

Kalamazoo College Index

Volume 101, No. 1

January 23, 1976

Monte Carlo Night

by Tom Flynn

Round, round, and round goes the wheel of seven come eleven when add ten makes twenty one. JACKJACK yells the lady in the tanned black dress. Sip champagne while slowly easing the head down, into, to meet the blue then back to the red lined path. Cha-cha-cha, a waltz, chit-chat on Barry Lyndon. Everything on the Red, two to one, 50% rizzes the math major, come up JACK.

"I've never seen so many people lose so much money. I don't think I'll ever go to Las Vegas".

Marigene Arnold

(Monte Carlo Night 1975)
Gentlemen in black, with white ties down their chests, play for two tens at the Blackjack table. Their ladies wait behind, their necks asparkle like a spring night's sky. The dealer flips an Ace

on top of his Jack, then slowly collects the money from the table.

Monte Carlo Night, a dash of the continent, the mystery of Las Vegas, transforms a dining hall into the Casino d'Old Welles for one night a year. The flurries of trumpets and the popping of champagne corks herald the opening this Saturday night of the Casino d'Old Welles. The Casino, managed by CUB and hosted by the tuxedoed M. Thomas La Barge, brings you the best in games of chance. The hors d'oeuvres and champagne rival the best available on the Continent. The scuffle of dancing feet, to the music of The Sound Syndicate, relaxes the exam ridden mind into euphoria.

If you are one for sparkling ladies, or gentlemanly gamblers; if you like champagne toasts and an occasional foxtrot, then the Casino d'Old Welles is for you.



Wilderness Education

by Matt Petter

Wild. Ed. is gearing up for the production of Land/Sea nine months from now. In contrast to last year's program, this year's director, David Winch, is calling on students for input concerning implementation of this year's Land/Sea. Dr. Winch has asked for ideas and suggestions on the budget, itinerary, and logistics. Jack Lambert, the interim di-

rector of the Wild. Ed., "Insight" program, has arranged a series of seminars this quarter. Coming up this Sunday-Jim Bear and Lonnie Supnick will lead an all day seminar at The Croft. On Feb. 9, at 8:30 p.m., Berne Jacobs will be leading a discussion in the President's Lounge. Feb. 22, Robert Dewey and George Rainsford will be leaders of yet another all day discussion at The Croft, a retreat

house about ten miles from Kalamazoo.

Wild. Ed. is planning a weekend cross-country ski trip this quarter, as well as a week long backpacking and rock climbing trip to North Carolina during Spring Break.

These trips are being planned and run by students who are in dire need of help. If you are interested in any of these programs, don't expect to see a notice for a meeting; if you would be kind enough to lend a hand, get in touch with John Hitchcock in 211 Crissey, a very amiable character. If you're interested in offering help in other areas, see Jack Lambert (behind the Union Desk). If you're more in the mood for exploiting a good thing, Wild. Ed. has recently acquired some excellent camping equipment (sleeping bags, stoves, ensolites, cooking kits, etc...), available to students at minimal rental fees. If interested, contact Janet Saul, 370 Harmon. Winter camping is an excellent way to forget campus life, and cold winter nights last fourteen hours.

Ask Us No Questions, We Will Tell You No Lies

The Index will be published four times this quarter, coming out every other Friday. Due to this format, The Index will not attempt to be a newsletter. The emphasis will be on features and editorials. The selection of articles is admittedly subjective; the focus is on style, humor, quality, and creativity. We will avoid printing re-

writes of the college newsletter, sports articles employing superfluous or splendid words, and articles which are better handled by Time or The Gazette. We encourage your responses, and welcome contributions. Place them in the Index box next to the Union Desk. We reserve the right to discard all ticking packages.

Fear & Loathing in DeWaters

by Anne Hilton

Isn't it ironic that what would seemingly be the "safest" place on campus has become known as the most vulnerable dorm. I am talking of DeWaters, the girls dorm known locally as the Virgin.

DeWaters has in the past quarter become a focal point for security problems at K. While my dorm has been bothered to a certain extent with unwelcome dangers, DeWaters has suffered the continual annoyances than the other five dorms. Early this quarter it was discovered that twenty-nine of the basement storage lockers had been broken and various items were sitting in a door as though awaiting pickup.

Along with the break-in incident, DeWaters (as well as Harmon) has been plagued with the annual return of one stranger at night. This person knocks on doors and will proceed to try to break in doors, checking to see if they are locked or not.

These repeated incidents have brought security officers; DeWaters Head Resident, Josepheland; and Director of Residential Life, John Capaccio together to speak to residents of the dorm. The residents have been continually encouraged to keep their doors locked.

The most far reaching effect of these security problems has been the implementation of a universal core lock system. All dorms are locked from 11 p.m. to 6 a.m. The universal lock will allow anyone with a dorm key to enter any dorm.

ing within. Yet I can not see the reasoning behind the waves of paranoia and relinquishment of social life to fear.

Perhaps my gripes are with society. I don't like seeing my friends or even myself grow inward because of scarring incidents. And while I have no particular feelings against the dorms being locked at night, other than the hassles of keys, I feel that it's a sad comment on the world that our reaction to a problem is to "lock it up".

The Cloning of the Freshman Class

by Andy Angelo

Kalamazoo College has prided itself for quite some time on its unique and diverse plan of education. But just how unique and diverse are the students who participate in this program?

It is fairly well known by most students on this campus that the student population at Kalamazoo College is composed of a multitude of people sharing many common characteristics. In fact, it would be fair to state that the typical student of Kalamazoo College is a white, middle to upper-middle class Michigander. However, this characterization includes only impersonal statistics and fails to consider the personalities of the individual student.

In a statistical study published by the college this month, it was stated that 75% of the students at Kalamazoo College are residents of Michigan. While this figure is a one-percent decrease from the preceding year it is a drastic increase from the percentage of in-state students in previous years. In 1971, the percentage of Michigan students was 56.8%. Since that year, the figure has

been consistently on the rise, reaching the 76% level in 1974.

In a five year demographic profile of enrolled freshmen and transfers compiled by the Office of Institutional Research and Planning in late 1974, the decreasing out-state enrollment was investigated.

Statistics from 1970-1974 showed that 42 states are represented.

The 42 states with students enrolled at Kalamazoo College, twenty-three states and Washington, D.C. have four or fewer students enrolled. And of these 23 states, ten have had only one student attend the college during the five year period.

The report also revealed that eight states which traditionally supply Kalamazoo College with a significant number of students have demonstrated a decline in the number of students enrolled at the college in the period from 1970 to 1974. These eight states, Illinois, Indiana, Massachusetts, Minnesota, New Jersey, New York, Ohio and Pennsylvania, accounted for 39% of freshmen enrolled in 1970.

By 1974, the same eight states supplied only 16% of new freshmen.

These figures are a subject of concern for the school. The Institutional Research and Planning report expressed concern and warned "if this out-of-state enrollment trend continues, in another five years the college's incoming freshmen classes will have fewer than 12% out-of-state students enrolled per class."

A detailed investigation of the in-state student population was also conducted by the Office of Institutional Research and Planning. The Michigan enrollment at Kalamazoo College was broken down by regions in an attempt to discern which regions of the state were sending an increasing number of students to the college. The state was divided into thirteen regions. Region One (comprised of Macomb, Wayne, and Oakland counties) was shown to have increased its role as a source of new students by 12% in five years.

In 1970, Region One contributed 30.4% of the new students (freshmen and transfers) at Kalamazoo College. By 1974 this figure was

42% for Region One. Figures for 1975 were not available. Only one other region in the state showed an increase, and it sends less than one-fifth the amount of students Region One sends. The remaining eleven regions either declined or showed no change in the number of students enrolled at the school.

The Institutional Research and Planning report appears to indicate a growing dependence not only on Michigan, but particularly upon the Metropolitan Detroit region to supply Kalamazoo College with new students. It was stated in the report that if the trend of pulling students from Region One continues as it has in the past five years, over fifty-five percent of incoming students will be from the Tri-County area of Southeastern Michigan.

The report did not supply any reasons for these statistics and trends. However, an item of particular significance when considering the increasing enrollment of in-state students is the Michigan Legislature's awarding of state financial aid to Michigan residents attending private institutions in Michigan.

COMMENT:

Apparently DeWaters is a quiet place (the Tombs). Yet I have felt a chilling frost come over the dorms in recent weeks. I can understand the uneasiness brew-

The Index Interviews Dr. J. Mark Thompson

by Doug Ray and Helayne Hecht

In interviewing Dr. J. Mark Thompson, Professor of Religions, we hoped to expose a larger portion of the college community to some of his thoughts. We had previously encountered Dr. Thompson's teachings and were impressed by his content and method.

His approach to religion is primarily phenomenological. An



interest in Jungian psychology and the importance of myth also influence his ideas. Many students are not familiar with this and we desire to expose a larger audience to his ideas; ideas which we feel have merit in their implications. **Index: You're a minister, yet you don't preach at Friday chapel, do you?**

Thompson: I have preached at chapel, but not recently.

I: Any reason for that?

T: I think that the format of the chapel services on Friday is appropriate to people who feel they're speaking out of a particular tradition. I don't identify myself strongly at this point with the Christian Tradition, so I have declined to speak in chapel although I have participated in other Forums.

I: Before you began teaching here, did you ever have a congregation?

T: For a couple of years while I was in seminary, I was pastor of a small community church in Connecticut.

I: And I take it you spoke to them regularly?

T: Every Sunday...they received the True Word.

I: Have you always taught classes focused on non-Christian tradition?

T: I came here originally to teach Biblical studies. I also taught a course called "Religions of the World". In it, we did most of the major religions in one quarter, and I thought this was an entirely too superficial way of treating the material. I tried to teach about a few religions rather than all of them in a somewhat superficial fashion. At that point I began teaching a course in Religions of the East and in Religions of New Testament times. What I'd like to do is to go beyond that and to help students identify within themselves realities that correspond to what they are encountering in the scripture. For example, a student may be able to identify a part of his own being which is his own prodigal, or he may be able to identify a part of himself which is his own particular Jacob, or Esau. In so far as they reflect on this inner reality, they will understand the biblical material on a deeper level than if they simply understand the narrative content and critical questions that bear upon it.

I: Have there been any student attempts at alternative education during the years you've been here?

T: There was established, for several quarters, a free university, in which they taught anything people were interested in—basketweaving, batik, artsy-craftsy things of that sort, almost anything anyone was interested in learning about as a kind of co-curricular enterprise.

this sometimes involves students identifying motifs, themes, or symbols in their own personal experience, whether this is in their dreams, something recalled from their childhood, or parts of their fantasy. This frequently provides some clue to understanding the meaning of the myths, symbols and rituals of other religions.

I: Does that imply that you are trying to get away from the application of the scientific method

typical symbol. The number "4" is closely related to the mandala, and it is also important in dreams, as well as in any numbers of myths and symbolic representations. For example—the four winds, the four gospels, the four corners of the earth, the four sides of the mandala.

I: What is the function of myth in society?

T: That's an extremely large question, and there are volumes on the subject. I think that in a very general way, myth has to do with stories people tell, through which they know "who they are". Frequently they are stories of origin, or of creation. They tell how things came to be, and in archaic societies, at least, people tell the myths in order to go back experientially to their beginnings. When they renew themselves, society is renewed. When a creation myth is repeated, it is a reenactment of the creative acts performed by the gods or culture heroes; it has a very creative function in the maintenance of a given culture. What seems regrettable in our own culture is that we have very few strong unifying myths that tie us together culturally.

I: Is having some sort of myth or participation in ritual important to every individual?

T: In a very general way, yes. It's that which gives order to our lives, and I think that everyone must live his life according to certain orders and values. These are preserved in mythical or semi-mythical ways, I imagine.

I: Does organized religion meet this need?

T: It has for many people over time. In unified cultures, it's been extremely important. To be a member of a culture involves sharing certain mythical presuppositions with everybody in that culture. One thinks of medieval Christianity or contemporary Buddhist cultures or in archaic societies where this is extremely important. Just how important this is going to be to the future of this country is a very perplexing question. The people who are spokesmen for organized religion see very clearly the need for the church or synagogue or whatever. Many others feel that these institutions are no longer contributing significantly to the spiritual foundation of very many people. It may be, as Joseph Campbell suggests, that as we move into the future it will be a matter of



everyone becoming aware of his individual myth, which may or may not be shared with a number of other people. He may read a wide variety of myths, he may expose himself to a variety of symbolic expressions, and utilize, or internalize, those that are most significant for expressing what he feels himself to be essentially. We may be moving toward a situation which one writer has called (horribly, I think) "multisymbolic religiosity". This is being religious in a very general way, not through devotion to one particular tradition, and certainly not to any one organization.

I: This quarter, you're teaching a freshman seminar called "A World Religion?" Does this tie into what you were saying about myth?

T: No, this is a bit different. We are talking about the possibility of a single world religion, coming into being, and the ways in which it

might come into being. Looking at some traditions, for example, which make universalistic claims to see if are viable options for a religion. We're discussing concept of a "religion of science". Also, someone suggested it may be a kind of "common religion which is common to a great number of traditions, that alone may survive to us. Or, perhaps, a combination of several of the leading religious traditions may survive.

I: Do you feel there will be some time when, due to advanced communications technology, something of that sort, a point will be reached where the establishment of a single religion is inevitable, or do you feel that traditions will remain separate and distinct?

T: My feeling is that there will be an increasing syncretism over time. Already, you have people doing yoga in Methodist churches and things of that sort, and I expect this would continue. Some of our students who are nominally Christian or Jewish are finding their studies of Hinduism or Judaism very important to their lives. I don't know what makes them, by label, but clearly they're not purestrain Jewish Christians.



I: Does the central core idea relate to the concept of multisymbolic religiosity that was mentioned?

T: No, the notion of a religious core would be perhaps a common denominator of a number of leading religions, composed of what is common in these traditions. The notion of symbolic religiosity is that the individual would come to know himself significantly through exposure to any number of spiritual traditions, with their attendant myths, rites and symbols. I suppose, utilizing in some of those materials which speak to the individual significantly. For example, if I were a devout Episcopalian, at the time I might practice T.M., ultimately derives from India. At the same time, I might belong to a group, which, for purposes of regaining lost youth, or health, are doing Hatha yoga regularly, as a kind of exercise for the body. Already we have a combination of three things which I imagine we can find individuals who are doing just that.

I: What do people with different degrees in religion do?

T: One of our graduates who was a rock band immediately after graduation. I think he's gone to that now. Most of the time he's been a jockey...fairly successful, too. One of our women was a bus driver in Kalamazoo a while. The last I heard, she was painting houses in the area. She was the boss, of course... Another woman was working in a department; she was the head of a two-person department. It should be added, though, that she went on for graduate training in library science. And, of many of our graduates who went to seminary or graduate school, one woman became a lawyer. One man became a doctor eventually. One woman was preparing to work in education in the Catholic Church. Another is an artist.

I: Is there anything else you would like to add?

T: At some point along the way you might ask me if I'm enjoying teaching and I would say yes.

I: Did you enjoy teaching?

T: I'm glad you asked that. I'm happier teaching than I am doing anything else out

I: What happened to that?

T: I think interest died out... I think when one student offered to teach a course in building bombs, interest tended to cool.

I: Wait, a student volunteered to teach other students how to build bombs?

T: Yes.

I: His interest cooled, or the other students' interest cooled, or...

T: I think the administration did not endorse this course with much enthusiasm.

I: Have you come into contact with Jung in your study of religion?

T: That came with the study of the history of religion. I was particularly impressed with the work of Mircea Eliade. There are some important connections between Eliade and Van der Leeuw, and Carl Jung.

I: They are mostly concerned with the experiential side of religion, right?

T: Yes. I don't pretend at this point to be a Jungian. I'm just beginning my quest in understanding Jung and the importance of Jung to the study of religion. I am very much a novice in the study of Archaic Man. This was a smaller part of my teaching responsibility; the major part was still teaching biblical studies. The more I taught in the area of history of religions the more interested I became. That led to increasing attention on my part to the history of religions. I spent my first sabbatical trying to become more proficient in teaching the history of religions, and I began to see my own center of focus, my own posture, really, as that of a historian of religions, rather than a person who taught biblical studies in the traditional manner.

I: Has your teaching method remained the same throughout your years here?

T: I have changed in that—at one time, I think I spent most of the time in the classroom conveying information about what we were studying. Now, I feel more and more that understanding requires that students not only collect facts about material or assimilate what can be readily given back in an examination but that they somehow have a more internal way of appropriating the material, of understanding what's going on. In terms of religious understanding,

to the study of religion?

T: No, I think that's very important in getting at the data of religion and understanding it. For example, it's most important to know how biblical literature came into being, to know what the ruling ideas and environment were at the times that the biblical literature came into being. It's important to be able to move imaginatively into the thought-world of Jung, but at this time he seems very important. And I intend to learn more about him. Actually, this gets into a very complicated business that I'm operating in. I believe in the collective unconscious; that there are certain mythic themes and symbols which are the property of humankind in general. We get hold of them and can see them in our own lives. This gives us insight into the various religious traditions that build upon them; though in their building they take a particular shape because of the particular history of the culture in which they are born. I think we can know these realities at some time, or have some familiarity with them through our dreams; through our future fantasies, through our introspections, perhaps through our art and poetry.

This is one of the most interesting things for me, and what I understand from Jungian psychology is that certain symbolic forms seem to be the psychic property of humankind in general. What he calls the archetypes, those things that appear in the art, in the religion, in the dreams, of people who, for a certainty, have had no influence on each other. I may reveal certain symbols in my dreams that have a strong similarity to symbols that are used in some Indian tradition about which I have never heard, or symbols that I have never seen anywhere, but which will appear out of what Jung calls the collective unconscious.

I: Could you give us some examples of archetypes?

T: Certainly the mandala is one of the most important archetypes: the combination of the circle and the square representing the cosmos. The fire and the furnace of the alchemists is something that, at least in the western world, would seem to be an almost arche-

Thorndike . adventures . . into . . today's . . bicentennial . . fun

by Ron Wallace

Thorndike didn't know what he wanted but he always knew what he didn't want: Dancing fencing badmitten leagck!" he said. "4,000 dollars a year and I have to take P.E." Today he was in the registration office for physical education. "Dancing's for fairies," he said loudly to the physical education teacher that was pregnant.

"Fencing's for queers," he blurted loudly. This time no one understood what he had said or could pretend they hadn't heard: neither the long line of fellow freshmen behind him, nor the three physical education instructors behind end to end plastic wood tables. "Badmitten's for fagots," he continued defiantly. "Mr. Thorndike, I'm sorry if we can't have a program that you might tolerate. Perhaps you would consider basketball or tennis next quarter, you know, 'real men's sports.' That is, if you come and get up early. But for this quarter, I'm afraid it will have to be one of those three. I'm sorry. There's nothing more we can do. We don't make the rules."

"Who does?" Thorndike questioned violently. "Well, I'm not quite sure. Perhaps you would check into that for me during your spare time." "I just might do that," he said. "I teach the dancing class and will make it as pleasant for you as possible. Hmmm? How 'bout it?" "Well, I'd rather be a fairy than a fagot or a queer....all right." Thorndike sulked, disgusted. "Put me down for the fairy dance class."

The wind was sharp on his wrist as he checked his Christmas present. "One-thirty! Jesus, I better have missed lunch or those brains are gonna hear from Mr. Thorndike. Four grand a year and you have to take two years of physical education and you have to take four years of distributionals and you have to take courses in your major when you've filled your stupid quota, all in all you make a well rounded (He made a dribbling, or is it a yoyo gesture?) liberal arts schmuck who can't find a job. If I'm running this school...but I'm not. I'm only a student here, and

my father is only my father busting his ass for the fine education I'm getting...anything I want. Anything I want." He started being sarcastic. "I can take anything I want for the next four years and get a degree from UR College and then, like Tem Toske, it's a cinch finding a job. (Tem Toske was working in a factory in Chicago.) But first I have to work my ass off to get..." Thorndike caught himself. He had a tendency

her dorm room. This type of stuff doesn't happen, except in stories and movies and stuff...certainly not at UR College right now. This is supposed to be a monk's palace. As for making friends and having a fun time together this place is really...

"Would you talk or something? Why do you stay in your head all the time?" "I can't help it. It's what I've

been trained to do." Suddenly, he was Dustin Hoffman and she was Elaine Robinson. "Your mother back there?" "My what?" "Your mother." "Christ, my mother's in Kankakee, Illinois. Hell no, my mother's not back there, you idiot. What's the matter with you?"

She threw his arm around her shoulders, as he appeared slow in these matters. She hugged him as if he was her man setting off for a nine month cruise to the Virgin Islands, and they were standing on a dock in Norfolk, Virginia or somewhere. It was a typically windy, stormy day. "But my lunch," Thorndike called back over his shoulder as if he had left it in the brand new modern sidewalk by the building where you could watch the white coats do their thing. "I've got a much better lunch for you in the room." "Yeh, terrific, it's probably cold soup and crackers." "I've got a hotplate." "Oh, good," Thorndike said.

When the door opened to her suite Thorndike saw a blond haired and a black haired girl burning a small piece of paper in the ashtray. "Hi The, Hi Ground," his date said. "Under...what you got there?" "Mission completed." "That's him? Snape wanted you to find Mr. A but not..." "No, he's going to be great. His ideas are just like ours, and you should hear him speak." Thorndike fidgeted. He was speechless. "Does he know?" "Does he look like he knows? Hell, The, he's still thinking about his lunch." "Hod did she know?" Thorndike thought.



