held eight hours a day, two days a week soon proved too difficult for me. I found I could not be a full-time student, employee, and mother.

I realize that it is my decision to work full-time and get my education through part-time classes, but I would not have turned down the financial aid awarded to me if there had been any way I could have supported my family on it.

At four credits per quarter, it will take me 23 quarters and \$3,680 (not considering probable increases in the future) for tuition to earn the 90 more credits needed for my degree. I doubt that I will be able to find classes relevant to my field of study for six successive years. I do not want to enroll in and pay for classes I am not interested in. My concern is that through part-time classes I will not be receiving the quality education I would if I was attending Evergreen as a full-time student. Will I have gained enough knowledge to be considered as an effective and employable

social worker or counselor if all that is available to me is The Japanese Bureaucracy, Two American Poets, and Figure Drawing? A degree will not mean much if I haven't been able to take mainly psychology classes.

I have gotten the idea that Evergreen is designed for students who are supported by parents or a spouse. I doubt if my situation is unique. There are bound to be other students feeling the same frustration as I am. When I needed advice concerning my desire to stay in school full-time, I could not find it. I was referred to one person after another, no one being able to find me the answers I needed.

If students can make the academic counselors and the administration aware of their need for a better part-time scholastic program, eventually there will be changes. Evergreen is known for its teaching advancements and as a pioneer of learning programs. One more step needs to be taken to help see that every student desiring an education has a chance to get one. □

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It should be noted that the very existence of such a thing as "The Network" runs counter to every principle on which the college was founded, and violates the Social Contract explicitly. In the face of something so irregular, the phrase "locatable and accountable" seems a rather poor joke. The unchecked operation of "The Network" at Evergreen for at least the last five years (no one will say exactly how long), and the fact that it was created by the very individuals who serve as the watchdogs of the Social Contract makes a mockery of everything idealistic about Evergreen.

As a founding member of "The Network," Vice President Martin is utterly unfit to choose the next adjudicator. We also believe that previous participation in this secret organization is sufficient to disqualify any candidate from the post. Since abuses involving the Counseling Center were a rubric of Professor Jones' career, we feel that the training and background of future adjudicators should be in a field other than psychology -- such candidates would be more likely to allow the center to function independently. This will help partly to clear the stigma which is now attached to that office of the college, and also help prevent future abuses.

Finally, we ask that all future hiring decisions be made by independently appointed DTFs, in the Evergreen tradition, and ask students to exercise caution in endorsing any new conduct code or governance process. The authors of "The Network" have already spoken, through their actions, and given us their opinion on student rights and civil liberties. □

Dave Campbell is a former member of the Board of Directors, Pierce County American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU). Both authors are also current Evergreen students.

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Longhouse, gym could cooperate

by Tom Casterline

What do a gymnasium and a Longhouse have in common? The answer to this is more than the physical structure of both buildings; each in its own way is a recreation center, a place where strength and spirits are refreshed.

A sports complex is a place for the expression of human energy. It is a place where people gather to meet specific needs. A Longhouse is also a place where people, traditionally Indian people, have met as a community. Whether it be educational, ecological, economic, or social reasons, tribes from Washington State have met at Longhouses for centuries with a sense of hospitality and recognition to people from surrounding areas. This is more than having good manners; it involves being cordial as well as offering a pleasant environment. It is being receptive, and as far removed as these niceties seem to be from educational pedagogy, integral in the Native American philosophy of education is the idea of openness, especially to new ideas.

What seems to frighten those who are ignorant of this philosophy is the possibility of creating a surplus of individuals who don't always conform to the requirements of an ordered society. If being an individual is part of being an American, Native American Studies can be an integral part of American education because it is part of a philosophy as old as the Socratic method which recognizes the potential of the individual and his or her own personal power. This attitude towards education can serve as a valuable compliment to the traditional American educational system, which seems structured to turn out uniform products, good consumers, and not people with ideas which arise from their individual beings. This is, in a way, a lack of respect, for both our own individual minds and the potential of others.

Both respect and trust are integral in the Native American philosophy of learning. People are empowered when they are trusted to decide and pursue what they determine to be educationally valuable for themselves. This is an important concept, because it is integral to Indian existence; what has been taken from them is not just land, but a trust in it. This relationship integrates not only Indian lives, but those of Non-Indians, because we are all responsible for the present we exist in, and the respect for the land we live on. A Longhouse would then be in a sense a gift,

because it would serve as a source of talent, a shared meaning element for the community.

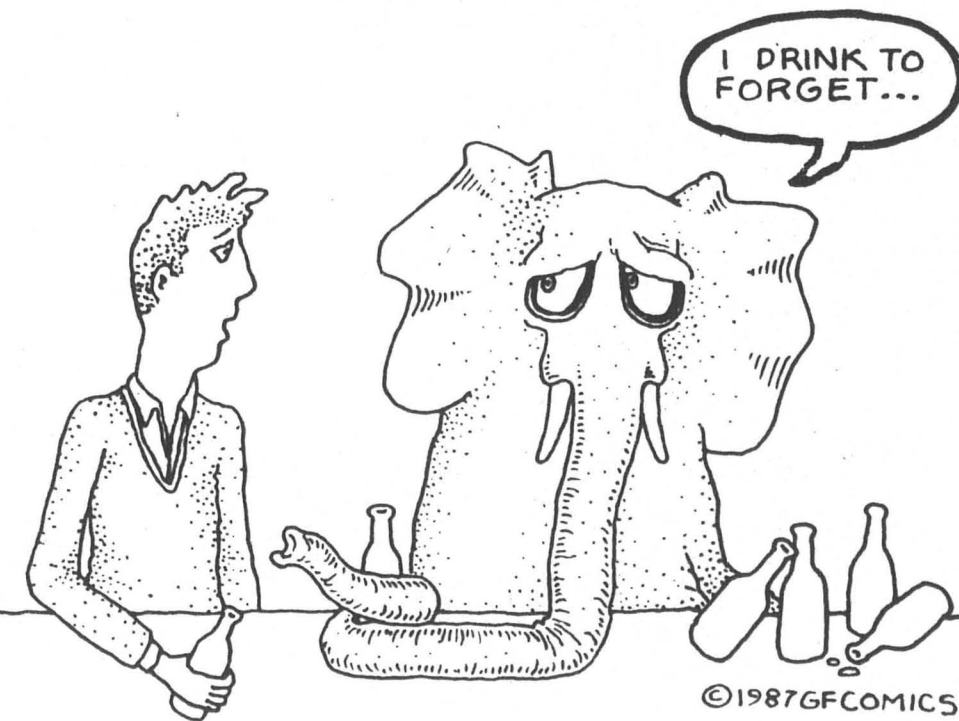
In a time when we as a nation spend immeasurable amounts of energy and potential to defend "our land" from intruders, it is absurd that we do not seem to acknowledge how we are related to the being we walk on; it is where our physical existence derives. If we can avoid both guilt and indifference, a highly technological society need not distance us from our source. People become property paranoid when they are disconnected in their awareness of where they literally stand; too much time is spent walking on concrete buffer zones. Since we don't want dirt tracked everywhere, we have sidewalks and basketball courts.

Sports are paradoxical. They exist in our culture as both a source of health maintenance and, at times, a catalyst of behavior which is normally deemed as socially inappropriate. Overcompetitiveness may not necessarily be symptomatic of a cultural illness, but overly aggressive sports like football reinforce ideas of violent territorial acquisition.

