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GUIDE TO THE SEVENTIES

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NARCISSUS AND SISYPHUS

By Larry Stillwell, Editor

What can any college newspaper possibly say about a decade that began with four protesting students dead at Kent State and ended with pro-America demonstrations on campuses all across the country?

But it was just too ripe an opportunity to pass up. As editor of the Cooper Point Journal, I decided we simply couldn't put out a regular

edition for the last issue of the decade. Sure, it seemed self-indulgent to neglect the weekly school news and spend all that student money on extra pages and typesetting just for the chance to commemorate an "event" whose timing and significance stems solely from the fact that human beings have ten fingers. But then, this has been the decade of self-indulgence. Or so they say.

After all, what does nature know of the changing of the decade? The planets certainly don't seem to have much respect for our turning point: their big event is on April Fool's Day, 1981, when four of them and the sun form a straight line with earth.

And I, in fact, have long held a personal theory that "the Sixties," as such, didn't end until late 1972, with Richard Nixon's landslide re-election and the defeat and disintegration of "The Movement" as embodied in the factionalized attempt to protest his renomination in Miami the previous August.

Still, I know I'll wake up on January 1, 1980, feeling uneasy. And I won't be the only one. This man-made event, devised by our minds to acknowledge a man-made cycle, nonetheless has its significance in our man-made and man-surrounded world and no amount of rationalization will let me believe that entering the 1980s doesn't mean something. The fact that I don't know what it means, and that nobody else has the slightest idea either, is what makes me apprehensive. I dub the next decade "The Unknown Eighties."

(It's alliterative, sort of, and appropriate. If I was holding a contest, I'd award myself first prize. This is still, after all, the Me Decade.)

The world of the Eighties is made up of unknowns. The political, cultural, and psychological realms have been thrown wide open; the old ways certainly deserve to be discarded, but so do, for various reasons, most of the alternatives proposed in the last two decades. "I ain't got nothin', Ma, to live up to..."

Perhaps the dangers of the day make our time unique and maybe it's just that, as a friend said, "The world has been supposedly dying for 5000 years." But the fact is that ecological, astrological, technological, and economic forecasts for the near future all point to chaos.

People are anxious, under the surface, about what the Eighties will bring. People are scared. No one really believes that anyone who knows what they're doing has their hand on the rudder of personal and cultural events; especially, no one believes those few smug pilots of destiny who assure us we're in for smooth sailing.

The unknown Eighties are here, now. This issue is an attempt, not to compete with Newsweek and Life, but to make what sense we can out of this mysteriously historical churning point. It's full of personal views and remembrances—really all that's available in cataloging a time that defies definition and coherence.

But an age that lacks unity, direction, and leadership, and in which people have been forced to fall back, at least a bit, on their own resources and make their own mistakes and learn their own, personal, lessons, is not necessarily an age of negative narcissism. If individuals are turning away from the limited approaches and restrictive roles of previous group identification—whether as nationalistic "Americans" or countercultural "radicals"—to face the absurdity and chaos of their lives and life itself, this does not have to drain our spirit and deprive us of hope.

We were all romantics in the Sixties and cynics in the Seventies. And if we played the role of Narcissus in the Seventies, gazing inward at our own reflection to see who we were while neglecting others, then perhaps in the Eighties we will come out of our reflection and take up, not the group activism of the Sixties, but the role of Sisyphus. For Sisyphus is the embodiment of the simple human condition as he again and again pushes his rock uphill.

The myth says it best once the cultural roles have been discarded, and that is what the last 20 years have done to all of us. We have lost our illusion of cultural uniqueness and have to accept simply getting on with our lives, pushing that goddamn rock uphill every day and every year. But as the Seventies slip away from us and we follow the roll of time back down the hill to begin again in the Eighties, we can pause, as Camus said Sisyphus would, to contemplate the absurdity of what we are doing. Camus would tell us not to despair, though. We must, as he said, imagine Sisyphus happy.

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60's: WINO UNDER A BRIDGE

By Gilbert G. Salcedo

The developmental cycle of American culture in the course of a typical decade reminds me of a wino's progress on a good day. In both cases, we can observe the characteristic pattern of careless euphoria followed by self-satisfaction, complacency, self-indulgence, failure of nerve, dissipation and retreat from the rigors of modern life. Every generation of us, like every wino, is prone to look back in wistful regret to some Golden Moment of the recent past when, we suppose, things were much better, life more exciting and wonderful, than the dull present. This nostalgic fallacy leads the wino back to the bottle, as soon as he has recovered from his latest binge, and leads American society to adopt the Wino Two-Step: one step backward for every step forward in a movement as certain as the movement of the planets through space. Despite this evidence, most of us cling affectionately to the notion that social progress and the perfection of man are inevitable and that everything always tends to get better if you just give it time.

I see the wino on the morning of his lucky day. He awakes from his drunken stupor, scratches himself and spits to the side, shaking his head to dispel the mental fog of the night before. He stands up, stretches, and walks out from under



the bridge and into the sunlight. He puts the fingers of one hand to the side of his nose as he empties first one nostril, then the other, onto the ground. Wiping his hand on the back of his coat, he stoops down to pick up the bottle he drained the night before, and drawing himself up in dignity he pauses in poignant reflection. How sad. But OK while it lasted. Perhaps the new day will fetch better

fortune. Maybe he can con somebody for enough change to get just a small bottle of Tokay. That's not asking much and, with a bit of luck, things will look up. At least it always seems that way. And the longer the wino thinks about it the more this innocent expectation assumes the weight of a self-evident truth.



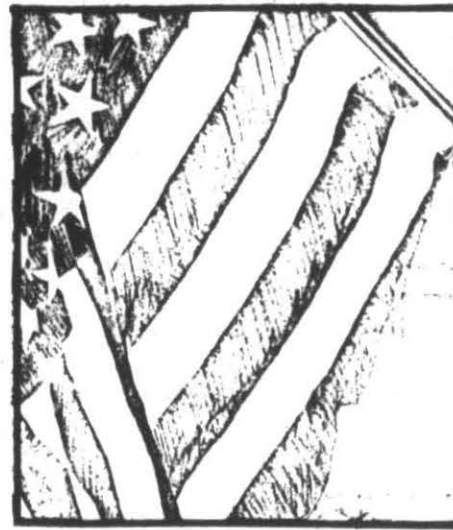
To see this developmental cycle at work in the culture at large, consider the history of that Golden Decade, the 1960's. They began, in spirit, with the inaugural remarks of President-elect John Fitzgerald Kennedy, poet Robert Frost and others, who expressed the liberal hopes and expectations of idealistic youth in all times and places. I was 18 years old, an egotistical adolescent, and, like most of my contemporaries, preoccupied with private life in the innocent style of the 1950's: The American Dream and the faithful expectations that the new age would bring the precious dawn of enlightenment to the American people, guided by the bright and earnest young minds of my own generation. At the same time, being a member of my generation, I was angry with the United States for its Send-in-the-Marines foreign policy in Latin America, Southeast Asia and the Congo. Similarly, being a Mexican kid who grew up in southwest Los Angeles in the 1950's, I was angry with the United States for having taken over half the territory of the Republic of Mexico in 1848.

The naive mentality of the 1950's ended abruptly in the autumn of 1963 when the President of the United States was shot to death on the streets of a frontier outpost in East Texas. There ended the idyll of youthful illusions. It suddenly became grimly clear that the other side, the right-wing opposition to social reform, was prepared to go to extreme lengths to prevent significant

social change. I still wore my black-and-white peace button on the lapel of my war-surplus U.S. Army field jacket but my hopes for genuine and lasting social progress were now tempered. Despite Elbie Jay's folksy assurances to the contrary, this was the lesson I learned from the violent and bloody end of John Fitzgerald Kennedy.

That same autumn, in October I think it was, I went with some friends to a folk song concert in the outdoor amphitheater of the Hollywood Bowl. The name of Joan Baez was on the marquee. In the middle of the concert, really unexpectedly, an unknown young cowboy walked onto the stage, up to the microphone, and began the finest and most incredible combination of acoustic guitar and blues harmonica I had ever heard. With vocals. His name was Bob Dylan. I was inspired. I went home after the concert and began playing my uncle's guitar. Not very good at first. There were probably thousands of angry guitar-poets in my generation. The music industry and the press called this music Protest Songs. Young people sang protest songs at civil rights marches and university demonstrations. In 1964 Joan Baez led students in singing We Shall Overcome during the occupation of Sproul Hall at the University of California at Berkeley by members of the Free Speech Movement.

In the spring of 1964 I overheard a self-consciously loud conversation in my Speech class, sitting in the back, just



before the instructor arrived:

1st student: "Hey, Damian, how was your trip?"

2nd student: "Great."

1st student: "Where did you go?"

2nd student: "Nowhere."

Then they both laughed, joined by some other people. I was never terribly quick as a young man and was slow to pick up on what was happening. It took

me some time to figure out how it is that one can take a trip and not go anywhere. The Grand Age of LSD had begun to illuminate the brain cells of my generation in the hip middle-class youth culture of West Los Angeles. A short time later Damian confided the close call he had when observed by police aboard a city bus. Damian said he had with him a small suitcase packed with weed and that he was kind of worried but that he got off the bus at the next stop and was not followed, much to his relief. It sounded very dramatic but I was puzzled as to why he was carrying weeds about



town in a suitcase, though I did not inquire for fear of sounding stupid and out of it. But before long I too understood the significance of a suitcase full of weed.

In the summer of 1964 the intrepid American naval presence off the coast of Vietnam was rudely interrupted by a sneak attack, so our leaders alleged, in the Gulf of Tonkin. This faked incident, the Pearl Harbor of my generation, gave the United States government sufficient provocation to honestly confess the true identity of the so-called American "advisors" in South Vietnam. As most thinking persons already knew or suspected, our advisors to the South Vietnamese Army were actually U.S. Army troops, far greater in number than previously made public, and hotly engaged in full-scale air and ground war against the communist North Vietnamese. At the time I was driving north through Utah and Wyoming and was somewhere near the state line as the announcer on the car radio talked calmly about the attack against American naval vessels in the Tonkin Gulf. As I watched the road and half-listened to the radio I began to realize that the glorious American Empire was about to treat its tired subjects to another round of the cavalry-and-Indians epic in an effort to save the appearances by holding onto a shabby wardrobe, now pieced in many places.

Two years before, I had read for the first time the 1930's novel by Eric Maria Remarque, *All Quiet on the Western Front*, about German youth in Flanders, in the trenches of the First World War. I was not about to let the same meaning-

less end be mine. That fall semester the military draft was no longer a dead letter for me and my friends. I applied for student deferral to prevent reclassification to draft status. At the time I had begun to regard life as sufficiently absurd without this latest interruption. What with leaving home, going to school, working, having a girl friend and meeting my good buddy in all-night coffee shops in the wee hours of the morning to talk about our poetry and our travels, I figured I had enough entertainment going without Uncle Sam's generosity. Still, I reflected, it was kind of him to think of me in this, the finest hour of the empire.

Apart from the feeling of desperation and disbelief experienced by me and my coevals in the mid-1960's, apart from the on-going tension and the feeling of a crisis in our destiny arbitrarily dictated by corrupt and incompetent leaders, an unprecedented wave of economic affluence swept the country: plenty of money available thanks to war industries and government contracts, hot employment prospects for college graduates (Go into real estate, my lad, you'll never regret it.) and, among the established classes of society, a smug optimism qualified only by the scandalous presence of disgruntled student demonstrators who protested being de-humanized by universities and governments, who marched down public streets and around college campuses to denounce the war.

Two developments coincided in the mid-1960's: the coming of the war and the coming of age of American university students. People on college campuses around the country began to misbehave



with a mood of moral seriousness that implied a clear indictment of the bland assumptions of the 1950's. Newly sanctioned by a growing and influential segment of the middle class were hallucinogenic intoxicants like peyote, mescaline and marijuana plus a number of chemically synthesized pills and potions. Among affluent youth, pharmaceutical knowledge and political radicalism be-

came the dominant new cultural motif. Among people seriously committed to political action against arbitrary government, the old methods of peaceful marches and picketing against the war, or in favor of racial integration and civil rights, fell into disfavor and became a quaint liberal conceit. For the new radicals, like the Weathermen, nothing short of underground struggle and armed resistance would suffice.

As for myself, I marched with my trusty picket in the April Mobilization in San Francisco, in the spring of 1967, and was in several demonstrations on my



college campus in San Jose. At one large demonstration we were dispersed by police in riot formation. People were getting arrested and dragged away to police cars. Squads of plainclothesmen chased small groups of students across the campus. In the main gathering areas of campus the police fired tear gas. About that time a brief flirtation with the hippie culture convinced me that the flower-child movement was a noble and nutless gesture but nothing more. The Mahari Ji never converted me but the bloody collapse of the liberal wing of the Democratic Party in Chicago in 1968, beaten, pursued and arrested by the guardians of public virtue, made it clear to me that the lofty hopes for a morally revived and vigorous America which had been so eloquently voiced in John F. Kennedy's electoral campaign speeches and Inaugural Address in 1960-1961 were now up against the wall and maybe walking the plank for a long time to come. The ominous triumph of Richard M. Nixon's "Silent Americans" mystique was handwriting on the wall for the 1970's.

The 1960's were a time of idealistic expectations of the future, followed by dashed hopes, universal disillusionment, disappointment and discontent. Some opted for withdrawal to private life, others joined the underground resistance or left to other parts of the world, still others joined communes in the city or in the country. There was the apocalyptic realization that if we blow it on this planet we may find ourselves at the end

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of the road with no technological salvation in sight. Everyone experienced some measure of chaos, disruption and uncertainty, sometimes coupled with commitment to the cause of social reform. In 1960 I graduated from high school with little experience of the world but full of fondly cherished notions about it. At the end of that decade I was pushing thirty and wondering how it had all gone by so fast. Still, I had no desire for an instant replay. I made the most of that particular vintage and when it was gone I had no regrets. The best memories were of the time before 1963. But then that was the 1950's.

I began this story with the sketch of a wino's progress on a good day. He finds a wallet with two bucks in it and some other paper which he throws away. Astounded by his luck, he stuffs the cash into his coat pocket, on the inside, crosses the street to a small market on the corner where he buys two small bottles of his usual and, to celebrate his just reward (two bucks) and the rosy prospect of Benevolent Destiny, a small bottle of Thunderbird. Sober now, and firm of purpose, for the moment, he walks out of the store with his change in his pocket like any good citizen of the town, back along the road to the bridge where he spent the night before.

Convinced of his virtue and of the notable progress he has made on this extraordinary day, he sits down in the shade, takes off his hat and opens the Thunderbird. As he takes the first pull he reflects gratefully upon the reassuring cycle of eternal recurrence which has made his life possible and, briefly, enjoyable. The wino's progress illustrates for us the following Law of Energy or Cosmic Maxim: Things do tend gradually to fall apart and, like Humpty-Dumpty, all the King's Horses and all the King's Men cannot put them together again. Yet that is nothing to mourn because, in the long run, everything comes back together again. The nostalgic remembrance of yesterday's drunk is consolation for the bitter disgust of the morning and the anticipation of the next drunk helps assuage the creeping awareness of spiritual collapse.

The fallacy of the wino's sentimental nostalgia finds a much larger reflection in our cultural predilection for crowning a past decade with the misty halo of a Golden Age. Doing so helps us to suppose that, however apathetic and dull the present may be, the best of what is past will recur in a resplendent and redeemed future. The wino's progress is ours and his luck our own. As he comfortably and quietly passes out under the bridge, we are left with the solemn reflection that, after all, when a man doesn't even know where the next soothing drink is coming from, he may as well drink to himself.



Virgin Eve

By Mary Young

God had died. Virginity was busted. Marriage, family, home, job, college: gone, rubble, all gone. There was no ground to plant feet firmly on. The road to happiness washed out last year in the monsoon. . . .

Bred in a private Catholic girl's school, I came out in the spring of 1971, as I put it then, "totally unprepared for the real world."

Freshman year, Sister Maggie told a classful of straight-backed-knees-together-hands-folded-on-the-desk-in-front-of-you girls to never wear patent leather shoes and to always put the Seattle phone book on a boy's lap before sitting there. A civil rights show on channel 9 was shown fifth period, but I skipped out of that class, to wander in the park acting looney with girlfriends.

Sophomore year we collected cans and prayers for our boys in Vietnam. Sister Kathy cried most of that year because her brother was in jail for conscientious objection. There was a protest march down the freeway, with naked people blocking traffic for miles. Over the loud-speaker, in homeroom, we were told, those of us with great conscience and who wanted to get out early, to go downtown that afternoon in proper uniform to show Catholic support for the arriving Bobby Kennedy. It was an awful hullabaloo and took great effort to get near Bobby to flash our blue plaid support. I remember his handshake was

doughy and it didn't seem to me he gave two hoots about our support. Bobby was shot to death a few days later. That year I cut my long hair off and frosted it light blonde just for the heck of it.

Junior year, the girl who sat behind me in the homeroom and who wore a fringed leather jacket instead of her blazer, got pregnant and married. The registrar nun ran off and married a man with five children. Those two were there one day and gone the next: disappeared, vanished. No questions answered. A certain straight arrow and known rowdy both showed up one day wearing telltale turtlenecks to hide hickeys. In chemistry class, a Sister revealed to us confidentially that she had sexual desires for men. And when I borrowed her Creme Frost lipstick, I found a packet of birth control pills in my friend's purse. We never spoke of it to one another, but it was great fun imagining nuns "doing it."

Senior year, a hippie nun (who didn't wear a habit) smuggled a Mrs. Somebody in from Planned Parenthood. In the middle of the rubbers and past the pill we got raided by Sister Superior. Some real married people came to Contemporary World Problems class to enlighten us to the important facts about married life (fie on you O'Neill's) like "Bill never puts the lid back on the toothpaste tube and it drives me crazy."

I was chairman of the prom committee "We've only just begun. . . ." I learned how to choke down a cigarette and drink beer. On graduation day, May 1971, I, in

my white cap and gown with the brilliant red tassel, white cotton pique, mini, princess-waist dress, white sandals, and long-again brown hair, saw some friends passing marijuana among themselves just before the processional. A few months before, an angry molotov cocktail blew up our lunchroom. It was great! We got to go to Dick's for burgers for a month.

While Vietnam, acid & grass, civil rights, women's rights, gay rights, open marriage, group sex, free love, Haight-Ashbury, draft card burning, Buddhist monk burning, assassination, street dealers, political wheeler dealers, long hair, bare feet, abortion, the pill, Janis Joplin, Jimi Hendrix, sit-ins, be-ins, tear gas, Nixon, Ho Chi Minh, machine guns on campus, off the pig, fuck —!, Hare Krishna, Black Panthers, and babies named God and Scorpio gyrated around the country, I had, however, "sheltered" my childhood and my adolescence. No, I was not prepared to live in a world that openly fornicated with chaos.

I picked my way through the bombed-out ruins of the 70s left, steaming and smoking, by the children of the post-WWII baby boom—the love children of the 60s—because marriage, family, religion, education, and career were drilled into the marrow of my bones, the red corpuscles of my blood.

I knew nothing on that virginal eve of graduation, and I had everything. God help the children of the 70s who knew everything and have nothing.

Beginning with Earth Day

By Jeff Severinghaus

"Keep It Green," "Spaceship Earth," "Give a Hoot—Don't Pollute." Remember those old slogans? The Seventies stand as a decade of environmentalism, a time that marked the first massive citizen concern about the air we breathe, the water we drink, and the earth we inhabit. These years also saw many conservation victories in Congress, the White House, and on down to the community level.

Unfortunately, just in the last six months or so we have seen the courts and government changing their attitude toward the environment, as recession looms and the prices at the pumps soar. Now we face priorities, we are told, between the environment and economic and energy concerns. The recent decision to flood the Tellico Valley in Tennessee, once halted because of the endangered snail-darter, is one example of a landmark decision of the early 70's being ignored and reversed. Likewise with President Carter's Energy Mobilization Board, which would "cut through red tape" and shepherd energy projects like coal, oil shale, and synfuel plants into existence. The same red tape, unfortunately, has been our only hold on big government and business projects throughout the 70's.

But where did it all begin? During the 60's many environmental groups had their gestation, and on April 22, 1970, a nationwide "Earth Day" was scheduled with demonstrations, marches, "teach-ins" and a fervor that matched their sisters in the anti-war civil rights campaigns of the 60's. The nation became obsessed with the idea that we could no longer exploit our resources and foul our waters.

There was a new sense that our environment was quickly being exhausted, with smog alerts and dramatic events like the Cayuhoga River catching on fire contributing to the growing concern. Environmental groups swelled their ranks prodigiously. The Sierra Club grew from 20,000 members in 1968 to 160,000 in 1971. Many new groups were born, such as Friends of the Earth and the Wilderness Society. These became increasingly involved in lobbying, able with their growing memberships to apply more pressure in Congress.

Out of this ferment rose the National Environmental Policy Act (NEPA), establishing the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) as a watchdog on polluters and requiring an Environmental Impact Report (EIR) on all new construction.

The environmental momentum kept growing and resulted in more landmark actions in Congress: The Clean Air Act, and the dumping of the proposed Super-

sonic Transport, a colossal jet that would have carpeted the nation with regular sonic booms. As 1970 drew to a close, it seemed that much of the creative energy and political action of the 60's was finding an outlet in environmental activism.

Naturally, this action in government was flanked by many social changes; changes in our attitude toward earth and its fragile resources and changes in lifestyle. Many people began recycling their bottles and cans. Others sought to reduce suds and eutrophication (rapid growth of algae, resulting in fish kills) in lakes and streams by using non-phosphate detergents and biodegradable soaps. Books such as Paul Ehrlich's *Population Bomb* and Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring* (about the tragedy of pesticides) were widely read. People felt that whereas the Vietnam War seemed remote and uncontrollable, the environment could be improved by individuals changing their own habits and attitudes.

Outdoor sports soared in popularity, with the individual's appreciation of nature and release and escape from the pressures of modern living as driving forces. Backpackers appeared in droves in the nation's more popular wilderness areas, causing limits to be placed on the number of campers allowed into certain heavily-used areas. Questions about the impact on wilderness of the new wave of hikers were raised, and cries for more wilderness reached Congress. Throughout the decade many areas were granted protection, from logging and mining, being designated solely for recreation. Some of the major areas in the Northwest are the Hall's Canyon in Idaho, the North Cascades National Park, the recent vast Alaska Lands placed in the National Monument system by President Carter, and the recent creation of the River of No Return Wilderness in Idaho, to be the largest in the contiguous U.S. Accompanying the new interest in the outdoors was a movement by many urbanites back onto the land, with a resurrection of rural and agrarian values. This, however, is a topic for another article.

Many species of wildlife were threatened with extinction, including the great whales which are used, for the most part, in producing perfumes and pet food. Public alarm grew as these intelligent animals reached new lows in population, and pressure was brought to bear on Japan and Russia, the two major countries still whaling. Greenpeace, a group best known for physically putting themselves between the whales and the whalers, was founded. Porpoises were being accidentally caught in tuna fishermen's nets, and a largely successful tuna boycott emerged to force fishermen to alter their ways.

