

rollerskate videodate

by Michael Everett

I was only trying to locate a context for my rollerskate videodate and to take responsibility for sharing a romantic evening together. That's why I brought her to Steve's Macaroni Palace.

It had the makings for a far out experience. I was dressed in my best three piece pin-striped jogging suit with custom made \$87 Saturn XII atomic running shoes. She was wearing canary yellow hydraulic suspension rollerskates, black velour official US Olympic espresso drinking tan running shorts and a sky blue silk t-shirt with Mork and Mindy iron-ons. We looked terrific.

We rode on our ten speed Italian racing bikes down into South Seattle where the unfinished I-90 extension runs its access ramps off into mid air.

It was at the very end of one of these aborted exits that Steve's Macaroni Palace squatted in all its cosmic splendor. That's why all the ads for the place said, "Steve's Macaroni Palace, Just one step to the sky."

The Palace was formed out of a half a dozen old VW busses all welded together. The entire outside, top, front, back, sides, was painted like enormous album covers, all from records released in the sixties. There was "Surrealistic Pillow" by the Jefferson Airplane, "Electric Ladyland" by Jimi Hendrix, "Buffalo Springfield Again" by the Buffalo Springfield, "Anthem of the Sun" by the Grateful Dead, "Cheap Thrills" by Big Brother and the Holding Company. I could go on and on.

"Oh, wow," said my rollerskate videodate, "It's a relic of the sixties!"

"You bet it is!" I said as we went in.

Inside the place was decorated entirely in anti-war memorabilia, except for one corner where a faded poster of Neil Young hung surrounded by burning multicolored candles and sandalwood scented incense.

Oddly, there were no other customers that night so we were able to sit at the table with the best view of I-5 and the King Dome.

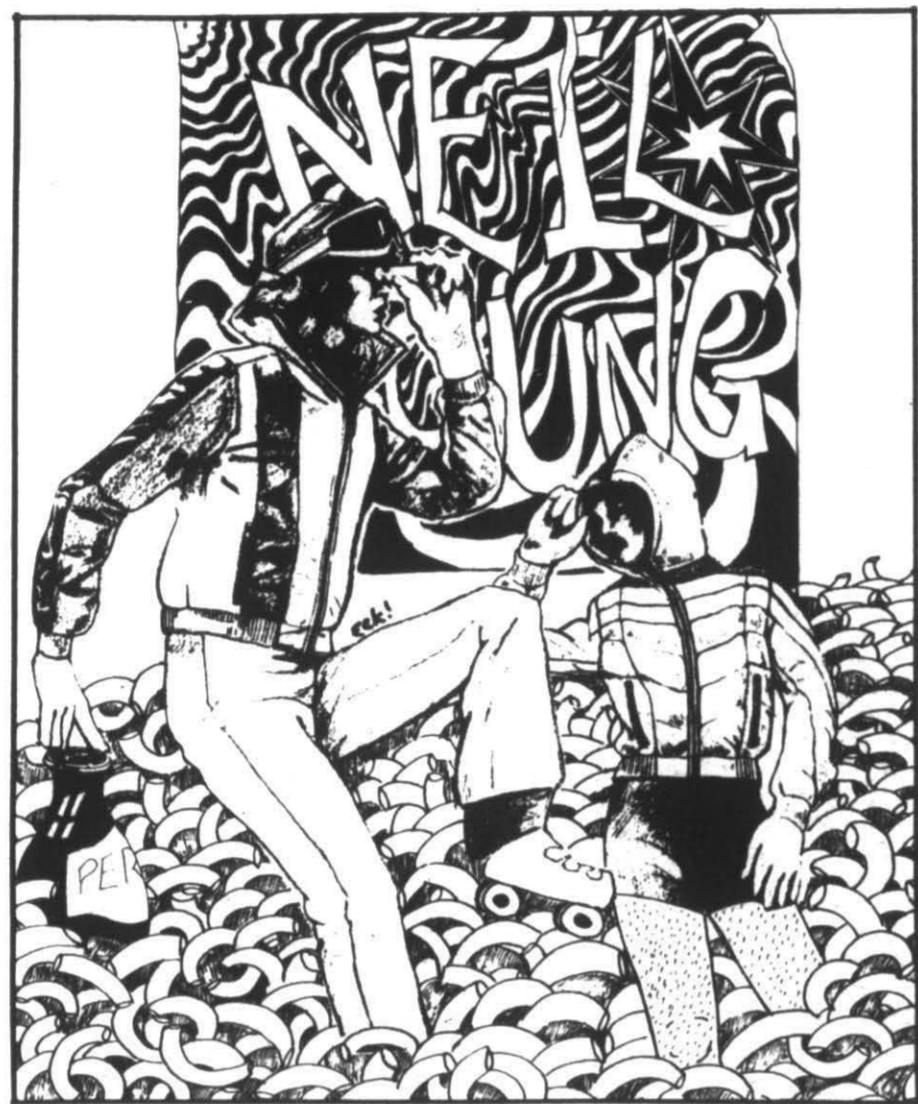
"How quaint," said my rollerskate videodate.

Then Steve himself came out of the kitchen to take our order. Steve is a young guy of medium height and a slight paunch. He has long hair and an enormous beard that nearly obliterates the rest of his face. He wears faded blue jeans, a workshirt and a denim jacket.

"Hey man," he said, "What can I get you?"

"What have you got?" I replied.

"Uhh, macaroni and cheese and, uhh, that's all..."



"That's all?"

"Yuh, well, there was some leftover spaghetti but I heated it up for lunch, y'know, and uh, ate it."

"Oh," I said, "I guess we'll have two of them then."

"Groovy," said Steve, "Anything else?"

"Anything else? I thought that was all you had."

"Well, like, do you want anything to drink, y'know?"

"Perrier."

"Oh, my favorite," said my rollerskate videodate.

"We'll have two of them, too," I said.

"Farrout," said Steve and he went back into the kitchen.

So far the evening had been going just right. I turned to my date and said, "Hey, did you hear about the beached whales down on the Oregon coast?"

"Whales," she said, "Ohh, they're

my favorite cause, next to the Hunger Project."

"Mine too," I replied.

