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The Cooper Point Journal

Vol. 5 No. 23

The Evergreen State College

Olympia, Washington 98505

May 12, 1977

A Night On Campus Security

by Brad Pokorny

— How do you like that new jalopy?
— That's a dinky little steering wheel.
— Ain't it a goddamned thing?
— If you get in a hurry, your hands get all screwed up.
— They hit the horn — toot, toot — like the Plymouth.
— See anybody on the parkway?
— Nope. A car, JCR 647. Probably ran out of gas.

— I saw it too. Be real easy to steal. It's got push buttons, no ignition switch.

It was just after midnight on a Tuesday morning. Clayton Sturgis and I had just returned from a vehicle patrol of the campus. There had been a report of some high school kids harassing people in their cars at 17th and Overhulse. We saw no one, and so continued on a routine patrol of the roads and parking lots around campus. Now Sturgis and Ken Clair were talking about the new car Campus Security has, a smaller one to save gas, and about an abandoned station wagon that we spotted along the parkway.

Clayton Sturgis has worked for Campus Security since before the college opened. He started as a security guard for the company that watched over the construction of the library building and the mobile homes that housed the college's nascent administration. Sturgis is 66. He is slightly bald with short white hair. Earlier in the evening I walked with him as he locked up the library. The task took 45 minutes, and traced an efficient path through every major interior and exterior door in the building. Sturgis told of a harrowing experience one night on Red Square. He confronted four drunks out cruising from town who did not appreciate his suggestion that they leave campus. They threatened to attack Sturgis. "I backed up against the jeep and took off my key ring. I put it in my fist like this." He arranged his set of keys into makeshift brass knuckles. "I told them, 'You can have my keys if you want, but I sure as hell guarantee that somebody is going to get their face cut up awful bad.'" He said the four re-considered and backed down.

HUMAN BEINGS FIRST

Evergreen's security crew is different from that at many other colleges. Other schools frequently hire outside forces, or outfit their people with uniforms and weapons. Evergreen security people are not armed, and they don't see their role as police. Security Chief McDonald Smith told me, "We're here for the students, faculty and staff. Human beings first, then the damn materials second." The emphasis is on making Evergreen a safe and emotionally comfortable place to live and learn.

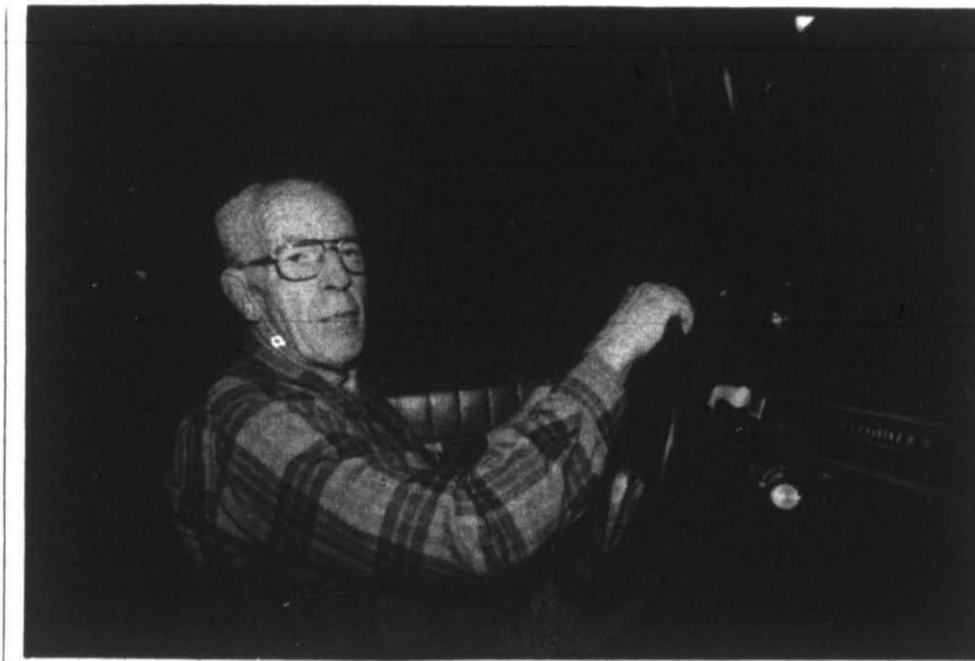
"I used to see Donna Manson out here all the time," Sturgis told me as we patrolled the darkness around campus. "She'd be out walking along the road at one and two a.m. and I'd stop and tell her that she shouldn't walk alone like that. I knew her quite well. I think I was the last one to see her the night she disappeared."

"She was abducted one night walking from the dorms to the lecture halls, right?" I asked.

"Uh-huh. I saw her earlier, walking alone by the steam plant. She was a pretty girl. I remember telling her that she should walk with a friend or something, god-damn it." Sturgis turned on the spotlight mounted on the side of the car and directed it on the brush alongside the road. "I usually see some deer out here this time of night." We cruised on up Marine Drive. "None tonight, I guess." He flipped off the lamp.

THE NOONTIME FLASHER

Security will provide an escort for women who must walk from the school to the parking lots, the dorms, or ASH at night. Smith said that people need only call. "If



Clayton Sturgis on a vehicle patrol in the new security car.

we don't answer, call back in a few minutes. Sometimes we're out on patrol."

Smith said that reports of sexual assaults or harassment have been low this year. The exception was the noontime flasher. "For a while between ten and noon on the Evergreen parkway an exhibitionist frequently stepped out from the bushes, dropped his pants, and abused himself at women passing on bicycles. He was in the 24- to 35-year-old age bracket, with a pudgy stomach. I think he's been apprehended now, though, as they caught a flasher in Olympia who fits that description, and there haven't been any more reports of flashings in a while."

"SOMEBODY'S GONNA GET KILLED"

All of the security personnel I spoke with mentioned potential traffic accidents on the parkway as one of their greatest worries. Smith said that the stop sign at the main entrance to the school on the parkway is his most immediate concern. "Somebody's gonna get killed there," he predicted. "The faculty and staff, when five o'clock rolls around, just go shooting out. We've already had two minor accidents." He said that one day they sat out at the sign with a video student, taping people who ran the stop sign for a report on Campus Video. "In an hour I think we watched 50 people go through without stopping. Some never even slowed down."

Another hot spot is the intersection of Kaiser road and the parkway. Smith told me that a couple of months ago they had six accidents there within one week. Two accidents occurred in one day. Smith said the accidents were by no means minor: in each case someone went to the hospital. As a result Smith got together with Facilities Director Bob Strecker and cut back the trees on the southwest corner of the intersection. "It would have been okay if people obeyed the speed limit," Smith said, "but many people do 40 or 50 down that parkway and you just couldn't see safely around the corner. I've asked the sheriff to bring his radar out here. And we will start giving citations ourselves for that."

"TRUE AND LAWFUL DEPUTIES"

I asked Smith if the sheriff has jurisdiction on college property, as I have heard rumors that the sheriff can't give tickets on campus roads. "Some people have received tickets for speeding on campus by the sheriff," he said. "Faculty come to me and expect me to do something, saying that they thought the county had no authority out here. This campus is under the jurisdiction of Thurston County and its deputies make frequent patrols out here."

Most of the full-time security personnel are sheriff's deputies. Smith showed me a small green plastic card in his wallet, em-

blazoned with an ornate star and signed by Thurston County Sheriff Don Redmond. Security people can arrest people, although no one has yet invoked their authority to do so.

"All of the law really cooperate with us well," said Smith. "They let us take care of most of our own problems, but they are ready to back us up if we have any serious trouble." Smith said there was usually a sheriff's patrol car cruising near the college that could respond to a call for assistance within four or five minutes.

Security also cooperates with law enforcement agencies, including the FBI. For example they regularly mail the COOPER POINT JOURNAL to the FBI at its request. Security also mails the JOURNAL to the sheriff and the Olympia police.

THE DELTA ALARM SYSTEM

After the vehicle patrol with Sturgis, I hung around the security office until the alarm system came on. At one a.m., a computer activates the Delta Alarm System, a magnetic system wired to all main doors, set off at any disturbance. A computer terminal in the Security office prints a coded number for a specific door when its alarm is tripped. As we set out to check some alarms in the CAB building, Clair told me that most of the alarms are triggered by students leaving the buildings after hours. He said people used to call in before they left, which saved them a lot of footwork, but lately people haven't been calling. In addition to the magnetic alarms, high risk areas like the bank and the bookstore have infrared or microwave systems that detect any movement within the room.