While feelings for threatened wildlife ran high, it became clear that we ourselves are no less affected by our environment and the wastes and additives we put into it. Throughout the decade, dozens of common chemicals found in our everyday lives were declared toxic or carcinogenic, including cyclamates, asbestos fibers, and the herbicide 2, 4, 5-T, found to cause birth defects.

Industrial pollutants also managed to get into our foods. The virtual destruction of Great Lakes fishing by eutrophication was heightened by the discovery of PCB's (a common industrial coolant, and carcinogen) in many fish. The tale of PCB's continues today, with the pre-Thanksgiving destruction of 70,000 chickens near Tacoma, found to have PCB's.

On the bright side, fishing in the Great Lakes is on the rise again, and many carcinogens are off the shelves. Perhaps more importantly, the consumer is more informed—or suspicious—of the many additives we are exposed to.

With the oil embargo and subsequent energy crisis of 1973 came a new awareness of limits on our extravagant energy habits. Americans felt the stigma of using one-third of the world's energy, while having only one-twentieth of the world's population. Energy also started to reflect the problems in the environment, with the strapping of coal, oil spills, supertankers, and the Alaska pipeline in heated debate. Beginning with the Torrey Canyon in the British Isles in 1969, serious oil spills became regular, the most recent being the huge Mexican spill.

As we head into the 80's, proposals for oil shale, coal gas, and synfuel energy sources pose further environmental problems. Because of the tremendous quantities of water needed in the extraction process, synfuel technologies will be devastating, if not unviable, in the arid areas of the Southwest where most oil shale deposits are found.

Nor does nuclear fission, once dubbed "clean energy," offer a sound alternative in the wake of the Three Mile Island accident and the rising costs. As we enter the 80's, energy will certainly become the biggest challenge our society faces.

The 70's were characterized by many problems, but also by many major steps forward in preserving what is important to us. In no other decade have we seen so many changes in government's attitude towards the environment, nor in the increased awareness of the individual. Most importantly, we have learned that the average citizen can make a difference in the decisions that affect us directly—we can fight city hall!

Legislating the Sun

By Conrad Driscoll

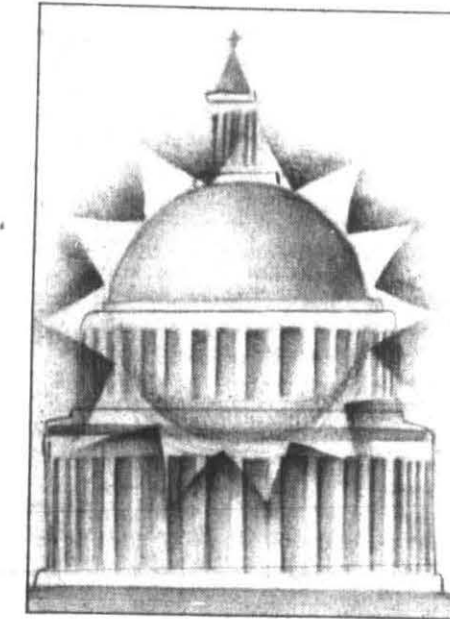
Not too long ago, solar was viewed as a far-fetched idea being pushed by people who ate granola and read *Mother Earth News*. That was until 1973-74, when the nation experienced the shock that the days of "cheap and secure" oil were over. As the authors of *Energy Futures*, a Harvard business school study on energy, put it; "The oil crisis of '73-'74 constituted a turning point in postwar history, delivering a powerful economic and political shock to the entire world.

As fuel costs soared, solar energy became a new "source" of energy to be explored. But the fact is, solar energy has been around for ages. In fact, there were thousands of hot water collectors in Florida and southern California during the 20s and 30s. Solar faded with the age of cheap fossil energy only to re-emerge in the 70s as a significant energy source.

For two decades (1950-1970), support for research and use of solar energy averaged only \$100,000 per year. Most of this came from the National Science Foundation (NSF) rather than from the government agencies concerned with energy development.

The prime force, though, for our current basic solar legislation and policy has come from Congress. Two of the substantial pieces of solar legislation are the Solar Heating and Cooling Demonstration Act of 1974 and the Solar Energy Research, Development and Demonstration Act of 1974. The latter was designed to "pursue a vigorous and viable program of research and resource assessment of solar energy as a major source of energy for our national needs" as well as to demonstrate solar energy.

The third major statement of policy in '74 came in the form of the Non-Nuclear Energy Research and Development Act of 1974. It basically says that Congress will develop and support "the broadest range of energy policy options" through conservation and through sources that "are socially and environmentally acceptable means." These three bills were significant because they addressed lon-



ger range problems and laid the groundwork for further legislation.

No major solar laws were passed in 1975 by Congress, but solar appropriations continued to increase through President Ford's Energy Research and Development Administration (ERDA). Some very odd things were happening to solar research under ERDA, though. Each year that Congress allocated money for solar research to ERDA (now head of solar research), ERDA turned down portions of the money saying it wasn't needed. By 1976 solar, supposedly, had the same priority as the fast breeder nuclear program as well as the fusion program.

The 1977 National Energy Act, President Carter's "war on energy" master plan, introduced some good legislation, like tax credits for installing solar, but failed to lay out the long-range plans for a solar transition. It was effective in bringing solar in the energy spotlight and helping get the ball rolling for many businesses. The National Energy Act, though, lacked the impetus to achieve the goal of 2.5 million solar homes by 1985, because it failed to overcome the market problems facing solar energy.

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predominant than passage of a good solar bill. So far, Congress has passed a total of 27 separate solar-energy bills since 1970.

Many of those bills dealt directly with funding solar energy. Solar is now the third largest energy technology, as far as funding goes. Nuclear power still dominates, with over a billion dollars for 1979, with fossil fuels receiving \$800 million. Solar energy received \$513 million for '79.

This money can tell a great deal about the Federal energy budget. Nuclear power, ever since its conception as a commercial power source, has received massive federal support. This can be also seen in the fossil fuels area which represents the bulk of non-renewable sources (oil, coal, etc.). Many multinationals are deeply entrenched in these sources of energy. An ominous sign for the future of solar is that these same corporations are starting to control the solar field. An example is that 8 out of 9 small companies doing research in photovoltaics (solar cells) are owned by oil companies.

Solar energy has been a definite phenomenon of the 70s—totally unique in its evolution. It is closely tied to environ-

mentalism but its uniqueness lies in its potential to change a key part of our society. Energy and the environment could become a major confrontation of the 80s and solar will be a way to alleviate some of that tension. Unfortun-

"It might not be too late to convert to a solar based society, indeed world..."

ately, resources and energy are required to start us down the road to a solar America. As solar energy advocate Amory Lovins says, "It might be too late to convert to a solar-based society, indeed world, around the year 2025. We need to start the transition now."

BICYCLE BOOM AND BEYOND¹¹

By Tim Nogler

Imagine slurping a gallon of gas and then taking a spin on your bicycle. With the energy contained in the precious fossil fuel, you could travel over 500 miles. Put the same gallon in a gas-gulping, air-fouling obnoxiously noisy and grossly heavy auto, and you can drive about 20 miles.

I don't recommend drinking gasoline, since the human body functions quite differently than the internal combustion engine. The point is that a person on a bicycle uses energy 27 times more efficiently than the motor in a car. In fact, the only more efficient conversion of energy into motion is the flight of birds.

People began to perceive the limits of energy sources in the 70s. Due to the rising cost of fuel, and rising environmental awareness, efficiency became a key factor in consumption. The gluttonous American dream-mobile would soon be running on empty.

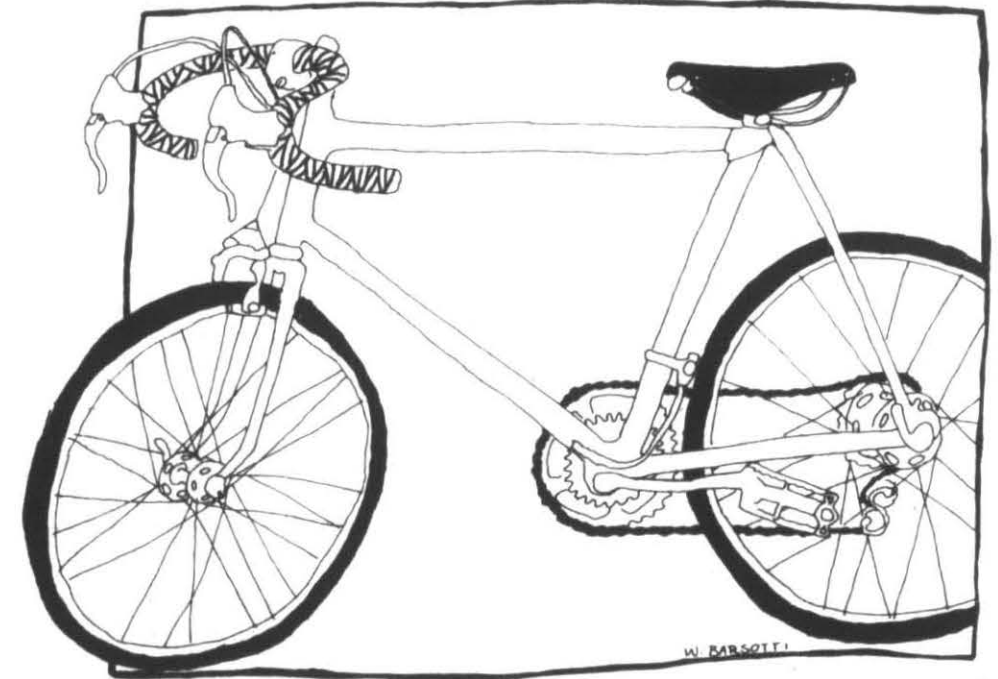
Widespread panic gripped the streets during the first gas crunch in 1973. In their temporary madness, Americans started buying bicycles. Sales doubled in 1973-74. When the nature of the economic joke the oil companies were playing became apparent, relieved Americans willing to pay any price for prosperity, settled back into their cars. Bicycle sales dropped, and are currently well below the peak reached in 1974.

The two years of bicycle mania revolutionized the industry, in America. The average cyclist now knew all about light-weight frames, alloyed rims, and gear ratios. A viable form of transportation for years in other parts of the world, pedal-power finally accounted for some portion of transportation in the U.S.

The portion, though, is small. On an average weekday at Evergreen, the parking lot has at least 1000 cars in it. Conceivably, every person commuting to campus could ride in a car every day.

The reason for the disproportion seems to be the American obsession with luxury and speed. In a car, a person can sit in a relaxed position and zip along six times as fast as a bicycle, oblivious to the poison spewing from the tailpipe. The car provides a feeling of power, and even mellow Greeners become intoxicated with the power. They curse the bicycles which crawl along, taking up precious road space and forcing the driver, heaven forbid, to slow down. Their reaction is venomous; "That person must want to be a hood ornament."

In spite of the motorists' animosity toward anyone trying to move around under their own power, touring the roads of America gained popularity in



the 70s. In the summer of 76, over 4000 cyclists toured portions of the "Bikecentennial" route. The route stretched from Astoria, Oregon to D.C., and passed through 14 states, mostly along secondary roads.

Recently touring popularity, like sales, has waned. (The diplomatic doctors in D.C. have performed C.P.R. on the nation's heart and the black blood again courses through the country's economic veins.) My cohorts and I toured the bikecentennial in '77, and in 5000 miles saw a total of one dozen other cyclists. All along the route people were surprised to see us, as if we were too late. "You should have been here last year--."

Is touring a passing fad? In my opinion, cycling isn't a fad. Rather, it is an optimum means of travel: (The red-winged blackbirds concur with me. They will fly alongside me, chirping to beat the band as I roll noiselessly along. They think I'm flying.)

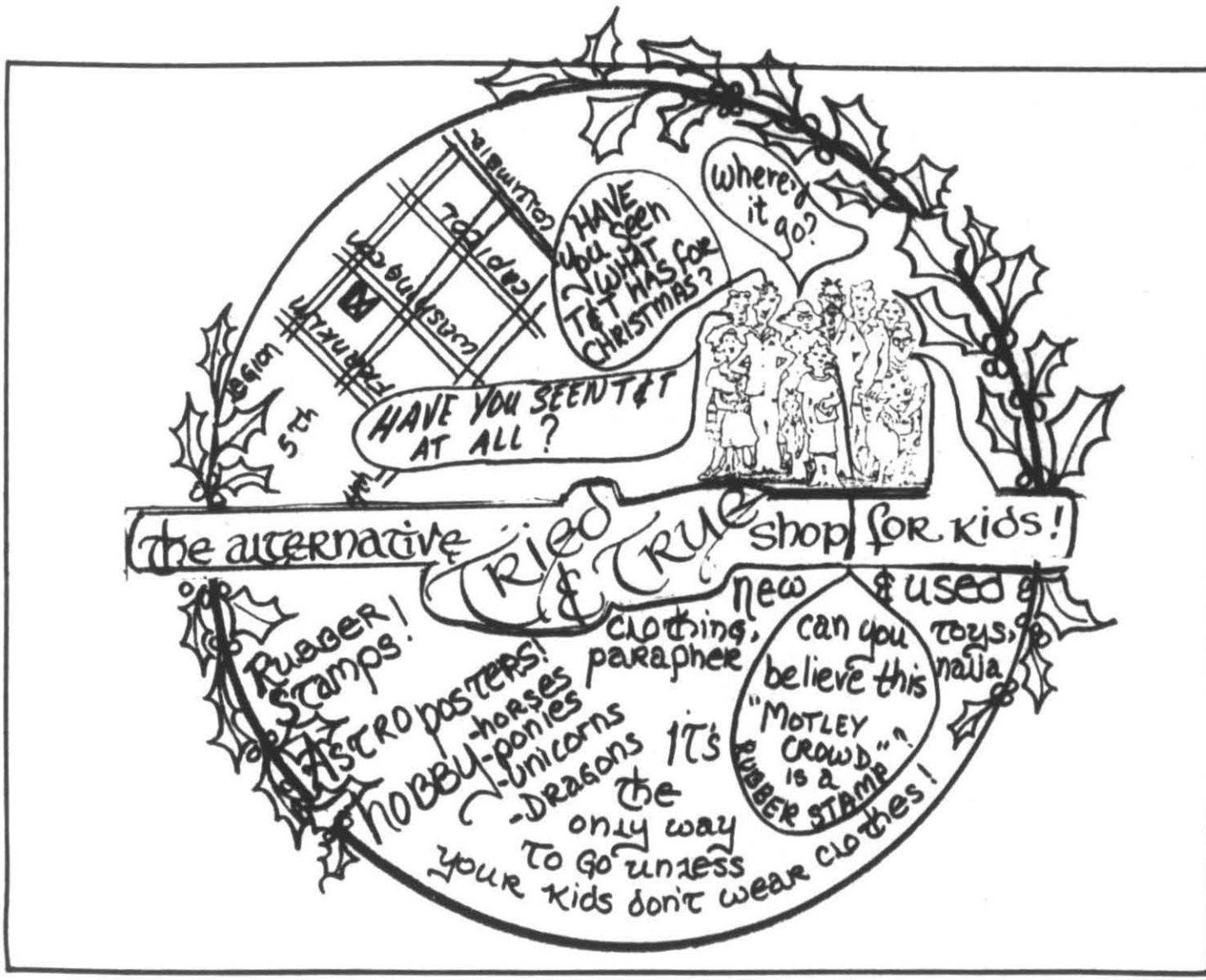
Motorists, however, will not yield the roads. In Culpepper, Virginia, a young woman leaned out the window of her mother's car and yelled the anti-bicyclist credo, "Get the hell off the road!" and hit me with her purse. Traffic was slow and heavy. I managed to catch up with my assailants and convince them to pull over for a little talk. In the midst of our argument, I called the police. The officer thought the entire incident was trivial, and that no one could possibly have hit me with a purse. Before he left, though, he said, "Bicycles have as much right to the road as cars."

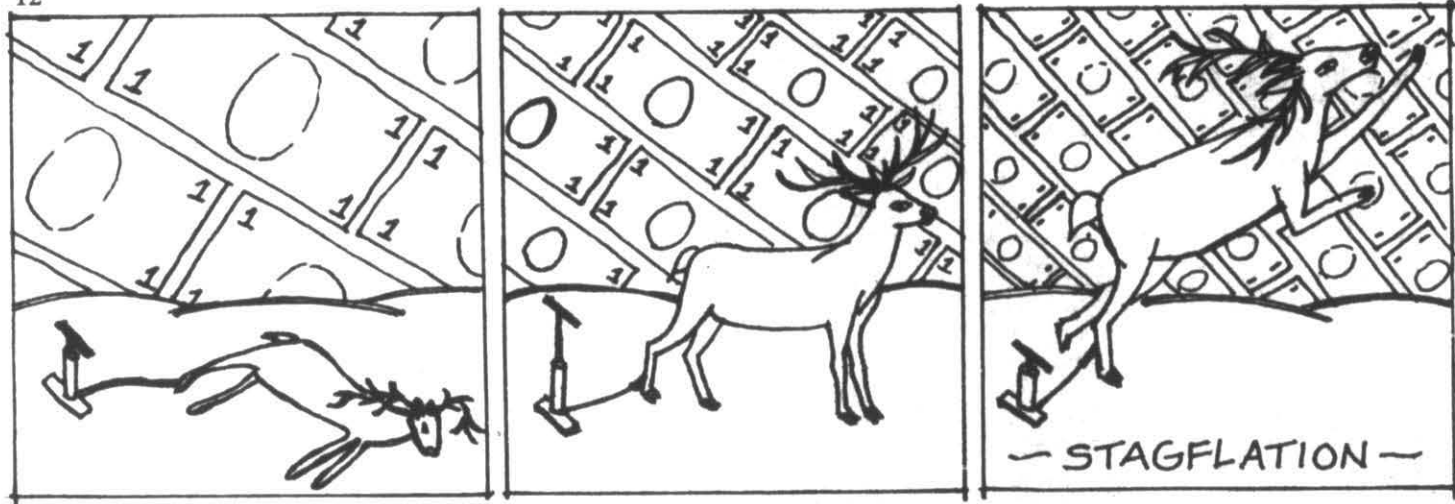
Competing with cars on a bicycle is dangerous. The motivation for cycling must be more than needing a way to get around. Recreational value accounts for

some of the additional impetus. In my opinion, the remaining factor of motivation occurs from a desire to be unorthodox, to challenge the system. By competing with the car, bicycling became a form of protest in the 70s.

John Calambokidis, veteran tourist and Evergreen alumnus, toured parts of Africa in 1972, seeking adventure. He experienced a culture shock. "I saw so many incredibly poor people..." Bicycling formed a link with the natives. Since John had to work hard for every mile, they viewed him differently from other travellers. "They thought I was crazy, but they could relate to me." "Go by bicycle," John says, "if you want to feel good about yourself."

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The State of Economics and

By Thom Richardson
and Pam Dusenberry

The political economy of the 1970s is an appropriate topic for a multi-volume magnum opus, one's seminal contribution to the intellectual heritage of humankind. To attempt to cover everything in an article of this type would be, to put it nicely, absurd. Our scope, then, is coverage of the high points, the most basic events and trends.

Possibly the most important trend of the last ten years is the decline in real standards of living for the great majority of Americans. In fact, this decade marks the only such decline in American history, with the huge exception of the Great Depression. Wages have gone up, as they have throughout this century. But prices have gone up faster in the 1970s.

A dollar simply does not go as far today as it did ten years ago. Prices have approximately doubled. Inflation the likes of which we see today (at least 13.3 percent this year) is unprecedented in American history, save for short periods after wars. It is structural now, an inherent characteristic of the way our economy functions, no longer the consequence of uncontrollable external forces.

In the past, orthodox economists believed inflation was caused by consumers demanding more than the market could or would provide. It is a basic law of economics that if more goods are desired than are available, then the prices of those goods rise.

Largely ignored by these bastions of orthodoxy was the control over prices that very large monopolist corporations have gradually attained. Since monopolies or near monopolies are not subject to the same competitive pressures that capitalism is predicated on, they can control the prices of their goods. So when the economy is depressed, and investment, production, and most importantly, wages, are down, corporations can keep their prices up. Our friends in

Detroit are the perfect example: automobile prices have naturally risen in every prosperous period, yet does anyone remember cars becoming cheaper during any of the three recent recessions?

In fact, recessions themselves are somewhat peculiar to the 1970s. During the 1960s, economists believed that the economic tools they had surreptitiously acquired from the theories of J. M. Keynes would allow them to "fine tune" the economy, avoiding pitfalls like recessions, unemployment or inflation. And the 60s seemed to confirm their confidence; they were ten years of largely uninterrupted growth.

The euphoria evaporated abruptly in 1971 as we entered the first cyclical downturn since Eisenhower. Nixon's election-year recovery was followed in 1973-74 by the worst dip since the 1930s; some economists have in fact termed it a depression. And now the newspapers daily herald the third in this series of crunches.

Stagflation

Stagflation is the result of such concomitant recessions and corporate price control. Defined as a simultaneous rise in prices (inflation) and unemployment, stagflation cannot be explained within orthodox economics. Theoretically, it is impossible. Keynesians traditionally saw a trade-off between the two: policies designed to ameliorate inflation exacerbated unemployment and vice versa. Now those same policies are aggravating both inflation and unemployment.

The federal government was used to spending more than it made in taxes (deficit spending) to cut unemployment and stagnation. This "priming of the pump" stimulated price increases that would refuse to disappear.

The Gold Standard

In addition to our first recession in 13 years, the early 70s saw Nixon take the dollar off the gold standard. Few of tricky Dick's acts would have greater long-term ramifications than that unilateral move.

The U.S. dollar has been the trading world's most important currency since the famed Bretton Woods conference at the end of WWII. There the U.S. pushed for, and achieved, an international monetary system centered on the American currency. The dollar became "as good as gold." Every nation was to know that the dollar could at any time be converted to gold at the fixed rate of \$35 an ounce. Designed to instill confidence in the dollar, this move encouraged other countries to exchange our currency in place of gold. To this day, most oil-producing nations accept payment for their exports only in dollars.

By the early 70s, however, America had paid for so much of its imports in dollars rather than gold that the rest of the world held much more of our currency than we had gold to back it—by more than a factor of ten! Such a greatly expanded supply of dollars and a relatively fixed amount of gold made the value of the dollar hopelessly weak. Nixon devalued the buck first in 1971, and broke the link between it and the yellow metal completely in 1973. This left the dollar backed solely by the confidence of those who held them.

O.P.E.C.'s quadrupling of oil prices between 1972 and 1973 served to greatly worsen the dollar "glut" overseas. And the oil embargo triggered by the '73 Israeli-Egyptian war exacerbated inflation (and recession) in the U.S. The importance of the cartel itself can hardly be overemphasized. In prompting perhaps the greatest transfer of wealth in human history, O.P.E.C. became the quintessential cartel, with producers combining to restrict output and drive up prices.

Estimates of the combined "Euro-dollar" (dollars held by others in the Western trading world) and "petrodollar" reserves range from \$300 billion to \$1 trillion and have been the subject of a veritable plethora of articles in the business press as well as of fictional accounts like *The Crash of '79*.

The most important implication of this glut is its impact on the value of the mighty buck. The dollar's value would plummet if all foreign holders of dollars decided to sell them all at once. The 1929 stock market crash was caused by most investors selling their stock at the same time, pulling the rug out from under their prices. Today's parallel to that crash would be the sudden wholesale exchange of dollars for other currencies.