Reverberations & people with a reverse bias would have no such sports facilities exist on Evergreen's campus. They are taking

themselves and their mission too far, as some people take their sports too seriously. This is just another form of elitism which only alienates those who may otherwise sympathize with them. The "oppressors", whether they be white, male, or jock, will probably not go away, so regardless of which side you may choose to be on, if you choose a side, what is important to see is what a Longhouse means. In a material sense, it is a part of a culture whose ancestors we walk upon, an ongoing existence which has a relationship to the land which is only hinted at in our Euro-American culture. In a non-material sense, a Longhouse is the presence of humans anywhere hospitality is expressed; it is an attitude.

The reasons for a sports complex have changed; the reasons for a Longhouse have not. Whether cement or cedar, a Longhouse will only be built if someone in power, or enough people with power, want it. This commitment to cultural diversity may never materialize on this campus; this commitment may mean only those diverse people we can do business with. But even if the rain stops falling on our flat roofs, a Longhouse will always exist in the vision and spirit of someone who understands what a Longhouse means.



community

SHABOOM: Life can be a dream

by Jacob Weisman

Winston Vidor was listening to Bobby "Blue" Bland and Little Richard long before his classmates ever discovered them or their counterparts -- Elvis Presley and Pat Boone. His interest in Rhythm & Blues has been a vital thread of his life. Today, he is the owner of Positively 4th Street, a record store in downtown Olympia dedicated to preserving music from the '50's and '60's.

Growing up in Tacoma, Win first began listening to R & B when he was 11 years old back in 1953. "There were some friends of mine at Holy Cross Catholic School in Tacoma," he says, "that were singing songs at the weekly talent show contests that were a little different than what you'd hear on the average radio station."

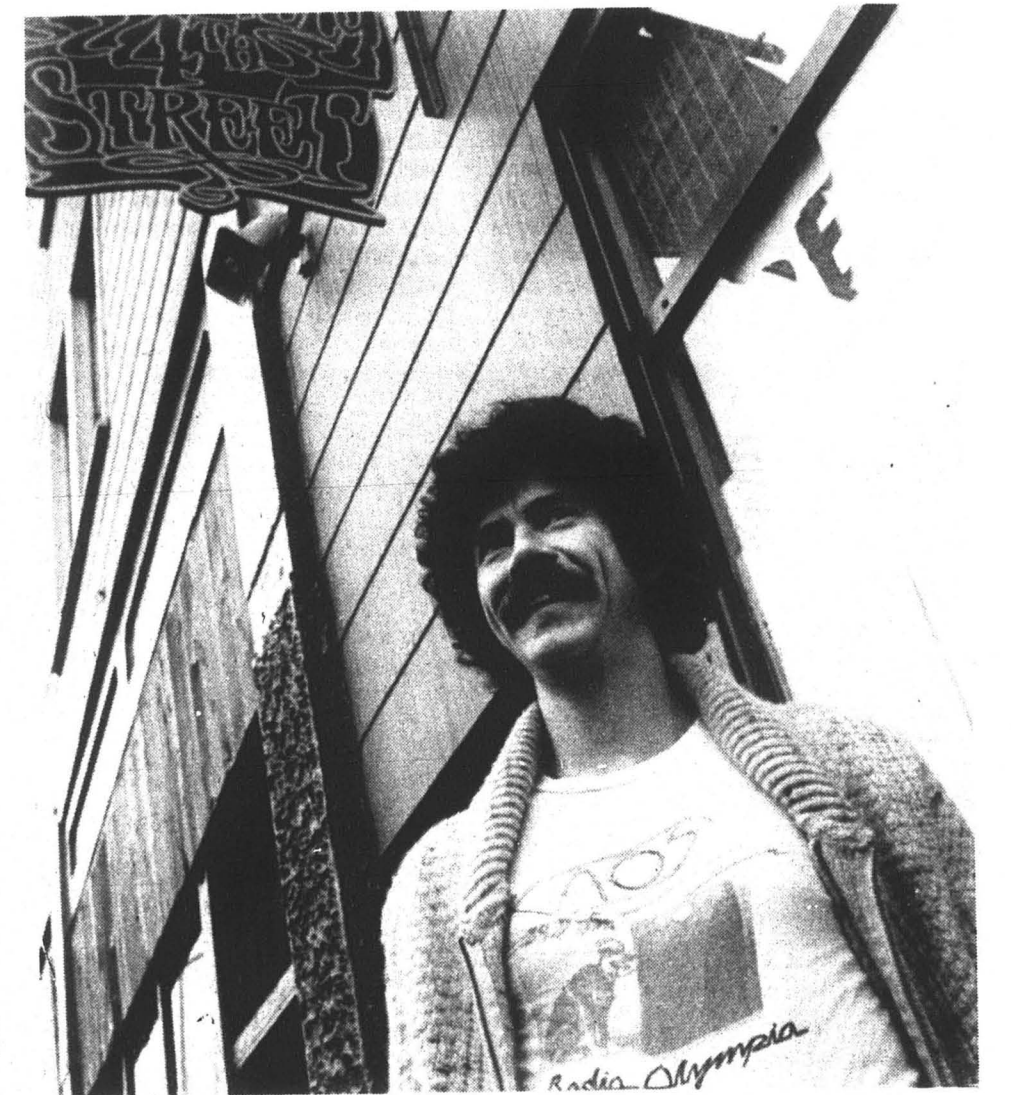
Later, Win left the confines of Catholicism for Mason Jr. High. There, he found that there were a lot more people listening to the music. On weekends, he'd go with his friends to a drive-in called the Hilltop where a black disc-jockey named Bob Summerise played songs like "Witchcraft" by the Spiders, "Sh-boom" by the Chords, or "Hound Dog" by Big Mama Thornton.

He later discovered a music shop run by a disc-jockey named Fitzgerald Beaver located in the black section of Tacoma. "There was a fellow there," he says, "who worked behind the counter named Robin Roberts that I went to school with. I would help him out."

"I started hanging out in that area of town and learning a little bit more about the black situation. The white record shops would close by five-thirty or six o'clock, but the Broadway Record Shop wouldn't start jumpin' until then or later. There would be people there partying, dancing, and just listening to the music. They'd be enjoying themselves playing cards, shooting pool, or getting their hair done next door at the barber shop."

But Win's freedom was about to end. As a white juvenile he had crossed an invisible line the moment he stepped into the black section. "The police," he says, "would pick me up and bus me to the other end of town. If you're on the street, like I was, you don't want to be seen associating with 'the man.'" No one wants anything to do with you because they think you might be a snitch."

Later tensions with the police came to a



head. "There was a guy I knew named Red. He would buy us wine. There was a song out called 'White Port and Lemon Juice' by the Four Deuces—that's what we were into. But the police picked us up as soon as Red brought it out. They'd been watching us."

From there the police took Win to Remann Hall where he says they called him a "nigger lover" and told him that he had been caught in the wrong part of town and would be put on a red list with other whites who frequented the black area. They told him he was fortunate that they hadn't found any drugs on him but that he was still in hot water.

Six weeks later they sent him to a state training school in Chehalis. "There, I was with people who were into R & B almost exclusively. I felt very comfortable with the people there, even though they were there

on all sorts of juvenile crimes: car theft, robbery, murder. Whatever juveniles do, they got sentenced for."

From there, Win moved down to San Francisco where he worked at a Macy's department store near Candlestick before moving back to the Northwest in 1968 to finish his education. From 1974 to 1981, as an Evergreen student, he had his own radio show, "What It Is: Music In and Out of the '50's" on KAOS-FM. "You couldn't hear the records I was playing on another station," he says. "I would go back and pick up Little Richard's RCA recordings, his spiritual or his blues recordings."