Random foot patrols are also made through the buildings as another measure against theft. "We don't do things routinely," Smith said. "We check a place, then come back in maybe five minutes, then take another route and check back in 20 minutes, then maybe 40 and so on." Irregular patrols are made so that potential thieves cannot count on security personnel being anywhere at a certain time. Thefts have dropped in the past couple of years, and Clair said that it was because they started making the patrols random instead of routine.

ART THEFT

But theft still occurs. Two weeks ago approximately \$1,800 worth of jewelry and small artifacts, part of the current show of Oceanic art from the Melanesian Islands, were stolen from a display case in the library gallery. The case had a faulty lock, and the thief openly took the objects during library hours. No one has been caught. Security is generally lenient with people

who steal things and then return them after a change of heart. An applicant for matriculation who was suspected of stealing an IBM typewriter and other office equipment was passed the word by friends that he would not be prosecuted if he returned everything. He did return the items and no charges were pressed.

DRUGS

I asked Smith if there was more or less drug use on campus now than in the past. He replied that at the beginning of the year drug use was down. "But since winter quarter we know that there are some hard drugs being used around campus. We are checking for this more frequently, and are especially looking for the way they get on campus."

When I asked him what sort of hard drugs he was talking about, he told me that there were reports of the use of cocaine and uppers and downers.

Smith said that much of their information comes from students who happen to overhear a conversation or see something suspicious. "Someday I'll get lucky on this dope thing," Smith said. "Some students have given me descriptions, but there are so many people that fit them."

Another thing Smith mentioned in connection with drug use on campus were unconfirmed reports of "pot parties" held in the buildings after hours. Some students have permission by their faculty and security to work in the buildings after they are locked, but Smith warned that this was not a privilege to be abused by bringing friends in for parties.

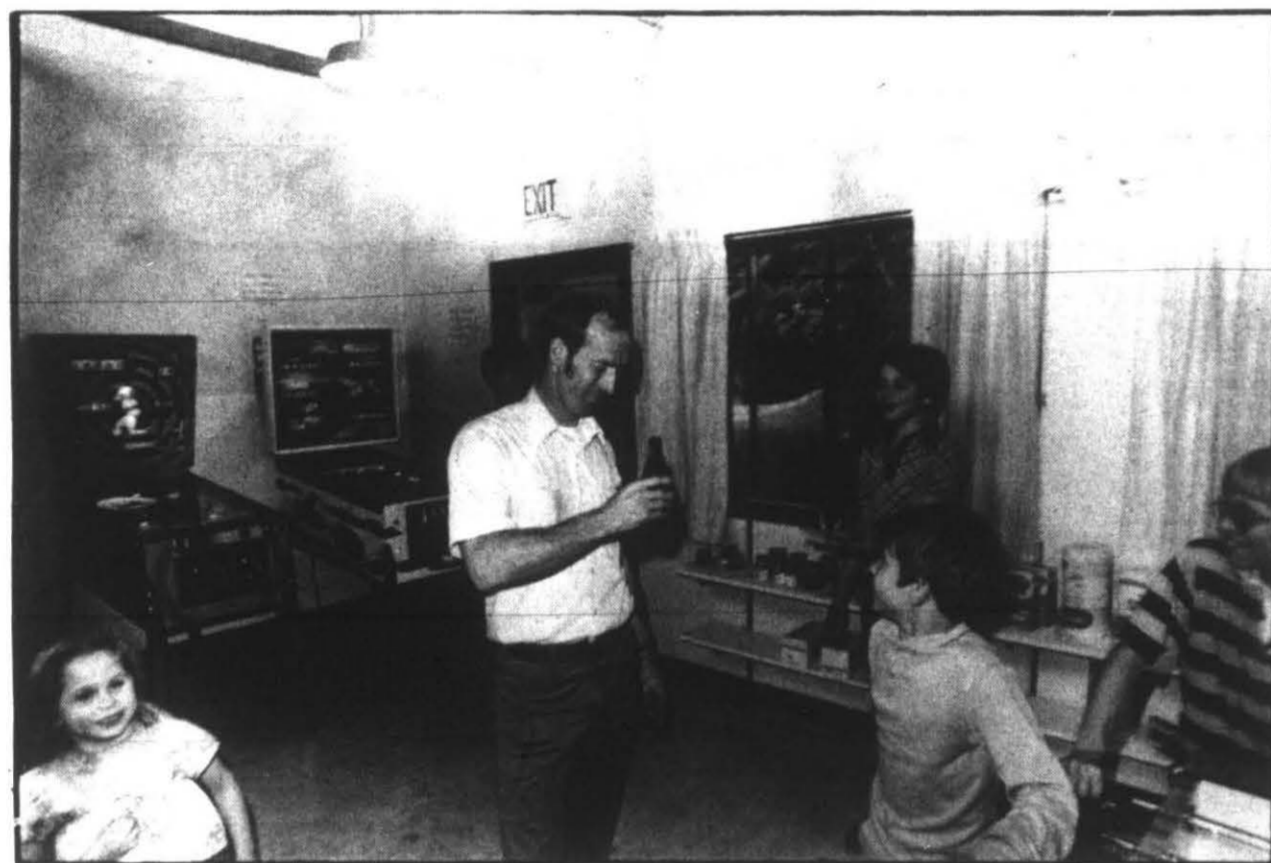
Beer is becoming the biggest drug on campus, and Security is most concerned with seeing that people get banquet licenses for any keggers that people might hold on campus property. Last Saturday night, May 7, an unlicensed party in the dorms got out of control, and Security had to ask for assistance from the sheriff.

Much of the work Security does depends on tips from faculty, students, and staff. I was surprised to learn that many people openly talk about committing a crime before they do anything. "Law enforcement is only as good as the community," Smith said. "People here are very concerned and helpful."



LISA HABER IS MISSING

My night with Security passed uneventfully. Thankfully most nights do. No major break-ins, no high speed chases. Smith asked me to end this article by asking for information about a student who is thought to be missing. Her name is Lisa Haber and she is currently on leave, but thought to be living in Olympia. A short time ago Haber's mother called Smith. She said that she had not heard from Lisa in a couple of months, and there has been no activity in her checking account recently. Smith said he also knew Lisa, and was used to seeing her regularly on campus. After her mother called, he realized that he had not seen her lately. Anyone having any information about the whereabouts of Lisa Haber please contact Campus Security. The number is 866-6140.



Brad Pokorny

In Defense Of Women's Rights

To the Editor:

President Charles McCann's April 19th proposal of guidelines for dissent on the Evergreen campus presents a serious threat to the civil liberties of all members of the community. The guidelines are worded in such a way as to abridge or deny the basic freedoms of speech and assembly. The adoption of the proposed guidelines into the campus governance policy has serious implications for other state institutions as well, in the precedent that it sets. Because the denial or restriction of civil liberties seriously infringes on women's ability to organize concerning women's issues and in defense of women's rights, the Student Women's Workshop of the Northwest Women's Action Conference, with the endorsement of the Conference, denounces this attack on civil liberties and demands that the proposed guidelines not be adopted into the campus governance policy.

Student Women's Workshop Northwest Women's Action Conference

Editor's note: For more on President McCann's proposal, see the article on page 9.

We All Were Great

To the Editor:

We would like to thank the many fine folk who helped us realize the Pacific Northwest Women's Music Festival — sound,

stage, child care, lights, info table, ticket-takers, housing, security... We all were great. A full report of the festival will be available in the Women's Center as soon as we can get it together.

Mary, Lisa, Becca, Lynn, Heidi

One Very Pissed Off, Alienated, Ornery, And Vengeful Letter-Writer

To the Editor:

After considerable observation from a suitable distance, I have become convinced that the exclusion of men from the Women's Music Festival was a counterproductive move, negating much of the positive thrust which has been developed by and for women at TESC. While I recognize the importance of isolation (every political party must have a caucus from time to time) I feel that those women who discouraged men from involvement should recognize the impotence of a group which has alienated so many for so little return.

The exclusion of men from the smaller workshops is acceptable to me. The opportunity for interaction is great; the presence of men in a small group may tend to be inhibiting, the number of men and women likely to be upset by such a move is probably insignificant. The exclusion of men from the concerts was unjustifiable and counterproductive. The manner by which men were excluded was immoral and illegal. The legal issues are unimportant. Laws are made for people who cannot think for them-

selves. The moral question deserves our full attention.