The weakness of the dollar is evident in the price of gold, which has been the measure of the value of a currency since the gold standard's demise. The price of gold, at \$35/oz. before '71, has doubled this year alone. At the time of writing the rate is near \$415 an ounce. By the time of printing, who knows?

Trilateralism

Perhaps the most important development in international political economic thought during the 1970s may be the installment of Trilateralism in America's foreign policy. Concerned first and foremost with the maintenance of stability

has decreasing means to meet them. Special interest groups, especially minorities and women, have demanded equality. At the same time, military spending continues to occupy almost 40% of the budget. Cities like New York and Cleveland, to name only the most obvious, require federal subsidy to keep them out of bankruptcy. Farmers, in addition, are demanding renewed price subsidization. In short, government is providing more financial support than ever for all sectors of society.

Simultaneously, the state has fewer financial resources to tap. Taxes have been raised close to their limit. Voter initiatives like California's Proposition 13 and Washington's Initiative 62 are perfect examples. The tax revolt is real. It will only gather strength as the government attempts to encourage economic activity via increased expenditures or enlarged tax loopholes.

"The stagnating American economy needs to get the government off its back!" exclaims the business press. Both old conservatives, such as Reagan and

the inflation of the 70s.

Evergreen economist Chuck Nisbet sees the neoconservative movement as a force to contend with. He sees as accurate their analysis of the results of Keynesian "fine tuning." Inflation has gotten worse; the economy has stagnated; the living standards of most Americans have ceased to rise.

The 1980s will see America's upper income groups attempt to recoup their perceived losses of the 60s and 70s, according to Nisbet. He cites as evidence the repeal two weeks ago of a 1976 provision that had narrowed an inheritance tax loophole.

Forecast

These, then, are the factors which will shape the economic trends of the 80s. American economic strength is faltering here and abroad. The dollar is weak, and Third World countries are successfully rebelling against our political and economic domination of their affairs. Domestically, real earnings will continue to fall as prices and unemployment continue to rise. Demands on the

The Economics of the State

here and abroad, the philosophy of David Rockefeller's Trilateral Commission is now accepted at the highest levels of government. Prominent business, labor, and government leaders from Western Europe, Japan and the U.S. have been meeting periodically since 1971 in order to iron out conflicts that harder economic times are likely to bring. Simpler times never demanded the existence of such an international body. And as Third World countries, such as Iran, continue to take control of their own valuable resources and use them for their own purposes, the role of transnational bodies will become more widely accepted by those in power.

Domestic Unemployment

The combination of a weaker dollar abroad and inflation at home has also resulted in a weaker U.S. export environment, further worsening domestic unemployment. Not only have large manufacturing industries moved from the Northeast to the "sun belt" of the South, many have completely "run away" from the U.S. Less developed countries like Brazil, South Korea, and Taiwan can offer low wages, few taxes, and political systems that are characterized as stable in the U.S. and as oppressive everywhere else. The Shah's monarchy in Iran was a fine example of a government friendly to the U.S. (both government and industry) and despised by those who live there.

The Fiscal Crisis of the State

The American economy, previously epitomized by an ever-expanding pie, is now characterized by increasing demands on a federal government which

Goldwater and the "neoconservatives," like Jack Kemp and Irving Kristol, for instance, agree on that.

They claim that government interference with the uninhibited pursuit of profit is the main monkey on the system's back, and should be removed. The right wing calls for the relaxation of environmental and quality controls, which they blame both for the downfall of narrowly competitive firms and for

government to increase aid to the needy, be they low-income people, bankrupt cities, or decaying corporations, will increase while the tax revolt inhibits government revenues.

Virtually all economists agree that the American economy is in a crisis now, and that none of their previously effective solutions are now viable. The majority of Americans are only beginning to realize this, however.

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"I got the apolitical blues"

By Ben Alexander

Jackson and Kent State heralded the new decade; no 21-gun salute for this product of the post-war baby boom. The heroes of my youth, the familiar faces on TV, the most often repeated names on the radio while I grew up were Abbie Hoffman, Jerry Rubin, and Angela Davis. For those of us who were breast-fed on the ephemeral hope of social change, this decade was one of the biggest adolescent flops in history.

Struggling through high school took up the first half of the 70s. Somehow, I seemed sadly out of place, for the mention of underground newspapers drew only blank stares, and no one was interested in the ACLU Handbook of Students' Rights. Even Nixon's stunning resignation in the summer of '74 was only an excuse for a party. Every meaningful form of protest seemed to have been either co-opted or institutionalized. And thus rock'n'roll, cars and social dope-smoking formed the front-line of the 70s.

Promise of change in mainstream America was one legacy of the 60s, yet the early 70s showed no glimpse of realizing these dreams. Neil Young captured the trend perfectly in the "Revolutionary Blues," when he whined, "I see bloody fountains and ten million dune buggies comin' down the mountain." In early '75 I got kicked out of private school for being a hippie with long hair; obviously, I was a deluded relic of a bygone era.

Shortly thereafter, I escaped the institution; my degree was superimposed with a liberty bell, which was just one warning signal of the impending buycentennial. Another caution sign was the rally at the North Bridge in Concord: there was Gerald Ford, cartoon-face and all; there were Secret Servicemen with shiny black shoes and walkie-talkies; there were rank upon rank of National Guardsmen armed with batons; and there were tens of thousands of hecklers, screaming members of the Peoples Bicentennial Commission, attempting to revive the spirit of '76: "Don't Tread on Me." Too bad it was only a show. Jerry Rubin sold out at 37, and Archie Bunker's humor held more than a little sour truth. And Lowell George sang, "I got the apolitical blues, and they're the meanest blues of all."

What more can be said of the buycentennial? Cold, capitalist reality was smeared in our faces in the form of red white and blue Dunkin Donuts and placemats with the Constitution printed on them. While buycentennial bicyclists peddled across the country, I thumbed it twice in both directions, and in the process I discovered that haven called

Evergreen. Still, Evergreen seemed a far cry from reality which, as it turned out, was a car wash in New Jersey. (Talk about day and night!)

While I turned Chrysler Cordobas into gleaming beauties and Frank Rizzo turned Philadelphia into a shambles, a new crisis was brewing: nuclear power. Having grown up in Vermont, home of the nation's first operating commercial nuke plant, I was keenly aware of this controversy. Ever since the incident at Browns Ferry, nuclear power had remained an ominous spectre. In 1976,

"This decade was one of the biggest adolescent flops in history."

140-odd demonstrators were arrested at Seabrook, New Hampshire, and by '77, the year I moved to Boston, this figure had multiplied ten-fold. A new concern for the physical welfare of the land was sweeping the country, and the environmentalist movement, promise of the 70s, was finally being taken seriously in places other than Vermont and Oregon.

Concurrent with this trend, something else was happening: "alternative" was becoming the catch-word for a generation. *Ecotopia* was taking its effect, and *CoEvolution Quarterly* and *Rain Magazine* were filtering onto New England newsstands. Karl Hess, ex-editor of *Newsweek*, stopped writing speeches for Barry Goldwater and started the Institute for Local Self-Reliance in the Adams-Morgan neighborhood of D.C. The back-to-the-land movement flourished, as did Mother Earth News. There was even an upsurge of underground

comics, and "Anti-Mass" became an underground classic. *Even Cowgirls Get the Blues* hit the best-sellers list, and the writing on the wall read "100% recyclable, organic, nonsexist, protein-balanced, solar-powered 'New Age'." As Stewart Brand put it, "ideas are loose on the West Coast," and it was here that held the most interesting vision for the future, so it was here that I came.

Well, it is almost 1980, and what has happened to the promise of the New Age? The Vietnamese war is over, but Cambodia is starving to death. While Stewart Brand campaigns for free for Jerry Brown, under the guise of "New Journalism," Werner Erhardt makes millions. Washington State, at the northernmost corner of *Ecotopia*, is turning into the world's nuclear dumpheap. Ken Kesey sells yoghurt. The Briarpatch network of hip-capitalists is the major result of the New Age movement: profits are stealing, but only if you are a large corporation, right? Still, all is not grim—the legalize weed movement has advanced by leaps and bounds. In fact, small-time sinsimilla operations now are the backbone of Humboldt County's economy. "We've come a long way, baby..."

Though I prefer the word "muddled," Christopher Lasch describes the 70s as "the culture of narcissism," and this obviously has some truth, especially for the new left middle class of America. EST and Essalen are signposts on the road to self-satisfaction, and I'm OK, You're OK is practically a modern bible. On the one side stands *Newsweek's* pompous trash, passed off as an "objective" review of the decade, and on the other side, some of these articles in the CPJ stand testament to the final answer of the 70s: the personal perspective. In another article in this issue, the 60s are likened to the life of a wino, and the 70s are represented by the wino drinking only to himself (fulfilling Lasch's dire description). If this is truly the case, Lasch has hit uncomfortably close to home. For if the 70s are like the self-serving wino, then so is writing about what happened akin to drinking to oneself.

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Footprints of the American Chicken

By Gary Alan May

I came to Washington at 16, in 1970. After four years I'd lived here longer than anywhere else and had become friends with all the people who are now my oldest friends. I have not left Washington for more than a week. I have never been to California. As me my history begins here, with the seventies.

High School

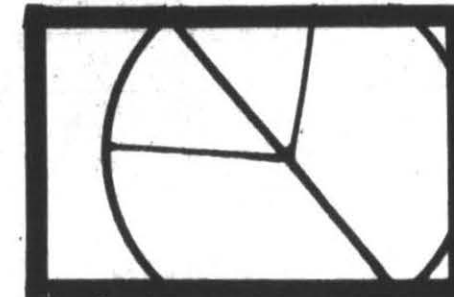
I graduated in 1971, from the "old school"—orderly rows of orderly students in six ordered classes bisected by an orderly lunch in the school cafeteria: essentially a warehouse filled with long tables and Canteen Company vending machines. Sometimes we'd hold one of the little doors open while we unwrapped its sandwich and installed a cow's eye, then rewrapped it and put it back in the compartment. What cards we were. Mostly, we behaved.

Three-day suspensions were awarded for bad conduct: cutting class, smoking, breaking any law (the police were alerted without hesitation), allowing male head hair to grow beyond certain limits—the eyebrows, the ears and the collar. Of course the administration had broad powers and suspensions were handed out for a wide variety of offenses. I myself received two: once for wearing a small American flag sewn to the cuff of my most successfully cultivated levis, once for skipping a "rap session" on drugs and while doing so, leaving the campus during school hours without a pass. My friend Steve and I were down the street at Woolworth's lunch counter smoking Marlboro 100's and splitting a sixty-cent tuna sandwich. Across the room we saw the sadistic smile and hard black eyes of the approaching Administrative Assistant.

"Want to come with me, gentlemen?" "Fuck no," we replied and off we sped. Later our oh-so-serious mothers were told that if we hadn't run, the school would be more inclined to be lenient, "...but just think; if they'd run that way from a policeman, he might have shot them." This then was the rationale:

"Sure we're unfair, but so is the world. We're teaching you how to get along, how to compromise, and you'll thank us for it."

At the graduation exercises I wore a large peace sign on the top of my mortarboard; my friend Richard wore a large-lettered AMOR-FATI on the top of his. They were ripped from our heads as we stood in the entrance line. Circumstances provided me with another, smaller peace sign and I attached it to my cap during the opening prayer. It was perhaps the smallest peace demonstration of the seventies. Leaving, I shook my father's hand for the first time. At the senior party later that night I took my first overdose of methadone and was nursed by a person that I love more than any



other, save one. She and I spent the next few days at Ocean Shores with a large group of freaks at a devil-may-care drug party of no particular significance. We slept together in an Army tent, me wanting very badly to fuck with her, but unable to say so. Instead we talked big talk about love without sex, and have spent the past nine years on that same footing. And it works. I still want to fuck her, though. We rode home in a jeep, talking about the future—in June of 1971 I was an adult, on the threshold of the Seventies. The driver asked me not to smoke.

Voting

I first voted at nineteen, in 1972. Nixon-McGovern. November third, my birthday, in the Ponders Community Church, (razed in '75 to erect a lawnmower repair shop). Surrounded by Christian propaganda and knowing all the while that it was hopeless, I cast my vote for George McGovern. On the wall near the voting booth (which looked more than anything like a take-your-own-photo booth) was a typical thought-feeder: "We either serve God or Satan." At the time, this seemed particularly apt.

Later that night I called my dear friend to tell her that the dream was dead; she couldn't hear me because someone was in the garage breaking all the windows with his fist. When George made his good-sported speech I noticed that he had shaved one of his sideburns much shorter than the other.

In 1976 I voted for Dixy Lee Ray. I have not voted since.

Political Activity

During the gas shortage in 1973, a friend and I walked down the long lines at the gas stations carrying a sign that read: "Get Nixon Out!" I boycotted Gallo, what's more, I'm still doing it. For a time my car wore a bumpersticker that said "God Sucks." This proved very dangerous, and I abandoned it.

Lessons of the Sixties

We lost.

Lessons of the Seventies

We survived.

The Eighties

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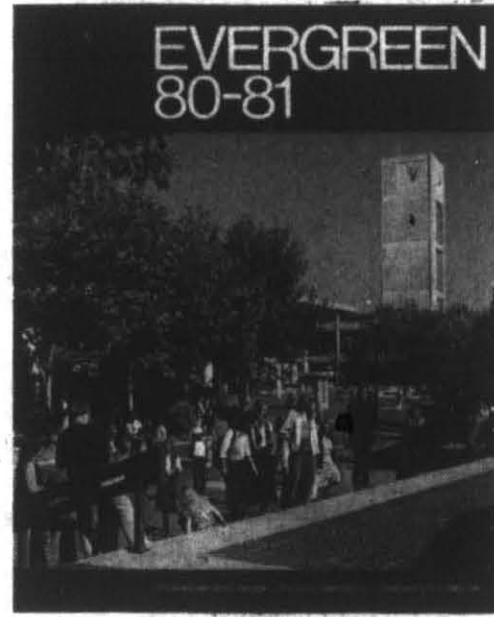
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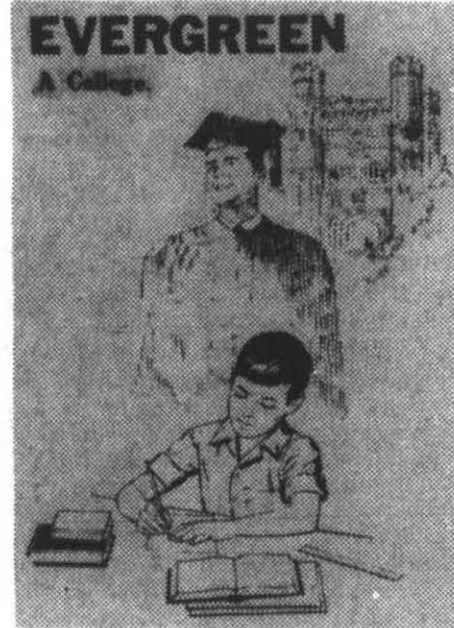
Living Color Questions



1975-77



1980-81



1984-85

By David Joyner

The forthcoming 1980-81 Evergreen catalog promises to shock some, disgust others, and elicit general disdain from most everyone. The passion of these responses will stem not from any maddening change in the catalog's content, but rather from its visual characteristics or "look." This betrays something about the kind of image students have of Evergreen, and the kind of reluctant alterations that the image is undergoing. For unlike previous bulletins, the format of this catalog is smooth, and designedly functional. Its style is polished, and infinitely "readable." There is no calligraphy here, and no quotations surrounded by student art. In fact, the whole rough but (apparently) honest appearance of earlier catalogs has now given way to a careful professionalism which aims at one thing: the "sale" of Evergreen to prospective students.

If one mixes two parts readership studies with one part marketing agency one creates a monster. The new catalog is just such a mixture. The people responsible for its production, the Office of College Relations, asked several groups to compare a newly-written text with that of an earlier catalog. Those involved included students from Clark Community College, Capitol High, and Evergreen graduates in the Vancouver Outreach program. They all decided in favor of the new text. Next, the Office of College Relations asked high school seniors with the Washington Journalists Education Association what they looked for in a college catalog. One of their prerequisites was "color." Combine these surveys with Hill and Knowlton, the firm hired last year to "market" Evergreen, and you end up with something not unlike the soon to be released 1980-81 catalog.

Past bulletins tell a graphic tale about the outward changes that Evergreen has

suffered over the last nine years. Beginning with the "catalog-with-a-difference" in 1971, and continuing through 1972-73, the college was struggling to keep its philosophical feet. Hence, those first two issues use an overwhelming amount of words to explain, justify, define, refine and promote the Evergreen philosophy:

"For if Evergreen is unique in its outward appearance, it is not unique in its purpose: the discerning of reality, the insisting upon honest, workmanlike intellect in those who would claim to have been educated for a free society."

Charles McCann, 1972-73

In 1974-75 all the theoretical ramblings that constitute Evergreen's educational goals were gathered up, and condensed under the heading "Our Philosophy." Couched between slightly psychedelic purple covers, this catalog exuded the life-as-education, anxiety-free pastoral scenes that we so strongly associate with Evergreen. There are plenty of photographs of long-haired males doing outdoorsy things, and open air seminars with students raising their arms toward the heavens. Lots of lettered zen proverbs, and pen and ink drawings became the ideal for Evergreen catalogs, and increasingly the college itself was defined by this free spirit-like image.

In 1977, the "Evergreen tradition" (as some style it), was broken. The catalog's cover was glossy. There were no zen proverbs, no students communing with nature. The atmosphere evoked a more serious Evergreen, short-haired students worked in the library, or chatted on the square, or under studio lights. The break, one suspects, came in deference to legislative pressures regarding enrollment. In order to attract contemporary students, the free spirits had to be chained. Whatever conclusions can be drawn, whether good or ill, the image overhaul that began in '77 continues today, and figures prominently in the first catalog of the new decade.

Perhaps the most astonishing thing one finds in reading through all the Evergreen bulletins is that, with one exception, the nature of the curriculum has not changed at all. The exception being the division of courses into specialty areas. While programs used to have a particular emphasis, they are now listed in the catalog under any one of the nine specialty areas:

- Environmental Studies
- European and American Studies
- Expressive Arts
- Health and Human Development
- Management and the Public Interest
- Marine Sciences and Crafts
- Northwest Native American Studies
- Political Economy
- Scientific Knowledge and Inquiry

These specialty areas are as adamantly interdisciplinary as programs of the past, but they nevertheless resemble the rudiments of a department structure enough to warrant controversy.

However Old Testament those first two catalogs read, the educational system they espoused has weathered nine uncomfortable years, and promises to last many more. It will see us into the 1980s anyway, barring nasty surprises.

Those predisposed to the notion that Evergreen has deviated from its ideals, and who go about tooting prophetic horns, will find more fuel for their revelatory flame in this catalog than could be provided by a forest full of timber. And while Charles McCann hoped at the outset that students would respond to the real world, it must be admitted that the real world has changed some in the last nine years. The most difficult problem students face these days is how to react to an Evergreen that seems to be opting for a slicker, more traditional image, while still holding the interdisciplinary mode of study as the highest good. The cover of the 1980-81 Evergreen catalog (casually staged to include ten beautiful women sauntering along in the sun) confronts us with living color questions about the past, present and future of this school.

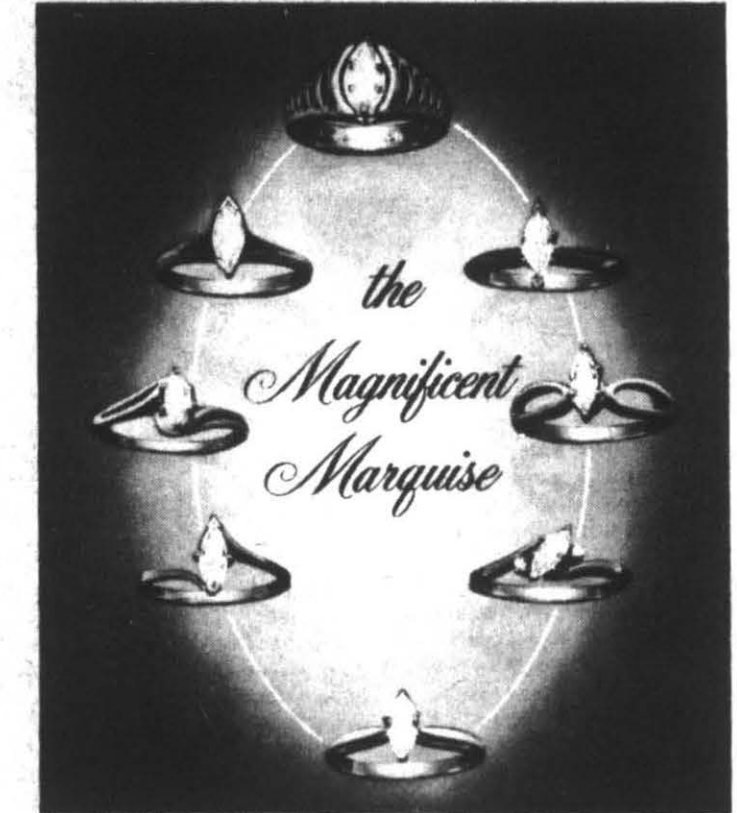
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ESSENCE OF EVERGREEN

By Larry Stillwell

As the first full school year of the Seventies got underway, Evergreen's 18 planning faculty were meeting in Olympia. The following year brought 37 more faculty (out of 7000 applicants) and 1000 students for Evergreen's first year. Richard Jones, who's been here since the beginning, has recently written a book called *Experiment at Evergreen*.

Leo Daugherty's introduction notes that the book "is the only published history of Evergreen—or at least of the most important part of it—yet to appear." The book is at the same time a call to professors everywhere to reclaim the ideals which originally attracted them to teaching but which are now, at most colleges, suffocating within the confines of dull and repetitive courses taught according to the requirements of academic departments.

Experiment at Evergreen does not attempt to be a comprehensive history of the college. It is concerned, rather, with describing the workings of "the particular innovation in which the college has invested most of its resources and for which it is best known; programs of coordinated study... the central mission of The Evergreen State College."

The college whose experimental conception was the result of the student unrest of the 1960s only came to life and early maturity as the 1970s wore on. The 70s were a hard time for those people and movements whose nature belonged to the 60s. Yet these were the paradoxical years of Evergreen's development. As an "alternative" college, it carried on the countercultural momentum. But it had been created, after all, by a mandate of the state government for purposes in line with the traditional expectations of a state college. The dual nature of these influences, timing as they did Evergreen's creation and determining its character, was similar to the ambivalent nature of the 70s themselves. For the decade that followed the ferment and division of the 60s brought a curious blending of the two opposing cultures.

The 70s (once they were really underway and the 60s had really ended, in 1972) saw a decline in student protest. At the same time, a reaction to the years of protest set in among the mainstream citizenry. The reaction manifested itself as an increasingly conservative attitude toward higher education.

Economically, this coincided with the recession of 1973 (a slump which has not yet let up) and meant a public unwillingness to approve of expansive budgets for state colleges. Philosophically, after Vietnam and Watergate, people were disenchanted and cynical about the government and the "institutions of higher

learning" which had produced both the government leaders ("the best and brightest" of the Democratic years and the Republican lawyers of the Nixon era) and the long-haired rebellious hippies of the student protests. If they were unhappy about funding normal colleges, they were certainly unwilling to sup-



Byron Youtz

port a "freaky" place like Evergreen.