Win opened Positively 4th Street in December of 1982. But nothing has really changed. "I still listen to the same music," he admits. "I went and saw Bo Diddley when he was here in Seattle and I still listen to the Beach Boys' new material." □

Tie-dyed swimmers turn heads

by Otto Redexus

The Evergreen swim teams competed at Lewis and Clark College in Portland over the weekend. The men finished in eighth place and the women in 11th. The team's official t-shirt was in a tie-die pattern and turned a lot of heads. The other colleges definitely took notice of the Evergreen spirit. The team's colorful attire and geoduck yell was a sight to see.

Max Gilpin finished in sixth place in the 400 IM with a time of 4:26.40, which was a national qualifying time. Max also placed 12th in the 200 breaststroke with a time of 2:19.05, and 12th in the 100 Breaststroke with 1:05.54.

Jake Towle swam a fabulous 500 freestyle race by taking off 20 seconds and placing 16th with a 5:32.77.

Eric Seemann finished with a third place in diving and was also a member of the 400

freestyle relay with finished 9th.

Other finalists included Matt Love, 100 backstroke, 11th, 1:02.40, and 200 backstroke, 10th, 2:20.20; Mike Hernandez, 200 fly, 13th, 2:26.96; and Aaron Soule, 100 backstroke, 15th, 1:10.70. Other regional team members included: Tino Ruth, Mike Bujacih, and Jerome Rigot.

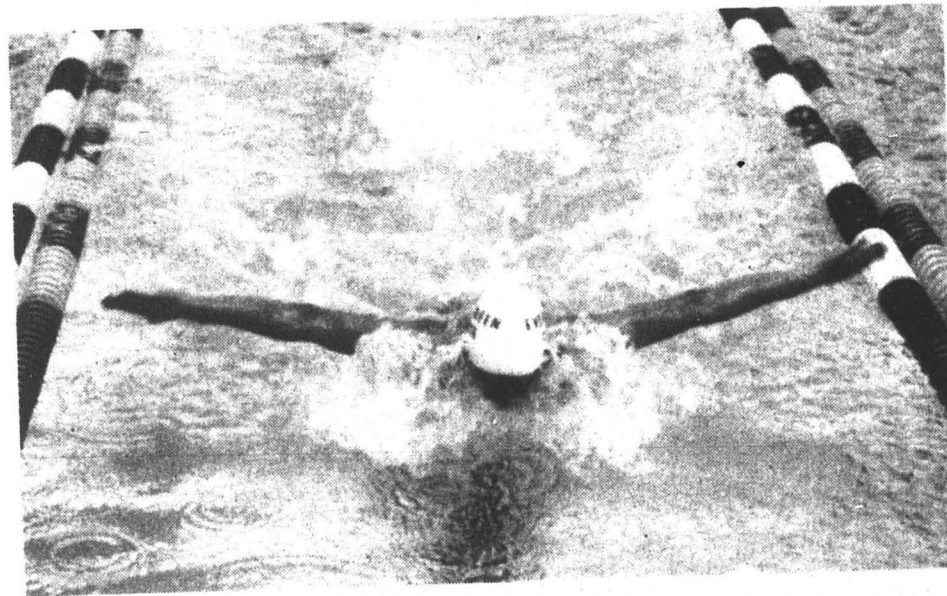
The women's team had many personal best times. Annie Pizey finished in 16th place in the 400 IM with a time of 6:10.59, while Louise Brown qualified for 15th in the 200 butterfly. Tawney V. Young dove very consistently to finish in 4th place in the one meter diving competition.

Rachel Wexler swam the 1650 yard freestyle for the first time and finished 17th with a 22:23.34.

Kate Parker swam her season's best in the 100 back with a time of 1:16.30, and in the 200 back with 23:46.59. Alison Metheny swam a personal best in the 100 free in 1:13.00.

The entire swim team was named Captain by the vote of the swimmers. "This whole squad swam very well all season long and also had a lot of fun being together. This was definitely the most dedicated team I've coached here at Evergreen," said coach Fletcher.

Evergreen's sports banquet will be held March 12 in honor of the athletes.



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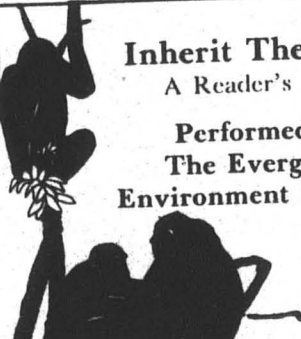


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Behind the scenes at Barnum

by Barbara Zelano

Imagine a black box...add splashes of color to the floor...wheel in a painted wagon, and hang flags and banners...light the box with bright primary colors swimming through white spot lights. Now you have a black box transformed into a circus space. This is a reality in Evergreen's Experimental Theatre, and has been for weeks. Students working with technical director Richelle Potter are preparing the space for "Barnum", the Broadway musical based on the life of the famous circus promoter, P.T. Barnum.

Each show staged in this theatre creates different design problems for the crew, but "Barnum" is an unusually interesting undertaking because of the circus environment required.

Recently, I asked Richelle, who has been brainstorming with set designer Cindra Harter, about the approach taken for "Barnum." She said that the process began by talking with the director, Ralph McCoy, and then metaphors from the storyline were transformed into images and drawings. Cindra and Richelle looked carefully at the set design used for the original Broadway show, and stuck to a turn of the

century design because this is essential to the script.

Both agreed "Barnum" is a more difficult show to stage than most because having a circus ring in the center, and the audience on three sides, does not allow enough freedom to remove set pieces or "fly things out."

Richelle said that they have had to work stationary design pieces, such as the tightrope and the giant elephant, into the set and figure out ways to work around them.

Cindra expressed some frustration about having to limit ideas because of a very small budget, but felt it was creatively more inspiring to have to stretch and modify while keeping monetary limitations in mind.

Jill Carter, who has assisted in designing and is now in the process of building the set, feels "Barnum" is interesting because of all the flash and color of the circus atmosphere. She said many of the carpenters in the scene shop independently designed pieces like Tom Thumb's giant chair, the elephant stands, the circus wagon and the mermaid booth.

At some point during the process of constructing the circus environment, Jill will make a shift from set designer to master

electrician of the show. She and fellow technician Jess Graham will be operating the light board.

Although it is standard to record light cues onto the board and use the memory, they will implement most of the cues manually to give "Barnum" a live feeling.

Lighting designer Tom Naught feels designing for "Barnum" may be easier than other shows because there is more splash and flair. However, because there will be tent inside the theatre, working around it creates problems in hanging and focusing lights. He would like the lighting outside the tent to evoke a feeling of airspace or blue sky, making the space inside the tent seem more open.

In reference to combining all design elements, Richelle expressed the importance of maintaining the design strength of individual elements, while having the physicality of each work uniformly to create the circus environment.

On March 4-7 at 8 p.m., Evergreen's Experimental Theatre will be filled with the magic of a circus inviting to "children of all ages." Bring all the kids, and see you there! Tickets are five dollars students and seniors, seven dollars general. Reservations and information, 866-6833. □

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by Paul Pope

Something subversive has been happening in the basement of Lab II: the printmaking studio, closed for all use in the spring of 1985, was opened this quarter especially for students in the Expressive Arts program *Studio Project*.

