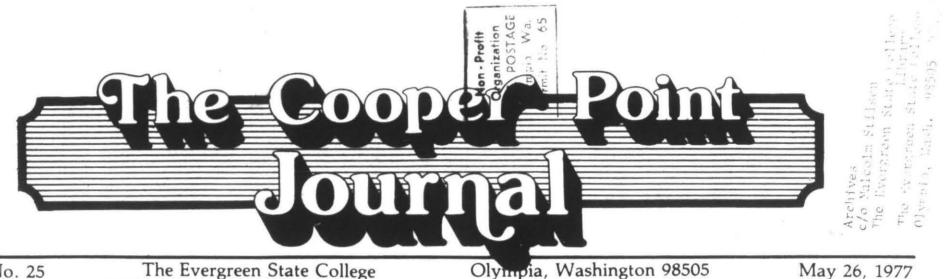
This Summer,



Be Among Friends.

REDUCED RATES, UTILITIES INCLUDED, FURNISHED, AND FRIENDLY.

Campus Housing



Vol. 5 No. 25

A Farewell to McCann

leader at the planning meetings which established what this college would be. He selected the people who carried these ideas forward. McCann was the final voice in the design and lay-out of the campus and just about everything that is Evergreen. Richard Jones, who was one of the original 25 planning faculty, wrote:

"McCann was the genius of the place and always will be, no matter what happens, because he had the impulse, as first president, to say to the planning faculty: You don't have to do what in the past you have had to do badly.' This gave us the running room to put a variety of dreams and ideals to real hands-on tests. TONE

Perhaps everything McCann has done can be summed up in one quality. Tone. McCann set the tone of this place. The committment to hard work. The notion that we should do a lot of reading and writing. The belief that students can and will be responsible for themselves if they are given the freedom to do so. The constant battle on all levels to keep Evergreen free of bureaucratic red tape. Clabaugh called it "an atmosphere where learning can take place with as few trammels as possible."

We have a lot to thank McCann for. Of course there have been disagreements, but there is still a clear consensus that McCann was exactly the sort of president Evergreen needed for its first few years. And to say that he has served this college well is not enough. He has done much more than that. Charles McCann made this college.

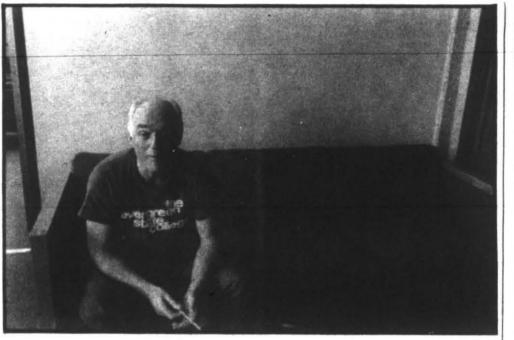
There will be a farewell luncheon honoring President McCann next Tuesday, May 31, at noon on the Library fourth

After nine long years, Evergreen's first president, Charles J. McCann, is leaving. As first president, he's obviously had a tremendous hand in shaping this college.

Few people realize how great a hand. Faculty member Richard Jones, in a letter to a colleague at the University of Santa Cruz in California, wrote: "New colleges are fabulously expensive and amazingly accurate projective-personality tests for first presidents." Much of what Evergreen is, much of what it tries to be, and much of what it hopes to become is because of Charles McCann.

McCann came to the college in November 1968. The legislature founded Evergreen in March 1967, and Governor Dan Evans appointed the first Board of Trustees in August that same year. Evans urged that Evergreen be a different place from the start. He declared a need for a "flexible and sophisticated educational instrument, as opposed to the "vast and immobile establishment." The Board of Trustees recognized that the selection of a president was crucial in determining the form of the college. Applications from 400 persons were examined. That group was whittled down to five finalists. Administrative Vice President Dean Clabaugh, the college's first employee, having been appointed Executive Director to the Trustees by Evans, explained why McCann was chosen: "I think Charlie McCann sold himself to the Trustees as the one who had the most clearly defined idea of how higher education should be improved."

From the beginning McCann was committed to individualized study. He wanted a work/study program in which students could receive experience directly from the community. He wanted mature, hardworking students, and he believed that a



curriculum aimed at such students would sell itself. Clabaugh said that McCann was the person most often insistent on improving old methods. He called McCann the "lead architect for the design of Evergreen's curricular structure.

McCann was always firm in making Evergreen non-traditional. It was his committment to making Evergreen a place to "learn how to learn" that made the school's central philosophy which most of us take for granted today.

In 1969 he wrote: "We conceive of a college which will not attempt to 'produce' a 'product' as such; that is someone stamped with the point of view of a particular elite, constituency, or narrowly conceived vocation. We assume that the most valuable service a college can offer a student is to initiate a process of continuing learning; by preparing him with the methods of learning and experimentation, by encouraging independence in pursuing inquiries that interest and motivate him, by providing him with resources to test his knowledge and ability."

In many ways McCann is responsible for everything that makes Evergreen unique: coordinated studies, individual contracts, portfolios, evaluations. Although he did not originate all of these ideas, he was responsible for hiring the people who did, and he was the one who finally approved them. McCann was the

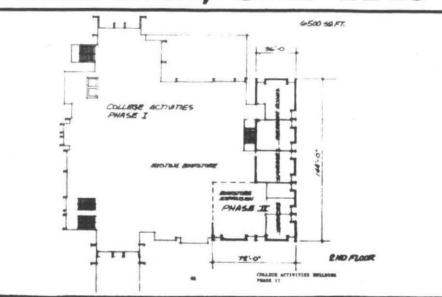
One Way Or Another, CAB II Is On Its Way

by Karrie Jacobs

Back in the early days of the college, when the projected enrollment for the not too distant future was 12,000 students, a College Activities Building to be constructed in four phases was planned. It was to be built one wing at a time as Evergreen made the uphill climb toward maxi num capacity. But when the first phase reached completion it became apparent to the Council on Post-Secondary Education, the legislature, the Board of Trustees, and the Evergreen administration itself, that the baby boom had fizzled and there would not be 12,000 students. The college was left with one truncated activities building. affectionately known as CAB. Initially designed to be a spacious corridor to the other sections, CAB now stands as a white elephant of sorts, aesthetically pleasing, but demonstrating inefficient use of space. There has been serious talk since 1974 of building CAB Phase II, which would be constructed to serve the needs of the 4,000 students who will eventually attend Evergreen, according to current assumptions

EMBELLISH THE ORIGINAL PLANS

Annually, since its establishment, the S&A Board has had to consider the problem of CAB Phase II. Until this year they just shunted some money into a building fund and forgot about it. This year, however, there was a proposal before the Board that seemed to some worth following up. It came in the form of a memo from adjunct faculty member Lee Chambers, who expressed his desire to see a DTF formed which would design a structure, not necessarily CAB II, which would satisfy unmet student needs. Chambers' concern with the problem stemmed from a 1976 conversation he had with Jerry Schillinger, who was then Director of Facilities. Schillinger explained that once the college's enrollment grew beyond 3,200 students, the space on the third floor of the library currently occupied by S&A funded groups would have to be taken



over for academic purposes. Theoretically, the displaced groups would have to find a home in CAB II. Space for student offices is provided for in the existing schematic of the CAB addition, but the bulk of the building's area would be occupied by an

enlarged food service area and an expanded bookstore. Chambers was unhappy with the idea of giving the majority of space in the \$1.7 million S&A funded structure to a cafeteria and a bookstore. He suggested that the DTF, which would be comprised of faculty member/architects and students on contract, attempt to embellish the original plans to come up with a spacially-sound design.

Chambers also included some recommendations for restructuring the present CAB in the first draft of his proposal, dated November 24, 1976, which were excluded from his more recent draft of April 12, 1977. These include replacing the kiosks on the second floor of the building with a row of nine temporary office structures to house student groups, and converting the CAB 108 - 110 area into a quiet "bistro" area with a large stage area,

dance floor, and permanent sound system. **INTIMATE DESIGN**

A meeting of the S&A Board was held on May 24 to discuss Chambers' proposal, which had been modified by that time to include several student interns. Faculty member Rainier Hasenstab and former campus architect Bill Knauss spoke at the meeting on the desirability of having members of the community intimately involved in the design of the building, rather than an architectural firm which knows nothing of Evergreen's particular needs.

Knauss described the development and planning process for CAB Phase II as he visualized it. Next fall, a group of students (partially selected ahead of time) would form a design group to research campuswide objectives and needs as far as facility demands go. Keeping the desires of the Evergreen community in mind, they would use elements of environmental and structural design to develop a suitable plan. The plan would then be scrutinized by a professional architectural consulting firm for its feasibility.

PLEASING THE BOARD

The S&A Board seemed pleased in gen eral with the idea of funding student planning of the project, as opposed to the idea' of paying for the same architectural firm that designed the rest of the campus. "We have to do it anyway," said Constance Palaia, Executive Secretary of the S&A "It's always been a given that the S&A Board would build CAB Phase II.'

The funding for the planning stage for the building will amount to \$30,000, which will be a partial first payment on the \$1.7 million bond that will have to be floated to pay for construction. The S&A Board was hesitant about allocating any more than \$30,000 for the building fund this year because they wanted to avoid taking money away from the S&A-funded groups in order to build a CAB addition.

"If we commit too much money to the building fund to show support for these groups, we won't have the groups to show support for," Palaia maintained towards the end of the meeting.

It was feared that Clabaugh would not approve of the board's proposal to put only \$30,000 into the building fund this year, less than the \$50,000 he suggested earlier

NO TENTS OR WATERCOLORS Approval from Director of Facilities Bob Strecker was seen as an important factor in gaining approval from Clabaugh of the plan to use students as designers. "We've got to assure Bob Strecker that students aren't going to just play around with watercolors and then put up a tent," said Pete Steilberg, head of the CRC.

Members of the S&A Board approached Strecker after the meeting to explain their ideas and get his opinion. His attitude was guarded but favorable. "If the details can be worked out," he commented, "I think that it would be a fascinating approach to programming and designing a building."

One way or another, either planned by students or by professionals, sooner or later, CAB Phase II is on its way.

Letters Opinion Letters Opinion



You Can Say That Again

To the Editor:

The community at Evergreen has long employed the premise that senseless" moralizing cannot aid but only hinder both our political and socio-cultural minorities, those not only enjoyed in studies at TESC, but those as well of all colors and sexes who are striving to free their minds and cause a flowering of growth not only within interpersonal spaces but also without, within the intracommunal provinces that all of us share, often without so much as a second thought for the effects of our radiating touch sometimes profoundly personal, other times touching in its simplicity as well as in the direction, often unconsciously, directed towards the emotional mean of the community and at the same time matching the needs of the ever growing self, evolving nearer at every corner and cusp to the growing, feeling, seeing, awareness that can overwhelm the per sonal soul and have profound altering influences on all of us and be directed outwards towards others as well.

Thank you,

Branching Out

To the Editor:

To TESC Students, Faculty, and Administration

I have been visiting your college for a week now, and for the most part I am impressed by what I see. The facilities are outrageous, the faculty seems capable, and student motivation generally high (surprisingly, in the tace of the Evergreen aura of academic vagueness)

There are, however, two major

very damaging to your new student recruiting

1. The professors do not have office hours and their secretaries cannot make appointments for them. To a visiting student attempting to interview the faculty, this essentially means the faculty is nonexistent. For Evergreen to be truly student oriented, the profs should establish regular office hours, preferably every day, but at least every

other day 2. The library closes ridicuously early. Some portion of the library should remain open until midnight every night including weekends. If only the main floor were kept open these extra hours, just one or two employees would be needed. Assuming these employees would be on work-study, the cost to the school should be negligible next to the service pro-I am told the reason to the short library hours is that few students use the facilities late at night. My basic impression from this is that Evergreen is a talcum powder school, with only a handful of motivated students who really want to learn. But should Evergreen only cater to the needs of a lazy, apathetic majority?

-- "A Concerned Prospective Transfer Student"

Testy

Dale Christensen | To the Editor:

This is a test 1. Does the name "Pavlov" ring a bell?

2. Is God dead? 3. Is anyone in your family

insane? 4. Which do you want, good grammar or good taste?

5. Some would consider this test garbage, others art. What about you?

6. Can you justify your existence? 7. What purpose do you

have? 8. Why don't you just get the

hell out of here? 9. You're afraid to make de-

cisions, aren't you?

tions truthfully. What makes you so special? 11. You're kidding, right?

12. Is it true that you will go on to the next letter, and forget this one immediately, or will it haunt you for hours, days, or even weeks, intruding on your thoughts when you least expect it, and upsetting your barely stable mental equilibrium?

> Faithfully yours, Barney Googol

Hippies, Underwear, And Humor

To the Editor

I didn't know hippies wore underwear.

Michael Micheletti

The Undie-World

To the Editor:

Your parody on Jockey brand briefs was great. We're still chuckling about it down here in the elevator shafts. Work down here has its ups and downs, but your sharp wit and timely inserts make things go a little smoother.

What an idea. Taking your pants off and playing in your undies. Great. Really funny. I'd like to see the look on that guy's face when he decides to put his pants back on after he gets out

of the water. Those boys look real cute hanging on the wall, too. We've got a couple of them up our-

selves. Comic porno is real big with us. Hey, how about some girly stuff next time? Of course, with women the way they are around here, it could get hard laughing

at that sort of thing. Might be problems at Evergreen that are 10. C'mon, answer the ques- real embarrassing reading it in following words or phrases, I will ing to put the fear of rape into

scream: You folks deserve a pat on the synergy I hear what you're saying

back and a scratch behind the ears. Keep up the fancy printing. What will you Jokesters think of

Faithfully yours, The Evergreen Shaft Crew Bill Dodger and Seymour Hare

Poet In Prison

To the Editor:

the men's sauna

My name is Butch Bailey. I am presently incarcerated at the U.S. prison on McNeil Island in the State of Washington. I am 30 years old, Black, and very beautiful. Born under the sign of Aguarius. In addition, I am 5'101/2" 169 lbs. My eyes are brown and my hair is Black. I also wear a beard. I hail from Washington, D. C.