Evergreen came under attack. In a decade of quiet and conformity, it found itself on the left of the spectrum and labeled "radical" by a more and more conservative majority. Like its compatriots of the 60s, Evergreen has had to modify its rebellion, accept compromise, and try to find its place in society while still wanting to be true, to its alternative nature. Like an adolescent suffering through a long identity crisis brought on by confrontation with the limitations of self and world, it has had to redefine itself and its purpose.

All through its life-span there have been fears voiced that Evergreen was "selling out" and becoming "just another state college." This kind of argument has been a part of ten years of continuing debate about the college's identity and purpose. That debate leads directly to an examination of the constituting elements of Evergreen's alternative character.

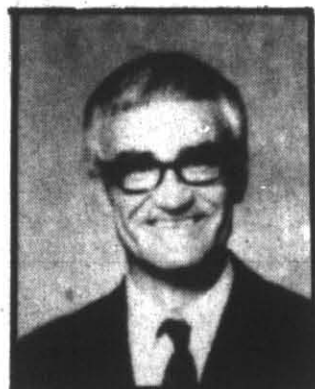
Richard Jones' book very clearly outlines Evergreen's alternative nature by going right to the core of the academic process. Teaching and learning are, after all, the purpose of any college. Without having to say it in so many words, Jones reminds us that the essence of Evergreen is its "pedagogical innovation": an interdisciplinary education, with teachers working in teams in coordinated studies programs, "the central mission of The Evergreen State College."

Experiment at Evergreen describes the values and functionings of this unique approach to learning. It is fascinating and exciting to peer through Jones' book at samples from nearly ten years of evaluations, program histories, and

accounts of seminars, lectures, workshops and individual conferences, and to see into the processes that make up the heart of the Evergreen experience.

The Early Days

"The eighteen members of the planning faculty... were recruited on the basis of their interest and experience in experimental education of a variety of



Mervyn Cadwallader

types: Great Books, Humanistic, Self-Paced, Affective, Outward Bound, Co-operative and Cadwallader's Program at San Jose State. From such a range of backgrounds and interests, little lasting agreement was likely to emerge in positive matters of philosophy; and, in fact, no such lasting agreement did emerge. What did was a rather hastily achieved negative consensus: the College would have no requirements, no grades, no majors and no departments. What would take the place of them? Something in which students would be given a larger than usual share of responsibility for designing and evaluating their educations; something in which the various academic disciplines could be related as well as covered; something in which greater emphasis would be placed on how to learn than on what to learn."

Mervyn Cadwallader—"Evergreen's first acknowledged visionary"—came from an interdisciplinary college experiment at San Jose State to serve as one of the three deans on Evergreen's planning faculty. He introduced the coordinated studies concept into the "recklessly ambiguous set out untested intentions" described above. It became the most positive approach in an otherwise negatively-oriented consensus of what an alternative college should not be.

Cadwallader was an advocate for the program described by Joseph Tussman in *Experiment at Berkeley* (Oxford University Press, 1969), which Cadwallader called "The Moral Curriculum," and which had as its goal "initiation into the great political vocation." Although none of the planning faculty went on to teach the substance of "The Moral Curriculum," all but one designed programs using

By Richard Mott

The moon was in pisces, waxing. Hundreds of people were gathering together in Evergreen's Lecture Hall One. For most of them, the reason was clear: to gain some sort of visual knowledge of this person whose music they had listened to for over a decade. People could now witness the documented creation of some of these familiar record-

THE CPJ

Hendrix's Birthday Hailed

ings. Those who had previously discovered the films could hear them in a new way, through a tailored sound system. Other people were just curious.

"In an intimate social setting, Jimi Hendrix was slender, elfin and appeared even smaller with his traditional guitar player slouch than his five-foot, ten-inch broad-shouldered frame. He appeared 'girlish' and even 'jivey' to some, yet once Hendrix got onstage and played he underwent a complete transformation. His body seemed to grow into the gargantuan sound the amplifiers gave his guitar. Ablaze in the brilliant stage lights, his long arms and large hands were intensified. His Indian-boned jaw, high cheekbones, Tlaloc-like nose and mouth, his slanted Afro-Asian eyes and bouffant hair gave him an incredible presence. Long-legged and tautly muscled in the trunk, he had a dancer's body that choreoed effortlessly with his music."

The event started off with a film which had Jimi onstage in Berkeley, May 30, 1970. While he visited Berkeley, the city was close to martial law. "The Peoples Park" protest coupled with the Cambodian invasion had led to rioting and trashing." The main battlefield was where Telegraph Ave. stops and the



University of California at Berkeley begins, a mere seven blocks from the Berkeley Community Theater. Jimi's awareness of the conflict became obvious as he performed "Machine Gun." The mournful sadness of the song along with film clips of the rioting outside, caused

more than one person in the audience to want to burst out crying.

When the Berkeley film had finished and before any lights came on, the slide-tape presentation blossomed from a shimmering melody. Images from sources both straight and psychedelic moved through the screen. The sound track seemed to be written for this night. "Gold and rose was the color of a dream

I had... Gypsy blue and violet too." Images unfolded and evolved. The second song was an intense instrumental, called Captain Coconut.

The second film, a Warner Bros. extravaganza had a wealth of information. Live concerts, interviews, television appearances and a clip of Hendrix playing acoustic blues made this film, if you could sit through it all, devastating. The last frame of the second film was final; when Jimi left the stage, he dropped his guitar as if it were a banana peel.

Working until 4 a.m. that Tuesday morning, Chris Nelson, Dan Crowe, Steve Evans and Richard Mott were putting the finishing touches on the event. That, the morning that James Marshall Hendrix was born (36 years ago), everything came together so well. For the hundreds who were there, it was a birthday party at which they received most of the presents.

Apologies go out to the "Tuesday at Eight" series. It was believed that the audience would draw from separate groups. Instead there was unhealthy competition created. If this becomes a reality next year, there will surely be no scheduled events competing. Next year his birthday falls on Thanksgiving.

Forum: Organic Destruction

By Peter Olson

The Old Farmhouse at the Organic Farm will quite possibly be torn down within a couple of weeks. This structure has housed caretakers since the early 70s and has served as a center for various academic programs.

Somewhere along the line, the decision was made that if and when a new farmhouse were completed, the old one would be razed. To my knowledge, this agreement was first made around 1973 between people "representing" faculty, students, and administrators. Part of the same agreement was that the new farmhouse would cost \$12,000. It has cost nearly ten times that much. Sometimes it is reasonable, indeed essential, to re-evaluate and modify decisions.

I have two basic complaints concerning the proposed razing; one is its environ-

mental recklessness; the other is the vague, also reckless, process that the decision has followed.

The farm itself could use the space for office or academic space. Sculpture and ceramic studios are other space needs on this campus. The structure represents a lot of materials and energy. When I stand back from the bureaucratic noise surrounding the issue, I see a good, usable building about to be torn down.

As for the decision-making process, what is most important is that no adequate appraisal of the house has been done. A cost estimate was done by Facilities only this past Monday and it doesn't consider all the cost-reducing alternatives and not all the costs listed are required. I have been told by the office of Facilities that rejuvenating the house would cost more than building a new structure which could serve similar

functions. I doubt it. The idea at least requires formal evidence before being acted upon.

I have been able to find two main motives for those who are most strongly seeking to have the farmhouse leveled. One is that "it is an eyesore"; the other is that it is unsafe, a health hazard. The former is a matter of opinion, of which I am of an opposite camp. The latter could have some validity if the cost of rejuvenating it outweighed its value as a facility. If the house is the unsafe "shack" that some administrators claim it is, why have caretakers been allowed to live in it for seven years?

I believe we, as the Evergreen community, need to act in the most environmentally responsible and energy-conscious manner possible. We can't afford to not at least consider the alternatives to destroying the Farmhouse.

LETTERS

To the Editor,

I would like to briefly clarify the comments made in the article entitled "Political Apathy," by Andy Lindsay since they were misleadingly represented. The article set up an antagonism between EPIC and the Young Socialist Alliance which simply is not there. Those of us in the YSA think that EPIC serves a very important function for the Evergreen community in showing films and sponsoring speakers of various political persuasions. EPIC provides an important resource and plays a role in educating the Evergreen community. It is from this basis of support of EPIC that the criticism concerning their lack of activity was expressed. Additionally, the criticism was meant as constructive rather than destructive as portrayed in the article. The YSA does not consider EPIC an opponent but rather, an ally and we will continue to support them and collaborate with them.

Lynne Welton
Young Socialist Alliance

Dear Editor:

The article "Discrimination at TESC?" brought up some worthwhile points, and is definitely the sort of piece that belongs on the cover. As the Third World becomes more powerful worldwide, backlash becomes a strong weapon in the preservation of poverty.

I see many reasons why Third Worlders would not come to Evergreen, not the least of them being the physical environment and studies that would not

appear, to tie-in directly to economic advancement. Moreover, organizations made up of a few Blacks or a few Chicanos or a few Native Americans (though potentially valuable) seem only to reinforce how alone and separate these groups actually are. Because of the compartmentalized systems we create at Evergreen, I just assumed that a Third World open house was only for Third Worlders. That apathy spoken of is probably a combination of fear and a sincere belief that most groups of people would rather be left alone. I mean, especially for white males, there is always some confusion as to how one should act in these times. I'm not complaining nor asking for sympathy. It's only important that we know this confusion exists.

As for prioritizing the CPJ & KAOS (where I work), I think there's a good reason. Potentially, those organizations can serve to facilitate greater understanding of problems like this one, and bring about more uh... communication. Cynics choke now. KAOS, besides being a terribly underrated station, is great because anyone can get involved, and I think that I can honestly say that they are really encouraged to. Third Worlders, senior citizens, the handicapped, women, and low-income persons in general, have always been denied access to the media. The opportunity exists here for those people to gain valuable skills, and I encourage anyone remotely interested to come to the station and gain their rightful access. Racism is one of society's most pervasive ills, yet there

are still people of all colors working to change that.

John Foster

To the editor:

Two quick things:
I want to call attention first to the new bus routes that will go into effect on January 7 because it will affect many people. Please see the article about the Bus System elsewhere in this paper.

Secondly, this is an announcement that the Bus System would consider subscription day service to areas where a large number of students, faculty and/or staff live, presently not being served by any bus route, if individuals in the area were to show support in helping to develop such a service. Proposals for service, including possible routes and/or timetables, or letters of interest or support should be sent to the Bus System, CAB 305 TESC, Olympia, WA 98505. Please indicate whether and how much you are interested in helping to follow through on work that will need to be done.

Rob Fellows

Merry Holidays,

everybody, and goodbye Evergreen, for I am gone this term with a balance of diplomacy. I'm happy as a clam (gwe'duk) (Panopea generosa) to graduate here in the State of Heavy Cleaning, since all of my other education was partially here, including birth at Foot Loose, Was.

Mucho,
T. Q.

Forum: Boat's Beauty Marred

By James Ringland

Six years ago, the Marine Sciences and Crafts Program began an extended project to develop and construct a 38' sailing working vessel to be utilized as a research boat for marine studies. After several set-backs (most notably the fire that destroyed Hank Long's Boatworks and the nearly completed E-38), the second boat, begun three years ago, is approaching its final stages of completion. The strong support and commitment of Dan Evans and other involved faculty members has encouraged the continuity necessary for a project of such magnitude. In the Fall Quarter, 1980, an exploration coordinated studies program will see the outcome of this project.

It is unfortunate that the beauty of the Seawulff is marred by the actions of the man who has been responsible for the supervision of this project, Dr. Robert Filmer.

Originally, over 20 students expressed an interest in this project at the beginning of the academic year. The program

was advertised as a cluster of individual contracts in which basic science, engineering, math and design skills would be encouraged but the focus of the program would be the completion of the Seawulff. It was advertised that the boat was 60% completed at that time. Boatbuilding and woodworking would not be taught. Students were to tailor their academic program to fit their own needs in a blend of theoretical material supplemented with hands-on experience.

Only five students signed on to the program. They spent a great deal of time working on the Seawulff, obtaining the promised hands-on experience, but they did not receive much encouragement or spend much class time on the theoretical aspects of engineering or design. These students, needless to say, are not satisfied with the project. They feel that they have been used as manual laborers without receiving any benefits and have been personally manipulated by Dr. Filmer. They feel cheated out of the

education they were promised.

Underneath all of the manipulations and misrepresentations, there lies a viable idea and a valuable educational experience. It seems necessary for the administration to now act on this issue and confront Dr. Filmer about the abuse of the educative process, particularly in the almost "blackmail" potential of the evaluation system. The Seawulff will be a part of the Evergreen experience for many years to come and should, therefore, be a concern of Evergreen students and faculty today.

As one of the students who contracted to learn design and engineering from Dr. Filmer this quarter, I feel that the quality of the Evergreen academic experience has been compromised. I call upon the Evergreen community to support the students who are here to learn marine sciences and crafts who, despite their efforts, have not received the guidance and instruction they need.

Arts & Events

MUSIC

Thursday, Dec. 6
Benefit Square Dance for the Environmental Resource Center, 8 p.m., 4th flr. Lib. \$1.

Friday, Dec. 7
The New Miss Alice Stone Ladies Society Orchestra, 2nd flr. Library Lobby, 7 p.m. and 9:30 p.m. Tickets \$3 in advance, \$3.50 at the door.

Saturday, Dec. 8
Blues music with Mike Dumovich and Chris Lunn at Applejam. Doors open at 8 p.m. \$2.
Paul Hertz and Friends, acoustic and electric improvisations, 9 p.m., at Gnu Deli.

Sunday, Dec. 9
Reilly and Maloney with Tom Dundee in concert at 7 p.m. in the Recital Hall of the Comm. Building. Tickets are \$3.25 in advance, \$4 at the door. A second show at 9:30 p.m. has been added, same prices.

Monday, Dec. 10
Sugar in the Gourd and the Hurricane Ridge Runners, old-time string band and traditional music, at Applejam. Doors open at 8, admission \$2.

John Renbourn, Stefan Grossman, and Ralph McTell in concert at the Masonic Temple, Seattle. \$7 in advance, \$8 at the door.

Linda Waterfall at Gnu Deli, 8 p.m. \$2.50.

Thursday, Dec. 13
Simon & Bard Quintet, original modern jazz from Chicago, at Gnu Deli. 8 p.m., \$2.50.

Friday, Dec. 14
Paul Chasman, acoustic guitarist from Portland, at Gnu Deli, 9 p.m. \$2.

The Sports, 8 p.m. at the Showbox. \$5.

Saturday, Dec. 15
Myra Melford, Loree Knutsen, Jim Doney, original acoustic jazz trio, at Gnu Deli, 9 p.m., \$1.

Sunday, Dec. 16
Aro Guthrie at 8 p.m. at the Paramount Northwest, \$8.50, \$7.50 & \$6.50.

Saturday, Dec. 22
Folk duos Heather & Valerie and Steve and Maureen, Applejam. Doors open at 8, \$2.

Sunday, Dec. 23
Pat Metheny at 8 and 11 p.m. at The Place. \$8.

Tuesday, Dec. 25
Nothing much happening, just a few million people celebrating.

Saturday, Dec. 29
Open Mike Night at Applejam at 8 p.m. Free.

ARTS

Spirit of the Tiger: Folk Art of Korea at the Thomas Burke Memorial Washington State Museum.

Byron Birdsall, watercolors, and Cecilia Todd, oils, at the Collector's Gallery through the 31st.

Thursday, Dec. 6
Craig Carlson, Olympian, poet and Evergreen faculty, reads his poetry in the Board Room (Lib. 3112), 7:30 p.m. Free.

Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Dec. 7, 8, & 9
Subject to Fits, a play starring Evergreen students, 8 p.m. in the Experimental Theater. Tickets are \$3 general, \$2 students/seniors.

Saturday, Dec. 8
Puss in Boots performed by Bob Williams' Puppets at noon, 2 p.m. & 4 p.m. \$3 general, \$1.50 students and seniors.

Friday, Dec. 14
Regional Photography & Printmaking in Gallery 2 through January 9th.

MEETINGS, AND ???

Thursday, Dec. 6
Open House for the new Access for Reentry Women Center, 2-5 p.m., Lib. 3510.

Iran: a panel discussion with a different perspective at 7:30 p.m. Lec Hall 3.

Get in Shape for Cross-Country Skiing, at R.E.I. Co-op, Seattle, 7 p.m. Free.

Saturday, Dec. 8
Waxing Demonstration and Base Preparation, R.E.I. Co-op, Seattle. 11 a.m. and 1 p.m. Free.

Sunday, Dec. 9
Politics and Spirituality, an open discussion on ways to integrate the two concepts at 7 p.m. at Gnu Deli. For more information call Marlene at 352-7361.

Thursday, Dec. 13
The Olympia Chapter of Women Against Violence Against Women meets at the Olympia Y.W.C.A., 220 E. Union, 7-9 p.m. Call 352-0593 for more info.

Avalanche Awareness, at R.E.I. Co-op, Seattle, 7 p.m. Free.

Thursday, Dec. 20
Climbing the Mexican Volcanoes, at R.E.I. Co-op, Seattle. 7 p.m. Free.

Thursday, Dec. 27
Cold Weather First Aid Problems, R.E.I. Co-op. 7 p.m. Free.

FILMS

ON CAMPUS

Friday, Dec. 7

The Friday Nite Film Series presents Milos Forman's *The Firemen's Ball* (Czechoslovakia, 1968, 3 mins.) in color.

The firemen of a small Czech town stage a ball in honor of the aged chief, but the old man is quickly forgotten as the affair gives

way to a current of catastrophes. Besides being an incredibly warm and funny film, "The Firemen's Ball" is also a satire on bureaucracy and the state.

Czechoslovakia's 45,000 firemen officially threatened to resign on the film's release. They withdrew this threat only when Forman added the following title to the opening sequence—"This film is not against firemen, but against the regime." (In Czech with English subtitles.)

PLUS! Cab Calloway's *Jitterbug Party* (1933). L.H.I., 3, 7, & 9:30. Only a buck.

Saturday, Dec. 8
The K-9 Kultur Kennels presents *The Great Radio Comedians* with Jack Benny, Fred Allen and all those others who you'll surely remember. Free, but donations (to help pay Lecture Hall fees) will be appreciated. 7:30, L.H.I.

Friday, Dec. 14
Friday Nite Film presents Jules Dassin's *Night and the City* (England, 1950, 101 mins.) starring Richard Widmark, Gene Tierney, Herbert Lom and Googie Withers. B/W.

Richard Widmark (believe it or not, he really acts here) plays a small-time hood who sets out to develop his own wrestling racket in opposition to the big-time gangsters who control London wrestling. The results are tragic and suspenseful, the dialogue and pace are fast, the camera angles are unique and the film is unusually realistic and brutal for the time it was made.

PLUS! Buster Keaton in *Balloonatics* (1923), 3, 7, & 9:30, L.H.I. only a buck.

T. J. Simpson

IN LACEY

Yanks, a World War II film without the war, proves that they can and do make movies like they used to, and better. It's a lovely story of the effect of thousands of American soldiers (in training for the front lines) on an English community. There are marvelous performances by everyone involved, including Vanessa Redgrave, Rachel Roberts, and Richard Gere. A few chuckles, a few tears, and a pleasure to watch! Directed by John Schlesinger.

AT THE STATE

10 is not the hilarious comedy some people expect: it's not entirely painless. It's also not without flaws. But for the most part it's an engaging look at male menopause, an amusing indictment of the younger generation's morals (and music), and a fine piece of entertainment. Dudley Moore is a truly great comedian, possibly a great actor. Directed by Blake Edwards.

Don't forget that *Apocalypse Now* is still in Lacey.

THE CPJ

NEXT YEAR'S ART

An Individual Contract group exhibit has been scheduled for showing in Gallery 2 from March 14 through April 12. This will be a juried show with all entries due by Monday, February 18.

A graduating senior exhibit has been scheduled for showing in Gallery 2 from April 25 through May 7. This will be a juried show with entries due by Monday, March 31.

Applications are due by Monday, January 14 and should be sent to Sid White, Exhibits Coordinator, COM 308. A brief note with return address and contact phone number is sufficient.

NOTES

STRATEGY CONFERENCE

An anti-nuclear educational and strategy-planning workshop, sponsored by the ERC, the Health and Energy Learning Project and the Hanford Conversion Project, will be held on Dec. 8 from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. in CAB 108.

HOLIDAY WORK

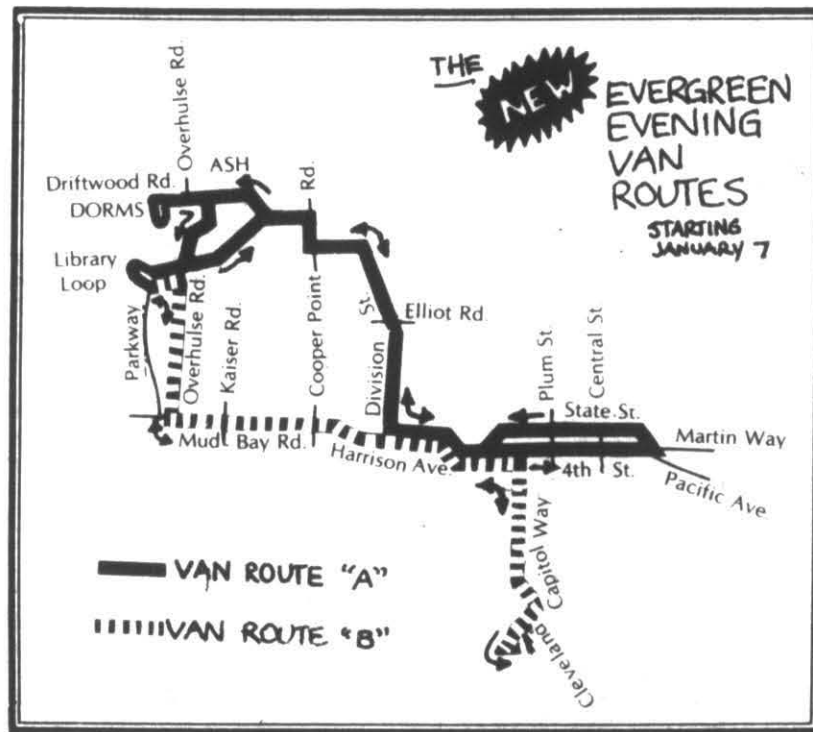
Adult Day Services, a nonprofit organization, needs substitute workers over the Christmas holidays. Work involves helping elderly people in their homes with general housework, errands, and a variety of other services. Paid part-time work; hours are flexible. For more information, contact Marsha Stead at 352-9592.

SIMPSON STRIKE FORUM

Jim Lowery, President of the IWA (International Woodworkers Association) local 3-38, Leslie Owen, Co-President of Thurston County NOW, and Irene Abbott, member of the International Association of Machinists, will be featured speakers at an upcoming forum on the Simpson strike. Come to the Olympia Community Center at 7 p.m. on Friday, Dec. 14, to find out about the issues involved. For more info, call 352-1424 or 866-6162.

SILENT VIGIL FOR DISARMAMENT

A silent vigil for disarmament will be maintained from 12 noon to 2 p.m. on two Saturdays during the Christmas season, December 15 and 22, at the corner of Legion and Capitol Way in Sylvester Park.



