

Socialist Feminists Speak

by Lenore Norrgard,
Radical Women and
Freedom Socialist Party

"Reverse discrimination?"

"Oppressed straight white males?"

These statements have been bantered around campus frequently in the past few months, in reaction to the demands for representation and adequate curriculum by oppressed groups on campus. Those who make such statements are afraid of losing their privilege as whites or as males.

Women, racial and sexual minorities and the poor have been discriminated against throughout the history of America on every level: employment, housing, politics, education. In the struggle for equal treatment, an important gain was won: affirmative action for racial minorities and women.

Affirmative action, in a broad sense, means taking positive action to correct the inequities of a system that has been historically racist and sexist. More specifically, affirmative action means

government requirements for both government and private business agencies to educate, train and hire racial minorities and women.

Why did women and racial minorities fight for the establishment of these requirements? Because the best-paying jobs were monopolized by white males; educational institutions turned out primarily white male graduates for the job market.

Affirmative action serves to spread out the available jobs and training more equally so that more women and racial minorities are educated and employed in the job market. To accomplish this balance, preferential treatment of historically discriminated against workers is required. "Reverse discrimination?" Hardly! White males are simply getting a taste of one of the facts of life for women and minorities in capitalist society: too many workers for too few jobs, and not enough room at the top.

Unfortunately, there are no affirmative action guidelines for gay people at Evergreen, and

those for women and racial minorities are only rules on paper with no provisions for enforcement. We hear nice chitchat from the administration about racial minorities, and now and then about women, but the issue of affirmative action for gays is never mentioned. The affirmative action for all oppressed groups is mere tokenism.

Evergreen is not an isolated community that overcomes the problems of racism and sexism, regardless of the administration's ultra-liberal facade. The lack of affirmative action at Evergreen is only a reflection of the general lack of enforcement in government and business at large.

Affirmative action is an important gain on paper, but is meaningless without enforcement. Affirmative action for women must include provision for free, quality, 24-hour child care for it to be meaningful. Women with children to care for can't take advantage of affirmative action programs without child care, and as long as women have to pay for child care out of

their wages, there is no such thing as equal pay. In order for affirmative action to be meaningful, women and racial minorities must join together in a struggle for enforcement. Enforcement requires education in the community, unity based on mutual support, and oftentimes court battles.

Affirmative action, if enforced, would help in exposing racism for the irrational system that it is. Affirmative action would help expose sexism as a way to get two workers for the price of one through the free labor of women in the home. Spreading the jobs out evenly and providing free child care for working mothers could make the class lines clearer to the more privileged white male workers: the lines between the working class and the ruling capitalist class.

It is this awareness, this revolutionary potential that could be unleashed, that the ruling class is afraid of. This is why the capitalist class refuses to enforce affirmative action. The ruling class knows better than anybody that

the way to keep the working class down is to splinter and divide us, to keep women in the home. Racism and sexism are primary tools for accomplishing this.

The Evergreen administration is constantly telling the campus community that "special interest groups" (their name for oppressed groups) only serve to "divide" and "factionalize" the "community." Through confusing the issue of race and sex discrimination with "the good of the community," the administration is able to give us, the doubly and triply oppressed who are the majority on this campus, token gestures and get away with it.

In fact, it has always been the work and struggles of the most oppressed sectors of campus that have brought the community together by seeking out the support of the rest of the community.

"Reverse discrimination?" "Oppressed straight white males?" It's time women and racial minorities and all the discriminated against have equal rights in all aspects of life, education, training, and employment. We must organize and struggle for affirmative action programs for all people who have suffered discrimination in this society. Call for affirmative action programs with real enforcement powers.

• The Gay Resource Center will have its next general Membership meeting at 6 p.m. on Wednesday, March 10th in Lib. 3219, the GRC. All welcome.

• There will be a table to distribute and gather information on Sex Discrimination at Evergreen on Tuesday, March 9th between 11 a.m. and 1 p.m. in the CAB building, sponsored by the women's coalition committee.



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Orcas Captured in Budd Inlet

by Bill Cameron

You couldn't tell the players without the scorecard. Tuesday afternoon, a quarter-mile out on Budd Inlet, the lineup went something like this:

- Five or six orcas, or killer whales, inside a pen about 50' square, where they've been since they were captured last Sunday;

water with a derrick on a special platform, in order to get a better look at them and measure them.

Sea World has a federal permit to take four orcas from Puget Sound, which stipulates that they must be between 11 and 18 feet in length, and not pregnant or nursing. In a recent study, Dr. Michael Bigg, a Canadian biologist, estimated that there are only about 65 of the big,

was paying him thirty dollars an hour to do just that.

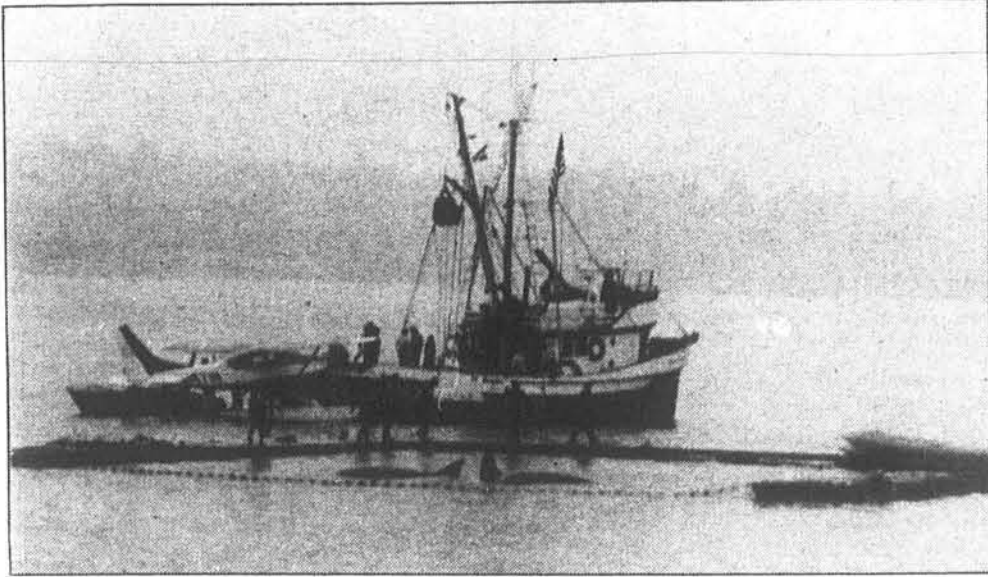
McDade asserted that Sea World, Inc., while a profit-making corporation, is also acting in the interests of the general public and the orcas themselves, by capturing limited numbers of them for study by marine biologists. One of the "Budd Inlet 5" is slated to be turned over to the University of Washington, which will put a tracker on it, then release it and follow its movements. The rest, if they are within the 11-to-18-foot range, will go to Sea World's aquarium in San Diego (they also have aquariums in Seattle, Ohio and Florida). Sea World already has three orcas, and one reason they need more, said McDade, is that they are sociable animals and like company. He admitted that the support that Sea World gives to orca research could be provided by a non-profit corporation.

Sea World's four-year four-whale permit from the federal Marine Fisheries

Dept. expires at the end of this year, whether or not they have caught their orcas. On Tuesday, the Washington State Senate passed a resolution, sponsored by Sen. Warren Magnuson, to request that Marine Fisheries declare Puget Sound a

sanctuary for the whales. Considering the widespread public outrage at this mass capture, it appears unlikely that any more permits will be granted, at least to take orcas from Puget Sound. Also on Tuesday, it was reported that Evergreener Mark Overland filed suit against Sea World to release the ones it is now holding. And, a spokesman for Governor Dan Evans said that Evans is asking Attorney Slade Gorton to file suit against the "whalers."

But the fate of the orcas which are now swimming in endless circles in their tiny enclosure, strangely enough, appears to depend on a measuring tape.



JAY EVANS

- One or two more orcas, circling the nets at a respectable distance;
- 50-60 Evergreeners, in canoes, kayaks and dinghies, protesting the capture;
- A number of larger boats carrying press people;
- Two trawlers, the "Pacific Maid" and the "Genius", chartered by Sea World Inc., with about 20 crew members, divers, scientists, PR men, etc. on board.
- Sheriff Don Redmond and four or five of his men (one of whom was videotaping the whole thing); and
- Four boatloads of State Fish & Game Wardens, who were trying to keep everything orderly.

The scene at the capture site was a navigational nightmare. Fifteen small and not-so-small craft were zipping around in a bizarre parody of the crowding that the imprisoned orcas were experiencing.

Meanwhile, the orcas in the pen were arcing halfway out of the water, then diving again, an incredibly graceful maneuver for a creature weighing maybe five tons.

Don Goldsberry, Sea World's chief whale hunter, plans to lift them out of the

carnivorous mammals left in the entire Puget Sound-Georgia Strait-Juan de Fuca Strait area.

After fifteen minutes of confusion, the Evergreen flagship, the "Gandalf," arrived bearing a Bicentennial Bad Citizen Award plaque for presentation to Goldsberry. Unfortunately Mr. Goldsberry was not around to accept it in person, and inexplicably, no one on the "Pacific Maid" seemed to want to take it on his behalf.

Of course, it is not proper to hold a demonstration without a folksinger, so the megaphone on the "Gandalf" was turned over to Mel Gregory, from Canada's Orca-saving Greenpeace Foundation. He sang an original song about how-orcas-like-to-make-love-on-the-ocean-floor-and-we-should-leave-them-alone.

Soon afterwards, most of the Evergreeners headed for shore. We stopped to ask some questions of the only person who was willing to say much, Graham McDade, owner of a Seattle public relations agency. It wasn't surprising that he was willing to talk, since Sea World

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evergreen
state
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Olympia, Washington 98505

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Int. 315 Nuclear Safeguard Rally

by Chris Cowger

Voices across the country are calling for increased regulation of nuclear power, and a statewide Nuclear Safeguard Initiative petition drive will raise the volume of the protest starting this Saturday, March 13.

The kick-off rally for the petition drive in Olympia will feature as speaker Richard Hubbard of California, one of the nuclear engineers — known as the "GE Three" — who resigned from General Electric Company February 2. The trio made the joint move to call attention to what one termed in his letter of resignation the "serious danger to the future of all life on this planet" posed by present nuclear energy systems.

Hubbard will speak at 10 a.m. on the steps of the state capitol.

A Seattle organization called the coalition for Safe Energy (CASE) is sponsoring Initiative 315, which would control the construction of nuclear power plants not licensed before February 10, 1976.

Members of CASE plan to gather 150,000 signatures on their initiative petitions from March through May. They hope that this number will guarantee the 117,804 valid signatures needed by July 1 to place the initiative on the ballot.

Between 7,000 and 9,000 signatures will be sought in Thurston County. Those interested in circulating petitions should contact Dave Milne, county CASE coordinator and Evergreen faculty member, at 866-8015; or Ann Beug, area captain for West Olympia, at 866-0927.

Initiative 315 contains five major requirements for future nuclear plants:

- Nuclear energy developers would have to demonstrate that there was an actual need for the plant and that reasonable alternatives did not exist.

- Plant owners would be financially liable for all damages resulting from a nuclear accident. The Price Anderson Act, just extended by Congress until 1987, limits owner liability to \$560 million, while CASE claims such an accident could produce \$17 billion worth of damages. CASE says Congress passed the act because insurance companies otherwise refused to underwrite nuclear power.

- Actual testing of emergency safety systems would be required.