I am writing this in hopes that your paper will publish my letter and poem, and also state that I am a prisoner desiring correspondence with any young lady at Evergreen State College. I am lonely and since my imprisonment (over five-and-a-half years) I have been totally rejected by all whom I once considered friends, loved ones, and family. So in my desperation I am appealing to you and anyone on your staff to

assist and help me hold fast to the outside life. If it bears any significance, am a poet. I have been writing for the past eight years. If any young lady would like to read some of my many poems, I am

willing to share. Peace and love, Butch Bailey, #36982-115 Box No. 1000

Steilacoom, Wa. 98388

Feddup Is Fed Up To the Editor

If I hear another Evergreen faculty member use any of the A great philosopher once said 'meaningful'

- 'rap''
- 'uptight' man

'exception that proves the

"I know where you're coming

I realize that this list may seem far-fatched to some, but it's true that many of the teachers we look up to use these cliches and catchwords all the time. And it's disgusting

> Sign me, Fola Fay Feddup

Blunder Wear

To the Editor

Response to the Women's Festival and jockey shorts: FOR MEN ONLY

There will be a jockey shorts parade next Friday at 12:30 on the Fourth floor Library. This is

a male-preferred event Admission at door only. Please have proper credentials ready

Name Withheld P.S. I didn't know hippies

No More Ms. Nice Guv

To the Editor:

wore shorts.

What's going on? I mean, really. At first I laughed at the arguments and controversy over the Women's Music Festival. 1 tried seeing it from both sides and both sides had good points. But NOW, I no longer believe it's a humorous matter. Sounds like infringement on the freedom of speech deal, guys. I cannot BELIEVE the things that are happening. Trying to tie up the phone at KAOS? And also trv-

OpinionLetters**Opinion**Letters

Skaggs and Gill? Come on, you've gotta be kidding. All they were doing was voicing their opinions. Before I was pleasant, now I'm upset. I don't like this angry feeling that's building up inside. Hasn't it gotten just a TAD out of hand?

Rebecca Roush

The Alligators Of Your Mind

To the Editor:

IT'S HARD TO MAINTAIN SOLIDARITY

In a letter to the Women's Center urging their participation in the coffeehouse discussion on the role of men in women's events, I predicted that without participation from the organizers, the meeting would be a bunch of men cursing the darkness. My prediction was largely correct. A couple of men from the Men's Center came down to try to make us feel that we owed the women their privacy, after centuries of oppression. This triggered a pissing match between a couple of self-styled revolutionaries and the Men's Center representatives on the meaning of sexism, and the original discussion topic was never adequately addressed.

The coffeehouse discussion was the subject of a boycott organized by an unidentified group of women. My compliment to the boycott organizers for mucking up two good events. Ruthie Gordon quit singing early to allow time for the discussion. The discussion was then torpedoed by a self-appointed group of vigilantes who stood at the door telling women to avoid the discussion because "It's a men's problem." That argument has about as much validity as a contention that rape and unwanted pregnancy are "women's problems. Three women did choose to stay: one of them was a fairly active participant, opposing the exclusion of men

The real question of the value of exclusion has not yet been ressed. It's pretty damn hard movement that refuses to communicate with you. As more men become disconnected from the feminist movement, the struggle will become more polarized, more antagonistic, and much, much more difficult. When you're up to your asshole in alligators, it's sometimes hard to remember that your original intent was to drain the swamp.

Yoga Bare

To the Editor:

One thing that I have found while listening and watching for the past few weeks at the Women's Festival, the controversial radio program and numerous letters and posters, is that I have a question. Disregarding the fact that by women walking around, doing Tai Chi and Yoga in the nude (which I personally thought was the highlight of the festival) and this in turn possibly inviting a rapist to act in the sexually irrational manner they are known for, what is all this that I have been seeing and hearing about rape culture? In the words of Glen Horton, "What are they growing anyway?"

The Controversial Commentator

Termites At The Bar

To the Editor:

Radical feminist separatism i a school of thought which professes unification and achieve ment through the elimination of all opposing forces. It runs along these lines

The kids don't listen when I tell them not to play in the street. (I'm gonna break their legs so they can't do it agair..) The house has termites

(I'm gonna burn it down.)

I can't go to a bar alone with out getting pinched five times. (I'm gonna exclude all men from my l'fe.)

The hostilities evoked by attitudes such as these are not conducive to changing the sexist standard^e that caused the pain in the first place.

It's easy to rationalize the separatist attitudes women feel towards men. All women have experienced discrimination because of their gender. Although the examples differ for each individual, the result is a snow-balling sense of frustration. In high school it was the double standard that made boys "men" for the same thing that made girls "sluts." Af to maintain solidarity with a ter college it was the first promotion lost because a male executive was looking for someone with "broader horizons," someone who's body didn't make them a baby risk.

Although there is reason for changing the system which fertilizes discrimination, there is no justification for hating the individual. Even the title of the movement suggests exclusion. If it were a People's Movement, then

wards a common goal of equality. But is the Women's Movement, and that means we're fight ing against men. Fighting a despised stereotype through role reversal doesn't work. When we take the attitude that "we're going to teach those S.O.B.'s a lesson by doing the same thing to them that they've done to us," we're only succeeding in making people feel so guilty and alienated from us that they have a rational excuse to ignore the issues. War is not going to achieve equality. People can't work with their hands if their arms are cut off at the shoulders. If we exclude men from our understandings, then they are not in a position to work with us.

Although we can help a man to change by pointing out his own sexist attitudes, it is unfair to blame any individual for the totality of a cultural disease. Chances are that the man who nabs me at the local bar is just looking for a bedmate. But maybe he just needs someone to talk to, some form of attention or acceptance. He grew up in a culture that put him through twelve years of compulsory education, but never taught him how to give and receive love. If I slosh a beer down his neck, that's not going to teach him. If he were taught to feel comfortable about relating to women in an honest manner, then he wouldn't feel the need to offend people for at-

We have to be sympathetic of men as we want them to be of us in order to create ground for understanding. Our interaction with them is going to have an inevitable effect upon their treatment of other women. If we can sit down and relate our experiences with a man, then maybe he's going to go home and help a lady clean some shitty diapers. If we take a stance of cold accusation and hostility, he is likely to vent his frustrations on some other woman. We have to listen to men's problems at the same table that they listen to OUTS

Women are not the only victims of a sexist society. Men have been victimized and deprived of the chance to better their own understanding. They have been brought up and fed on the standards that frustrate lifetime of ideas that they have been programmed with. The oppressor himself is enslaved. We must look at the faulty system which creates the individual we hold accountable for sexist actions. Discrimination against women is perpetuated by antiquated laws that can be twisted and rewoven at will. Advertising promotes attitudes which oppress members of both sexes. These are among the things we have to change. Men too are victims of a

cultural disease. We can punish them unmercifully for it, or we can involve them in our changes, and show them something better. Nancy Ann Parkes

Witch Hunts And Sexual Polarization

To the Editor:

RE: Free Speech

This spring I've been observing the "radical" scene at Evergreen, and I find a lot of the attitudes disturbing, even (to use an overworked term) reactionary. If Evergreen was my only exposure to radical politics, I wouldn't be a radical. There have been some attitudes expressed that I can't believe are those of supporters of progressive causes. Some examples

1. Authoritarianism. Since when is unquestioning, blind allegiance for a movement to have outside support? The idea that male supporters have no right to comment on factions of the women's movement is absurd. By the same logic, socialists would have had to support the Stalinist bureaucracy in the Soviet Union. The anti-war movement would have had no right to exist because the people involved in it weren't Vietnamese. It's just authoritarian crap.

2. (Now that I've established my right to comment further) The spreading of fear doctrines by factions of the women's movement, e.g. "all men are potential rapists." This is especially bad because it perpetuated the myth that rape is a crime of sex and not one of violence. It takes it out of the context of a violent society. When this innuendo is given a racial connotation we can see its implications: "All people in the ghetto are thugs" is rightly recognized as hysteriamongering, and you can see its results in Boston.

3. Censorship. Demanding that the CPJ not publish articles that you disagree with is censorship. Trying to sabotage a radio program is censorship. The "strawargument is a subtle form of censorship, as is slandering people because they disagree with you. Historically, censorship has never aided any progressive cause

4. The list could continue, but time and space don't permit it. So what about the Women's Music Festival? I'd say it's an example of good intentions and negative results. A concert "by and for women." Fine. But the event took place against a backdrop of witch hunts and sexual

polarization. Exclusionary or otherwise, the concert did not seem like a benign event to many men who just happened to be walking in front of the library lobby. Vicious sneers and hisses just don't make it as positive exressions. I think that the probems with the Women's Music Festival (and to a certain extent Vic Skagg's radio show) stem from planning purely based on ideals and not from projected re-

Just another burned-pit radical Gilbert Craven

P.S. I especially liked K. Albrecht's letter last week. It's not that I agree with everything she said, but it shows a thoughtful independent approach.

Rhyme And Punishment

To the Editor:

To Vic Skaggs Roses are Red Violets are Blue If I were a Woman 1 wouldn't "Fuck You.

Zerbio Scarbezio

Let's Huddle

To the Editor

The recent Women's Festival first provoked indifference in me, then resentment, anger, frustration, sadness, and hope when I began to realize that the furor raised over it was at least evoking beginnings of rational think

Regardless of group and individual support for this concert and ensuing criticism. I began to see the glimmer of an opportun ity for men and women to work together. But before that can happen, as was pointed out to me, men need to take the example of these women who gath ered together to support one another and in turn initiate a men's gathering in which men can learn to seek the support of other men.

Without getting into complexities, we as men must recognize en have always lived together but the question that the Women's Festival brings out is: do we really know who we are? My self. I find it extremely difficult to relate to my humanness with other men other than by lockerroom jokes, sports, war stories, fantasies, bragging, cars, and Playboy magazine. Perhaps another illustration would be to ask

continued on page 4

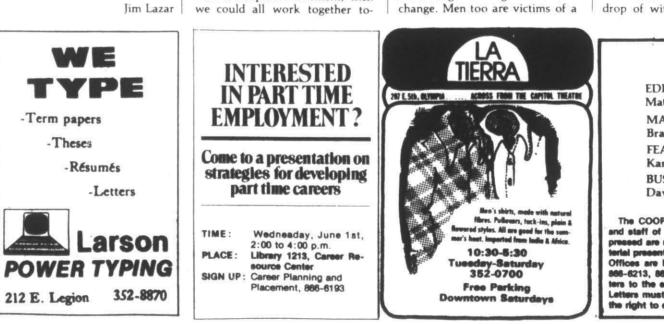


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The Cooper Point

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Letters Opinion Letters Opinion

Forum Offensiveness In The Paranoia Of Nixon

FORUM is a column of commentary on issues of possible interest to the Evergreen community. The column is open to any individual or group on campus. The opinions expressed in FORUM are solely the authors', and do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the college or the staff of the COOPER POINT IOURNAL.

by Stephanie Coontz

Last week on the David Frost show Richard Nixon treated us to his latest Watergate defense: All his actions were aimed at ending the war in Vietnam, which was being prolonged by the antiwar movement. Perhaps, he said humbly he was a little bit paranoic in burglarizing offices and setting the FBI and IRS on dissenters but paranoia in the cause of peace isn't so bad.

This statement is, of course, patently absurd. Nixon could have made peace the day he took office simply by announcing a U.S. withdrawal from Vietnam. His ottensive against political dissenters was designed to prolong the war in Vietnam, by discrediting and sabotaging the activities of a movement that had begun to mobilize majority sentiment against it.

But Nixon's new tack has a grain of truth in it. His domestic policies did flow from his foreign policies. Watergate was not merely a domestic aberration: it was the logical outcome of the government's attempt to pursue a war of aggression abroad despite the growth of majority opposition at home. In fact, Watergate was simply a domestic extension of the crimes and coverups of the Vietnam war.

It is worth recalling the history of American involvement in Vietnam. From 1883 to 1940, Vietnam was a French colony. During WW II the Viet Minh fought with the Allies against the Japanese. In 1946 they declared their independence. France fought to keep Vietnam until 1954. On July 21, 1954, after the defeat of the French, the Geneva Agreement effected a temporary partition of the country into North and South letnam, with elections to reunification to be held in two years. The U.S., calculating, in Eisenhower's words, that the Viet Minh would win possibly 80 percent of the vote, supported Diem, who set up a dictatorship in the South and who, on July 20. 1955, refused North Vietnam's invitation to discuss elections. In 1958, more than two years after the promised elections had been withheld, civil war broke out. Diem's regime was not viable, and between 1963 and 1965 fifteen governments went through Saigon. The U.S. promised to get out as soon as South Vietnam could stand on its own two feet. Under the circumstances, that was somewhat like asking an artificial arm to stand on its own two feet. At last, however, the U.S. found a "stable" puppet regime. Its vice-president, Ngyen Ky, declared in 1966: "I have one hero, Adolf Hitler." But Thieu and Ky were not stable enough to win a war in which "the enemy" was their own population. U.S. arms and men continued to pour into Viet-

By the time Nixon took office. the U.S. was involved in a fullscale war in Vietnam and there was massive opposition at home. Instead of ending the war, however the Nixon administration Action Coalition.

played for time, making token troop withdrawals to pacify us at home while stepping up the war against the Vietnamese people and expanding it to Laos and Cambodia

Not since the Romans salted the earth at Carthage had a nation done what Johnson and now Nixon did to Vietnam. By 1972 the U.S. was dropping 100 tons of explosives every hour on Vietnam - an area the size of southern California. One-fifth of the land had been defoliated, most of it by a chemical called 2,4,5 T, which was known to cause birth deformities when women were exposed to it. Two-thirds of Cambodia was a "free-fire zone." where anything that moved was presumed an enemy. Laos was being subjected to up to 400 air strikes a day.