Then Steve came back out of the kitchen carrying a block of cheese on a plate and a grater. He handed the stuff to me and said, "Hey man, do you mind grating the cheese?"

"Grating the cheese? Why don't you do it?"

"Hey mellow out, man, no need to get hostile, I've got to cook up the macaroni." Steve looked offended. He stopped back into the kitchen.

So I grated the cheese and after a while Steve came back out with the rest of our dinner.

"Here y'go, don't eat it all in one place," he said. My rollerskate videodate giggled!

"While you are enjoying your repast, I shall condescend to tell you of my vision."

"Your vision? Oooh!" said my rollerskate videodate.

"Yes, my Vision, with a capital V;

be right back." Steve darted into the kitchen and came out again carrying a bull horn.

"Brethren!" he yelled into the mouthpiece, "Listen, and I shall tell you of the prophet St. Mahavishnu Neil Young and of my great reservations, I mean revelations, about him. Now, one day, not too long ago, I was looking through the Y's of a local record store. Suddenly, I saw a great light and out of that light a vision of Neil Young appeared. And he bore a mighty Les Paul. And he playeth unto my ears a medley of his early hits, 'Down by the River,' 'Sugar Mountain,' and 'Heart of Gold.' There was much blowing of speakers and breaking of strings. And then a great voice spoke above the din. And the voice sayeth, 'This is Neil Young who never sleepeth. Look upon him and follow him in all of his ways, for he is sore hip and knoweth the path of righteousness,' and then the vision faded and ever since that moment I have done as the voice commanded and followed St. Mahavishnu Neil Young in all his ways. Amen."

My rollerskate videodate and I put down our chopsticks and applauded.

"Thank you, thank you. It's nothing," said Steve. "Now how about dessert?"

"What have you got?"

"Macaroni and cheese."

"For dessert?"

"Yeh, I pour chocolate sauce on it."

"Chocolate sauce?" said my rollerskate videodate, "That's my favorite..." Suddenly her eyes went blank, her face froze, and she screamed, "Arrrrgh! I can't take it any more! I HATE CHOCOLATE SAUCE. PERRIER TASTES AW-FUL. Mork is stupid and Mindy is ugly! The sixties are boring! The only thing worse is the seventies! I don't care about whales and Werner Erhart is an ass!" She bolted from her chair and skated toward the door.

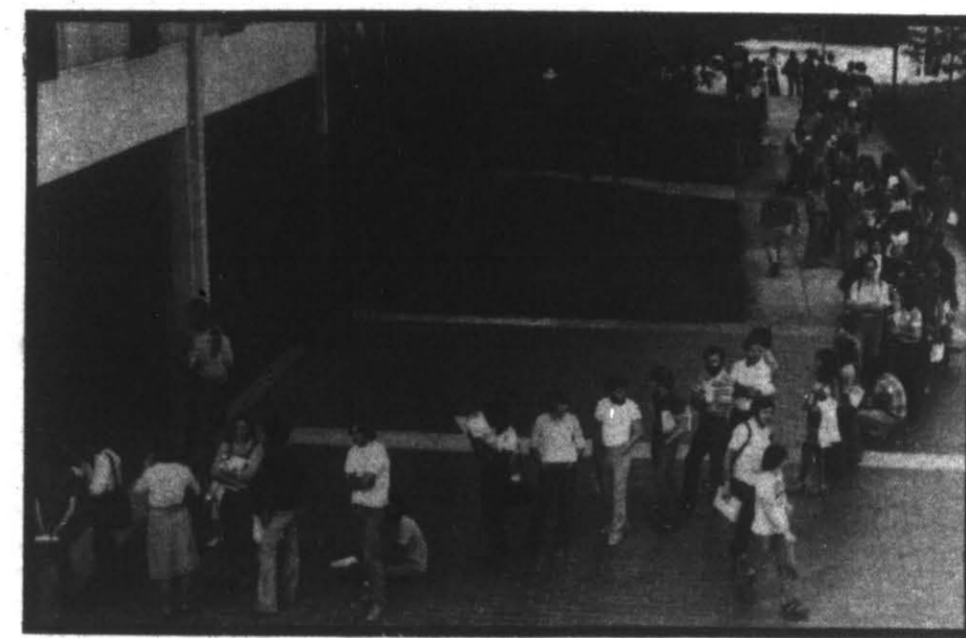
"Hey, uh, like that's the back door, so, uh..." said Steve...

But it was too late. She skated right out the door and over the edge of the unfinished ramp onto the oncoming traffic of I-5.

Like I said, I was only trying to create a context for my rollerskate videodate in order to take the responsibility for sharing a romantic evening. That's why I brought her to Steve's Macaroni Palace. But now she's a long red smudge and a few ball bearings on the highway.

I looked up at Steve and said, "I guess she wasn't willing to take responsibility for her context."

"Bummer," said Steve, as he went to get the dessert.



2510 Enrolled!

by Pam Dusenberry

The third week of school is here, and all seasoned Evergreeners are undoubtedly awaiting with bated breath the announcement of this fall's enrollment figures. Well, folks, here it is! Registrar Walker Allen, the folks in his office, and the computer have done their work. The preliminary official headcount of enlightened individuals enrolled at this hallowed and besieged institution is 2510. That is the second highest fall enrollment figure our college has ever had in its eight short years of life. But only by one student: fall 1975's figure was 2509.

Now, for the ramifications of this discovery. First, 2510 people translates into a 12.5 percent increase over last fall. That's a fair amount for a college that has been suffering enrollment declines for two years, in a time when college enrollments all over the country are falling and alternative institutions are dropping like flies.

Another way of stating that Evergreen has 2510 students is to say that it has 2250 FTEs. FTE stands for full-time equivalency, which is the standard measurement of enrollment at a school. FTEs are used to avoid the ambiguity caused by some students being part time and others being full time. To get the figure, all the credits being taken in a quarter

are added together. Then this is divided by 15, the number of credits that constitutes a full load.

In relative terms, the fact that the school has 2250 FTEs is good, but not quite good enough. Last year the state legislature mandated that Evergreen have an average of 2300 FTEs for the 1979-80 academic year. Usually—but not always—enrollment declines from fall to winter and from winter to spring. But rather stiff odds were conquered in getting the enrollment to where it is now, so perhaps the upward trend will continue. Allen, for one, is optimistic. And even if enrollment doesn't reach 2300 FTEs this year, the legislature has allowed the college a "four-year breathing space" to reach 3500 FTEs by the 1982-83 year.