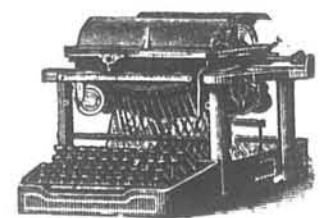
- Methods of handling and storing radioactive wastes would have to be proven safe. Plutonium, one of the plant wastes, is deadly and must be isolated from the environment for 500,000 years.

- Evacuation plans for the area around each reactor would have to be published. Theoretically, a serious reactor accident would cause harm within a 50-mile radius. CASE says that cities within range of existing or proposed plants include Bellingham, Olympia, Tacoma, Everett, Chehalis, and — with an unfavorable wind — Seattle.

Initiative 315 would also require two-thirds of the legislature to certify that all the above conditions had been met (except in the case of financial liability, which would be automatic) before a nuclear plant could be licensed.

"We are not seeking a ban or moratorium on construction of nuclear power plants in our state," says Dr. Peter Lauritzen, president of CASE. "We are simply asking the nuclear industry to act responsibly like any other business."

Hubbard was manager of the quality assurance section of GE's nuclear energy department when he resigned. He was employed by that department for 12 years.



Next week's Journal will be published Tuesday, March 16 instead of Thursday, March 18. Please get all last-minute notes, letters and announcements in before Monday noon, March 15.



FIRST INTERNATIONAL ORCA SYMPOSIUM

THE EVERGREEN STATE COLLEGE
MARCH 12-13 1976

SATURDAY MARCH 13

9:00 a.m. — Lib. Lobby — Russ Mohny — Pacific Search magazine

10:30 a.m. — Lib. Lobby — Don Goldsberry — director, Seattle Marine Aquarium

12:00 noon — Lec. Hall basement — Stuart Delany — folksinger w/traditional whaling ballads — lunch

1:00 p.m. — Lib. Lobby — Wash. Enviro. Council meeting/Mohny proposal

2:00 p.m. — Lec. Hall 1 — Jim O'Donnell — underwater habitat/Orca research

2:45 p.m. — Lec. Hall 1 — Erich Hoyt

3:00 p.m. — Lec. Hall 1 — Bob Lynette — Coalition Against Oil Pollution

3:30 p.m. — Lec. Hall 1 — Jim O'Donnell

4:15 p.m. — Lec. Hall 1 — Panel — D. McBride, curator, Capitol Museum — J. Powell, UBC Dept. of Anthro.

5:30 p.m. — dinner

7:00 p.m. — Lib. Lobby — Paul Spong — Pac. Killer Whale Foundation, B.C.

There will be a film series shown at various times during the symposium.

Information and registration tables will be set up in the Library Lobby starting at 10 a.m. on Thursday, March 11. For more information, call the Evergreen Information Center at 866-6300.

FRIDAY MARCH 12

9:30 a.m. — Library Lobby — Mark Overland, Symposium coordinator

10:00 a.m. — Bem DeBus — American Cetacean Society

11:00 a.m. — Lib. Lobby — Jill Fairchild — SeaLibrary in Los Angeles — cetacean film maker

12:00 noon — Lib. Lobby — Mary McQuillen/Native American dancers — lunch

2:00 p.m. — Lec. Hall 1 — Ken Balcomb — Moclips Cetological Society — whale photographer

3:00 p.m. — Lec. Hall 1 — Michael Tillman — National Marine Fisheries, Seattle

4:00 p.m. — Lec. Hall 1 — Tag Gornall — consulting NW marine mammal veterinarian

5:00 p.m. — Lec. Hall 1 — Terry Newby — Marine mammalogist

6:00 p.m. — dinner

7:30 p.m. — Lib. Lobby — Mary Hillaire — Lummi tribe/Evergreen faculty — Mel Gregory — Greenpeace Foundation

LETTERS



FROM RED: 3 - PENNY LUMBER

To the Editor:

I would like to suggest that in the future when a set is made from lumber, like the one for The Three-Penny Opera, that the scrap lumber left over be donated to someone who can use it for firewood or something.

It is a shame in these days of depression that we can afford to throw away three dumpsters full of usable lumber (firewood, kindling and even some that could be used for building something). An announcement beforehand would surely have produced someone who would have been willing to pick this wood up. Some of the wood was salvaged, but not much.

Also, there were enough nails wasted in that set to build a small house. I know it's s--- work to have to pick up used nails, but someday there may be a shortage of nails (I'm a Cancer packrat). If I had the time I would have picked them up. Sometimes it really shows just how middle-class Evergreeners can be. Also, I didn't know Directors were exempt from clean-up detail.

Red

... AND DICK GREGORY

To the Editor:

I'm responding to the article written in last week's CPJ about the Dick Gregory speech. The tone of the article disturbed me because it didn't really say much about the man. It did not mention that he has written three or four very good books, that he spends much time instructing people about the nutrition of their bodies — a vital issue — that he can talk for three hours non-stop, does extensive research work to prepare his material, tours the country regularly disseminating important facts for survival and is a champion of black people.

He did mention specifically that he was not a black leader in this country, but I think he is. He was even misquoted. His

words were "Youth has a big job today." He may have said "You-all" but I don't remember hearing that.

Perhaps the CPJ could have enlisted a Third World person to write that article and it would have been more in touch with reality. If the deadline hadn't been so close (Tuesday noon) I would have written one. Such is life.

Red

LETTERS POLICY

The Journal welcomes all signed letters to the Editor (names will be withheld on request) and prints them as space permits. To be considered for publication that week, letters must be received by 5 p.m. on the Tuesday before the Thursday of publication. Letters received after deadline will be considered for the next issue. Letters must be typed, double-spaced and 400 words or less. The Editor reserves the right to edit letters over 400 words.

Generally, a photo or original art is also run on the letters page. To be considered for publication, photos/art from the community must also be submitted by 5 p.m. Tuesday before the Thursday of publication. Submission size: 5" x 7" or 8" x 10" although other sizes are acceptable. Name, address and phone must be on all submissions and all originals will be returned.

Journal Staff Openings

CORE STAFF POSITIONS ARE AVAILABLE AT THE COOPER POINT JOURNAL FOR SPRING QUARTER. NEWS STAFF APPLICANTS MUST HAVE WEDNESDAYS FREE AND PREVIOUS WRITING EXPERIENCE. ALL POSITIONS ARE POSSIBLE INTERNSHIPS.

MANAGING EDITOR

\$2.45/hr. — 15 hrs./wk. (actual work time 40+ hrs./wk.) DUTIES: Responsible for much of the day to day operation of the Journal. Responsible for editing, and soliciting copy. Must be prepared to write commentary, in-depth stories and last-minute stories.

NEWS EDITOR

\$2.45/hr. 15 hrs./wk. (actual work time 25-30 hrs./week) DUTIES: Responsible for campus news, soliciting writers, assigning/writing/editing news stories/briefs, photo assignments, etc.

FEATURE EDITOR

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Salary and commission DUTIES: Sell and design ads in cooperation with local businesses. Work with production manager, and business manager and maintain an ad log. Transportation and flexible hours necessary. Student or non-student intern preferred.

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TWO OF THE SIX POSITIONS ARE WORK-STUDY FUNDED (AS YET UNDESIGNATED) AND WORK-

STUDY STUDENTS ARE ENCOURAGED TO APPLY.

CLASSIFIED ADS

APPLICATIONS WILL BE ACCEPTED UNTIL WEDNESDAY, MARCH 17, 5 p.m. WITH INTERVIEWS ON THURSDAY, MARCH 18 AT THE JOURNAL OFFICE, CAB 306. (earlier interviews dates can be arranged with Jill Stewart at the Journal office or 866-6213 or 6214.)

• Colleen Yost from Financial Aid will be staffing a table in front of the Bookstore Tuesdays and Thursdays to provide assistance in filling out financial aid forms (such as SFS, BEOG, etc.). Available from 11 a.m. to 2 p.m., Colleen will be unable to provide need analysis or technical help. However, she will be able to help you complete those complicated aid forms.

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Frescos Flourish at Evergreen



by Jill Stewart

Fresco — the technique of old masters like Michelangelo and Da Vinci; luminous, beautiful, and in the United States, dying.

Lucienne and Stephen Dimitroff, who may be the only professional fresco painters left in the United States, have committed themselves to passing the art on to younger generations. The couple is teaching the technique in the "Murals and Architectural Art" program, coordinated by their son, faculty member George Dimitroff.

Lucienne Dimitroff speaks with pride about her skill. She is concerned that the art not die out, as it has in the past.

"There were a lot of fresco painters in the 1930's . . . but it was too much work for the majority of the artists so they stopped. We felt very anxious that we could pass it on to younger people — it's got to be passed on. Otherwise it will die out like it did when oil painting was invented back in 1500. Oil was invented and suddenly nobody did frescos any more. Renoir said he wished he knew how to paint a fresco — they are so luminous."

Fresco is a process of building up thin layers of plaster on a surface, letting each coat harden one by one, and applying a

final mixture coat of plaster, sand or marble dust, and lime.

While the final coat is still wet the paint must be applied, otherwise the color will come off like powder.

If the paint is applied correctly the lime crystalizes over the color, bonding it permanently to the wall. The colors are not affected by rain or sun, in fact the only way to remove them is to actually cut them from the wall.

Its indestructible nature probably contributed to the popularity of fresco in ancient times. The technique itself hasn't changed much over the centuries, according to George Dimitroff.

"With the exception of a few refinements that we have today in the modern industrial age, the kind of fresco these students are doing is the same kind people have done for hundreds and thousands of years. The students grind their own colors with a stone and glass — there is no machinery for doing it. They mix their own plaster and plaster their own boards. The technology required for doing that is stone-age technology."

EARTH COLORS

In fresco painting there are no "manufactured" colors — all the colors are earth tones, as they have been for centuries,

Lucienne explained that the students have had to adjust to the subdued colors.

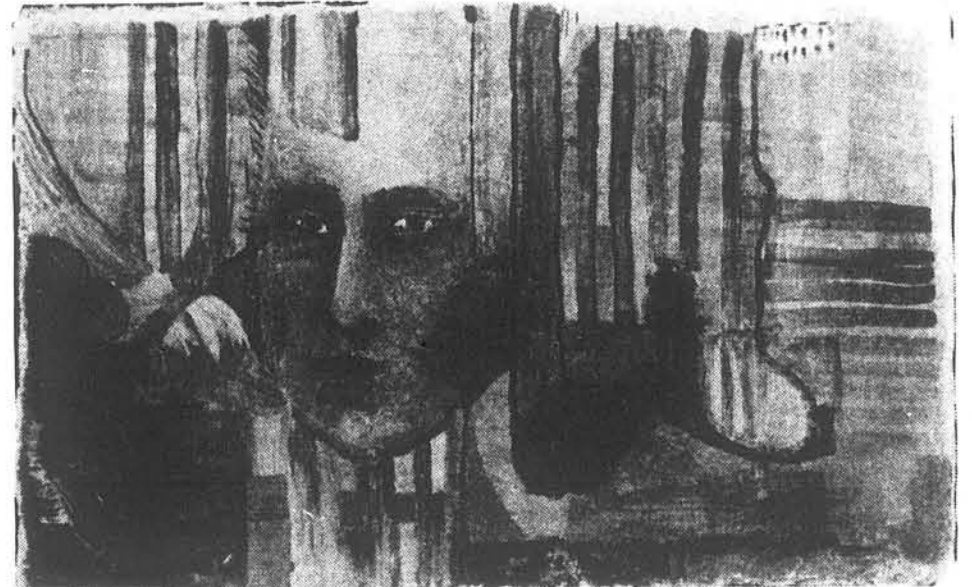
"At first the students were disappointed because they were so used to the acrylic colors which are brilliant red, brilliant purple, violet, blue-turquoise and bright yellow. You can't use those colors. There is no bright red or yellow, there are only earth colors.