What's Doing

- JANURAY**
23-Film: *Day for Night*; 7, 9 & 11 p.m.
24-Monte Carlo Night; 9:30 p.m. Welles
25-How to Say No to a Rapist; 7 p.m. Dalton
27-Poetry Reading; Ira Sadoff; 7 p.m. Olmstead Room
28-Film: *Smiles of a Summer Night*; 6:30, 8:30 & 10:30 p.m.
30-C.U.B. Winter Carnival Film: *Zero for Conduct*; 7, 9 & 11
31-C.U.B. Winter Carnival Dance
- FEBRUARY**
4-Film: *Nazarin*; 6:30, 8:30 & 10:30
4 & 5-REGISTRATION
- Coming Sports**
Men's Basketball
24th Calvin 3 p.m., Here
28th Olivet 8 p.m., Here
31st Franklin 1 p.m., WMU
4th Adrian 8 p.m., There
Wrestling
4th Olivet 7:30 p.m. Here
Men's Swimming
24th Albion 2 p.m. There
31st Alma 2 p.m. Here
4th Calvin 7 p.m. There
Women's Basketball
26th Alma 7 p.m. There
31st Aquians 1 p.m. There
2nd KVCC 7 p.m. Here
5th Hope 7 p.m. Here
Women's Swimming
24th U of M 1 p.m. Here
4th Calvin 7 p.m. There

to get carried away. Especially when he was alone, by a street corner, with no one around. "Do you always talk to yourself?" A beautiful brown haired girl appeared before his eyes. "We need a leader like you and you're a great speech maker. Everyone has to be a great speechmaker. You know, to keep them honest. But after all, we're just students. And what do we know? We're here to learn something. Most of us don't know how to write critically. But with some help from friends we can learn..." "Heh, you're pretty good." "I pick up fast." "Wait a minute," Thorndike thought as they walked back to

Novel Comments

For Whom the Bell Tolls--Ernest Hemingway
For whom the bell tolls, it tolls for those who move the earth.
The Trial--Franz Kafka
K: But I didn't know she was only fourteen!

The Fall of the House of Usher--Edgar Allan Poe
An ounce of architecture is worth a pound of psychology.
The Brothers Karamazov--Fyodor Dostoevsky
Another example of bad architecture.

Ayn Rand--Atlas Shrugged and no one cared.
The American--Henry James
Money can't buy me love.
The Stranger--Albert Camus
If only I had sunglasses...

The Don Series--Mikhail Sholokov
What do you mean I didn't write it?
Siddhartha--Hermann Hesse
"Religion is the opiate of the masses."

Portrait of an Artist

by Sheldon Klein
The concert hall is hushed, the appreciative audience can pay their respect only through silence. Our hero steps to the microphone and gives a short, somewhat ludicrous, Krishna-bow, and steps to the piano. Suddenly, he returns to the microphone, scowls, and says, "Until you learn to appreciate my music properly I will not play."
Our story begins.
The artist in question is Keith Jarrett; this campus received a dose of the same treatment during Jim Post's appearance. Being a lesser mind with lesser talent, Jim Post could only produce bemusement and disgust. Keith Jarrett bruised real feelings and implanted the question of the artist's proper relationship to his public. The two simplest answers lie at

the extremes. One extreme is disgustingly portrayed at each of the various award ceremonies (Grammy, Emmy, etc...) where the vapid, buxom blonde in the rhinestone schmata incoherently expresses her undying thanks to the butcher, baker and candlestick maker. Her act is relational, an art that isn't an act of creation, but of appreciation; artistic virtue is measured on Billboards Top Ten. The opposite extreme is far more admirable (if not rational). If all goes according to the script, our hero will inhabit a loft in Greenwich Village, barely subsisting on a combination of welfare and charity of the guilty rich. He spends half his day on drugs communing with his creator and the other half transcribing his communion into forms so pure and true that it's hopeless to expect the Philistines masquerading as people to under-

stand his vision. His art is a singular act of creation, it has no bounds and no measures.
Both these answers are fallacies. The error lies in their differing conceptions of the nature of the "masses". The dumb blonde sees the public as all knowing, the alienated artist sees know-nothings. Certainly the artist has obligations to his public, although not to society as a whole. Not because "they made him everything he is", but because the audience has paid him the fundamental respect of showing up, of laying down their money to pay him homage. The art remains the artist's, but by taking his art into the societal sphere he has assumed an obligation to live by its constraints. One of these constraints is to observe the simple politeness that society demands.

The two journeyed to her room. She slammed the door. "Well, here we are." This was one of the rare times he had been in a girl's dorm room! He thought he could start up the conversation with the view. "My, what an interesting..." "It's all right, Thor, it's all right. Haven't you ever made love before?" "Well, sure," he stuttered, "it's, it's...it's...kind of like churning butter except upside down." "Well, we're not going to make love." "We aren't?" "Not until this current mission has been completed." "Oh," Thorndike said. "You see this place?" All Thorndike saw was the sleekness of her hair. The wideness of her lips made him want to write a poem for poetry class. "Thorndike, you're dreaming again. Pluto calling Thorndike, come in Thorndike." "What?" "You see this place." "Uh, yeh. I see it...you're sitting like a yogi on this bed with the starred bedspread. There's a giant American flag on the wall, and a map of the thirteen colonies. I'm just standing in the middle of the floor with a blue shag rug not knowing who I am or what the hell I'm doing." "Good. It will all fall in place if you just keep watching out. Now the first thing you have to do is realize we're all in this together."

STAFF

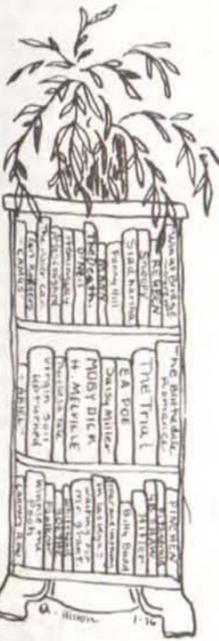
Editors: Helayne Hecht
Anne Hilton
Matt Petter
Charlie Stack

Photography: Tom Johnston
Layout: Ann Gary
Dave Jaskey

Graphics: Wendy Hughes
Cynthia Ward

General Harassment: Doug Ray
Sheldon Klein

...and other incestuous acquaintances.....



OPING COPING COPING COPING COPING COPING COPING

Dear Deb,

It's snowing here (like a son of a ---) and it's Tuesday (a good day for me, since following it comes Wednesday, Thursday, and FRIDAY) and everything is going too well. I know I'm gonna get conked pretty soon. My little fairy god-person is going to greet me and say, "Dick...your time's up, back to eating urinal cakes for dessert." And I'll cough and gag and eat them just the same. It's a shame.

We've had about four inches of new snow on top of the nine we've already had, and my skis are dangling from one hangman's noose in the ceiling. I've just come down from the other noose; it wasn't tight enough.

The cars are driving slower and slower out there. It's really nice, watching the town become paralyzed. I'm still hoping Eric'll call and say, "Hey Lou...you wanna do some doggin' on the slopes", to which I'll react by stripping down, "en toto" as they say, revealing my jet pants and ski sweater, which I've been wearing for the past week and a half, waiting for the sucker to call.

Damn, I don't want to be here right now. I already told you what I'm taking so I can't tell you about that. Hey, ja get your new car yet? You can come up and see me when you do, n' drive me around town a little. I can show you the sights-the new traffic light, the furniture store that just burned down, Schwarz's, Stop 'n Get Robbed, Shifty Takers, all the nightspots. Sounds like a trip, huh? It makes Detroit look like...like...a big city.

Enough small talk. Oh, my exciting weekend! Geez, I almost forgot. I went traying. I went to an ice cream social that no one knew about, but about 500 kids showed up at. And we celebrated the fact that it was Friday with a bottle of cold duck. Then we went out that night and celebrated the fact that tomorrow was Saturday, and then we celebrated Sunday. And then last night we celebrated the fact that it was Monday and we didn't have to celebrate anymore.

In between all the celebrating I read two novels, a long one and a short one. They weren't bad, but he didn't get the girl, she went away to live in a convent. (Don't you do that, I'd feel guilty making it with a nun...but I'm not proud.) I'm running out of exciting things to say, and besides, Havinghurst's Development Task Model is calling me to focus on the reading of him. I'd better go.

Maybe I'll be home this weekend. I don't know for sure. Anyway...

by Pat Burgam

★★★★★

"I am here to live aloud"
Emile Zola

★★★★★

Money makes anything possible, even coping. However, lacking money I am forced to investigate the cheaper means of coping. To make sure I am releasing the most aggression per unit of money, I was forced to develop efficiency ratings for possible releases.

To my surprise I found that spending 25c to call a pinball machine a "sleazy whore" twice, finished far in front of more common diversions such as sex, violence, and shuffleboard.

Close behind on my list was declaring a party. Not throwing a party. When you throw a party the anxiety over the party's success far exceeds any tension released during the festivities. Directions for declaring a party are simple. After buying a couple of six-packs, you gather a few people (preferably friends, certainly people you can tolerate), dramatically enter a room, and inform the occupant that he is now the host of a party. Those of a creative bent can experiment with variations such as declaring an orgy or riot.

Sheldon Klein

★★★★★

"My God, I can't find my key. I'm gonna be late." She pulled each drawer from the dresser panting hysterically and hebephrenically mumbling about a bio test.

"My key, I can't find my key," she ripped the sheets off her bed. I looked at the clock...7:58. In the first few minutes of the hysteria I had thought she was having one of her nightmares that came infrequently in the middle of the night. She would sit up and scream something like, "Get off my bed...stop staring at me." When I could speak again and called out to

her, she never answered and she never remembered the nightmares or even that she had screamed when I questioned her the next morning.

She was awake now and the tears that had been held back in anger began to fall. She rifled through the debris from her drawers on the floor, sobbing and throwing socks and underwear into the air.

"Listen, I'll be here when you get back. I've got a ten o'clock," I said into the pillow.

"I know, but I lost it. I gotta find it. I hate this place. I'll kill him. I'm gonna fail. I couldn't study. I'll have to pay the damn key deposit. I don't care." She slammed the door and exited, still crying.

I tried to sneak back into sleep but about an hour later I sat up and looked at the remains of the room. The half-naked mattress was trying to crawl back from the floor into its bed on the box spring. I made my way to the bathroom, stepping on pieces of popcorn on the way.

Her typewriter lay on the floor in front of the bathroom door. She had typed her paper there before. It slid across the floor, opened the door. I looked at the mirror, stepped onto the sink and slipped through to the other side.

by Constance

★★★★★

"Once you have the cap gown all you need to do is your mouth. Whatever name you talk becomes wisdom, and the rubbish, good sense."
Moliere, *The Imaginary Invalid*

★★★★★

Coping with the situation at "K" boils down to a fundamental conflict between commitment to academic excellence and the personal way with the personal around us. For many, the war between commitment to es and commitment to friends never-ending. For me, coping "K" has been possible only because I've decided on priorities. My priorities are straight, the aging process of day-to-day and time-planning are eased. Choice of priorities is never. And just because a priority does not mean that conflict eliminated. For me, the decision remain committed first to and to keep a bit of private for my personal needs for contact and sharing, has allowed me to do more than simply with the academic rat race at K College. It has enabled me to learn more about myself and the world, using a curriculum of ordinary, everyday living.

by Jo

★★★★★

"He who laughs, lasts."
Anon.

★★★★★

bringing up a whole gaggle of beasts, and necessitate in explanations to anti-vivisection maintenance men.

C. Forty-eight bottle of the wall, and no opener...

The title is self-explanatory ever in such a situation, do opening the bottles with so. This method may take the few caps off of the first bottles, but if this method continued after the contents those first bottles are consumed about the only things the will remove with ease are tips. Some added insight of subject-if a helpful friend has success in opening a beer of female portion of the door and is prevented from another in such a manner rather over-prudent interloper may offer to share his beer with you. Before tempted to check to see if the helpful has a running nose and/or If so, get a glass, or resign yourself to developing similarly in symptoms.

There are several that cannot cope with. At this cannot cope with Matt screaming "Fatty, Fatty, run for your life. Here comes Skinny with a knife." I can not cope with the lions on "can you microwave julienne a person to death? Veg-o-Matic". If the reader him/herself able to cope with these pressing issues, the probably a stronger person than the author. So what else?

by Helayn

★★★★★

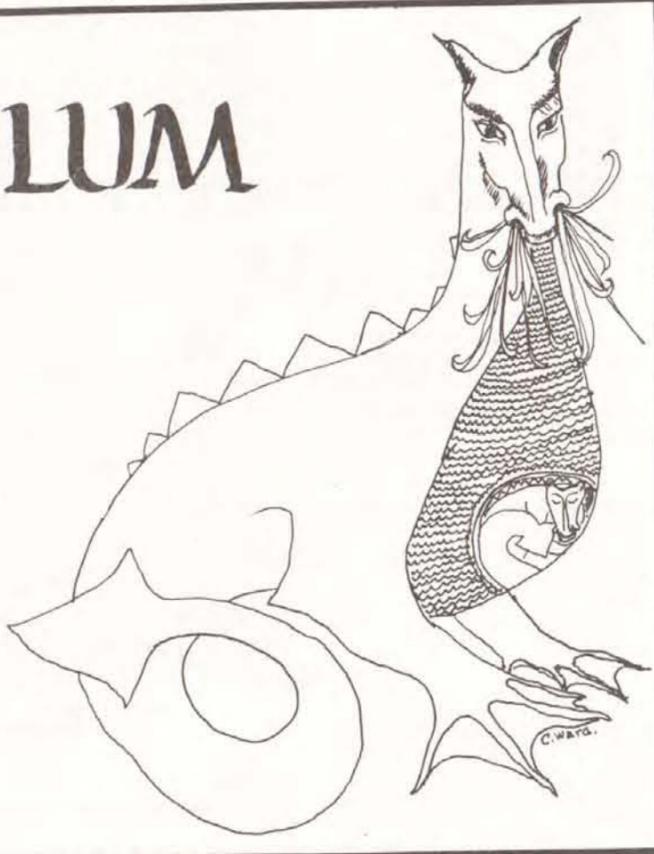
"Only the dead have no troubles"
Levinson

★★★★★

Next Week FANTASIES

SPECULUM

According to Webster's a speculum is, among other things, a medieval compendium of knowledge, or a mirror, especially one of polished silver or gold. In each issue *Speculum* will attempt to offer a variety of views on different subjects. Each topic will be announced in the issue before. Participation is open to the College community. Articles can be any length from 1 to 1,000 words and the content can be anything from humorous to factual. The topic for next issue's *Speculum* is "Fantasies."



★★★★★

"Colleges are places where pebbles are polished and diamonds are dimmed."

Ingersoll

★★★★★

Back Off! In 1846 the Donner Party ate shoe leather and each other. And I'm mad because they try to pass off red-dyed grapes as maraschino cherries. I used to worry about my orgasmic ability. Then I heard the story about Catherine the Great's horse. I shrivel in comparison. I ask you what significance Marx has to the career of a maitre'de. I would suggest reading the *Obits* for perspective. They'll never say: "He was a good maitre'de". I suggest: "Leading citizen sprouts flowers. A credit to his community." or; "Leading citizen now a bar of soap."

Laugh! I remember a few newsy articles which help. A boy received second-degree burns while trying

★★★★★

"Life is too important a thing to ever talk seriously about."

Oscar Wilde

★★★★★

to ignite a frog. In Alabama, two men were arrested for impersonating creatures from outer space. They covered themselves with aluminum foil and were standing on a highway stopping cars when they were arrested.

Zoom out! From micro to macro. From this world in 8 pt. type or 1/9 of an inch to 14 million countable galaxies. Go ahead and try to talk to me about war or famine. I will smile and cry.

by Charlie Stack

★★★★★

"The thought of suicide is a great consolation; with the help of it one has got through many a bad night."

Nietzsche



Kalamazoo College index

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How the Other Half Plays

by Judy L. Comeau

The routine of college life necessarily forces us to relate to others as either students, professors, or administrators. Unfortunately, these roles sometimes mask the essential persons performing these functions and obscure the fact that faculty members as well as students are creative individuals with interests other than conducting classes or directing academic affairs. As proof of this, Kalamazoo College has maintained a seventeen-year tradition of presenting a Faculty Readers' Theatre: a showplace for the talents and interests of various faculty members. This year, this tradition will be continued with the production, *Refractions from the Silver Screen*.

Very different in content and structure from the productions of the previous years, *Refractions from the Silver Screen* nevertheless maintains the essential Readers' Theatre format. This format is well-suited to faculty participation; it does not demand the rehearsal time of a major theatrical production, yet it enables inter-

ested faculty members to work together and to display some of their creativity. At the same time, the Readers' Theatre adds variety to campus productions by presenting material not ordinarily presented. Poetry, letters, prose selections, as well as plays have been part of the program in recent years.

The upcoming production will include readings from biographies of Hollywood personalities and from the movie scripts of "Gone With the Wind" and "The Petrified Forest." Famous personalities such as Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, Joan Crawford, and Rudolph Valentino will be portrayed, as they are described in books by Samuel Goldwyn, Rex Harrison, Hedda Hopper, and F. Scott Fitzgerald. The readings will be supplemented with some film clips and more than 70 slides of Hollywood in the '30's.

The show will examine the joy and frustration that characterized life in Hollywood, during the 1930's. As this era was the zenith of the movieland's glitter and romance, it beckoned actors to test their talents and invited audiences to enter the world of fantasy. However, the promises of fame and glamour were not always fulfilled; there were more failures

than successes, and more fantasy than reality.

Recreating this sense of the 30's will be a cast composed of several figures familiar on K's campus. From the theatre arts department, participants include Mrs. Nelda Balch, director of the production, Clair Myers, and Walter Ash. Most students know Mrs. Balch and Mr. Myers as resident directors, and Mr. Ash is a graduate of K who is currently working as an intern in the theatre department. Other members of the cast come from diverse departments on the campus: Don Flesche, Provost; Paul Olexia, biology department; Margo Bosker, German department; and Jean Rainsford. All of these readers have performed in the productions of previous years. New performers will include Dr. Edward Friedman of the Spanish department, and Godfrey Grant, a former member of Western's English department, now teaching creative writing at K. Richard Niessink will perform the music incorporated in the show.

The nature of this year's Faculty Readers' Theatre makes it the lightest of those presented in the past seventeen years. Thus, it promises to be an entertaining showcase of our faculty's "hidden" talent.

Bozos in the Pond

by Doug Ray

"I have noticed some students who seem to be anxious about doing well in a course, and who therefore tend to be upset when they're not told in pretty exact terms what is expected of them. They remind me of people who are attracted to "painting by number", and if I don't tell them what numbers go with what colors, they seem to suffer a certain kind of distress." J. Mark Thompson

The conflict between learning and training at the college level is essentially a conflict of goals. The perpetuation and maintenance of the existing order is the outcome of training. The goal of learning is to encourage independence of mind.

Unfortunately, training is being passed off as education; the wish to preserve the past rather than the hope of creating the future dominates the minds of those who control teaching. If the object were to make people think, rather than to make them accept certain conclusions, education would be conducted differently. There would be less rapidity of instruction and more discussion; and more occasions when students are encouraged to express themselves. The examination system, and the fact that instruction is treated mainly as training for a livelihood, leads students to regard knowledge from a purely utilitarian point of view. To be ordinary, and to acquire the art of getting by, is the ideal which is set before students. Hardly anything is done to foster the inward growth of mind and spirit.

This situation is especially visible in the natural sciences. As presently taught, science stifles creativity and inhibits the person-

al growth of the individual. Witness the general immaturity of science students when compared with their peers. An undergraduate program in the sciences is directed at assimilating background material for the future, at which time creativity may be pursued. But those who have reached the higher levels of education are very often atrophied in their mental and spiritual life. They are devoid of impulse and possess only mechanical aptitudes which take the place of original thought.

"...so the real value of this lies in its implications on the relationship between man and the universe."

"Sir, what I mean is...what exactly is this worth?"
"Exactly \$8.34"

Certain mental habits are instilled by educators; obedience and discipline, competition, intolerance of differing values, an unquestioning credulity and a passive acceptance of the wisdom of authority. Instead of obedience and discipline, education ought to strive to preserve independence and spontaneity. Instead of competition, education should try to develop learning as an end. Instead of contempt, education ought to instill reverence and understanding. Instead of credulity, education should stimulate constructive doubt and the love of mental adventure.

However, I have no right to request a change. Since the aim of a college education is to acquire a marketable skill then the present system is adequate. It is unfortunate that the pre-medical mentality surfacing in the majority of students does not allow the pursuit of alternative goals.



Gazette Photo

A Winter's Tale

by Tim Hennessey

Welcome to serial No. 17 in the continuing saga of Kaopectait College where today's young adults are dealing with provocative and exciting issues in the bright tradition of Mom and Charb pie.

As you may recall, in our last ion-packed episode Mary Lou, captain of the cheerleading squad, all around swell gal, was fully victorious in her year long struggle to have the library hours ended on Saturday night. In the same episode, her boyfriend miraculously recovered from a sprained ankle in time to lead the winning Wasps of Kaopectait to their 38th straight League Championship in basketball.

Now let's join Mary Lou and Stan as they wait in line outside the cafeteria absentmindedly humming the Kaopectait fight song. Stan, did you happen to see that they're serving this meal?" asked Mary Lou. "I forgot to look." "I think it's watercress parmesan and oregano burgers," answered Stan as they picked up their trays.