All this suggests that someone must have been doing something to get all those new students here. Indeed, many people have been doing many things with that aim in mind. In Response to the Council for Post-Secondary Education's report and the legislative mandates of last year, the faculty and administration have been working to institute more structure into Evergreen's curriculum. Efforts have been made to improve and perhaps change Evergreen's image through various publicity and recruiting campaigns. But that's another article...

Now for all the statistics lovers out there, here's a breakdown of that magical 2510. This fall's figures do not total exactly. Allen explained that the computer has lost 20 people, but that the bugs would be ironed out soon.

Category	Last Fall	This Fall
Students direct from high school	118	156
1st-year students not direct from high school	93	98
Transfer students	563	594
Returning students (from leave or longer absence)	212	226
Continuing students*	1097	1055
Special students (non-degree seeking)	239	361
Total	2322	2510
Full-time females	937	979
Full-time males	948	914
Part-time females	241	403
Part-time males	196	194
Third World students	209	182
Percentage of non-residence	23%	23.7%

*These figures seem to point to a drop. But 1055 is actually a larger percentage of the students here in 1978-79 than 1097 is of the students here in 1977-78. It's all of one percent bigger.

The most noticeable of all these statistics are that the Third World student population has declined considerably and that the percentage of nonresidents has actually risen, despite all the publicity that has been done in that area.

FILMS

Sunday, Sept. 16—The Great Radio Comedians. 7:30. CAB 110. Free.

Sunday, Sept. 23—Alfred Hitchcock's The Man Who Knew Too Much (1934 version), with Heckle & Jeckle in Hitchhikers. 7:30. CAB 110. Free.

Monday, Sept. 24—The Marx Brothers in Horse Feathers, and Reefer Madness. Lecture Hall 1. 7:00 and 9:30. \$1.00.

Wednesday, Sept. 26—Werner Herzog's Even Dwarfs Started Small and Jack Webb's Red Nightmare. Lecture Hall 1. 7:00 and 9:30. \$1.00.

Friday, Sept. 28—James Dean Double Feature with Elia Kazan's East of Eden and Nicholas Ray's Rebel Without a Cause. 3:00 and 7:30 only. Lecture Hall 1. \$1.00.

Sunday, Sept. 30—Charles Chaplin's The Gold Rush (1925) and the classic short The Red Balloon. 7:30. CAB 110. Free.

Friday, Oct. 5—James Cagney and Jean Harlow in The Public Enemy (1931) and "Space Patrol" (early TV episode). 3:00, 7:00 and 9:30. Lecture Hall 1. \$1.00.

Sunday, Oct. 7—Charles Walter's 1964 musical The Unsinkable Molly Brown starring Debbie Reynolds and Harve Presnell, with a short The Robber Who Came to Dinner. 7:30. CAB 110. Free.

Friday, Oct. 12—Akira Kurosawa's first color film, Dodes Ka-Den (1970). Lecture Hall 1. 3:00, 7:00 and 9:45. Special Sunday show Oct. 14 at 8:00 p.m. \$1.00.

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Sports Arrive atTESC

by Timothy Nogler

Bumper stickers are a popular way to express an opinion, make an appeal or a joke. "Stop violence against women" is an appeal made on a bumper sticker. If guns are outlawed, only outlaws will have guns" is an opinion. "Save Nisqually" is an environmentally conscious appeal. "We don't care, we don't have to" is a radical fingershake at big business.

From among these slogans, commonly seen on campus, comes a new opportunity for greeners to display their feelings: "Go, geoducks!" The go geoducks sticker announces the arrival of intercollegiate competition at Evergreen. The slogan, it seems, represents the hope that Evergreen athletes will compete aggressively, and do well at this new level of competition.

In the past, sports at Evergreen took form of participatory events, including hiking and other outdoor activities. Women's and men's soccer and volleyball clubs formed and competed in local leagues.

Pete Steilberg, Director of Recreation and Campus Activities, in an early morning interview last week, talked about his job and the role of sports during Evergreen's infant years.

"The reason the administration hired me was the breadth of my experience in recreation, not in athletics. I had a strong outdoor background, in climbing and that sort of thing. It was Willi Unsoeld's influence, it was felt that a lot of the program here should be oriented towards the wilderness," Steilberg continued, "At that time, I did not want spectator sports, I wanted participatory sports."

With the inception of intercollegiate sports, and the need for community spirit and spectator support, the emphasis shifted. Steilberg commented, "My views have changed somewhat simply because I think in 1971 the school tended to be elitist. We were an intellectual stronghold. We were an island down here in a pretty conservative community, an island of radicalism in this sea of conservatism. The legislature and the community, along with bad press, put enough pressure on us; we had to change."

That change came about, Steilberg explained, "at a meeting Dan Evans had at the Yee, dealing with ways of increasing the enrollment and appealing to Southwest Washington residents. Sports were discussed and were not met with too severe criticism. Any sports program that applied for funds, historically, through the S&A Board, has received limited support, and sometimes got a pretty cool response. The S&A Boards in the past have always said, 'we don't really want to emphasize sports, that's not important in this society.' They're still saying that."

"The institution (the president and the Board of Trustees) decided it would be beneficial to get into athletics to serve Southwest Washington. Given that it is a conservative community, and conservative communities emphasize sports, it's just a way of generating community spirit."

When I asked Pete if the decision to go intercollegiate was a way of conforming to standard institutions, he said, "Yep. It's a way of conventionalizing, selling out. Definitely a way of becoming part of the main stream."

Two recently hired men coordinate the intercollegiate soccer and swim teams. Ivan Raznevich (i-fan raz-ne-vich) coaches soccer. Originally from Yugoslavia, Raznevich played professional soccer in his home country. After a few years playing and coaching in Oregon, he

arrived in Olympia a month ago. Don Martin directs both Evergreen and Olympia high school students in swimming. Martin also teaches history at Olympia High School.

Raznevich talked about his first impression of Evergreen. "It is unique. Students get to know each other and are friendly very fast. It reminds me of a communal situation. I was born in Yugoslavia and a sort of communal lifestyle exists there."