But Nixon's domestic pacification program hadn't worked. Thousands of GIs had joined the antiwar movement. In 1970, more than a million people demonstrated against the invasion of Cambodia and the killing of antiwar students at Kent State. The Pentagon Papers reveal that the pressure was beginning to be felt: Policy-makers held back from some contemplated escalations because they feared the massive public outcry that would be forthcoming. By 1971, 79 percent of the American people opposed the war in Vietnam

These were Nixon's "enemies, The roots of Watergate are to be found in the government's attempt to silence dissent in order to maintain a U.S. presence in Vietnam. This, and not the antiwar movement, was the reason tor the prolongation of the war. As for Nixon's "paranoia for concerns about sexism. We talk peace," the hypocrisy of Nixon's self-defense is strikingly illustrated in documents that have been obtained as a result of a \$43 million suit against Nixon and the FBI initiated by the Socialist Workers Party and the Political Rights Defense Fund. These documents reveal that the government tried to incite violence and disruption in antiwar meetings. hoping to undercut the impact of mass mobilizations like April 24, 1971, which brought nearly a million demonstrators to the White House.

Nixon's domestic crimes were integrally related to his foreign policy. This is why Watergate is not a dead issue. For as long as the U.S. engages in subversion and aggression abroad, fomenting coups as in Chile or supporting racist dictatorships as in South Africa, there will be cover-ups and repression at home. For there to be no more Watergates, there must be no more Vietnams. The exciting lesson offered by the antiwar movement of the 1960's and 1970's is that it is possible to mobilize the American people around such issues, and to win.

About the author: Stephanie Coontz, an Evergreen faculty member, is the former national coordinator of the National Peace continued from page 3

two questions of human history 1.) Where have women sought for strength, traditionally? 2.) Where have men gone to seek emotional support?

Before men and women can work together productively for

a "new age of humanity" it is

imperative for men to gather, to

free ourselves from fears and su-

perstitions, and unite for honest

strength

To the Editor

John Michalovskis

Sexism And My Grandma

I understand that men are human beings. The purpose of the Women's Music Festival was not to put energy into hating men, rather for women to unite with each other. Women are very powerful. When women are in a women-only environment, most of the time the energy that is alive is incredible. There is no getting away from the fact that f men were there, the situation would be different. Since I've been involved in the women's movement, I have a definite need to be with women only. This need is as great as food and sleep. expect men and other women to respect women-only events.

and to try to understand them. Serfsm does exist. Men still carry the same kinds of attitudes that perpetuate toward sexism. The women's movement has been going on for a relatively short period of time. Women have been able to vote for only 57 years; that is not even one century. My grandma is 82-years-old and still alive. For 25 of those years, women did not have the right to vote let alone have control over their own bodies, or be encouraged to do something other than get married, have children and wait on a man.

Every day of my life, I deal with sexist attitudes. When I talk with women about our lives, 1 discover that she has the same from a positive start, acknowledging that rape exists and that the victim was not being provocative, along with all the other myths about rape; a woman's right to have a safe and legal abortion and also acknowledging anti-lesbian attitudes. From that point, we think of what we need to do in order to change things. When I relate with men, it's a slow process of acknowledging the existence of what I'm talking about. Most of the time, it's a joke and they tell me that I take myself too seriously. In my attempt to relate to men on the subject of women's equality, I have felt very drained and empty

At work, three men were sitting in the same area, all laughing and joking. One of them said to me, "Do women ever rape men?" said that it was possible, but did not think it happened very often. Then I asked, "If this was a concern of yours, is it something you deal with on a daily basis? Are you extremely lock conscious? At night do you avoid dark streets, or consent to stay at home?" He agreed that rape was not something that he dealt with on a daily basis. All three men were laughing, but I wasn't;

was angry. A few weeks ago, I went to hear Susan Brownmiller speak (author of Against Our Will). There were some men in the

audience. I felt that it was valuable for men to participate. I would like to see men at other educational situations that concern rape. Often I am approached by someone who says, "Men aren't so bad, do you hate men?" know that there are lots of men who are good human beings, but they still have the same attitudes that keep women oppressed. I have a lot of justifiable anger towards men, but I do not hate

In the Women's Music Festival, woman sang a song about forced sterilization of native American and Puerto Rican women. It was very powerful. The last line was, "And the knife shall cut my sister no more." The songs that were sung were very intense, letting out true feelings of anger, of change, and of being women. I believe that in order for women to truly express themselves, it must take place in a safe environment. In order for women to lay all of the stuff that's inside of them, we need

I do not see women-only gatherings as a temporary state. I see it as a very permanent way in which women can relate to each other. It's a viable alternative to the patriarchal society that we live in. It men are so concerned about sexism, there are times when they can be involved in the women's movement and I support that involvement.

Stephanie Vikingstad Connel

Fire Fighters Vs. The **Forest Service** To the Editor:

On August 21st, 1976, nine people were terminated from their jobs with the U.S. Forest Service. Eight of these people were Evergreen students. We were all members of a regional forest fire-fighting crew stationed at the Hoodsport District of the Olympia National Forest.

On August 11th one of the crew-members was given his two-week notice letter claiming that he would be fired for allegedly "undermining the morale of the crew." Sixteen of the 19 crewmembers wrote letters to the District Ranger protesting the action by claiming that their morale was not being "undermined" by said employee. The District Ranger received twelve of these letters on one day, and on the next day (August 21st) the crew-member was fired for "further undermining the morale of the crew," and eight other workers, all of whom had written letters, were laid off tor "lack of work due to a wet fire season." The orders were said to have come from Washington, D.C. but no other fire-fighters on any other crews in the country had been laid off "for lack of

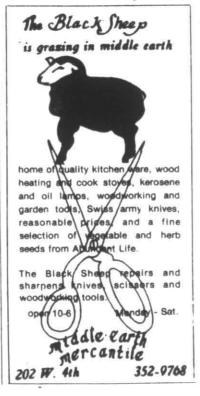
work It was no coincidence that we lost our jobs the day after the District Ranger received the twelve letters protesting the firing of one of our co-workers. The right to speak and act to improve working conditions and achieve equality for women is guaranteed by federal law. Yet nine of us lost our jobs for exercising this legal right. We spoke out when we felt our safety was endangered and we requested morning safety meeting as required by Forest Service policy. On one occasion we were sent out to a fire that was out of control. When we arrived it was dark. Many of the crew-members did not have headlamps. Working on a steep slope

with chain saw and axe is haz ardous work, and to do it at night without head-lamps seemed a contradiction of the Forest Service's motto, "Provide for safety first." We protested, but were threatened with our jobs.

We expressed concern about surprise inspections of our barracks and threats to close those barracks due to alleged "violations" of "standards" which were never specified, and of which we were never informed. We requested useful productive work instead of purposeless busy-work projects which needlessly waste taxpayers' money and our labor. We discussed what could be done to improve the poor and sometimes unhealthy food served in fire camps. We suggested new exercises for our physical training program in place of old-style calisthenics which sometimes do more harm than good. In short, we organized to improve our working conditions, which was our legal right, and for exercising this right we lost our jobs.

For the next three weeks we did a lot of work. We consulted lawyers and labor unions and we found out that as seasonal government employees we had no rights. In fact, the only right we had was the right to organize for better working conditions so we fought the government on the only right we had. We picketed in Olympia for two days. We picketed in Portland for a day in front of the regional office. We contacted news media and received coverage on the radio, television and in newspapers. We thankfully received national wire coverage from UPI. We princed leaflets and circulated them. Most of our days were sixteen hours or longer, and we spent close to \$300 for expenses during those three weeks. But the most important thing we did was stick together and support each other emotionally and financially when necessary. After three weeks of battle the Forest Service was pressured enough to hire back the eight laid off workers with full back pay.

Many Evergreeners will be working for the U.S. government this summer as seasonal employees, and it is important for you people to reali. e that you have very few legal rights. And even the ones you do have are questionable as to their ability help you. It is important to realize that you are working for the biggest bureaucracy in the world. You should support your coworkers and not allow the government to get you fighting amongst yourselves. Have a good Jon Epstein summer.





The S&A Board Allocations

The Services and Activities Board made their final budget decisions on Wednesday, May 25 for the 1977-78 academic year. Two items worth noting are the Building Fund allocation and the lack of allocation for Transcripts and Portfolios. The \$20,000 placed in the building fund is specifically earmarked for use by a student planning group in the design of CAB Phase II. The S&A Board decided against allotting a dollar per student for transcript proces-

			5	sing, an allocation	traditionally	made in previous years.				
		ORIGINAL		FINAL		-	ORIGINAL		FINAL	
		REQUEST	REVENUE	ALLOCATION	REVENUE		REQUEST	REVENUE	ALLOCATION	REVENUE
1	Activities Building	\$82,252.00	\$2,864.00	\$82,252.00	\$2,864.00	25. KAOS	21,560.80	7,500.00	20,763.00	7,500.00
3	Asian Coalition	2,896.00	\$2,004.00	2.786.00	0	26. Leisure Education	22,413.00	10,000.00	22,413.00	10,000.00
	Bicycle Shop	1,560.00	100.00	1,500.00	160.00	27. Men's Center	375.00	0	375.00	0
	Bus System	20.765.00	858.00	20,765.00	858.00	28. NASA	8,591.00	0	7,250.00	0
	CAB Operation Support	39,052.00	0	39,052.00	0	29. Organic Farm	2,275.00	0	1,675.00	0
	CAB Piano	1,200.00	0	39,052.00	0	30. Organic Farmhouse	1,000.00	0	0	0
	Campus Used Book Store	2,021.83	0	0	0	31. Peoples Comics Collective	30.00	0	0	0
	Career Plan. —Job Day	2,700.00	0	1,500.00	0	32. Press	8,717.00	0	8,567.00	800.00
	Career Plan. – WOIS	1,318.00	0	0	0	33. S&A Board Operation	4,664.00	0	4,664.00	0
	Cottee House	1,616.00	0	1,556.00	0	34. Self Help Legal Aid	3,415.00	0	3,416.00	0
	Cooper Point Journal	19,891.95	10,000.00	19,892.00	10,000.00	35. Sports Clubs	1,297.00	0	1,297.00	0
	Counseling	4,108.80	0	0	0	36. Student Theatrical				
	CRC Operation Support	62,623.83	20,000.00	62,624.00	20,000.00	Production Support	2,700.00	0	0	0
	Driftwood Day Care Center		3,951.00	7,900.00	3,951.00	37. Third World Women's				
1.3	Brittineou Buy cure center	1,100.00	7,900.00	7,700.00	7,900.00	Organization	2,428.50	0	1,954.00	0
1.5	Duck House	2.144.00	2,200.00	3,026.00	2,200.00	38. Ujamaa	3,274.00	0	3,157.00	0
	ECOE	4,410.00	500.00	0,020.00	0	39. Women's Center	5,973.90	150.00	5,974.00	C
	EPIC	5,755.00	0	5,541.00	0	40. Women's Clinic	7,774.83	4,500,00	7,775.00	4,500.00
	Equipment Issue	16,571.00	0	16,271.00	0					
	Ex-Ottender's Coalition	2.626.35	0	2,141.00	0					
	Faith Center	1,199.00	0	1,199.00	0	Reserves	\$120,000.00	0		
	Folkdance	950.00	420.00	260.00	60.00	Building Reserve			20,000.00	
	Friday Night Films	0	8,455.00	0	8,455.00	Director's Reserve			5,000.00	
5	Gay Resource Center	3.131.00	0	3,631.00	0	Discretionary Fund			20,000.00	
	lazz Ensemble	1.000.00	0	0	0	Transcripts/Portfolios			0	



Brief-O-Mania

• The Women's Clinic is sponsoring a Self-Help Workshop on Thursday, May 26, at 5:15 p.m. in Lib. 2204. Learn self-speculum exams, self-breast exams, and how to take care of a few kinds of gynecological problems at home. Bring a mirror, a flashlight and 45 cents for a speculum, unless you have one.

• The Theatre of the Unem ployed is offering a nine-week summer theatre project to train teenagers to perform non-sexist non-racist children's plays in Thurston County. All persons between 13 and 19 are encouraged to audition. No experience is necessary. For more information, call 357-8323.

• The Reading and Writing of POFTRY will be one of the expressive arts included in the Collaborative Arts Consortium program for 1977-78.

If you want to study poetry, read poetry, and begin to think about writing poetry, contact Sandra Simon, SEM 3170.

· Ajax III, an academic program designed for mature women interested in resuming their educations, will meet on Wednesday June 1 at noon in CAB 110.

Women interested in Ajax are invited to meet the faculty and discuss the fall schedule. Those who cannot attend the meeting are encouraged to call 866-6342. 866-6102, or 864-6751.

• Assistant / cademic Dean and faculty musician Bill Winden will lecture on the varieties of music created since the dawn of civilization in LH Three on Wed nesday, June 1, at 7:30 p.m. The lecture is free

Color television for sale: 12inch portable, two years old. Asking \$225. Excellent condition. Call Robin at 866-5205.