"Oh good! My two favorites." "Yes, we certainly can't complain about the food here at 'K'—it tastes like a delicious breakfast." "I only wish I woke up earlier so I could've missed the long line at 10 o'clock," Mary Lou lamented. "I guess that's the price you have to pay if you want to sleep in on Saturday morning!" "I always feel guilty about sleeping in too," agreed Stan, especially when there are so many exciting things to do! Why today the Committee for a Renewed Effort in Vietnam is sponsoring a military parade, a computer terminal is being

installed, and to top it all off there's a musical salute to J. Edgar Hoover tonight!"

"Sometimes I wish college life didn't have so much to offer," Mary Lou added. "But I guess at 'K' college you're bound to find all kinds of stimulating and diverse activities."

"That's right," said Stan, "and nothing burns my biscuits more than those hooligans who say there's no diversity at Kaopectait!"

"I know. Why, the student population must be drawn from at least a half dozen suburbs with parents in all kinds of executive positions!"

"I really don't think you could find a greater variety than we have right here," added Stan as he pulled out Mary Lou's chair and they sat down.

"That's probably the main reason why campus politics are so intense and exciting at 'K,'" said Mary Lou. "Not only do student offices give us a chance to really effect life at Kaopectait, but the intensity of the campaign really exposes the student body to the diversity of this school."

"Speaking of student offices, are you planning to run for any positions in the next election?" asked Stan.

"As a matter of fact I am. Now that we've succeeded in extending the library hours on Saturday night I'll have a lot of free time so I thought I'd run for Student Council President."

"But Mary Lou! I was thinking of running for..." Stan sputtered as he knocked over a glass in his excitement. "Now I've spilt my milk! Gosh darn it!"

"Stan, how dare you use that kind of language!" Mary Lou exclaimed as she turned crimson with embarrassment. "If you insist on talking at a locker room level, I'd better go. Good bye!"

"But Mary Lou...Wait!...I'm Sorry!" pleaded Stan as Mary



Lou's pigtails disappeared around the corner. "Oh, did I blow it this time!" he moaned as he sank into his chair. "And on top of that how am I ever going to tell Mary Lou that I was planning to run for Student Council President, too?"

Will Mary Lou forgive Stan for his foolish slip of the tongue? And will Stan still run for office and further jeopardize his relationship with Mary Lou? What other excitement lies in the future of 'K' College? The only thing we know for sure is that there's plenty more action ahead in the true-to-life story of Kaopectait College!

Athletic Events

Men's Basketball
7th Alma 2 p.m. here
11th Albion 8 p.m. there
14th Hope 3 p.m. here
18th Calvin 8 p.m. there

Wrestling
7th Grand Valley there
14th Taylor there
18th Franklin 6:30 here

Men's Swimming
7th Adrian 2 p.m. there

11th Albion 7 p.m. here
18th Alma 7 p.m. there

Women's Basketball
10th Adrian 7:30 p.m. there
12th Olivet 7 p.m. here
17th Gr. Tr. College there
19th Spring Arbor there

Women's Swimming
11th Albion 7 p.m. here
12th Adrian 7 p.m. here
19th EMU 7 p.m. here

Coming Events

Faculty Readers Theater
Dalton, 8 p.m. Feb. 6th & 7th
Winthrop Tordon
Dewing 103, 8 p.m. Feb. 12
Topic is: "Race, Age, and Sex:
The Reverberations of the
American Revolution."
Mental Art Exhibit
FAB Lobby, Feb. 13th
Kalamazoo Symphony
Miller Auditorium, 8 p.m. Feb.

Cassablanca
Red Psalm
The Milky Way
Guess Who's Coming to
Dinner?
Il Girdo

A Letter from Germany

Dear Kalamazoo College Community,

The Foreign Study Office is always kind enough to send the Erlangen Center (and all the others) several copies of the *Index* as it is printed. They are invariably at least three weeks old; yet that doesn't seem to matter all that much, for they are, after all, not so very pertinent to our present situation. We delight in the discussions over price increases, plays we will never see, and the progress of the new science building. With understandably less enthusiasm we have read about the other "more independent" foreign study experiences of those, in say, Sweden or England or Lebanon. And, as I walked along the noisy Autobahn on my way to classes, I have thought if, just maybe, I too should have gone to one of those "unique centers;" or, at the very least, Africa. Nevertheless, I'm not quite ready to devalue Germany, or for that matter, France or Spain. With less than three months left, I realize that I don't want to leave, yet my reasons for staying are not altogether clear. Please then, if you'll bear with me, I will attempt to add some insight.

Last November during a lecture on German history a certain misdirected question led the professor to the sensitive topic of East Germany. Although I knew not why, this normally straight-forward man began to cry. We sat in dumb amazement. Later that month as my German mother was packing coffee to be sent to the East I ignorantly asked why. Her reply was, "Because coffee costs \$10.00 a pound there." But, of course, it was more than just a problem of money. Or, on another occasion, I found myself in a train compartment with a grey-haired German gentleman. We had travelled over 100 km. before a conversation developed. Surprisingly, it was a casual comment to the effect that I had recently heard Mozart's *The Magic Flute*, which sent him off into an enraptured speech over this delightful piece of art. Later, I was to regret having

mentioned it because I know almost nothing about classical music, and his passion for it was overwhelming.

These two incidents, though not exactly everyday happenings, do illustrate a truism: that understanding does increase satisfaction. Slowly it seeps into my head that I have begun to grasp what this crazy, glamorized program of Foreign Study is all about. As I also suspect this realization is relatively universal in impact whether it be in Freetown or Strasburg or here in Erlangen. In short, it is obvious that we were entirely too ignorant of our newly-taken-on cultures. In part this is to be expected, but the process by which we come to understand how little we do in fact understand is a long, slow one. I also think that being able to finally ask more than "where is the bathroom?" to be a great help. Moreover, I maintain that I, as well as everyone else overseas, have the right to feel proud that this block of ignorance is diminishing. Unfortunately, when given an academic imperative, this experience is largely unmeasurable in quantitative terms. So then aside from photographs it shall remain a private possession of the participant.

Several months from now you will probably find me a bit glum as I try to remake a forgotten lifestyle. But, for the time being I shall be content to read my books of Mann and Tillich, to watch the 2:00 o'clock *Tageschau*, to get the wash done, and perhaps in those fits of nostalgia to hunt for a jukebox with old Beethoven records. It is rather embarrassing to state this, but I find it difficult to feel any animosity towards Kalamazoo College. Although I allow for the future possibility of a change in attitude, I will not soon forget that it has been essentially through the efforts of this college, albeit oftentimes misguided efforts, that I am here. So, I thank you for your patience and I await the next batch of *Indexes*.

Most sincerely,
Michael S. Starenko
Erlangen, W. Germany

Take the B Train

by Sheldon Klein

Jazz in the seventies has become the exclusive territory of the pianist. Their rise to dominance has been unheralded, but the record speaks for itself (no pun intended). In this year's Downbeat critics-poll Cecil Taylor's "Silent Tongues" and McCoy Tyner's "Echoes of a Friend" finished 1-2 in the record of the year voting. Cecil Taylor was voted artist of the year and elected to the hall of fame. The McCoy Tyner quintet and the Keith Jarrett quartet headed the list in the best group category. The pianists' rise has been awesomely swift—it is within the last five years that all the artists just named have risen to prominence.

Until recently, jazz was primarily a medium for horn players. There were great pianists, of course, but, in the last 25 years, trumpet and saxophone have been dominant. The reason for their decline lies in the very greatness they attained. Starting with the post-war rise of be-bop, the sax and trumpet players achieved an awesome level of brilliance. Dizzy Gillespie, Miles Davis, and Charlie Parker revolutionized jazz, piling innovation upon innovation. Then, in the mid-fifties, John Coltrane emerged, synthesizing the ideas of earlier masters with original insights, producing a music with a power and brilliance never before heard. Every year that passed found Coltrane another two years ahead of his time. By the mid-sixties the art had advanced so far in a relatively short period of time that there was no where to go. Coltrane had both taken the sax to its pinnacle and almost killed it. The last ten years have seen

nothing but a series of Coltrane imitations. Some were good and some bad, but there was no development.

Jazz floundered helplessly, going nowhere and losing what little popularity it had. Something had to fill this creative vacuum. The pianist stepped forward.

The music of the new pianist has been, on the whole, brilliant. However, single instrument dominance is inherently unhealthy. Regardless of its virtue, when one instrument becomes the sole outlet of creativity the art form is in trouble. Even in the heyday of the horns, other instruments were developing as well. Dave Brubeck and Theolonius Monk on piano, Charlie Mingus on bass, and Elvin Jones and Max Roach on drums all revolutionized their instruments in the fifties and sixties. No comparable side growth has been seen in the era of the pianist, with the possible exception of Gary Burton's work on the Vibraharp and Stanley Clarke on bass.

Is there any hope for rescue from this creative abyss? Up until very recently I saw none. But, a new messiah has emerged in the playing of Anthony Braxton. He is the first saxophonist who has shown both the talent and the will to free himself from the ghost of Coltrane. With each new album he succeeds in moving closer to fulfilling his promise. It may be asking too much of any man; but, if anyone can do it, then Mr. Braxton will be the one. If, for no other reason than to prove what a stupid ass I am, you should get a copy of his new release "5 pieces-1975" on Arista. Then you can argue with me.

Interview: Lawrence Cremin

by Doug Ray and Sheldon Klein

Dr. Lawrence Cremin, president of the Teachers College at Columbia University, recently visited the Kalamazoo College campus. He proved to be intelligent, witty, likeable, and a totally manic lecturer. He was kind enough to discuss with us some of the provocative questions raised by his comprehensive theory of education.

Index: How would you define education?

Cremin: Education is the deliber-

sions, to carry out the solutions, and to make judgements on how good or bad the solutions were; to make a more self-sustained, self-directed person. This is John Dewey's idea of intelligence. **I:** Is it possible to produce this self-directed problem solver through the systematic and deliberate transmission of data?

C: Good question. Recall the verbs I use, transmit, evoke, and acquire. Transmission alone will not make a person able to continue his education on his own. You transmit certain things, but in-



ate, systematic, and sustained effort to transmit, evoke or acquire knowledge, values, skills, attitudes and sensibilities. I am trying to get a definition of education that projects us beyond the school. With a definition like this you have to be careful that you do not make everything education. If you burn yourself on the stove is it education? I think not. The stove is not deliberate, systematic and sustained. Education is instruction and study. It is when I am deliberately and systematically trying to do something to you, get something across, transmit something, or when you are trying to do it to yourself.

I: Doesn't your definition allow manipulation to be classified as a form of education?

C: It can be, my definition leaves room for propoganda. In other words, my definition is sufficiently latitudinal so that I can say that slavery was a form of education. It includes miseducation as well as education.

I: Would you agree that some forms of education are better than others?

C: Of course. Now what is the difference between advertising and what I would consider a better form of education? The difference is that the educator who advertises does not feel a sense of responsibility to the person being educated to increase his ability to choose. Earlier I got off on Anthony Burgess' novel *A Clockwork Orange*. Is it a Christian novel? Burgess thinks it is, because in the end, when the protagonist denies the ability to choose he does what is defined as good, but it's no longer moral, because he is not choosing. So I'd say that advertising is a form of education, but it is manipulative, as is most propoganda. It's manipulative because it gets the person to come out at a certain place without giving him any sense of choice, without leveling with the person as to what's happening to him.

I: Would your idea of the good education be a tool-giving process, rather than a data-transmitting one?

C: Yes, you've got the essence of what I think the goal of education should be, giving the person agency of choice. Education should make a person better able to perceive issues, to arrive at

creasingly a good educator tries to evoke, to create the situation in which the person himself will do it. But the ideal education aims at giving the individual the tools to continue his own education. Simply transmissive education cannot do this. A. N. Whitehead said that for most of the history of human civilization education has been transmissive and it could afford to be transmissive because the assumption was that the next generation would grow up the same way as this generation did. Our own time is one in which we can no longer afford to assume that. We have to move from a transmissive education into one which helps the next generation create new conditions under which it can live more effectively. On the other hand, there's no such thing as an education that does not pass on certain skills and abilities to succeeding generations.

I: Should the overview of the various realms be forced on students?

C: It depends on what you mean by forced. I don't think a person should be physically forced to do anything in education, but they must have requirements. I believe in requiring students in the tool-subjects and studies in the broad range of human activities. No one ought to be excused from the opportunity to contend with mathematics. If you let a young person drop mathematics at the age of 12, 13, or 14, you're allowing that young person to make career decisions about cutting himself out from the sciences later on, which I don't believe a 12, 13 or 14-year-old is ready to make. On the other hand, a good school system has got to have a wide range of different mathematical studies; the questions the American people are asking about their schools and universities is, how much are we ready to be taxed to provide real individualization which takes care of everybody.

I: What can we reasonably expect from our educational institutions?

C: I think the Americans have been a little bit millennial about their expectations. They need to be more realistic about the increments in cost that come when you try to educate the poor, the deaf, the lame, the blind, and the retarded. They cost a lot more to educate. One of the great political debates in the country now is

whether the Great Society programs, which gave much money to the disadvantaged working. As an educator, I believe the Great Society Programs beginning to work. But one thing we were beginning to do was how very much they cost. The right question, I believe, is not how much they work, but how much people we are ready to spend on that kind of thing.

I: What is the role of the college university? How has it changed and is it relevant?

C: The role of colleges has changed very fundamentally. First of all there are more people going to colleges. If you ask me what should be the role of higher education for people between 18 and 22, I would say to encourage them to deepen their knowledge, improve their judgement, heighten their sensibilities in the vast range of human affairs. I think it is a good thing that someone who would like to go to college has a reasonable preparation to go to college in the U.S.; it's a matter for the person and the society. People say well, what will it mean? My answer is the B.A. does not mean anything in common parlance. Every college in the U.S. now has to know what college comes from and what the person did.

I: What is mass media and does it alter our educational complex?

C: The term I prefer to use is medium of popular communication. What it does is beam a message in huge quantities to large numbers of people. It becomes mass communication when it is beaming out a message that hopes people will conform to fore-ordained conclusions using more Anacin. It's popular communication insofar as it beams attempts to give people greater appreciation and ability to make choices.

I: How does the medium of popular communication alter your role as an educator?

C: My argument about mass media is that they have fundamentally transformed the context in which all education takes place. For example, when a person goes into health education today



educator tries to teach about the human body, the person must be aware that education has been teaching children with little diagrams what happens to Bufferin, aspirin and so on. These children have been miseducated by 10, 12 years, and the education begins not with ignorance with error. It just changes context in which we educate.

I: Is mass media detrimental to creativity?

C: I think that the mass media is a powerful tool for good and bad. I think that the mass media has increased knowledge of affairs, I think they change the way in which a modern country conducts its foreign policy, the way in which it conducts political campaigns. I would like to know the extent to which every child learns one way of thinking about every subject or one way of looking about it, it's a great danger to a polity such as ours.

Kalamazoo College index

Volume 101, No. 3

February 20, 1976

A Midwinter Night's Dream

The snow melts away as the sun moves farther up the horizon. Spring approaches, but Summer arrives tonight in the Snack Bar. Yes, a Snack Bar Beach Party complete with heat, beach balls, and sand kicking bullies, Coney Island Hot Dogs, and beachy movies. Throw off your ski jacket and get down to such favorites as "Love Will Keep Us Together". Douse yourself in suntan lotion while watching Annette Funicello stuff a wild bikini.

The following night, Saturday, brings J. P. Jencks with his group "Happy Days" to the Snack Bar for those who are not making the trek to Wings to view Mr. Bowie. Peanuts will be provided to complete the evening.

Skip five days and another weekend. This one begins on Friday at 3:30 with the old standby, beer and peanuts in the Snack Bar. This B&P will witness the arrival of some home brewed jazz at the Snack Bar when Doug Beazley, Blue Oldham, and Joe Taylor step out of the dark recesses of the Male Co-op to perform.

More sunworshipping Saturday night the 28th. Step into Hoben, take another step to Jamaica, but watch what Mr. Rybar puts in your drink. The Jamaicans love potent drinks, and they only drink when they love.

"Sandstone" returns to Kalamazoo the following evening in the Black Spot. Since their last visit they have been playing around town, mostly at the Troubadour, trying to make money to leave Kalamazoo. Well, they'll be back; a little brown bread and wine will be added to properly flavor the occasion.

So things aren't all that bad; Spring is coming, and if he didn't ask you to the Valentine's Day dinner, wait for the Kentucky Derby Ball, or refuse to snuggle on the Quad.

Deus Ex Machina Rides Again

by Judy Comeau

Irony abounds when a sick man who refuses to acknowledge his illness writes a play about a neurotic who insists that his lady is actual. The irony is even further compounded when the playwright acts the part of the imaginary invalid and dies during production. Such was the case with Moliere when he wrote and performed the *Imaginary Invalid*. This year, K College will revive this intriguing work.



designed by Gayland Spaulding, and complicated sets are being constructed by Larry Jaquith and Tom Hennes. All in all, Moliere's flair for the theatrical is being celebrated in Dalton Theatre on February 26, 27 and 28.

While not attempting to present this piece with full historical accuracy, K's director, Clair Myers, intends to utilize the comedy and spectacle inherent in the play. He has cast dozens of students as singers and dancers, in addition to the actors in the show, and he intends to use original music written by Steven Schmidt. Costumes are being

Stalking The Wild Provost

by Tom Flynn

John Satterfield, Provost of Kalamazoo College from 1972, tendered his resignation in the summer of 1975. The Provost Search Committee, composed of seven faculty and two students, created to find a new Provost.

Two subcommittees, with recommendation power were formed to further involve students in the search for Dr. Satterfield's replacement: the Breakfast Committee, composed of nine students, who true to their name, eat breakfast with each candidate; and the Luncheon Committee, who eat lunch with each candidate.

The questions: What is a Provost? What kind of person is Kalamazoo College looking for to become our Provost?

The Provost administers curric-

ulum, tenure decisions and faculty hirings. His control of these areas is shared with the College Community through his chairmanship of the Educational Policies Committee, and working with both the Faculty Senate and the President in areas concerning faculty positions. The K Plan, individual courses, department offerings, changing the emphasis of a department, all come under the auspices of the Provost's Office.

The Committees are looking for a Provost with innovative ideas, or at least a willingness to change, someone with experience in a school the size of K, and a supporter of the liberal arts tradition. As of this time, the Committees have seen five candidates and have come to no decision as to who will be the next Provost.

The Uses And Abuses Of The Snack Bar

by Jeanny House

There are those who visit the Snack Bar and there are those who live there. Among those people who seem to have taken up permanent residence are townies, off campus seniors, some professors and the occasional maintenance man. The menu is not terribly varied and the atmosphere could be better, but for the snack bar regulars, there is no doubt that the Snack Bar is home. Why go home to a dreary lunch alone when you can be surrounded by obnoxious but friendly folk, blaring top 40's music, and those wonderful Saga employees who run the joint? Why remove yourself to your room or to the library to study when you can be so much more easily interrupted by a friend or enemy who always knows where to find you? Life in the Snack Bar is nothing if not boring. There is nothing to do except goof off, pretending as though you were doing something constructive, hoping that someone will enter and save you from that which you have been dreading most. Being forced to really open that book in front of you. So there you sit, drinking the battery acid they have the audacity to call coffee.

The Snack Bar crowd knows who they are. They are prone to complain about rushes at noon when they are trying to eat, but no one really cares, because once there, no one has the energy to leave. Class is usually the only thing that can force a Snack Bar regular to leave his or her haven, and people go grumblingly, usually waiting until the last possible minute, the minute that the professor who teaches their next class is seen surreptitiously sneaking out having made his last,

desperate move. Meanwhile another burger goes on the grill, another yogurt is pulled out of the fridge and life goes on.

At night, the rushes come irregularly. The big one is about 11:00 but there are small ones that seem to make no sense at all. The juke box continues to blare out its tunes, tunes no one with any sense really wants to hear. But one is forced to listen because some nerd has played seven songs and wants to turn the box up to full volume because he happens to be sitting

inconveniently on the wrong side of the room. Someone else starts to play the piano that cropped up somehow last quarter and everyone begins to go crazy. But they keep coming back. No one knows why, but they cannot stay away. The Snack Bar is their home away from home away from home and they love it. If they valued their sanity they would either not be at Kalamazoo College, or they would stay away from the Snack Bar. Rumor has it that it is inhabited by crazies. Stop by sometime and watch.



'76 Bach Festival

This year represents the thirtieth anniversary of the Kalamazoo Bach Festival. The Bach Festival Society began in 1946 and has been an important annual event to those people in the Kalamazoo Community for whom music is an important part of life. Dr. Russell Hammar assumed directorship of the Festival fifteen years ago and was instrumental in helping develop it into one of the major music musical festivals in the midwest. This year's series

many of the guest artists are 'K' alumni.

Concerts will be held throughout the week, beginning with the Young Artist's Concert on Saturday, Feb. 28. Free concerts will be held March 1-5 at noon, in the Fine Arts lobby. The major event of the series will be the B minor Mass. The Mass will be performed at 5:00 and 8:15 p.m. on Saturday, March 6, in Stetson Chapel. Series tickets are available to 'K' students for \$4.00.