A man who went to buy a ticket to hear Malvina Reynolds was told that the concert was sold out. His woman friend was able to buy him a ticket a few hours later. Reminds me a bit of Selma, Alabama, 1962. Federal troops were on the street to insure that segregation was not practiced. A black walked into a previously segregated lunch counter to order a chicken sandwich. The proprietor responded "We all outa chicken sandwiches." Instead the customer asked for soup. "We all outa soup too ... in fact we ain't got nuthin' you want here, nigger."

Our sly hero, with ticket to hear Malvina in hand, waited for Friday. At the door he was physically blocked, not by the ticket-taker, informed of the law, but by a self-appointed group of vigilantes. The result: one very pissed off, alienated, ornery, and vengeful ticket holder.

Most men I know didn't bother to go to the lengths of our hero. We accepted the irrational, vowed our revenge, and headed to the bluegrass festival in Centralia. Imagine the protest that would have been mounted at Evergreen if Ronald Reagan, in the last election, had asked for a lecture hall, and then posted notices "BLACKS AND JEWS ARE DISCOURAGED FROM ATTENDING." I argue that Evergreen students would have bulldozed the lecture hall rather than let Ronny do such a thing. Both situations are identical in terms of morality. If women, in their struggle for power, need isolation, so do red-necks in theirs.

The biggest question, of course, is whether the enlightenment gained through isolation outweighs the anger and alienation incurred. Many militant feminists have declared war upon men. I remind you that the overwhelming lesson to civilization from war is that nobody wins and everybody loses. The majority of feminists have been engaging in a nonviolent struggle against a male-dominated society. Nonviolent revolution is often effective.

At this writing, 1,400 nuclear protest arrestees are bankrupting the state of New Hampshire by refusing to bail out of jail.

Two women friends of mine decided not to attend the festival because of the announced policy of discrimination. One is a noted vocalist from California; the other a founding member of the Women's Commission at WWS. I submit that many more women who would have been positive assets to such a gathering stayed home, feeling the same sort of discomfort with a group of sexual segregationists that you and I feel with the American Nazi Party.

Many women have suggested to me that women, particularly younger women, need some isolation to "get their heads together." I definitely agree. Ten years ago colleges provided segregated dormitories and sororities for precisely this reason. I look back on the demise of these institutions as a positive step, and do not feel they should be resurrected. The "together heads" which came from such isolation were just as fucked up as the "together heads" which came from the fraternities, and which comprise the male-dominated society we are opposing. I feel that the type of sexual segregation practiced at the Women's Music Festival is yet another progressive step backwards, much like Saran Wrap and enriched white bread. Today we require a new form of isolation. Again, I suggest that the smaller workshops, where real interaction takes place, may be an appropriate place for such discrimination. Large concerts and rallies are a place for all advocates of responsible social change to join hands and hearts, to share ideas and passions. It just don't pay to piss people off.

I ask that the CPJ solicit a response to this communication from the event organizers, and print them together. Those of us interested in pursuing this topic further can meet in the Coffeehouse, Tuesday, May 17, 8:30 p.m.

Jim Lazar Observer

A Daring Young Man With A Ticket To The Women's Music Festival

Note: Jim Lazar, whose letter is printed above, sent a copy of it to the Women's Center. Here is a reply.

To the Editor:

This letter is in response not only to some of Jim Lazar's accusations but also to certain concerns that have been voiced by many in the TESC community. It is a limited response, on short notice and energy after working hard to pull the Women's Music Festival off. I urge all those concerned to go further than the CPJ for additional input — read some literature available on the "whys" (we've even collected some for you at the Women's Center), research it on your own, talk to the women who went.

The festival did happen and was excitingly well-attended the entire weekend. This in itself attests to the fact that for many women not all concerns are adequately met, at TESC or in the community at large. It never purported to answer the needs of all people — nothing can, by itself. We put energy into making it what we and others wanted it to be; others can just as well organize other events for other reasons.

Many women friends of mine decided to attend the festival because of the announced policy of women preferred. Granted there were many women who did not attend, but does this warrant ignoring those who did? That many militant feminists have declared war on men has little to do with the Women's Music Festival. Ask anyone who was there. There were no rallying war cries to turn

on our men friends or enemies. It was not a Militant Feminist Festival.

It is not as if we are striving to make all events be women-preferred. What I wish to point out is that there are many avenues towards the same general goal of changing the patterns of human life to be more creative, equitable, non-oppressive. In striving to overcome racism, does that negate any value of the class struggle? By working on ageism, the injustices and neglect of the elderly and the young, does this mean that we have no problems with the environment, our attitude and treatment of it? The Women's Music Festival is an important part of the struggle.

As for the story of the "hero" — all official ticket-sellers were aware of the fact that we could neither deny any person a ticket nor prevent a ticket-holder to enter. Prior to Friday the sixth, only the four student organizers sold tickets, and we did not refuse a single ticket request. As far as we can determine in talking with the women who sold tickets Friday from noon on, no one refused anyone a ticket. We of course made sure that each man who approached us was aware of it being a women-preferred event and that he should know where we stood.

So, assuming that a "daring" (oh how courageous!) young man had a Friday night ticket "safely" in hand, if such a person approached the door he would have his hand stamped and ticket torn just like everyone else. Perhaps one last comment would be offered: "Are you aware that this is a women-preferred event?" I know that there were at least two men at the Friday night concert, with stamped hands and torn ticket stubs.

Again, this is but a short-notice letter. So much happened at the festival, it takes time and yet more energy to digest things and organize them in a presentable manner. We are working on it, and ask any others who have input on the whole learning experience to share with us and others that knowledge — from organizing, to execution, to participation, anything. Thank you.

Becca Todd

There Seems To Be A Polarization Of The Sexes Around This School

To the Editor:

While showing a friend around the college Saturday, I began realizing that maybe my concerns for the issues behind the Women's Music Festival are somewhat justified. I find myself perplexed more than anything else, and I guess the big question I always end up dealing with is, Am I sexist for the way I feel or am I the one being discriminated against? I am fearful now even sending this letter to the paper knowing the type answers I might receive, but when I really think about it I feel my question is fair and hope someone will respond fairly in return.

Hopefully I am open to change and flexible enough to realize that select groups of people should have a chance to commune and

share their common experiences. I appreciated Teasy Ryken's small note in last week's CPJ which expressed this communion so aptly. I have talked with others and have come to agree that these types of gatherings are healthy and have significant social importance in many societies. But were some of the events that happened this last weekend so healthy? I cannot believe that they were, for I saw them as a real movement to exclude men from concerts with a lot of soothing excuses attached that said it was not discriminating so it was OK to go. How can the insistence of a musician to refuse to play music if a certain type person is in the audience, be otherwise. This is what I protest against, and I ask why is this discriminatory attitude supported?

I have had a taste now of what it is like to be on the low end of the stick and I have vacillated more than a dozen times while writing this letter, saying, yes women are doing what they must for it is right and then I turn and say no this isn't healthy and we should be critically aware that deep down it is racist in nature. And when my friend, who knows little about our school but can look on with a more objective eye remarks, "There seems to be a real polarization of sexes around this school." I suddenly realize it is true and I feel saddened that we only bring it upon ourselves by passively and actively allowing it to happen.

Granted, the majority of women who attended the festival were there in the spirit of the event and it would be unfair to consider these women extremist by any stretch of the word, but on the same hand a regressive attitude is kept alive by someone's time, money, and communicative support, whether it is realized or not. It would be easy to stop with parts of the Women's Festival as extreme examples of sexual racism but there are many more shared by men and women alike on this campus and elsewhere. To write about them would take the rest of this newspaper, so I finish by asking who learns from this regressive attitude, and what do they learn? Finally, overall, is this a type of attitude worth re-learning after so many for so long have suffered to have it end. I hope not!

Doug M. McGeary

How're Ya Gonna Keep 'Em Down On The Farm?

To the Editor:

One doesn't find a great amount of The Basic Great White Way, nine-to-five potential bouncing around the campus at Evergreen. It is sometimes hard to find someone with shoes, let alone a three-piece suit or those mini-skirts that are so dated but still go over great at the office. Few here wait breathlessly for a call to executive heaven from E.I. Dupont Company (though it's here if you want it and I suppose some do).