The printmaking studio houses some of the best printmaking equipment in the state. Its temporary access makes this quarter a unique opportunity for students wanting to learn the different processes for making art prints. *Studio Project* obtained Seattle printmaker and former UW video

and arts faculty Bill Ritchie to teach the different printmaking processes: lithography, silkscreening, intaglio/relief prints made from etchings, and block prints made from wood or linoleum plates. Ritchie, no stranger to Evergreen, helped set up the campus' first litho press in 1972.

He has incorporated a computer element in the program as an extension of the printmaking process. A video camera patched into a computer terminal generates a dot matrix-like image onto the screen and can then be colored and made into a print-out (similar to the Mac Paint function on a MacIntosh system).

"We are in the digital age," Ritchie said. "Technology is so pervasive in our daily lives that it bears study." He believes it is important for students to consider computers as "tools with which to think," and is helping students to develop a semi-mechanized management system for taking inventory of supplies and organization of the studio so that students will know first hand what it takes to run such a studio.

In 1985 the Legislature demanded that Evergreen return ten percent of its operating budget for the coming academic year. This necessitated the formation of the Temporary Budget Committee (TEM-

BUCO), which was chaired by Patrick Hill. "It was kind of a crash DTF," said Mike Beug, academic Dean for space and budget. "They had to pick among a few areas so others could still function."

Horizontally distributed cuts had been made so often that further cuts would have weakened many programs beyond effectiveness. With this in consideration, areas with waning student demand were suggested for elimination.

Among those deepest cut were the Center for Community Development, support for the student built marine-research sail boat and support for the

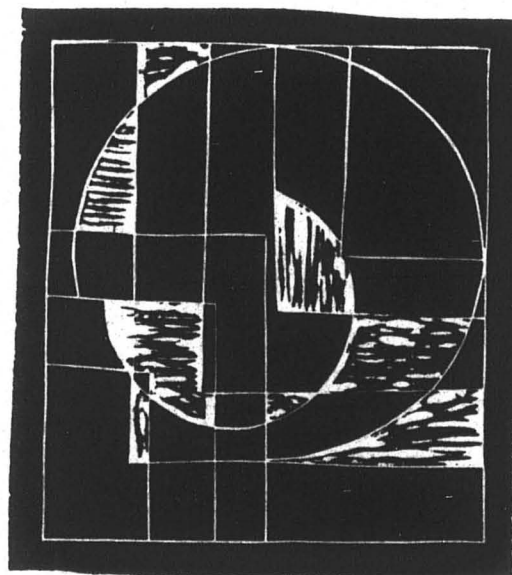
theater. The printmaking studio appeared as a ready-made cut as then-faculty Lawry Gold planned to teach elsewhere.

Now some of the affected areas may see a revitalization. "Barring any Legislative disaster," Beug said, "we will be able to go about repairing the damage from TEMBUCO."

According to Beug, the printmaking studio is considered a pipeline growth area and hiring a printmaker is on the list of things to refinance, but he stressed that many other things have also. In any event, there is no set date for the printmaking studio to be open again on a regular basis.



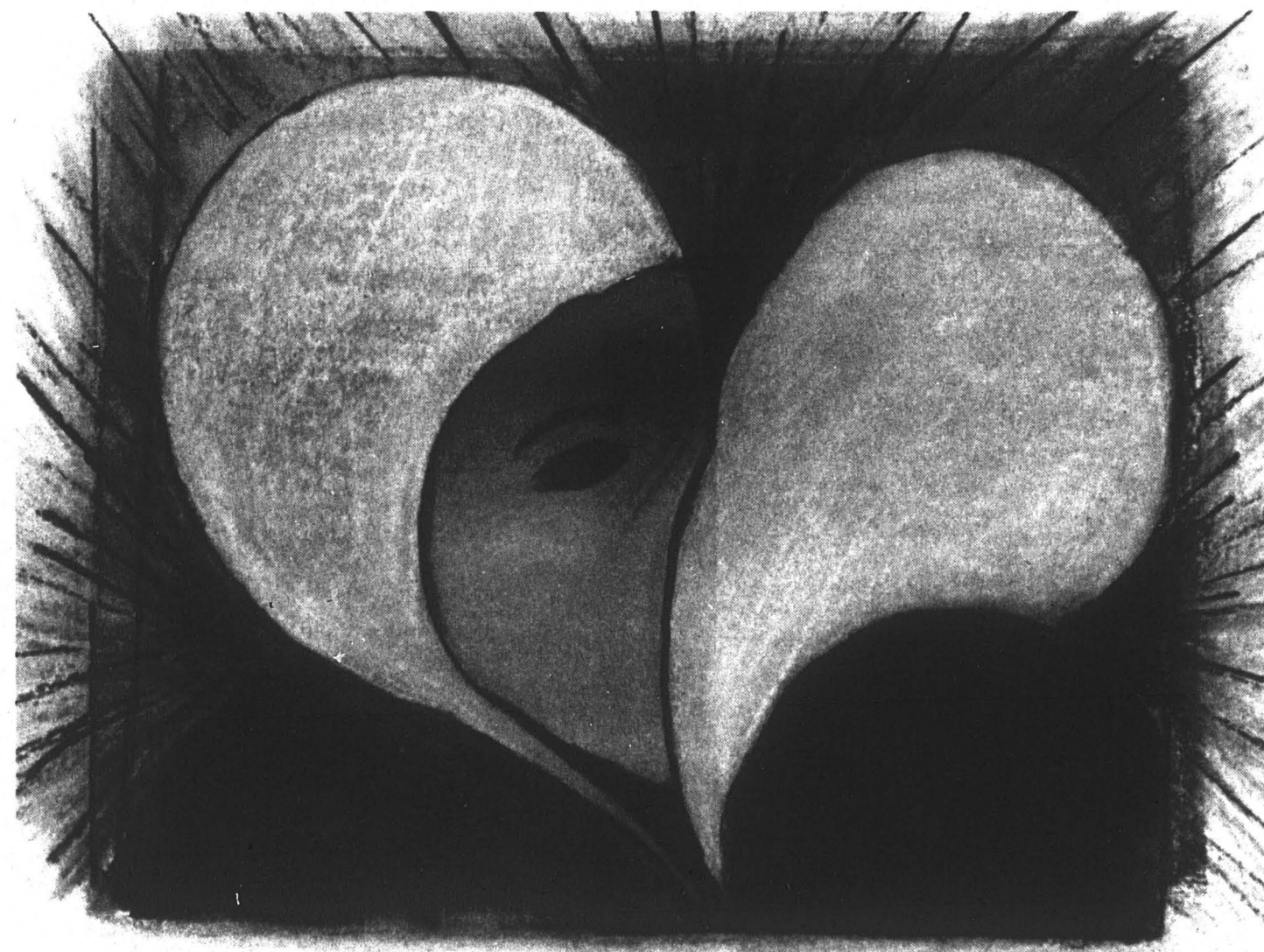
Ian Merrill



Ian Merrill



Karen Krieger



Sandy Tunison

Screenprint



Nate Anderson

Intaglio Print

SUN

"The dark world has eclipsed the light once again, gentlemen!" Elijah Deems roared from the balcony. "Lift your glasses and slurp up the darkness and soon the light shall come again!"

Eight floors below, on the courtyard of the dorms, a throng of drunken students milled around. They cheered and scoffed and laughed, slopping keg beer onto the red brick in the cool October night.

"Deems is frying on acid again," one drunk said to another.