"But once the fresco is done and it's been painted on the white lime base, the brilliance of the white lime shows through. It's a matter of using the right colors together to create a feeling of brilliance."

". . . they want to have the option of removing the murals and restoring the walls to their beautiful duff cement color . . ."

The Dimitroffs have found that one of the most difficult concepts to relay to the students is the basic philosophical difference between creating a fresco mural and an "easel painting" or regular small painting.

A mural is a semi-permanent or permanent part of a building and is not moved from place to place, unlike a small



painting. Murals are also meant to be seen by a great deal of people, while a regular painting is often within a private home.

"We have made small and large panels so the students can learn to paint, not on a table or easel, but perpendicularly, because it's very difficult. A mural painting is something that is usually going to be seen from a distance, and this must be taken into consideration when planning,

"Painting a large panel requires a philosophical attitude toward the mural. After all the preparation work for a fresco, you really want to do something that has meaning of some kind. Murals require something with more substance, like bricks being built up — it's hard to explain."

According to George a few students have had quite a bit of success with the mural format and have begun steps to get approval for doing inside wall murals at Evergreen.

"The students will go through the Visual Environment Group and probably Jerry Schillinger and the administration. The administration is being cautious about us, but I think that's good," he said. He continued, "They don't want us to work directly on cement. They want to have the option of removing the murals and restoring the walls to their beautiful duff cement color."

Lucienne emphasized that mural art is part of architecture and should be related to the architecture. She explained that the best situation for creating a mural is when they can work directly with the architect. She feels the administration should be cautious in accepting their art work.

"Until we can show that we can do good things I don't blame the administration for being wary. They have beautiful buildings here. To get something that is

really substantial and adds to the building — you can't do it in a rush."

However, George seems confident that at least a few works will please all the groups concerned. "I think we can expect a couple of indoor murals at Evergreen by the end of spring quarter," he said.

Perhaps Evergreen can look forward to not only a little less cement, but some great art work in its place.



Dumb Cane



Spider Plant

Hassle-Free Houseplants

by David Judd

When selecting a house plant it might be helpful to first consider the location, the amount of light available, and moisture level of the air in the room. Then find out what sort of conditions the plant you are considering needs. By doing this you can save money spent on exotic plants that end up succumbing in dark corners.

Start off with a good quality plant from a plant store that you can trust. An already well-grown plant is going to have a

much better time acclimating itself to a home's environment. Have a good understanding of the plant's light and water requirement, when to fertilize, and how and when to repot.

Consider purchasing a plant that requires the amount of attention you're willing to give it. Some plants do not require much care and sometimes do better when just left alone, while others require special care that is not always available.

Here are some hassle-free, easy-to-care-for house plants to consider:

- "Pothos" (*Scindapsus aureus*) is a vine with green and yellow leaves that can either be hanging in a pot or trained to climb around your house. Pothos will survive the dry air of most homes and can adapt to indirect low light.
- "Heart-leaf philodendron" (*P. oxycardium*) is a vine with solid dark green leaves. It is similar to the "Pothos" in that it can hang in a pot or be allowed to climb up a pole. Most varieties of philodendrons are able to survive the dry air and low light found in most homes.

- "Dracaena" (*Liliaceae*) is the family name of many ribbon leaf plants that often are mistaken for corn stalks. The "Corn plant" (*D. fragrans massangeana*) and (*D. marginata*) are two of the more common varieties sold. They need good bright indirect light, warm temperatures, and moist soil.

- "Spider plant" (*Clorophytum comosum "Vittatum"*) is a good hanging plant that requires bright indirect light. The main plant produces runners that become several feet in length at the end. These are the new "Spi-

der plants." The new plants produce roots while still in the air. To propagate a Spider plant clip the stem runner that connects the main plant with the new plant. Then pot the new plant in a separate container.

- "Dumb Cane" (*Dieffenbachia seguina*) is a thick-stemmed plant with huge elephant-ear-like leaves. Dieffenbachias are known to reach ceiling heights and some can adjust to a low light environment.

- "Norfolk Island Pine" (*Araucaria*) is a slow growing symmetrically shaped indoor tree that grows well in bright indirect light. This plant makes an excellent indoor living Christmas tree. It does better semi-root-bound and prefers cool temperatures (50° to 60°).

One common problem with Spider plants and other Dracaenas is for the tips of the leaves to turn brown. This is usually caused by a white substance called "perlite" found in some house plant soils. Perlite has fluoride in it and it will cause leaf tips to turn brown. If this is happening to your plant, consider changing the soil to a mix that contains no perlite.

Beware of house plant sales that many supermarkets and department stores have periodically. Before buying a plant that is on sale, consider the quality of it and question why it is on sale.

Dirty Dave's Gay 90's

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IN BRIEF

SAGA/BOOKSTORE TO PAY RENT

In a surprise decision handed down Tuesday, March 9, Director of Personnel John Moss reversed an earlier stand on utility charges to the Bookstore and Food Services.

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Moss proposed that the Bookstore and Food Services should pay an equal share of the utility use in CAB, a stand he has fought since January.

The Services and Activities (S&A) Board had been negotiating with Moss on the controversial proposal for weeks. S&A Board Executive Secretary Brent Ingram commented "I just can't believe it. This is so incredibly reasonable of him. It's great... it's beautiful."

Moss specified that Food Services pay 18% (an estimated \$6,544) and the Bookstore 15% (\$5,468) of the entire CAB utility costs per year.

Cautioning that the payments may result in larger deficits and increased prices, Moss requested that the utility charges become effective July 1, 1976, rather than retroactive to January 1, 1976 as the S&A Board had previously requested.

NEW DEAN APPOINT. MONDAY

The newly-created position of Dean of Enrollment Services attracted the nominations of one faculty and three staff members before the acceptance period ended March 5. The Dean will oversee the operations of the new "student access center" which will house the offices of Academic Advisor, Admissions, Career Planning, Financial Aid, Registrar, Student Accounts and Veterans' Affairs.

Nominated by their co-workers for the deanship are Mary Ellen Hillaire, faculty; John Moss, Director of Personnel and Auxiliary Services, Larry Stenberg, Dean of Student Development Programs, and Walker Allen, Registrar.

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Early nominees who withdrew from contention for the post were Jerry Schillinger, Director of Facilities and Sally Hunter, administrative assistant to the Provost.

A 14-member DTF has been busy this week during two meetings, screening applications and interviewing candidates. They hope to have this process completed by Friday with the announcement of the new dean set for Monday.

FROM MEDIA

Ken Wilhelm, electronic media producer, is doing an "internship" mornings at Media Loan this week. Ken normally works downstairs in the library supervising the mini-studio, the color TV studio and the audio studio.

He was interested in learning how Media Loan operates, what demands are made on staff and student employees' time and basically what knowledge is needed to do the job.

Chas Davies, Media Loan Coordinator, is encouraging all media staff, and eventually all library staff, to spend a week as an intern at Media Loan, "to get an idea of what we do."

Remember to turn in your equipment. It's all due tomorrow, March 12. Equipment can be checked out for evaluation purposes during the week of March 15-19.

To borrow equipment over spring break, bring a note from your faculty sponsor explaining why you need it during the break. The equipment will be issued March 15-19.

'MIDSUMMER' AUDITIONS

Auditions for a spring quarter production of Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream" are scheduled for Thursday and Friday of this week, at 1:00 in the afternoon, on the Fourth Floor (old cafeteria) in the Library. All community members interested in a cooperative theatre experience are invited to try out.

There are 21 parts available for 12 - 13 men and 8 - 9 women including parts for dancers. Tapes of music will be available during the first part of auditions for those auditioning for dancing parts. Scripts will be provided,

but those with copies of the play should bring them, and all should come prepared (meaning, having read the play and familiarized themselves with iambic pentameter in delivery).

The production, directed by Evergreen student Laurel White, is taking place in conjunction with a director's workshop conducted by Andre Tsai (Live and Recorded faculty/coordinator) and the Spring Festival.

Rehearsals will be slated during afternoons and early evenings (by scene) and performance dates are scheduled for the end of May. For further information on the production, contact Laurel White at 352-1037, or Geoff Alm (Publicity) at 943-6489.

• There will be an open meeting on Tuesday, March 16, noon to 1:30 in CAB 110 to discuss proposed revisions to the "Release of Student Information" policy.

Copies of the proposed revisions are available at the Info. Center.

• A representative for the Institute of Public Service at Seattle University will be here Wednesday, March 17, from 1:30 to 4:30 in L3112.

The institute is an interdisciplinary graduate center that provides a Master's Degree in Public Service.

Interested people should sign up in L1220 or call 866-6193.

GRAPHIC ARTISTS!

• The Arts Directory Committee of Allied Arts of Seattle is holding a competition to select a cover design for their 1976 Arts Directory: ACCESS: THE LIVELY ARTS. Any artist or graphic artist living or working in the Puget Sound area is welcome to submit an entry. Deadline for submission is Monday, April 5. There will be a \$250 award. Winner will be announced Saturday, April 10, 1976. For a prospectus and/or further information contact Allied Arts of Seattle - 624-0432.

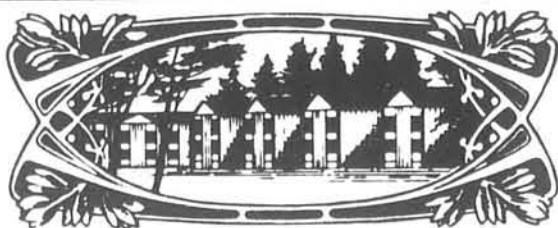
Are all scientists evolutionists?

Students have for many years been indoctrinated with the idea that science has proved evolution and that all scientists believe in evolution. The Biblical record of creation, we have been assured, is no longer taken seriously by the well informed.

One soon discovers, of course, that much of what is taught from classroom podiums and printed in costly textbooks is mere human opinion... even wishful thinking. The idea that evolution is a proven fact of science is a modern myth. Loud and frequent repetition has made it sound credible.

Actually, at this moment there are thousands of well-qualified scientists and other educated professionals who have become convinced that the Biblical model of creation and the earth's history is far more scientific than is the evolutionary model. This, despite the evolutionary indoctrination received in school.

If you enjoy forming your own opinions - especially on matters of such basic importance as this, drop us a postcard at: Institute for Creation Research, P.O. Box 15486, San Diego, California 92115. We'll send a free packet of scientific literature, outlining the credibility of special creation, no strings attached.