Last week's COOPER POINT IOURNAL carried a story about the demo memo, President Mc-Cann's proposed rules for campus dissent A memorandum from McCann and the Coalition against Demonstration Regulations Steering Committee has since been revised. Where the memo had in dicated that McCann had agreed not to present anything to the Trustees on May 20, it should be understood that McCann actually agreed not to present his guidelines to the Trustees at all. So, the demo memo is dead-for good

by Matt Groening Editor

When I became the editor of the COOPER POINT JOURNAL in December 1976 I had a grand scenario in my mind of a controversial, steadily-improving, nothing-is-sacred weekly publication which would alternately astound. amuse, and infuriate its readers. "You can tell a newspaper by its enemies." I used to sneer in the old days, fed up with the newspaper's relatively sluggish, playit-safe editorial stance which offended no one and bored us all. "No glorification of bureaucrats," the future staff used to assure each other. We wanted a highquality, vigorous, often-satirical newspaper which would make its readers' hearts beat a little faster. I had lots of ideas, schemes, and strategies to shape the newspaper to these fantasies, and I was determined not to chicken out on anything. I also felt we should never take the whole thing too seriously, to always keep in mind the absurdity of working on a tiny campus newspaper (total circulation 3,500) at an alternative state college in the northwest United States woods.

The actuality of putting out a newspaper varied widely from my journalistic visions, of course. The original fantasies had been fairly rosy, and I neglected to include in them all sorts of thorns which went along with the tamest whims and ideas. The thorns were everywhere in real life: a limited budget, nasty letters, daily compromises over one thing or another, a skeleton writing staff, the 'flu, bureaucratic runarounds, mechanical breakdowns, physical exhaustion, legal hassles, intense hostility, dirty looks, insults, screaming, and general misunderstanding. It was sometimes discouraging, but in all except the most mundane, tiring, experiences, I was in a state of exhilaration

The JOURNAL's well-known conflicts began for me with the first issue I edited, which appeared on January 13, 1977. Much of that paper was devoted to the



selection of Daniel J. Evans as

the new president of the college.

Tuition Protest This Satu

what had gone on - defended

it. What apparently irritated them the most was a detailed summary of a secret presidential search committee meeting from which I had been barred.

Also in that first issue was a list of the salaries of all teachers and administrators at the college. under the admittedly snotty headline, "What This College Needs Is A List Of Salaries." In later issues the JOURNAL listed the salaries of staff members and student employees. A lawyer soon tried to get the JOURNAL to stop printing the salaries, saying it was an invasion of privacy, but our legal advisors said the salaries were public information, and the JOURNAL kept printing

The next issue, January 20, was distinguished by a satirical frontpage article by "Society Editor" Brad Pokorny on Governor Dixy Lee Ray's Inaugural Ball, which was titled, "Oil-Black Tuxes And Slick Gowns." Pokorny's photos and sarcastic prose exposed the occasion as the slimy, shoddy affair that it was, and the Daily Olympian later quoted extensively from it as a "typical" JOUR-NAL article, including the following: "Dixy Lee Ray wore an emerald green synthetic potato sack. It had embroidery on the wide collars, and the design slyly streamlined her potbelly so it was hardly noticeable." The article went on in this crude vein, which upset quite a few people. The Daily Olympian said the IOUR-NAL often bordered on the libelous, a statement which itself borders on the libelous, I suppose. 'Also in that issue of the JOUR-NAL was a two-page interview with ex-Governor Evans, more salaries, and a picture of President McCann which he said made

him "look like an Irish thug." The next issue prompted an administrator to ask, "Who are you going to get this week?" The top story was "They Won't Leave McCann's Leave Alone," which concerned the controversy over the president's two-year paid leave of absence. With that issue the hate mail started coming in, and it never quit for the rest of the quarter. Most letters were amusing in their pure, vehement loathing of the JOURNAL.

Two very small items in that issue caused the biggest reaction. One was a photo of an anonymously-painted figure on a campus sidewalk with the words "KILL RAPISTS" written across the top. The photo's caption ended with the line. "A woman reported to the COOPER POINT JOURNAL that the signs read, 'KILL BAPTISTS.'" Many persons were outraged by this apparent frivolity, and I was condemned at various meetings as a sexist who thought rape was funny. This bothered memorethan anything else involving the newspaper, and I thought about it for a long time. My response was that the item was true; a woman did report that the words read "KILL BAPTISTS." I can understand why it was thought I was making fun of rape by treating a symbol of it with less than reverence, but I reject the view that the caption was sexist

What The CPJ Has Taught Me: A Self-Evaluation

The other item which angered people was a short, satirical takeoff on a women-only concert which had occurred on campus some weeks before (the column is reprinted on page 15 of this issue). It of course stepped on many sensitive toes, but it also made many people laugh, as effective satire always does. I still consider myself a feminist, but I



believe no group which calls attention to itself is exempt from comment - satirical, critical, or otherwise

Other controversial stories included "Illiteracy At Evergreen," which reported that school-wide tests showed one out of eight Evergreen students read and wrote below the ninth grade level, and "The Ethics Of Student/ Faculty Sexual Relationships, which detailed a relatively subtle form of sexual coercion on college campuses. An ongoing conflict developed with persons who felt the IOURNAL should be a public relations sheet. Instead of concern about sub-literacy at the school, for example, the JOUR-NAL was criticized for printing the statistics. The JOURNAL staff maintained that a vigorous, lively newspaper was the best thing for the school.

Consistently, as it turned out, the things we were most damned for were also the things which brought us the most praise. The obvious example was the Daily

Zero parody a few issues back. We got lots of complimentary calls and letters from students. administrators, community members, and the legislature. We also got a few calls from pissed-off locals, and lost an advertiser or two. The most absurd call came from a local businessman who wanted to know why the JOUR NAL didn't make fun of the "ho mosexuals and Communists on campus." Another person hated the Daily Zero because it was "vulgar and offensive." I replied that we were satirizing a vulgar and offensive newspaper, a publication with such actual unbe lieveable headlines as "Kim's Head Located," and "Pygmies Put On Endangered Species List. Despite isolated criticism, the response to the Daily Zero was excellent

This chronicle of JOURNAL hassles seems trivial in retrospect. but at the time I sometimes took the criticisms far too seriously Our critics included administrators, government officials, townsfolk, the Board of Trustees, teachers, staff, and students, which at a few times seemed overwhelming, especially consid ering the intensity of the hostil ity. My biggest mistake was al lowing the criticisms to surprise me. I knew the JOURNAL was going to be an irritant to many and even planned it that way. didn't realize how wildly successful it would be in that respect But enough intelligent students staff members and teachers backed the JOURNAL up week after week with praise and encouragement, and they were the ones who made the whole thing worth it.

Postscript: On the IOURNAL office door is a sign which says. 'New Rule: No Crackpots Al lowed." In shaky letters penciled in below someone has written "Define vor terms." Okay. If you enter the JOURNAL office with your chest heaving, your nostrils flaring, and your voice scream ing, the sign applies to you. But don't feel bad. You've got company

Thank you. It has been a plea sure.

Planning Student Curriculum by Karrie Jacobs

"Students toying with program proposals for 1978-79 will find it easiest to get the program rolling and well-staffed if they have a sketch of it in by fall quarter," -according to Assistant Dean Rob Knapp. He emphasized the fact that forethought is of the essence in students' attempts at designing their own curriculum. Knapp says that he realizes that it is hard for people to think so far ahead, but it is important to allow time to find qualified faculty willing to commit themselves to a given program proposal. 'Good people need notice," Knapp said, explaining that program selection decisions for 1978-79 would be made this fall because the deadline for putting out the catalog supplement is Christ-

Organization and a show of student interest would help any proposal's chances of succeeding. Once a curriculum proposal is polished to its creator's liking, it can be guided down two main routes towards acceptance. First, it could be steered towards becoming one of a set of offerings from one of the nine Advance Specialty areas, such as Environmental Studies or Expressive Arts. A set of faculty members is responsible for planning curriculum for each area. A proposal could be presented to one of those groups and perhaps made to fit in with their plans. Knapp describes the deans' role in this process as making sure that proposals before the faculty groups get fair consideration.

A proposal can also be floated

through the so-called annual programs, a set of programs which are designed each year in response to a certain set of opportunities and desires. The deans deal directly with those proposals as they go through the yearly process of reconsidering the annual programs.

Certain criteria are used to judge the viability of a program proposal. It is determined wheth er the proposed program would be appropriate for full-time work and whether it seems possible to provide faculty. If there are no faculty members on the staff who are willing or capable of taking on a proposal, but the need for the program seems real, a visiting faculty member can be recruited. Knapp sees the use of short-term faculty members as undesirable because their newness to the college and their temporary nature may make teaching difficult for them in Evergreen's unusual atmosphere.

During the 1976-77 academic year there were six to eight programs or group contracts which were either student-planned or initiated: the Marxism contract, The Changing Status of Homosexuals, and Writing and Thought, to name a few. There are a number on tap for 1977-78, including a two-quarter program of Women's Studies and a group contract on natural healing called ITAH ITH (Is There a Healer in the House?).

The '77-78 Women's Studies program is being planned by students Molly Forsythe and Kate Albrecht, who have been working on it since the fall. They

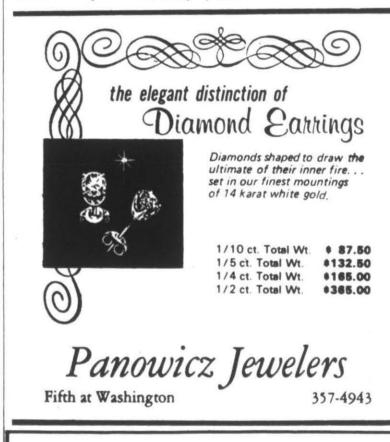
initially got involved when Knapp determined from the responses to a rough draft of the curriculum (known as the Trial Balloon) that there was "a hole in the Women's Curriculum.

Forsythe and Albrecht have primarily been trying to get feedback from a wide range of faculty members on ideas and methods of introducing Women's studies into the curriculum. Their other goal was to find a faculty member who would be willing to teach a women's studies program. After a great deal of searching Margaret Gribskov said she would do it if they really needed her. The extent and longevity of the program hinges on the acquisition of funding for the hiring of visiting faculty.

The drive for women's studies was one of many moves to fill holes in the trial balloon. Knapp was pleased with the response that the experiment got, and found it a useful tool in curriculum planning, worth trying again.

Program planning is not always a successful venture for students. Sometimes potential programs are rejected because of poor planning or lack of strong student interest, and sometimes a faculty member just cannot be found. "We need to be honest," said Knapp. "If we can't figure out a way to have faculty associated with a program we can't do that program. If the proposal comes in early, it gives us more time to find faculty.

In other words, if you've got some program ideas up your sleeve, the time to pull them out and piece them together is now.



CASH FOR BOOKS

I am opening a used book store in Olympia. I will buy used books and textbooks Thursday and Friday afternoons (May 26 + 27) from 3:30 to 6:00 in the CAB building. You can also leave a message for me at 943-4229. I will return your call to make an appointment. Olympia needs a good used book store.

* Lester Krupp

Fiction Fiction Fiction Fiction Fict

2:00 It was a good 95 degrees out and in the barn, hotter still and no wind. The bugs had fled their holes in the rotten rafters for their ives the fleas had fled to the roof, and were hopping gingerly on six scorched feet. Only the pigeons remained sweating and grunting in irridescent clothes Even their lice had gotten the hell out, gone wandering toward the Latin section of Healdsburg, California, looking perhaps for a nice cool Mexican Hairless. The breathing of insects creates the breeze but there was no wind for them to breathe. ob degrees, 2:01

Paul vanked a weed to chew. It was overcooked by the sun and it was an overdone havseed gesture but its shadow left a thin cool strip down the middle of his chin and throat, like the slightest trickle of water. There was a bug on the end of the straw whose outline flew away trom his chest; the shallow speck of shadow-water absorbed into the great dry continent. There wasn't much left of the old farm lite to go around on a day like this.

"It's as hot as a needle in a haystack said Duke. "Huh? Oh hi." said Paul. It's as hot as a needle lost in a haystack would make an old wife (hot) (angry) when she is trying to get her stitching done in time." said Duke emphatically. Yep. Oh. I understand. Conversation between the very young and the very old often starts slowly. Paul glanced around. Why don't the pigeons get out and fly around?" he asked, rolling his head upwards towards the loft Duke looked at him like he was sunstroke warmed over.

Duke was in the garage, he was always in the old garage. wheezing a song co-authored by Philip Morris during the big band era when Duke was still young when he danced like fire and smoked up a storm putting it In the dark garage the glow of the cigarrette traced arches from his lips to his side. In the dark Paul could see old Duke carrying his death with him in the person of a brakeman waving his lantern in the night. Duke wheezed his song---the dank walls of the garage wheezed back, moss growing from grey membranes of cement. He moved slowly in there like an old car straightening out to park.

He chuckled.

What was it about the garage ... 7 He kept his chinchillas in there and it was his chinchillas, his life savings sunk and dying

A Sunday Drive



in the heat. He just stood there fanning them every so often with newspaper headlines of the wage freeze. Duke kept mumbling, "manmade rodents then he told Paul the chinchilla story These critters are invented . . MAN invented them . . . just a ball of fur and your reproductive organs. Just a big hunk of pubic hair . . . that's what all them society ladies be wearin' out to dinner. I started raisin' these in '54 . that's when chinchillas were all the craze. Now they ain't worth the half of what I paid for 'em. I can't let them loose because they can't get wet and they cant get dirty . . . or they'll die. I bathe 'em with this powder." Duke thrust the product forward, like they do on T.V. "I don't know why in hell man would want to go inventin' rodents, anyways "It's not so much the money anymore." he said. "They cost too much to feed. It's that I get the greatest pleasure from taking care of them." Duke fanned twice and another chinchilla fell over. "After all, I made it through the Great Depression. I'll just wait until they're all dead. I'll live on.' Paul imagined a dozen of them flattened and sewn together, pressed between a large woman's and a chair. Better to die in their own sweat. he thought, trying to build a throne to the noble death. Paul skipped a couple of stones---free thoughtsdown along the dir! of the driveway. It was easy; easier than water. Round ones, half loaves of chipped granite anything goes. They hopped like mute jackrabbits, like chinchillas never could, being thoroughly handicapped. Chinchillas are built like chickens' wings. A stone hopped toward the barn, scattering clucking hens.