Elijah, six-feet-two, dressed in brown cords, a white Arrow shirt, tie and a tweed jacket, took a mouthful of bourbon from his pint. He washed down the whiskey and the urge to puke with some of the beer he carried in a plastic pitcher. Suddenly he was possessed again by the urge to deliver inspired rhetoric:

"God so loved the world, and so hated it, that he sent me -- his bastard son -- to rave at you, herd you toward destruction. Tomorrow I will preach temperance and love of beauty in a whisper. But tonight I SCRE-E-EAM!" He shrieked out the last sentence so loudly and insanely that the crowd was silent for a moment. Elijah laughed, raking a thin hand through sand-colored curls.

"Hell, I'm almost out of beer. I will come back to you."

A cacophony of slurred voices answer-ed: "Come on down, Eli!" cried one; "Fuck, no, stay up there and pass out!" called another.

The stairwell, covered in graffiti, swirled and contorted around the young man as he entered it. For a moment he hesitated, to be sure the concrete stairs were stable enough to support him. He felt suffocated, needed the open air. But he moved cautiously, afraid to fall. The railing he gripped flowed in waves, molten.

Emerging at last from the tall gray building, on the ground again, Elijah was engulfed by the crowd. The faces surrounding him would not connect with the bodies; as if to choose a body would mean, for each face, irrevocable imprisonment. Dorm A, from which Elijah had just ranted, bent and flapped above the partiers like a rectangular tube of canvas stretched over flimsy bamboo.

Out of the mealstrom of faces, tee-shirts, and sloshing glasses came Jack. There was no need to wonder which body went with that ruddy, bearded face; the ends of his long brown hair seemed woven into the knap of his tweed jacket. Except for Elijah's, his was the only tweed in the crowd.

"Eli, you are an admirable drinker," Jack slurred, clapping his friend's shoulder.

"Messianic, you mean," Elijah replied, lowering his fair face to peer dramatically from under his brow.

"Shit," Jack sighed. "Well, Lord, the keg's empty. Let's go to my house and drink more beer. Some of the fun boys are coming with."

"Killer deal. Anyway, I gave the multitudes all they can handle for now."

"How much acid did you take?" Jack asked seriously.

"Two. No, two and a half. Had to, dude. The further into darkness I plunge, the further into light I'll fly later."

"Bullshit," Jack laughed. "Jesus, you're a nut."

Elijah waited at the corner of the square, near a thin leafy tree, while Jack circulated through the crowd collecting people for the new, smaller party. Hairline cracks had appeared in Elijah's beautiful feeling of mastery, now that he was on the ground; he did not want to be too near the crowd. He sipped more slowly at his pint because he was out of chaser. His mind was toffee on a chemical toffee stretcher.

"Hohoho, I love my two worlds -- I conjure with both, they are intertwined," he whispered. He grinned, then chuckled.

"Pretty funny tree, dude, I'll admit," Jack said.

Elijah spun to face him. He had not seen his friend, now the leader of a group of three other party boys, approach. That he, Elijah, had been squeezing the tree and giggling into its bark struck him and he laughed again.

"Twisted," he muttered.

"Eli, you're out for another evening of being seen," said Roger Burgess good-naturedly. He pushed his hair off his glasses.

"My subjects need me."

"They need another keg, not your posturing." Roger was vicious and mocking when drunk.

The cracks in Elijah's fantasy facade widened. Dread began to leak into him. He looked away from Roger and took another drink of bourbon.

The other two new arrivals smickered. They were John Sweeney and Ted Swain. John, the heavy-metal head of the crew, wore a black leather jacket under his waist-length blond hair; Ted was another tee-shirt, a part of the blurred crowd temporarily apart from it.

"Is all of that for you, Eli?" Roger asked, eyeing the pint.

Elijah watched the rest of the night flow and eddy. It was the same as many nights had been. When they reached the Safeway, he helped carry the beer they'd bought out to Jack's red Celica. He sang with the radio on the drive to Jack's house, in West Blackton. Once inside the dim living room he drank with the party boys until the alcohol finally overpowered the acid in his beleaguered skull.

In the end he lay passed out on the floor.



Elijah awoke in total darkness. It took him sticky moments to remember where he was. His body was covered in sweat; his head pounded in agonizing rhythm. Tentatively, he explored the void with his hand. He did not know in what part of the house he lay. Then his fingers contacted the seat of one of the dilapidated armchairs he knew were in the living room.

The darkness stank of cigarette smoke and stale beer. Elijah pushed the light button on his digital watch. It was four-thirty. Elijah moaned. Oh, God, he thought, please let there be some beer left in the fridge.

The cramped muscles of his back and shoulders unknotted as Elijah moved to get up. Runners of pain skittered up and down his body, curling his toes, whitening his knuckles. He struggled to his feet and staggered blindly to the kitchen. The light inside the refrigerator seared his eyes when he opened the door. Then, when he could see, Elijah searched for a beer. He found only the empty case.

The house was like the carcass of a dead animal, fetid and dark inside. It nauseated Elijah to think of the other guys collapsed in the closed bedrooms. Ted Swain and Jack were the only two who actually lived there, but the place was usually full of partiers.

Elijah felt his way to the bathroom. The light above the mirror stung his eyes when he turned it on, but fear made him leave it lit. His knees trembled as he urinated.

Finished, he peered into the mirror. The acid flush was leaving his face. The color of vomited milk encroached slowly upon the rouge-like pink of his cheeks and nose. A sweaty matt of flattened curls stuck to the left side of his head. Elsewhere, the hair crouched in oily loops. An expression of deep confusion and despair clouded his still-dilated green eyes.

Elijah tried to wait until the sun began to rise before leaving the house. Somehow the sun would save him, he felt; its warm light would fill him and burn away the scum and darkness. But fear, the urge to run, would not let him wait. He pulled on his tweed in the living room and fled the house.

Porch lights made pools of brightness in the street. He hurried from each one to the next, heading for the main road. In less than two hours the sun will rise and the bus will come, he thought.

Darren Street, one of the main arteries of Blackton, glimmered in the electric blue of streetlights. The houses lining it seemed formed of shadow. Elijah walked more slowly now. Up ahead he could see the 7-11 on the corner where Peters Avenue intersected Darren. Diagonal from the store was the bus stop.

"It's five-thirty now," he whispered, glancing at his watch. "Just an hour till the sun comes, and the bus."

When he reached the metal sign-post marking the bus stop, Elijah tried to read the schedule bolted to it. It was too dim to read so he held his cigarette lighter near the schedule and flicked it to flame. As he confirmed that the first weekday bus came at six-thirty, he remembered that today was Saturday. The first bus would not come until *eight*-thirty.

"I'm going out of my fucking mind," Elijah hissed.

Three hours, Elijah thought. He crumpled onto the wooden bench next to the sign.

Elijah needed a cigarette. He felt the insides of all his pockets, coming up only with an empty pack. Then he noticed a long butt on the asphalt.

"No way," he spat contemptuously. The wind came up chilly. Elijah flipped up the collar of his tweed. This action reminded him of James Dean in *Rebel Without a Cause*. But Elijah had no audience at the moment. He stood and scuttled across the intersection to the 7-11. The clerk, a tired redneck in a blue flannel shirt inspected the tall, wrung-out youth. "Waiting for six-thirty?" he asked, glancing significantly at the beer cooler. "No, eight-thirty. That's when the bus comes. Six-thirty will just make me with I had some money." The middle-aged man chuckled. "Yep, know the feeling." Elijah scowled into some magazines, adjusted his collar again and coughed. Making the clerk wonder about him eased his fear only a little. After a while he wandered to the cooler to muse over the neat rows of beer bottles. Then, suddenly, but as if it had been building for a long time, a feeling of total hollowness came over Elijah. The ridiculosity of trying to squeeze a feeling of reality, of truly existing, out of strangers like the clerk, by performing for them, made him feel like a shadow. He bolted from the store. Outside, he puked on the parking lot. Head whirling, he made his way back to the bench. The sky was still black. Elijah wanted to reach over the horizon and yank the sun into the sky by force. Memories of the previous night began to form in the void of his mind. He saw himself raving from the balcony, proclaiming himself the son of light and of darkness, the conjurer. He heard again Roger's barb: "Eli, you're out for another evening of being seen," and puked again. Only a few drops of bile dribbled from his mouth. "If the sun would just come up," he gasped.