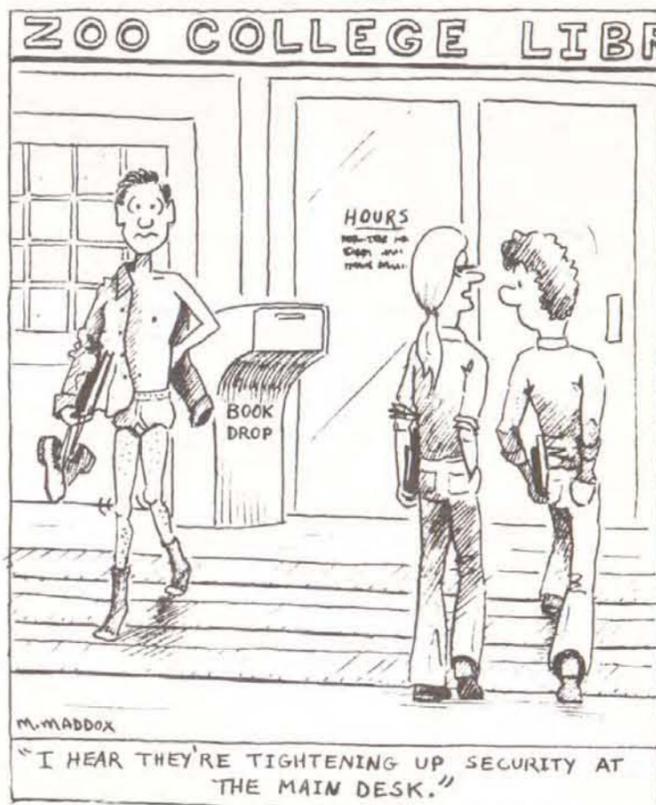


Think About It

"One had to cram all this stuff into one's mind, whether one liked it or not. This coercion had such a deterring effect that, after I had passed the final examination, I found the consideration of any scientific problems distasteful to me for an entire year...It is in fact nothing short of a miracle that the modern methods of instruction have not yet entirely strangled the holy curiosity of inquiry; for this delicate little plant, aside from stimulation, stands mainly in the need of freedom; without this it goes to wrack and ruin without

will be of special interest because fail. It is a very grave mistake to think that the enjoyment of seeing and searching can be promoted by means of coercion and a sense of duty. To the contrary, I believe it would be possible to rob even the healthy beast of prey of its voraciousness, if it were possible, with the aid of a whip, to force the beast to devour continuously, even when not hungry--especially if the food, handed out under such coercion, were to be selected accordingly."

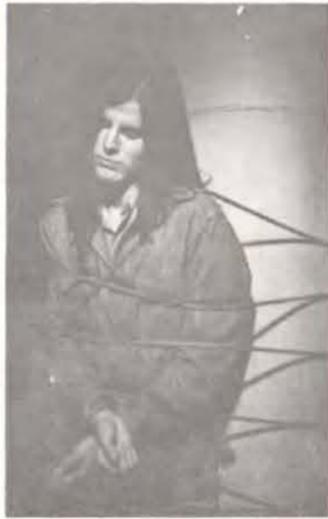
by Albert Einstein



Letters: Pre-Meds Respond

Dear Index:

As a pre-medical student, I am rather disturbed over the nebulous excretions concerning the educational system at Kalamazoo College and, in particular, the alleged "fostering" of the perfunctory "pre-med mentality" as depicted in "Bozos in the Pond". I have taken fourteen science classes thus far and, in general, I have found them to be creative experiences. Rarely have I ever been subject to a "multiple guess (choice)", "true or false", or "fill in the blank" examination. These classes have required outside reading, incorporated contrasting viewpoints, and have exposed me to institutions such as Borgess Hospital and the nature center. The average science exam I have encountered has consisted of inductive and deductive essays, and synthesis problems designed to test understanding in preference to memorization. I have found my professors responsive to questions and generally available to students who wish a greater exposure to particular subject matter. Perhaps the author with the stifled creativity should try raising his hand and asking questions.



Kalamazoo College, as I see it, is a school for the individual. It is not a Michigan or Michigan State with a definitive student body adorned with pep bands, fraternities and varsity jackets. The "educational system" is designed for individual incentive and individual ambition. In such an institution, you do have a "right to request a change". I would like very much to see the development of a more identifiable "student body" or "community consciousness". The materials and resources necessary for this development are available. It just needs a little individual incentive, not a general abdication.

Sincerely,
Tom Gravelyn

Dear Index:

This letter is a response to the inconsiderate article "Bozos in the Pond" written by Doug Ray. Mr. Ray used pre-medical and science students in general to illustrate his grievances with the educational system. I disagree strongly with nearly every conclusion he presented.

He states: "It is unfortunate that the pre-medical mentality surfacing in the majority of students does not allow the pursuit of alternative goals." This is undeniably false. The primary goal of most pre-medical students is, of course, to enter medical school, and ultimately to practice medicine. As a group, we realize that this involves not only years of

study, but also the important necessity of relating to and getting along with people. We also have a variety of interests (like real people), which we are currently pursuing. Music, art, sports, teaching and writing are a few of them.

If it is unfortunate that some students are anxious about doing well in a course, then, I think it is unfortunate that graduate and medical schools use the grade point as an indication of a student's abilities. Besides, if my concern in getting an A in a course happens to bother some people, it is their tough luck.

Mr. Ray also claims, "as presently taught, science stifles creativity and inhibits personal growth of the individual. Witness the general immaturity of science students when compared with their peers." I doubt that he could prove either of these statements. In fact, as presently taught, science can invite creativity. To cite examples, I have taken a total of 5 courses taught by either Dr. Wayne Weins or Dr. Myrna Sproul. Each one involved reasoning with and the application of presented material, and not the memorization of soon to be forgotten facts. They presented recent experiments, undertaken to study biological systems, in which creativity is important. It takes a certain ingenuity to devise experiments which will provide meaningful answers to the questions being asked. Interpreting results can be intellectually stimulating, and challenging. Important mental habits for any researcher include the ability to learn, independence, confidence, spontaneity, constructive doubt and the love of mental adventure.

The successful student is one who recognizes the opportunities (for creativity, growth and the pursuit of alternative goals), which exist in the educational system today.

Sincerely,
Mark J. Thomson

D.R.: My complaint is indeed lodged against those whose "concern in getting an A" obstructs my goal of getting an education. Is it my "tough luck" that an immature attitude forces me to choose between "success" and personal growth? I think not.



editors can vouch for the quality of the special spaghetti and the stuffed rainbow trout.

Holly's Bistro 5036 S. Westnedge
\$\$ 1/2 **

A nice atmosphere for drinking, and a fantastic salad bar which makes up for the poor quality of the entrees.

The Magic Crepe 338 E. Michigan
\$ **

The entree crepes are o.k., and would probably be better without their sauces, which resemble the glop used on frozen pot pies. The dessert crepes, especially the crepe beignet, are great, as is the spinach salad. A nice cheap lunch alternative to Schwarz's.

Jason's Cove 9110 Portage

\$\$\$\$ no stars

A nice view and a fair salad bar cannot begin to compensate for the poor quality of the food.

Canton 254 E. Michigan

\$ \$ **

The only edible Chinese food in Kalamazoo. Close atmosphere, dangerous cashier.

Bacchus Tastevin 6216 S. Westnedge

\$ \$ \$ **

A fun and unusual restaurant for Kalamazoo. Food and salad bar are good, and they have a fair wine selection, the best in Kalamazoo.



by K. J. Franz

A rash of thievery menaces the safety of Harmon Hall. A conniving existential thief has slowly begun creating a Satre/Kafka world in Harmon by stealing three "Exit" signs. Officials fear that if the thief is not apprehended shortly he may leave an entire dorm population stranded within the confines of the dorm.

Residents of the building are disturbed, they must now walk the entire corridor length in order to exit. Some do not start in time, missing the first moments of important lectures. Most fear the day that they lose precious time on an exam.

Security officials are stumped by the thief's apparent ability to

Blast from the past

While rifling through the sincere, if not comprehensive, archives of the Index, we ran into a few curiosities. Though the psychedelic green and pink of 1970 semi-alternative newspapers had their charm, and the Commie-baiting headlines of 1960 were fairly tempting, we decided to go with the Bicentennial motif that is proving to be so popular this year. And so, boys and girls, lets turn back the hands of time, and timewarp to 1878. It is the sincere hope of the editors that the following bits of wisdom on the subjects of student life, campus fun, and study tips prove as relevant and helpful in these tumultuous times as they did back in the good old days.

* There are persons who think that college students have an inborn propensity for making themselves disagreeable.

The students are taking the advice of the poet, and are "drinking deep" this term. The new well supplies them with water from a depth of one hundred and twenty-seven feet.

* Sit up to the table when you read; easy chairs abolish memory. Do not read the same book too long at one sitting. If you are really tired of one subject, change

No Exit

be partially out the exit by swiping the corresponding sign. Thus leaving security clues, and requiring them to come down the hall before starting pursuit.

All efforts to replace the have met with fierce resistance. Twelve maintenance persons have disappeared trying, in an effort to replace the "exit" signs. A source is quoted as saying, "I was a preacher's kid before I went into that dang inferno to replace some exit sign".

Health officials are threatening to close the building if all "Exit" signs are stolen. It was questioned as to how the students would be removed from the exitless building the official mused, "Hell if I know".

One student said that he'd sit back and play his trumpet. The last "Exit" sign disappeared. Others said that they'd take time to discover their room. Another responded that she'd ride her two friends would take riding horses up and down the hall...for gym credit of course.

three hours five days in a week. The use of wet towels and coffee betrays ignorance of the subject. Test the accuracy of your work as soon as you have finished it. Put your facts in order as you have learned them. Do not read after midnight. Do not go to bed straight from your books. Never let your reading interfere with exercise or digestion. Keep a clear head, a good appetite, and a cheerful heart.

Medical Expenses * Our bachelor students, at the upper building are giving attention to the cultivation of houseplants, and are succeeding finely. They have some specimens which exhibit as much vigor though they had been tended by the most experienced house-

* Terms of Admission Candidates for admission to the department of the institution must be of good moral character, have correct habits; and if unknown to the Faculty, must bring with them from their pastor or father, teacher, testimonials of character. If from other Colleges, certificates of honorable dismissal will be required.

Expenses	
Tuition	\$6.00 a
Incidentals	\$2.50 a
Room Rent	\$1.00 to 5.00 a

Athletic Events

Men's Basketball					
21	Olivet	2 p.m.	there	27	MIAA
25	Aquinas	8 p.m.	here	28	MIAA
28	Adrian	3 p.m.	here		
Women's basketball					
23	Aquinas	7 p.m.			
Wrestling					
21	Adrian		here		
24	Alma	7:30 p.m.	there		
28	MIAA	at Olivet			
Men's Swimming					
21	Calvin	2 p.m.	here		
Women's Swimming					
21	Calvin	2 p.m.			
23	Adrian	7 p.m.			
26	WMU	7 p.m.			

The Whistle Stop 403 E. Michigan
\$\$ 1/2 ***

Dark Miller is on tap, so...who cares about the service. The best french fries in town, super onion soup, good sandwiches and huge salads. More a place for drinking rather than eating, as most of the food is overpriced.

Great Lakes Steak Co. 4525 W. KL
\$\$\$ ***

Nothing exotic or really outstanding, but the steaks are big, and the salad bar is of epic proportions.



Guess Who's Going To Dinner

Every once in a while, the thought of heading down to Saga for another round of Texas Onion Steak or porcupine meatballs becomes fairly oppressive. So, for the next time you just can't face another notch on your meal ticket, the editors and assorted friends have compiled a list of restaurants. Stars indicate quality, dollar signs, cost (each \$ equals about \$2.50).

The Troubador 804 W. Vine

\$ ***

A nice place for lunch or dinner with a comfortable, informal atmosphere that compensates for indifferent service and occasional inconsistency in the quality of food. The Reuben sandwiches, salads, and vegetarian dishes are excellent, but the tea is always cold. Beware of the key lime pie.

Corsiglia's 5402 Portage

\$\$\$ 1/2 ****

A good place to take visiting parents or free spending friends, Corsiglia's is expensive, but worth it. The service is good, and the

Thorndike Finds The Truth... And Is Set Free

by Ron Wallace

Have you heard about Thorndike?
 "No, what?"
 "He's gone absolutely crazy."
 At that moment, Thorndike walked into a Trustees' meeting and yelled, "In God we trust." He walked out of the room and down the stairs with total assuredness in his steps. Outside he walked readily, humming "We Are Marching to Pretoria", to the chapel, where he climbed the bell tower. After smearing birdshit all over his face he yelled down the road, "Wake Up!", like that teacher lady does on the Cheech and Chong album. He smiled with pride. For the first time in his life, Thorndike felt sane.
 Even Thorndike's friends were a

first drinking the seven glasses of liquids straight one after the other. Then he decided he didn't want the spaghetti after all and dumped it on the carpeted floor. He set the bowl of yogurt between his knees and began eating absurdly, trying to get the huge metal spoon into his mouth. As you might guess, he couldn't get away with it.

When he had hardly finished a third of the bowl, Thorndike saw in the distance the short white haired lady that had muttered "rude", pointing at him furiously, "Why there he is, there he is, I don't know if he's the one you're after, but that one stole an entire plate of spaghetti right out of my hand. The whole thing."
 "I said please," Thorndike said



Come on, we're going to see a doctor."

"A doctor, I don't need a doctor, just leave me alone. Why is everyone staring at me? Why can't you leave me alone? Why do you have to persecute me? Am I going to die or something?"

Sheila visited him in the hospital. "Thorndike, I'm sorry. I didn't mean for you to filp out." After the drugs, Thorndike fit quite well into the quiet midwestern college atmosphere.

His deepest desire was to get himself together. He walked to the book store downtown and bought every psychological book he could find, *I'm OK, You're OK, Gestalt Therapy, TM for the Rest of your Life, The Primal Scream, How to get Angry, Guide for Rational Living....*

"That will be \$42.27, sir. Do you need a truck for those, sir?"

"No, I can carry, them, thank you."

It was funny, because every time Thorndike dropped a book on his way back to the dorm, a stranger would stop to pick it up for him. But instead of trying to place it on the pile over Thorndike's head, the stranger would follow along behind and read it. By the time Thorndike reached his dorm, there were thirty people, some with his books, some just following the crowd to see where it was going. Thorndike watched them leave. One of them screamed. One of them started talking about the here and now. Two of them tried to figure out a way to get enough money for meditation, and one man separated himself from the crowd and walked rationally.

"Let's see", Thorndike said as he picked the first book out of the pile. "I'm OK. I'm OK. And You're

OK. You could not be OK and I could still be OK. But if I'm not OK and you come along and project you're OK and ask me am I really OK then I'm definitely not going to be...."

Over the next few weeks Thorndike learned the primal scream and practiced it before he went to bed every night. He learned to get angry and was very close to investing in a secret mantra for meditation. *The Art of Loving* was his favorite. By 9:00 that evening he was going to have discipline, concentration, and patience, objectivity and humility.

said. "Say, we have a special on Identity, Who Am I and half price on Why Is It So Hard For Me to Love?"

"No thanks," Thorndike said. "I want spiritual books."

"Spiritual books? Well, our guru section is over here."

Thorndike bought the Mormon, the King James version, the Living Bible, and the one you can carry in your blue jeans. He bought the Bhagavad-Gita, three Hare Krishna books, Buck's *Cosmic Consciousness*, all of Alan Watts, Stephen's *Monday Night Class*, and *The Caravan, Be Here Now, The Only Dance There Is*, and all of Krishnamurti, especially *You Are The World*. Then Thorndike locked himself in his room.

"Thorndike, this is crazy," Sheila called through the door.

"I'm not coming out until I find the truth."

"What truth?"

"The Truth."

"How will you know when you find it?"

That stumped Thorndike. Sheila went away and for the next fourteen days Thorndike ate brown rice and meditated on that



one question. But it all sort of fell apart. One day Thorndike looked up from his book *Sybil*, the girl with 16 personalities, and realized he didn't know.

"Know what?" Sheila asked.

"The truth, what else."

"But the truth is the truth Thorndike, it's all true."

"No, I want to know the truth." "Haven't you seen for a long time," the man at the bookstore

one question. "Have you heard about Thorndike?"

"Locked himself in his room?" "He's going to flunk organic."

"He's not sure if he wants to be a doctor anyway. Office, patients, what a drag 12 hours a day."

"What's he doing?" "Thinking? How can anyone think that long? Don't you run out of stuff?"

And after 14 days, Thorndike opened the door and uttered to the crowd outside, "You can't change anyone's mind but your own."

He then said what later came to be known as Thorndike's 3 Noble Questions:

On seeking...Unless you know the truth, after seeking how will you know whether it is true?

On finding...How could it be false or none of the above?

On telling...Your specifics are very interesting professor, but how does that help me organize the knowledge of the world in my head?

Thorndike decided that if anybody every knew anything this side of the guru world, it had to be Pynchon. And with this, he didn't disagree with another person again.

"Love with your mouth shut, help without breaking your ass or publicizing it: keep cool, but care. He might have known, if he's used any common sense. It didn't come as a revelation, only something he'd as soon not've admitted." V, p.342

They wanted him to, especially.

Frisbee

February:

21st Michigan State 1:00 here

24th Grand Valley State College 2:00 there

March

7th Grand Valley State College 1:00 here

Home games will be played on Western Michigan's artificial surface.



He startled to see his appearance at dinner, not to mention the lady checking I.D.'s. He walked quickly to the front of the line where he cut in. He stepped around three people ahead of him and grabbed a plate of spaghetti that was being offered to someone else. "Thank you", he said politely. The lady shocked behind the counter and could only mutter, "Rude!" He took seven glasses, filled one with Pepsi, one with Teem, one with coffee, one with lemonade, and two with milk. He walked to the salad table, placed the entire metal bowl of yogurt on his tray and proceeded to the corner of the darkest room. There he ate alone,

in his mind.

Soon the entire room of people was crowding around him. They all stared at his face and looked at him as if he was sick. But not only that, the board of Trustees were at the edge of the table shaking their heads.

"We think you better come with us", a dreary-eyed man said.

"My name is Thorndike, you prison guard."

Another trustee said, sterner, "Son, you better come with us."

"I don't want to go anywhere. I just want to sit here quietly, eat some yogurt, walk back to my room, take a shower, and study for my organic test tomorrow."

"Son, by the looks of you, you're in no shape to take an organic test.

Shopping Around

by Anne Hilton

Believe it or not, there lies a world beyond Boogie Records; some of it is even worth keeping in mind for those rare afternoons when there's nothing to do in Kazoo (despite what the last cheery little flyer in your mailbox said).

Everyone has, at sometime or another, ventured as far as ISB and the downtown mall, but, Jacobson's aside, there are some interesting little stores around that few people seem to be familiar with. Listed below are some shops I happened upon in one way or another. Given are the names, addresses, and very brief descriptions of what each has to offer.

The Fiber Shop-346 S. Rose (upstairs at corner of Rose and Lovell)

Hand spun and imported yarns, as well as other weaving and spinning supplies.

The Hana-436 S. Burdick
 Healthy looking tropical plants and cacti; complete plant care accessories. The prices are reasonable, and advice about plant care was given freely.

The People's Food Co-op-141 Burr Oak
 Anyone can buy. Food at better than supermarket prices; it's worth the walk.

Leather Express-905 S. West-nedge
 Good quality leather goods at

prices that seem to be in line with other hand-tooled leather products. The store has only recently opened, and the owners expect to hold a grand opening in March, when they are fully set up. There is also a wide selection of standard, and some rarer, belt buckles.

The Atrium-905 S. Westnedge
 This store, connected to Leather Express, is a mass of greenery. Healthy looking plants at reasonable prices. They carry the average house plants as well as some rather unusual ones.

Macrame Rose-824 S. Westnedge
 A very friendly store specializing in beads and macrame work.

The Common Market-corner of Vine & Locust, 2 blocks south of Westnedge
 A group of stores in one building specializing in a variety of goodies ranging from birds to books to bongs. The birds, along with snakes, turtles, fish, and a few other exotic creatures are contained in **Other World Imports** (the King snake, Ms. Mellow, is particularly nice). In a contiguation of Other World are a variety of other items including clothes (and the bongs). Next door is **The Bookstore**, specializing in a diverse array of paperbacks from high-class coloring books, to women's survival guides, to gardening manuals. Within the cluster also exists a newly opened waterbed store, and the **Troubador** restaurant.

220 Volts

by Pat Burgam

I was thinking about sticking my index finger and my middle finger into a socket today, wondering what would become of me. Would I be Sunday-sizzle-splattered like a slice of bacon in a black frying pan or marshmallow charred and crusty, blown away at the slightest notion. Or would I be supercharged like a dog in heat banging every bitch in sight only stopping to run over to the muddy pool that collected in the back of the house to cool myself and then bang another one with the sound of a young kid hitting a trash can lid with his new gun. Either way I think the power would kill me.

Editors:	Helayne Hecht Anne Hilton Matt Petter Charlie Stack
Photography:	Tom Johnston
Layout:	Ann Gary
Graphics:	Wendy Hughes
General Harassment:	Doug Ray Sheldon Klein
...and other incestuous acquaintances.....	



Coming Events

- Plays: A Portrayal, Randy Knolle Carver Center, 8 p.m. Feb. 20
- Student Piano Recital: Tim Meier Recital Hall, 8 p.m. Feb. 23
- Young Artist's Concert Stetson Chapel, 4 & 8 p.m. Feb. 28
- Rudi Menuhin Chenery Auditorium, 4 p.m. Feb. 29
- Jazz Concert, "Oregon" Dalton, 8 p.m. Mar. 1
- Chamber Concert FAB Lobby, 1 p.m. Mar. 1
- Centennial Lecture and Concert Stetson Chapel, 8 p.m. Mar. 3
- Films: "O Lucky Man" Feb. 20th
- "Rules of the Game" Feb. 25th
- "Swiss Miss" Feb. 29th
- "Nightcomers" Mar. 3rd

Kalamazoo College index

Volume 101, No. 4

March 12, 1976

Mirror Image

by Sheldon Klein

Several issues ago I wrote an article dealing with an artists' per relationship with his audience. That article was inspired by an occurrence at a Keith Jarrett concert. Recently I attended a second Jarrett concert, inspiring an article on the converse relationship, that of the audience to the artist.