Duke was letting them gnaw on the end of his finger. A special treat. Paul noticed that the yellow teeth matched the yellow of the nicotine finger.

Duke turned towards him. The eyes behind glass with obsolete frames like twin things of art at the Healdsburg library.

A funny kind of art that seems to grow up in small towns. They were studying him. The eyes were. They were studying and Paul was studying artworking. The eyes began to drift upward and to the left. as though being tugged at by memory. Memory that lives on in the dark, on the dark side of the eyeballyou can never really see it but the mind can feel it ---Duke rolled his eyeballs inward. His mind patted them like a damp sponge, and he was refreshed. To Paul, Paul could see the backs. The backs of his eyes were red with lightning veins, crying rain and electricity, loud booming,

crying rain and electricity, four booming as Duke began to talk of the good times; the Thirties-- the Depression-the War--(all good hard times) and then the eyeballs descended to cloud over the Fifties with small talk. Something must have happened. Paul was young, twenty, but he could feel it faintly, the understanding;

faintly as a peach-fuzz chin.

Duke lansed into silence (DUKE'S LAPSE) (THINKING) Any working man will tell you---just when you get used to telephone operators with tonsils they have their tonsils removed. How it is when everything turns out different than you had hoped or planned or thought. Frustration drills deep between the eyes: a screw with a will of its own, gong crooked into a bathroom wall. Still, the towel rack and the toilet paper

Still, the towel rack and the toilet paper are held up---- life continues to function. You wipe your ass although not as aesthetically as you had hoped. A map of your tongue would show

groups of taste buds like bumps of towns sectioned off, separate, yet everything you eat is garbled together and you drive through the suburbs, the advancing suburbs, (you know how it is) the same the same; you recognize past buildings (of the advancing suburbs) as though they are leaping forth, are heading you off at the pass.

Perhaps senility is just the ability to see those buildings flying through the air."

The chinchillas were scratching in their cages. Paul imagined Duke's wife (he rarely saw her) sitting inside somewhere, always sitting, and the pigeons cooped up in the barn. Duke tended to a chinchilla as it did three quick sommersaults---hair standing on end---before the twitching flew off through the air, leaving a small, bug-eyed

rug-like thing. "Easy now, lover."

Paul was just a kid. He shivered. Duke and his wife: harnessed to chinchillas and tied to chairs, and bound to each other with life's rope.

Turning red, then pale white, no circulation and numb,

old (the skin's wrinkles are grooves cut by this rope), and also tied to the land, and the land tied, like a sleeping yo-yo, to the sun; the sun a tow-headed show-off kid (like himself),

doing walk-the-dog.

Paul was about to go swimming. He felt a twinge of badly. It was still hot out. "Why don't you and your wife take the chinchillas for a Sunday drive?" Duke stopped fanning. stopped moving his body back and forth like negation

and began to move his head slowly up and down. "Yeah, that oughta cool 'em off alrighty!"

There were thirty-seven of them left, 37 chinchillas, and thirty-seven upsie-daisies uttered like babies ushered into the back of the pick-up.

"Paul's just a kid; a hired summer hand. What could he ever hope to understand? Who does he expect's gonna keep food coming up out of the ground, the way he spends his time just running around?" Paul went off swimming.

There was a pond back in back of the ridge. in the woods Paul met Emmy there; their clothes were piled on top of each other. They made love in the water near the middle of the water; there was a bright little pile on the shore Far away. The water rippled out from their motions; there was pleasure lapping on every shore. Dry stones were getting wet with their pleasure while tiny fish were watching what they could see under the water. Tiny fish were wriggling very fast to remain still. The water was shallow near the middle, the bottom was soft They were making love; their feet were sinking in the silt.

Emmy covered herself with a lily pad and danced on the shore. There was a stick floating out near the middle of the water. Paul threw it there.

tion Fiction Fiction Fiction Fiction

Paul was throwing baskets against the barn katuk katuk katuk as the sun was going down The sun was turning orange, hot yet, and the basketball katuk katuk katuk Still no wind: the birds were breathless (as always at sunset) and the basketball it was flying straight through the air without the wind. The only bird that was making sound---the woodpecker tuk tuk tuk tuk tuk tuk. The bugs were back in the wood and they were still very warm. The woodpecker tuk tuk tuk tuk tuk tuk the orange sun the basketball the pigeons in the barn window their hearts were beating very fast katuk katuk katuk Paul was throwing baskets against the barn.

The black truck was rattling, rattling louder than the motor. The old pick-up was throwing brown dust from the drive (a cloud) and rocks were in the cloud (hidden Duke and his wife were driving towards Paul up the dirt. Paul was throwing baskets there still, as it was growing dark. No wind. And still The cloud of dust fell on the leaves of the trees boardering and sticking their roots out into the dirt drive. The roots of the trees were making the truck rattle and thub as it went over them and the dust fell on the trees making them look like antiques. Duke sprinkled oldness all around in back of him as he passed along in the world. The driveway went wide by the barn so that it touched the barn, the garage. and a work shed. The work shed always covered with dust The old black truck went in a circle all the way around to the garage running over fallen shells of walnut trees with a loud crunching. The truck stopped at the garage, stopped rattling; then Paul could hear its motor which was quiet compared (to the rattling). Duke turned off the motor and then he could hear Paul katuk katuk katuk against the side of the barn Duke jumped down from the cab and crossed in front of the headlights (it was growing dark) to the passenger side. Paul noticed in the headlights a boyish expression, and then in the dusk he did not see it. Paul wondered if the chinchillas were saved.

Duke opened the passenger door in the old style that he was taught would give a woman pleasure The door creaked and popped and opened, rusty hinges, and Duke's wife whose name Paul did not know even yet except as Mrs. Wilson climbed down deliberately setting one foot at a time into the dust, as though, Paul thought, dipping into a bath. Like the powder bath of chinchillas. The cages were piled up in the bed; they were dark and silent.

Paul wondered what had happened.

Arm in arm in the muggy evening---the sweaty insides of their elbows (rubbing together) were making kissing sounds---they walked over. Duke was laughing faintly. Paul began to hear it; it was not wheezing. The chinchillas must have been saved.

Paul had a feeling, a strange feeling; that they were acting like school kids made him bashful He would not be so concerned. He turned around Katuk katuk the ball went too hard against the barn, causing a flurry of pigeons at the window and the discharge of bats from a black little hole in the dark red wood. The pigeons settled. the bats dippled low over the silver hair. They were attracted to the silver hair and were bouncing their squeaks off Mrs. Wilson's head and the basketball bounced past Paul into Duke at the knees. Duke stooped slowly to pick it up as Mrs. Wilson's head went round in the air: the last light of day and the first light of the moon were shining on her silver hair and the bats were zooming and Duke held the basketball over his head with one arm. "Good evening young fella!" Duke threw the ball toward the basket but not very near. A bat went after it---the bat bumped it in the air. the ball fell to the ground and all the bats were gone. The old ones; they were both laughing the kind of laughter which was continued from earlier laughing that might have been interrupted by the change of a traffic light. Mrs. Wilson did not say anything, but she smiled she smiled and her eyes widened at Paul at the surrounding countryside, the goats in the barn. eyes widening, the pigeons, the hillside the bats now circling and zooming over the hillside (Mrs Wilson could her eyes were widening at the fading purple

of the sky, the first stars twinkling like candles ever on the verge of being blown out by a huge cold breath sweeping across the black expanse. Mrs. Wilson's smile was widening at Paul. She regarded Paul, young Paul under the stars of the universe that might go out and under the bats zooming. There was nothing to fear. She regarded Paul, just another one of God's children

to be looked after to be prayed for silently (lest he hear of all the evils that might befall him).

Mrs. Wilson made him nervous like that. He turned towards Duke. "How did everything work out with the chinchillas? I guess they're all right, huh?" "Well, they're dead. I guess they're all right." "Dead? What happened? I mean"

Duke had short white hair. The first breeze all day touched it. Duke's hair bent forward, the only thing in the world faint enough to be moved by such breeze. "Yeah, well the little guys, they were so hot and sweaty, June thought that it might help to take them---you know---- to one of them . . . (small gesture) air conditioned shops so we went to a motion picture in town."

"First picture we've been to in eleven years!" she said. Her feet were digging her high heels were gone in the dust and there was water in her eyes. Her eyes were glowing. They were blue. Blue eyes, Paul noted. Blue. Some water went to the dust. was gone in all the dust. Paul thought of Emmy and the afternoon water and feet sinking in the silt.

'That new film with that Charles Bronson fella DEATH WISH, I think it was called. Brought the critters in there with us, cages and all. Boy he was good. But it was too cool in there for them: the chinchillas caught a chill. One of them got out of its cage. They found him afterwards . you know we were looking all over the theatre . . . they found him after the movie In back of the popcorn machine. I think it went there looking for warmth or food. "I guess I won't have to worry about

I guess I won't have to worry about them anymore."

Paul did not know what to say. "Well, how did you like the movie?" "It was a damn good show," he said, the good won out in the end; that's what matters." Paul looked at Duke's wife who was smiling. "I certainly liked going out, but all that violence" she began.

Blackness was flying up from the east. A car went driving by. A night-colored car was throwing up a cloud. The dust was red in back with the tail lights. The basketball was night-colored and had wandered off somewhere around the barn like a skunk, and it would be smelling of sweat. The old ones were pointing their heads to the ground and the feet were working around back and forth and circles in the dust. Duke always polished his shoes, black ones, he polished the laces and all, and they were always covered by the dust.

"Well you wont't be able to use them (chinchillas) as an excuse

anymore," she said.

Duke was rubbing his shoes against the legs of his pants; he was always having his pants laundered and his head was pointed toward the ground. "I think I'll bury them here.

Yeah. Right here."

Well I'm going in," she said. She was hunching, the breeze was starting to move the silver hair. It was silver underneath,

Duke put the white shawl around her, like a fisherman. The shawl with woven holes and the flowers of her dress showing through. She walked away like that. toward the night-colored house. like a fish that was walking in the net. She had kissed him, her lips had gone out like a fish when it goes in the air, and she had kissed him, and she was walking away. The shawl was white but it was becoming night-colored also.

The screen door has its own sound

Duke was back in the garage and he did not know what the garage does to the sound that is in it. Paul heard him crying in there. He was crying.

There was a stream on the side of the this stream did not move in the summer nor was it white in the night as in the winter but it was dark and it was scattered here and there between the rocks and trout were separated from each other until the water was gone. The stream did not last through the summer and fish came swimming up the stream after the first hard rain of fall. Paul was sitting by the stream on a rock: he did not move Soft bucking of the goats and crying from the garage. No sound from the stream. There was work up the hillside. Paul was thinking that he was getting tired of the job

and that he might go off somewhere.

Managing/Features Editor Wanted For Summer Quarter

Applications are now being accepted for the paid positions of News/Managing Editor for summer quarter. The News/Managing Editor's responsibilities include writing and assigning stories, editing copy, and guiding reporters. Newswriting experience and a good knowledge of Evergreen are essential.

Reporters, reviewers, researchers, layout assistants, photographers, cartoonists, and ad salespersons are also wanted. You can get in as deeply as you want. It's also a good way of finding out if journalism is for you. Test yourself. Submit applications to the COOPER POINT JOURNAL, CAB 306, or call 866-6213 for more information.

Because you're going to want more than just bricks and boards.

Brick-and-Board furniture, jeans and T-shirts, and a fast food diet. It's an alright lifestyle for now, maybe - but you probably won't want to keep it forever.

That's why you should look into our Pay-By-Phone account. It's never too early for smart money management. With a Pay-By-Phone account you earn 51/4% interest on your bill-paying money. Unlike a checking account, your money earns

interest every day it's on deposit. When you want to pay a bill, just call us. We make the payment from your account. No checks to write; nothing to mail. It's simple. It may even pay for itself. The money you earn in interest can offset the \$2.00 monthly charge for Pay-By-Phone service. You'll

save on stamps and check charges. And, if you sign up now, we'll give you Pay-By-Phone free for four months.

Every month we'll send you a statement outlining all your transactions, along with your service fee, interest earned daily (computed quarterly) and your ending balance. You'll have a detailed record to keep on file for your reference. Come in and sign up for a Pay-By-Phone account. With our system of money management and your own savings plan ... who knows?

Pretty soon you could get rid of your bricks and boards.

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Experimental Animation Festival

What's the first thing you think of when you hear the word "animation?" Cartoons, right? Only partly. Although cartooning is the most widely known form of animation to Americans, there are at least ten other distinct kinds. Most of these have a long history of development and achievement, just as cartoons do.