Beginning January 7 (the first day of Winter Quarter), the Bus System will run two new routes in the evening, starting at 6:30. Day service will not be changed. The two routes, "A" and "B," will take advantage of the recent addition of a second van in the evenings in an attempt to cover a larger area. The time schedule between TESC and 4th and Capital will be the same as it is now, for both routes.

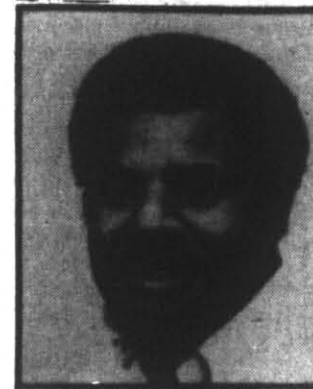
Route "A" (see map) will follow the same route as the present one into downtown, but it will continue to the Eastside at the intersection of Martin Way and Pacific. Unlike the present route, the van will return the same way, out Division to the Parkway, going straight to the Dorms and ASH.

Route "B" will run **MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY ONLY**, and will leave TESC and downtown at the same times as route "A." This van, however, will run from campus down Overhulse Road all the way to Mud Bay, and into town via Mud Bay and Harrison. From town it will turn up Capitol Way to Tumwater at Cleveland and Emerson in front of Safeway. The return route will go the same way, back out Mud Bay to Overhulse to the main campus.

Tussman's structure of interdisciplinary coordinated studies programs.

Jones reprints a letter he wrote to a friend in February, 1971, which describes the situation during the planning year:

"Evergreen appears to be going for broke on the side of innovative policies and practices. Everything we are planning has been tried before in one way or another, but usually as isolated experiments in otherwise traditional settings. I know of nothing like the particular combination we are planning nor so total an institutional commitment to a new direction. This, I think, will prove to be at



Rudy Martin

once our greatest vulnerability as an institution and our greatest value as an experiment. . . ."

The following year, 50 of the 52 faculty were teaching in the school's ten coordinated studies programs. Group and individual contracts were also offered. Jones describes the experiment's effect on the faculty that first year:

"For some, the experience was debilitating; for others it was exhilarating; for almost all, it was tantalizing. Teaching, we had all been taught, was a strictly private enterprise—by definition—and here we were all trying to do it together under each others' noses. The year ended on the unanimous agreement that, if we were to go on this way, we all had a lot to learn. The differences that had tended to divide us—the mutual antipathy of the humanistic education and Great Books champions, the chauvinisms with which community internships were regarded by some, the suspicions held by others as to the place of wilderness experiences in an academic community, the derision with which affective education was regarded by still others—became trivialities before the commonly-felt excitement of having tried for a year to find out how groups of professors could teach effectively, for whatever purposes, together. It was an unforgettable experience in the life of the College."

Faculty Seminars and Program Themes

It is when Jones describes and evaluates the actual workings of coordinated studies programs that the book becomes an exciting look not just at history but at the essence of the Evergreen experiment. The book is like a mirror to our experiences at Evergreen; it is impos-

sible to read it without reflecting on one's own values, involvement, achievements and goals.

Jones describes the three most important factors in a successful coordinated studies program as a congenial faculty team, a viable theme (or problem or project) and satisfying faculty seminars. The best faculty teams, he says, are made up of four members (less or more members create different sets of problems; further no more than one of the four should be inexperienced at collaborative teaching) who already share personal and intellectual comradeship. He



Richard Jones

also discusses the role of the program covenant, a document drawn up and signed by the faculty, before a program begins, which details the procedure for resolving potential disputes between team members.

Jones' view of some of the curricular compromises Evergreen has had to make as it has grown is of special interest at the present turning point in the college's development:

"The question of how much of its time the faculty team should be able to commit to the program remains, from a pragmatic point of view, open. . . all of Evergreen's first programs committed their faculty teams to 100%. But one of the compromises we have had to make, for the sake of survival as a state institution, has been a steady decline in the number of programs to which we could afford to commit the full time of faculty teams. Issues of institutional survival aside, I think a very definite finding of our first ten years, from an educational point of view, has been that anything less than 100% faculty team involvement is a costly saving. It may eventually be found out that a program of coordinated study in which the faculty team has other teaching commitments is a contradiction. Like trying to save a marriage by having an affair."

The program theme, Jones advises, should be one which "is interesting in its own right" and which "invites exploration by all the disciplines represented on the faculty team." He distinguishes between a program's theme and its objectives. The objectives are what the students are expected to learn (reading, writing, and thinking skills, for example) while applying themselves to the theme.

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The form the theme takes, he says, is less important than the need for the theme to be kept constantly in mind by everyone in the program.

"The lectures should refer to it often; a seminar should not be permitted to end without being asked to address its discussion to it. Every comment on every paper should refer to it. . . ."

"The early signs of a program's success (usually coming in the second quarter) are when the students begin to try to pivot their responses to the books, and to each other's seminar contributions, on the theme. And to try to help (instead of one-up) each other, because they have discovered that the thematic references unfold and build more enjoyably that way."

Jones pinpoints the faculty seminar as the most important contribution to the success or failure of a program.

Faculty seminars "are made necessary by the confinements of teaching in a coordinated studies team, and they are also made possible by those same confinements. I have never experienced anything like them, and, although I have known nine years of them—week after week—no words that come to me can adequately describe the experience; except, perhaps, the chancy metaphor that they are the satisfying sex of collaborative teaching which has its way of sustaining the family behind the scenes."

He cautions against student attendance at faculty seminars until the seminar members have learned to exchange ideas "without performing them." Such academic role-playing dominates faculty forums, symposia and colloquia at traditionally-structured schools, Jones says. Faculty seminars as part of coordinated studies are clearly something else. Most Evergreen faculty seminars, however, are still held in private.

"Thus faculty seminars may be compared to the jam sessions which groups of jazz musicians like to have after the audience for which they have performed have gone home. Free of the necessity to perform for the audience, and free of the possibility of doing so (with colleagues who know each other too well to permit mere performance) the time is ripe to just play for the hell of it. Some jazz groups then go on to have their jazz sessions in public."

Book Seminars and Evaluations

"Most college professors would agree that seminars are superior to classes. Nevertheless, most undergraduate education in America takes place in classes. . . ."

From the point of view of the student, who encounters Evergreen through already established programs with already chosen themes, the real meat of Experiment at Evergreen is the discussion of book seminars, lectures, writing workshops, individual conferences and formal and informal evaluations of students and faculty. Here, especially,

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ESSENCE OF EVERGREEN cont.

we can see ourselves reflected and be reminded, if we need to be, of how unique and personalized an Evergreen education is.

We can also be reminded of what a commitment to the interdisciplinary model means in terms of personal responsibility in seminar. Seminars, from a student's point of view, make or break a program. Jones discusses seminar at length.

"The students must learn that a



Charles Teske

seminar is not a place to prove that they have read the book; the need for such proof should be unthinkable. Not to have read the book that everyone agreed to read together is not only a breach of personal responsibility, it is a breach of etiquette. The students must also experience the wastefulness of finishing the book in the hour before the seminar begins. They must learn that time must be planned for reflecting on the book, for organizing notes on it, for re-reading parts of it and for writing something in response to it."

Jones describes how students traditionally and habitually look to a teacher to tell them the meaning of what they've read. "The seminar leader must be careful to frustrate this expectation in all of its manifestations." The fact that the book is usually outside a particular teacher's field of expertise "does not make the leader a 'co-learner,' as some Evergreen faculty have been pained to find out. Rather, it puts the leader in the role of model learner..."

Jones then goes on to describe and analyze various dynamics of successful and unsuccessful seminars, citing two examples from his own experience. What he says probably should be required reading on the first day of school at Evergreen each year. It is a simple and clear description of what seminars are all about.

His comments on lectures, writing workshops ("students care more about learning to write well than about anything else they can learn at college..."), the value of examinations in a non-competitive, ungraded system, and the role of individual conferences, retreats, and "down days" will illuminate the Evergreen reader's perceptions of the

background to his daily college life.

Probably the most fascinating part of the book is the chapter on evaluations. Reading the sample Letters of Reflection (end-of-quarter informal evaluations between student and teacher), transcript (formal) evaluations, faculty self-evaluations, faculty evaluations of colleagues, and program histories, is as exciting and revealing as reading someone else's mail, in Jones' phrase.

This is the most fun part of the book



Larry Eickstaedt

precisely because we are allowed this kind of insight into personal, written exchanges between a teacher at Evergreen (Jones) and several of his students and one of his colleagues (David Marr). Their wit, style, insight, candor and thoughtfulness put any letter grading system to shame. And while this is the best reading in the book, it has to be read whole, so I'll refrain from quoting from it.

Jones deals briefly but perceptively with such fine points as seminar rotation, midstream transfers, student teaching, the November slump (which, he says, sometimes comes as late as February) and continuity and predictability in curriculum:

"The Evergreen planning faculty's biggest mistake was to proscribe the repeating of programs... The College is now trying to correct that early mistake..."

Back to Basics

Jones sums up his book with an evaluation of the Evergreen interdisciplinary model and an assessment of the positive alternatives it offers to the overwhelming drawbacks of the traditional course structure. Primarily he focuses on the chief drawback for the teacher—boredom.

"Having to teach courses contains the very ingredients of boredom: it is lonely, isolated, and repetitive... It is impossible for the teaching that goes on in a program of coordinated studies to be boring. When it isn't satisfying, it can be frightening, frustrating, or embarrassing—but it is impossible for it to be boring. To an experienced teacher of courses, it doesn't even feel like teaching. It cannot be lonely, isolated, or repetitive."

Analyzing the failures of other experi-

mental, liberal arts colleges in America, Jones blames "isolated—and isolating—teaching conditions which are made necessary by the definition of teaching in college as that of having to teach courses." Interdisciplinary education will succeed when it overcomes its isolation.

Jones sees coordinated studies as the means to the revival of the liberal arts education in America, for "it may be that trying to offer a liberal arts curriculum by way of separate teachers teaching separate courses, to separate groups of students is a contradiction within itself."



Will Humphreys

As he says, however, "Evergreen's primary role in the story has just about been played... Evergreen had to eschew these traditional features of college life in order to test the potentials of collaborative interdisciplinary teaching to their possible limits... if collaborative interdisciplinary education is to have a future, traditional systems of higher education will have to find ways to assimilate it..."

That last statement provides an interesting counterpoint to the on-going assimilation, within the Evergreen curriculum and community, of traditional structures and students by this originally alternative college. Evergreen enters the 80s as the "Evergreen renaissance" is being heralded, both sincerely and sarcastically, to the tune of the increased enrollment so desperately sought after for several years. There are questions on everyone's mind, however, as this transformation takes place:

Will compromises imposed on Evergreen by economic and social reality cause the College to lose that which makes it valuable and unique? What exactly can it become and still remain "Evergreen"? What is it essential that the College hold on to?

To read *Experiment at Evergreen* is to be convinced that while soccer and swim teams, Offices of Development and marketing DTF's, credit hours and B.S. degrees, more clean-shaven faculty and more clean-cut students, protests against mechanical leaf-blowers, styrofoam cups, restrictions on pets on campus, outdoor ed and touchy-feely theater programs, dominance of the curriculum by business and science courses, emergency student symposia on curriculum planning and governance, arguments

about what is and isn't sexist, the spending of large sums of money on new buildings, and glossy new program catalogues "may come and go—that despite all this superfluous activity, it is Evergreen's commitment to interdisciplinary, coordinated studies and all they include that makes it the unique and "alternative" place that it is. This is the essence of Evergreen.

Seen this way, a change such as Provost Byron Youtz's proposed graduation requirements becomes an affirmation of Evergreen's founding principles. It is a "back to basics" move in response to the increasing modularization of the

curriculum that has taken place in the name of student "freedom." It is not, then, a conservative return to traditional requirements. It is, rather, an effort to see that Evergreen does not become like other schools.

In the same light, a coordinated studies master's program in public administration becomes an expansion of the Evergreen experiment rather than merely a political compromise with troglodyte bureaucrats and politicians.

The debates going on now at faculty meetings, concerning modularization of the curriculum, graduation requirements, the evaluations DTF, and faculty hiring

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priorities, take on historical significance.

As Evergreen evolves into the 80s, it will be bound to do well if problems are approached with the perception shown by Richard Jones in his discussion of the Evergreen experiment. It is important to Evergreen's survival as an alternative institution that such discussions, which call the College back to both its founding principles and its experiences, find their proper place at the forefront, where they can continue to inspire and encourage the continuing debates. This is a short and simple and well-written book. It deserves to be read by all old and new members of the Evergreen community.

College Democracy Inaction

"The view of the college as a political democracy is nonsense. It may be, at this time, unconquerable nonsense, but it is nonsense none the less. Of course, a college is really not 'undemocratic' either. The concept is simply inapplicable... 'Democracy' applied to a college makes about as much sense as 'democracy' applied to a rainbow or to a baseball game."

Joseph Tussman
Experiment at Berkeley, 1969

"At Evergreen we have had to live with a lot of this nonsense at the level of talk, but we have largely succeeded in avoiding it at the level of action... One

of the leading innovations (of the college) consisted of giving students a larger share of responsibility for designing and evaluating their education. This was, and continues to be, interpreted by a vocal minority of Evergreen students to mean that they should be responsible for designing the education of other students. Every year there has been some kind of political move by some students to become involved in curriculum planning, and some members of the faculty and administration have sought to respond to it. In actuality, the involvement of students in the designing of programs has been negligible. When invited to help

design a program, most of the students find that they have neither the knowledge nor the time for it, and lose interest. And the students in a successful program quickly realize, with gratitude, that its design would never have occurred to them. Thus, the Evergreen experience confirms Tussman's observation that designing a program of study, which will support collaborative teaching and learning, is an exacting art, the practice of which requires a good deal of experience in both learning and teaching."

Richard Jones
Experiment at Evergreen, 1979

Student Interviews

'70s Literature

By Walter Carpenter

"Ahhh, somehow it all seems so shallow," said one Evergreen student about fiction written in this decade. "Most of the novels are commercial trash, making no sense, and completely out of context."

TESC student, Dave Mazar, a former bookstore owner, lambasted the commercialism of established well-known authors, saying it's "just the same stuff as before." Except for *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance* and *Roots*, he enjoyed little else of Seventies literature.

The majority of students interviewed agreed with Dave; they deplored the pomp and pageantry made of mediocre novels with the same basic Seventies themes (alienation, loneliness, searching for me) and still less character. Another student said she enjoyed much of the non-fictional self-help, children's, and psychology literature. That is "until we became inundated with it." Of the novels written in the Seventies, she enjoyed only two: *Shogun* and *The Golden Notebook*. "The rest doesn't amount to much," she said. One student said he "didn't give a damn about it."

Dave Graves also cared little for fiction written in the Seventies. However, he lauded the emergence in this

decade of Latin American and ethnic-international writers: Gabriel Garcia Marquez' *100 Years of Solitude*, the Brazilian writer Jorge Amado's *Tent of Miracles*, *Home Is the Sailor*, Mikhail Sholokhov's *Quiet Flows the Don*, and *The Don Flows to the Sea*. Although he says most of the literature produced in the Seventies is crap, he sees some hope for the 80s in the Latin American ethnic and international writers.

In addition Dave pointed out that in the Seventies a wider range of writers (including women, Latin American, European, Asian, Chicano, and those who just might not previously have had a chance) were able to get published. "At least you can give the Seventies that much." Dave described the rush on family saga's and serials, and the non-fictional self-help literature as the mammoth cop-out of the Seventies. "But," he sighed, "people are buying it."

Of literature in the Seventies, Payne Junker says he enjoyed the fantasies and historical novels the most: *Shogun*, *Taipan*, and *King Rat* topped his list, as well as *Roots*. But Payne says that beyond those books, most of the literature in the Seventies is trite and he isn't really interested in it.

Other favorites with Evergreen students were *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, *The Dispossessed*, *How Long Has the Train Been Gone*, and a slew of Vonnegut novels. Missy Holloway enjoyed *Sophia's Choice*, and Gabriel Garcia Marquez. She also predicted that women's literature is becoming the new proletarian literature.

Asked what particular genre of Seventies fiction they liked best, the students interviewed cited fantasy, science fiction, and adventure stories. The overwhelming favorite was Tolkien's *Trilogy*. Dave Graves described this decade as "the decade raised on Tolkien."

Robin Willet described 70s literature as an offshoot of the "me" generation, constantly regurgitating the *Who am I?* theme. Fiction in the Seventies, like other arts (and all facets of American life), underwent an identity crisis, searching for the "me" in itself.

The interviewees admitted that they read very little of Seventies fiction. Aside from books read for their various programs, the majority read classics or not-so-classics from past decades. Reggie Maxwell summed it up this way: "Literature of the Seventies. So what of it?"

You Really Can't Go Home Again

By T. J. Simpson

For me, the past decade really began on January 4, 1970, the eve of my 17th birthday, when my father threw me out the door and into a snowbank because I refused to cut my hair.

It must have been well below zero that night in Bangor, Maine. Cold, bloodied, hurt, angry and without a coat or proper footwear, I trod through the snow and bitter wind to a nearby church and stood freezing in the doorway until I gathered up the courage to seek the help of a friend. His parents took me in for a night, but eventually I was forced (with a little help from the cops) to return home and cut my hair, mostly because the incident had upset my mother so. However, in less than six months, I was out for good.

It was also my last six months in high school, and I almost didn't finish due to what happened on May 4, 1970, in Kent, Ohio. But before I get into that, I feel it's necessary to go back a few more years to the beginning of my political involvement.

My high school forced male students to take a year of ROTC or else they wouldn't graduate. In '67 and '68, a number of us more anti-war students began protesting this policy and even had some help from the local S.D.S. chapter at the nearby University of Maine. In May of 1969, the school board finally granted us a hearing which got a lot of media attention. They told us they would investigate the situation and let us know in a year whether or not ROTC would continue to be mandatory.

In the meantime, my parents were beginning to feel that I was being brainwashed by the Jews, Communists, liberals, or whatever. My mother cried in shame when she found some mimeographed sheets containing lyrics to some Phil Ochs songs and Country Joe's "Fixin' to Die Rag" on my bureau one day. A friend and I had passed them around for a sing-along at a nearby coffee house. There was no way to convince my parents that commies from the coffee house weren't brainwashing me, but I was earnestly against the war and starting to hate bourgeois society quite a bit too. At school in 1970, I had few friends because most of the old anti-ROTC folks had already graduated. I was weak, skinny, and hated sports, and was an easy target for the cruel jocks.

Anyway, on May 4, 1970, a few friends and I, being what was left of the anti-ROTC contingent, went to the fateful school board meeting. None of us had yet heard the news of the Kent State massacre. The school board told us that they couldn't see any reason why ROTC shouldn't be kept mandatory. While angrily telling a female reporter from

the Bangor Daily News about how we were whitewashed, someone came into the auditorium and told us what had just happened at Kent State. To us, this was a double blow. I can't remember ever feeling so much anger at the system. The reporter took us to her apartment for an interview where she and her husband got us royally high on pot. It was the first time I had ever been that stoned.



From the looks of things on the TV news that week, many of us really thought that a revolution might happen in this country. A petition to impeach Nixon was being circulated. Anti-war people (mostly university students) met at the local coffee house each night to talk about the situation. Most students at my high school supported the actions of the National Guard. The war had come home.

On the Friday of that week, the day of the four dead student's funerals, I went to school wearing a black arm band. Students in my classes tried to tear it off me. Although the Governor had declared it a day of mourning, the principal refused to lower the flag to halfmast. I almost started a riot in the school library when I gave a friend an American flag with a peace symbol cut into the stars. A jock grabbed it and wanted me to fight him for it. The fracas was broken up, but the jocks were waiting for me at the entrances each day for the next week so they could beat me up. Luckily, I always managed to escape. I got into a lot of trouble with the administration, almost

getting myself suspended for my unpatriotic deed.

That Friday I watched with horror and anger as anti-war demonstrators on Wall Street were beaten with cinder blocks by hardhats. Afterwards, about 100 of us met at the coffeehouse and listened to Nixon's speech on the radio. The unity and anti-war fervor was more intense than ever before or since. Every time Nixon said something stupid, the

sense of anger and frustration gave way to a collective consciousness that is hard to imagine nowadays. That week changed my life. I was going to forget about going to college to make films and instead dedicate myself to the "revolution."

That summer I got a job and an apartment where I let a lot of drugged-out street people crash. I now could grow my hair, dress the way I wanted to, and become a real, full-fledged "freak" (which is what the "hippies" were calling themselves then). I also had my first experience with LSD and sex at that time.

As the summer ended, I had the desire to leave town, to discover the real world out there beyond the boundaries of Bangor, Maine, which was still quite backward and "unhip" at that time. I took off for the fabled land of California, where I spent about nine months bumming around. It was a time when there were hundreds, maybe thousands, of hitchhiking, panhandling young dropouts from society living on the road in the Golden State. There was still a real sense of community within the "counterculture." People took care of each other,

giving what they could share to those who had nothing. I hawked underground papers and spare-changed in Berkeley, lived in a commune in Thousand Oaks, hung around Big Sur, and tried (disastrously) to peddle mescaline in Portland, Oregon.

At first, California was new, awesome, exciting, and all that, but after a while, I got homesick. In the spring of '71, I started hitch-hiking back to Maine the day after having attended the big April 24 anti-war moratorium in San Francisco that attracted over 500,000 people. After more than two weeks on the road (spending a few nights in Wyoming jails for hitch-hiking) I arrived in Bangor to find it quite different from the town I had left.

Haight-Ashbury and the Sixties had finally come to my home town. There was a park downtown where scores of young people hung out and got stoned all day, and services for low-income people and those wishing to evade the draft where real card-carrying communists and socialists worked, and even a youth hostel for a while. Most importantly, there was a radical newspaper called "Paine" (named after Tom) that had a storefront office right in the center of town.

The paper became a symbol of the changes happening in Bangor and the country. In the classic muckraking tradition, "Paine" began to expose the corruption of the city officials. Despite the paper's crude layout and amateurish writing (which was the norm for "underground" papers at that time), this muckraking sold a lot of papers. The D.A., Sheriff, and F.B.I. decided that something should be done about it.

At that time, "Paine" was active in supporting a strike against a supermarket chain. (I was being paid by the union to help picket the stores, as well as doing work for the paper.) The authorities busted the strike and the paper by charging two of "Paine's" editors, five union officials, and one organizer with trumped up conspiracy charges, claiming that they intended to blow up some stores. (The charges were dropped in 1974.) It turned out that one of the most trusted movement leaders was an informer. Now even Bangor had its own conspiracy trials, and paranoia was rampant.

My roommate at that time, the assistant editor of "Paine" but never indicted, fled to New York, placing a gun in my hand as he left the apartment and telling me to use it if the pigs came around. After he left, I put the pistol back in the closet and never used it. Friends started suspecting each other of being informers, and ugly rumors against everybody were spread. Due to the large number of narcs, there were many drug busts, and even a couple of riots in protest of them. Phones were tapped, apartments were under surveillance, and innocent people were harassed. However, the cops weren't the only ones responsible for

breaking up the movement and "counterculture" in Bangor. People's own, unfounded suspicion and distrust of each other was enough to do that. Unity was becoming a thing of the past.