Evergreen is a liberal arts college, however, and in this culture a liberal arts degree is supposed to be the biggest ha-ha that ever hit the personnel office. The dynamic men of history (Henry

Lames, Ben Johnson, Oleo Margarine) thought that shopkeepers and chimney-sweepers might specialize but men of intelligence courageously challenged life in its glorious entirety. The semi-great (four mothers and fathers) believed the opposite: that the "Handbook of Wood and Pulp Chemistry" lay somewhere very close to the Bible.

Even Maslow agreed, and who am I to doubt Maslow. "Eat to Live, not live to eat; besides one cannot warm one's buns in a snowbank," said the great man. A group of Gurus, herb-eaters and undercover Red-necks thought they had the answer. Make self-responsibility a life's work. Nurture this land and the land will nurture you. Re-examine the natural world and the natural life. Be an example in what you believe. The group called themselves "Back to the Land."

On the first day we looked at one another and wondered whether we were pioneering new lands or on a one-way trip to the Shit-house. At times the issue was in doubt. We stumbled through some chemistry, some botany, some finance, Chinese medicine and Olympia nutrition, and consumed books by anyone who claimed to have a little knowledge on the subject from the Scientific American to someone that "grew these here turnips see, and it were wonderful." Babies they say, learn through their frustration. The adult process is assumed to be smoother. It's not, but everyone hung in there.

We made it happen on the Farm — that obscure corner of the campus the deans wish was never on the original deed. ("We're no damn agricultural college.") It's still happening on the farm and will be through the summer. If you return to Evergreen this fall you may still hear the echo of Vegies, popping from the soil as they do in those cartoons where the elephants dance in a chorus line with little skirts and baby doll voices. The overalls will be on the peg in the hall but the cadaver of "Back to the Land" will be cooling in its grave. When spring winds break the fog over Cooper Point next year what will be stirring on the farm? Herein lies the granny that broke the tooth at the end of what was a great bag of popcorn. Evergreen is a scary place sometimes.

It's the students — not the instructors — who determine what is to be studied, from individual contracts to group contracts. It was meant to be that way. When the clock over Red Square says, "Time to do it," the instructors fill the void and put together a program from the small amount of input they receive. What can you do when no one seems interested?

There is this gem drying under the trees on the corner of the campus. There, fantasy can be-

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come reality. The wind generators can fly, methane generators can work, one can farm fish or farm vegetables or shake hands with a chicken. There you can build a house or study folk medicine. Get interested, get excited, tell somebody — anybody. Write your name on a piece of paper and throw it in the dean's office while shouting, "I am interested in the farm." Better yet, write a program. Be a leader.

I hope you can believe this is not a message born in the vanity of "Back to the Land," for though we climbed mountains we did not reach new land, but rather something for us all. If we would attempt to lead great lives (not famous lives) rather than the semi-great, one does not close out his options on a liberal education. For more splendid than the greatest written word can be the living, breathing realities accomplished on the farm. In conclusion, I wish to say, Thank you my own self, spoken like a true Godluck.

George Higby

Don't Mess With Whitney

To the Editor:

Mac Smith, Please. Get off your ass and retract that impound charge like you said you would. I've seen you once about it. And then later when I got billed for it again I even took the form over to your office. You will remember that I was impounded when the person selling the permits didn't have change for my five and gave me a visitor's pass instead. You should remember that you kept me in your office for twenty minutes before you agreed to retract it.

Pissed off,
296.56.6566.9
Whitney Blauvelt

A Stare Is Born

To the Editor:

What I hate is when I walk past cafe windows and people stop eating. Like this one girl who has an accent on the wrong part of her name so I will think she is an artist. Boy could I kick her hard especially. One time I walked past a cafe where she was eating some custard and she stared at me and stopped. Custard half on her lips and everything. I think she's the one that started the whole thing and I wish all of you would stop. If I walk by keep eating no matter what you think of me.

Juanita Jenks

The Cooper Point Journal

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Evergreeners On The Hill

by Karrie Jacobs

Perched on a hill overlooking the eclectic collection of structures which constitutes Olympia, jording over smooth stretches of manicured lawns and spring-blossoming, non-fruit-bearing cherry trees, is the Capitol, supplier of jobs, provider of government. It is hard to believe this place, which possesses an atmosphere so ingrained that it resembles a hot spring health spa or a rural college, as the force (Weyerhaeuser and Boeing aside) which creates laws controlling people's lives throughout the state, even east of the mountains. It is hard to imagine that the people who work there do more than provide lunchtime business for local cafes and evening traffic for bars and motels. Even if you accept the premise that a lot of power gets shuffled around and exercised under the stately dome, (whose majesty on the Olympia skyline is only challenged by Mount Rainier, and then only on clear days), it is hard to imagine that real people, people without permanently reserved parking spaces, people who don't talk only in political idioms, people who will admit to having bodily functions, can and do take part in the work that is performed on the Hill.

Such people do exist there. As a matter of fact, the land of marble hallways, marble stairs, and marble lavatories even has a number of Evergreeners among its inhabitants. These wayward students serve in a number of different capacities at the Capitol, such as lobbyists, assistants to legislators, and members of the notoriously cynical Capitol press corps. In an attempt to discover exactly what Evergreeners have been doing on the Hill during this legislative session, I spent a day there asking questions and observing.

The legislative session is drawing to a close, although no one is sure when it will end. Members of the press have placed their bets on dates ranging from the end of the week till the end of June. There are very few House and Senate committee meetings scheduled to occupy the reporters because most legislation has already been dealt with. The main topics of conversation at the cafeteria table where I sat with Capitol News person Mandy McFarlan, an Evergreen intern with KVI radio, and several other newspeople, were the House version of the Washington budget and the recently declared strike by state workers.

McFarlan, has been working full-time at the legislature since January, out of an office located in United Press International's corner of the Insurance Building. She works under the direction of Liz Bjelland, an employee of KVI and a former Evergreen student. McFarlan's main job is to tape statements made by legislators and lobbyists, "actualities" as they're referred to in the business, and send them by phone to a number of radio stations—KVI, KZAM, KOMO, among others—for their news broadcasts.

At another cafeteria table, seated beneath a row of the tackiest oil paintings imaginable, was



Legislative Intern Mandy McFarlan and a friend at the legislature.

Karrie Jacobs

Brian Cantwell, an Evergreen working with television station KCPQ, public TV Channel 13 from Tacoma. He was munching on a cinnamon roll, enjoying a little leisure before the House session began. Cantwell works a 9-5 shift as a writer and researcher for Channel 13's Olympia '77 program. He is working with the production crew as his project for the academic program Communications and Community. His job mainly entails digging up background material and visual items for reporters. Cantwell's unpaid position allows him to pursue the two fields he is most interested in, government and television, as well as putting him in line for a summer job producing television documentaries.

At approximately 10 a.m. the Senate went into session, and after a quick scan of the day's schedule, McFarlan headed to the Senate Chambers carrying a portable cassette machine and cable. In order to pick up important statements by senators she hooked into the Chamber P.A. system and waited with a poised record-button finger.

The Senate session opened with a prayer by a local minister who asked God to help with the problems that assail the state.

Presumably inspired by prayer, the Senate began to go about its business. "There will be a Senate conference on the bill..." droned the Lieutenant Governor, while in our corner of the floor a woman who writes news releases for the Republicans explained the fad diet which had taken over her office. "See, what you do is

mix juice with this protein stuff and..."

"The House is currently working on SHB 2108..."

"...and what they do is drink only that stuff all day, except at night when they eat a regular meal."

"The Senate will adjourn and meet in caucus until approximately eleven."

"And the worst of it is that no one in my office will drink coffee on this diet so we can't even have it in the office."

The Senate decided to go into caucus. In other words, the Republicans and Democrats wanted to get into their respective huddles and plan strategy. "Caucuses are where all the real decisions get made," McFarlan declared.

For McFarlan and other capitol reporters, there is nothing to do during caucus time but wait.

I took the opportunity to seek out another Evergreen intern at the Capitol campus, Gary Olive. After a little bit of disorienting hall-wandering and elevator-riding, I found Representative John Hawkins' office, where Olive was hard at work stuffing envelopes. He was quick to point out that he was not engaged in his usual line of work.

"Representative Hawkins gives me a lot of reports that he doesn't have time to read," explained Olive, "and I outline them. Sometimes there's good stuff, like on oil tankers... I've outlined a lot of things."