In defining the role he feels intercollegiate sports plays, Raznevich said, "It is very important that the school has a representative team, regardless of the student's political philosophy. The school name will be known easier by the sport."

Ivan's major job this year, since league play doesn't start until next year, is recruiting. "I am looking for a total athlete, with physical and mental coordination, and a great sense of soccer knowledge, a character with an excellent attitude toward soccer, his team, his school. A self-disciplined person with high determination." The emphasis seems to be on fielding a powerful team. "Of course, otherwise I would be pressed for my job as a coach. Without all the factors mentioned above, it is hard to succeed in almost any venture, in any kind of field. Without self-discipline and determination it doesn't work."

Standing at poolside in the stifling heat and humidity, Don Martin described his coaching philosophy. "In swimming, you put yourself through mental and physical conditioning. The experience carries over to the classroom, and to life. I enjoy competition and I enjoy trying to win. If you can't win, you can get personal satisfaction from doing the best you can." Don commented further on competition, "Winning is important in showing the school in the right light. We can win respect by performing at our best. If we perform, we're going to win. We're going to win."

Jan Lambertz, newly hired Recreation Coordinator, participated in intercollegiate athletics during her college years. "Between '65 and '69, women's athletic programs were considered truncated men's programs," she commented. Evergreen, she believes, has a chance to form a balanced program, unlike institutions with heavily inflated men's athletic budgets.

Concerning the role of spectator sports in the community, Lambertz said, "My attitude towards sports in general is that there should be recreational value, no matter what level you're participating on. The drawback in spectator sports is that I think it appeals to a group of individuals who become spectator people." She continued, "I think the people in the community have to collectively decide the role of spectator sports. I don't think there's anything wrong with the spectator element in a sport. It just happens to be that spectator sports are the sports that get involved in questionable activities, like buying athletes, or being big-time businesses, or existing for purposes other than the enrichment of the community. The onus shouldn't be on the spectator element, it should be on how you keep your house, how you run your activities."

What about student input? Don't you remember? Last spring, following the decision to go intercollegiate, a campus-wide vote was taken to elect an official mascot. Particular administrators felt the original mascot, the geoduck, lacked dignity. Of the votes cast, a little over 90 percent favored keeping geoducks. According to Steilberg, the Board of Trustees "elected not to approve the mascot. What they elected to do was make no decision."

LETTERS

WHAT'S WHAT?

To the Editor:
EVERYTHING IS EVERYTHING
 A poet is one who creates sacramental relationships that last always. Poetry begins with the KADOSH KADOSH KADOSH of the angels. It begins with thighs and lips of random women. It begins with the imperceptible movement of a small stream over its rocky bed. It begins with Sherlock Holmes and Basho, with every being or impulse of being to notice, to be aware, to connect each thing with each other thing. It happens in the ear. No system. "Accepting the universe as his bride, let a man attend to each thing as it arises, and speak to it what rises in him to be said. Scorn nothing." Write everything.

Craig Carlson

SOOO

To the famous editor,
 The Curriculum Planning article I wrote for the Orientation Issue was wrong in many respects. It was a fairly complete guide to the curriculum planning process last year, but I'm writing to apologize for not checking to see what had changed. This year, the curriculum planning process has changed considerably, and I strongly urge everybody to read the interview Ben Alexander conducted with Jeanne Hahn, elsewhere in this issue, to get the correct information.

Rob Fellows

GOOD GNEWS

Say, CPJ

I'd like to express a note of thanks to all the people in the evergreen community who have written to the city commissioners in support of Gnu Deli's continuing existence.

The commissioners have been receiving up to a dozen letters a day for several weeks now and it's having an effect. The mayor got curious enough to stop by for lunch this week and some RUDAT folks stopped by to check out the musical performances a couple of times. Also, there has been a lot of talk lately about possible alternative locations for the performing arts center that would leave Gnu Deli intact.

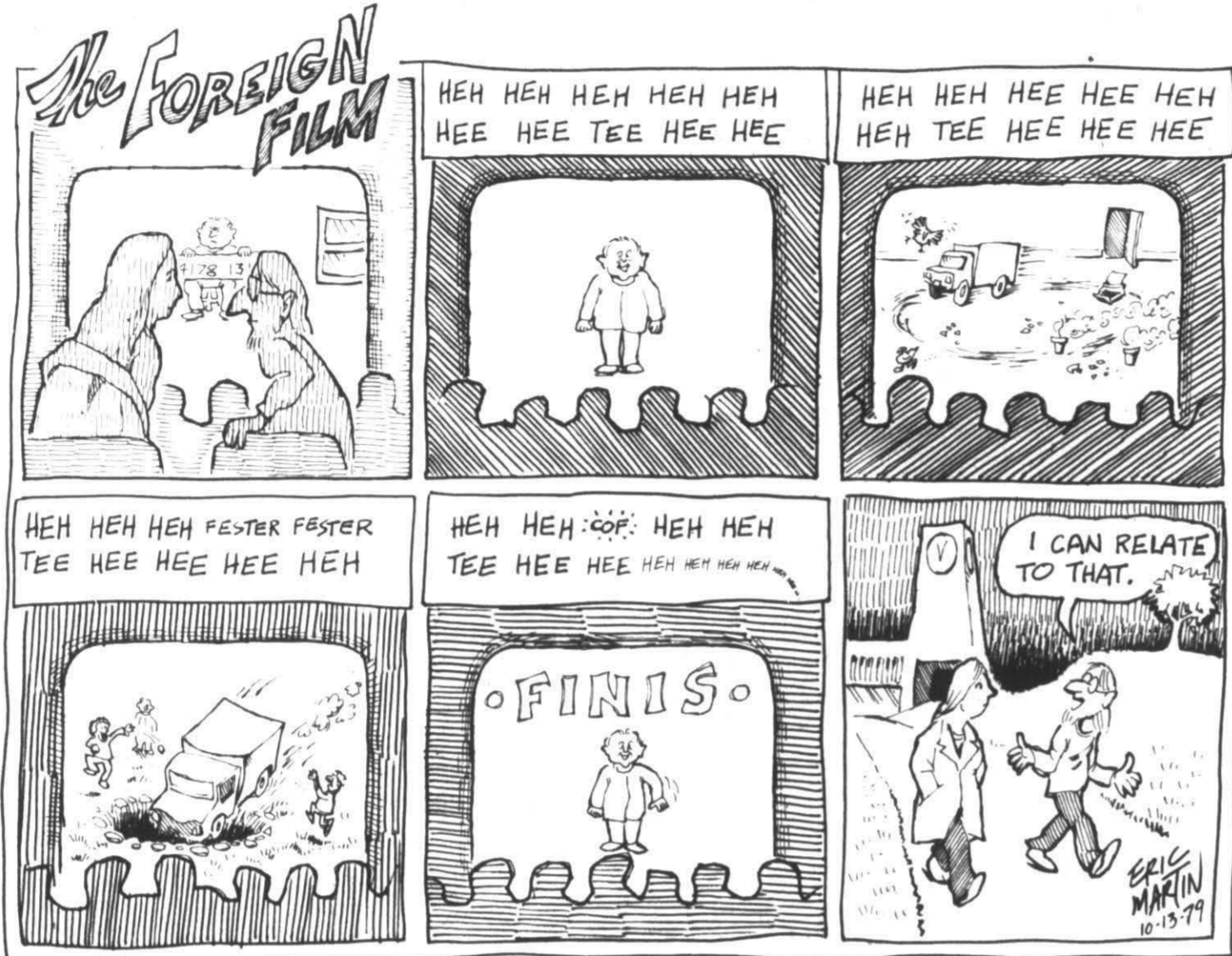
So, thanks your letters are definitely helping. The RUDAT organization will be making a site recommendation to the city on or about the 23rd of October, so there is still time for public comment. Letters can be addressed to city commissioners, City Hall, Olympia, Wash. With your help we can keep the Gnu Deli performing arts center alive and still find a space for the city's performing arts center.