Elijah sat for half an hour, eyes closed, his temples pounding. He looked several times at the cigarette butt in the street. Each time, he closed his eyes again and turned his head away. Then, just above the horizon, a purple tint suffused the blackness. Soon, salmon-pink highlights showed through. When he opened his eyes and saw the brilliance, Elijah sighed. He gazed at the light and color a long time. With sunlight in the sky, the prospect of smoking the butt in the street did not seem so horrifying. The light had come back to him and he was not hollow anymore. Elijah stretched, still staring at the sky, then quickly leaned forward. His forehead struck something cold and hard. On the sidewalk to his left was a chrome pushcard filled with junk. Next to it, in the street, stood a hunched ragpicker. He wore a greasy pair of slacks, a ripped tee-shirt and a frayed parka. Perched sideways on his gray head was an orange vinyl cap with the earflaps pulled down. The wino's rheumy eyes stared vacantly, his lipless mouth hung slack. "Watch yaself, boy," he mumbled. Elijah stared at him a moment, then moved again for the butt. The bum was closer, however, and he snatched it up. "That's mine," Elijah snapped. "Hell, boy, my smoke," the bum retorted, his eyes rolling. Anger flashed behind Elijah's eyes and his jaw clenched. He grabbed the old bum's wrist and yanked the cigarette out of his calloused hand. "I waited two hours for the sun, buddy. This cigarette is mine!" Elijah cried, jumping to his feet. The bum backup up a step, "Th' sun? Huh? Sure, it's your smoke. We's just two bums here. Kin I have a puff er two?" "Two bums? Two..." Elijah could not continue; fury clogged his throat. The bum backed away further. Elijah flicked the cigarette at him. It bounced off his parka and rolled back into the street. Then, with a growl, Elijah grabbed the pushcart, lifted it above his head and swung it savagely. One corner caught the bum on the temple. His vinyl cap sailed into the street. The old bum flopped onto the pavement. Elijah advanced. He raised the cart a second time and smashed it down on the wasted face. Tin cans, bits of rope and plastic flew in all directions. Elijah dumped the rest of the junk onto the prostrate bum. "Two bums? Two bums?" he gibbered. Elijah stood for a long time staring at the corpse lying in the junk. When he heard the sirens, he looked up. Two patrol cars sped toward the intersection. In front of the 7-11, the redneck clerk stood, pointing wildly. Elijah did not run but tilted back his head to gaze at the sky. The clouds were redder now; between them lay beautiful blue. Then the sun pushed out from behind a big cloud. Its light stank of garbage and stale beer, like the darkness.

A Reflection on a System of Morality Based on the Consideration of Consequences Rather than the Inflexible Application of the Principles of Good and Evil

by Katn Martin

(Now if I enter this card,) he thought to himself, (I'll have a transfer of twenty-three credits into my Potential Account, leaving me with only fifteen in my Actual Account--)

The woman behind him made a discreet noise in the top of her throat, her hand closed purposefully around her card. Through the back of his spine he could feel her decision, which only flustered him more.

(Damn. I should have Considered at home. In such a hurry -- seeing the violin -- the violin. Must Consider carefully, thoughtless Choices usually have undesirable Consequences --) Aloud he said to the waiting woman, "You go ahead. I need more time to Consider."

"Thank you." Her voice clear, a slight nod. She entered her card, made a transfer, took her card and left.

(She seemed sympathetic, the way her eyes crinkled...) He shook his head. (The violin. The credits.) He was standing to one side of the Transfer Panel, concentrated forehead on the image of his card, the eight digits of his transfer number. Standing motionless in his long coat. People looked at him as they walked by. Looked at his coat, an old style, beige with deep pockets and an upturned collar. (Must be a Romantic,) some of them thought, (didn't Consider at home --) Some people didn't think anything of him at all, letting his image pass over the surface of their eyes.

(If I only have fifteen credits in my Actuals Account, I won't be able to transfer enough consumables for the rest of the month -- but if I do that next month as well, I'll be able to transfer the violin with my Potential credits...)

The violin, the violin. The curved hollows of its sides, its delicate, its wide voice and whisper strings. Scroll neck, long, Egyptian. (I feel like an anachronym,) he admitted to his hands, deep in his pockets. The violin was a museum piece, a curio. It was

old, old as he felt and he felt its strings, drawing the bow across them sounded like his voice.

Another voice broke into his thoughts. "Are you considering?"

"Yes. I mean, I have Considered. I'm making a transfer."

"Oh, all right." She stood off to the other side of the Panel. He completed the transfer and smiled guiltily at her.

"I'm transferring a violin."

"Oh." (Why is he telling me this -- he's probably a Romantic --) "Congratulations," and she searched for something less flip* pant to say. "Violins are very (nice, old, melodic, romantic --) romantic."

"Yes." He looked down to where his hands had already found his pockets.

"Well," she said, in a voice bright as chrome, "I have to make a transfer."

"What are you transferring?"

(None of your Consideration --) "Consumables."

"Oh."

(Maybe I should have Considered more.) He watched the toes of his shoes hit the floor as he slowly walked away from the Transfer Panel. (If I don't have enough consumables I'll have to go to Jerry --) There were friends, but his friends were all Romantics. Romantics never had any Actual credits. His shoulders moved a slight disturbance inside his coat. The Consequences of going to Jerry didn't require much Considering, he had done it before.

Jerry was an Actual Accounts Advisor. His job was to interpret the Digital Transfer Code for those who had questions or problems concerning their transactions. When it seemed the System had been in error, Jerry had the authority to re-program a Transfer Code to reflect what was, in his estimation, the proper credit balance. Jerry was fond of young Romantics. They were so hasty; they never Considered properly.

They made impulsive Choices, Choices with inevitably unforeseen Consequences. He found Romantics stimulating in their lack of foresight, stimulating and quite often; gratifying.

That one Romantic, the musical one in the coat -- what was his name? Oh yes, he called himself Arthur. Sweet. Arthur frequently needed a few stray Actual credits, having transferred his into Potentials, usually for antique music things. Those music things robbed him of all sense sometimes. It was good, Jerry reflected, that Arthur had someone who was concerned with his Consequences, someone who would say to him, "Arthur, sweet, you transferred all of your Actual credits into music again? Do you know what that means?" And Jerry would lean back in his chair, patient, waiting for Arthur to Consider the Consequences of his Choices, feeling a pleasurable tightening in his lower body, anticipation. Arthur would realize, of course, what his Choices at this stage entailed and nearly always persuaded Jerry to transfer enough Actual credits into his Account to last until his next official Credit Allotment.

Just thinking of Jerry made Arthur's mouth taste acetic, the back of his throat reflex gag. It wasn't the act itself that was so distasteful. Arthur had both male and female lovers. It was the expectant smile Jerry had, the smug settling back into his chair every time Arthur was forced to see him. His shoulders moved again, rustling the lining of his old fashioned coat. Consequences...