The alternative history will be explored this weekend in a festival of Experimental Animation films. The show consists of 16 short films, ranging in length from four to eleven minutes, and covering the years 1921-1976. The films represent a fair sample of non-cartoon techniques, including clay animation, collage, the unique "pin-screen" method, oil-on-plexiglass, painting directly on film, and computer animation Some highlights of the show are: Frank Film (1973) - the hilarious, classic collage-animated

work Lapis (1967) - a sublime com-

puter film Composition in Blue (1935) - a rare and excellent early German

work Begone Dull Care (1949) a classic Norman McLaren film,

with sound by Oscar Peterson Light (1974) - a highly polished abstract work, Grand Prize Winner at the 1975 Bellevue Film Festival

Other works in the program include Arabesque, by John Whitney, Sandman and Clay by Eliot Noyes, and The Nose by Alexieff and Parker. Program notes with details and historical comments will be available at the door.

The films are being made available to Evergreen by the Seattle Film Society, which sponsored the exhibit. There will be showings at 7 and 9:30 p.m. on Sunday, May 29 in LH One. Admission is an inflation-fighting 50

• Students, staff, and faculty are invited to a farewell luncheon honoring outgoing President Charles McCann. The luncheon will begin at noon on the fourth floor of the Library next Tuesday, May 31. The program, which features "surprises you won't want to miss," according to the invitation, starts at 12:45 p.m. and continues until 1:30.

People are urged to bring an appropriate Evergreen farewell card and "join in the fun." The luncheon will cost \$2, or you can bring your own brown bag lunch. Drinks and salad will be available a la carte.

• All library materials are due June 3. Renewals begin Tuesday, May 31.

• The Nigeria/African Study Abroad group contract will present a slide show of its activities on Friday, May 27, at noon in LH One. A question and answer will follow the show, which will last one hour. Admission is free. at 7:30 p.m.

Students Report Creek Study

report results of a study they have just completed on Woodland Creek to the Lacey City Council on Thursday, May 26. The students presented the report yesterday to Thurston County ommissioners. Working under the direction

of faculty members Carolyn Dobbs and Kaye V. Ladd, students contracted with the State Department of Game spring quarter to analyze environmental effects of urbanization on the small Puget Sound tributary which flows from Lois Lake through the city of Lacey to Henderson Inlet.

Their report, begun in April, includes a survey of terrestrial and aquatic plant and animal

Eleven Evergreen students will | life in and near the creek, and an analysis of its water quality. They also analyzed the chemical, external influences on the creek, and estimated the fish population of Woodland. The students also conducted a random, in-person public survey in Lacey and areas adjacent to the creek to determine attitudes towards use of the creek and perceptions of its val-

> They plan to outline problems affecting the waterway and suggest solutions in the Thursday meeting. The Lacey City Council meeting will begin at 8 p.m. tonight (May 26) at the Lacey Community Center (1147 Willow Street).



This Is Radio?

It is not normal that two college students make and release a record album. But Evergreen students Peter Rexford and John Wizardo are known for their abnormalities. Their first comedy album, This Is Radio?, has just been released on the esoteric Death label in Los Angeles. "We tried to lampoon the whole radio band, ranging from rock to country-and-western-which pretty much just means exaggeration," said Rexford. "Most of the time I think we really went off the deep end

The ideas for the record came around early February when Rexford and Wizardo realized a mutual interest in and admiration of the radio. They shared a common penchant for offending people on a mass scale. "Why confine our humor to just ourselves and close friends?" Wizardo demanded to everyone he met.

Brief-o-rama

• On Thursday, June 2, there will be a concert of Renaissance, Baroque, and classical music presented at 8 p.m. in LH One.

· Registration for summer quarter will continue weekdays until June 27 at 4:30 p.m., the day the quarter begins. Summer enrollment is limited to 600 students and classes are filled on a first-come, first served policy, so early registration is recommended. This can be accomplished by going to the Registrar's office in Lib. 1101.

• The staff at the equipment issue room in the CRC remind us that all equipment is due no later than 6 p.m. on Wednesday, June 1. Late fines, chargeable to Student Accounts, will begin June 2. You have been warned.

• Jim Douglas, member of the Pacific Life Community, will talk about Trident and Bangor Intensive Summer. June 1, CAB 108,

"Let's offend everybody!" Actually Rexford and Wizardo think. few people should reaily be offended by the album, although they have decided this is their last year in the Northwest for awhile

The album, produced by Sunshine Snake Productions, is a lampoon of radio broadcasting that pretty well covers the entire musical band. Satirizing AM and FM on side one, Rexford and Wizardo portray Pete Marshall and Jonny Magnus taking AM hype to the limit with drum rolls after every sentence, sickening jingles, and constant compressed talking over everything that epitomizes the AM spectrum.

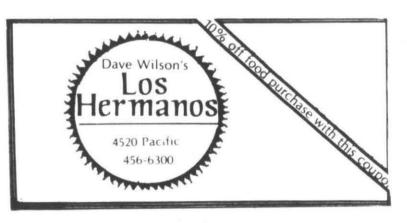
The comedy is funny, sometimes poignant, current, and controversial, with an age-old format that will appeal to a public who just might need a good taste of the exaggerated realism that is radio today

• Evergreen graduate Kitty Preston will present a solo piano recital this Friday, May 27, at 8 p.m. in the Library Lobby. She will perform works by Bach, Beethoven, Prokofiev, Chopin, and Debussy. The concert is free.

The Women's Center is asking for the return of all books and periodicals, whether they were checked out or not. It is very important for us to do an inventory on our library and find out what is missing. We are especially looking for the return of a psychology book which was just bought a few weeks ago and taken. We would appreciate it if anyone who has used the Women's Center Library in the past would check their own collection for any stray books or magazines.

• The library has established a research paper file. If any students would like to add their papers to the file, bring them to the circulation desk.







2300 Evergreen Park Drive, Olympia. 943-4000





by Ray Kelleher

12

It is not true that a well-occupied student must necessarily become retarded (brain-damaged, idiotic, feeble-minded, emotionally disturbed, autistic) during the idle summer months. Those months need not be idle. If admired in the proper perspective, summer is a time of experiences compacted as in no other season.

A LUSTY SENSE OF ADVENTURE

Perhaps the time is at hand for you now and you've made no plans, established no routine that you face until resuming studies in the fall. For many this imposes a sense of dread. For others a schedule is an abomination and inhibits consciousness. When one rejects the schedule approach in celebrating the sunny months, s he must attack investigations with redoubled discipline and a lusty sense of adventure. No observation, to the insightful student, is insignificant. No thought or teeling too adolescent or trivial for not-

But really. What are you going to do

with yourself? It's a lot of time to kill. It vou find yourself bankrupt of inspiration, the following suggestions may be helpful. For me they have proven worthy pursuits. Granted, they may be discordant with many, but, should you be receptive to one, use it as grist for the mill. Allow your fancy to take flight. After all, you make your own sauce and you have to stew in it.

TRAVELING

Extremely popular year in and out. Ask any sun worshiper. When the precip falls off at the coast and in the mountains the tire danger hits Extreme, it's time to "go tor it! The question is, go where and hun

The beach and mountains are always attractive. They make for particularly nice hitch-hikes, as both are within a week's thumbing distance from Olympia. But say you want to go truckin' and really make an adventure of it. Then take a couple of months on the road. You may desire the treedom of having your own wheels. If so I suggest motorcycle-touring as one alternative.

There are drawbacks one should be aware of from the start. Motorcycles are extremely dangerous. Most are downright insidious and would as soon kill you as start for you, which brings up another point: motorcycles hardly ever run or run like they're supposed to and when they do they don't do it for very long. The unsophisticated may view you as oversexed and threatening, for motorcycling has not yet lived down Marlor. Brando, but the enlightened will know that you are probably just an impotent or frigid escapist, silently terrified of life and its stark realities. Identity confusion is as common to motorcycling as dead batteries, but take heart. The sport now has its own literature for you to find reassurance in.

ZEN AND THE ART OF MOTORCYCLE MAINTENANCE

We need Robert Pirsig. We need his titles. What beautiful music that makes in the inner ear. A mantra by itself. You will want to read it in preparation for the trip. Pirsig puts the whole matter in a fresh perspective. The cyclist is a sentient being, an ascetic, fluttering about in the nether realms of consciousness as s/he motors down the nobler old stretches of back country tarmac, feeding off a refined notion of physics in close interaction and harmony with expanded sensual capabilities. No crude and wicked lash and pump of horsepower does s/he harbor beneath delicate entrails but a sophisticated causal chain of physical events governed by principles of rotating and reciprocating masses, gyroscopics, and the geometry of momentum and motion. Pirsig states his case so deeply and lovingly on the subject of touring that, if too carefully read, the real experience may never live up to it.

Your itinerary should center on locales where you are least likely to "get the rubber side up and the shiny side down," as the notion of dying has been so coyly put. Areas with long, straight, level highways having good visibility in all directions are the best. Kansas is excellent. One could waste away the entire season visiting spots like Pawnee Rock, the State Industrial Reformatory for Boys, and the Iowa and Sac and Fox Presbyterian Mission. Kansas City leads the nation in manufacture of vending machines. When in K.C. be sure to visit the stockyards and the Truman Sports Complex.

To do the job right BMW has provided

just the equipment you need in the fabulous R 100/RS. The all-new RS is a 1000cc shaft-driven machine. It comes roadready with full controls, saddle, and two wheels. Suggested retail price is \$4,595. READING AND WRITING

Perhaps you're one of those who don't find his/her cup of tea in the road. You see summer as a fertile period in which to become better read and more fluent in communication skills, but the lack of a disciplined regimen leaves you torpid. You don't know what to read or how to write real good.

If you're shutting yourself inside while the weather is at its balmiest, why not finally make that all-out, frontal attack on the classics like you've been promising yourself for so many years. Throw in a good measure of healthy introspection. Question the purpose of your existence. Philosophically, is life worth living? How do you really know? Why not forsake your weak and cheery platitudes and find out what the experts have to say? It may surprise you. Just to get you started, here's a short sampler of the works I have found most entertaining.

The Illiad ... Homer

The Odyssev ... Homer The Stoic Philosophy of Seneca . . Moses Hadas (trans.)

- Faust . . . Goethe Either/Or Vol. I. ... Soren Kierke-
- gaard Either/Or Vol. II. Soren Kierke-

gaard The Portable Nietzsche . . Walter

Kaufman (edit. trans.) Knots ... R.D. Laing

Since your study will be unsupervised, you're best off setting some concrete goals for the weighty material you will have to cover. Whet your appetite with a thousand pages a week and once you find yourself swept up in the fever of self-realization, double it. Before you know it the temp will once again be hitting the lower fifties with consistency, and you'll have avoided the tiresome chore of restoring your complexion to its veiny blue pallor.

During this time you should also be working on your writing. Investigative reading of this sort is useless if not accompanied by exhaustive written response and recording of insights. Of course you get your fill of essays and theses throughout the academic year. Remember, you are trying to come to some truth regarding the nature of the self. You are retreatng from all that is airy and pleasant in the hope of coming to grips with your own twisted and troubled psyche. Why not flex your creative muscles and let your dreadful imagination run away with you? Try writing some existential poetry. No one is ever going to read it anyway. What is there to lose? If you are new to the craft you may find this piece written in the summer of my 20th year motivating.

Waves wash the beach my mind floats

but where is the answer the turmoil of a thousand conflicting realities

lies naked and rank in the puke of indecision

and yet resolution is born buoyant rising to the surface of foul pools

Go tell Aunt Rhody

Go tell Aunt Rhody

Go tell Aunt Rhody head cheese is on special this week

It's easy. Anyone can do it, even you Keep a journal and try to fill it quickly with anything. If you have one of the expensive hand-bound type, so much the better, but use pencil. You'll want to erase when you've finished

If the study of classics in literature and philosophy appeals to you as well as motorcycle-touring, remember that one will only enhance the other and will make for especially glib conversation in the chance roadside encounter.

The possibilities for remaining mentally refreshed and intellectually stimulated until fall quarter are limitless. I have but touched on only two of the many alternatives. Whatever the case, try to nurture a propensity for dramatic response to impulse, and especially to the insignificant. Respond with energy to your own literary pursuits. Reflect and relish isolated moments of insight as if time were standing still. During no other season is there such an opportunity to collect growth experiences and distill from them a sense of personal knowledge and perception. Keep those vital juices gushing.



ReviewReviewReviewRevie

nature that lends itself so well to

the "complete communion" of

the players. The work of the

white composer, written with

Gesamtkuntswerk Built For Two

by John S. Foster

"There is nothing new under the sun." - old heathen plati-

"It's always raining!" - boy at Evergreen

Robert Crumb, the creator of Mr. Natural, now spends much of his time playing in an oldtimey novelty string band called the Cheap Suit Serenaders. George Crumb, probably best known as the composer of "Voices of Ancient Children" and "Echoes of Time and the River" (Pulitzer Prize '68), has never evidenced any interest in car-

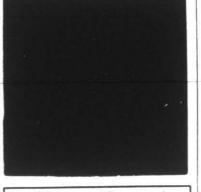


tooning. Is he dumb, humorless, or what? George Romansic, ancient child, post-avant-garde composer, and Evergreen student, claims not to be a punk, but he is suspiciously familiar with the language of alienation. His silence is my rest. We can only ponder why he chose his particular alias. If he were to say "Why not?" what would keep us from chiding him with, "Why not Richie Blum?" or "Why not Arnold Schwarzenneger, for God's sake?" "Why not?" indeed. Yet, for all of our impudence, George Romansic sits quietly, as much a victim of the avant-garde as I am its sullen witness.