Olive described his first quarter working at the legislature as interesting, but as the session draws to a close, "things have begun to get boring and repetitive."

Olive got his position through Evergreen's Cooperative Education Office, along with two other students employed at the legislature in similar capacities.

"Being an Evergreen here is a little strange," he said. "Most people went to UW or WSU. You say that you go to Evergreen and they say 'Oh... really.'"

Meanwhile, Mandy McFarlan was wired into the Senate P.A. system, hoping to catch a speech worth taping. Significant statements did not seem to be forthcoming, since the main discussion was of a bill that would make dice-rolling or flipping coins to settle restaurant bills legal in dining establishments. One Senator expressed concern that children might start gambling over Big Macs or swallowing dice.

There wasn't much for any of the news people to do except arrange to snare certain senators as they left the Chambers for vital interviews.

McFarlan, the Republican news release woman, and I sat in a corner just off the chamber floor where we could watch various senators dart in to say "aye" or "nay" just as their names were called for a vote. I sat like a nice

young lady with my legs crossed in nice young lady fashion, smiling demurely as various legislative hangers-on came by, leered a little, and made "what a nice young lady" jokes.

The session adjourned for lunch at 12:30. Rather than patronize the campus cafeteria where the turkey noodle soup had reportedly been responsible for a few cases of food poisoning, McFarlan and I took our business elsewhere. On our way out of the legislature building we ran into an Evergreen student walking out of "ulcer gulch," the gathering spot of frustrated lobbyists.

Margie Hoyt has an internship with the Washington Environmental Council as a lobbyist.

Writing position papers on bills, consulting with and appealing to legislators, talking with concerned citizens and attending committee hearings and other meetings are all activities involved in her internship. Hoyt is working for the WEC as a part of her studies in the Northwest Coast program.

After lunch, McFarlan went back to the Senate where a bill that would regulate the location of nuclear power plants was scheduled to hit the floor. With any luck, the afternoon would provide a few good comments to tape and send to the radio stations. "You can really slant what happens by what you send," she said, talking about the phone feeds. "By sending a real asshole talking, speaking for a bill you're against, you can really make it look bad."

In addition to her daily phone feeds, McFarlan makes a fifteen-minute tape every two weeks for KAOS-FM, Evergreen's radio station, which gives a summary of the previous weeks at the legislature.

"It would be funny for me to go back and study civics, to see how it supposed to work," McFarlan mused, "because now I only know how it really works."

McFarlan started working at the legislature the day of Dan Evans' last press conference, and she'll leave the Hill whenever the current session ends, at the end of the week, or the month, or maybe in time for the fourth of July.



Rainier Brewing Company, Seattle, Washington

Can two Princeton engineering students on a Northwest jaunt run with the wild Rainiers without getting sloshed?

No.

"Austin Harley and I arrived in Seattle at 6:30 a.m., Saturday, February 19, 1977. We took our positions along Avenue of the Cascades, precisely where the Rainiers would appear at the height of their run-through. Some old-time tavern guzzlers tried to push us back among the green-beers, but we held our ground. (Pic A) Then the Rainiers arrived in a rush, and it was too late to do anything but run with them. Austin (at X) had his camera along, but he quickly realized the inadvisability of stopping to snap pictures. I grasped the traditional long-cup (marked by Y) to catch any Mountain Fresh run-off en route. (Pic B) The groves of academe certainly proved tame by comparison. Almost immediately, some other bottles moved in behind us — their apparent intention to "cap" a few of the spectators along one wall. Austin (again at X) began to show signs of worry, but I was too busy ascertaining that one cannot run well backwards. (Pic C) Then we were in the thick of it. While Austin peered down the neck of 90 gallons on the hoof, I searched for a way out. But as my Philosophy of Engineering 201 professor was wont to say, "A man's reach must exceed his grasp, or what's a machine for?" (Pic D) One second

after this, we both went under. Getting sloshed, however, really wasn't as I had anticipated. It seems that Rainiers really are fresh and friendly. I suppose if Austin and I were to visit the Northwest a second time, we might choose to run again. Since our return to Princeton, our fellow students have persisted in asking us to explain the Running of the Rainiers — the fascination of man and liquid beast for this annual spring occurrence. In all honesty, I have no theory beyond the apparent natural affinity of the Rainiers and their beer aficionados."

—Hamilton R. McMillan, Class of '77

What makes the Rainiers run? Why do beer devotees put their thirst on the line to scamper amongst them? Send us your own theory or other thoughts on the subject. We'll read every one with great interest and, who knows, maybe even put the most intriguing ones in print. Rainier Brewing Company, 3100 Airport Way South, Seattle, Washington 98134.

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Four Years Of College In One Big Page

by Matt Groening

Hi there.
Have a seat.
Nervous? You should be. You've gone to college for four years now, and just when you think you've got things down, so to speak, a letter in a plain white envelope arrives unexpectedly in the mail one bright day, informing you that you have accumulated enough credits to graduate from school and can now take your place in the vast labor market we call America.
Come on now, buck up. Things aren't that bad. It's not the end of the world. Lots of people graduate from college and go on to lead normal, healthy lives. You could be one of them.
Sure you're confused. Who isn't? Confusion is a natural state of being and there is no reason to feel apologetic about it. Look at Dixy Lee Ray.
Let's be frank. College has aimed at your little head an incredible flood of concepts and lore, informing you, misinforming you, enlightening you, distracting you, seducing you, confusing you further. It is not your fault that you don't know what to make of it all. Until this moment there has been no place to turn for a single, clear, authoritative voice that could straighten it all out, fix things up, separate the wheat from the chaff, show you the ropes, tell you what you need to know and why. No simple, basic, straightforward, unimpeachable guide to make it all clear to you.
But now there is.

CAN WE BE HONEST FOR A SECOND?

Admit it. You have been in school for about 17 straight years now, and all those things teachers have written about you are true: You don't apply yourself. You could try harder. You are not working up to your potential. You are goofing off. You can't keep your hands to yourself. You are an under-achiever.

Don't be ashamed. Many of our greatest historical figures were under-achievers—Sigmund Freud, Joan of Arc, and Abraham Lincoln, to name but a few. All of them graduated from college knowing they were deficient in many ways; but they didn't let that stop them. They were their own best friends.

Your problems are much more simple. All you have to do is rack your brain to figure out exactly what you have learned in the past four years, so you can meet your parents' suspicious looks with an unflinching gaze when they ask you to justify yourself, then go out into the world to claim your chosen career.

IT'S NOT THAT SIMPLE

But wait a minute. It's not quite that simple. Life is a perplexing, messy, and often unpleasant business, and don't let anyone tell you different. Statistics show that 7 percent of this year's college graduates will remain chronically unemployed, 18 percent will work for the government, 9 percent will be maimed and/or killed in a war on foreign soil, 4 percent will disappear mysteriously in the night, 2 percent will wind up working in a gas station, and 11 percent will become teachers. The remaining 49 percent will assume a mundane, anonymous lifestyle, working at tedious, irksome jobs of one sort or another, cheering up only at the prospect of a three-day weekend or a new TV season. The most alarming statistic is that 99.7 percent of this year's graduating class will be annihilated in a global nuclear war before 1989, but that does not concern us here.

Don't kid yourself. All those lectures you attended, journals you filled, books



you read, papers you wrote, verbs you conjugated, notes you took, seminars you endured, they all add up to a log of gibberish, right? You originally went to college to pull yourself up from the profanum vulgus ("the profane herd"), but now you find you don't even know what you know, so you must couch your ignorance in arbitrary phrases designed to impress your peers: *Ignotum ignotius* ("The unknown explained by the still more unknown"). That's all fine and dandy, but on the other hand, *memento mori* ("Remember that you must die").

Take Bob Dylan, for example. "Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily/Life is but a dream," he sings on his recent best-selling album, and we all nod in communal agreement. But on closer analysis, aren't the lyrics deceptively profound, revealing Dylan's mocking contempt for collegiate scholars bent on dissecting his plaintive pleas for material warmth? Doesn't this nebulous double-talk aptly describe your state of mind as well as the world situation at large? Don't you wish you were rich?