In August of '71, "Paine" folded and the "counterculture" scene downtown was fading. However, a month later, a small group of us decided to continue the fight and began a new radical paper called "New Morning." A few months later, we merged with another tabloid in the southern part of the state and tried to go statewide. But after being screwed over by an unscrupulous young publisher, the paper again became a Bangor paper with the editorial and publishing respon-



sibilities placed on my lap. There was so much sectarian in-fighting on the staff that it was amazing that the paper ever got out at all. I was beginning to have my doubts about the "revolution."

I had been going to a lot of the "big" anti-war demonstrations all over the east coast in late '71 and early '72. Even got busted with over 300 other demonstrators in Washington, D.C. and spent two days in the same cell with Rennie Davis and Dave Dellinger. Yet none of this really prepared me for the events at Miami Beach in August, 1972.

Some friends and I went down there to march against Nixon and the war during the Republican National Convention. The city became a right-wing and left-wing circus. On the left, every group was fighting against each other while we were camped out in a never-never land that the city council gave us free reign of. But in the streets, the militancy was brutal. I took part in streetfighting against cops as they pelted us with an endless supply of gas bombs. We realized it was now or never, that this would be the last big anti-war extravaganza.

Even though there were more demonstrators and arrests than there had been in Chicago in '68, the media chose mostly to ignore what was happening outside the convention hall due to fear of reprisals from Nixon and Agnew. (CBS did a special on it a year later called "The News Story That Never Was.") We were reaching for our place in the sun that week in Miami, and got it. It just didn't

last.

When I went back to Bangor, most people on the "New Morning" staff weren't speaking to each other due to political and personal disagreements. Nixon beat McGovern. The dream really was over and I wanted to move to Canada. (I was still being watched by the cops.) Instead, I got stuck in a rut, working graveyard shifts in factories and restaurants, sleeping all day and going crazy in my isolation at night.

In the summer of '73 I had a chance to join a big, new radical prison reform group and jumped on the bandwagon. These people had a farmhouse and land out in the country where they had fund-raising rock festivals, money from the government, and a lot of support. I moved to the farm and what was great and inspiring at first turned into a nightmare. Most of the people involved hadn't really become politically active or aware until that year. (This was when the Vietnam war was supposedly over.) I saw them go from being prison-reform liberals to fanatic Maoists modelling themselves on the Black Panthers, and later, the Weather underground.

I had been through a similar syndrome during the heyday of my radicalization, but I was disillusioned that these people hadn't learned from the mistakes of the past. Blowing up buildings and using absurd, Maoist rhetoric wouldn't do anything to help organize the working class. Most of these people hadn't worked enough with real workers to know this anyway. This was during the time of the Patty Hearst kidnapping and the S.L.A. madness, which this group supported. To make a long, complicated story short, I was basically purged from this organization for my anarchist beliefs before they became underground terrorists. They said I had to go because of my "negative attitudes," but my "negativity" was against stupidity, blind adherence to outmoded dogma, and violence. I learned that if the "revolution" was going to be led by dictatorial, sick bastards like this (I'm referring to a few certain individuals) then I wanted no part of their revolution.

Before I came to Evergreen in 1976, I was active in the I.W.W. and union organizing in a state mental hospital where I worked as a therapist. All this proved to be a positive experience, even if we lost the strike.

This all leads up to "what did I learn from my experiences with the left in the past decade?" Well, first of all, there are actually two different "lefts"—the authoritarian left and the libertarian left.

The authoritarian left consists of the Marxist-Leninists (which includes the Trotskyists, Maoists, Stalinists and groups like the Communist party, the SWP, YSA, RCP, ad nauseum) whose dogmatic beliefs are made up on a big historical lie. They'll tell you that people like Lenin, Trotsky, Castro, etc., were great humanitarian heroes who created

70s LEFT cont.

some sort of workers' paradise when the opposite is the truth. These were (or are) hypocritical butchers who oppressed workers and other leftists as much as any other government. The Leninist sects use ridiculous rhetoric that only assures the rest of us that they'll never get anywhere talking like that anyway. They're basically against individualism, thinking that we need some God-like state to tell us what to do for our own good.

Libertarian leftists (anarchists, wobblies, libertarian-Marxists, etc.) generally believe in individual freedom and the superfluity of the state and government. Their rhetoric tends to be more appealing to the average person. What's appalling here at Evergreen, is that too many young, unsuspecting people will cling to a Leninist ideology. It's as if they can't think for themselves, like they need some guiding dogma to tell them what to do. Sort of like religion, y'know.

I recently saw a booklet written and published by a local radical theater group. The booklet was about the injustices of our prison system and basically capitalist society as a whole. In it, it states that all women sentenced to jail by a male judge are political prisoners. Does this mean that a woman sentenced to jail by a female judge is not a political prisoner? No. They go on to state that everyone in jail right now in this country is a political prisoner.

Now, I used to believe such silliness was the truth myself—that it was the capitalist system that was responsible for everybody's actions and misfortunes, even my own. I now believe that the individual is responsible for his or her actions, no matter how oppressed they are (there are some exceptions). If everyone in jail is a political prisoner, then we should be working to free Son of Sam, Charles Manson, white-collar embezzlers, the guy that shot the mayor of San Francisco and Harvey Milk, mafiosos, rapists, etc. (Ironically, it's often the same people writing such rhetoric that want harsher sentences for rapists and Milk's assassin.)

Then they have all this stuff about the "patriarchy" and how the patriarchy and capitalism are hand-in-hand in enslaving us. I ask these people—what makes this society any more patriarchal than it is matriarchal? Worst of all, the booklet makes it seem that political prisoners exist only under capitalism, and not in the so-called "socialist" countries.

I used to write the same kind of crap

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ten years ago, and it's distressing to see people still doing it. Although there might be some truth to some of the things they say, it's written in such a rabid, narrow-minded, overly-rhetorical way that it's laughable. Bad sociology combined with zero psychology is not the way to convert the workers. When the left learns this, along with learning how to get along with themselves, then it just might make some dent on the American political scene. Until then, it will always be doomed to failure. Unfortunately, some people never grow up.

For those who were politically active in the late 60s and early 70s, the late 70s



Watergate Hotel

have proven to be a political wasteland. Many 60s radicals have become active in the anti-nuke movement, but too many others have found it too difficult to readjust to political involvement with younger and more idealistic radicals. (Just the same, the anti-nuke movement is the most positive sign around.)

In the early 70s, I welcomed the women's liberation movement as encouraging and great. For one thing, it meant that I wouldn't have to worry about fitting into some sexist, macho role-playing, which I never did anyway (and suffered because of it). Although feminism is still basically a progressive thing, too often what is called feminism has been dogmatic separatism, and a hatred of males and heterosexuals that is essentially just plain old-fashioned bigotry or sexism. Rich, beautiful women can easily control men if they want to, although some around here actually think that they're more oppressed than the average, white male factory worker. While the idea that the sexes should be equal gets lost in the shuffle, self-flagellating "feminist" men think they're going to bring about a "men's liberation" movement through shame, self-disgust, and guilt. How is any movement going to succeed unless it's based on positive things? If certain segments of the women's movement

want to promote hate, then that's what they'll get. It makes the old 60s ideals of "peace, love and understanding" appear to be quite refreshing and new.

That fateful "darkness at noon" when we realized that the dream was over came to many of us in the past decade. It had a very crippling effect. I know that I speak for others, as well as myself, when I talk about the kind of alienation and hopelessness I felt in the early 70s when I finally realized that there really wasn't going to be a revolution. After a few years of building and living for it, its demise before its birth was a hard thing to accept. I understand why Phil

Ochs killed himself.

I've adjusted myself to the system now. I did that when I worked at the mental hospital and realized if I didn't adjust, I'd be in the loony bin, too. The world might still change for the better, but in the 60s, we thought it would happen overnight. But hell, just look at what happened to our so-called "heroes" from the 60s—Tom Hayden is a politician, Rennie Davis kissed the Lotus feet of the Mahara-ji and is an insurance salesman, Jerry Rubin is a neurotic health-food nut, Eldridge Cleaver is a patriotic, flag-waving moonie, Timothy Leary became an F.B.I. informer and basket case, and so on. I ended up at Evergreen wanting to make movies and writing this article for the CPJ.

On the TV news tonight, there was a 60s anti-war veteran who had taken a famous photograph of an obviously sadistic cop in riot gear busting a young demonstrator. It was taken in the U.S. in 1970 during an anti-war demonstration. Some students in Iran are displaying the photo, claiming that it is a recent photograph of an Iranian student in the U.S. being typically brutalized. The former anti-war photographer said that he wanted to be on the first plane to Iran if there is a military invasion.

Here's to the next decade, whether we like it or not.

Journalism Presses On

By Pam Dusenberry

The 1970s are a period of coalescence of the uproar of the 60s. The world of journalism is no exception. If the 60s were characterized by convulsions against conventions, then the 70s have largely been a period of assimilating (or rejecting) the expressions of those convulsions.

Out of the 1960s erupted a phenomenon called new journalism, which has, in varying degrees, established roots in the 70s. Its several forms developed in response to serious questions about the function and methods of the mainstream press. The traditional forms and ideals of reporting came under fire; first from young journalists and later from members of the more conservative element who could not completely turn their heads from the outrage of the 60s.

Freedom of the press is one of the basic tenets of America. It is an essential right. Right? The theory is that a free press will keep tabs on the functioning of the public and private sectors. In addition, the press is supposed to provide information to the public so that each person can make reasoned decisions.

While the mainstream press obviously did (and does) perform some part of this function, proponents of the various forms of new journalism thought that was not enough. The new journalists thought the mainstream press did not give "equal time" to the content of the dissension, though it of course covered its outward manifestations, the riots and demonstrations.

This is not to say that the press functions totally inadequately. There is a standard that government corruption must be uncovered. (It makes good headlines, after all.) But this standard does not extend to the business sector. Since so many—in fact nearly all—daily papers are now under corporate control (and thus primarily interested in keeping their stockholders' dividends at a maximum), it is against their interests to criticize the segment of society of which they are a part. I have yet to see the Seattle Post-Intelligencer report on the corporate connections of the Hearst Empire or feel compelled to investigate the dealings of less directly connected businesses.

Those who actually write the news, however, are not merely pawns in a high-stake chess game. Most of them take seriously their charge of reporting the news "objectively" and fairly. The members of newspaper staffs are usually reluctant to develop business or government connections that could be conceived as conflicts of interest.

Mainstream journalists are by and large upholders of the status quo. Though the standard of objectivity is

held up as the ideal to which mainstream reporters subscribe, every reporter and every newspaper has a bias. That bias is well hidden because most reporters and newspaper readers hold the same basic assumptions: that the American system of free enterprise and representative democracy is responsive to the public's needs, and that dissent from the American Way deserves disapproval.

While the mainstream press makes itself responsible for reporting the corruption of government, and to a much lesser degree, of business, it does not take responsibility for reporting on social issues unless some event brings it to the



forefront. In the 60s, it wasn't until Blacks started rioting, women started demanding recognition, and students started protesting, that their causes became topics for newspaper and magazine articles in the mainstream press.

In the 70s, the uproar died down—the mainstream press' thin coverage of social issues became gradually thinner. The alternative press of the 1960s and early 70s gave vent to the cries for recognition by minorities and women, to the outrage at America's involvement in Vietnam and Cambodia, and to a myriad of other complaints. Underground papers and advocacy journalism, two aspects of new journalism, flourished on and around college campuses. The point of view of the protestors came through loud and clear through these channels.

The 60s created not only an alternative press, but also an audience for it. This is new journalism's legacy to/in the 70s. While the voice is not so loud and angry as it was ten years ago, it is still being heard. In the 70s we see such successful national periodicals as *In These Times*, *Dollars and Sense*, *Off Our Backs*, and *Mother Jones*, and a plethora of local papers such as the *Sun* and the *Northwest Passage* in Seattle, *Matrix* in

Olympia, and the *Boston Phoenix*.

The new journalists' critique also included an attack on the traditional structure of news stories. They saw the goal of objectivity and the "five Ws and H" formula as means to justify narrow, one-sided, and dry coverage. The goal of objectivity, many new journalists exclaimed, while not necessarily a wrong goal, is misused by the mainstream press to present one-sided, and sometimes actually false, information. This complaint is manifested in most types of new journalism.

Reportage, or the new nonfiction, casts away the format and style of the mainstream news story. Tom Wolfe and Gay Talese, Truman Capote and Norman Mailer all write new nonfiction. They present "news" in the form of short stories or novels, using traditionally fictional techniques of dialogue, description, and third-person commentary. Although presenting a larger picture than the traditional form of reporting facts, the new nonfiction's success depends on painstakingly thorough research and the stylistic talent of the writer. It has gained credibility in some literary circles. Most are willing to admit that reportage lends itself to books; but most critics and journalists deny that it is appropriate for news reporting.

Other forms of new journalism that have established roots in the 1970s are journalism reviews, alternative journalism (news not covered by the mainstream press), advocacy journalism (which propounds various dissenting points of view), and precision journalism (which uses statistics to lend validity to news coverage).

In the 60s, new journalism provided a channel for an outraged and frenzied counterculture and was therefore frenzied and disorganized. Some would argue that the acceptance of new journalism in the relatively passive 70s has co-opted it. It remains, however a vital alternative to the mainstream press.

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TV News: "That's the Way It Was..."

By Liisa Eckersberg

Who knows? The 70s might be remembered as the age of the TV news gimmick. Mini-cams, happy talk, sky-cams, and weather experiences arrived to deliver us from the boredom of the 60s news reporting.

TV news of the 60s was like a Reader's Digest condensed version of the news. It wasn't meant to give us the complete version, just headlines and brief synopses.

Television in general was entertainment, not information. The news, especially local news, was practically ignored. The lowest rated shows were the newscasts so there seemed no point in spending money to make them better.

Somewhere along the line, however, TV news became popular and worth spending money on. The demonstrators of the 60s started paying attention to conventional forms of communication; Walter Cronkite and colleagues became media stars; Watergate caught the nation in its grasp and wouldn't let go.

Watergate was THE big media event of the 70s and, unlike the newspapers, television could deliver it live. No longer was the American public the third party twice removed in an event; they were a part of it. Instead of having to read and imagine the proceedings of the Watergate hearings, they could experience the boredom of sitting around listening to Sen. Sam Ervin question the Watergate defendants. Afterwards, they could get immediate analysis of the proceedings

from expert news reporters, a device sportscasts had always used. TV news was no longer just reading



the news, it was delivering an immediate and supposedly comprehensive view of the goings-on. TV news shows became rating successes. "60 Minutes," which had been around for awhile with no great success, became one of the top-rated prime-time shows on television.

The news ratings race was on. The competition was especially hot and heavy on the local level. One channel with sagging ratings would offer another channel's popular anchorman a large contract to defect. In turn, their sportscaster would be lured away. The result would be only a trade-off in viewers. As the point of the ratings was to get the majority of the audience, the channels

had to come up with something else. Enter the gimmicks game.

The first major gimmick was the "mini-cam" (a mobile video camera). Actually just a regular advancement in video technology, the stations' ads billed it as a feature unique to them alone. Instead of having a reporter's voice coming over a phone, the reporter's face was there in front of the event "reporting live from..." Mini-cams were all over.

Another big gimmick was "happy talk." Maybe the people who ran the stations figured that since the news is generally bad, it should be delivered by happy, or at least friendly, people. At best it was (and still is) obnoxious. Giggling and snickering newscasters are just a little hard to believe. At its worst it was akin to "Henny Youngman Meets the Son of Walter Cronkite."

Of course, the stations were not pleased to leave it there. TV news fans were further subjected to such gimmicks as "weather experiences." Here the weatherman steps out of a picture showing what the weather's like and, if it's raining or snowing, has something appropriate thrown at him. Weather reviews (with star-rating systems like those used in movie reviews), pop issue reporters (who go out and sky dive or do something equally unnewsworthy), football boo-boos, and the ever-popular "man versus computer football score guessing game" were other gimmicks introduced.

The gimmicks game seems to have settled down. However, there are ads in the papers about the helicopter version of the mini-cam, the sky-cam. And the newscasters are getting friendlier. A few days ago several were delivering the news from a couch, with no desks, no counter and nothing in front of them. They were just sitting on a couch happy talking and presenting the news. If this keeps up, the new gimmick will be the newscasters flying into the viewers' living room and sitting down to happily discuss the news on a one-to-one level. "Channel 13—We're Friendlier Than All the Rest..."

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cry all the harder and make everyone present suffer enormously. For these babies I have constructed a special soundproof box with a little oxygen tank inside. I would put the persistent cryers in the special cry box. The fire department would have to come out and open the box, careful not to injure the baby inside. A sign on the box says, "Danger, no flames, oxygen in use." Eventually writers of TV shows would leave babies out altogether because the baby could mean that the 9-inch man was coming on, wrecking their program. People who have their own babies at home don't hear them anyway.

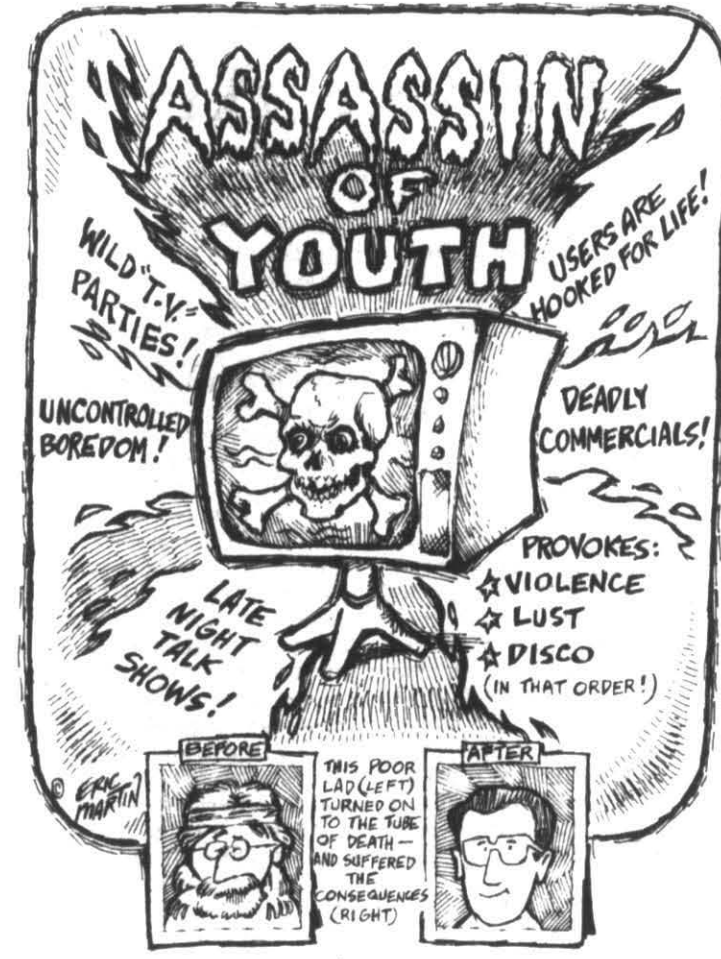
On Friday afternoon the 9-inch man would make his next appearance on *Days of our Lives*. There the 9-inch man would go to Julie Williams' apartment and talk tough to her in a way Neal Curtis or Chris Kosticheck and other common-sense characters on the program have been unsuccessful in doing. The 9-inch man would shake her up. "Wake up and smell the coffee, baby! Your former husband, Doug, left you to marry Mrs. Carmichael because you have been acting like a fool. That's right! You sit around here in your \$300 dressing gowns feeling sorry for yourself, but you have brought this all on yourself. Knock off this self pity! Straighten up and fly right!"

The 9-inch man would go on the award-winning *60 Minutes* whenever they show a rerun. He would wear a scowl and you would see him pull the rerun tape out of the video machine and screen a rerun of *The Many Loves of Dobie Gillis* instead.

Sometimes the 9-inch man would appear as the 2-inch man. The 2-inch man is a little dwarf dressed in a cute jerkin like Hamlet's and he would appear in the bottom corner of your TV screen. The 2-inch man is a severe critic. On Johnny Carson's show he would criticize boring monologues and interject such rude comments as "That's not funny," or "So what, big deal!" or "Good God, not another singer!" The 2-inch man would show the viewers a skit of his own. What he does is come in the front door, pass quickly through the house, rush around from the back door and come in the front door, like he just got there. It's not so funny the first time he does it. But he keeps doing it.

Another trick the 2-inch man is good at is "rattling the bones." The 2-inch man has a pair of bones that he rattles as he performs a foolish dance.

As the 9-inch man and the 2-inch man, I would clear up the airwaves.



Nine Inch Man

By Buggy Malone

Sometimes while I am watching television I have a curious, malicious urge to become the 9-inch man. As the 9-inch man I would crawl down from my La-Z-Boy rocker-recliner, scramble across the carpet on 15/16" feet, up to the 24" RCA Victor color TV where I would fight my way through the radioactive waves and enter Television Land. There are a few things I would like to clear up there.

Monday night I would enter *Little House on the Prairie* and pounce on Mrs. Oleson and choke her. I am tired of her contralto voice booming through the house every Monday night, reverberating on the china and causing all the glass surfaces in the house to sing. If that irksome nuisance, Melissa Gilbert came along, with her big nose, she would probably say, "Stop that, you big bully," and fetch her pa, Michael Landon. Michael Landon is just a 7-inch shorty and although he is wiry, I would dispatch him with a sock on the jaw and mention the fact that I think his haircut is ridiculous. As the 9-inch man I am as brave as a bull. I fear neither man nor beast.

"Well, stranger, those are mighty peculiar clothes you've got on." This would be his respectful retort as he massaged his sore jaw and shook the

cobwebs out of his head. He knows he's in a dumb show. I would dust my hands and crawl back into my living room to rest up before I made my next appearance as the 9-inch man.

Little House on the Prairie was once a solid family show, but recently they have used the most unlikely story lines, most of them mawkish, some of them hideous. They have betrayed the trust of their innocent viewers. I remember when *Bonanza* did this same thing. In one episode, for instance, Hoss would be up for a murder trial, marched to the gallows, and so forth. Hoss was no murderer—everyone knew that! It seems that at the terminal cycle of a good program, it will spend a few years dying in the worst way.

The Waltons show is doing this, too. My appearance as the 9-inch man would finish them. On *The Waltons* I would tell Olivia that I sure am sick of her and her "moods" and her haughty attitude, and most of all I am tired of reading about her contract disputes in *People* magazine. Then I would go to each house in the Walton neighborhood and slap all of the babies. This program is notorious for its howling babies.

Sometimes when a baby is slapped, it will get a startled look on its face and take an enormous gulp of air and then

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Happily Ever Aftering

By Mary Young

"Pynchon, Vonnegut, Robbins, Brautigan. Their writing is breezy, smart-ass. It has a lot of satire, a lot of deliberate anti-seriousness. They write with a calculated refusal to be serious in favor of being sardonic or ironical, always speaking in a parody tone. You can't pin them down. Maybe there is moral seriousness behind it, but the face of it is always fantastical."