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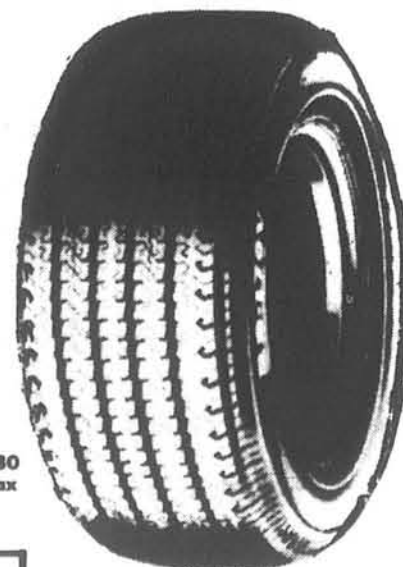
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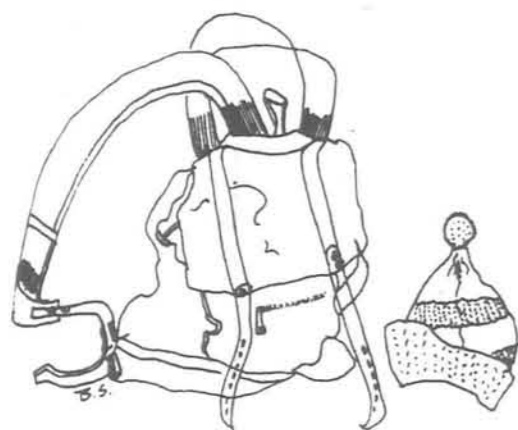
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The diesel stench wind blew across the vacant four-lane,
slowly eaten by the sage and aleovara.
The bus turns his back on me, leaving me the darkness,
leaving with an impossibly sweet smile.
"I'll drink to you."
Draining the last of my canteen and spitting out
the remnants of bitter dust that has lodged for days
in my throat.

"You left so quickly, did you write down my address . . .
you know how forgetful you are . . . Promise to write,
just a line or two and be sure to call
when you get there."

But where is the post office in this crazy desert,
and your hand has been in a cast for two years and
you don't even know where it is you're going to give me a
call.

If you're wondering what I'm doing here, with an un-lit
cigarette in my mouth, that bus back there?, blew
out my last match.

And you know flint doesn't grow in the desert . . . lots
of steel though CLUNK . . . CLUNK CLUNK . . . CLUNK CLUNK CLUNK . . . clunk
bruce g.

Crossed into wonderland today,
without the aid of hemp,
and watched a forest
grow.

Shaded and cold at first,
it seemed lillipution,
then filtering sun,
enlarged it.

Odd shapes were staining the floor,
casting shadows on each other,
weaving green and lacy,
throughout.

Couldn't find the painter,
but the song was distinct,
colorful and clear,
makebelieve . . .
Emily Carr has left Vancouver
and come to point
out those pictures she found
in the spaces,
between
sun
and reality.

Thought perhaps Thoreau
was sitting in the doorway,
watching
the time,
that everyone else would think
is being wasted,
though
in truth,
squandered time
doesn't exist.

Crossed into wonderland today,
without the aid of God,
and didn't return
until,
Michael opened the lid on his methane digester.

Kim Kaufman



AUTUMN LADY

Setting suns reflect your colors
harvest moons, feathered slippers
that you wear
when you ride
wind swept scarlet clouds to Winter,
slippery steps; a road to freedom
frozen paths I used
to take to you.
I touched the colors of your season
lovely oranges, fading yellows
dropping like the leaves
from a maple tree.
Yes Autumn Lady —
finding peace of mind at sunrise,

gathering your strength at sunset,
Winter's coming on
Autumn's nearly gone
still I'm searching for a line
to wrap around you.
Was it December
when I remembered
all the words we left unspoken
like a fence around a quiet moment?
I used to say
it's safe that way
Autumn Lady.

Adios,
John Dodge

DEMIURGE

Volume I Number 3
March 11, 1976

Greek Poem

*Greece — of the white islands resting like clouds on
a blue Mediterranean sea where the sky sheds rain like
tears of joy.*

*A shepherd rests with his flock on the mountain top
of green grass, while grey boulders tumble down to the
port, caught in the nets of fishermen who sing as they
mend holes that fish as big and heavy as stones have
left behind.*

*White houses permanently pale from coats of paint,
and skirts of many colors twirl to the music of bouzou-
kis, while glasses of ouzo clink in the cafes till it seems
like glass birds are singing in perfect time to old songs.*

*Olive trees, whose fruit may have been carried to
Troy by Agamemnon, wrap thousands of black eggs in
gnarled branches. Black beads woven into strands of
golden oil lying coiled like the snakes who waited for
Penelope to finish her weaving, while Odysseus
threaded the needle-eye of suitors axes, the final tap-
estry of Cyclops.*

*Olives black as the eyes of blind Homer squeezing
out golden tales, a yarn spun for listeners whose din-
ners of goat's cheese, flat bread, and rice wrapped in
grape leaves has filled their stomachs, but emptied
their ears of all else but a hunger for the thundering of
Trojan Horses whose bellies grumble with the indiges-
tion of swallowing Greeks in bronze armor. Zeus and
Poseidon both took sides, but Kazantakis wrote *The
Last Temptation of a god whose Mass is still carried
through village streets by the pageantry of Easter
Sunday.**

*While the white marble of the Parthenon flutters
over the city, a flag surrendered to by as many hearts
as there are ships in Piraeus or islands in the sea.*

*A lonely donkey walks steadily up a steep and rocky
mountain path, pausing at the top to watch the sunset
over the water colored horizon.*

By Matthew Sperling and Shirley Rose



midnight search

i wait in corners.

You hide in alleys —
only darkness knows both.

It sends you messages
by a stark faced courier,
draped in crimson

You cry out,
your fingers tense against the
brick wall.

Two eyes pierce the night —
a rude awakening.

i exit,

as i walk,
my feet miss the cracks in the sidewalk —
another clue wasted.

Rori Reber

A Rape

Venice, dainty houses colored with sunset.
Lavender scattering of wrinkled Jews
benched for the day.
Nearby plaster crumbling worn synagogue,
yet the simple singe-orange window
with the star of David
reminds me
it's still there.

Santa Monica misty wind
brings the smell of the delicatessen
to my hungry senses.
Walking in,
remembering my childhood;
the familiar brawny aproned man
from behind the glass counter
(funny how they all look the same
as if a universal family
held the position)
Feeling home.

Walking out,
returning from recollections,
remembering Grandfather walked
these streets.

Streetway
only beckons pedestrians, bicyclists.
Barefoot,
sandy cement clings to my toes.
Many walk alone;
those are attracted here.
Hearing the wave
reaching its crest.
Pigeons and gulls
flock to be fed.

Then,
alcohol breezes by air
passed by cat-calling black men.

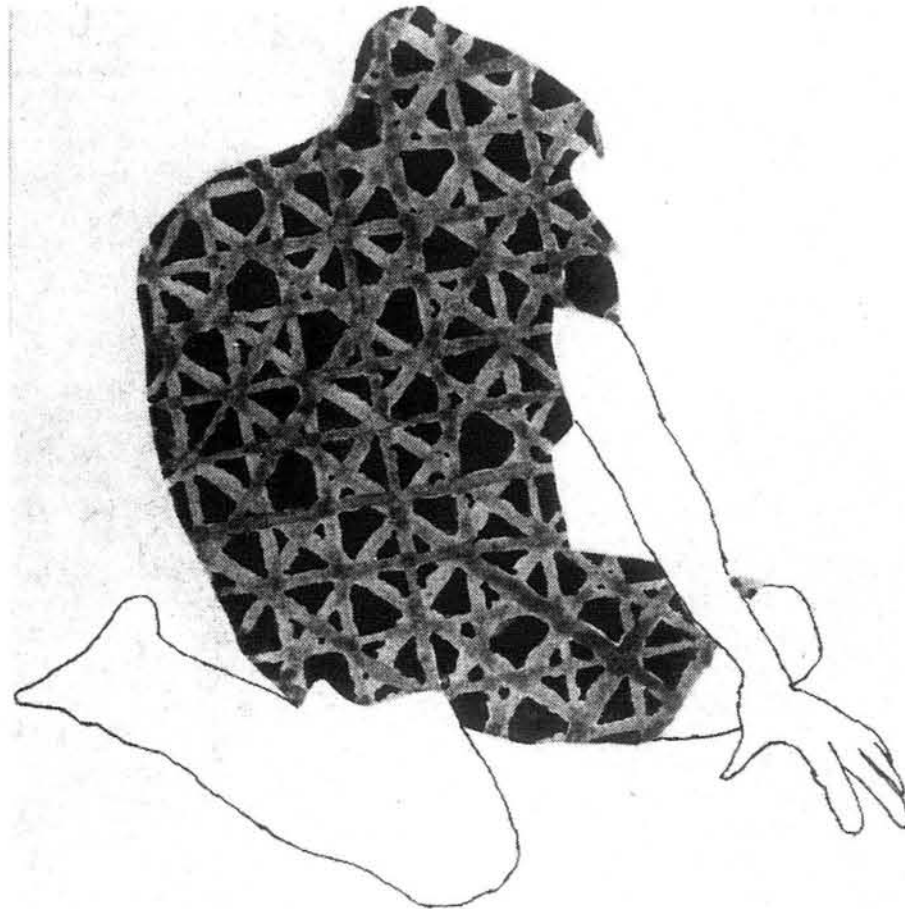
Looking for my friend.
Moving,
the beach sand slows my feet,
forgetting that only yesterday
she died here.

Shellie Bloom

American Haiku

Harry dropped his Bomb
On the unsettled nation(s) —
Left us without tears

John S. Foster



Jeanne Ferror

Sylvia Slashwrist

She was afloat in the moat with her face all a-bloat
In the boat was a note which I will now quote:

"I'm the Queen of the Bees
Or maybe a drone
I'm the meanest of fleas
And I drone on my own."

My wife full of strife with a knife took her life
In the bed she was dead with her head full of lead

"I sing of my sting
I sing of the stinger
I sting while I sing
And I sting the singer."

Was it too many reds? Was it too many greens?
Was abnormal hormones or faded blue genes?

"I fell in my shell
At the toll of the bell
I can tell that my hell
Will sell very well."

She buzzed and she pried but I kept the knot tied
Then my bride sighed and she cried and she died

"I'm slow — I'm shy — I'm tied by strings
But I — know why — the caged bee stings."

The water was strained for traces of skirt
The moat has been drained and filled in with dirt
The body was stuffed and placed in its shrine
The plans are on sale for four ninety-nine

Matt Groening

Accountant Test

by Stan Shore

Part One: True or False

Circle One.

1. I am standing in the parking lot of a three story building. It is a large parking lot, covering as much ground space as the building itself. I am 300 meters from the nearest wall of the building. The building belongs to a corporation. I could jump over the building in a single leap.

True or False.

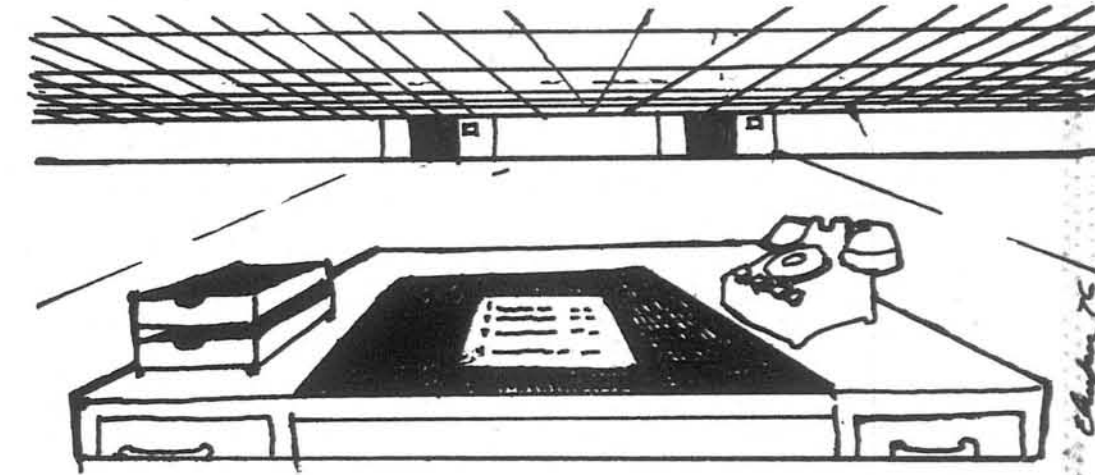
2. I am inside an office building, leaning back in my swivel chair, staring at the acoustical tiled ceiling. There are approximately 8 x 10 holes in the ceiling. None let light in, but in my imagination, sometimes, I can see straight through the ceiling to the cloudless sky above. Sometimes, when lost in thoughts about other, corporate, matters, I suddenly think that I am only imagining that ceiling, and can really see the still blue sky. Squinting, I look away from my work toward the sky. Inevitably, I see only that speckled ceiling.