"Consequences..." Arthur muttered out loud. A couple en route to the Transfer Panel looked strangely at him. He didn't notice. (But the violin...) He Considered. He walked down the passage; his feet walked towards Jerry. With his hands deep in his pockets he walked, humming.

B4-I-4Q ^{RU}/₁₈

I'm a street walkin' cheetah
with a heart full of napalm,
A rainbow valley little rock.
When I'm asleep you touch my feet.
Something called love?
Well, that's like hypnotizing chickens
with liquor
and drugs
and flesh machines.

—found by R.P. Tyler

Midnight Mass

Kenge dances
smiling and alone
in the clearing of his god
the forest

In his world
there is no separation
between church and state
of ecstasy

—Dennis Held

Senario for a One Act Play
Starring Ronald Reagan as
Uncle Sam

the lion tamer's breath smells
like fear and stale whiskey
his tread is heavy and uneven as he stumbles
into the cage

the lions have been waiting for many years
under the whip

—Peter Murney



Lucy LaRosa

Linocut

by Erik Peterson

He quickly slid it back under his mattress just in case the footsteps on the stairs were heading for his apartment. Very rarely did people stop by, but he could not be careful enough. At the same moment, his grandmother's voice talked to him from years past. "You see those birds out there, Barney," Barney looked at the finches pecking at the thistle seeds his grandmother had spread on the freshly fallen snow, "they eat a seed, then look up to see if anyone is threatening them. Those little birds are always on guard. That's what we have to be like Barney, always on guard, peck at a seed, then check and see if someone's round the corner, because there is always someone, somewhere watching." The footsteps continued on up to the top floor of the building. Barney mumbled to himself, "Someday I'll move on up to the sixth floor, no more sound coming through the ceiling, not as many footsteps to listen for." He brought his head up and looked at the wall. The crucifix had tilted slightly like it always did after a train ran beneath the building. Barney had grown accustomed to the ringing of the iron girders. He stood up slowly, straightening the cross and said, "I hate those damned trains." Knowing the exact amount of time it took, Barney hobbled over to the window and watched for it to come up out of the tunnel and cross the Charles. "Geez,

I love those trains," said Barney. He liked to watch the train go over the river; it was especially nice when someone would sail under the bridge as a train crossed. Another person came up the stairs, Barney panicked and looked for it, then remembered he had slid it beneath the mattress. The footsteps passed, he reached under and brought it out. The pages sounded loud as they crinkled. He looked at her long and told her, "Used to be, those trains didn't even run underground like that, I remember when they put it all in, all those tunnels." Another train slid beneath him, the cross slid and he heard it's wooden surface scrape the wall. He didn't dare look up because he knew he would be caught with it out. Carefully, as to avoid eye contact with it, he hobbled over to the window to watch the train cross the bridge. After it disappeared, he heard a loud knock from the apartment above, he slouched into a chair and sighed, "Damn it, I'm never going to move upstairs." He couldn't help feeling relieved even though he had surrendered to his plan. Without thinking, he lifted his head up and looked as it hung slanted at an embarrassing tilt. Hot electric chills ran up his spine when he realized it was out. "Damn it!" he shrieked pitifully and dashed to slide it unseen. Another train rung the iron girders loudly, and he didn't hear them. "Damn it, I hate those trains."

music & dancing

Friday 27

Bebop Revisited: Live jazz at the Rainbow Restaurant. 9 PM. \$3 cover charge.

Saturday 28

Umoja presents: **Black History Month Celebration!** Featuring: **N-Cognito** and **G.Q. James Rap and Scratch Master**. 8 PM in Lib 4300. \$1.50 students; \$2 general.

Bebop Revisited: Live jazz at the Rainbow Restaurant. 9 PM. \$3 cover charge.

Thursday 5

International choreographer **Shimon Braun's** electrifying dance company **Waves** opens for five evening and manteee performances at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. Call 628-0888 for ticket information.

Continuing

African Dance. Wednesdays from 3:30 to 5:30 PM in CRC 307. For more info, call x6530.

Contact-Improvisation Dance. Sundays from 4:00-6:00 PM in CRC 307. Open to all levels.

Seattle Opera's 13th Summer of Wagnerian Opera. reserve seats now. Call or write to the Seattle Opera P.O. Box 9428 Seattle, WA 98109.

GESCO will hold weekly open meetings every Monday at 6 PM at 5th and Cherry.

governance

Continuing

Richard Hartley one of the Student Representatives to the Presidents Advisory Board holds open office hours to discuss governance issues, Tuesdays 6:30-9:30 PM in D-dorm, room 204.

Faculty Evaluation DTF. Wednesdays 1:00-3:00, L2219

Faculty Hiring DTF. Wednesdays 1:00-3:00, L2219

Governance DTF. Wednesdays 12:00-2:00, L2221.

Native American Studies Group(DTF). Wednesdays 12:30-5:00 (unless otherwise notified), L1600 lounge.

Academic Advising Board DTF. Wednesdays 1:00-3:00, L2220.

Vice President for Student Affairs Gail Martin hosts open meetings Mondays, 12:00, L3236. Call x6294 for more information.

education

Monday 2

Dr. Allen "Chuck" Ross will deliver a series of lectures at a symposium on cognitive styles at 9 AM until noon and from from 1:30 to 3:30 in Lib. 3500. For more information call x6336.

Dessert Evening and Lecture: **"Mythology Curriculum in Waldorf Schools"** presented by Elana Freeland at 7 PM at the Unity Church. For more information call 754-0920

Wednesday 4

Dr. Thomas Grissom discusses the scientific research community's dilemma in working on military defense projects at 12:10 in the First Methodist Church. For more information call x6128

A student-initiated group contract to study civil liberties issues is looking for students for Spring quarter. For more information call 754-4608

health and rec

Thursday 26

Chemical Bioaccumulation: Living with a Toxic Body: Bruce Haney, who's been chronically exposed to toxins in the course of his work as a landscape gardener, discusses his struggles with the system and within himself coming to terms with his illness. 7 PM in lecture hall 2. For more information call 866-8258.

Beyond Cancer, a discussion of the health hazards of the 20th century lifestyle, starts at 7 PM in Lec. Hall 2. For more information call x6784

Saturday 28

The Olympia Parks and Recreation Department will be offering another **"Kid's Flea Market" from noon until 3 PM in the Olympia Center Gymnasium.** For more information call 753-8380.

Continuing

Wallyball. Mondays 7:00-9:00 PM at the CRC Racquetball Courts. For more info, call x6530.

Women's Weight Lifting. Tuesdays 8:15-10:00 AM in the CRC Weight Room. Call x6530 for more info.

Basketball. Wednesdays and Fridays 6:45-10:00 PM at the Jefferson GYM.

Ultimate Frisbee. Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays 3:00-5:00 PM on the Campus Playfields. For more info, call x6530.

Campus Coed Volleyball League. Thursday Nights, call Adam at 754-9231 for times and dates.

Boomerang Throwing. Fridays 2:30-5:30 PM on the Campus Athletic Fields. For more info, call x6530.

Sailing Club--contact Paul at 754-0888 for details.

Fencing Club--contact Corey in the CRC if you are an EXPERIENCED fencer.

Tennis Club--contact Mike Perez at 866-1893 if you are interested.

Track & Field Club -- contact Coach Pete Steilberg at x6530.

Crew Club -- contact Kyzyl (pronounced Keetzil) at 943-8624.

Massage now being offered through the Recreation Center. Call x6535 for details.

The Midwife Information Line answers questions about modern certified nurse midwifery for women planning to have babies. In Olympia call 456-7862.