YOU WILL NEVER HAVE TO READ ANOTHER BOOK AGAIN

The problem with most college graduates is that they can't remember a thing they learned in school. This often causes many hours of needless stress, because they assume everyone else does remember what was taught to them. What they don't realize is that now that college is over, they will never have to read another book again. What they haven't caught onto is that bringing up anything learned in college is considered to be in very bad taste in all but the most refined circles. Admittedly this is hard to believe, but the intellectual rigor of the college campus has no place in the world of agriculture, business, or government.

At this point the new graduate must ask him/herself, "Did I study the right things? What will my parents think? Can I get my

money back? Must I cut my hair? What if I can't cope? Is middle-level management as bad as they say it is? What if my doubts about myself are completely justified? Do I have what it takes?" These questions, of course, are trivial in comparison to the meaningless suffering of oppressed and starving peoples throughout the world, but try telling that to the cashier at Sateway the next time you buy a jar of marinated artichoke hearts.

AN EXERCISE

First of all, you must get a grip on yourself. Rid your mind of petty thoughts. Breathe deeply. Inhale, then exhale. Close your eyes and relax. Repeat the phrase, "I am not moron," again and again until a rush of exhilaration and expectation fills your being (about ten minutes). Then run, as fast as you can, to the nearest corporation or institution of learning and ask for a job application at the personnel office. You are well on your way to a life of vapid self-satisfaction.

Some of you naturally yearn, however futilely, for a fulfilling career involving the performance of some sort of much-needed human service or even a job concerned with creative self-expression. Unfortunately, breathing exercises and the repetition of monosyllabic mantras will not help unless you possess a modicum of skill or talent. But "skill" and "talent" are ambiguous, indefinable terms to most of us, so we must learn, in a world where all is appearance, to give the impression of being "skilled" or "talented."

And it's easier than you might think. What follows may seem to be unrelated maxims that any common schoolboy or girl knows, but it is surprising how many college-educated persons have not committed these bits of wisdom to memory. History shows that those who do not study history are condemned to forget quotations, and that those armed with such *bon mots* ("little candies") can easily dominate any cocktail party from Los Angeles to Cape Cod.

THE SEVEN ANTI-INTELLECTUAL SECRETS OF SUCCESS

1. If you travel the highway of crime, you have to pay the toll.
 2. The only place where success comes before work is in the dictionary.
 3. Never ever lick a light socket.
 4. If you work hard enough, you can kill a person with a thumbtack.
 5. If bananas are outlawed, only outlaws will have bananas.
 6. The difference between pornography and serious literature is that when you get laid in serious literature, you don't like it.
 7. Those who can, do; those who can't, teach; those who can't teach, administrate.
- After reading the list above, some of you may say to yourself, "I don't get it." This means one of two things. Either you have an extremely limited mind or you are an Advanced Zen Master. In either case this guide is out of your depth and you would only humiliate and depress yourself by reading further. You should be proud to have made it this far.

If you have paid attention you will realize that you are a very special person with your own unique place in the universe. And because you now have a college diploma, you are even more unique than average.

And it is not just the diploma—you now have memories of some of the best academic quarters of your life. Do you know what you can do with them? No, no, no! That. What you can do is consult the handy chart below and go out to claim your job.

| IF YOU'VE STUDIED | YOU CAN NOW BECOME A |
|-------------------|---------------------------|
| Mathematics | grocery clerk or teacher |
| Chemistry | gas station attendant |
| Theology | manual laborer or teacher |
| Psychology | beggar or teacher |
| Architecture | thief or teacher |
| Philosophy | vagrant or teacher |
| Economics | tinker or teacher |
| Media | soldier or teacher |
| Literature | UNEMPLOYABLE |
| Music | UNEMPLOYABLE |
| Journalism | UNEMPLOYABLE |
| Art | UNEMPLOYABLE |
| History | UNEMPLOYABLE |
| Education | UNEMPLOYABLE |
| Autobiography | take a guess |
| Performing arts | ditto |
| Ceramics | don't make me laugh |
| Filmmaking | ha ha |
| Broadcasting | ha ha ha |
| Creative writing | stop, you're killing me |
| Photography | please, no |
| Slide/tape | I can't take it anymore |
| Guitar | you're on your own, kid |



Since modern colleges often offer special interdisciplinary education, many graduates find it hard to pinpoint exactly what they have studied. For them, prospects are not quite so good.

Memento mori!

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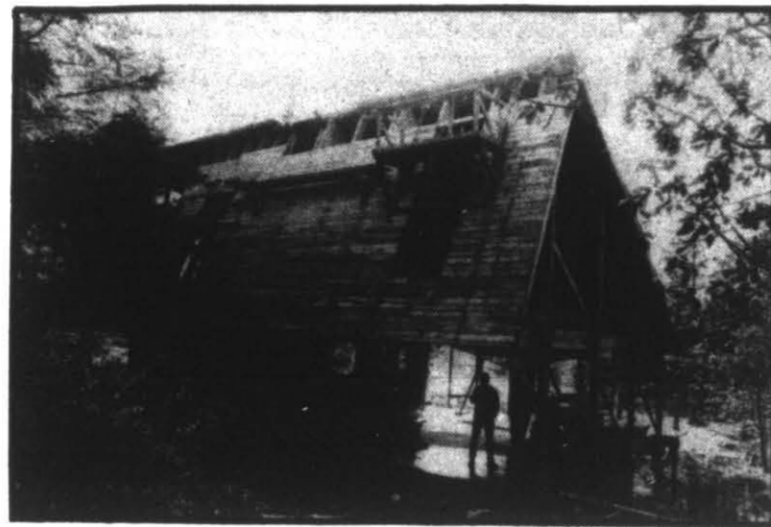
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The Organic Farm Speaks

by Thomas Emrich

The Organic Farmhouse, and the farm itself, have no academic program for next fall. And that's a great injustice. Not only to the people who will want to work on it, but also to those who were involved in the past. A great deal of effort was put into the house so students in the future would have a place unlike any other structure on campus.

The farmhouse was designed totally for student use. When completed, it will have a meeting room capable of holding 50 or 60 people. Above this will be a study loft nestled among the beams and trusses. A community kitchen will be available to anyone who schedules it. It will contain both a wood and an electric stove, as well as plenty of counter and storage space. Directly behind the kitchen is the Clivus dry composter. This will be hooked up to the upstairs bathroom to provide a totally non-polluting septic system. The first floor bathroom will house the water heater and the showering facilities. Upstairs, above the kitchen, will be one or two



rooms, probably for study or research. These rooms were designed as the caretaker's quarters, but it was decided not to have anyone live there, as was the original plan several years ago. In the spring of 1974, several students in the "Matter of Survival" group contract felt there was a need for another building on the farm, as well as an alternative to the concrete buildings on campus. So, they approached

the staff architect with the idea of contracting with him and designing the whole house. After several quarters and some changes in personnel, the plans were drawn up. With the preliminary drawings, a presentation was made to the Board of Trustees, who approved the project. The Services and Activities Board and the Evergreen community were approached for building funds. Twenty thousand dollars was taken out of the student activities budget and set aside for the house. The final approval was needed from the governor's budget office since the house was to be paid for by state funds. This was granted in mid-summer, 1975.

Even before the final state approval, work was started on the house. Logs were taken from the present garden site and the Communications Building site to a sawmill in Lacey, and, using student labor, cut into rough boards and beams. After state approval, the land was surveyed and the foundation footings were built. Work was slow but steady, as the construction was only one-fourth of the students' contracts. They also studied architectural history, drawing, engineering, and participated in book seminars and field trips. By fall of 1975, the first floor was built. During winter and spring, the second floor and its roof were put up, and in the summer, the huge trusses in the meeting room were fabricated and put in place.

Then, last December, several students got together a program to continue work on the house. After approaching many teachers, the deans, and the provost with the program, the original staff architect was rehired to be the academic advisor. Student work resumed in winter, including shaking the roof, and framing the kitchen and second story. At present, part of the house is ready to be wired and have windows and doors put in place. But this may not happen, for once again, there is no program for the next quarter.

Certainly, it is not a lack of interest that has caused this. It is more a lack of familiarity with the farmhouse project. It is for this reason that several people from the farmhouse group will be staffing a table in CAB this week. They will be there to answer any questions, and to get feedback regarding student interest. At present, a curriculum-planning group is meeting in order to draft a proposal for this summer and next fall. This is where student interest fits in the most. Unless there is an interest and a willingness to commit yourself to the farmhouse and all it will provide, it cannot happen. So, please, stop by and talk to the people at the table, or better yet, stop by the house itself. The nature trail that starts from the sidewalk between the parking lot and the Lab buildings leads directly to the house. Remember, the farmhouse belongs to the students, and it's your involvement that supports it.