Michael Hall

BORING

Dear CPJ and Michael Everett,
 It isn't the 60's and the 70's that are boring, but rather people who don't understand any deeper than the superficial aspect of things.

Kevin McMickle



GREENER CEMENTALITY

Dear Ready People,
 Last year during the election that determined the goody duck as TESC's mascot and green and white as our colors, I feel I have to question the reportage of the final ballot. I know I didn't write in "slugs" as a competitor for the ducks (or the goeys), though that may have happened since slugs have a higher currency with the campus. Why many of them have given their lives to the paths of the Greenery. But I did have a write-in vote for the colors, and, to paraphrase Conant, since a goeeyduck doesn't advance unless it sticks its neck out, I advance my vote here for green and cement. I pine that the green is evergreen in that yew and fir have various spectrums. And cementality is more than white, many stony colors compose our walls and routes.

I both agree and disagree with the question Ashleigh Brilliant asks: Our votes are valuable, why waste them on any of the candidates? In holding with that con/pro counsel, I voted both with the Administration's candidacies and with the valued write-in vote. At least my vote could have been tallied. It was the first one received—I know because the day the paper came out I voted and turned my vote in personally at the rec bldg, office of reception. I don't ask anyone necessarily be agree'n that green and cement be in mental vision, but a green thumbs-up could (should) have been given the ballot. It is only due to

the sensory intake of the college that it was advanced, that ballot, and I am surprised that the only recognition it received was censure.

Do you think if Eve had a say in the coloring of Eden, she would have opted for Eve-green?
 TZ Philips
 TESC A912a

HONEST AND SINCERE

To the Editor:
TO THE FEMALES:
 Blond hair, blue eyes, white male, age 28, down doing time but getting short. WANTED: Good-looking ladies to write. I am looking for one that would like to start a relationship of some kind. I am looking for the right kind of lady to be my lady when I get out.
 Must be honest and sincere. Write:
 Darrell Haine #229764
 Star Rt. #1 Box 2500
 Forks, Wa. 98331

MOVE OVER, CARRIE NATION

To the Editor:
 By having alcohol at the Co-op benefit dance Saturday, October 6, I was fended on two fronts, both of which I feel the Co-op and the community at large should deal with. 1) Consuming alcohol is contrary to striving for health, which I assume the Co-op is trying to do in offering organic, non-packaged/prepared foods. 2) Encouraging alcohol consumption is abusive to people who are struggling with their alcohol/chemical dependency.

I suggest that the Co-op not forsake principles in its pursuit of money. I suggest that the Co-op be sensitive to the devastating effects of alcoholism and its pervasiveness in our society and not have alcohol at any of its functions.

Sincerely,
 Becca Todd

ARROGANT AND INSULTING NONSENSE

The Editors
 Cooper Point Journal
 Campus

I am appalled, offended and outraged by your arrogant, high-handed action in again publishing a series of so-called

"faculty evaluations" in the CPJ under the guise of a "guide to the faculty." I am not sure there are words in the English language to express the irresponsibility and childish lack of judgment you have exhibited. In fact, I charge that in so doing you have placed yourselves outside the conventional boundaries of acceptable conduct by members of the Evergreen community and have betrayed the trust normally invested in the office you hold.

This College has a faculty evaluation system. While it has defects, they are being repaired. The system requires that faculty members get a full, representative set of evaluations from their students and their colleagues each year and that on that basis they try to improve their conduct as faculty members. Few colleges, in fact, have such a system. Had you been interested in creating a genuine, honest, useful guide for students, you might have found a way to tap into that system and to acquire a full, reasoned, representative picture of each faculty member on the basis of information—generally acquired over several years—in his or her portfolio. You did not choose this route. You chose to be cute and sensational. You again used a totally unrepresentative sampling drawn from the few students who were somehow able to contact—students who have very limited views of a faculty member's work and typically have some kind of axe to grind.

I could almost guess what students contributed the paragraph about me; it happens to be based on the experiences of a few students with me this past year, when there were complicating factors that you couldn't possibly have insights into. It totally ignores most of my seven years of work here. It contains totally untrue statements about me and my work with beginning students that will seriously damage my efforts to work with such students this coming year, perhaps by scaring them away from my program. I am sure your evaluations of others are equally accurate and equally misleading.