Keep Your Love Alive: Olympia Aids Task Force. For more information regarding AIDS call 357-4904

visual arts & lit

Tuesday 2

"Contemporary Fiber Arts" by Ann Patterson is scheduled at 7:30 PM in the Public Art Space Gallery. For more information call 625-4223.

Slightly West is now accepting submissions for its Spring edition. Bring submissions to Maarava Lib. 3214.

The Student Art Gallery is currently showing the work of Shawn Ferris, Debby Coulter and Andy Kennedy. For more info, call Val Kitchen, Gallery Coordinator, x6412.

Do you weave, paint, sculpt, create jewelry or pottery? If you are interested in showing and/or selling your work on consignment in an established shop call Phyllis Thomas at 943-8282.

The Evergreen State College Main Art Gallery is showing a display of children's art from the Olympia Waldorf School. For more info, call 943-4171.

The Tacoma Art Museum will present Painting and

Sculpture '87. Call 272-4258 for information.

Flowerscapes: Recent Watercolors and Paintings by Karen Helmich are on exhibit at the Tacoma Art Museum. Call 272-4258 for further information.

Northwest Fiber Arts is an exhibition of Northwest textile artists at the Public Arts Space. Call 625-4223 for information.

The King County Arts Commission is soliciting art for the Harborview Medical Center. Interested Artists should call 344-7580 for more info.

Call for Artists. applications are now being accepted from professional artists interested in participating in the Washington State Arts Commission's Artists-in-Residence Program for 1887-88.

Residencies in music composition, dance, film and video, folk arts, poetry and creative writing, theatre and visual arts are available. Application deadline is March 1, 1987. For more information call (206) 753-3860.

support

Continuing

Disabled Students Group meets Thursdays at noon, x6092.

Lesbian Women's Group meets every Tuesday at 7 PM in Lib 3223. Women of all ages welcome. For more information call x6544.

Lesbian Group for women 35 and over meets every 2nd and 4th Fridays at the L/GRC in Lib 3223 at 7:30 PM. For more information call x6544.

L/GRC Youth Group welcomes gay youth 21 and under to its meetings every Saturday from 1 PM to 3 PM in Lib 3223. For more information call x6544

Gay Men's Group meets each Thursdays at 7 PM in Lab I room 2065. Men of all ages welcome. For more information call x6544

Give your old books to Innerplace! They will be passed on to places where they're needed like prisons, the University of El Salvador, etc. Call x6145 for more info.

ethics & politics

Friday 27

A tribute to Seattle Black Activists. Mary Louise Williams, veteran community organizer credited with "sounding the alarm" on poverty in the sixties, is the featured speaker on a panel entitled "Remembering the Sixties" at 7:30 PM in New Freedom Hall in Seattle. For more information call 722-2453.

Sunday 1

Victor Guzman will speak informally about his experiences at the University of El Salvador from 8 to 9 PM in the corner.

Tuesday 3

Former Chilean political prisoner **Enrique Cruz** will discuss the repressions and human rights abuses committed by the Pinochet government in Chile at 7:30 in the Recital Hall. \$1.50 student; \$3 general. For more information call x6144

Continuing

The Peace Center will be open from 7:30 to 8 AM every Tuesday morning for students to call their senators and representatives in Washington D.C.. For more information call x6098

Give Your Congressman, Senators and White House A Peace Of Your Mind. Contact the Evergreen Peace Center for more information, L3233.

Recycle Used Motor Oil. citizens may dispose of used motor oil free of charge weekdays, 8 AM-4 PM. At The City of Olympia Maintenance Center. Call Public Works at 753-855 for more info.

Founding Festival

Sunday 1-Saturday 7

Evergreen Celebrates Number 20 with **Founding Festival**: A week long festival of exhibits, receptions, lectures, films, and tours will celebrate two decades of educational innovation. **Commemorative booklets** are on sale for \$3 in the Bookstore.

Wednesday 4

Official opening ceremony with remarks by a member of the Squaxin Nation, President Olander and Governor Gradner from 9-10 PM in the Library Lobby. Community-wide reception complete with cakes and refreshments from 10 to 11 AM on the main floor of the CAB Building.

A fast-paced historical multi-media production presents a **30-minute slide retrospective** of Evergreen starting at 10 AM.

Founding Faculty Panel: Enjoy still lively committed planning faculty members reminiscing about the early days of Evergreen, from Noon until 2 in CAB 110.

Thursday 5

Women and First Peoples Faculty who joined Evergreen during the first two years will offer women's and ethnic perspectives of Evergreen from Noon to 1:30 PM in Library 2100.

Friday 6

A panel of Alumni who represent diverse professions and who are active in the community affairs, will discuss their Evergreen experiences and relate them to their professional work and involvement from Noon to 1:30 in CAB 110.

The Festival's **keynote address** will be presented by Dr. John David Maguire is a respected leader in the field of education and an outstanding spokesman for the liberal arts and innovative approaches to learning from 7 to 8 PM in the Library Lobby. Presentation on **Alumni works in film, video, computer graphics and animation from 1972-1986**: 8:30 to Midnight in Lecture Hall 1.

A roll call of all alumni from 9 AM to 6 PM from the clock tower landing. Volunteers for readings should contact Jacinta McCoy at x6566.

Saturday 7

A light-hearted musical trip down Geoduck Lane directed by Evergreen's genius of satire, Malcolm Stilson. Featuring an unpolished cast of notables from past performances dating back to 1970 from 4 to 5:30 in the Recital Hall.

A grand finale dance featuring the best big band sound in the Northwest: Swingshift. 9 PM to 1 AM.

diversity

Continuing

OASIS, a newly created action group, supporting Native People's efforts for cultural and physical survival, meets Thursdays at 7 PM in Lib. 3500. Your help is needed! For more information call 866-8258. **International Women's Day** meetings every Friday at 2 PM in Lib. 3216. Help plan this year's celebration -- bring ideas! Call x6162 or x6006 for more info.

jobs & internships

Tuesday 3

The Career Development Office will hold open house from 5:30 to 8:30 PM in L1213. For more information call x6193.

Continuing

The IRS is currently accepting applications for accounting positions and special agents. Salaries start at \$14,822. Training provided. For more information call 442-4774.

Co-ordinator wanted for the Peace and Conflict Resolution Center. Call x6098.

Cooperative Education Office Drop-In Hours Tuesdays and Thursdays 1:00-3:00 PM.

NEED SOME \$\$\$? Perhaps a temporary or part-time job will help. Contact the Evergreen JobBank: Monday, Wednesday, and Friday from 1:00-5:00 PM, x6295.

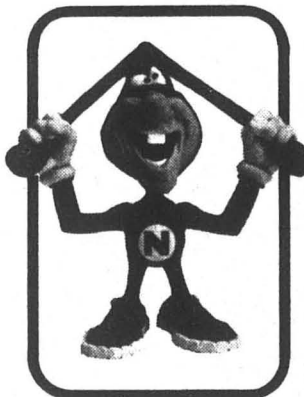
Crossroads is actively seeking high school and college age students to participate in this year's community development programs in rural Caribbean and African villages.

Both volunteer and leader positions are open. People interested in applying are encouraged to contact Crossroads Africa, 150 Fifth Avenue, Suite 310, New York, New York 10011, (212) 242-8550 or (800) 42-AFRICA.

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UMOJA Presents:

Black History Month

Celebration



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&

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Rap and Scratch Master

Date: February 28th From 8 pm til
Place: The Evergreen State College Lib 4300
Price: \$1.50 students \$2.00 general
For more information call: 866-6000 x6781
Refreshments and Free Snacks