CampusNotesCamp



Chautauqua Is Back

by Dana Holm Howard

The Chautauqua Production Company has returned to Olympia from its tour of the Vancouver, Washington area, and is in the middle of its first week of performances and workshops in the Olympia area. Three evening performances will be presented next week.

Remembering centers around the reminiscences of two old vaudevillians, Edna and Sam, who open their trunk of experiences and stroll down memory lane into a world of old-time music, jazz, mime, dance and drama. Remembering will be presented Tuesday, May 17 at 8 pm at the Capital High School Auditorium.

The next evening at 8 pm, Chautauqua presents Marathon '33, '34, '35... an adaptation of a play by Ione Havoc directed by Ione Peskin, based on the marathon dances of the Great Depression, which is both conventional and improvisationally developed. A story of hard times and changing values, Marathon '33, '34, '35... is also a love

story and a story of survival. Marathon '33, '34, '35... will be performed at the Tumwater High School auditorium.

The final evening performance, The Carnival, will be performed at the Abbey Theatre at St. Martin's at 8 pm. The Carnival is an experimental multi-media dance theatre-piece based on an original score by company member Mark Schmitt. The Carnival tells the story of the character "I," who is played by different members of the cast throughout the play. "I" is faced with decisions of individuality and the struggle to communicate honestly about his/her personal changes and discoveries to others. Admission for all of Chautauqua's evening performances is \$1.50 for adults, 75 cents for senior citizens and students, and 50 cents for children.

Chautauqua is also presenting a series of workshops in Olympia-area schools covering a wide range of subjects ranging from mime, juggling, and music to photography, multi-media and Japanese flower arranging.

Demo Memo Discussion May 18

President Charles McCann's revised proposal to regulate demonstrations on campus will be discussed at a special Sounding Board meeting on Wednesday, May 18, at 8:30 p.m. in CAB 110. The proposal, which has received strong criticism and support on campus, will be presented by President McCann to the Board of Trustees for their consideration at a meeting on Friday, May 20 in the Board Room (Lib. 3112) at 10 a.m.



Jacobs Chosen Next Editor

The Board of Publications, in a meeting on Tuesday, May 3, chose Karrie Jacobs to be the editor of the COOPER POINT JOURNAL beginning in June. The board also appointed Annette Rickles to be the JOURNAL's Business Manager.

Jacobs, who is currently Features Editor, will succeed Matt Groening, who will graduate from Evergreen after wrestling with the JOURNAL as editor for two quarters.

Student Dies After Car Accident

Evergreen student Joan Belin died April 29 as a result of injuries suffered in an April 25 car accident at the intersection of Cooper Point Road and Harrison Avenue. Belin was enrolled in the Human Ways group contract.

The Leisure Education Program is now accepting instructor applications for summer quarter, 1977. Do you have a proficiency in the arts or a sports activity that you would like to share in a five-week or eight-week summer workshop? Contact Rick Tessandore in CRC 302 by May 18, or call 866-6530.

Brief-O-Mania

- We need subjects to help us investigate the use of hypnosis to develop skill in extrasensory perception. We wish to test people in mid-May, so please contact us today. For more information, call Dennis Fox at 866-4759 or Jason Quicksilver at 866-2287 or leave a message in Lib. 1611.
- A Health Services Forum to evaluate this year and plan for the next will be offered today, Thursday, May 12, at 4 p.m. CAB 110 and at 7 p.m. in Lib. 2204.
- Faculty artist Peggy Dickinson will discuss the views artists have expressed of humanity since the Middle Ages in a Wednesday, May 18 lecture at 7:30 p.m. in LH Three. Her slide/talk is part of the spring quarter lecture series on the nature of humankind, and is free.
- Those expecting financial aid for the 1977-78 academic year take note of the May 15, 1977 deadline. Students who apply before May 15, 1977 will have first priority for all Evergreen-administered aid programs. Any funds still available after the initial awards will be given to applicants with high need. So, get those applications in to insure full consideration for you.
- Edward Boorstein, economic advisor to Cuba in the early 1960's and an advisor in Chile during the Allende government, will speak on "the current strategy of U.S. imperialism towards Cuba and Chile, the human rights issue, and the Trilateral Commission" in a lecture on Monday, May 16, at 7:30 p.m. in LH One. The event is sponsored by EPIC (Evergreen Political Information Center). Admission is free.

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Lynn Beittel Photos Malvina Reynolds signs autographs at the Women's Festival.

The Women's Music Festival: This Could Go On Forever

by Aaron Clear

The Pacific Northwest Women's Music Festival was held last weekend at Evergreen. After a year of planning and work mainly by five individuals, it was a success. To the eyes of the concert-goer, it seemed as though the festival began with Malvina Reynolds, but I watched the many women who worked on lights and sound right before the concert. They had a hard time with the sound system, a hectic and potentially tension-filled situation, but the women working on it were cool-headed and patient, many of them having only just learned the workings of the system a week earlier. But soon the door opened, and a crowd of about 400 women seated themselves and the word was all GO.

LOVELY ENOUGH TO BITE. Malvina came out first, all her captivating self, and started with a song that assured me that she was the same Malvina, and like the words of the song, she was "lovely enough to bite, and lovely to see." Every song was a morale booster, as well as issue-oriented. She ran the gamut from "if you think you've hit bottom, oh no, there's a bottom below," to a statement about unwanted and unneeded pregnancy: "I certainly have nothing against babies in general, but I think that women have the right to have control over their own bodies." Malvina is a radical from way back, and a believer in people working to change the system. She summed it up with a hopeful, "They've got the world in their pocket, but the pocket's got a hole."

A SONG TO AMERIKA

Naomi Littlebear and the Ursula Minor Choir were spectacularly energetic, and didn't skirt issues at all. They sing about Vietnam, oppression of the poor, and the struggles of working for change. Naomi sang an excellent song about anger, the anger that women have been denied the right to express. One member of the choir sang a strong, moving song about the forced sterilization of women, mainly poor, Third-World women. The 15 women in the choir, along with even more instruments sang a song to Ameri-ka: "How can you find peace when you're tearing our minds, our lives, our hearts apart?" Putting into words and music and movement feelings of caring and struggle and strength. Naomi is an exciting songwriter and composer. Her songs speak to the struggles of being alive as a person that this society doesn't recognize as fully alive and capable and worthy. They are emotional and powerful, and she and the choir bring them alive even more.

CELEBRATION OF THE SUN

Saturday started out the workshops. Many workshops were offered, speaking to a wide variety of interests, from traditional women's music to classical women composers to P.A. systems and more. I went to two and the tail end of a third. In the morning a drumming workshop was held on the fourth floor balcony of the library that so moved the women dancing and drumming that shirts were discarded in celebration of the sun and being together. Everyone either clapped or danced or sang or played a

drum or shaker. It was a joy to see so many women together able to let loose and celebrate. Then there was an open mike for local and visiting women musicians. A lot of impressive talent was there, one of the most notable being a woman named Niobe Erebor, who sang and played the twelve-string guitar excellently. The three songs she had time to play were about her struggles as a Third-World lesbian and her personal spirituality. It was too bad there was not more time for open mike because a lot of good talents were around last weekend. I went to another workshop, "Third-World Women and Women's Music," given by Naomi Littlebear. We didn't seem to be able to stay on the subject, unfortunately, and it ended up seeming pretty emotional for a workshop, without a whole lot of good coming out of it.

MEN CARRYING ARMLOADS OF PAMPERS

I went to the Olivia Records Collective workshop given by Teresa Trull and Mary Watkins on Sunday. It went very well. Teresa knows a lot and speaks well. She kept the workshop moving until we had to force ourselves to break up and go on to the next concert. They talked about the politics and theories of a feminist business, personal history of Olivia, and events inside it, how they distribute records, how they decide about recording, and how it actually gets done.

Walking around campus during the day it was nice to see so many new faces. There were women from Seattle, Portland, Salem, California, Idaho. Eastern

continued on page 11

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A Celebration In The Sun



continued from page 10

Washington, Canada, and many Olympia Community women. I saw the men volunteering for child care carrying around armloads of Pampers, and trucks with smiling kids, trailing after them. As a matter of fact, the volunteers were smiling, too.