Quite simply, the audience at the second concert was revoltingly rude. The music was continually drowned out by inappropriate applause, yells, and other disturbances. In fact, one composition was abruptly ended when the audience took a lull in the music for the singing, breaking into thunderous applause, and making any attempt continuing futile.

It may seem strange, even foolish to criticize someone for expressing their enjoyment in a particular way. Certainly, the audience meant well, in some instances their response would have been wholly apropos. However, the audience is wrong in thinking that the musicians need the continual reassurance of the audience in order for them to know they're being appreciated. Great art does not come from artists' desire of the validity of their reception. The mere presence of an audience is sufficient confirmation of their faith in its validity.

This doesn't mean that concerts should be held in funeral parlors. The audience is an integral part of the art itself. But the audience must be governed by assumption that it will participate only to the extent that it adds to the music. When it gets to the point that the artist is prevented from presenting the music under the circumstances that he chooses, the audience has clearly overstepped its bounds.



Granola War Averted

by Helayne Hecht

Student Commission's various committees and sub-committees have been fairly active lately. The various and sundry rumblings that emanate from the Gilmore Parlor on Thursday nights have caused some actions and reactions that just might affect your life here at K. Some of this quarter's SC actions have come to a head in these ways:

The Educational Policies Committee (EPC) is investigating the relevance of interdepartmental classes. Major concerns include the possible wastefulness of two or more professors teaching a single course, which decreases the number and diversity of courses taught.

A committee is being formed to investigate tenure procedure. Motives of the committee include increasing student participation in the tenure granting procedure, and an attempt to familiarize the student body with the mechanics of the tenure process.

There will be an investigation into student organization budgets. Specifically, some question has been raised concerning the granting of honorariums awarded to organization heads. Attempts to

hold organization heads accountable for the quality of their work have been discussed at previous SC meetings, and some sort of resolution to the problem is sought.

Finally, the ever-diligent Food Service Committee is continuing its attempts to balance the interests of SAGA and students. A sort of solution to the Great Granola Controversy (students have been eating too much granola, so SAGA has chosen to eliminate it from one

meal a day. Value judgments concerning the wisdom of removing a food students like, rather than getting rid of those they don't, are left to the reader) has been found. Whole wheat cookies are being served on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays as an alternate whole-grain food. Other

FSC actions include an agreement with SAGA to label the lettuce, 90% or so of which is UFW, and an arrangement whereby SAGA will cook individual portions of food to taste. So, if you're tired of limp broccoli, a brief conversation with a SAGA manager will result in your own personal serving of crunchy vegetables.

Fuss-Budget

by Charlie Stack

Student Commission has approved the Student Organization budgets. The proposed '76/'77 budget is now somewhere between Student Services and Mandelle awaiting approval by the Administration. The total student budget involves a 3.1% increase over last year. The Boiling Pot asked for a \$100 decrease due to a change in publishers. The Index requested a \$3 increase in order to make their figure a round number. Student Commission's increase is a result of a \$300 addition to the Career Service Stipend fund. WJMD's increase is primarily for additional capital expenditures. WRO is asking for 400 more dollars for off-campus speakers. Last year, all of the Film Society's budget except \$1,300 was returned to the college from revenues. Excluding the possibility of embezzlement, a similar phenomenon

is expected for next year. Two organizations, The Science Fiction Society and the Society of Creative Anachronism, were added to next year's budget and two organizations, The Black Spot and Hozhoni, were dropped. The Administration is expected to approve the budget during Spring Quarter.

	75-6	76-7
Boiling Pot	9,800	9,700
Index	7,397	7,400
Student Comm.	3,500	3,840
WJMD	4,667	5,764
Cauldron	1,200	1,275
WRO	800	1,200
Lox and Bagels	250	125
Volunteer Bureau	300	400
Film Society	15,950	15,950
Science Fiction	-	215
Black Spot	500	-
Hozhoni	600	-
New Society for Creative Anachronism	-	50

Testing, Testing, 1-2-3

Educational Testing Service (ETS) reports several major changes in two national testing programs whose scores are used as part of the admissions process in many of the nation's graduate schools.

Both programs, the newly-titled Graduate Management Admission Test (GMAT) and the Graduate Record Examinations (GRE), together test more than 400,000 prospective graduate students every year.

ETS says the changes were made to help simplify the test-taking process by making it more accommodating for student candidates.

The GMAT formerly was called the Admission Test for Graduate Study in Business. The new name parallels a similar change in the sponsoring council's name—reflecting a trend among graduate business schools to include other areas of administration, as well as business.

The program is developed and conducted by ETS for the Admission Council for Graduate Study in Management, a group representing 43 graduate schools of management.

Another significant change in the GMAT is an expanded admission ticket correction form that allows the candidate to verify, and correct if necessary, the accuracy of the information he or she provided ETS on the registration form. Walk-in registration, established during the 1974-75 academic year, also will be honored, space and material permitting.

There are also several new

additions to the GRE. For the first time, a full-length sample GRE aptitude test is available to give candidates an accurate view of the scope of the test and the type of questions it contains. The sample test is the same length and format as the currently used forms of the aptitude test, and contains questions previously used in past tests. An answer key is provided. The sample aptitude test may be ordered separately or as part of the Graduate Programs and Admissions Manual, which provides information about more than 500 institutions and their graduate programs.

The aptitude test has also been shortened by five minutes from the former three-hour total, and an estimated additional 15 minutes of student time at the test center has been saved by soliciting background material on the registration form rather than at the center.

For the first time, GRE candidates will be allowed at the time of the test administration to delete or change the list of institutions to which the scores are to be sent. The GRE program will also continue to accept walk-in registrations, if center space and materials are available, and after all the normally registered candidates have been admitted.

Both programs emphasize that walk-in registrations for the GMAT and the GRE are being continued to provide a needed service to candidates who are unable to register because of circumstances beyond their control.



Renting the Wilds

by M.P. and C.S.

Wilderness Education is now accepting applications for leading K-80 Land/Sea. The applications may be picked up at the Union Desk. They appear quite promising, asking questions about which mountains you have climbed, how many white water rivers you have canoed, but technical abilities are not required for leading. The director of Land/Sea is looking for people who can deal

effectively with their peers under stressful situations. The skills required for leading are basic camp-craft skills like first aid, tarp setting knots, and will be taught to those selected during the summer. The skills necessary for leading on the boat will be taught during a two week training session sometime this summer.

As a new program, Wild. Ed. is

now renting equipment to members of the college community. Available are: packs, sleeping bags, stoves, blankets, tarps, and latrine shovels. That's right, latrine shovels. Rates range from 5c/day for shovels to \$1/day for packs and sleeping bags. A refundable \$10 deposit is required to cover possible damage or loss. If interested, contact Jan Saul at 39542, or Jack Lambert at 39560.

Show Biz

by Krista Nisper

Here is a bit of joy to fill your gray tent week—your modified home stereo (also known as WJMD) has expanded. Brand new 25 watt transmitters have been installed in Hoben-Harmon, Trowbridge, and Severn. The system is carrier-current, which, in simplified terms, means we are broadcasting through the existing wiring rather than through one

wire strung around the dorms. By the time you return in spring or summer, DeWaters and Crissey should also be hooked up.

WJMD is located at 650 AM in all dorms, and the sound is comparable to other area stations. Keep WJMD in mind when you return; come down and visit, or do a show. People are always needed for engineering, production, news, reviewing records, and general B.S. (brainstorming).

Letters- Urang's Harangue

To the Editors:

Because Kalamazoo College is such a tiny place, there can be no proper 'elitism,' I suppose, but other phrases come to mind regarding your "editorial policy"—self-indulgence, for one. I refer to the enormous amount of space occupied by "Thorndike" in each issue. It is insulting to me that you should print this trite nonsense in such volume. Is it supposed to be amusing? Are gross spelling errors, bad sentence construction, and a disjointed, abominable prose style which leads nowhere supposed to be amusing? Is there some redeeming value in it? I cannot believe that we as students are supposed to relate to this rubbish, and if we cannot relate to it, then it is sheer self-indulgence, at our expense.

Is "Thorndike" meant to be a fantasy-student figure with whom students can identify? This is indeed insulting. There is certainly nothing wrong with humor, if only the Thorndike stories were humorous. It saddens me greatly, not only to see the blatant misspellings and horrifying sentence structure, but also particularly to see how obsessed students seem to be with their studenthood. We are only here four years at the utmost; surely we are adult human beings

first, and our status as students comes somewhere at the bottom of the list of identity-titles.

Does Thorndike matter to anyone other than the writer? I fail to see how he could. If only the stories were humorous, or even readable, I could forgive them. Surely there is something diminishing, something insulting about parading this sort of journalistic sloppiness (not to mention the utter neglect on the part of the editors—it's badminton, not mitten or mitten, e.g.) We are intelligent adults, and most of us (I pray) can not only spell, but can appreciate good, well-constructed, meaningful prose when it is made available to us. An editorial policy (if, indeed, such a thing exists) which ignores, nay, eliminates the possibility of, this fact is appalling to me.

If we must be obsessed with "college life," if we must harp on this tiresome subject as if there were really nothing else, if we must have a "cult hero," give us one that appeals to more than just one or two people, and give us one that is not offensive to our tiny little immature unfulfilled teenage virgin sensibilities. And proofread it!!!!

Sincerely,
Sally Urang

The Scarlet Letter

by Michael Routh

More serious than it perhaps seems to be, the damage caused by the collapse of college grading standards during the past decade has already been too long ignored. Quite simply: too many students are receiving too many A's and B's, and—less obviously, and a much nastier topic to boot—very few students, no matter how incompetent, are being flunked.

Probably nobody has ever accused the American university of overusing common sense, or, indeed, of using it at all. Presumably the bastion of the rational mind, the university is itself frequently run irrationally. And grade inflation provides a case in point. For (extremely unusual situations aside), when over half the students receive A's and B's, the exceptional is no longer exceptional, and the system of evaluation is rendered meaningless. As Gilbert and Sullivan observed, when everybody's somebody, nobody's anybody. Or, as Shaw put it, "In heaven an angel is nobody in particular."

And let us dismiss at once the idea we sometimes hear used to account for inflated grades that students are somehow better today. This presupposes that students of the past decade either benefitted from some miraculous leap forward in the evolutionary process, or that their pre-college teachers nationwide suddenly developed new and dazzling techniques that somehow had escaped

other teachers for thousands of years. Suspicious hypotheses, these.

I recall listening at a teacher's workshop to one professor explain his grading scale as consisting of A, B, C, and "No Credit." F's and D's, he held, were somehow punitive—though he never got

flunking out or transferring to easier schools, then the instructor who are "too tough" are thought to be costing the school money. Indeed, the governor of a state once taught in delivered an address—which was distributed to the faculty of our state university acknowledging the serious



around to explaining how a grade of "No Credit" differed from an F, or how a C in his system wasn't as "punitive" as the traditional D. "We're all humanists," he kept saying, implying that therefore we should all grade easily.

I have yet to discover whose humanism this professor had in mind; but the idea that no one must fail is at best unrealistic. Besides providing rather a dubious definition of success, such an idea is damaging to a student's intellectual growth. For, like other people, students tend to come up to the standards set for them. Lower standards, or abolish them altogether, and—educational pop psychology theories or no—in most cases the result will be lower performance.

Of course such reasoning carries with it far too great a burden of common sense to be of use to the university. Yet we see this sort of reasoning used elsewhere quite frequently, often in far more mundane settings. In a recent advertisement an international airline emphasizes its rigid standards for selecting pilot; imagine your reaction to this airline if its ad were to read: "We let just about anyone fly our planes." But that, in effect, is what happens in college when virtually anything handed in is passed not because it is actually college-level work, but, rather, simply because it is handed in.

If a person is to improve his mind in college, then the college must necessarily be demanding. It must require that students come up to legitimate academic standards, rather than adjust itself—as it is now doing—to the level of the students. No instructor could amble out to the football field and say, "Coach, I'd sure like to make the squad. Trouble is, I'm slow, weak, and overweight—think your guys could ease up a little when they hit me and let me score a touchdown once in awhile?" And yet, because college has become reasonably easy, this is precisely what students have been led to expect—that if something's too tough for them, well, we'll make it easier. This is why departmental chairmen hear students complain not that a teacher is incompetent, but that he is "too difficult," that his standards are somehow "too high" (though it is seldom if ever explained in relation to what the standards are too high).

Unfortunately, improving academic standards significantly probably isn't feasible today for that grossest of reasons, money. The nation's colleges and universities are scratching as desperately as the rest of us to stay afloat financially, so administrators aren't likely to beam with delight upon those instructors who do uphold standards. For too many administrators, students are monetary units, and if they start getting low grades and quitting or

special difficulties of the state's educational program and saying that university's job, therefore, we get as many students as possible into each classroom—then to let them there by any possible means. This can hardly be construed as a clarion call for quality education.

Now part of what a college instructor is paid to do is the difficult and sometimes very painful task of evaluating student performance. Yet many administrators will fire someone for doing this task honestly (academic freedom be damned) if the result is many low grades and will reprimand someone else who tacitly ignores by keeping everybody smiling with a liberal sprinkling of A's and B's. The question, then, is qualitative one—whether standards are good or bad; moral one—whether high standards are right or wrong; the question that matters, it seems to me, is the financial one—whether, in monetary unit, the student, who is lost.

The trend toward teacher evaluation questionnaires has helped foster insecurity in those instructors who would like to uphold standards. Rodin and Rodin recently found that "students most highly instructors whom they learn the least," also happen to be the instructors who tend to grade leniently. Similarly last fall Powell found that teachers "receive much fewer evaluations from students when they are required to do less work and receive higher grades, and substantially less." He concludes: "If it is true that students inadvertently give higher grades to instructors who require less work and give higher grades, those instructors are rewarded 'good' teaching by their departments and the administrators while more demanding instructors are punished, then there is no sure for all instructors to be in this way...thus, students short-changed on the most important commodity which is expected to result from their university experience—learning."

Instructors who do uphold academic standards, then, are "against" students, but, trying to insure that student college years are worthwhile. Moreover, the students themselves are not to blame; someone else over-evaluates them. Only the faculty—who actually assign grades—the encouragement of supportive administrators, instead of obliquely threatening positions these people too often assume to stop grade inflation. Certainly university owes the upholding of academic standards to the students, to itself, and to society. Robert M. Hutchins states, "The first obligation of an intellectual institution is to set high intellectual standards and to insist on intellectual work."



Schwarz's - Right Up the Old Alley

by Matt Petter

After a month of being turned away by the "Closed Indefinitely" sign, I became frightened. The thought of having to walk all the way to McGonigles, or, God forbid, buy a six pack at Stop and Go, horrified me. What has happened to that little haven 2 1/2 minutes away from my room? Rumors of health problems and lack of business seemed to prevail. Not being satisfied with rumors, I finally went to all the effort of dialing information, getting the number, and calling. The real reason, get this, is that there was too much business. Is Charlie

Schwarz some sort of a fanatical Ayn Rand freak or a crazed socialist? Apparently not. The story was related to me by the voice of a Schwarz's waitress: Charlie showed up for a visit and was pleased to no end not to be able to find a parking place. Upon entering his establishment, he found his restaurant empty and "Alpine Alley" (that's the name of the downstairs to those not observant enough to have read the sign above the stairs) filled to capacity. Charlie, obviously a

shrewd business man, immediately ordered the "Alley" closed. It has been rumored, but not substantiated, that 'last call' was at 9:30. Some of us might think of other solutions; make a bigger parking lot, close the restaurant (no one would eat there more than once anyway) or raise the beer price, (and quality). Then again, Charlie's got four locations according to his placemat, which is quite remarkable since his original "Chicken Charlies" was....well, McDonalds made it.

Editors: Helayne Hecht
Matt Petter
Charlie Stack

Photography: Tom Johnston

Layout: Ann Gary

Muckraker: Sheldon Klein



An Imaginative Invalid

by Guy Calcerano

Moliere is impact drama. He meant to delight the eye and ear, provoke the humor, prick the conscience, and outrage the sensibilities. The Dalton cast did a dazzling job on three out of these four in the Kalamazoo College production of *The Imaginary Invalid*, February 26 through 28.

Clair Meyers handled his play with aplomb and dignity; no small task considering the sheer size of the cast, the diversity of the characterizations, and the slapdash (very nearly-stick) quality of Moliere's comedy. Without a tight script, such an all too easily turned to a non-kosher feast (ham on a bun). But, let each speak (and act) for himself:

Angelique (Lisa Elkuss) is a creditable paeon to feminine emptiness and pliability, and, rock! in Moliere's context, the strength of innocence provided the consummation devoutly to be wished. She was such an eminently tickable daisy that we could well understand why Cleant (Skip Maskin) so evidently desired to do it. Regardless of Waskin's perfect execution, Cleant was paper one-dimensional (obtuse tip-toeing does not equal characterization). However, the less, the romantic couple obviously understood the 17th century's (universal?) combination of subtle courtship and not-so-subtle lust. Against this set of operatic romance swirls the ballet of conjoined masters, money, medicine, and matrimony. Pam, merrily, the two go into a brick wall. Rarely could the couple find so

(ig) noble a bulkhead to bounce off of as Beline (Diane Richoz), the invalid's moneygrubbing wife. Rarely has heaven so justly bestowed the name of "bosom"...uh... "mother". If Beline had even a touch of soul to go with her cunning, Angelique just might have ended up in that convent. Her blocking and movement were just short of brilliant; a stately slime mold migration. Richoz played middleage with a grace rare among college actors. (we will not comment negatively on type-casting...if it works well...)

Wall number II- if vaudeville had existed in France in the late 1600's, the team of Diafoirus and Diafoirus, Monsieur by Tim Roberts and son by John O'Brien, would have made star billing. Roberts proved he could double-talk with the masters, and O'Brien had a fantastic pantomime. Their bumbling duet to ensnare the hand of Angelique was comic highlight. Much to the credit of both, they not only understood their relationship, but also their roles in the play.

And, wall number III- the tenacious proof that mind (however wrong) will triumph over matter. Again, the Invalid extraordinaire occupied a critical center, both pivot post and victim, of virtually every stage action. Steven Schmidt displayed an obvious and facile comprehension of this role. Pudding's proof: he carried the tragic but absolutely vital scene in which Argon confesses his need for illness beautifully. Depth, in such change, is damn difficult, but the Dalton

audience, all too prone to laughter at inappropriate times (and acting), reacted without a snigger. Big however it was Schmidt's abominable pacing which contributed heftily to the play's fatal flaw of posterior drag.

Good results from many directions should be expected throughout, if only from the fact that the actors have such good physical tools.

Gayland Spaulding seems determined to go from one costuming triumph to another. We follow eagerly from the mermaids' mobile fishiness, to the magificence of Louis XIV, to Argon's well-heeled rattiness, to the infinite subtlety of the female form, to simian abstraction, to arrive at the very feet of medical knowledge himself M. Purgon. The original music of Steven Schmidt was both in tune with the period and emphasized the modernity of Moliere's truth. Its subtlety was well drawn by an excellent ensemble of musicians too numerous to mention. (Special kudos to Doug Beazley on piano-forte and harpsicord and the bowed strings.) Both set the lighting were kept in well done minimalist reign. Refined. A wise move.

All is not so rosy. Moliere projected caricatures as much as characters. However it is vital to understand that these are stage, ergo real, damn it, caricatures, not cartoons. The point was missed by some.

Pam Marsden (Toinette) seemed to think that force of character could be portrayed by obnoxious intonation and that uncontrolled

kinetics would substitute for the vitality with which actors must throw themselves into Moliere. She was wrong. Scott Paine (M. Bonnefoy) did a class D high school job of what a money grubber should be like. Doug Beazley ended up putting across neither enema nor his lines.

This is not to suggest that all minor parts were hacked. Far from it. I did not hear a single applau which Ami Campbell did not deserve for her role as Louison and they were there in plural, multiplied. She provided the perfect tom-boy coquette counterpoint to her sister's romantic lady. (Clapper and the belle?) Greg Tushar, as Beralde, handled Moliere's inevitable self-flagellation with relaxation and logical withdrawal. This part hammed would have destroyed the end of the play totally. And last but not least, Duane Utech absolutely personified the diety that is medicine. His stage presence was akin to the Japanese presence at Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941. His intonation

alone left an irrational horror of dispepsia which refuses to go away to date. M. Purgon could not have been played with more perfect pomp and pomposity.

Some of the juiciest parts of the play though were not in the play proper, at all. The allegorical devices of the Intermezzi were carried off brilliantly. We can thank the aqua cast, plus Louis XIV, for an unrivaled opening. Araceli Lippman deserves praise for her choreography. Polichinelle (Tom Morris) nearly stole the show with his activist monologue, on the thin line between life and reality. The effect was to gidily suspend one in Moliere's dramatic void ready to be plunged into a play (?) nightmare (?).

However, seldom does a play as a whole seem to suffer from a malaise which saps its strength and yet can be traced to few direct sources. Such was the slowness which dragged out Moliere far beyond what he intended. Pacing is as vital, as difficult, and something the Dalton stage, too often lacks.