What was the literature of the Seventies? Who was it aimed at? What did readers look for? What themes were read by the country? By you personally? What will happen in the Eighties? A few Evergreen faculty comment:

Gil Salcedo: (History/Literature) "Bellow and Heller can be read as companion volumes. One is pessimistic and one is optimistic. Both deal with life in our time and the existential predicament of the individual in the post-industrial civilization of America. The individual pitted against modernity, chaos."

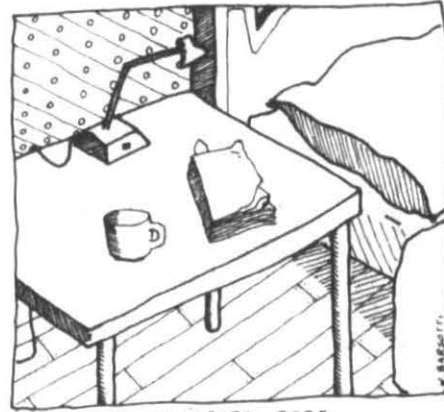
"Bellow explores the tragedy with compassion and humanity. In the end the protagonist, Herzog, has seen a light at the end of the tunnel. He's getting there, he's getting somewhere. With the protagonist in the Heller novel, Bob Slocum, you see nothing but slow suicide, slow depression."

"The message of the Seventies is that politics offers no solution, that any kind of collective action invites you to some kind of betrayal or sell-out or cop-out or some fake or inauthentic life. That you can't work collectively or co-operatively. The sense of disillusionment is my sense of the Seventies. After all the big promise and idealism of the Sixties, the Seventies is a time of retrenchment, disillusionment, withdrawal from co-operative, collective things. Not everywhere, but there is the feeling that it is every man for himself. *The Painted Bird* is about survival. Seventies survival against the onslaught of official bullshit, all the institutional rhetoric of the society that comes down, that is assumed by the public to be lies and untruth. Your mind, your sanity must survive against the barrage of bullshit. You must not believe anything, so there's a systematic incredulosity that is applied to everything. Where the hip thing, like Vonnegut, is to believe in nothing and to take everything with a laugh. That, to me, bespeaks a certain escapism, a certain feeling of vulnerability in the face of all this frustration and disappointment. The feeling of being betrayed and let down."

"The defense against this vulnerability, this feeling of impotence, is detachment and the ironic posture. This explains to me the prevalence of irony in the lit-

erature of the Seventies. Parody, satire, irony. The author does not take himself seriously, there is the spirit of disclosure, honesty, truth. Let's see what's really going on (like behind the scenes of a Hollywood movie to see the props). Authors are not even asking us to suspend disbelief. The message is 'Let's see behind it. Let's demystify something.' The supposition is that the truth is to be got at in this way by pulling away these layers on the surface, which are assumed to be false, in order to get at something underneath, which is assumed to be the real truth. The trends I see in literature are fantasy, science fiction, and other escapist literature."

"The theme in Bukowski is brutal cynicism, on the surface, but underneath a real feeling of diehard understanding, humane compassion for the human condition. Bukowski is a lifetime employee of the L.A. postoffice, he's a wino, his face looks like a truck hit it. He's a



wiped-out man, just one big bleeding sack of acne, really a mess, horrible, really ugly. He lives in L.A. because he feels it is the armpit of the North American continent. He lives there, deliberately knowing it's disgusting. Skid row culture of L.A., that's his beat."

"On the surface of Bukowski's writing there's all this pornographic stuff, sex and violence are twin themes. What he does is expose false fronts and hypocrisy and the brutality that hides behind all this nonsense of modern life that's up front. He shows you that behind TV commercials, behind the freeways, the fancy cars and clothes, there is really some true horror happening."

Rudy Martin: (English Literature/American Studies) "Lasch has written a powerful book that will attract a lot of attention. It is a biting critique of the human potential/human growth movement and argues that the stuff is essentially a dead end because it doesn't contribute to any kind of social awareness, particularly, but focuses people's

attention more and more on themselves. I agree with him. The malaise of the current time is as much a matter of people not knowing where to be in relation to other people as it is a matter of them not knowing where to be in relation to themselves. I think a lot of folks will say, 'Lasch is crazy. It's not until a people find themselves that they are able to...'

"Ewan traces through 19th and 20th century history in America the ways in which big business and the corporate interests have insinuated their values into the consciousness of the American public in such a way that corporate values become social values. So that to consume becomes a virtue in contemporary consciousness. Shopping becomes a social activity like going to the movies or a ball game. Folks are motivated to go out and shop and to see this as something worth doing. All this mall stuff, perpetual sales, perpetual encouragement by the media just to shop for fun; this value set is pervasive in American society. There is an element of escapism in consumerism. It offers to people consumption as a substitute for other forms of action."

"This summer I started reading the Vietnam stuff. *Dispatches* is a series of Vietnam essays written for *Esquire* during the war. It is alarming in that the book is apolitical. A lot of people who fought the war and folks who resisted the war were largely apolitical. They didn't seem to see organized political activity as an option, alternative to the war. What you ended up with was a whole lot of blasted individuals. Folks whose psyches, whose souls, have been scorched. And they don't know how come."

"O'Brien's *Casualty* is a soldier who keeps deserting from the war in Vietnam. His plan is to walk from Vietnam to Paris, over Asia into Europe. The story's about how these guys keep chasing this poor bastard out there to bring him back to the war. They finally say 'to hell with it' and go with him to Paris. So they walk away from the war. It's a personal reflection, but again, there's not much of a political stance in the novel. It seems folks aren't talking yet about what the war means. Part of it could be that they don't want to talk about it."

Novels in the 70s seem to be in the personal reminiscence mode, autobiographies of one's own consciousness. These books hook right into the narcissism that Lasch talks about, and the self-absorption in place of a politics or a values system that incorporates or springs from any kind of sense of public or social life. Its as if people were socially or publicly invisible, disembodied. Operating primarily as individuals detached from, distinct from, anything other than

their own orgasms, food, drink, satiation of the senses. Personal reminiscence is more a continuation of, rather than a reaction to, the 60s. Part of what was implicit in the disturbances and the uprisings, especially among white people in the 60s, was this business of personal alienation and disenchantment and the interest in trying to find some avenues, some channels to express that stuff."

"People are pulling in their horns, they're tightening up, crossing their legs and folding their arms to hang on tight. That's why Lasch talks about diminishing expectations. In Heller's book, Bob Slocum is constantly trying to cope with his fears of sexual impotence, of political and economic impotence, of professional impotence. That seems to be the condition of contemporary man."

Betsy Diffendahl: (Anthropology) "Over the last ten years I have done less with books than in other periods in my life and I have become aware of the value of paying attention to the people around me and their wisdom and their authority more than books. I have perhaps read less and had dialogues more. To pick a literary trend of myself: the volume of written material is so great that you can waste a lot of time looking for a source of some insight while you are losing time that could be spent with people. We, white Americans, are beginning to look at ourselves in literature instead of always studying someone else's ritual or someone else's cultural setting. I see a trend to culturally self-conscious literature. We are looking at ourselves and at some of our needs that aren't being met—I don't mean self help—but we are beginning to see the impact of our own institutions on our lifestyle and how these keep us away from meeting our needs. We are becoming more culturally introspective."

"I think it's significant that *Roots* was published in this decade. We are beginning to look back at our own pasts in some depth. We are beginning to see what it means to be vulnerable. We are becoming aware that the world is very diverse and that there are more people unlike us than are like us. The books I read helped me to realize that I am part of a pluralistic world and heightened my awareness of the arrogance of White majorityhood."

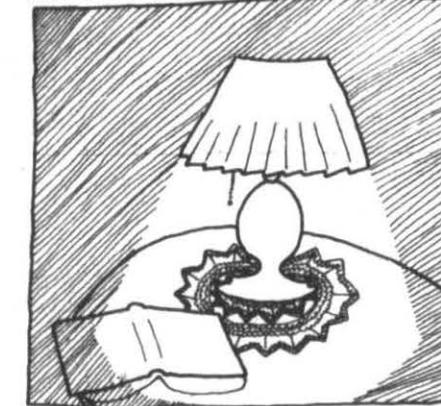
"The 80s will require personal flexibility. I don't think it's a time that dogma will serve us. The 70s were fearful; we saw the vulnerability of the majority. We were out of control for the first time. In the future we are going to have to risk individual discomfort to form coalitions with the world's people who are different from us. This is necessary and healthy. In terms of skill development, it is worthwhile to spend your time in this coming decade talking to people as it would be reading about people. It is necessary to develop community."

"Socrates and some of the early western people that we frequently

bounce against, their own mode was not one in which they all sat and read books. As it happens, we've captured their work in books but the dialogue is the critical part."

Richard Alexander: (English/Literature) "The theme of the books I read was the enormous difficulty of close human relations and the absolute necessity for them, including the family. I am a family freak."

Agee is coming into prominence in American literature. His is a very significant book for the 70s. I have a strong feeling that the era of rampant individualism is ending, for the time being, in the United States. People are just sick and tired of narcissism. One of the things that is typical of the books I've read is that not a damn one of them is narcissistic in the least. These are all books about social relations, relations among people, centering on small, close intimate relations—what we could loosely call family—but moving out to encompass larger social relations with such themes as obligation, duty. Books about mothers and daughters, fathers and sons, lovers,



and daughters, fathers and sons, lovers,

29
husbands and wives. Which is, I think, where it is. The current best sellers tend to go back to an earlier period in fairly recent American history in which there was at least the illusion of an enormous amount of trust."

"People in the 70s are definitely searching for intimacy. I think they all believe they will not find it. And I think moreover, they are scared to death that when they find it, it will destroy their individualism. So they search for intimacy, but at the same time demand conditions which make it impossible to be intimate. They're not ever willing to risk anything. But to be intimate they have to risk everything. Part of the problem in the 70s was that people didn't have much to risk."

"I don't think it is possible to seriously predict future literary trends. If minority writers become dominant one of the reasons would be because those writers have decided to devote their efforts to the group, not to the cultivation of their own private sensibility."

"Everyone should read *Iphigenia at Tauris* by Euripides. The theme is: after enormous personal crisis and confusion, guilt, hostility, and everything else—the reconciliation of the sexes and the reintegration of the family."

Duke Kuehn: (Sociology) "The list of books that most affected me are most characterized by a theme of muted cynicism. It's not the kind of anger and disenchantment of the 60s, but the feeling you have when you're not real pleased about things and you don't really feel that there's much you can do about them except sadly document them. My definition of a cynic is someone who is a very, very cautious romantic. Someone who has been burned again and again

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"Americans want to recover the Camelot of 1963. Literary themes in the 70s say 'there really was some good old time'."

and again but somehow or another has faith that the next time it's all going to work out. Some other themes are loss of faith in the idea that things will work and coming to grips with what it means to be ambitious in life and to fail. I don't know if I sought out of disenchantment or, because I was disenchanted, these books sought me out and made me read them.

"I think in the 70s it would be very hard to hold on to one's ideals, except at a very muted level. What can you believe in anymore? The legacy of Vietnam, Watergate, and the energy crisis all come down to basic issues of 'what can we trust?' Trust is the social bond. If I trust, then I can probably pursue my life with some satisfaction. But if I am constantly wondering 'will that letter be delivered? Can I get gas tomorrow?' I'm left with the attitude 'Can't do anything unless I do it myself.'

"I think it is possible that minority writers will be dominant in the 80s because those groups are able to write with some degree of pride in manifest destiny. There is something there to aim for, fight for. If what you are doing is documenting the slow collapse of the system, it's hard to write stuff most people want to read.

"The word for the 70s is searching and confused. Two of the most popular things of the 70s were *Star Wars* and *Water-ship Down*. Both of them take you out of this context and either move you into some ambiguous time or into some totally different world.

"Americans want to recover the Camelot of 1963. They feel they got

cheated. I think literary themes in the 70s say 'there really was some good old time. Things really were pretty ideal in those days, abundance, and peace, and joie de vivre. If we could just get back to those wonderful days of Camelot we'd be saved.' I really do believe that what people seek they will find. It may be elusive but it's there."

Peter Elbow: (Literature) "Where the



60s was an era of 'out on the streets rocking the boat,' the 70s was an era of people going a bit inward and working on slower-motion, longer-range battles. 'The Long March,' as they like to say. Slow underground grass roots, working from the bottom, trying for gradual change and development rather than fast change.

"The era of ecology concerns hitting general consciousness. Certainly *Small Is Beautiful* is important for the more theory-minded. All the Sierra Club stuff was important for wider audiences.

"Lahey's book is central for an impor-

tant network of collectives called Movement for a New Society. It very much typifies the best of radicals hunkering down for long, slow grass roots work. The necessity of slow, gradual change of consciousness, working with people in small groups and one to one, and tending toward one's own health and happiness and renewal all the while—learning to avoid franticness and burnout of radicals of the 60s; how to have fun and be supportive and jolly and care for one another while slowly working on radical change of society. The whole anti-nuke movement if a place where these first two threads meet.

"The 70s is an era of biography and autobiography. Lots of them. It's an era of people trying to figure out how life and lives are experienced. Thus *Roots*; also *Passages*; also the Watergate biographies.

"And its the era for the long, slow serious work of the oppressed groups: women, blacks, gays, chicanos, etc. Whereas some of the banner-waving manifesto-declaring works of these movements came out in the 60s (and of course even earlier in some cases), I think the 70s is the era when these movements decided that work has to go on in individual consciousness—and thus the prime work (or one of them) often goes on in people writing biographies: telling what its like to be woman, black, gay, etc. Helping others to have a ride inside your skin."

"And *Others*: Gail Martin's reading yielded her engaging ideas. But "they have little to do with the 70s or with America." Richard Jones read Chaucer and Shakespeare simply for the "grandeur of language." Margaret Gribskov sought out "new ideas and issues." Leo Daugherty's 60s reading in Wittgenstein taught him how to wade through the glut of 70s babble to the essence in writing. He sought truth and clarity in literature. Maxine Mimms was most influenced by the works of Tony Morrison, and books about children, women, and families had strong impact on her. "In this complex society I wouldn't dare to be as flippant as to say there is one or two of something that is the best. That excludes and I wouldn't do that." From now on Maxine will not select any white male author to read. For her own mental health she will only read the writing of women and people of color including comic books if she has to. "There is a strong effort of separatism in the literary world, but books only will not do it for the 80s."

Where the Hell Is the Masculinist Movement?

Editor's note:

John Zupa graduated from Evergreen in 1977 and is currently living in Seattle, where he is writing an autobiographical novel, from which these selections are taken. The book, *Where the Hell is the Masculinist Movement?*, is about "masculinity's great self-alienation.... Any group that needs power and control and needs to manipulate, is not a happy group, is not a group that loves itself. I think men need to face humanitarianism and withdraw from personal and global chess. It's kind of sad to me that the feminist movement is oriented toward taking the positions that men have in society, rather than demanding that men recognize and make room for what is really feminine." He hopes that the "masculinist movement" will be as important in the 80s as the feminist movement was in the 70s.

By John Zupa

It was at Orange Elementary School that I learned what happens to a poor bastard when his masculinity fails him.

Many a lost, mother-harangued boy joined of James Dean in the youth rebellion of the Fifties. The desire for suicide was important, obvious and everywhere. I thought teenagers were the only ones capable of getting in car wrecks. At least that's what the TV told me. Few noticed children in those days and their reaction to the bomb stuff and the blatant mindlessness. But if you asked any parent or teacher in Orange, Connecticut, who Torrance Muldoon was, you could be guaranteed your two hours of excellent gossip, complete with numerous raving accusations. At eight years of age, the bastard was a legend. A famous man. That shows you how far we've come since the good old ape days. Maybe two inches.

Our name for Torrance Muldoon was "Terrible Balloon." "Terrible" for short. He was blond and beefy. His old man forced short hair on him like the tainted one.

Terrible's old man had life twisted around so completely it's a wonder the kid stayed sane as long as he did. What a dork! First of all, it was Reverend Muldoon and he was the antithesis of the good father; rather he was the fragment preacher gone sour grapes. He wanted desperately to live out all the sin he railed against, yet he could not let himself go. Whilst mingling with his congregation he exercised a military self-restraint but at home only great quantities of alcohol and a deluge of misguided profanity kept him from murdering his closest loved, his family.

Here was a man, droopy-faced though he was, who advertised God's love, ex-

pounded on the virtues of all the positive acts of man, extolled those "true heroes of our world" who were brave enough to put up with the stupifying boredom of suburban working life and issued extraordinary praise to those parents who were good to their offspring. Here was a man who blasted the hell out of those who would deflower innocent virgins not



yet old enough to comprehend what was happening to them as "hatefully wicked and maniacally deranged." Here was a man who, on the pulpit, hailed the perfection of our mighty deity, our angry God who would "tear asunder with merciless wrath" all who dared stand up in defense of human frailty, human imperfection, human being. No! Man, to the Reverend Muldoon, had but one job—becoming perfect.

It is spiritually unfortunate that Protestantism has no place for the feminine. In that lack of light it is perhaps the most deprived religion on earth. (It's goddamn ridiculous, if you ask me, a pack of soulless dildos.) It is through feminine procreation that the gift of creation is offered to the male being; without the holy mother, the blessed virgin, the virgin goddess who creates the savior hero, there can be no fulfillment through religion. The savior hero redeems mankind not with anti-creativity, war, but by saving a direct connection to the creative matrix, thus finding a new way... the way of humankind. You may find this paragraph corny as hell and it is, but on the other hand you

would do well to reread it carefully for it is precisely this, the lack of feminine equality, that is killing the Reverend Muldoons all over America.

At home, the pathetic old souse wanted to do in his kid for living out all that he held in dubious check. It was at home that Torrance Muldoon watched his father's other half gain more territory each day. He "fuck you'd" his congregation in detail, member by member. He started collecting pornography to find release from the fantasies that gripped him when teenagers of his flock came to him with questions of sex. Then, too, the young female is the symbol of life and the more a man fights the general flow, the more his psyche hates and depends upon this symbol because he is dying. His hatred comes from her inability to save him and is imaged in perverse sexual acts. Acts designed to connect and find union, yet to debauch and deface. Love and hate. The female, in the mind of Rev. Muldoon, had gone completely goddess. He was with her each day, but he never faced her on her own terms. You don't fight gods; you ask them what they want of you.

So by and by "Terrible" turned into a vicious fuckhead. It was his sole desire to destroy the ambiguous bullshit that was humanity. He thought it was a goddamn gas to chew the sox off any half-hearted adversary he could sink his fingernails into. He endlessly worked to misconstrue the words of others. As his understanding of life had been gnarled into a talmud of double meanings, so he responded to the words of potential friends.

"Hi, Torrance. What's going on?" said Higgie.

"Ya lousy creep! I didn't steal nothin'! Nuttin' er I'll kill ya!"

Pleasant guy, old Terrible Balloon, good guy to go mountain climbing with. Hell of a guy.

Terrible Balloon was an excellent shadow figure for me. Without one notion of what was going on, I could identify in him those parts of myself which I hated. How wonderful moronism can be; I simply projected my tackiest of traits onto Old T. B. and decided to punish him for possessing similar anti-qualities. The human mind is a wonderful thing; its capacity for avoidance is astounding, its endless.

The next paragraph hasn't been said so I'm going to say it because its time and men have to stop their self-hatred.

So many times I cried out: "Touch me Daddy, I want to give you all my love!" I wanted to do the things he wished I'd



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do, but he kept telling me to kill myself, to go away, to be wiped out on the road.

He kept wishing evil down on me and hoped I'd suffocate in my sleep. He wished my old lady, Frannie, was his old lady. He damn near died when my mother was good to me. Jesus, you should have seen the madness and heard him rave. He'd get all puffed out and boozy red and yell things that came right up fresh out of hell, at his boy, at his son. Thousands of times I prayed to that big indifferent God to heal the old man and make him give me one hair-thick sunray of approval.

I had nobody but that old man to tell me why I had a penis and show me what manness was. Every night I'd ask myself what I'd done to be "no fucking good," and forever unable to do right. And all I could see was a blank wall because I knew I wasn't even alive when the hell I was receiving was created. I wept and covered my heaving sobs beneath two pillows and no soul ever came to comfort me. I feared and feared and feared a huge man with a spike and burleclub, lurking in the dark, a man so warped, ugly, hairy, stupid and angry that his one desire was to destroy, by cruel means, me, Jackee Leigh.

I was sure nobody but I was a good boy. I prayed for my father to help me, to side with his own blood, to cherish my love, to become my best friend. Instead

he fumed in his personal hell, he didn't even try to fight it. He could only carry a cat of nine tails for his own son.

An if, by now, your heart is still forged in a steel mask and the best you can do is to put this book down and eat a pile of rusty horseshoe nails to enamel



yourself against the pent-up flood of feeling, then you're too sick to help and you ought to damn well commit suicide, because you're slowly dying under your own self-abuse anyway. You're a coward, a rude and gutless coward, with a saw-toothed collar around your soul, and epitaph written on your tongue. Nothing lives in a body that cannot love.

So I had to become embittered, did I? So I had to despise and detest masculinity, did I? Well, if that's what he wanted, that's what the useless, anti-life, fuck-bubble would get! I'd turn on him one day, seething and ruthless, but he would be surprised at his punishment. I wasn't tough either. I wasn't a goddamn John Wayne-in-the-Green-Berets, lousy, lying combat hero, either. I was nobody at

that time, a real nobody. I couldn't even imitate a man because I'd never seen one. You can fornicate with females and stomp the vital juices out of freight cars full of males, but that doesn't make a man; it makes a scared, pussy-faced, mother-bound wimp is all. It's fear disguised as the "Bravado Myth" is all!

I was face down on the burning asphalt, bleeding. A big man with loggin' boots on was grinding his heel into the back of my head. I was dying because I couldn't spit blood, teeth and tar fast enough. This is what the miserable, indifferent God calls Masculinity and told me I had to love? No, hate had me trapped that time and had me good. Hate was lord over my world and hate would teach me well. To hate, to skin the cocksuckers, to make them oozy and raw, so tender raw, a gentle draft would send them shrieking. That was what manness was all about. Blood and hatred. Rusty, cold, unfriendly and dark, that's what my dad wanted out of his only son. Boy, I was sure nobody that time. Hate was always nobody, it allowed no partners, no warmth and no love. It's funny, when they toss you in the cesspool of hatred, the only one thing that can haul your ass out is love and it won't come to you unless you do your damndest to love first. There isn't one chance in hell for you, if you can't love first. I've seen it, honest, I know.

The Fable of the Man Who Was Liberated

By Clifford Olin

The Liberated Man was having a meaningful relationship with his girlfriend, Cindy, so he asked her if she wanted to share his living space. "We'll experience cohabitation for a month and see if the vibes are right. Do you think you can get into something like that?" "Sure man, living with you would provide the space for some real growth."

Right after Cindy moved in, the Liberated Man made it a point to tell her where he was coming from. "I'm really into giving you plenty of personal space and I want you to feel free to pursue any interests you might have. I'm really secure about our relationship and I try not to get into jealousy trips. I really want you to be able to do your own thing and not feel obligated to spend your spare time with me."

Cindy was into art so she rented a studio and spent much of her time doing paintings of Bob Dylan and Neil Young. She prepared soybean dinners in a vegetarian restaurant and got in the habit of hanging around after work drinking imported beer with the other employees. Since this entailed her getting home at midnight rather than 10:30,

the Liberated Man had usually fallen asleep on the couch waiting for her. The first few times this happened he said, "Where were you? Thought you got off at ten." "I was just drinking a beer with the other workers. We rapped and got into each others space. We really related and dug each others trip." The Liberated Man replied, "That's far out. I'm glad you're getting into sharing yourself with others." After that he said nothing lest he intrude on her personal space.