IMBIBING

At the end of last month Evergreen was the site of a regional conference of the American Society of Composers. Partly because of economic realities, many "serious" composers teach at the col lege level, where they pass on ideas and knowledge, collect a salary and still have time to devote to their own works. In this respect they are better off than even the most successful rock musician, who sooner or later will grow out of adolescence to find his body ravished by hard living, his millions in escrow, and his two teenage sons wearing their hair long and playing in a string quartet. Incidental to this conference were three nights of musical performance. On these particular nights I was imbibing in popular culture elsewhere, but for the benefit of those who did attend I will not hesitate to comment upon what went on. This "New Music" we speak of, you see, is an elitist fare, like any delicacy, served up for those who can stomach the stuff. It has always been my nature to like what others do not, but I am still surprised to find myself in the

9 - 9 Daily



A Young Person's Guide To Avant-Garde Music

by Steve Layton The COOPER POINT IOUR-NAL asked student composer Steve Lavton for a list of basic records which a novice might use as a starting point to understand New Music. Here is his report.

1. Penderecki: A Portrait (Candide) 2. Messiaen: Turangalila (RCA) 3. Boulez: Le Marteau Sans

Maitre (Columbia) 4. Xenakis: Electro-Acoustic Music (Nonesuch)

5. Copland: Piano Variations Columbia Odyssey) 6. Varese: Ionization: Hy perprism: Octandre (Columbia)

7. Schoenberg: Piano Music Nonesuch) 8. Cage: Indeterminacy

(Folkways) 9. Dodge: Story of Our Lives (C.R.I.) 10. Ginastera: Piano Concerto (RCA) 11. Berhman, Ashley, Mum

ma, Lucier: Sonic Arts Union (Mainstream)



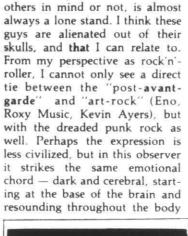
company of predominantly white middle-aged male teachers with classical backgrounds who have discovered the creative possibil ities of machines. The New Music is largely dependent upon 20th Century technology. Whereas mathematics was always music's companion, a modern-day composer might very well feel lost without his electronic equipment. ALIENATED

OUT OF THEIR SKULLS

An open question: Where do women fit in the New Music? Blacks have at least been ac counted for. The black parallel to the New Music, moreover, i very interesting. It is, superfi cially at least, based much more on African musical tradition and the jazz experience. It is less ad venturous in that the instrumentation is almost purely acoustic, but gains tension and thus excitement in the improvisatory

BRAKE SHOE Retaining

Raudenbush Motor Supply





to the knotted stomach, the stiff limbs, and the chilled hollows of the soul.

Those attending the New Music concerts heard not only dodecaphonic pieces for electronic tape and digital computers, but some peculiarly masculine expressions of our common emptiness. Generalizations accepted, the paradoxes continue. Boys savagely beat out simple music of little thought or technical virtuosity. The resulting minimalist statement redefines the state of the art, and reduces well-crafted slick music to the level of muzak Men craft compositions using the latest complex gadgetry after years of formal music study. The resulting minimalist statement redefines the state of the art, and reduces well-crafted conventional music to the level of muzak. The results of both these movements remind me of nothing so much as the type of ancient Japanes verse called haiku which describes something from nature simply and briefly as a universal.

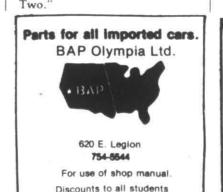
It is a lovely flower That grows wild in the woods. One needs not see it

To know its beauty. This is not a haiku.

1. If the avant-garde move-

ment were dependent upon that which made it "new" and thereby different than that preceding it, the "post avant-garde" serves as a clever term for the "serious" music of the last few years that is less concerned with new frontiers. With newness no longer the premise from which all work must proceed, the composer is free to draw from sundry musical and "non-musical" sources. The idea of "old" as obsolete is obsolete

Note: This article may be performed without prior permission from the author under the title 'Gesamtkunstwerk Built for Two



Arts and Events Art

FILMS ON CAMPUS Thursday, May 26 FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH (30 min.) A documentary about Ever green by recent graduate Matthew Hausle. A lot of talking heads, but still a good film. See article elsewhere in this issue. LH One. 6:30 p.m. FREE

Thursday, May 26 INTOLERANCE (1916) D.W. Grif fith's epic made up of four stories about the continuing struggle against intolerance. The stories which are told simultaneously in parallel action, portray the conflict between Christ and the Pharisees the war between Catholics and Hu guenots in 16th-century France, the destruction of the Babylonian empire, and the struggle between cap alism and socialism in America during the 1920's Griffith was involved in every part of the produc tion and supervised the building of several vast sets, the most famous being the full-sized replica of Bab ion The film cost almost \$2 mil tion to make (a staggering sum in those days) but it failed commer cially, unlike Griffith's earlier Birth of a Nation CAB Coffeehouse 8 30 pm FREE Friday May 27

SABOTAGE (1936. 76 min.) Considered one of the best of Alfred Hitchcock's last British films this one deals with saboteurs in London and contains a particularly disturb. ing sequence involving a small boy unknowingly carrying a bomb through the city With FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT (1940 120 min) This is Hitchcock's second Holly wood movie, and it's last and ex citing - reminiscent of his British thrillers. It's the story of an Ameri can journalist (Joel McCrea) who sent to Europe in 1939 to cover the political situation and who he omes involved with Nazi spies Among the highlights an at tempted murder on top of the West ninster Cathedral, a brilliant se quence in an isolated Dutch wind mill and an assassination scene in the pouring rain Edmund Gwenn in a minor role out-acts everyone in the film including Laraine Day Herbert Marshall. George Sanders and Robert Benchley Also Spook Sport a short subject by Mary Ellen Butes and Norman McLarer Presented by the Friday Nite Film Series LH One. 3 and 7 30 p.m. 5 cents

Sunday, May 29 ABSTRACT AND EXPERIMEN-TAL ANIMATION FILM FESTIVAL (110 min.) Sixteen films some of dating back 50 years. Lt One. 7.30 p.m Friday, June 3

THE WESTERNER (1940, 100 min.) An excellent western directed by William Wyler, with fine photography by Gregg Toland (Citizen Kane). Walter Brennan won a sec ond Oscar for his portrayal of Judge Roy Bean With Gary Cooper Doris Davenport. Chill Wills. and Dana Andrews Presented by the Friday Nite Film Series. LH One 3 and 9:30 p.m., 75 cents Thursday, June 2

ANOTHER GODDAMNED EVE-NING OF ART FILMS This time movies about poets, including Law ence Ferlinghetti, Allen Ginsberg. Ted Rosenthal, Robert Frost, and Wackford Squeers. CAB Coffeehouse, 8:30 p.m. FREE IN OLYMPIA

MURDER BY DEATH Neil Simon is as unfunny as ever. With: BABY BLUE MARINE, a mystery. Lacey Drive-in, 491-3161

KING KONG with Jeff Bridges and THE SHOOTIST, with John Wayne. Sunset Drive-in, 357-8302. NETWORK, an unsubtle assembly of anti-TV cliches, occasionally funny Olympic Theater, 357-3422. ISLANDS IN THE STREAM

George Segal in a movie version of Hemingway's unfinished novel. Capitol Theater, 357-7161.



THE FRONT A tame attack or the McCarthy witch-hunts of the 1950's, with Woody Allen and Zero Mostel State Theater, 357-4010 AND NOW FOR SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT A COL lage of Monty Python skits, re-sho om their TV series. Very funny Midnight showings Friday and Sat The Cinema, 943-5914 BUGSY MALONE A slimy mus cal with kids playing adult gang sters The Cinema, 943-5914

HERBIE GOES TO TOWN A Volkswagen/Disney movie Starts une 7 (tentatively). Capitol Theater RANCHO DELUXE A sleazy com edy about shooting cattle with a high powered gun just for the thrill of i Midnight showings, June 3 - 4. The

THE BOCKY HOBBOB PICTURE SHOW Transexual transvestite homosexual cult movie Midnigh showings. June 3 - 4 The Cinema

AND NOW MY LOVE A genu nely intelligent land neve

gi love story by the maker of A Man and a Woman Galude Le louche. The Cinema: June 8 - 10 THE STORY OF ADELE H IN Francois Truffaut The Cinema June 11 - 14

MUSIC ON CAMPUS

Friday, May 2 PRELUDE DANCE ENSEMBLE dance group performing conte porary ballet CRC, noon FREE

Sunday, May 29 FOLK SING. a gathering of peo. ple and songs, gently swaying from side to side in cosmic abandor

CAB Coffeehouse 3 pm FREE Friday, May 27 OPEN MIKE at the CAB Coffee house, 8:30 p.m FREE

IN OLYMPIA Friday, May 27

BOB WEBB AND DICK OWINGS These two characters present Amer ican folk music, including stringband jazz, New England countr dance tunes, ballads from the Appalachian hills, and more Appear ing at the Applejam for the first time with their rare harp-guitar and duet-system concertina. Applejam Folk Center 220 East Union 8 8 p.m. \$1

Saturday. May 28 **OPEN MIKE NIGHT** Share 15 minutes of your genius. Applejam Folk Center FREE

Tuesday, May 31 THE DISCO KIDS at Captain Coyote's. 7 p m to midnight. \$1 cover.

ART ON CAMP

THE ME SHOW A bunch by students Library Art Gallery hrough June FLU, X. US Three performance

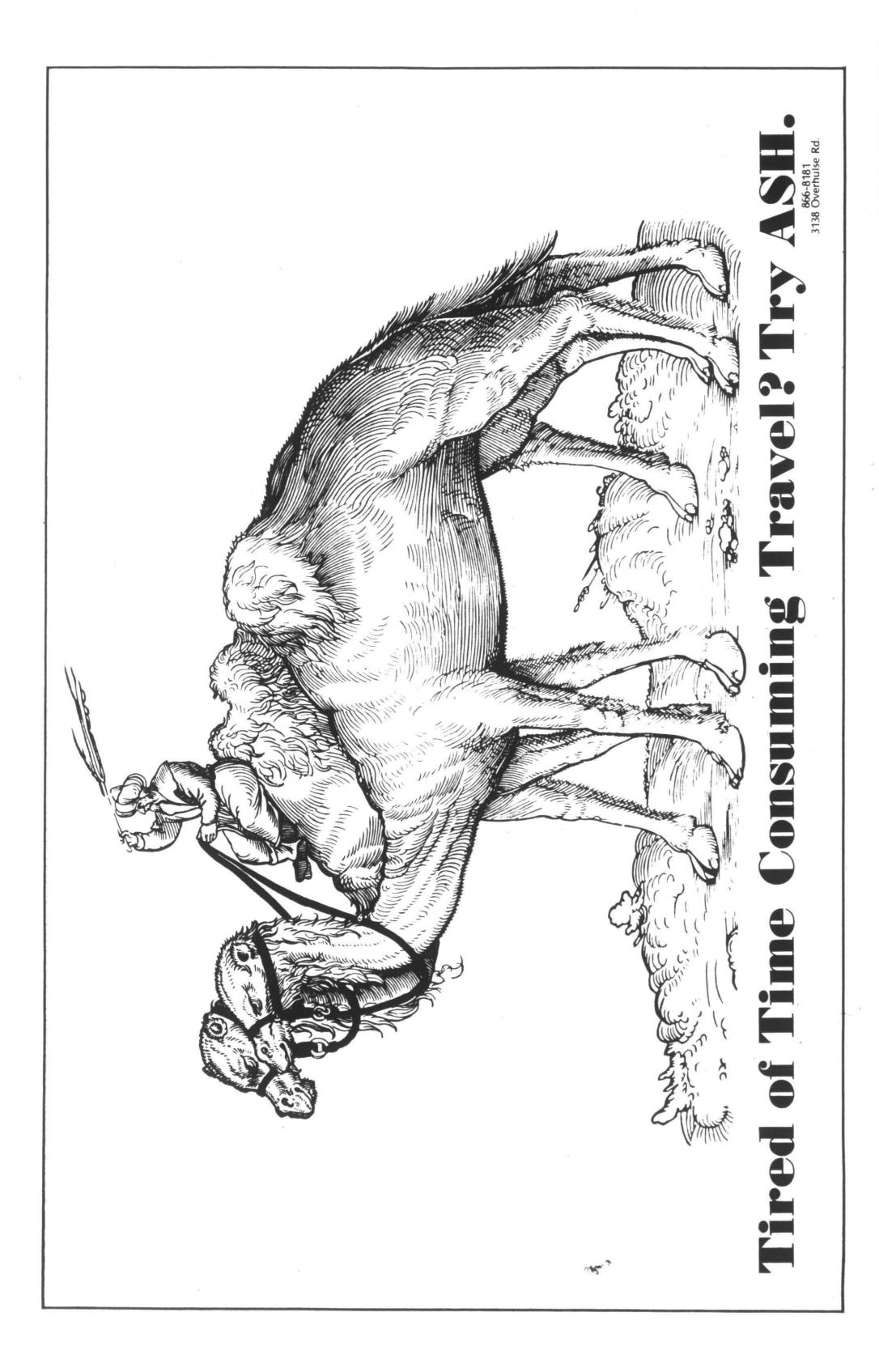
pieces held by in violat or grou appointment after May 27 For fur details, call 866-510 THE END OF THE STUFFED AL

BINO SQUIRRELS Last . BEF wanton destruction of the Joe Br mis Memorial Gallery by viciou hooligans has left dozens of an aficionados in despair Squirrels were ripped open and flung about their stuffing strewn across th floor, and the late Mr. Bemis him self was removed from his resting tank and mutilated surgically. Sev eral of his important organs are in deed missing. A note left at the scene, which authorities say is au thentic, gives credit to the CIA who were apparently on a routine foraging mission to gather materia for their sandwiches The Joe Be mis Memorial Gallery, open 24

Joe Bemis' final words Well, that's it for now, kids. The stuffed albino squirrels dwindle t a pathetic close. Remember: al you need is love, guided by knowl dge, reason, and a malicious sens of humor. The enemies are solem nity, complacency, and incompetence. Auf wiedersehen, my dump



PETERSONS TOOL WESTSIDE CENTER 1 46 EA. Open every day Disongleges spring from rotaining washer on in side of dram 10 - 7 Sunday houlder prevents stretching upring



Self-Indulgence Alf-Indulgence Self-I

Stuffed Albino Squi

PUP ART Wax figurines in the shape of young dogs by local artists. Joe Bernis Memorial Gallery, open 24 hours.