I do not know what action you could possibly take that would do greater damage to this College than to continue to publish these pieces of arrogant and insulting nonsense. Nor do I know any action you could take that would undo the damage you have already done. Your casual advice to new students to "take it with a grain of salt" is more irresponsible stupidity; if something tells you that your evaluations are not good enough for new students to take seriously, they

cont. to page 3

should never have been published in the first place.

I do not know what recourse we faculty members have to protect ourselves against this dangerous action, but by sending copies of this letter to appropriate College officials, I hope to uncover one.

Sincerely,
 Burton S. Guttman
 Member of the Faculty (Biology)

cc: Dan Evans
 Byron Youtz
 Will Humphreys

Editor's note: It would be easy to disavow the Orientation Issue's controversial faculty guide since it was put together under the editorship of last year's staff. However, much as we regret any real harm that past or future guides to the faculty may be responsible for, we feel the concept is a valuable one and deserves to be continued.

We have been urged to complete the guide this fall by evaluating those faculty who were missed in the Orientation issue. We hope to do that but are willing to consider the objections and suggestions of all members of the Evergreen community.

We would like to know: how do other faculty feel about their own evaluations and those of their colleagues? Did new students find the guide helpful and did it prove to be accurate, as best as they can tell so far? Do experienced students agree or disagree with what was printed about faculty they are familiar with?

It is our guess that the vast majority of students and faculty would disagree with Burt Guttman's angry attack on the faculty guide. Those who were involved in its compilation know it was done with great attention to the principles of fairness and consideration for personal feelings. An effort was made to tone down the most critical evaluations submitted and balance them with positive statements. However, the truth, whether complimentary or critical, deserved to be conveyed as it was perceived. All in all, the evaluations were not very devastating; many were quite laudatory. The question is: were they accurate?

Every effort was made by the editors and staff to be both fair and accurate. No doubt mistakes were made but to say that its publication has alienated the newspaper staff from the rest of the community is nothing but personal overreaction due, no doubt, to the painful side effects of one very normal and simple approach to faculty-student relationships.

In regard to Dr. Guttman's letter and the question of accuracy, it will be remembered that besides praising him for his contagious love of science, his impressive knowledge of biology and his sincere concern for his students, the guide said he "takes criticism too personally, some say he can't take it at all." No doubt his passion for his work and his students is of a common nature with his passionate concern for what he believes to be an injustice committed by the CPJ. We can only apologize for any hurt feelings and reiterate that we feel no injustice was done. His response has proven the truth of at least one critical aspect of his own evaluation. □

Forum

A Pause in the Day's Occupation...

by Sandra Simon

Rumblings about the Cooper Point Journal's intent to do another faculty evaluation issue reached me in August. By early September, loyal students would call late at night or come tapping at my office door to let me know how my profile was shaping up. Soon it was clear that my teaching career was becoming the occasion for thrusts and parries among my former students: "Marvellous" said one, fending off the attack of "devious;" "imaginative, like hell," said another driving his opponent back with "rambling and incoherent." I began to enjoy myself with fantasies of different students I knew climbing the stairs to dump their adjectives on the editor's desk. In the midst of one particularly good moment involving extensive red-penciling of a student known to have malice in his heart, I remembered the Journal office had moved. His ascent immediately became a descent.

The anonymity of faculty evaluation surveys does not bother me. A well-turned phrase should be in the public domain. I can even tolerate reading snipes at faculty members I somewhat admire. In fact, I think such evaluations are as much fun to read as *The National Enquirer*. With both, you can peek your way through all the gossip believing what you want, while still denying general credibility. But student editors should learn something from the publishers of *The National Enquirer*. Nowhere in those pages are we told that what we are reading may not be truthful or that there may be more reliable sources elsewhere. Yet every faculty evaluation survey I've seen prefaces itself with some kind of disclaimer. If some of the comments in the last issue may be nonsense, then it's common sense to start entertaining the proposition that maybe it is the women students themselves who are unable to work with Dave Powell. Certainly "bad sense" has something to do with telling new students that Tom Rainey has trouble with eye-contact.

If we are to consider the publication of solicited evaluations of faculty as a form of consumer protection ("new students have a right to know what they're getting into before they're in it"), the instigator, compiler, and publisher of that survey should accept the responsibility of defining at some length what product, service, or process the survey speaks to. I would like to see students at TESC take advantage of the opportunity the Journal offers to discuss publicly what is a good lecture, a supportive tutorial, an honest evaluation. But more importantly I would like students to stop assuming that any educational experience is a package shoved in their shopping basket by some teacher, and that their only control over shoddy goods is changing to a different market.

For those students who do adhere to the theory that "the faculty member you end up with determines much of your experience," ask to see the portfolio of all

faculty members whose program you are considering. Many faculty in fact bring their portfolios to the Academic Fair.

Students at Evergreen do have closer contact with their teachers than they would seated five times a day in a 500-person hall. But the nature of book seminars and workshops so common at Evergreen means all those students sitting around you also will "determine much of your experience." When students ask my advice on what program to take, I'm usually tempted to tell them to look at the portfolios of all their fellow students. When the Journal counsels students to "ask Evergreen veterans for more detailed information," I have difficulty envisioning someone like Beryl Crowe leaning back in his chair with cigarette in hand telling the inquiring student precisely which classmates to steer clear of.

For the last several years, I have wondered at the logic which encourages students to think of themselves as their teachers' "co-facilitators," which interprets the publications of evaluations of teachers as evidence of student emancipation, but which would scream lawsuit if faculty printed anonymous or even signed evaluations of students. As soon as I heard of the shotgun survey being conducted by the Journal, I offered to conduct a hurried, controversial faculty survey of "the totally incompetent and best available" students here at Evergreen. Of course my offer was not accepted. But why should faculty get the hard sauce, while students get to be saucy?

The students who think of me as arrogant will not be surprised that I have the answer. One of the negative effects of the 60's on the young's mentality is to allow them to jump in and out of a legal minor status at their will. Such a status to them implies class membership. At an institution which preaches accountability, students participate in anonymous evaluations because they convince themselves that their particular interpretation is in fact a collective interpretation; individual responsibility then becomes the public statement we see prefacing the "2nd Triannual Guide to the Faculty" insisting on its usefulness in one sentence and denying it in another. I no longer feel a need to accept the declaration of innocence of voices pointing out corruption of others.