The next day she came home with Daniel who played guitar. "Daniel is teaching me some new songs." The two of them strummed Jackson Browne songs for about an hour while the Liberated Man sat in the other room reading Ms. Magazine and the Amazon Quarterly to raise his consciousness. Then he ambled in and said, "You're a really hot guitarist and I think it's beautiful for you to share your knowledge with Cindy." Later in the day the Liberated Man told her, "I can really support your getting into music." "Yeah, I'm really into experiencing playing guitar."

The next week found her spending very little time at their pad. She'd stroll in at two a.m., the Liberated Man

usually asleep in bed. He never asked her where she'd been (not wanting to get into being suspicious or distrustful), though she volunteered, "I'm putting a lot of energy into playing guitar and painting." "I'm glad you're experiencing having an outlet for your art."

Evenings at home the Liberated Man did the housework and assumed a lotus position to meditate: "Our relationship is really coming together. We're really in tune with each other. We're into our own trips and there aren't any hassles about either of us being possessive or getting into weird jealousy trips. We've really got a mellow scene happening here. It's far out."

Once Cindy didn't come home till nine o'clock in the morning. "I fell asleep at the studio." "That's cool." "Daniel said he'd give me lessons at his house two nights a week." "That Daniel is a really fine person and he's got some good knowledge to share. Go for it. It should be a good experience."

After three weeks of lessons Cindy announced, "Daniel and I are having a meaningful relationship so I'm into living at his place. I'll get my stuff this weekend."

Moral—Some men try too hard.

View from the Playpen

Editor's Note: **The Culture of Narcissism** was one of the big books of the '70s. Carter quoted it, everyone talked about it, and its author, Christopher Lasch, became one of the intellectual idols of the decade. The following footnote appears on page 141 of the book:

"When elders make no demands on the young, they make it almost impossible for the young to grow up. A former student of mine, repelled by the conditions he now faces as a teacher at Evergreen State College in Washington, writes in criticism of recent changes in the curriculum, in a statement to his colleagues: "The betrayal of youth at Evergreen starts from the assumption—shared by many teachers and administrators—that first-year students are... only interested in wallowing in their own subjectivity and repelled by the thought of doing academic work." Hoping to bolster flagging enrollments, he says, the faculty and administration have turned the first-year curriculum into "a play pen of self-exploration."

By Paul Mastrangelo

A former student of a former student of Christopher Lasch was heard to babble subjectively on the square. The incident caused a stir.

A campus meeting was convened



forthwith in the parking lot of the Mods. A sociologist opened the discussion saying he thought babble evinced the presence of the devil, and a core of psychologists nodded assent. A phonologist observed with some discomfort a similarity between the sound of the babble and actual English language, but passed opinion of morphemic content to lexicographers. No lexicographer came forward and some among the crowd began to worry.

Everyone believed the babble meant something, but no one was able to say just what.

Opinions were cheap on the great

afternoon. The only silence came from an artist in black who circled the mob and from her fingertips shot keen, red lines above them. A physicist wondered if they were not trying to bite their own nose. It grew late and the crowd thinned out some.

The drone of words took its toll on the conferees. Many fell, literally, to sleep where they stood. Some others sat upon their slumbering fellows and quietly farted. A student in M.P.I. came around with hotdogs and coke. He wouldn't take money, only evaluations.

Finally, at dawn, Christopher Lasch stood and pointed a finger at former students and former students of former students alike. Knees knocked. No one moved voluntarily. Sleepers awoke but did not arise. The birds in the air stood still.

After a moment the enormous jaw of Christopher Lasch began to move. A deep note came from his fearsome belly. The sonorous tones of the speaking voice of Christopher Lasch resonated the dumpsters. His great eyes, like polished mirrors, shone and enchanted the crowd. Only a few dared break their gaze and listen to his words. The rest rocked on the balls of their feet, whimpering and staring at Christopher Lasch.



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ten years of random notes

By Geoff Kirk

Music in the 70s is much like everything about the 70s: nothing new seemed to happen and what did happen seemed like it happened before. In the 50s, rock was typified by Elvis and Jerry Lee Lewis. In the 60s, by the Beatles, Stones, Dylan, and Jimi Hendrix. Music in the 70s looked for a god-head.

Music in the 70s was dominated, at first, by groups and people held over from the 60s. The antics of the split-up Beatles received attention; they even made some music. At the end of the 70s Harrison is involved with film production, McCartney with disco, Starr with California, and Lennon with his family. Lennon came off the best simply by not making an album for almost six years.

The Rolling Stones earned their title as the greatest rock group of the 70s. The albums "Sticky Fingers" and "Exile on Main Street" are classics. Even their treatment of disco rocked. They should endure through the 80s.

Even after the loss of Keith Moon, the Who remain strong. With "Tommy" they put out one of the best rock movies of the decade. "The Kids Are Alright," an autobiographical film and soundtrack and the movie "Quadrophenia," about to be released, assure the Who a place in rock history. As does the recent concert in Cincinnati...

Bob Dylan, in spite of finding God, no longer seems to be the prophet he was in the 60s. A divorce, tales of wife beating, and all of his 70s albums (except for "Blood on the Tracks") did him in.

The Band perhaps by breaking up, have their legend fairly intact. Their film, "The Last Waltz," may be the best concert film of all time.

Patron saint of 60s madness, Frank Zappa, is ending the 70s on a high note. His new album "Joe's Garage," is doing well, as did his last few. Zappa is Zappa and always will be. And now he's even more popular.

Other 60s artists changed musical direction without "selling out." Jethro Tull, after complaining that they were "too old to rock and roll," released an album of semi-English folk song material. The Jefferson Airplane changed their name and some members and became the Starship. Clapton mellowed and The Dead are still around.

Before 1970 was out, the now near-mythical guitar player, Jimi Hendrix, died.

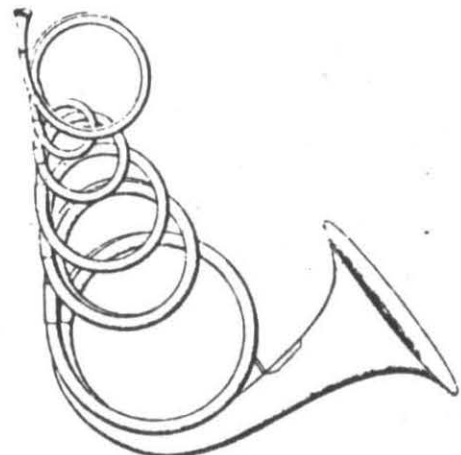
Partially as a reaction to him and partially as a reaction to the rowdiness and self-destruction of the 60s in general, groups like the Eagles, the Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young groups, and people like James Taylor became popular. They played mellow folk-rock that became one of the 70s early trends.

Elton John and David Bowie, two glitter rock phenomena of the early 70s, shared roots with the 60s performers. Elton's music was a combination of 60s meaningful lyrics and any fitting musical style from country to 50s-type rock and roll. After the album "Capt. Fantastic," he went into a decline, marked by his announcement of his bisexuality after the dad had passed and the releasing of a disco record one year too late.

Bowie, on the other hand, had a part in the early disco trend with songs like "Fame" and "Golden Years." His sponsorship of Iggy Pop, one of the first punks, appeared well timed and fruitful for both.

In lieu of Hendrix, a new form of music appeared to placate the people with a thirst for loud guitar. Called "hard rock," "heavy rock," or "heavy metal," or sometimes "idiot rock," it consists of loud bass, crashing drums, vocal screams, and wah-wah, fuzztone, and echo effects first used by Hendrix. Black Sabbath and Led Zeppelin are the two grandfathers of this sub-genre, which has roots in the 60s group Iron Butterfly. These groups, in turn, led the way for anyone with a guitar and some blues licks, like Aerosmith, Rush, Foghat, and Van Halen.

Unfortunately, Disco was the first really original music of the 70s. Van McCoy released a song, in 1974, called "The Hustle" and a dancing craze



spread from New York to California. Disco gobbled up both performers and music: "MacArthur's Park," "The A Train," and "Stairway to Heaven" all fell to disco. Rod Stewart and the Stones tagged a bigger beat onto their rock and went for it.

Donna Summer and the Bee Gees were the biggest disco successes. Summer, a pop singer in the mold of Diana Ross, found success with a song called "Love to Love You, Baby." Time magazine counted over 30 moans. Her music is a blend of vocals, synthesized strings, and machine-like bass, forming a mechanized hypnotic music. She's recently recorded with Barbara Streisand, presumably to "mellow" her while updating Streisand.

It's typical of the non-originality of the 70s that the Bee Gees, a group who originally found fame in the 60s as Beatles imitators, would become one of the biggest selling groups of the 70s. Their music and their movie, "Saturday Night Fever," is the 70s: we were just stayin' alive and going nowhere.

Disco was a reaction against the 60s. Flashy synthetics and formation dancing took the place of faded jeans and protest marches.

Punk Rock, a second 70s musical trend, started as a protest against the mellowness of pop and the stagnation and wealth of the established rock bands. But punk lost much of its energy in hype. Stories about punks pointing to lack of talent, bizarre clothing, and safety pins in odd places, caused it to die.

Although punk is dead, it gave birth to at least two types of music and countless groups, all hyped as the Beatles. One of these musics is New Wave, much of which sounds like revamped 60s sounds. The Cars use borrowed Beatles and Buddy Holly licks coupled with synthesizer technology. Some say this is the sound of the 80s. The Knack, called the Fab Four, put obscene lyrics and half-muttered phrases to a disco-like beat.

Many of the other New Wavers are more original; they borrow from the 50s as well as the 60s. Patty Smith, Bruce Springsteen and Elvis Costello are good examples.

Funk is the third new musical trend. Stevie Wonder, Ohio Players War, and Curtis Mayfield were forerunners of this; they all had success before disco. Funk grew out of them and older soul music like James Brown, and R&B. Earth Wind and Fire, Funkadelic and Bootsy's Rubber Band play danceable songs and enjoy hit records.

Jazz rock, originally played by Chicago and Blood Sweat and Tears, gave birth to a fourth form: jazz fusion. Jazz musicians, like Herbie Hancock, Chic Corea, and John McLaughlin began to add funk and rock elements to their jazz.

Fusion uses synthesizers, guitar effects, and snappy bass lines to propel the melodies. Recently, musicians in this field have added Latin, Indian and other ethnic colors to their palettes. Al Dimeola and Santana are examples.

The fusion movement is part of a resurgence of jazz in the 70s. George Benson, Chuck Mangione, and even Herb Alpert had hit singles. This movement is a reflection, too, of a general trend towards mixing music: country-rock, reggae-rock, et al.

Which brings us to reggae. Reggae relies entirely on the beat. Electric bass repeats one or two basic riffs, percussion is used for color and the guitar contributes hi-hat like clicks. The lyrics are usually powerful, expressing outrage at oppression and often preaching togetherness.

Female vocalists were prominent in the 70s. Carly Simon, Carole King and others released enjoyable songs but did little to change music. Linda Ronstadt gave up country and folk songs and had big success, as a "torch singer," with slick country-pop and remakes of classic rock songs. Females are prominent in Heart, a female Led Zeppelin, and Blondie, a New Wave group. Joni Mitchell is forging ahead into jazz with her latest album "Mingus," a tribute to the legendary bassists.

Country-rock is related to another 70s sub-genre, Southern Rock, a blues-rock based music with some country licks thrown in. The original was the Allman Brothers' band. They inspired many other groups-Lynard Skynard, ZZ Top, Wet Willie and the Outlaws. Southern rock is basically good down-home jamming and for a while offered an alternative to heavily produced records.

The most heavily produced records of the 70s occurred in a genre called space or machina rock. Emerson, Lake and Palmer, Yes, Alan Parsons, and Pink Floyd. These immense synthesizer collages, music to watch strobe lights by, have either no lyrics or very simple ones.

Seventies pop music, formerly bubblegum, gave us a glittering assortment of people. TV stars like John Travolta, David Soul and teenybopper idols like Shawn Cassidy, Peter Frampton, and Andy Gibb all had hit records. The record-buying public is very young.

Seventies music remains splintered. Another Beatles or Dylan was never found. Good music, while created, seemed never to get on the radio. Looking back on more than twenty years of rock it seems hard to believe that "Rock Around the Clock" could lead to "Subterranean Homesick Blues," only to metamorphose into "Stayin' Alive."

By T.J. Simpson

The cinema in the 70s wasn't any better or any worse than it was in any other decade. However, it was the first decade in which there were no restrictions in terms of nudity, sex, violence, and "profane" language. Among the major trends were:

A. The "disaster" movie, a new form of gladiator sports in which mom, dad, junior, sis, and gramps could eagerly anticipate which of their favorite TV stars on the silver screen would get killed next. Unfortunately, this trend still seems to be going strong.

B. The "blaxploitation" movie, an early 70s genre in which the white super macho James Bond types were replaced by black super-macho Super-Fly or Shaft types. Many black leaders felt that these films were more racist and damaging to blacks than the old Stepin' Fetchit stereotypes, despite their overwhelming popularity with black audiences.

C. The "Post-Watergate" syndrome, films that dealt with the new cynicism and disillusionment with the American system and its inherent corruption. Polanski's "Chinatown" was the first of this genre, which Polanski himself described as a "Watergate with real water." This was followed by such films as Coppola's "The Conversation," Pollack's "Three Days of the Condor," Penn's "Night Moves," Pakula's "All the President's Men," Peckinpah's "The Killer Elite," and Bogdanovich's "Saint Jack."

D. The Vietnam Syndrome, a late 70s trend where American filmmakers were finally able to examine our involvement in the Vietnam war with such films as "Apocalypse Now," "The Deerhunter," "Who'll Stop the Rain?" "Coming Home," and "Go Tell the Spartans."

E. The "Liberated Woman" syndrome, heralding the emergence of films by women directors (Lina Wertmuller, Claudia Weill, Joan Micklin Silver, and Joan Tewkesbury) and films by men featuring strong, independent female characters ("Julia," "An Unmarried Woman," "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore").

F. The Horror and Science Fiction Revival. New technical wonders on the screen and a sadistic new gore and bloodletting that Buck Rogers and The Wolfman could never have imagined.

G. The German "new wave" became the most publicized movement in foreign films. The films of Herzog, Fassbinder, and Wenders were those most often shown in this country. Even though their films were clearly influenced by the French new wave of the 60s, they picked up where the French left off.

H. The "cult" film. Films that critics hate that attracts a large mass audience of young people, usually college students. Films like "Harold and Maude" and "King of Hearts" pandered to the audience's already existing liberal notions of craziness and war without ever being challenging or thought-provoking. Many people would go to these just to be part of the crowd, a trend that peaked with the audience participation of "The Rocky-Horror-Picture-Show," a nightmare for theater owners. -T. J. Simpson

Of course, this is way too brief a summary for such a complex subject, but this newspaper only has so much space. We asked the following film enthusiasts what they thought the best and worst films of the decade were and here's their response.

Gary Alan May, former Friday Nite Films co-ordinator and former manager of the now-defunct Cinema

- Best Films of the Seventies
 The American Friend (Wim Wenders)
 Heart of Glass (and anything else by Werner Herzog)
 Eraserhead (David Lynch)
 The Man Who Fell to Earth (Nicholas Roeg)
 Who'll Stop the Rain (Karel Reisz)
 Days of Heaven (Terrence Malick)
 Last Tango in Paris (Bernardo Bertolucci)
 Chinatown (Roman Polanski)
 Saturday Night Fever (John Badham)
 The Last Waltz (Martin Scorsese)

70s Cinema

Sharon Coontz, TESC program secretary and sometimes CPJ film critic.

- Sleeper
 Cousin, Cousine
 Harold and Maude
 Play It Again, Sam
 Interiors
 They Might Be Giants
 Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin Living in the Bronx
 The Girlfriends
 Annie Hall
 Slapshot

Larry Doberstein, TESC projectionist
 The ten best.

1. Tree of Wooden Clogs (Ermano Olmi)
2. Dersu Uzala (Akira Kurosawa)
3. The Deerhunter (Michael Cimino)
4. Apocalypse Now (Francis Ford Coppola)
5. Catch-22 (Mike Nichols)
6. Mean Streets (Martin Scorsese)
7. Scenes from a Marriage (Ingmar Bergman)
8. Kaspar Hauser (Every Man for Himself and God Against All) (Werner Herzog)
9. Cabaret (Bob Fosse)
10. The Last Detail (Hal Ashby)

Hugh C. Cumbow—contributor to Movietone News and former film critic for the Olympia News
 The top ten, you say? Just ten? Very well, then: In this order:

1. Nashville (Robert Altman, 1975)—The cinema alternately expanded and contracted; American myth-making at its very best.
2. The Godfather (Francis Ford Coppola, 1972 and 1974)—American myth-making at its second-best; through darkened rooms, whispered offers, and stifled cries, a journey to the hollow center of the heart.
3. Chinatown (Roman Polanski, 1974)—An uncompromising contemporary master of evil overhauls a traditional and well-loved genre, finding unforgettable truths about human frailty: "Forget it, Jake: It's Chinatown."
4. Il Conformista (The Conformist) (Bernardo Bertolucci, 1970)—Part Lang, part Welles, and 100 percent stylish audacity: The political polemic become decadent decoupage.
5. Annie Hall (Woody Allen, 1977)—Allen's nervous romance is at once a haunting love story, a sparkling comedy, and a sincere and powerful piece of self-criticism.
6. Obsession (Brian DePalma, 1976)—De Palma's homage to Hitchcock layered on Paul Schrader's homage to Dante: The descent, the ascent, and the never-ending circle.
7. Barry Lyndon (Stanley Kubrick, 1975)—An 18th century film with an 18th century viewpoint about the passion seething beneath the Age of Reason. It was no accident that one of the top ten of the Sixties, the same director's 2001: A Space Odyssey, also climaxed in an 18th century room.
8. M*A*S*H (Robert Altman, 1970)—There is no escaping it: Whether by accident of timing or by design of purpose, this was the formative film of the Seventies, and no film that followed it was unaffected.
9. The Emigrants and The New Land (Jan Troell, 1972, 1973)—Border to border, a pictorial genius fills every frame of this epic saga of tearing up old roots and sinking new: The original culture-shock.
10. Mean Streets (Martin Scorsese, 1973)—Scooped off the scorched bottom of the melting pot: Exuberant youth, dragged down by a heritage of guilt.

T. J. Simpson, Friday Nite Films co-ordinator, movie junkie, amateur film critic, and aspiring unemployment statistic.
 The ten best in order of preference.

1. Last Tango in Paris (Bernardo Bertolucci)
2. Days of Heaven (Terrence Malick)
3. Taxi Driver (Martin Scorsese)
4. Chinatown (Roman Polanski)
5. Alice in the Cities (Wim Wenders)
6. The Conformist and (B.A.) 1900 (Bertolucci)
7. Nashville (Robert Altman)
8. The Story of Adele H. (Francois Truffaut)
9. Who'll Stop the Rain? (Karel Reisz)
10. Missouri Breaks (Arthur Penn)

Nancy Duncan (the person who gave us "The Cinema" and managed to keep it alive for over 2 1/2 years)

There were dozens of great films; these stand out, in no particular order.

Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore—(Martin Scorsese) This is one of the few films where women really talk to each other. And I like Alice.

Harold and Maude—(Hal Ashby) I know this isn't a great film I don't care. It seemed dated the last time I saw it, but I loved it for years, and I still think of Maude sometimes. Talk about role models...

Star Wars—(George Lucas) Certain confused, muddily-photographed foreign films are justified as being "seminal." Star Wars is really seminal—ask anybody under the age of 12. And I had a great time.

Who'll Stop the Rain?—(Karel Reisz) A brave and basically simple man agrees to carry a few pounds of heroin for a friend. He ends up risking his life, involved with his friend's wife—brave, honest, but all for a few pounds of shit. The best metaphor for Vietnam I've seen, and by far the best movie about Vietnam yet.

The following are too difficult to say anything about in the "keep it to a couple of sentences" requested. They are all works of genius, stunning in their integrity and beauty. Despite all the noise in the industry about percentages and profits, these are what movies are all about. I'm grateful to the people who made them.
 Days of Heaven (Terrence Malick)
 Dersu Uzala (Akira Kurosawa)
 Do des ka den (Akira Kurosawa)
 Eraserhead (David Lynch)
 1900 (Bernardo Bertolucci)

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"It's A Wise Man Who Rules The Stars; It's A Fool Who Is Ruled By Them"

By Tamm Scott

The 1980s will begin brightly, much where the Seventies left off. In 1972 Pluto entered the sign of Libra and will remain there until 1984. Through this time the world will be struggling with changing consciousness. It has been and will continue to be a period of personal, national and international examination in the Libran areas of marriage, law and justice. This is a necessary period because in these next four years we need to continue to establish a solid framework of values in order to survive the final 16 years of this century.

Pluto begins his transit through the sign of Scorpio in 1984 and will remain there until the year 2000. Scorpio and Pluto both represent death and regeneration, consequently the theme of this period will be "regenerate or die." These next 20 years will be a very turbulent time for the world. Our potential for self-destruction will be at a peak. We will probably come very close to destroying ourselves, perhaps even a number of times. Fortunately Pluto has its closest transit through the signs of Libra and Scorpio. The biblical book of Revelation says that "unless these times were shortened there would be no flesh saved." The greatest danger of plague,

famine, atomic and biological wars will occur during these last 20 years of the century. The awareness needed to survive these times is the settling of both domestic and foreign disputes through law and arbitration rather than armed conflict.


We will continue to explore religion in the Eighties. Neptune, planet of the mystical mind, entered the sign of Sagittarius (free-roaming philosophy) in 1970 and will remain there until 1984. We will continue to develop our intuitive faculties through meditation. The mystery and power of the mind will be explored as mystical experiences become more common. Until 1984 we are likely to see tendencies towards false prophets and fanatic adherence to misguided and impractical religious cults. However, the ultimate realization of this period will be the recognition of The One God in Everything.

Following this period of aimless wandering and spiritual exploration will be a time of chaos in which world governments and economic and political structures will be brought to their knees. Neptune enters Capricorn, the sign of government, structure, organization, and authority, in 1984. We will no longer have the luxury of the Sagittarian spirituality. From this chaos and suffer-

ing new forms of government and political systems will emerge. Survival will depend on our ability to incorporate this Sagittarian spirituality into our practical lives. These new forms will be based on true spiritual responsibility and discipline.

The president elected in 1980 will die in office following a 20-year pattern which has recurred faithfully since 1840. This could come about through health problems, accidents or an assassination. This could happen any time, even during the possible two-term, eight-year period of President Carter if President Carter is reelected he will not survive his second term in office.


The year 2000 will mark the beginning of the Aquarian age. Neptune will be entering the sign of Aquarius and Pluto will enter the sign of Sagittarius. Together they will exert an influence that will include a transformation of world government and religion. If we manage to survive the next 20 years we will see a time of world government based on enlightened humanitarianism and on a science that uses new technology and new forms of energy. The beginning of the Aquarian age will also bring the start of a 1000-year period in which peace on earth will finally become a reality.



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