Blues for Solo Kazoo

by Helayne Hecht
lyrics by Sheldon Klein

"I'm cold and I'm tired
and I can't stop coughing
long enough to tell you
all of the news.
I'd like to tell you
that I'll see you more often,
but often is a word
I seldom use."

John Prine

Well I owe about ten people ten times more money than I'm ever going to have, and there are about three people I'd like to commit acts of violence against. There are also about twelve people who'd like to commit violent acts against me... and I've got to get out of here, damn it, but I'm getting out too soon to get everything that needs doing done.

CHORUS: Oooh baby, I got those
tenth week blues,
I'm piled in books from my head
to my shoes,

I'm a suburban rock n'roller
lookin' for academic fame,
but only the reference librarian
knows my name.

Last tenth week I was sitting in the back seat of a car waiting for the Ohio Turnpike to turn into a cliff which we could plummet off of. It didn't. Instead of death and release from fiancés, I found Toledo. Though there are those who would argue that Toledo is death, it was small comfort. I've heard that at Harvard, if your roommate commits suicide, you get out of finals. It might work here...but I don't even have a roommate.

CHORUS: Well my mojo ain't
workin'
and I'm down in the dumps,
Sweet Lord, let the freshmen
get my sophomore slumps,
Oooh baby, I got them lowdown
blues to pay,
Go away, sweet daddy,
pretty mama needs an "A".



They sat silently once again.
"Maybe it wasn't morning after all", suggested the bird.

"But I thought we just decided it was morning", cried the man in dismay.

"Well", continued the bird, "maybe we just thought it was morning, after all, it is pretty dark out. Maybe it was really afternoon instead."

The tree, who had been silent through all of this, agreed. "You know, there is a lot of sense in all of that. All we really established was the fact that it was a dark day. We never really got around to deciding whether it was morning or afternoon."

"But", argued the man, "I thought the reason we decided it was a dark day was that the bird was singing a morning song. I thought that meant it was morning."

The tree looked at the man very patiently. "You must understand that the bird can see no better than you or the pumpkin. How is he, then, to know on a dark day whether it is morning or afternoon when you two didn't even know

that it was day?"

The man thanked the tree for explaining it to him, and the pumpkin, who greatly admired the tree, told the tree that it was a very fine explanation indeed. The bird, who was happy that he had been right from the very beginning, started to sing once again...

And as the four of them sat rejoicing, the sun began to rise sleepily above the horizon.

The bird stopped singing abruptly. The pumpkin looked up in disbelief. The man coughed, and the tree did nothing.

"How", asked the pumpkin, "can it be morning when it was evening only a short time ago?" The bird looked at him with his mouth open.

They all stared at each other and at the sun. The sun stared back triumphantly. "This is all very confusing", said the man, "Very confusing".

"I don't understand it", said the bird. The tree was unable to speak.

"Something very funny is going on here", said the pumpkin.

"Yes", said the man, "something very funny."

Sunny Side of the Pumpkin Patch

by Tom Hennes

"Excuse me", he said again. But why are you singing 'Hello Polly' at this time of the evening?"

"At this time of the what?" asked the bird.

"Of the evening."

"I'm not", said the bird.

"You're not what?"

"Singing this song in the evening."

"What do you mean?", asked the pumpkin, motioning to the man to come closer.

"I mean", said the bird patiently. "That I'm not singing this song in the evening. This is a morning song. Why would I sing it at night?"

"That's what I asked you", said the pumpkin, wondering what the confusion was all about. The man, who was getting very interested in the whole affair, nodded.

The tree called to the pumpkin, "You seem to be having some difficulty. Are you absolutely sure that it is evening?"

"Of course!", answered the pumpkin.

The bird made a gesture with his wing and moved toward the pumpkin, studying him very closely.

"You mean", he whispered, "that you think this is evening?"

The pumpkin, who by this time was very sure of himself, said yes.

The bird turned to the man. "And you, what do you think?", he asked.

"Well, I must admit that it is rather dark out", said the man.

The bird thought for a moment and said, "But if this were night, then I would have been singing a night song. And if it were very late night, then I wouldn't have been singing at all."

The three of them thought for a moment and then they went back to the tree and told him what was going on. Since he was so very much wiser than any of them, they thought, maybe he would be able to explain it to them.

They all sat very still for a long time. Finally, the tree drew in a deep breath and spoke. "It has been my experience", he began, "that birds tend to sing morning songs in the morning, and evening songs in the evening." The three

listeners sat very quietly and nodded as the tree spoke. "It has also been my experience that rarely are any of these birds wrong in their estimation of the period of the day in which they are occupied."

"What?", asked the pumpkin, looking hopefully around him.

"Birds always know what time it is", said the bird proudly.

The pumpkin thanked him and turned back to the tree.

"But", continued the tree, pausing for a moment to be sure that he had the attention of everyone. "It has also been my experience that few pumpkins are ever incorrect in their estimation to the time of day, either."

"What about people?", asked the man.

"Unfortunately, most of them never seem to have any idea what time it is, or know anything else of any importance, for that matter."

The man winced at the insult.

"But", said the tree quickly, "I'm sure that you are no ordinary man, or else you would most certainly not be here now."

The man smiled briefly.

"At any rate, continued the tree, "what we seem to have here is a conflict between two normally reliable sources."

All nodded in agreement.

"On the other hand, we have what would seem to be very conclusive evidence that this is night in the fact that it is very dark. On the other hand, we have evidence that it is day in the fact that this bird has been singing a morning song, something which would be impossible at night."

"To the first evidence, I would say this: I have heard that sometimes the days are very dark, especially in the cities. So perhaps this may not be night at all, but rather it may simply be one of those dark days."

The tree stopped for a few moments to collect his thoughts.

"Therefore, having found a plausible alternative to the theory that it is night, and having found no alternative at all to the theory that it is day, we must conclude that it is indeed day."

They all sat speechless, in awe of the tree's knowledge. Suddenly the man spoke. "But I don't understand how we can be sure that this particular day is in fact one of those dark days that you have heard of."

"That's very simple", said the bird, "since we know it's day and since we can all see that it is certainly dark, it has to be a dark day."

The man twisted his head to the side and rubbed his chin with his fingers in an effort to understand. "Do you think you could tell me once more how we decided it is day?"

"Because it's dark", said the pumpkin. "Since it's a dark day, we know that it can't be night, because then it would be a dark night."

The pumpkin continued, eager to show the others that he finally understood. "If it were light, then we would really be in a bind, because then it might be a light night. So we're really much better off having it dark."

The tree nodded, thinking that there was considerable wisdom in that last remark.

The man felt much better now that it had all been explained to him. "I see", he said. "It's really very simple, isn't it?"

They were all very happy that everybody now understood, and they congratulated each other on their ability to figure the whole thing out. The bird was so happy that he began to sing again.

"Wait a minute!", shouted the pumpkin. "You are singing 'Melancholy Baby'!", he said to the bird.

"That", he continued, "is an evening song."

The bird was abruptly silent. The tree, the man, and the pumpkin stared at the bird for a very, very long time. The moon, who had become very tired listening to all of the arguing, slipped below the horizon and went to bed.

The bird finally spoke. "Well", he said, "if I'm singing an evening song, then it must be evening."

"It can't be evening", protested the pumpkin. "It was only just morning."

Kalamazoo College Index

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Baroque: The Pernucio Experience



BY DAVID BAN

It is not often these days that one hears the music of the Baroque era played on the original instruments of the time, but music lovers at Kalamazoo College were given such a treat on Friday, April 2, as the Pernucio Ensemble performed an all-baroque concert in Dalton Theatre. Violinist Carol Lieberman and harpsichordist Mark Kroll, the ensemble members, showed that they are two dedicated explorers in the world of Baroque. The violin and bow that Ms. Lieberman played and the stylistic approach of this duo were unaltered originals, bringing to the audience an experience of the Baroque as it must have been in the 17th and 18th centuries.

Of the pieces they performed, only the *Sonata for Violin and Harpsichord in A Major* by J. S. Bach was likely to be familiar to those whose exposure to the baroque era is only cursory. The recital began with the *Sonata III for Violin and Continuo* and the *Passacaglia for Solo Violin in G Major* by H.I.F. Biber. Although his name is not as well-known as Bach's, Biber belonged to a group of 17th century composers who wrote virtuosic music for the violin, and whose school ultimately culminated in the *Sonatas and Partitas for Solo Violin*, by Bach. The Biber, as played by Ms. Lieberman according to the stylistic conventions of the time, was something like a fancified baroque hoedown. Indeed, much of the music of the time was meant to accompany dances and the intimate parties of the nobility.

The harpsichord's roll in the violin sonatas of Biber and Bach was a subdued one. It served as the *Basso continuo*, the accompaniment and rhythm, but was not of importance in itself. In the two compositions played in the second part of this concert, however, the harpsichord (le clavecin) not only had an equal share but also a solo voice. In four *Pieces de Clavecin* by C. Balbastre, the harpsichord

Continued on pg. 4, col. 2.

To Eat or Not to Eat

This Spring is the first anniversary of the optional meal plan, however all has not gone smoothly with this additional service by Saga. Students, able to choose the quantity of food with which they wish to burden their systems, have exhibited an annoying propensity to change their minds.

By no means an overwhelming percentage of the student population, some individuals have had second thoughts about the meal plan they signed up for the fifth week of the last quarter they were on. Upon returning to Kalamazoo they found their freedom of choice lost to what may have seemed to some—a bureaucratic nightmare—actually it was the billing procedure.

The business office sent out the bills for Spring during the seventh week of the winter quarter. Students were then charged for the meal plan decided upon during the registration period. However those students who registered late found they could not choose a meal plan then, and that they were responsible for locating the proper office at which they could submit their request. Evidently a number of students neglected to do this and were then billed for all twenty meals.

Another problem resulted when some individuals made schedule changes and found that with a noon hour class, lunch was impossible and twenty meals a week was no longer desirable. Most of these malcontents were eventually referred to Student Life, prompting Dean Trader to call a meeting with the various personnel involved, gritting her teeth and saying "We are going to try to simplify this if we can."

The meeting was held Monday, April 5, with some positive results. The lack of uniform procedure for late registration has been changed. Students may choose a meal plan at the time they register—even if they do so late. Any individual who wishes to change his designated plan after the sixth week can see John Capaccio in Student Life, although chances are slim for changes after the beginning of the quarter.

See America First

BY JO BOWER

For all those students who are frustrated by the lack of continuity and coherency in their travels through the K plan, the new American Studies Program is a recently-arrived remedy. The program, instituted in January, is designed to provide a link between student's major field and other areas of his/her study and experience by focusing on a study of American institutions and ideology in an historical and comparative context.

The American Studies concentration was conceived in 1974 by a group of faculty members who wanted to facilitate the integration of the different academic experiences students have on campus and abroad. After drawing up a proposal, faculty members solicited the National Endowment for the Humanities and a \$53,000 grant was awarded, which enabled the program to be instituted at the

beginning of 1976, with Dr. David Strauss, history professor, as program director.

The broad nature of the American Studies concentration allows for a great deal of personal creativity in pursuing independent projects during career service, on foreign study, or in special seminar courses. In addition to the two "core" courses, Dr. Strauss hopes that a special seminar will be developed in which students can learn and apply comparative research methods, a natural preparation for independent study which could be carried out in a foreign environment, or during the senior year as an S.I.P.

With a concentration in American Studies, it is possible that some students might be interested in local history and social developments. The Local History Program, now in its third year, coordinated by Dr. Kim Cummings, provides a framework in

which students can pursue independent research during the career service quarter and after.

Kalamazoo is unique in its resources for studying local history; there are extensive archives at K College, WMU and the public library. In addition, the presence of many persons in Kalamazoo from different social, cultural and ethnic backgrounds provides an opportunity to explore oral histories and the human experience in a changing world.

To Dr. Strauss, the relationship between the two programs, is strong: "The student of American Studies will gain an understanding of broad national trends. The validity of these trends may then be tested in the laboratory of Kalamazoo to see in fact how persuasive they were. For students who are interested, the local history project may become a comparative study."

Dr. Strauss feels the American Studies program at Kalamazoo is unique in its comparative orientation, which allows students "an opportunity to interpret the American experience by viewing it in relation to elements of another

Continued on pg. 3, col. 2.

Ballard Named Provost

The College Provost Search Committee, headed by Dr. David Morrow, professor of philosophy, has selected Dr. Rene Ballard to replace Dr. Donald Flesche, professor of political science, who has been acting provost since the resignation of Dr. John Satterfield. Dr. Flesche will continue as provost until Dr. Ballard assumes his duties on July 1.

President Rainsford, in announcing Dr. Ballard's appointment said, "Dr. Ballard is a man who has achieved national prominence as a faculty member at Knox College in Illinois and as a senior academic administrator at Wittenberg University. He is a leader with people, a creator with educational ideas, and a highly competent and sensitive administrator. Kalamazoo College is indeed fortunate to have attracted a person of Dr. Ballard's stature who will add the weight of his competence to the growing momentum of Kalamazoo

College."

Dr. Ballard, upon receiving his M.A. and Ph.D. degrees from the University of Utah, served as an instructor of political science, and as the Director of Public Relations from 1954 to 1957 at Knox College, Galesburg, Illinois. In 1958, he became the professor of political science on the Old Dominion Foundation at Knox. He has been Dean of the College at Wittenberg University since 1971.

Dr. Ballard is a founder of the Western Political Science Foundation and has published a number of articles and book review in educational publications concerning teaching and administration in higher education. His public activities have included serving on the Governor's Committee on Higher Education, Utah, 1947; chairing of the city planning commission in Galesburg, Illinois, 1952-70; and filling two terms as an elected councilman in Galesburg.

Frisbee Madness Hits Kalamazoo



Angell Field is overtaken in ultimate move.

See Story Page 5

Commission Results

Vice President: Vance Kincaid
Campus Life Committee: Mike Berkow
Political Action Committee: Don Grimes
Educational Policies Committee: Yemi Ogunbase and Gary Keene
Food Service Committee: Rick Marciniak, Owen Clemens, Frank Killian
Crissey: Jane Crane
Severn: Jeff Hawke
Harmon: Suzi Steube
Hoben: Dexter Wetherall
Trowbridge: Mark Laning and Mary Seaburg
DeWaters: Chris Bodurov
Honor Houses: Bruce Johnson
Student Court: Tom Johnston

DIALOGUE: Lebanon and Israel... Is Peace Possible?

(Evan Hughes, a senior History major, studied in Beirut in the fall, winter and spring quarters of 1974-75. John Macdonald is a junior who studied in Jerusalem in the summer, fall and winter quarters of 1975-76. They were asked to discuss their relative experiences and to offer insights into the causes of the recent violence in Israel and the continuing fighting in Beirut. —Ed.)

Evan Hughes: People don't really have a very good idea of who the Arabs actually are. The biggest misconception is, "Well, they're all Arabs." That is not true. There are Syrians, Palestinians, Jordanians and Iraqis. Nationalities are becoming extremely well defined. Being in a non-western culture raises questions in your mind that you wouldn't normally ask about Western society, for example, certain things about religion that we accept as sacrosanct. We can look at Muslims marching around a town square beating their heads with razor blades, cutting themselves and we can say, "That's ridiculous," but we don't see things about our own religion that are also ridiculous.

John Macdonald: That's true. You go to the Mideast and you get a more objective viewpoint of religion. You are exposed to other religions, to Islam, and you start to look at the religions and the beliefs involved. It is very interesting to look at the rituals and their origins.

I had never been to a "foreign country" and it gave me a much broader viewpoint. I have been a bug on the Near East for a long time. Despite the fact that I had read whatever I could get my hands on in the United States, I didn't really know much of what was going on until I arrived in Jerusalem. To a certain extent, you can't avoid that ignorance.

In this country newspapers have a viewpoint, they report what is news-worthy, what happens, but they don't report the atmosphere, the nature of the people and how the government is run, little things that make a difference that you don't find in your information sources in the United States. So I think my experience gave me a tremendously more balanced viewpoint.

Most Americans have some misconceptions about the Middle East. I think those of us who have been to the Mideast still have some misconceptions. People tend to form opinions on the basis of what information they can get and sometimes that information is incomplete. I have met some people who think of the Mideast strictly in terms of oil, Arabs and terrorism; and others who think in terms of Jews, good guys; Arabs, bad guys; and the other way around. That way of thinking is just the result of the information they have gotten and their background. There are people who have been taught that the Arabs tried to conquer Israel but couldn't do it, and that they are still trying to conquer Israel today—and that is bad. The opposite opinion occurs, too. I've tried to correct some of the misconceptions; I've succeeded somewhat. It's a difficult situation to explain because there are so many things involved; it's very complex and you run into problems in trying to explain it.

E. H.: One of the most impressive things I found in the Arab world was that life was basic. You were dealing with people just taking care of the basic necessities of life. When you see this you realize how much is added onto what we enjoy in the West; how far removed we are yet how tied we are to the basics.

The fighting broke out in March

in Beirut when a group of fishermen had a march to protest the government grant of a license to a company owned by a former president of Lebanon. In Lebanon the government controls the wealth. It is a free enterprise system but you can make so much money off the government. If you have an "in" in the government you can make or break your company. So the Christians who have been holding political power since World War II also have the economic power. Muslims want equal representation. I think in the future they will ask for a type of situation that existed before now, putting them in a position of higher responsibility. It is a power struggle, feudal in nature. It is definitely not a religious struggle. It just happens that the Muslims are primarily poor and the Christians are primarily wealthy or middle class. It is very economic in origin, very much a power struggle. I think the leaders are motivating it more than the people. I don't think the people have that much to gain from this struggle. It is like the Chicago political machine. If you get into power, you get to hand out patronage jobs. The same kind of thing is what is going on in Lebanon. Not that many people are going to benefit. Chicago doesn't break down into street fighting because Mayor Daley is in charge.

J. M.: And he gives the people what they want in return for keeping the gravy train going.

E. H.: In Lebanon there was no reason for the Christians to be in power anymore. They no longer comprised the majority. Their support in the army was lacking; most of the enlisted men in the army are Muslims, most of the officers are Christians. They got away from their basis, they didn't have as many people and they didn't have the force which was necessary to keep them in power. Right now things are somewhat balanced. The Muslims and the Palestinians on one hand, the Phalangists and the army to a certain extent on the other. Now it is tipped a little. Previously the Christians were in power and now it is going through a transition. In any transition there is going to be a battle for power and that is what is happening. Eventually when the see-saw tips in favor of the Muslims, the violence of the transition period will end.

J. M.: There has been antagonisms between the Jews and Arabs in Israel for a long time. There are two historical forces, two different locomotives, going toward each other on the same track. There are the Jewish Zionists and the Jewish need for a state on the one hand. On the other hand there is the awakening of the Arab nationalists, and the two forces are clashing over the same piece of property.

The Palestinian Liberation Organization wants the West Bank liberated for a state and the Israelis won't let it go without some iron-clad assurances that the integrity of Israel itself will be maintained. In the meantime, the Israelis do have some settlements on the West Bank, in the Golan Heights, and in the Sinai. To an extent these settlements are defensive. They are to maintain a hold on the land while the Israelis have the land in their possession. The settlements would be vacated once they give the land back.

To an extent it is also a kind of permanent settlement. There is a place called Qiryat Arba near Hebron in the West Bank which is inspired by Rabbi Levinger, an extremely religious Jew, who believes that they should keep the West Bank, the Sinai and the

occupied territories because they are part of the lands that God gave to Israel.

In the Israeli government there is, in effect, a sort of power struggle. The government is socialist democratic in nature. It is democratic but there are various parties representing different ideological viewpoints.

The Labor Party is the largest party but it never has a majority so it has to form coalitions. The main coalition is be-

tween the Labor Party and the Nationalist Religist Party. Therefore, the coalition is between a large party of secular Jews and very religious Jews. Together they operate to get their legislation through the government and run the country that way. This coalition, which has been existence except for about three months in Israel's entire history, would be at odds over religious issues such as the West Bank. The government is stepping very carefully and it has many people stating opposing viewpoints. The numerous, conflicting statements are, to my understanding, confusing to the people of the Arab nations. They don't understand that Israel does not have a government that acts quickly. Israel does not have a government that has one person at the top who can whip everyone in line and follow a certain policy. It seems like the Israelis are saying, "Well, many of us want to give it back," and I believe the majority of Israelis would like to return the West Bank in exchange for some iron-clad assurances, but on the other hand, they are stepping so slowly and so carefully within the government in order to maintain the coalition and the integrity of the government that very little is being done. The problem in the West Bank is the Israeli attempt to institute some sort of self government that the Arabs don't particularly like. The Arabs feel it is being imposed from the outside and it is a temporary state as a prelude to the West Bank being annexed.

There is a basic antagonism. The Arabs would like more or less to have the West Bank to be a Palestinian state. They don't want it to be part of Jordan or Israel.

It seems like no one is getting anywhere which breeds frustrations and strikes like the one in Nazareth just recently, resulting in some bloodshed.

E. H.: The Arab view of the settlement goes something like this: when the United Nations in 1947 voted for the partition of Palestine a map was drawn up which included most, but not all, of the Jewish settlements. When the war for Israeli independence was fought in 1948, the Israelis pushed beyond the map of the United Nations and took these settlements. The Arabs see the settlements on the West Bank from a historical perspective. They assume that because the Israelis made sure that these settlements were included in 1948 that in any future agreement they are going to be included again and the Arabs are frightened.