I am intrigued by the editor's assurance that all slander has been edited out. But slander has nothing to do with anonymous contributions or hurried compendiums. Slander implies an acceptance of agent and intent.

I hope there will be a 3rd Triannual Guide. I hope play and gamemanship will be ingredients. But I expect the students to realize that they can't pretend to be playing a game when the responsibility becomes too heavy for them.

(Editor's Note: The CPJ would welcome any evaluation, by name or by type, of Evergreen students that Sandra or any faculty member would care to submit.)

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the CPJ

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Notes

NEW STUDENT EXCHANGE PROGRAM
 The Council on Post Secondary Education and the Oregon Education Coordinating Commission have reached an agreement whereby 125 residents of Vancouver, WA. will be allowed to attend Portland State University at resident tuition rates. In return, residents of Oregon may attend Clark, Walla Walla, and Lower Columbia Community Colleges at resident rates. The Evergreen State College's Vancouver program will also be included. Should either state receive more students than it sends, accounts will be tabulated and settled in 1981.



THE ENEMY IS US
 Saturday, Oct. 20 at 8:30 p.m., in the fourth-floor library room, two Seattle bands (and possibly a third) will play a benefit dance. The proceeds will go to Live Without Trident to help fund the action planned Oct. 28-9.
 Who is the Enemy? They are a new wave band from Seattle, consisting of ex-Evergreen students.

PROJECTILE EXPLOSIONS AND WEATHER INVERSIONS
 In recent weeks, artillery explosions rocked the Olympia area. Windows rattled and the ground shook. The explosions occurred during the day and night, frequently waking greeners from peaceful sleep.
 The noise originated from Fort Lewis. Captain Henderson, with the public relations office at the fort, explained the source. "The noise comes from projectile explosions, during unit proficiency exercises. The units are firing at a target. The projectiles are 155 mm weapons." Henderson says units test their accuracy at night because, in a wartime situation, the units must be able to shoot in the dark.
 The recent scourge of noise results from weather inversions, according to Henderson. "It's these dang weather inversions, the noise has a tendency to stick to the ground." The Captain added, "During September and October units apply for qualification training." The result is more projectile explosions, and more noise.
 Henderson explained what happens when he receives complaints: "When we get too loud, someone from the outlying area will call and say, 'we're really getting it over here.' If we get enough calls, we limit our firing."

SINGLE PARENT SYMPOSIUM
 A Single Parent Symposium, aimed at establishing support groups in conjunction with the YWCA, and at providing an effective information and referral network for local parents, will be conducted Saturday, Oct. 20 from 9:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. at The Evergreen State College. Cosponsored by the YWCA and Evergreen, the free session will offer single parents an opportunity to explore their own needs and make use of existing community services which might help meet those needs. Childcare must be arranged in advance through the YWCA (352-0593) and all persons planning to attend are urged to bring their own lunch, as campus food services are limited on weekends. For more info call the YWCA.

YOU ARE WHAT YOU EAT
 Rumors of campus dissatisfaction with the SAGA food service here on campus will be put to the test next week. Monday through Wednesday, October 22-24, students, staff and faculty will find themselves the target of a campus-wide Food Service Evaluation, part of an overall Food Service Design Project. If the assessment points to the need for changes, those changes could be implemented, in cooperation with SAGA, as soon as possible, according to Kristi Morrish.
 Ms. Morrish has been hired by Evergreen to conduct the "needs assessment" of SAGA. She says the three-day use of interviews, petitions, photographs and a questionnaire distributed around campus is the Design Project's method of determining the need for changes in the food service.

AS YOU SOW MEETING
 Fred Stone, faculty organizer of As You Sow, a three-quarter program beginning in January, will be holding a planning meeting for prospective students Wednesday, Oct. 24 at 10 a.m. at the Organic Farmhouse.

PROP SHOP
 The Prop Shop in conjunction with the Scene Shop at The Evergreen State College is looking for furniture, stage props and household items to increase their stock. Items which you may wish to donate can be delivered to the Scene Shop in Room 128 on the first floor of the Communications Building. Or phone Peter Waldron for possible pick-up at 866-6075.

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Joke of the Week
 RCP Posters All Over Campus
 "We know where this system is going. We know it's going into deeper crisis. We know it's heading toward world war... We're going to raise that banner of revolution up... We're gonna say, let's go out, and let's not only die but let's kill to make revolution..."
 Bob "Mad Dog" Avakian
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FASHION SHOW
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by T.J. Simpson
 "What is it that attracts people to Christ? The fact that it was such a tragedy is what. Many people say that Christ lives inside them. Well, what does that mean? I've talked to many people whom Christ lives inside: I haven't met one who would want to trade places with Christ. I'm not a patriot to any creed. I believe in all of them and none of them."
 Bob Dylan, Playboy interview, 1978
 The man who said that early last year and who first introduced his classic song "Gates of Eden" at a 1964 concert as a "sacreligious lullaby" is now a born-again Christian. Dylan doesn't write songs like "Gates of Eden" anymore, but one can't go on doing the same thing forever. He has changed with every album but age has taken its toll. Dylan's new album is not the masterpiece that jerks like Jann Wenner proclaim it to be, nor is it the piece of shit that the mostly younger detractors would have us believe. To be able to appreciate its good qualities as well as realize the bad, one has to look back upon Dylan's earlier albums. (Of course, it helps if you grew up on his music in the sixties.)
 As early as his first album, the too-often overlooked 1962 release simply entitled "Bob Dylan," the then 19-year-old Zimmerman explored the gospel past of American folk music with lively, unique renditions of "Gospel Plow" and "In My Time of Dying." Although he wrote only two of the album's songs, he revitalized American folk music with his intense versions of songs learned by listening to old recordings by such performers as Woody Guthrie, Roy Acuff and the Everly Bros. and by old blues masters such as Leadbelly, Bukka White, Blind Lemon Jefferson and Jesse Fuller. No one objected to those gospel tunes on the album because Dylan, who originally came across as a mixture of Woody Guthrie and a Jewish James Dean, obviously wasn't preaching Christianity anyway. He was reexamining and reinterpreting his own musical roots and influences, as well as America's, much in the same way artists like Ry Cooder and Doc Watson are still doing nowadays. Watson's old-time religion is easier to accept than Dylan's current fire-and-brimstone because his roots are sincerely in the old gospel music. What disarms many of us about Dylan right now is that there is nothing worse than a "born-again" Christian, especially one who is Jewish and was never Christian to begin with.
 After the first album, Dylan started writing all his own songs himself. He took us from the humor and angry protest ballads of "Freewheelin'," "The Times They Are A Changin'" and "Another Side" to the psychedelic punkism of "Bringing It All Back Home," "Highway 61 Revisited" and "Blonde on Blonde." (I'll admit that I'm among those who feel that those last two are still the greatest rock albums ever released and that "The Times They Are A Changin'" is still the ultimate protest album.) In 1968 he returned to folk music with his last great album of the decade, "John Wesley Harding." That album had its share of biblical overtones but they were mainly Old Testament oriented, and the poetry and imagery was more Faulknerian than anything else.
 In his pre-"Nashville Skyline" 60's albums, Dylan was the revolutionary guiding force of that generation. Youth could identify with his daring and introspective songs about love, anger, social protest, frustration, optimism, absurdism and nihilism. We could identify with him in the same way 50's youth identified with James Dean and Elvis Presley. What a shame that the 70's generation may have started getting familiar with Dylan through the pop of "Nashville Skyline" and "New Morning." I was one of those in the early 70's who turned his nose up at the "new" Dylan, and believed