I am only imagining the speckled ceiling more vigorously than I am imagining the sky.

True or False.

3. I am on the second floor of this building. If I am only imagining the ceiling, then perhaps I am only imagining the floor. If I truly believed that I could see the sky, I would simultaneously fall into the lobby.

True or False.



4. This speculation will lead nowhere. At best I will lose my job.
True or False.

5. If the ceiling is only imagined, albeit vividly, then the desk is only imagined — a mere picture in my brain. The items on the desk are projections, images: the dictaphone, the computer read-out folders, the memos, the cost efficiency analysis report from upstairs — it all exists, but only image-wise. Therefore, I am actually unemployed.

True or False.

6. I should encourage these thoughts for they will make me a more aware person, but I should pretend that I don't think them at all.

True or False.

7. My secretary, Lucy, must be imagined.

True or False.

8. My secretary, Lucy, is quite real.

True or False.

9. My wife, Evelyn, is imagined.

True or False.

10. My wife, Evelyn, is, indeed, imagined — a fleeting nightmare — but my secretary, Lucy, is real.

True or False.

11. The way I know how to check the account ledgers is by remembering the account codes and checking to make sure that each service director has signed his name only to those codes he is re-

sponsible for. Sometimes, I invent new codes, either for new departments or sometimes for new directors. The codes I make up are real.

True or False.

12. When I make up a story for my wife, to explain why Lucy's lipstick is on the nape of my neck, it is also real.

True or False.

13. When, at lunch the other day, I told McPherguson about the imaginary ceiling in my office, he did not believe me. I am not slow; I laughed along with him at my own remarks. McPherguson is my immediate superior. The only things which I can invent that will be believed, and therefore become real, are account codes. Thus, I am called an account ant.

True or False.

14. 441 - 0997 - 5E JBISB is a new account code. It is for a new type of voucher which is being printed up down at the print facility in the basement. In the computer read-out the new account code is listed with me as the sole person with signatory powers. The new account code and voucher are for authorization to leap over tall buildings in a single bound. Now, I can leap over buildings in a single bound.

True or False.

15. McPherguson has called me into his office.
True.

Hey! New York City boy
with doped up eyes and
your slick shoe walk.
One night gave me a
oozy, goozy ride, fly high
with a tuff grin that's sly

Oh! so sly . . .

You're a wax machine,
polished ever-so bright,
with a keen scheme,
to make the women
let you feel ever so right

Oh! ever so right . . .

All! You play it macho cool
with your flunkys at your feet
and you justify it with an ego
that's just too sky high
for someone to beat

Oh! sky high . . .

So! Pretty boy cool,
I'm hip to your games
and ain't gonna be your fool
and feel the pains
I've got pride and strife
that's just too hard to put down,

so watch out boy,
cause I'll roll ya right down

Yeah! roll ya right down . . .

CK

Dan Owens

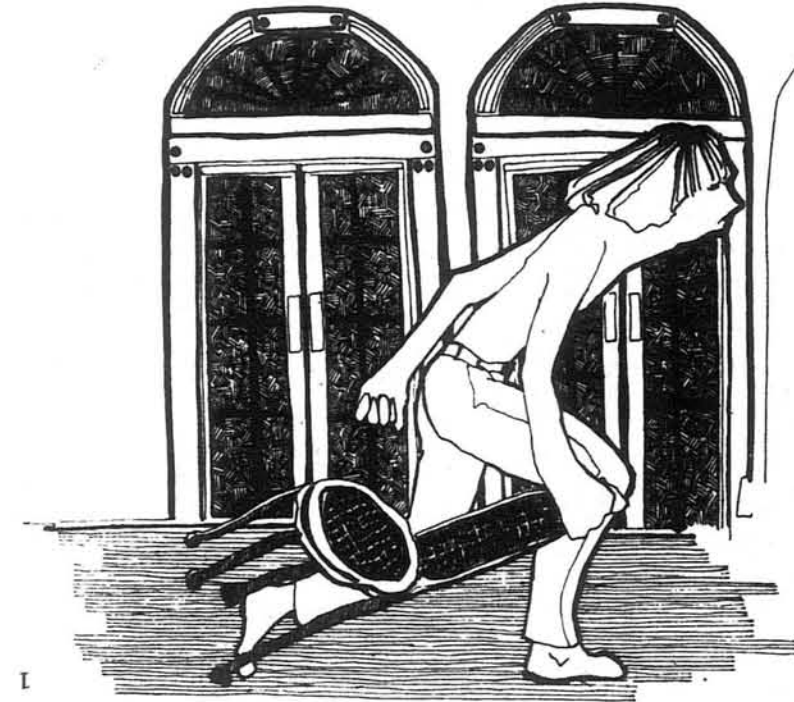
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John S. Foster
Bruce G.
Marcia Levenson
Brad Pokorny
Constance Matthiessen
Dan Owens
Stan Shore
Jim Chupa

He told me to take good care of his book as I read it.
"Don't bend the cover or crease the pages, keep it looking like new."
I took great pains in keeping it in top condition,
I read the book quickly, but before I took it back
I pressed it between two large heavy encyclopedias so it
looked exactly the same (if not better) as when he handed it to me.
He was lying in bed under a gold satin quilt, hands propped
beneath his head.
"Here's your book," I said, and gently handed it over.
He took the book and threw it carelessly against the wall opposite him.
It landed on the dresser top where other books had been thrown,
and then he asked me if I loved him . . .

Cynthia K. Butt



Jeanne Ferron

Art Lovers

by Constance Matthiessen

Martha shifted uncomfortably in her seat and tried to make herself pay attention to the dry, brittle tones of the reader's voice. The hall was uncomfortably warm and the heat seemed to intensify the weight of his soggy prose. God what a bore, she thought. Is it possible that any of these people really like this slop? She glanced at her companion — a tall earnest boy who claimed to be mad for poetry of any sort — it had been, in fact, his idea to come here tonight. He was sitting pitched forward in his seat, his hands clasped tightly between his knees, his mouth gaping. Martha averted her eyes quickly, feeling embarrassed for him. Why, he's almost drooling. She stole another glance, and told herself guiltily, Maybe I'm missing something. She tried to match her companion's avid expression, but it was no use; try as she might, she could find no meaning in the verse. After a few lines her mind started to wander. "A cacophony of melodies, a crescendo of lilting strains . . ." What the hell is that supposed to mean? They overwork those damn musical metaphors, that's what I hate about poets. They always try to be so lyrical. She tugged impatiently at a lock of hair. Her mouth was unpleasantly dry, and tasted of onions; he'd taken her out for Mexican food before the reading. All through the meal he told me how fantastic this guy was, how much I'd love his stuff . . . I don't believe it. Then I had to hear about his own artistic aspirations, about every poem he'd written or thought about writing. I never should have told him I was interested in poetry.

She had met him in her Shakespeare class and been impressed by his somber stance and hollow eyes. He had seemed more serious than most of the fellows she knew, and more aware somehow. He hadn't any of the smooth, studied cynicism which she was so tired of. I was so fooled by his doleful, unhappy face. I thought it was evidence of some intense suffering . . . the agony of a soul racked with pain — tortured by an inner wisdom which he is unable to communicate. Ha! I should have seen through him when he used the word "poignant" three times in half an hour.

Just then he leaned toward her and whispered furtively, "Listen to this next line — it's more sublime than Lowell at his best." She obediently donned an attentive expression, and after the line was read, nodded vigorously at him, her eyes brimming with passion. He, meanwhile, was in positive ecstasy and had collapsed back in his seat with a sigh of rapturous pleasure. When he went on to throw his head into his hands and moan softly, she could no longer contain her disgust. She shook her head wearily and thought, I don't believe it. I think those are real tears! And he doesn't understand this stuff any more than I do. She tried to recall the line which was having such a devastating effect on her companion. It was something about "crystalline cartels beautifully bound . . ." What a lot of crap.

She slumped back in her seat and began to play eye games with the lights overhead. By squinting her eyes she could make the beams flicker through her lashes. Why is it that all I ever meet are melodramatic phonies? I fall for their damn ruses, and really think that they can teach me something.

She remembered the philosophy major she had dated for a few months the previous term. She had been swept off her feet by his sagacious air; by his sloppy, unworldly appearance and his pipe. They had fallen in love over coffee in a gloomy cafe, where she had listened to him make vague allusions to Locke and Hume. Impressed by the fact that she didn't understand his abstract discussions, she was taken in by him for awhile. Before long, however, she began to suspect that he wasn't saying anything. His profound expression had something decidedly self-conscious about it, and his vocabulary did not extend much beyond "empirical" and "ontological." Soon after discovering that he was failing Logic 101, she broke with him, more out of boredom than outrage. Everybody's got their image these days, she thought now. No one wants to be boring, so they devise a little identity for themselves. Subscribe to the right magazines, learn the proper phrases and pow! You have a self. Easy as making jello . . .

She was completely depressed by the time the reading was over. Peter offered to take her home without suggesting a drink. He must have noticed how bored I was, and dismissed me as a Philistine, she told herself as she combed her hair in the restroom. This thought disturbed her. Maybe he's right. Maybe I'm the phony. She peered anxiously at herself in the mirror. Jesus, I do look half asleep. She splashed cold water on her face and smiled brightly at her dripping reflection. She rubbed her face hard with a paper towel and assumed a gay [but not too frivolous] grin as she joined Peter in the lobby. As long as he doesn't demand any specifics, I may still be able to pass as an inspired young art lover. Fortunately, Peter seemed satisfied when she exclaimed, "I'm speechless. He was fantastic."

In the car she encouraged him to make clear various subtleties and nuances which she was afraid she might have missed, a job which he took to with relish. After a few sentences, Martha stopped listening to him, and studied his features in the light which burst upon them from passing cars. He has sensitive hands, she thought, maybe that's what fooled me . . . I thought he might be for real . . . that maybe he really knew something and it's all because he looks so damn emotional and ardent. I guess I should have known when he called Goethe "Go-ith." And I told myself that he was just trying to be unpretentious.

As Peter began a soulful monologue on his own artistic dilemmas, Martha amused herself by trying to imagine what he was really thinking. Maybe he's horny and is trying to decide how to make it with me in an aesthetic fashion. Will she be more impressed by a pithy line from Shakespeare, or a romantic line from Yeats? Or perhaps she'd be most overwhelmed by a mute, but fervent plea; replete with all the tender emotion of a pure young heart. She was devising various imaginative responses when he stopped in front of her house. He walked her to the door, and was silent as she followed him up the walk, fumbling in her handbag for her keys. When she had the door open and was about to say goodnight, he cleared his throat awkwardly and took her hand.