In Lebanon the basis of the recent problems is internal. You're not hearing everything that is going on. I know for a fact the Libya is importing arms and there is talk that Iraq and Libya are trying to join forces against Syria.



Syria is trying to keep things cool. Syria would like to incorporate Lebanon or make it a client state. Historically, Lebanon was always a part of Syria; it is only since 1946 that it has been independent.

J. M.: In Israel some of the problems are the result of the lack of external problems. There are a few more internal problems emerging now that their time has come.

Israelis are having tremendous problems with organized crime. They are starting to crack down on it but it is very difficult. Organized crime got a very good foothold in Israel because of the great immigration which was the basis of the organization of the country in the beginning. The primary thing, in the beginning, was immigration. There were people pouring into this new state where most of the country's resources were concentrated on surviving as a state and on getting immigrants rather than on internal organization. It was relatively easy for organized crime to get a foothold.

Some of the problems that organized crime entails are becoming evident. Also, some of the problems in Israel with the Arabs at the present time are coming out because it has been too quiet. Many of the Arabs feel they have to start something to remind Israel that they are not going to sit down and let Israel take over the West Bank. They still want a state there.

E. H.: In Lebanon, the government is organized crime.

I don't see any immediate solution to the Mideast problem because the divided leadership in Israel is not going to accept a Palestinian state. Israel is also making itself more independent from the U.S. For example, they are building large oil storage facilities in case their oil supply gets cut off from Iran, their main supplier, and they are building up their own armaments industry.

I don't see the Israelis giving in and I don't see the Palestinians giving in either. The Palestinians have internal problems, too. There is the rejection front, the Popular Front, for the Liberation of Palestine, the Popular Democratic Front for the Liberation of Palestine and all these other groups who are not under the leadership of Yasser Arafat. Neither side is going to compromise its sovereignty, in the Palestinian case, their hoped-for sovereignty.

J. M.: I don't know how far the Palestinians are willing to go. I do know how far the Israelis are willing to go and there are certain things beyond which they will not go, on which they will not compromise.

They will not give up Jerusalem; they will not allow the existence of a secular democratic state in Palestine. The fact that

Israel is a Jewish state is an important point; it is the important point because there must be a Jewish state. There must be a state primarily for Jews.

Historically the Jews have perhaps the world's most persecuted people. They are with it; they don't want to be threatened by persecution more. The Israelis feel that if it is a legitimate state for Jews the Jews can always come to state. The fact that the state is legitimate will give the Jews power in world politics. They will insure that the world conscience will not allow a holocaust such as the one where six million Jews died under the hands of Hitler. One third of the world's Jews died.

As a result the Israelis are somewhat paranoid. They will give up Israel; they will not give up Jerusalem and they will allow a Palestinian state to be maintained on the West Bank the Gaza strip if that Palestinian state does not give iron-clad assurances, and whatever mechanisms that exist, that state would be contained. Israelis want a Palestinian state on the West Bank, with the possibility of an auto strip to the strip, that will not make demands on Israel, will not take some responsibility for terrorist activities, will be a sovereign state that wants to exist peacefully in Israel.

If those conditions are met I think the majority of Israel would agree, but they would know that they are safe through their primary motivation. The state is theirs and they are going to give it up.

E. H.: The Arabs want to know what the state of Israel is. In the 1920's, the Israel envisioned in the U.N. partition plan, the Israel that now exists as a result of the 1948 war, or the 1967 war?

J. M.: The Israel today is three times as big as it was after the war of independence, but the borders are only half as long as the partition plan.

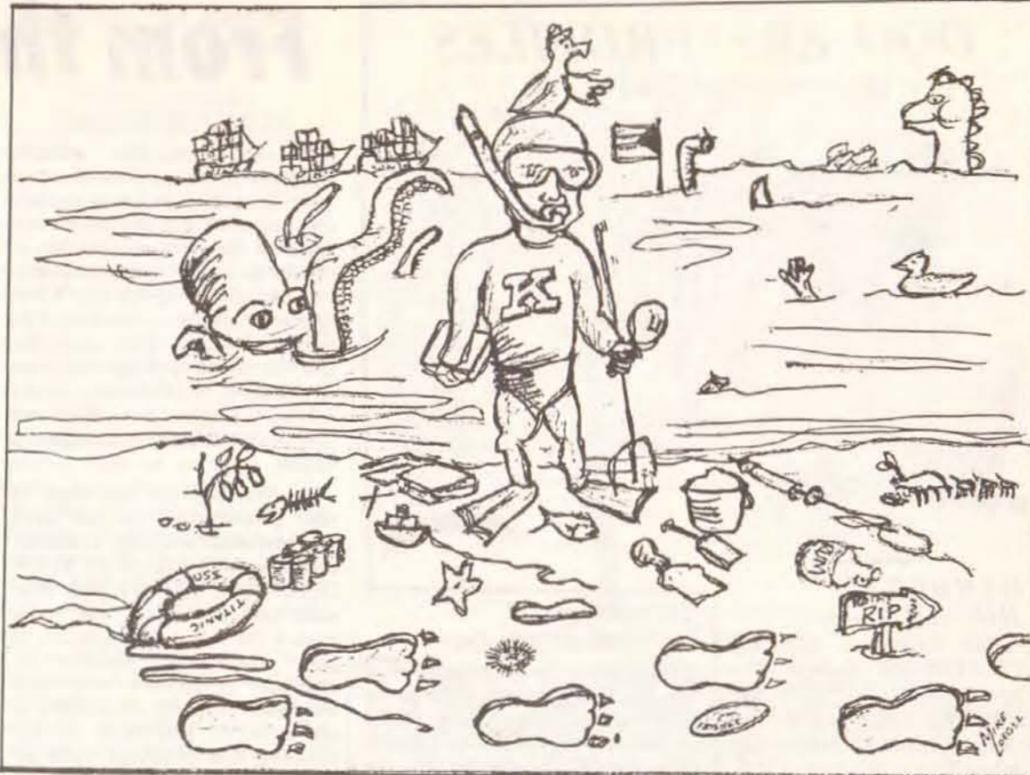
E. H.: Israel made her borders more defensible. There is going to be some cooperation reached. The best solution is to treat the area as a historical entity.

J. M.: I think peace can be accomplished with the passage of a great deal of time.

Many things could be accomplished in the Near East if the borders were more open. Israel itself is not economically a very rich state; there are very few natural resources. It is the same case with the West Bank. It cannot support itself. Continued on pg. 3, col. 1.

CALENDAR

- April 4-25 Continuing: Kalamazoo Public Schools Art Exhibition, Kalamazoo Art Center.
- April 12 Gymnastics Festival, Gary Center, WMU, 7:30 p.m.
Voice Recital: Craig Hodges, Recital Hall, 8:00 p.m.
Open House: Montessori Children's Center, 1833 S. Burdick, 8:00-10:00 p.m.
Campaign Workshop: Kalamazoo County Democratic Headquarters, 276 E. Michigan, 7:30 p.m.
- April 12-23 Faculty Artists Ceramic Exhibition, Gallery 2, Sangren Hall, WMU, daily.
- April 13 Kalamazoo Symphony Orchestra: Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, Miller Auditorium, WMU 8:00 p.m.
Film: Saigon Before the Fall, 3770 Knauss Hall, WMU, 7:00 p.m.
- April 14 Film: The Touch, FAB, 6:30, 8:30, 10:30 p.m.
Film: What Rainbow, Wood Hall, WMU, 5:00, 6:00, 7:00, 8:00, 9:00, 10:00 p.m.
Passover Seder, President's Banquet Room, 5:15 p.m.
- April 16 Film: The Chase, FAB, 7:00, 9:00, 11:00 p.m.
Film: The Great Waldo Pepper, Sangren Hall, WMU, 6:30, 7:30, 8:30, 9:30 p.m.
- April 16 & 17 Death of a Salesman, New Vic Theatre, 8:30 p.m.
- April 19 Trivia Contest, President's Lounge, 5:30 p.m.
Poetry Reading: Elisavietta Ritchie, author of Tightening the Circle Over Eel Country, Great Lakes College Association New Writers Award recipient, Olmstead Room, 8:00 p.m.
Nature Photography, Kalamazoo Nature Center, 7:30 p.m.
- April 20 "Public Health Services in the United States", Olmstead Room, 4:00 p.m.
- April 21 Film: The World of Apu, FAB, 6:30, 8:30, 10:30
Founder's Day Dinner, Old Welles, 6:45 p.m.
- April 22 Concert: Bad Company, Wing Stadium, 8:00 p.m.
Bicentennial Event: "The American Family", Dewing 103, 8:00 p.m.
-Dr. Peter Filene, professor of history at University of North Carolina, author of Him/Her/Self: Sex Roles in Modern America.
-Dr. Barbara Welter, professor of history at Hunter College, New York, a History of Women to be published this spring.
- April 22-25 Musical: Celebration, Carver Center, 8:00 p.m.
- April 23 Film: Amarcord, FAB, 7:00, 9:00, 11:00 p.m.
- April 23 & 24 When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder?, New Vic Theatre, 8:30 p.m.
- April 25 Pinocchio, Miller Auditorium, WMU, 1:00, 4:00, 7:00 p.m.
- April 26 Concert: Dr. Harry Ray, pianist, and Voldemars Rucevics, violinist, Stetson, 8:00 p.m.



JAWS MYTH DESTROYED

BY JIM FARNSWORTH

This past winter quarter saw twenty-three K College science majors and Drs. David Winch of the Physics department and Dave Evans of the Biology department return from a unique program in the Bahama Islands. This program began almost a year ago when the two professors began planning an in-depth "field oriented" marine ecology course for the winter quarter of 1976. The students were selected through a written questionnaire and interview process last fall.

The fall program consisted of five weeks on campus and five weeks of field work conducted on an individual basis. The first five weeks contained a culturally-oriented intensive course con-

ducted by Dr. Stillman Bradfield and an intensive preparatory course co-taught by Dr. Winch and Dr. Evans, which dealt with everything from weather to marine biology.

Upon completion of the first section in early February, the course moved to the out-island of San Salvador in the Bahamas where the major emphasis was placed on the biological habitat of reef-dwelling marine invertebrates. During the session on San Salvador many hours were spent diving with snorkel gear acquiring research information for completing individually written reports and class presentations. In late February the course moved to Hummingbird Cay off the island of Exuma. Here the emphasis

switched from the marine to the terrestrial environment. Unlike San Salvador with its population of over 900 natives, Hummingbird Cay was occupied only by a caretaker, a coast guard station, many hungry insects, a few college students from New York and Ohio and the K College Group.

Feedback from the course has been favorable; it is hoped that it may be repeated during Winter Quarter of 1977-78. Although this first program was more expensive than a regular quarter, some financial aid may be provided for the second.

Drs. Winch and Evans will be guests on Channel 3's "Accent" on Tuesday, April 13th, at 9:30 a.m., to discuss the Bahamian course; the discussion will be continued in a forum at K College on April 30th.

The Mating Season

BY MICHAEL S. STARENKO

Inside the circular confines of the Kalamazoo College community certain rituals of return are produced. By this time, the returning Foreign Study participants have already run through the entire repertoire of such actions. Like lovers reuniting after a long separation there has been amongst these students a necessary process of familiarization. Shared bowls of hash, the sounds of well-worn records, long kisses, and Burger King hamburgers have confirmed to us that we have, in fact, arrived. However, these actions were only temporarily assuring in the sense that all was not completely forgotten and that all is largely the same on campus. This embrace of the past has now left us dissatisfied because we do not see our relationship to Kalamazoo College as we once did. Ironically, it is a fresh Foreign Study perspective which has given us a sharper perception of Kalamazoo College, and more important, our place in it.

A liberal-arts education aims at exposing a student to different and potentially stimulating points of view. By supporting and maintaining an excellent Foreign Study program, Kalamazoo College is right in line with that kind of philosophy. The subjective interpretations of Foreign Study experiences are as varied as the individuals who take part in it. Nevertheless, in whatever form it may have taken, Foreign Study is a shift, sometimes a radical shift, in perspective. From this new point of view, formerly obscure images and thoughts become clear, not the least of which is Kalamazoo

College. The differences between this college as we remembered it to be, and as we presently perceive it to be, appear to us as serious inconsistencies. While we have been enabled to, so to speak, "see the world", our living environment is generally limited to small dormitory rooms. We were given the responsibility of six months in a foreign country, yet we have no significant say in the tenure process. Moreover, our investigations into the workings of the administration are invariably characterized by an unofficial "we know better" attitude. Certainly then, in a very real sense, we have outgrown Kalamazoo College.

In all fairness it must be said that this same Foreign Study perspective has enabled us to view student social life from a different stance. Of course, our initial perceptions were bound to uncover a new group of students in the form of Freshmen--this was to be expected--but we were not prepared for the prevailing indifference which we found. The student environment is not so much indifferent to Foreign Study per se, but rather an indifference to anything not directly concerned with one's career and "social" life--as if these things somehow do not extend beyond DeWaters or Shale House. Societal influences being what they are in this community, many of us have found that "adjustment" comes much too easily. Still others, though fewer to be sure, continue to seriously evaluate life based upon their Foreign Study experiences. If they appear to be alone in this endeavor it is not because they want it that way.

See America First

Continued from pg. 1

culture. Comparative techniques, learned in the classroom, may be tested in independent projects carried out abroad and during the senior project quarter."

The comparative aspects of the program are also evident in the interdisciplinary courses which are the "core" of the concentration. Required are "Mass Culture

Dialogue

Continued from pg. 2.

All the people who claims to be Palestinians. If there were more open borders, if Israel was not cut off from her natural trading partners, some great things could be accomplished.

Israel is heir to Western technology--they've done some amazing things with the farmland of Israel--which could be imparted to the surrounding states, which have the natural resources Israel needs.

Israel is still a Western nation in many ways and part of the problem is the contrast between the Levantine viewpoint of the world and the Western viewpoint. It is almost like a piece of Europe sitting in the Near East. I think it would be possible for these viewpoints to be exchanged and merge into a new one that would allow them to get along better if there was peace. There would be a merging of viewpoints and a merging of interests.

H.: That idea goes back historically. The Muslims, under Salah-ad-din, drove the crusaders out of their land because it was their land and the invaders were European foreigners and, therefore, unwelcome.

in Comparative and Historical Perspective," and "Ideology and Social Structure in Mid-Nineteenth-Century America and Brazil." The latter course, to be taught next fall, will examine the discrepancy between democratic ideology and treatment of minorities in nineteenth-century America and will treat similar discrepancies during the same period in Brazil. Actions which were taken to relieve the tension between ideology and practice in both societies will be examined as well.

In addition, three social science courses related to American institutions and two of four sequences in history, English, philosophy-religion and/or music art will be required. The seminar in comparative research methods will probably be offered in the summer of 1977.

The concentration is open to most majors, including economics, philosophy, religion, art, music, history, English, political science and sociology/anthropology.



At the present time, there are roughly a dozen sophomores and freshmen involved in the program. Many others are taking advantage of the interdisciplinary courses which are part of the concentration. The interdisciplinary requirements enable students to fulfill the requirements for their concentration as part of their distributional course work, thereby enhancing the integration of major and non-major studies.

There are many possibilities in the American Studies Program for students who want to integrate their varied learning experiences. And although students "still want sound courses in their major field," Dr. Strauss feels that the American Studies Program provides a significant link between their focus of study and other areas of the liberal arts curriculum at Kalamazoo College.

(Any persons interested in the American Studies Program are encouraged to contact Dr. Strauss in the History Department.)

DOO-ERS' PROFILES

(Pronounced Dee-warz.)



HERBERT BOGART

HOME: Kalamazoo. AGE: 45. PROFESSION: College Professor.

HOBBIES: Music--jazz, antique quilts, reading, swimming, debauchery.

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: *Huckleberry Finn Meets the Story of O*, by Irving Schermerman, recently deceased author of *The Forest Trilogy* and *The Cigarette Machine That Broke Down*.

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: "Teaching Am. Lit.--it's an annual accomplishment"; newly discovering every year that Ishmael is Leamhsi spelled backwards, hence a fertility rite.

QUOTE: "More is more, and more and more is more than less."

PROFILE: Toothy smile hides a heart of steel; intimidation is his forte. His fire and spirit make him a fresh and appealing figure in the literary world.

DRINK: The Bronx Ballbuster-Benedictine, Grenadine, Galiano, Muscatel, Puerto Rican Rum, Irish Mist, Ripple Flamingo Pink, Mogen David Concord Grape, Cinzano; show the local orange soda to the drink, but do not put any in. Garnish with a dill pickle.

The Eggs of Easter

BY TOM FLYNN

Most biologists can tell you that rabbits are mammals. The myth of the rabbit egg is an old wives' tale. Somewhere in time, an everyday rabbit sat on some chicken eggs while the hen vacationed in Miami. The rabbit's color wore off on the eggs, astonishing the farmer who was about to make an Egg + Rabbit Stew in celebration of a religious holiday. Luckily, the farmer spared the rabbit and gave the colored eggs to his wife in celebration of said religious holiday. The rabbit, his fortune made, came to prominence as the Easter Bunny; and his celebrated colored eggs became Easter Eggs.

To celebrate this wives' tale the College Union Board will sponsor an Easter Egg Hunt, or Colored Rabbit Egg Hunt if you are a believer. The Hunt commences at 6:30 p.m., April 15th, from the drive in front of Hoben. The person finding the "CUB Egg of Life" receives an Easter Basket packed full with goodies. The entire college community, including faculty's children, are invited to join in the pursuit of the "Egg of Life". Your Easter finery would be appreciated but is by no means necessary.

To remedy the Easter Bunny's lack of elves, an Easter Egg Dip will be held in the Snack Bar on Tuesday, April 13th. All students are urged to take a study break to help the Easter Bunny color eggs. A further incentive to stop studying: the Easter Bunny has agreed to let students make one egg for themselves for every four eggs they color for the Easter Egg Hunt. A pleasant reprieve is guaranteed for all.

Baroque

Continued from Page 1

responded to the dynamic touch of Mr. Kröll in a display of its many tingling intricacies. These pieces of Balbastre were written towards the end of the period of the harpsichord's eminence. Already in Balbastre's time the clavichord, with its many dynamic potentialities, was becoming the dominant force in music, replacing the harpsichord. Balbastre's composition reflects a knowledge of the clavichord's musical possibilities and has few of the delicate lacelike qualities of the music of the Couperains, who so dominated the world of the harpsichord in the 17th century. Balbastre, like S. LeDuc, bridged both the Baroque and the Classical era. His incorporation of the qualities of the clavichord has often been regarded as 'decadent'.

The final piece of this concert, *The Sonata for Violin and Continuo in C Minor* by LeDuc, reflected many of the same forces of change that had influenced the music of Balbastre. The harpsichord's voice was given an equal emphasis with the violin's.

Although baroque music shows many of the characteristics of the period also seen in the art and architecture of the time--the infatuation with ornamentation and delicate intricacies, the emphasis on flowing lines and curves--it has been necessarily modified by its performance on modern-day instruments. This modification is understandable, often preferable, but it is not authentic. Baroque music performed by the Pernucio ensemble could well be lauded for its authenticity. The baroque violin that Ms. Lieberman played retains its original 17th century design--the neck of the violin is shorter and set at a different angle than in a modern violin. In addition, the finger board is shorter. The baroque bow is curved differently and has less hair. The net result is a different sound and more limited capabilities. The sound is less brilliant than a modern violin, is softer but can be more flowing. The articulation, the emphasis that can be placed on each note, varies. The use of the authentic baroque-style instrument allows the performer to realize the musical intentions of the baroque composer, who knew only the instruments of the period. The violinist can gain deep insights into the composer's intent and his general feeling for music, insights that are out of reach of the modern musician with his modern instrument. Much can be said for this approach, and the Pernucio ensemble should be commended for doing an excellent job in this respect. The music was graceful and flowing and full of certain newly-discovered interpretations.

The music was not, however, without its faults. To the experienced listener, there was something lacking: a brilliance, an energy, a sharpness of attack and exciting modern interpretation. Music has not remained static since the time of J. S. Bach. Bach certainly could not have written

From the Crime Desk . . .

BY DALE NEDERVELT

The arrival of nice weather increases the potential for security-related problems on campus, as is shown by the figures just released for Winter Quarter as compared to Fall Quarter: Breaking and Entering--up by 3.5%; Excessive Noise--down by 4.7%; Illegal Parking, Tow, and Impoundment--up by 8.2%; Malicious Destruction of Property--up by 1.8%; Larceny--up 11.5%; and Unauthorized Persons--down 17.9%.

To help prevent the theft of your property: (1) Do not leave your personal property accessible to the would-be thief, (2) YOUR DOOR-LOCK IT! Lock your door each time you leave your room, even if for only a few minutes. It takes about eight seconds for someone to remove something from your room. In 1975, 19.6% of all larcenies and 60% of the breaking and enterings were attributed to rooms which were left unlocked. (3) Take care of your

keys. (4) Watch for suspicious persons in and around campus buildings and in parking lots. Do not pursue them, but call Security and/or the Student Life Office and report immediately. (5) Don't carry large sums of money on your person, or leave it around in your room. (6) In the case of clear and present danger which involves evidence that your personal safety is involved or that life or property are in imminent danger, call the Kalamazoo Police Department immediately (385-8111).

The theft of bikes, particularly five and ten speeds has become a very serious problem. At Kalamazoo College for the twelve months of 1975, \$2,590 worth of bicycles were reported stolen. This represents 24% of the total dollar value stolen. For your protection: (1) Keep a record of your bike serial number, (2) Lock it properly to a bike rack, securing the frame and a wheel to the rack, and (3) Register your bike with the Security Department during

the registration drive.