Slow Drain Comin'

he had totally sold out. Looking back now, those albums really aren't so bad (especially the underrated "Self-Portrait," which was really an extension of the things he did on his first album), but they are still his weakest. During that period, Dylan was a happily married man, content to raise kids, live in the country, and sing about it.
 The subsequent albums have shown that, like Chaplin's films, each Dylan album must be taken as a chapter in a continuing autobiography. "Slow Train" fits into this scheme of things very well. Dylan hit his high point in this decade with "Blood on the Tracks" only after misery returned to his life. After the



SLOW TRAIN COMING BOB DYLAN
 unevenness of "Desire" and the beautifully ragged punk of "Hard Rain" (both 1976), his personal life continued to get worse, and last year he disastrously played around with being a Neil Diamond Las Vegas type, parodying his earlier songs on a live album and hitting the pits with "Street Legal."
 His inconsistencies and the different phases of the last decade range from the family man-farm life period to the originally hopeful and welcome Kerouac-inspired Rolling Thunder Revue Tour, to dabbling in film making, to Las Vegas hype to Christianity (and the personal changes he's recorded in his songs in-between). Most important in respect to "Slow Train" was the 1970-71 phase in which he plunged into his Jewish roots and became a "Born-again" Zionist. That phase didn't last too long, and hopefully his Christian one won't either. (It must be noted that 1970's "New Morning" had its praises to the glory of God also.)
 The new album is much better than his last studio release, "Street Legal," though it doesn't have anything as lyrically powerful as "Changing of the Guard" and "Senor," the only two really good songs on that album. Musically, it's his best since "Blood on the Tracks," although I wish he would stay away from horns and female back-up vocals. He doesn't need them. His voice is the best that it's been in years, recalling the brittle, tinny, soul-piercing coarseness of his 60's vocals. Dire Strait's Mark Knopfler's hard-edged, angry guitar licks may even be more suitable than Mike Bloomfield's or Robbie Robertson's were on the old albums. Dylan has always preached before, whether it was rebellion or indignation, yet here his sermons seem unacceptable because of the Christian, repent-or-you-will-go-to-hell message. Actually, the preachiest songs work if one overlooks the blatantly religious lines (admittedly, they can be hard to overlook).
 The title song is easily the best, although not up to par with his best songs of the 70's like "Idiot Wind" and "Sara." If taken out of context from the rest of the album, one would be hard-pressed to find any blatantly Christian message in it at all. It's Dylan snarling back, sometimes cryptically, at a world gone wrong and getting worse, but there's something better (the slow train) coming 'round the bend. The metaphor conjures up images from earlier American folk songs and lore, including Dylan's own 1962 bootleg classic "I'd Hate to be You on That Dreadful Day," (a song about nuclear holocaust) and Elvis Presley's first big hit, "Mystery Train." Knopfler's guitar work here is devastatingly effective for those not brought up on the Ramones or the Clash, and who sometimes prefer more subtlety in Rock 'n Roll music.

But being one who views being born again into Christianity as more of a curse than a blessing, I find Dylan's recent conversion quite distressing, to say the least. If I didn't feel that Dylan was one of the major artists of our times, I wouldn't have bothered to write this piece or even listened to the album at all. It does bother me that the person who once wrote lines like "the ghost of electricity howls in the bones of her face" is now doing things like "God gave names to all the animals." Or that the one who once could mix raw, earthy Rock 'n Roll and folk music with images comparable to the best of Faulkner, Fellini, Bergman, and Brecht could sink into overproduced and simplistic sermons.

Yet despite all its faults and aggravations, I still like "Slow Train Coming," even the silliness of "God gave names to all the animals." Why can't Dylan do simple, silly, enjoyable songs if he wants to, as well as the complex ones? (And there is more complexity in the new album than what at first meets the ear.) After all, some of the best and most enjoyable early Rock 'n Roll songs were pretty silly and simple.

I wouldn't recommend "Slow Train" to younger rock 'n Roll fans, especially the punks and new wavers. It is essentially a work that can only be appreciated by older or long-time Dylanologists. I wouldn't expect the punk/new wavers to like the new album at all, but just wait ten years from now and see if their current idols are still around or have gone a similar route to Dylan's (To be fair to new wave, Elvis Costello's first three albums are as good, if not better, than Dylan's first three. Let's hope that he can keep it up.)

Dylan is not 19 or 24 anymore, and he can't be expected to act like he is. At least he is a survivor and not a martyr. But submitting oneself to Christ, especially in Dylan's case, seems pitifully self-defeating. Is turning to Christ any better a solution than the type of desperation he referred to last year when he said, "Like I haven't come to the place that Rimbaud came to when he decided to stop writing and run guns in Africa?" "Slow Train Coming" reflects an ultimate act of hopelessness and may be the last brick wall in the dead end of the 70's.

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