"Martha, I just want to tell you that I really enjoyed your company tonight." She smiled at him in encouragement and he went on, "I really did. I mean, I know I did most of the talking, and I apologize, but I'm really impressed with the little I've seen of you. You seem like a girl who really wants to learn, and I like that. You're so excited and attentive about everything. Most people don't care about things they don't know about, but I think you genuinely do."

He paused, and she noticed that he wasn't looking at her, but at a spot slightly to the right of her head. This weakness on his part made her pity him suddenly. She was tired of the monstrous game they were playing, and horribly aware that she was more guilty than he. If I didn't know I was playing a game, then I wouldn't be playing one, would I? She found herself envying him as he sheepishly met her eyes and continued, "What I'm trying to say is that I think we have a lot to offer each other, and I'd like to see more of you."

Martha smiled with the sincere, almost meek expression which had originally attracted her to him, and really tried to make herself feel it this time. Maybe he had more to him than she gave him credit for. He was being honest enough now, wasn't he? Perhaps he does know something about poetry; after all, that guy we heard tonight is rather well known . . . For a brief second she was horrified by the depths to which her loneliness let her sink, but she quickly brushed this thought aside, and invited him in for a drink.

Elated with his success, Peter whistled a jingle from a Coke commercial as he followed her into the house.

In Pigalle

In Pigalle, when it is over
the women rise and step to the windows,
coarse and used in the lewd darkness
Always I have seen them there
breathing deep the sordid air
heeding not the quarter's smirch
the stagnant smell of ill-brewed beer.
They gaze beyond to where it's clear
then sigh, perhaps, and leave their perch.
They sift virginity through their hands
and pull the silk back on their legs
then, sleek and smooth, descend again.

Marcia Levenson



Jeanne Ferron

We macramed our breath into hangings
for bare walls; seashells
from our distant shores,
bits of twig and brush,
feathers of flushed doves
woven in
as silence swallowed the room.

We placed the hangings on existant pegs
where my ancestors by prehinsile
tails, dangled by her bed.
Through an open window
the rotting westwind blew
across her walls
till our breath lay decaying
in her garden sluice.

In the solitary stillness
a rose bloomed in the east.
I opened the floodgates
to retrieve the carrion cords
and looking through her window
I saw a thousand tails
trailing above her bed

MOLE

by Brad Pokorny

The apartment was embarrassingly stuffy. A familiar miasma of rotten garbage, dirty dishes, and vaporized cooking oil smoldered under a thermostat set too high. Garth Evans hoped the odor would not offend her. He indicated the couch, "Please, have a seat. Relax. I just want to talk." He closed the door, locked it, and glided behind the bar which separated the kitchen from the living room. "Would you like a drink?"

She hesitated, and then nodded.

"Martini alright?"

She nodded again.

"I make them very dry. Hardly any vermouth." He reached under the counter for the bottles and glasses, palmed a handful of ice from the freezer and dropped it noisily into the pitcher — all of this without averting his eyes from hers. Pouring, he noticed that the cocktail settled in among the clear cubes like silvery molten metal.

"I hardly know where to begin," he began, setting her drink on the low coffee table. "I've never done anything like this before." Evans did not sit. Instead he wandered about in short nervous steps, pausing only to change direction. His right hand slipped into his coat pocket and remained there. Several times he unconsciously gestured with it resulting in an almost comic flapping like that of a one-armed penguin. "I've never blamed myself, really. If other people don't care for my company, it is their loss. About that I'm adamant. If a man bends to suit others' whims, I mean, if he becomes too accommodating, people will run right over him. He gets lost in the crowd. You know what I mean?"

She nodded unsurely.

"I suppose I've always been alienated. At college I majored in philosophy. I recall many an enjoyable weekend burrowed away with a few volumes on existentialism. I loved Nietzsche. He truly understood the hierarchy in society, the lofty goals only an individual can pursue and the mindless somnolence of the rabble. I never bothered to finish — they demanded too many extraneous credits in this or that." Evans stopped pacing and took another long sip of his drink. The ethanol began trussing up the assorted precarious connections in his head, and his tie suddenly seemed to be choking back his words. He loosened it with an index finger under the knot.

"College did teach me about romance. I had a girl friend there. Her name was Stacy. At the time I thought she was very beautiful. I met her on a Greyhound bus heading home for Christmas break one year. We talked for ten straight hours, all night in the last row of seats by the smelly little lavatory. I allowed myself to fall in love. I got off in the morning, and she went on to Chicago. I wrote her diligently over the holidays, and then we got together back at school after New Years. She did philosophy too. We were always staying up all night, speeding on endless cups of coffee, discussing Sartre and Camus. That summer we moved in together. It lasted exactly one year. We talked a lot about how alienated we were. I guess we talked about it too much. She did not return after the next Christmas break. Last I heard she was in Los Angeles turning novels into movie scripts. Hack work. Never had much of a mind for philosophy anyway. She lives with some rinky-dink producer. It bothered me for a while, but not

any more. Another drink?" He lofted his empty glass. Evans made two more, and although she had not finished her first one, he landed the premature second on the smooth walnut saying: "Three chairs, no waiting."

"I used to go to bars every night thinking, hoping, I might find someone or something else. I didn't know where else to look. I hated it. Lonely pathetic people desperately trying to commune with other lonely pathetic people. It was hopeless; who wants to get to know a pathetic person? God, it was morbid." Sip. "I felt sick at the forced conviviality, at the insidious illusion wrought of alcohol and soft lights designed to hypnotize them all into believing they are more beautiful or more handsome than even their most self-deceptive moments before a mirror. I can't stand the cockish frivolities that lampoon even the barnyard. I detest the women wearing the sleek facades they steal from the screen. Fashions. I don't know, maybe the idiots are enjoying themselves. I sometimes get the feeling there is some secret with which I am not acquainted. Some limited edition code of social laws, that they keep hidden from me, a rule book passed from one person to another that, when obeyed, gives the game immense meaning, and makes it extremely satisfying to all involved. Maybe I hate it because I'm playing by the wrong rules: bounding onto the clay courts wearing ten pounds of padding and a pair of hockey skates. Ever notice how all the really popular bars are in basements? Holes, they're all little holes."

Evans' voice faded, and he stood before the apartment's solitary picture window. The glass was spattered with rain, shattering the window's clarity, exploding each pinhole city light into a jagged star. Once in a while a droplet would grow too heavy, and it would be dragged to the bottom of the sill by its own weight. Evans noticed that these outcasts accelerated as they fell, sucking off more fattening water from each contact on the way down.

A flash of motion in the corner of his eye quickly turned Evans' head. The girl was leaning forward, starting to get up. "Please sit down," he said, making that funny flapping motion again.

She obeyed.

"Did I tell you they used to call me 'mole' in grade school? My classmates used to taunt and sing:

Garth is a mole-ole
he lives in a hole-ole
like a ugly troll-oll
it's as black as coal-oal.

"I never did quite understand why the kids hated me. It was not as if I'd peed in my pants or committed a like atrocity. I did my work and left them alone. My teachers always liked me, and I even tried to help the others when they couldn't answer questions in class. Once a kid named Mike Woods tried to pick a fight with me. He started shoving me. He pushed me into an alley between the cafeteria and the gymnasium where the trucks made their deliveries to the kitchen. I didn't do anything. He kept poking me in the chest. I just stood there with my hands at my side and tried to talk him out of hurting me. I said he'd better watch out or he'd get into lots of trouble. He said, 'You think you're so hot, don't ya?' 'Not at all,' I replied. 'The surface of the

sun is over 10,000 degrees Fahrenheit. I'm not really very hot.' I really said that. I thought it a witty riposte at the time. He just stood there looking at me for a full minute. Then he started laughing. He pointed at me and shouted, 'Mole! Garth is a mole. Mole-ole. Mole-ole-ole-ole-ole.' About that time a number of other kids arrived. I believe the rhyme grew out of that incident."

Evans saw that she was not listening to him; her eyes were darting around the room, examining the way he lived. "I forgot this place might appear something of a mess," he started. The walls were invisible, so littered was the place with rubbish — mostly books and various papers. There were hundreds of books lying about the place. Queued up on shelves, stacked on the floor, dozing atop the counter. All kinds: dog-eared paperbacks, coffee-stained periodicals, textbooks, How-To books, best-selling novels, classics, cliché-ridden mysteries, coverless comic books, Russian-authored epics, library books, stolen library books, even a smattering of porno. Where there were no books, the walls were obscured by posters and art prints, muddy handbills saved from the sidewalks, old love letters stuck up with yellowing tape, faded photographs dangling precariously from a lone thumbtack, arcane halftones torn from obscure magazines, occasional newspaper clippings, old hand-painted picture postcards and a little more pornography. The stuff was layered on.

"I don't often have guests, so I seldom clean up. I suppose this would all mean a lot if we could find an interior decorator with a degree in psychoanalysis." Then he paused a moment to open the floodgate. "But I really don't care what people think. I have often felt that other humans were hopeless heathens, that we were all probably one of God's mistakes, flourishing only because he overlooked a foolish old man and his ark. I think a lot about drawing up some sort of document officially declaring my withdrawal from the human race. A sort of resignation from the club of Homo Sapiens. The only problem was I could never figure out where to take it. Do I go to the city hall and have my document notarized? Or do I take it to the United Nations; walk in, hand my notice to the Secretary General and salute (three fingers to my brow), sputtering in his face, 'I resign . . . Sir.' (I've thought of lettering it out on a sandwich board and hobbling up and down the business district, openly declaring my rejection, but others have beat me to that idea, and I want to be original.)"

"Such a document would have many benefits. By disclaiming any association with the race, I would also relieve myself of any responsibility for it. I could watch the evening news with a clear conscience; I could laugh outright at the strafing of variously colored women and children. (There's really nothing funnier than deformity.) I'd be an extraterrestrial, with no attachments to the fate of this noxious humanoid species furiously destroying the earth. When bleeding heart charities knocked at my door, I could guffaw in their shocked, white faces, and then playfully slam the door — much more honest than the 'we gave at the office' routine."

"Having signed such a paper I would no longer have to wonder about other people's rules. I'd be writing my own rule book. I'd approach people and gaily shout, 'Hey, want to go play an inning

or two of basket-soccer,' or 'Tennichess, anyone?' Of course no one would join me, but that would be to my taste."

"But the best part of my declaration would be its liberating effect. It would turn tables on all those who plot against me; I would become the conspirator. Instead of being alienated, I'd be alienating. I have always wondered if it was some intangible thing in my manner that put people against me, if there was some invisible wart on my personality. But my document would answer that question for me. Free will is only pretending you planned to do what you did. Choice is relative, and my document would prove that I exist as I do out of choice — my choice. Freedom does not come until it is declared. In declaring my position I would be taking control of my own life. I'd be depriving Mike Woods and those like him of the satisfaction of thinking that they had driven me into my mole-hole-role. I could stand on the rooftops and shout: 'I do what I please because I please. Don't think I'm hiding from anything, I just can't stand your company. I just can't stand . . . I just can't stand . . .'"

Evans stood very still, his muscles rigid. His stare was fixed on some indefinite point in space. He remained this way for a long time. Then he moved, slowly, almost arthritically, to a cluttered easy chair opposite the sofa. He slumped languidly into it, unmindful of the spine-up books and disarrayed papers nestled on the cushion.