ANTIQUE SQUEAK TOYS, rubber playthings for infants and young dogs from the collection of the late Joe Bemis. Joe Bemis Memorial Gallery, open 24 hours.

ANTIQUE SQUEAK TOYS Exhibition closed for repairs following recent vandalism. Joe Bernis Memorial Gallery, regularly open 24 hours.

NASTY ADULT NOVELTIES, exhibition from the personal collection of the late Joe Bemis. Formerly called "Antique Squeak Toys." Joe Bemis Memorial Gallery, open 24 hours.

STUFFED ALBINO SQUIRRELS Over 22 rare white rodents in comical poses by local taxidermists. Many of the carefully crafted animals make amusing noises when squeezed. Joe Bernis Memorial Gallery, open 24 hours.

STUFFED ALBINO SQUIRRELS EXPOSED The eagerly-awaited exhibition of stuffed albino squirrels has proven to be yet another example of fraudulent publicity. The tiny rodents on exhibit are not albino, are not stuffed, and in fact are not even squirrels. They are fiithy gray field mice that have been dipped in white paint. They do, however, make amusing noises when squeezed. Joe Bernis Memorial Gallery, open 24 hours.

STUFFED ALBINO SQUIRREL FETUSES Over a dozen cunningly bottled would-be squirrels, arranged artistically on the gallery shelves, serve as mute evidence for the "Right to Scamper" organization. Lectures will be given every ten minutes and tapes of baby squirrels squeaking will be presented in an effort to play on your emotions. Joe Bernis Memorial Gallery, open 24 hours.

THE STUFFED ALBINO SQUIR-REL DO-IT-YOURSELF ETHNIC JOKE KIT There were these two Swedes sitting in a rowboat out in the ocean, fishing. One Swede turns to the other and says, "Yumpin' Yimminy, Sven, do you see what I see?" And the other Swede replies, "I sure do, Olaf. It be a stuffed albino squirrel, and it's afloatin' right toward us!" "We best grab the oars and beat the tar out of the little squirrel!" Olaf exclaims. "Yust a darn tootin' minute!" his friend replies. "If we do that, then WRITE YOUR OWN PUNCHLINE HERE." Joe Bernis Memorial Gallery, open 24 hours.

CHILDREN'S LETTERS TO THE STUFFED ALBINO SQUIRREL Dea Mr. Stuffy, My mother told me I'd get a dime from the tooth fairy if I placed a tooth I had lost under a pillow. I needed some money quick to buy one of your official Stuffed Albino Squirrel Playthings so I took a hammer and smashed all my teeth out. Not only did I not gei any money, but I have to eat all my food through a straw. I sent you my teeth in despair but I received no toy, not even a reply. Surely you feel some tenderness for wee little me. Sincerely, Tiny Roy.

Dear Tiny, Send 13 more teeth. Write Mr. Stuffy at the Joe Bemis Memorial Daycare Gallery,

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open 24 hours.

ALBINO SQUIRREL AND SWINE FLU VACCINE KIT At great expense and trouble the Cooper Point Journal has discovered that a local virus, carried only by stuffed albino squirrels, is even more deadly than the dreaded upcoming swine flu plague. In order to nip this impending epidemic in the bud, so to speak, we proudly present the world's first and only combination Stuffed Albino Squirrel Flu/Swine Flu Scratch 'n' Sniff Vaccine:

THE DO-IT-YOURSELF STUFFED

Just Scratch and Sniff. Now you're immune. Next week: Deadly side-effects from the above Scratch 'n' Sniff vaccine. Joe Bernis Memorial Free Clinic and Gallery, open 24 hours. Foodstamps not accepted.

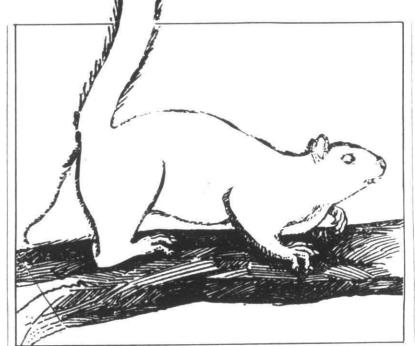
THE STUFFED ALBINO SOUIR REL ONE-MINUTE MYSTERY It was after midnight and Roxanne Weinman's birthday party was almost over. Most of the guests had dwindled off, but remaining behind were shapely Angela Glöckler, the diamond heiress; Prof. Milo Deveenus, a sly intellectual; Aldo Anderson, a two-timing car thief; and the host, kindly old Joseph Bemis, ex-boxer. They were admiring the stuffed albino squirrel which Rox anne had received anonymously that afternoon, and as Joseph Bemis picked up the furry figurine for a closer look, it suddenly exploded n his face, killing him instantly. Squirrel shards shot into the other unwary guests' casually-adorned bodies, maiming most of them for life. Only Aldo escaped unharmed having darted behind the sofa when the stuffed albino squirrei was first fondled by the unfortunate Mr. Bemis.

Who murdered Joseph Bernis? (Answer below)

terent misleading names. Joe Bemis Memorial Gallery, open 24 conduct week after week under diflittle art gallery, where he exhibited evidence of his irredeemable miscompletely and founded a sleezy brim sin teol , beeb seelesnes sin ite. The taxidermist, homitied by tragic bursting which cost him his that was needed to trigger the sugorged rodent's torso was all ex-poxet hands on the excessively pressure of Joseph Bemis' strong, ent .euplid to tit a ni sindeb behos se bne extra thumb tacks and as-And thoughtlessiy over-stuffed the mist from nearby Eatonville who a disgruntied non-union taxidertally dropped. The real culprit was lucky coin, which he had accidenavoid injury, but to retrieve his ducked behind the sola was not to not the murderer. The reason he Answer: No, Aldo Anderson was

SPECIAL BICENTENNIAL STUFFED ALBINO SOUIRRELS An exhibition of unusually mounted rodents holding tiny American flags in each paw. Their heads have been dunked in red paint and their tails in blue paint, and the result is quite stirring. "Freedom! Freedom!" the little fellers seem to be saying. Joe Bernis Memorial Gallery, open 24 hours.

THE STUFFED ALBINO SQUIR-REL DO-IT-YOURSELF VASECTO-MY KIT Over two dozen experimental packets, factory seconds, and rejects from the Stuffed Albino Squirrel Manufacturing Empire.



Each stainless steel instrument is embossed with the company's trademark and mascot, Mr. Stuffy. Batteries not included. Joe Bemis Memorial Gallery, open 24 hours. No weirdos, please.

REST EASY, DEAR READERS! THE STUFFED ALBINO SQUIR-RELS ARE BACK TO TORMENT YOU IN A BRAND-NEW YEAR FULL OF SURPRISES AND LAFFS - HOT AND SPICY, PERT AND SAUCY, SOFT AND SQUISHY -THE WAY YOU LIKE 'EM.

WHAT YOUR REACTION TO STUFFED ALBINO SQUIRRELS RE-VEALS ABOUT YOUR SEXUAL I.Q. Week after week we have been running seemingly meaningless announcements of purported "art" ex hibitions consisting mainly of stuffed albino squirre's in varying stages of disrepair. Do you really think there is nothing behind these trivial little notices? Wrong, moron Careful scientific research has revealed that the stuffed albino squir rel is an excellent gauge for deter mining psycho-sexual disturbance in the reader. Think about it. Why are they "exhibitions" of "squir rels"? And why are these "squir rels" "albino" ? And why, for God's sake, are these "albino" "squirrels" "stuffed "? You're catching or "quick." Next issue we will examine readers' reactions to the "cuddly" little "nut-gathering" forest "creatures." We take no responsibility for the problems we diagnose Read on if you dare. Good wishes until next time - Dr. "Stuffy." Joe "Bemis" Memorial Gallery, open 24 hours.

STUFFED ALBINO SQUIRRELS FOR WOMEN ONLY This week the Thurston County All-Women Stuffed Albino Squirrel Travelling Taxidermy and Guerilla Theatre Shock Squad will present an all-new, updated, feminist re-interpretation of Shake speare's Othello. Ms. Barbara Stubbs, a thunderstriking fresh woman from Centralia, takes the title role, which she prepared for in her words, "By running around in the rain and yelling a lot." In a surprise switch at the end of the play, Desdemona will rise from the dead and lead women in the audience in a unified attack on the men stupid enough to have insisted on being present at the performance. Josephine Bernis Memorial Gallery, open 24 hours.

THE STUFFED ALBINO SQUIR-REL HUMOR TEST This is a test. Read the following story and answer the questions below. Use the pencil supplied with this issue. If you do not use the correct pencil, you flunk. The story:

Vels' Greatest Hits

It was Sunshine's first month at the commune, and she was getting very weary. One day, while out in back plowing, she confessed to Yajoe her dissatisfaction. Yajoe held up a feather in reply, which, meant "Wait and see." That night, after chanting, the commune's leader, Charlie, sensed Sunshine's troubled feelings and stood up to make an announcement. "Brothers and sisters," he sang out, "I have some good news and I have some bad news. First the good news. We will all get a change of underwear. Sunshine's face lit up. "And now the bad news," Charlie continued. 'Yajoe, you change with Lotus; Lotus, you change with Sunshine ... This story is not funny because A. It has nothing to do with

stuffed albino squirrels. B. It is vulgar and offensive and might needlessly perturb state legislators.

C. Hipples do not wear uno

D. Communal struggles are not funny. Send all vituperative criticism,

threats, and so on, to the Joe Bernis Memorial Gallery, open 24 hours. Have a nice day.

GARY GILMORE WILL BE REIN. CARNATED AS A STUFFED ALBI NO SQUIRREL ... HOW'S THAT FOR A DETERRENT? If I had been aborted, I wouldn't have been able to grow up to watch Gary Gilmore get executed. One small bullet for a man, one giant step backwards for mankind. If guns were outlawed, only outlaws would be able to exe-cute Gary Gilmore. Tell me, Gary is there free will? Well, Johnny, just [gag noises]. Spitting up blood What kind of answer is that? But first this important message Mama, get the hammer, there's a fly on Gary's head. How many Mor mons does it take to shoot Gary Gilmore? Five. Gary Gilmore's fa vorite conversation stopper Ready, aim, fire." Next! The Joe Bernis Memorial Rifle Range, oper

FIGURE PROMINENTLY IN OUF GOVERNOR'S NIGHTMARES It's not easy being a non-feminist, anti-environment female governor these days. Not easy at all. The frustra tions of running a state governmen day after day get buried, repressed denied . . . but they all come out at night, in the form of unpleasant, screaming nightmares: fired, un confirmed appointees clutching at her desperately, Ralph Nader danc ing nude on an overturned oil tank er, starving masses of bony folks asking in unison what she means by "survival of the fittest," and ra dioactive Hanford Nuclear Facility workers begging to shake her hand ... but it's all worth it, of course when you're the Idi Amin of Wash ington state.

STUFFED ALBINO SQUIRRELS

Address all love letters, hate mail, and excess nuclear waste to the late Joe Bernis, in care of the Joe Bernis Memorial Cryogenic Life Support Gallery, open 24 hours. No flash photos, please. All hot drinks and harmers must be checked at the door.

STILL MORE LETTERS TO THE STUFFED ALBINO SQUIRREL

Dear Joe Bemis: I have had it JOE BEMISIIII Week after week I read your slimy filth and it just about makes me puke green blood!!!! You're SICK and UGLY and DISGUSTING and I heard a rumor that you KICK KITTENS and boy I believe it!!!! GOD DAMN IT you get the HELL out of Thurston County before I get IRRATIONALIIII And wipe that REPUGNANT SMIRK off YOUR FACE!!!! I CAN'T COPE!!!! I'M GOING CRAZYIIII Hornets are flying around in my brain!!!! There is NOTHING amusing about CHOC-OLATE-COVERED DONUTS! Some people have to EAT THEM every Respectfully Sunshine

Dear Joe Bemis: Believe you me you're going too far this time. If you think you're funny then you got another think coming, if you ask me. You're about as funny as a one-legged man in an ass-kicking contest, you bastard. When I graduate college I'm going to be a potter and a photographer. I'm going to take photos of my pots. I have no idea what is going on and I resent all change, but I will write you every week anyway.

Take care, Mort Mortson

Address all hostile remarks, bitter insults, insolent dispatches, cacographic messages, and fan mail to the late Joe Bernis, in care of the Joe Bernis Mernorial Cryogenic Life Support Gallery, open 24 hours.

THE STUFFED ALBINO SQUIR-REL CONVERSATION STOPPERS "Stuffed albino squirrels? I don't

get it." "I've got four cats and three dogs."

- "I'm okay, you're okay." "Never touch a girl there."
- "I quit smoking last week "I'm pregnant."

"Who left this in the bathroom?" "Tell me the truth. Am I ugly?" "What's your sign?"

"I found it." "Here's the rectal thermometer - now what do I do with it?" "Where do you get all your

Ideas?" Joe Bernis Gallery of Bores, open 24 hours. Spare change, brother?

That's All, Folks

This is the last issue of the COOPER POINT JOURNAL for spring quarter. The JOURNAL will resume publication in the summer on a bi-weekly basis be-ginning July 1. Subscriptions are available. Call 866-6080 for details.

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