Maggie Savage and Jude Fogelquist started out Saturday night's performance. Maggie writes all her songs and sings along with her guitar, while Jude plays back-up guitar and fills out the sound nicely, sometimes pausing to let Maggie solo or playing a tambourine. Several women expressed less than satisfaction with Maggie and Jude. The main complaint was that she wasn't too clear or out-front with her stand on things. Her songs seem to be more about day-to-day things, and were hard to identify with

on any strong point.

Teresa Trull and Mary Watkins were the high point of the concert for many women. Mary played piano on Teresa's album, just recently put out by Olivia. She is an exceptional jazz pianist, though sometimes I felt like she would rather have been playing an electric piano, as she does on much of the album. Saturday was her "singing debut," as she said, and her voice was great, surpassed only by her original songs. She played one song that she had originally written for a symphony. She started out classically and then got nice and jazzy. I loved Mary, and can't wait for her album from Olivia.

Teresa's strength was inspirational. Teresa sings about the commitments, strengths, the ups-and-downs of women loving women, and the need for the movement to be strong. One of

her best, "Second Chance," speaks to the need to open up to the kind of love and support a woman can offer. Teresa's music and lyrics are amazing, but her voice is just the nicest thing. And she is such a great person, she constantly makes you laugh, she's so funny and alive. I hope that any woman who didn't get a chance to see Teresa at the festival catches the chance next time she's around.

OBSESSED WITH ROMANCE

Ginny Bales started out Sunday's concert. She has a clear, high smooth soprano, sounding experienced next to her piano. She seemed comfortable with her music, as if she sits and sings at the piano all day. She admitted that she is "obsessed with romance," and most of her songs reflected that. She has a very healthy view of love and commitments, concerned with not leaning on another, or losing an evenness in the relationship that is essential. She seemed so happy and eager to teach and learn. I haven't heard too much about Ginny Bales, and was pleasantly surprised.



Death Of The Punkoid Trivia Quiz

by John S. Foster

Punks everywhere join me in being coolly disinterested that George Romanson won the punkoid trivia quiz printed last week with 11 correct answers out of a possible 13. Pick up the record at my room, George. It's over, Joe. Kaput. No more contests.

ANSWERS: 1.b. Richard Hell, Void-Old, was formerly bassist for Television and Heartbreakers. 2.a. Johnny Rotten is lead singer of the Sex Pistols. Johnny Thunder of the Heartbreakers was the New York Dolls' lead guitarist. Johnny Cash wrote the liner notes for Nashville Skyline. Johnny Cougar thinks that punks can be from Indiana. 3.d. Bobby is not a Ramone. He was a Kennedy along with Jackie, Teddy, and John-John. 4.b. Country, Bluegrass, and Blues. CBGB is a bar on the Bowery that never has coun-

try, bluegrass, or blues. 5.c. Tom Verlaine, leader of Television, got his name from Rimbaud's "friend" Paul Verlaine; the poet who shot Rimbaud in the wrist. 6.c. "Nobody ever called Pablo Picasso an asshole," from Jonathan Richman's Modern Lovers. 7.a. Ritchie Blum, better known as Handsome Dick Manitoba of the Dictators, claims to be the handsomest man in rock-'n-roll. Wayne County performs in drag. 8.d. The Dictators Go Dirt Crazy. 9.b. Patti Smith's mother is Beverly, as revealed to Mike Douglas' loyal watchers. 10.a. Deborah Harry of Blondie, former Playboy bunny, was first in The Wind in The Willows. She played Toad. 11.b. "Little Johnny Jewel" was Television's first single. 12.d. Lou Reed claimed to like Neil Young's music. The Northwest's greatest punk band was the Sonics. The Seeds, the Standells, and the Strangeloves were all classic punk bands of the mid-60's.

The weekend ended with a dance, and everyone, including the organizers, let go and had a great time. Baba Yaga, a Latin jazz salsa band from Portland, played. They were very together, and the music was great to dance to. I hope they come back to Olympia soon — after all, we're less than 200 miles away — they're that good. They kept going at breakneck speed for over three hours with only a ten-minute break, and only stopped because we had to be out of the lobby. They did mostly original songs, plus one or two Be Be K-Roche and an Esther Satterfield.

The excitement and loving support generated by the Women's Music Festival was thrilling. Several women expressed a wish that "this could go on forever and we can get this kind of energy and support always."

Arts and EventsArt

FILMS

ON CAMPUS Thursday, May 12
BIG BUSINESS, a Laurel and Hardy one-reeler, with: **THE FLOORWALKER**, an early, inferior Charlie Chaplin movie, and **BLUE ANGEL**, a sometimes-entertaining film with Marlene Dietrich, badly marred by a poorly-recorded soundtrack. CAB Coffeehouse, 8:30 p.m. FREE.

Friday, May 13
THE HAUNTING (1963, 112 min.) A highly-acclaimed horror movie by Robert Wise (*The Day the Earth Stood Still*), based on the novel *The Haunting of Hill House* by Shirley Jackson. Also: **BURN WITCH, BURN** (1962, 80 min.) A successful college professor's wife secretly practices witchcraft to further her husband's career. "Confirms some horrible undergraduate suspicions about faculty wives. It seems they really do put loads in the tea."
—Time. With **PUBLIC GHOST NO. 1**, a short subject starring Charlie Chase. LH One, 3 and 7:30 p.m. only, 75 cents.

Friday, May 13, Saturday, May 14, Sunday, May 15
BURN MARTIN Brando stars in this semi-successful film about a slave rebellion in the Caribbean. The movie was written by Franco Solinas (*State of Siege*), and was directed by Gillo Pontecorvo (*Battle of Algiers*). Its political heavy-handedness weighs things down despite the talented filmmakers involved. Presented by the Evergreen Political Information Center and the Third World Coalition. May 13: LH One, noon; LH Three, 7 and 9:15 p.m. May 14: LH One, 7 and 9:15 p.m. May 15: LH One, 2 p.m. FREE.

Thursday, May 19
RETURN OF THE SIXTH ARMY FILM FESTIVAL An evening of Army training film, including such old favorites as *Letter From a Mother*, *The Correct Care and Use of Pillars and Screwdrivers*, *Catheterization Techniques*, and many more. Sponsored by H&M Productions. LH One, 7:30 p.m. FREE.

IN OLYMPIA Friday, May 13
GINNY BALES, a feminist singer/songwriter on tour from Connecticut, in concert. Applejam Folk Center, 220 E. Union, 8 p.m., \$1.
Saturday, May 14
THE RAGAROUNDS perform excerpts from children's stories with hand puppets. The puppeteers are Chris Carson and Robin Brakefield. With **BURT AND DI MEYER**, Olympia musicians on guitar/vocals. "Bring the young at heart," say the Applejam folks. Applejam Folk Center. Doors open 8 p.m. Entertainment starts at 8:30. Minors welcome, \$1.

ON STAGE ON CAMPUS Thursday, May 19 - Monday, May 23
SUBJECT TO FITS, a musical by Robert Montgomery, based on Dostoevsky's *The Idiot*. Alana Wilder directs Sue Steele, Linda Tyrell, Robert Winkley, Jeff Judy, and others in this intense production which the producers warn may be inappropriate for children. Jayne Austin is the musical director. Fourth floor library, 8 p.m., \$2.50, general public; \$1.50, senior citizens and students.

ON CAMPUS Thursday, May 19 - Monday, May 23
OCEANIC ART from the Schultz collection. Objects created for ritualistic purposes from the Melanesian Islands. Library gallery, through May 19
UBU WAUGH: FOUR PIECES AND SCORES The Seattle-based artist creates performance objects based on physical phenomena and myth. Library gallery, May 19
ALL RIGHT, CAN THE CHATTER YOU MONKEYS AND LISTEN UP: THE STUFFED ALBINO SQUIRRELS ARE SICK AND TIRED THIS WEEK, VICTIMS OF WITLESS COMMENTS BY HUMORLESS PEDANTS, MORONIC SUGGESTIONS FROM WELL-MEANING READERS, AND VIRULENT CRITICISM BY 18-22 YEAR-OLDS EAGER TO SHARE THEIR SELF-INDUCED PREMATURE SENILITY WITH THE LATE JOE BEWIS, WHO HAS ENOUGH PROBLEMS OF HIS OWN, THANK YOU. NOTHING IMPERSONAL, YOU UNDERSTAND.

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