He focused on the girl across the room. His face bore no expression. He thought about the situation. She was very young, perhaps as young as 15. She sat nervously, her legs tightly crossed and her hands tucked between her thighs. She was staring at him.

Evans thought that she was very beautiful. The term "well endowed" entered his mind. He would have laughed to himself in mockery of such a thought had he not been so serious. The thought of taking her, there, on the couch, initiated an erection and its accompanying tremors of excitement. Visions of Stacy-sex flooded his brain. Emetic details of warm skin, sloppy wet labia, and flocculent pubis returned. He wondered if it could be, would be the same with this girl before him. He slowly scanned her body, imagining her naked. Youthful, smooth thighs, flat stomach punctuated by sunken navel, and soft breasts. He thought the first step would be to ask her to remove her clothes. "Ahhh . . . my dear," (he did not know what else to address her as) "would you . . ." His breath and words escaped in a punctuated exhale. He tried again, "Could you please remove . . ." No good. And suddenly, like a cold glass dropped in scalding water, his lascivious thoughts shattered, and he wondered what the hell he was doing. He looked at the girl and then quickly around the room, his head jerking as if he were in a strange and fearful place. He paused and then said, "I . . . I wonder if you could leave now please."

She started, hesitated, and then said, "But, what about . . . are you sure you won't . . . you aren't going to . . .?"

"I only wanted to talk. I lied when I brought you up here." He pulled his hands out of his pockets and raised them in the air, palms forward, like a man surrendering to a movie marshal. "See. I have no gun."

She got up and left quickly, stopping only to fumble with the lock on the door.



Barbara Sussman

Bumble

The sound of bees
Who buzz among the plants
Float quietly around their foes
Singing

Teresa Imfeld

To walk among the frothy foam
of oceans loud and fierce,
And listen to the swirl of sound
reach in my mind and pierce
The ever present trials of time
and the never ending woes,
That seem to press against my soul
administering deadly blows.

Is as the moment a wave does leave
the burden that it bore
Across the miles of seas unknown
in the arms of a selfless shore.

That reaches out to comfort those
who long for rest and peace,
And draws them closer to her warmth
where they can close their eyes and
sleep.

Teresa Imfeld

'... the student body prez ...'

(Ed. note) Until this year, the S & A Board was one of the few recognizable student governance groups.

The Board serves the main function of student government at other campuses — that is, the allotment of student funds for student activities.

Connie Palaia was recently elected as the S & A Board Executive Secretary and will take over March 15. She is, in essence, a "student body president" because her primary function, as at other campuses, is to oversee the allocation of S & A funds.

Palaia replaces Brent Ingram, who presently holds the survival record for the position.

In the following interview with Lenore Norrgard, Palaia talks about her role as the S & A Board Executive Secretary.

by Lenore Norrgard

What is the job of S&A Executive Secretary?

It consists of moderating S&A

Board meetings, disseminating pertinent information to S&A Board members and the community and being the liaison between the community and the S&A Board. I'm also in charge of publicity and do typing and filing.

Why did you apply for the job?

I thought I could do a good job. I was pretty familiar with what the job entailed, having worked at the Women's Center and I had some concerns about the S&A Board and the role it plays at Evergreen. I'd rather be in a position of dealing with people rather than any other job... I also needed the money.

How did you secure the position of S&A Board Secretary and on what basis do you think you were hired?

I don't know. Only one other person applied. The only difference the Board seemed to see was my familiarity with Evergreen.

What do you think of the institu-

S&A Board Exec. Sec.



tion of the S&A Board and your role as S&A secretary?

I'm not yet real familiar with

all of the logistics of the S&A Board in relation to the institution. I'm not sure students have the power I'd like to see them have. I'm not sure the S&A Board lends itself to students having power over their money. It's a real controversy: the administration feels one way about how money should be spent, others have other ideas. And, the Board of Trustees and Dean Clabaugh have the last say over monies.

I feel really strongly about trying as hard as possible to not put myself in a hierarchical position. There's a real need for somebody to have the necessary background and information for the Board's decisions. As much as possible I'd like to stay away from getting a lot of power.

Why?

Because ideally I'd rather that the allocation of money weren't such a competitive process; the decisions should be more representative.

What would you like to see happen with the S&A Board while you're in office?

I'd like to see more students involved in what happens. I think S&A money has a whole lot of potential. I'm not sure what it takes to get more people involved and to get it to be more of a representative process, but the Board is really concerned now.

I don't think it's a "bad board." People are really trying to do the things they see will benefit the most students.

This spring the Board will be dividing the budget into five different areas: communication and cultural events, recreation, student groups, midyear discretionary fund, and services, operations and miscellaneous. Student representatives from different student groups will be allowed to take part in the allocation process within their division. I think the groups will have enough in common in goals to work out what money should go to each.

'GREATEST HITS'

From One Extreme to Another

by Teresa Imfeld

The "Greatest Hits" art show from "The Artist Class" coordinated studies program is now hanging in the Library Gallery. Many of the displays landed right on target, but it appeared as if some of them couldn't even find the barn. As I glanced around, my eyes came to rest upon a few pieces of work that were not only dull, but looked as if they had been done by the artist in his third grade finger-painting class. Fortunately these

and a few other uninspiring pieces didn't seem to detract from the large amount of beautiful, and creative works which were also being displayed.

since both extremes were placed together, I began to get a confused feeling as to how each could be labeled as art. While the messages from one piece would be so powerful that they could fill a book, another would do no more than silently hang there on the wall.

Two different artists trying to achieve successful results with

the same tools could easily be compared, and some of the best examples lie in the photographs. To me the series of dog pictures simply stated, "here is a dog" or "here is a dog's shadow," whereas the empty phone booth or the lonely figure quietly sitting behind a mountain of fruit could tell a whole story in one glance.

Also there is the impact of the enormously powerful painting of a woman with folded arms and the look of horror in her eyes, that opens many avenues of feeling. Compare this to the plain purple canvas broken here and there by narrow rays of orange and you feel a slight bit cheated by the latter.

Each artist obviously has his own goal in mind when he began his piece, though it was easy to determine who had reached his mark and who had totally failed.

Texture seemed to be an exciting approach for some of the students and one artist displayed some meaningful symbolism with the use of some ordinary puzzle pieces.

Three-dimensional forms were also popular, but they went to extremes. The large heart and huge eggs were different and interesting, but the only description I can offer for them would be conversation pieces. They made people look at them and pay attention to them, but said no more than "Well, here I am." The second extreme could be seen in the hearts displaying two different types of love and the camouflaged table and window, each of these symbolized something stronger than what was on the surface.



Monday, March 15 — EPIC and the Men's Center present the film "Men's Lives," a sensitive documentary about masculinity in American society. The Men's Center will lead a panel discussion following the film, 7:30 p.m. in LH one.

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NEWS FROM CAREER PLANNING/PLACEMENT

by Molly Wright

Summer employment can be an excellent opportunity to gain work experience and skills. The Office of Financial Aid will be offering a special workshop dealing with summer jobs on Monday, March 15, from 2 - 4 p.m. in CAB 108. Financial Aid will also gather and post summer employment opportunities that apply to all students. For example, those interested in Recreation should consider arranging for an interview with the King County Parks Division. Representatives will be on campus March 24 from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. to talk with prospective Summer Recrea-

tion Leaders. Recreation Leaders will be placed in Highline, Federal Way, Renton, Shoreline, and Bothell at a starting salary of \$3.50 per hour. Qualifications are a major emphasis in Recreation or related field. OR practical experience in the leadership of recreational activities. Students with expertise in the following areas are encouraged to apply: Arts and Crafts, Badminton, Basketball, Camping, Dance, Drama, Music, Floor Hockey, Golf, Sailing, Canoeing, Softball, Tennis, Gymnastics, and Water Polo.

Also in Recreation, Big Bend Community College in Moses Lake is currently seeking a Pool Manager at a salary of \$2,000 for the period of June 6 through August 28. The Pool Manager would be in direct charge of lifeguards and pool staff, handle instruction of swimming lessons, and prepare and maintain staff schedules.

For a refreshing and enlightening summer break, consider a whitewater adventure with Sundance Expeditions. Sundance is a closely knit group of Oregon river people who love what they are doing — guiding raft and kayak trips on the Rogue and Illinois Rivers. The program has a variety of adventures, including two-day skill workshops, week-long wilderness expeditions and specially chartered steelhead fishing trips. Sundance was founded by Evergreen graduate Mike Saul! For more information about river adventures contact: Sundance Expeditions, 14894 Galice Road, Merlin, Oregon 97532.

Considering graduate school? Registration for the graduate school practice examinations to be held April 10 may be made by contacting Career Planning and Placement, Lib. 1220, 866-0193. Practice testing is a good (and FREE) opportunity for you to assess your academic strength and to become familiar with the style and content of the examinations that are generally required for graduate study. Tests will be offered for the LSAT, MCAT and the basic GRE.

Videodiscs - The Newest Medium

(Part II of two parts.) In the first article of this series (appearing 2/26/76) Rick Speer explored the history and machinery of videodiscs. In the following article he shows some of the practical applications of the latest brainchild of TV.

by Rick Speer

As soon as videodisc players begin coming off the assembly lines, an intense competition will begin for your business. The reason? The disc technology has been 10 years in the making and has cost around \$200 million to perfect. Further, sharp observers have noted that several million players must be in use before they become profitable. Since the average person can be expected to buy only one disc-player (at \$4 - 500 each), the competition will be stiff. But the two marketing companies are confident of reaching the breakeven point. RCA's president notes that even if only 25% of the nation's 70 million TV homes add a player, that amounts to \$6.8 billion worth of business. And he adds, "It wouldn't be unreasonable for a disc-buyer to spend \$70 - 80 a year on discs." MCA's Disc-division president is even more optimistic, shooting for "40 - 50% of the market" among present TV owners.

And what will be offered on these discs? Well, neither system records anything, they're both only playback units. So the consumer will have to shop for canned items just as the record buyer must. MCA controls Universal Pictures and so will have many theatrical films available. At one demonstration last March, they showed *The Sting*, *Earthquake*, and *The Towering Inferno*. MCA also controls a great many older films and has already issued a preliminary catalog, citing Mae West classics for \$2.35, W.C. Fields for about the same, and so on up to the present. Obviously, film buffs will go nuts at the chance to watch and study their film favorites whenever they like, instead of when theatres or the networks get in the mood.

RCA, for its part, has already purchased the rights to more than 1,000 Hollywood movies, and foresees its discs being distributed nationally through mail-order clubs ("disc-of-the-month") and libraries. Both sides also promise a very broad range of special interest material like ballet, opera, history specials (Ascent of Man, et al), auto-repair

lessons, travelogues, pornography, you-name-it. And the cost will be kept low since videodiscs, unlike tape, can be stamped out like records very cheaply — "Manufacturing a 40 - 60 minute disc will cost us 50 cents," says MCA's spokesman.

The possibilities go beyond visual material like films. In the MCA system, for example, the user can go through the disc frame by frame. If those frames have text on them, like a book, one could read off the television. The thing that makes this useful is that a single half-hour disc, with space for 30 frames per second can store 54,000 pages! (The Encyclopedia Britannica, for comparison, has 30,000 pages.) Thus, one or two year's texts in undergraduate physics could be obtained from your college bookstore for \$3.50 or so on disc.

One thing that's for certain is that standard broadcast television will never be the same. Always before, network executives could ignore dissatisfied viewers, since the latter had no alternatives to commercial offerings. But then cable came along, and the networks ran to the FCC, pleading to have cable companies restricted on first-run films and other prime properties. And initially, they got their wish.

America will soon have a fourth national network — with no commercials. As one critic of standard TV noted, "You have to wonder then what will happen, when people used to receiving three network stations suddenly get 15 via cable; when they can watch uninterrupted, uncensored shows; and when they can choose from thousands of videodiscs . . . network audiences will almost certainly decline, and with them ad revenues, economies of scale, and profits."

In fairness, it must be noted that the national networks have always had to play by special rules. Financed by advertisers, the rating game forces them to go for mass appeal, sacrificing quality or anything else that gets in the way. And since any family member from Junior to Grandma can tune in, the networks have had to tread lightly to avoid offending anyone. As a man with the National Association of Broadcasters put it, "The economics of unsubsidized television don't permit narrow casting to small special interest groups." There it is — this fact alone guarantees a market for disc manufacturers.

So, quality-conscious viewers, cheer up! Discs, on top of cable TV, promise to be the final straw leading to a breakthrough in visual entertainment. In this Bicentennial year, America is going to enter the age of alternative television.

SOUNDING BOARD ASSESSES

Sounding Board discussion centered on the "need for alternative environments at Evergreen" and evaluation of Sounding Board for the COG III DTF Wednesday morning.

Student Jean-Pierre Bressieux explained the problems he is having finding funding for renovating the alternative structure. Someone suggested using the materials for the old ESP building for a new building, but Bressieux said there are two many sentiments tied to the old building. He said \$3600 is the amount needed to renovate the ESP and that the S & A Board doesn't have that kind of money. The Sounding Board passed a motion to support Bressieux's proposal to renovate the building.

Moderator, Peg Kelbel, read the minutes of the Board of Trustees' meeting when the Board rejected the Sounding Board's recommendation on what the representatives from the community to the Board of Trustees should be. Kelbel began the discussion on the evaluation of the Sounding Board with this recollection, saying she thought the Sounding Board should be a decision-making body, rather than a "resonating chamber." She said decision-making power should exist in the community.

A long discussion ensued. Dick Nichols was a strong proponent of the present system, saying it "could work." He said that he thought one problem with DTF's is that there are hidden agendas, and that they should be more explicit.

Don Von Volkenburg said that staff can't bring their problems to the Board. He called Evergreen "racist, sexist, and elitist."

Stone Thomas agreed that there are hidden agendas in DTFs, but said he thought Sounding Board should be a decision-making body. He suggested putting out a questionnaire to the community to find its opinion before making recommendations to the COG III DTF.

Discussion will continue next Wednesday at the next Sounding Board meeting at 8:30 a.m., CAB 108.

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ENTERTAINMENT



ON CAMPUS

Thursday, March 11 — "The New Blue Devils" jazz it up in the ASH Coffehaus from 8 to 11 p.m. Admission is free.

Other events scheduled for Thursday — The Center for Poetry in Performance sponsors an open reading in L3112 at 7 p.m. Attention poetry buffs — this is the final reading of March.

Country Music Day, presented by the Country Music academic program, gets under way from 11:30 a.m. to 1 p.m. in the CAB main mall and continues from 1 to 5:30 p.m. in the Library main lobby. Also scheduled is a square dance in the library lobby at 7:30 p.m. Admission to the square dance is 50 cents.

A free concert featuring Olympia Symphony flutist Louise Moon and the Evergreen Muse Ensembles is set for noon in the main library lobby. (That's Thursday too.)

Friday, March 12 — Friday Night Films presents Julie Christie and Alan Bates in "The Go-Between." This 1971 English film directed by Joseph Losey tells the story of a secret love affair between a poor tenant farmer and a beautiful heiress; 3, 7 and 9:30 p.m. in LH one. Fifty cents.

Also on Friday — Evergreen's UJAMAA Society caps a full week of events with a 6 p.m. dinner, a 6:30 p.m. "Historic Fashions" show and a 9 p.m. dance featuring the band "Fresh." The evening's program is slated for the fourth floor of the library — \$2.50 per person.

Saturday, March 13 — The Evergreen Coffehaus brings us "Things to Come," a 1936 English film based on the novel by H.G. Wells. The film stars Raymond Massey and Sir Cedric Hardwicke in a futuristic look at the year 2036. See for yourself at 7 p.m. or 9:30 p.m. in LH one.

More on Saturday — A benefit dance and concert for KAOS-FM radio is set for the fourth floor library ballroom from 8 p.m. to midnight. Upepo, a Portland based, latin jazz/rock group will provide an evening of high-energy music. Wine and

of traditional and old-time music. Located at 141 S. Market Blvd., Chehalis, the doors open at 8:15 with a \$1.00 donation.

SEATTLE

Friday, March 12 — British vocalist Cleo Laine, backed by a combo directed by her husband and noted musician, John Dankworth, comes to the Seattle Opera House for an 11:15 p.m. performance. Cleo Laine, comfortable with any style and song thrilled a near-capacity crowd at the Opera House last year. A household word in England, Ms. Laine is a recent "discovery" in the United States. Tickets are on sale at the Bon Marche and suburban outlets.

A Jean Renoir Mini-Film Festival runs Thursday through Saturday in Kane Hall at the U. of W. campus. Films include: "Madame Bovary" (1933) and "Elene et les hommes" (1956 — starring Ingrid Bergman) on Thursday, March 11; Renoir's classic color film of India — "The River" (1951) on Friday, March 12 and "Swamp Water" (1941) and "The Southerner" (1945) on Saturday, March 13. Each day's program begins at 7:30 p.m. in 130 Kane Hall. Admission is \$1.50 for students, \$2.00 for others. The Mini-Festival is sponsored by the Seattle Film Society and the U. of W. Office of Lectures and Concerts.

More on Sunday — The Lower Puget Sound Cooperative Community sponsors a Benefit Boogie and Cake Walk to raise funds for a downtown depot. The Fruitland Famine Band will play from 8 p.m. to the witching hour in the second floor library lobby. The Artichoke Mode will sell salad and cider and cakes and baked goods will be available too. The function gets under way at 7 p.m. Admission is \$1.25.

And — The KAOS-FM Sunday show by Joe Murphy features a tape from the recent Gary Burton Quintet concert. 3:30 to 6:30 p.m.

Adios,
John Dodge

ON CAMPUS CABLE CHANNEL #6

at 9 a.m., 2:30 p.m. & 7 p.m.
3/12 Friday

This Marshal McLuhan:
The Medium is the Message
Lapis

3/15 Dead Birds

3/16 Potemkin

3/17 Mzima — Portrait of a Spring Neptune

3/18 Mass Spectrometry
Muscle: A study of Integration

3/19 Genetics of Mendelian Populations

beer will be on sale at the benefit — with proper ID, of course. The night's festivities plan to be a bargain at \$1.50.

Sunday, March 14 — Peace, Bread and Land in Consort with Claudia Mauro, Rennie Selkirk and Sid Brown playing original instrumentals, blues, country tunes and an improvised raga. That's 8 to 11 p.m. in the ASH Coffehaus for 75 cents (or whatever you can afford).

OLYMPIA

Friday, March 12 — Applejam hosts members of the Vancouver B.C. Folk Club for an evening of songs from the British Isles and Ireland and sea chanties. The vocal chorus comes to Applejam courtesy of Jon Bartlett. You may remember it was Jon who sang at the Marine History and Crafts Seminar last spring. Once again, Applejam opens the door at 8 p.m. for \$1.00

Saturday, March 13 — Applejam features a St. Patrick's Day Warm-Up with an entire evening of Irish music; from traditional to Tin Pan Alley songs by favorite local and out-of-town singers and musicians.

And on Sunday — Applejam continues their Old-Time Square Dancing at 2:30 p.m. with a live band and caller. Adults \$1.00 and under 12, 75 cents.

CHEHALIS

Saturday, March 13 — The Sunny Side Folks Art Center presents country musician, Jane Voss. She has earned a reputation for seeking out and reviving obscure Carter Family songs and she is known as a fine interpreter

Eating Out

BROWN DERBY

If you're on a diet, the one restaurant in town you won't want to go to is Davis' Brown Derby, 1001 S. Capitol Way. Their fantastically delicious selection of cakes, pies and pastries is guaranteed to break your determination to stay away from sweets, no matter how tough you think your willpower is.

The restaurant, entering its 42nd year of operation, is also renowned for their hamburgers, known as "Brown Derbies." These mouth-watering creations are, without a doubt, the finest hamburgers to be had in the Olympia area. Prices are not overly extravagant, ranging from 95 cents for the basic Derby up to \$1.55 for the top-of-the-line model, the Brown Derby with bacon. A slice of pie goes for 50 cents or, if your stomach is up to it, try the 95 cent banana split (your choice of topping). A side order of French fries made fresh from real potatoes, and deep fried while you wait is a mere 50 cents.

Service is prompt but beware of rush hours. A limited number of counter seats are available and during peak hours, like at noon, you may have to wait a few minutes to get one. But the wait is worth it.

PORT CAFE

The Port Cafe is located on N. Washington Ave. past Sea-Mart. Open from 6 a.m. to 5 p.m., the Port is a popular morning stop for loggers and longshoremen and appropriately so — the view on all sides of the cafe is piles of logs. A bumper sticker pasted on the refrigerator of the cafe reads "Old truckers never die, they just get a new Peter-Bilt."

Breakfast is the big meal of the day at the Port; with two eggs, four sausages, crisp hash browns, toast and jelly for only \$2.00. The cafe's real claim to fame, however, is their huge 50 cent "one course" cinnamon roll drizzled with melted butter and frosting.

The coffee was poor, and service was not speedy, but the people were very friendly.

RANCH KITCHEN

About ten miles out of Olym-

pia on the Aberdeen highway is a small yellow building called the Ranch Kitchen Restaurant. The atmosphere is casual — picnic tables and benches are arranged in a dark cedar walled room accented with hanging copper bottomed Revere Ware pots, circa 1970.

The intriguing menu doesn't seem to have any particular theme, you can order everything from a cheeseburger (includes fries and chips for about \$2.00) to duckling (\$5.50) or frog's legs (\$5.50). The chef salad (\$2.50) covers an entire dinner plate and includes asparagus, tomatoes, cheese (American unfortunately), ham, green pepper, and is garnished with half a peach and an orange slice.

Another excellent lunch is the open-faced prime beef sandwich. The beef was about one quarter inch thick, arranged across three half slices of toast, and accompanied by a slightly too small helping of home-cut French fries. For dessert try the delicious blackberry pie that's just like homemade and covered with real whipped cream. The service is fast and efficient. Restaurant hours are 9 to 9, closed Mondays.

OLYMPIA HOTEL COFFEE SHOP

Looking for a bowl of delicious oyster stew or a cup of tasty clam chowder? Try the Coffee Shop in the Olympia Hotel, located at E. Legion Way and S. Washington in downtown Olympia.

The house specialties are oyster and clam dishes, which is no wonder since the family running the restaurant also owns a local oyster company. Other delectable treats available for your eating pleasure include homemade pies, rolls and breads. The combined coffee house and dining room caters to the business luncheon crowd — two or three luncheon specials are offered daily — and the prices for afternoon meals range from \$1.50 to \$2.50.

The service is efficient and the atmosphere might be described as "well-upholstered good old days" or "once upon a time high class." Try it, you might like it.

continued page 12

WORD of MOUTH



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