Your personal property is covered by Kalamazoo College insurance. Purchase your insurance coverage or make that your parents' home-owner policy covers your belongings while on campus.

For the twelve months of 1975, 64.9% of all the calls received were for unauthorized persons entering the residence halls and provide better security, a new core called the "Universal Core" has been installed in each entrance. It has been made so the building can be locked but still allow access to student with the use of his key. For this system to work some doors must be relocked after unlocking.

Please do not allow a crime to go unreported. To report a crime has occurred, a crime that is occurring, or suspicious activity that may be leading up to a crime call 381-0320 and ask for Kalamazoo College Security.

Check Cashing Made Difficult



Deranged student is driven to dastardly deed

BY SALLY URANG

Students who have attended Kalamazoo College for more than two years--that is, those of us who were not wine and dined, feted and artfimed and treated like visiting royalty in K '78 and '79 programs, may have noticed the shocking lack of concern for the needs of students manifested in various negligences on the part of the administration (after all, here we are all alone, our moms and dads far away, etcetera...), not the least of which is the obvious deficiency in the way of check-cashing facilities on campus. Yes, the Bookstore does cash checks for

the modern-day violin when all he had to deal with was the violin of the time. But that knowledge does not oblige the violinist of today to perform the work of a composer from the past without a certain personal and artistic contribution to its interpretation. The performer is not a slave to his master, the composer. Indeed, he holds at least an equal say. The violin today has musical possibilities undreamed of in past eras, and the music of the past should be exploited to the utmost in order to discover what possibilities a dynamic combination of the two modes can produce. The Pernucio Ensemble should be thanked for its efforts and discoveries so willingly shared, but the audience should remember their approach does not have to be the definitive one.

Thanks also to Dr. Barry Ross for arranging this event.

ten dollars or less, provided that the Business Office supplies enough check-cashing money to last through the day, and if your parents are willing to send you your pocket money in several ten-dollar checks.

The point is, students who do not have bank accounts in town, for various Good Reasons (e.g. not enough money to open an account), have a serious problem when it comes to cashing checks. For a long time, the Industrial State Bank downtown had an agreement with Kalamazoo College to cash K-students' checks under any circumstances, but this policy no longer exists; it was discontinued under orders from Kalamazoo College (at least according to the apologetic I.S.B. teller).

Being a student at Kalamazoo College certainly causes identity problems. We are made to eat our meals in the manner of animals, forced to live like homosexual married couples in closets, asked to act like children at our various hot-dog-and-beer parties, required to exist like neurotics as far as sleeping habits and lifestyles go, but expected to act as independent adults when it comes to small necessities such as cashing checks from home.

The obvious solution to the problem of cashing checks and keeping money is to organize a banking facility on campus for students. This "bank" could and should be open during regular banking hours, allow students to keep savings accounts, and first and last, cash checks. This writer was

driven to this brilliant idea arguing with the unrelenting stone-faced officer at I.S.B. forty-five minutes without being permitted to cash an out-of-town check (yes, some of us still do out of Michigan). Other liberal arts colleges have banking services, and there is no reason why Kalamazoo College cannot join the ranks of the small colleges which believe in taking care of their students.

The banking service we require little effort on the part of the administration, could be organized with a minimum of red tape and would provide one of the campus jobs for students could serve as tellers. We could have a little less provision for social needs and a little more for our practical ones.

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Ultimate Frisbee Explained

BY HARVY J. KUKUK

The Game

Ultimate frisbee is something like a cross between lacrosse, rugby and a Sunday afternoon picnic. The seven team members attempt to score goals by passing the frisbee down the field and across the goal line into the arms of a fellow teammate. Two twenty-four minute halves limit play on a forty by sixty yard field. The players cannot run with the frisbee; possession changes hands when the offensive team's pass is incomplete, intercepted, knocked down or goes out of bounds.

According to Bruce "Frisbee" Johnson, K-College's resident frisbee expert, ultimate frisbee is "the ultimate expression of man's search for meaning. It underscores the basic absurdity of life (and the beauty as well) by having fourteen sweating, half-naked persons running around, chasing a spinning disc of plastic."

Now that we teach that the soul imparts motion to the body, we do not distrust her ability to set any weight whatsoever in motion. As we maintain that soul is the universal cause, it is obvious that she is universally the condition of all movement.

Plato, *Epinomis*

The Players

S.G.T. Becker—out for the season, the first frisbee casualty of the year; is known on the field as the "hustler".

L. Johnson—notorious for the "Beer Keg Kaper", this rookie has bright promises.

G. Tushar—one of the mainstays of the team, this diving maniac often ends up on his TUSH, but always with Frisbee in hand.

O. C. Stine—the barefoot vagabond from West Virginia is K-College's most brilliant and unorthodox player.

S. Simms—fast, reliable and the team's strategic thinker.

T. Long—slow and steady wins the race.

D. Nepstad—look for him at "K" six years from now as the ultimate frisbee coach.

J. Hanson—sidekick to Nepo, one of the fastest players on the team.

B. McJennett—"the streak", faster than greased lightning.

D. Duncan—one of the "diving five", this joker often ends up with his face in the mud.

M. Daniels—Jack of all throws, master of none.

C. Danielson—K College's answer to Victor Malefronte.

R. Frame—the no. 1 defensive player.

The Chief—otherwise known as "Frisbee", the buck stops here.

R. Banteen—The screaming banshee, strikes fear in the heart of opponents.

'Salesman' at New Vic

BY JUDITH JENKINS

and

CARLA J. BAILEY

In this year of the Bicentennial, "Death of a Salesman" is a logical choice for production. It contains all the necessary elements: a Solid American Author—Arthur Miller, a Solid American Theme—Making it. "Salesman" is being done at the New Vic and it is a good show.

Technically, there is a solid interpretation of what Miller is trying to say, but a lack of real creativity on the part of both the director and the designers, giving the impression that they were too quickly satisfied with the traditional interpretations of the play. Costume and scene design are well thought out, if usual (One can only hope, however, that some day one of the Kalamazoo theatres would find men's suits that fit their actors).

The highlight of this show is the acting. It has been a long time since we have seen this kind of strength in leading actors. The two that come to mind because of their sheer force of performance are Don Bonevich as Willy, and Keith Clark as Biff; both give perceptive, sensitive and consistent interpretations to the characters. As Happy, Dennis Sielken is also strong. Although he seems to have a little trouble starting the show (as did his fellow actors), finally he came through with a solid performance. The part of Linda was played by Bea Beaupre, who is always good to watch, and who gave the expected impressive performance, despite the fact that she is too intelligent to play that role and must struggle with the conflict between herself and her character. Also giving good performances were Robin Nott and Bob Endias. The minor roles were generally a disappointment.

With a good pace, solid acting, and a sensitive interpretation, "Death of a Salesman" is a good evening in the theatre and definitely something worth seeing.

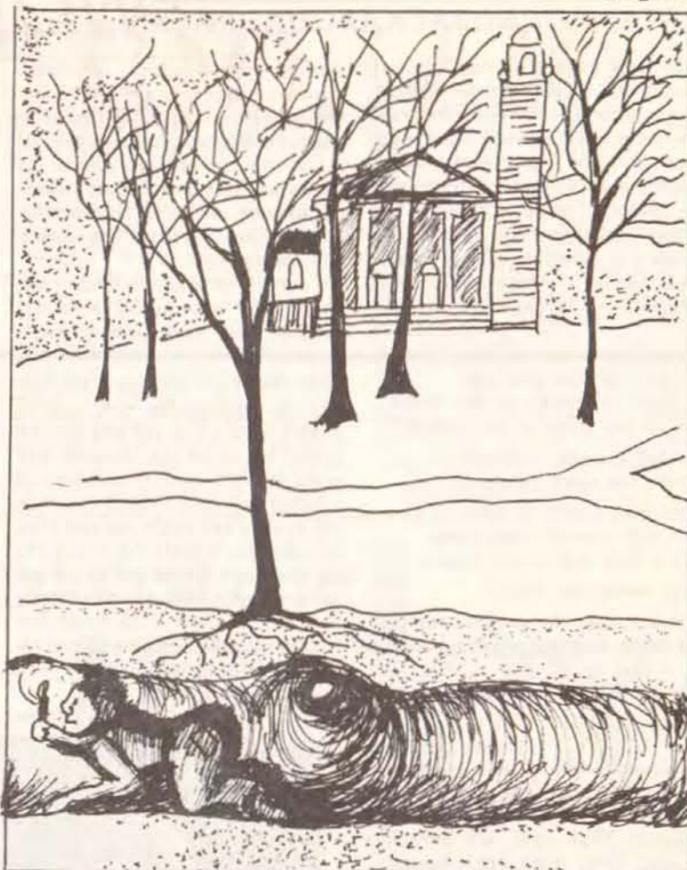
WRO

BY ANNE HILTON

The Women's Rights Organization. Some people think we are a group of militant Amazons, yet the group has been lying dormant for a period of time.

This quarter, WRO has formed three main goals: 1) to make up a referral sheet primarily for women consisting of addresses and phone numbers of gynecologists and other health-care facilities, legal aid services, credit unions which cater especially to women, and various women's organizations. 2) to make the WRO room (across from the mail hut in Hicks Center) into an information center. Our files are currently being stocked with pamphlets, books, periodical reprints, etc., on subjects such as rape, contraception, abortion, VD, child care, women at work, women's credit unions and gynecological exams. 3) to plan a one-day women's conference.

WRO meets weekly on Thursdays at 7 p.m. in the WRO room. All new members and visitors are welcome.



Bicentennial Minutiae

A REGULAR FEATURE
BY RANDY MORSE

Three quarters of our country's 200th year have elapsed and it is more than clear that the byword of the Bicentennial is commercialism. We've had Bicentennial sales, deals, bargains, constructions, television specials, and there's even a bison named Tennial wandering around. So, I thought, being a liberally educated typification of youth and idealism, I may as well jump on the bandwagon. Unfortunately, I'm not being paid for my bit of patriotism; perhaps that's an excuse of a kind as well.

Getting back to the Bicentennial, some of the sharper minds among us may have noticed, and indeed now recall, the special events taking place on campus to commemorate our 200th year. For instance, in the first-week melting-pot tradition, we have had a German mimist on campus and a Belgian waffle night. Many more events are planned for our collective edification and enjoyment. Quickly perusing the calendar for this spring quarter, I see the word Bicentennial appearing three

times, but there are other special Bicentennial events not so easily spotted, such as April 18, May 6, May 25, and June 1. Also, we will be having a Friday prior to every weekend, and a Monday following.

One thing we can always use a little more of (besides erasers) is perspective. Two hundred years may seem like a long time to those of us who haven't lived that long, but it is insignificant compared to the hundreds of thousands of years gone by since apes first looked up at the stars and wondered, or the eons passed since the Earth was a bit of still-boiling slag settling into orbit about a young star. I had an aunt who lived to be nearly ninety.

So, what I hope to do in this series of Bicentennial articles is to expand our horizons and broaden our perspectives with some undocumented insights into the lesser heroes, heroines and otherwise of America and England (maybe the Canary Islands) during the era of the Revolution. Indications thus far are that references for the sort of historical perspectives I have in mind are scarce indeed, so I may have to embellish, but that should make little difference.

RAPE - - Against Our Will

BY JANET WEILAND

and

SALLY URANG

"Rape is a metaphor of our times. Men rape the land and ravage the oceans. They even penetrate the skies. And, as a sort of environmental afterthought, they rape women." Such was the interpretation of one critic of *Against Our Will: Men, Women and Rape*, by Susan Brownmiller, published several months ago and considered by many critics to be the finest piece of scholarly research and interpretation to come out of the feminist movement yet.

Brownmiller's book is not merely a chronicle of the statistics available on rape—its sharply increasing occurrence, the shockingly low rate of rape-reporting, and the facts that a rapist is very likely to be well-known to his victim and that rape is often committed by groups of men (and not by the lonely, disturbed, sexually deprived or perverted man of common myth). She is not offering a rape-prevention manual, nor does she try to solve the questions of whether or how a woman should "fight back". Rather, she starts from the historical beginning and explains how rape has become the ultimate expression of man's final domination over his milieu, including his most difficult dimension, his sexuality (hence, women, the objects of his sexuality). Rape is not just a

transgression that is "not nice"; it is an age-old crime, closely connected with war, slavery, legal dominance, disputes over property and other forms of oppression practiced by one group upon another. It is perhaps the most empirical evidence of the paternalistic trend in civilization which leads to such modern-day heroes as little Alex of *A Clockwork Orange*, "who gives a slobbering writer's wife the old 'in-out, in-out' before his eyes. This particular rape scene is indicative of the male approach. Had the rape not been performed before the husband's eyes there would have been no recognizable expropriation of property, no outrageous impudence from man to man, for we must keep in mind that within the myth of the heroic rapist women play a minor role. I am certain no woman believes that the punk with the Pinocchio nose and pair of scissors acted out her desire for instant gratification, revenge or adventure."

Against Our Will has rarely been faulted for inaccuracy or shallowness of substance, whatever the number of hostile notices received on the basis of subject matter. Critical reaction must finally come to grips with the fact that rape is the very hostile crime, and not the willingness or compulsion of feminist writers to recognize its import.

Mid-American Regional Tournament Held at K

BY BRUCE JOHNSON

The sport of flying discs reached another apex last weekend at Kalamazoo College, one of the Midwest's hotbeds for disc enthusiasts, when K hosted the Mid-American Regional Frisbee Tournament.

Everyone has thrown one of those flying saucers (conceived from the throwing of pie tins from the Frisbie Bakery in Bridgeport, Connecticut, which are now selling for \$75 each) at one time or another. With the availability of discs at a low price, these flying saucers seemed to overrun the campus and the familiar cry of "Guts!" was always heard. Golf became the most popular of all frisbee activities with an eighteen-hole course set up by the frisbee fans, also called folfers. Jamming or freestyle never really caught on, nor did guts frisbee. Jamming is throwing and catching, turning the activity into a rhythmic ballet. Guts is a test of concentration and quickness; jamming is grabbing a frisbee travelling

at 50 mph with one hand at only fifteen yards distance doesn't appeal to most.

As golf grew, so did frisbee in general, and Whamo's (the producer of Super-balls and Loopla hoops also) Master Tournament model grew popular with the advent of ultimate frisbee.

In the last two years ultimate frisbee is the sport that seems to be carrying frisbee at K. Since the first game against Calvin in 1974, the first ever in the Midwest, random participation has developed into an actual K team, intramurals, and formal physical education classes.

All this interest in frisbee climaxed this weekend as over one hundred players from eight teams vied for the top three slots, which would qualify them for the National Tournament in Amherst, Massachusetts, April 22-24. The teams included K, Calvin, Grand Valley State College, Oberlin College, the Walnut Wizards from Kalamazoo, Michigan State University, the University of Delaware and the University of Cincinnati. Two all-Americans from Calvin and a World Frisbee Class Master from MSU were scheduled to compete, providing an excellent chance for spectators to see some very exciting ultimate frisbee.



The back page of Spring Quarter Index will be devoted to presenting a variety of views on different subjects, each topic to be announced in the preceding issue. Backaround will accept submission of poetry, prose, artwork and other insanity and intelligence from any member of the college community. The topic for the next issue of Backaround is Creation.

--the editors

"Those groans men use passing a woman on the street or on the steps of the subway to tell her she is female and their flesh knows it, are they a sort of tune, an ugly enough song, sung by a bird with a slit tongue but meant for music? Or are they the muffled roaring of deafmutes trapped in a building that is slowly filling with smoke? Perhaps both."

--Denise Levertov

"The walls of that grotto were everywhere blue and you said, 'Look! Your eyes are seacolor. Look! Your eyes are skycolor.' And my eyes shut down as if they were suddenly ashamed."

--Anne Sexton

This is the nucleus-after the child is born of woman, man is born of woman. This is the bath of birth, this the merge of small and large, and the outlet again. Be not ashamed, women, your privilege encloses the rest, and is the exit of the rest, You are the gates of the body, and you are the gates of the soul... As I see my soul reflected in Nature, As I see through a mist, One with inexpressible completeness, sanity, beauty.

See the bent head and arms folded over the breast, the female I see. --"Children of Adam" by Walt Whitman

The concept of beauty, especially women's beauty, is a crucial topic today. As a subject for the back page of the Index, women's beauty is not only current and significant in terms of political and social issues but it allows for subjectivity and subtlety, artistic expression and ambiguity.

Concepts of women's beauty are undergoing a powerful scrutiny, revision and re-definition. Men,

some eager and some reluctant, are being forced to become aware of the categories and values they apply to women; women, some strong and creative, others frightened and threatened, are examining their own positions and essences in terms of a new awareness.

Historically, the traits considered beautiful in women have been dictated by men. By their muscular

prohess and lack of child-bearing responsibility, men have held the majority of decision-making positions in the objective, temporal, social world. Such men, wishing to perpetuate and emphasize their power, and threatened by qualities in women which appear beyond logical cognition or empirical control, chose to diminish or de-emphasize the most significant and mysterious charac-

teristics of the female gender: result, sensuality, emotion, devotion and spirituality, qualities possessed by men as well as usually associated with women. Men have been stifled and constrained by menstruation and childbirth. Men have made secret and shameful and eyes-hair-tits-asses have been placed on the proverbial pedestal. Only those qualities which are superficial enough to be understood are deemed beautiful. Only in the act of sex, when men dominate, are women devalued. Here this taste of transcendence is not threatening, being comprehended in the immediate and physical world. Obviously, it is not a complete or necessary conclusion. It serves a specific point and logic, however farfetched, is incorrect.

Today, as more people are packing away the pink blankets and padded bras, men and women are looking further beyond the surface of beauty. Most, unfortunately, do not achieve more than a superficial, faddish standing of the issue--women's natural-look makeup and make them they love their minds asking them to spend the money. Others, angered at the historical persistent concentration of masses on the physical attributes and rigid standards of male beauty, have turned to and for an escape, as did the Dionysian cultists. While any is useful for destroying stereotyped barriers of the male and female, a demanding examination of psychological, emotional and spiritual characteristics of individuals, too, is not a completely solution to the problems of equal cohabitation.

In order to understand women's beauty, one must be liberated from conventional, limited judgments based on stereotypical qualities, qualities stemming from either fear of the unknown, men, or fear of destruction, and cruel domination of the part of women.

--Gail Fr

"yes when I put the rose in my hair like the Andalusian girls used to shall I wear a red yes and how he kissed me under the Moorish wall and I thought well as well him as another and then I asked him with my eyes to ask again yes and then he asked me would I yes to say yes my mountain flower and first I put my arms around him yes and drew him down to me so he could feel my breasts all perfume yes and his heart was going like mad and yes I said yes I will Yes."

--James Joyce



Age: 25, height: 5'6", hair: blond, eyes: blue. Margot, a physicist, is sick of her brainy image, tired of men who are in awe of her because of her profession. She calls it reverse male chauvinism. She says that although she is highly sexed, the kind of man she likes automatically assumes she'd rather talk about helium than f--.

--Viva

"Look at this little chin of mine, Waldo, with the dimple in it. It is but a small part of my person; but though I had a knowledge of all things under the sun, and the wisdom to use it, the deep loving heart of an angel, it would not steady me through life like this little chin. I can win money with it, I can win love; I can win power with it, I can win fame. What would knowledge help me? The less a woman has in her head the lighter she is for climbing. I once heard an old man say that he never saw intellect help a woman so much as a pretty ankle; and it was the truth. They begin to shape us to our cursed end," she said, with her lips drawn in to look as though they smiled, "when we are tiny things in shoes and socks. We sit with our little feet drawn up under us in the window, and look out at the boys in their happy play. We want to go. Then a loving hand is laid on us. 'Little one, you cannot go,' they say; 'your little face will burn, and your nice white dress be spoiled.' We feel it must be for our good, it is so lovingly said; but we cannot understand, and we kneel still with one little cheek wistfully pressed against the pane. Afterwards we go and thread blue beads, and make a string for our neck; and we go and stand before the glass. We see the complexion we were not to spoil, and the white frock, and we look into our own great eyes. Then the curse begins to act on us. It finishes its work when we are grown women, who no longer look out wistfully at a more healthy life; we are contented. We fit our sphere as a Chinese woman's foot fits her shoe, exactly as God had made both, yet he knows nothing of either. In some of us the shaping to our end has been quite completed. The parts we are not to use have been quite atrophied, and have even dropped off; but in others, and we are not less to be pitied, they have been weakened and left. We wear the badges, but our limbs have not grown to them; we know that we are compressed, and chafe against them."

--Olive Schreiner (1855-1920)

"Beauty is the mark God sets upon virtue. Every natural action is graceful."

--Ralph Waldo Emerson

"Women are painted from the inside where few men have ever been."

--Tony Pernicario

Body Hair-Natural Woman

"While cosmetics imply the real woman is not enough, shaving says the real woman is too much. There is probably nothing more tedious, messy, or hazardous in the feminine beauty regimen than the removal of hair from underarms, legs, eyebrows, lips, chin, and breasts.

An emerging feminist consciousness tells us that this punishing depilation reflects the depth of our socialized distaste for our bodies. We slavishly remove body hair and substitute artificial scents for natural body odors because we dare not expect approval if we look or smell as we really are. Despite, however, the all too familiar

bother and pain--as well as the new feminist mandate to let it all hang out--the custom of depilating is still alive and well.

In psychoanalytic parlance, hair is the accepted symbol of the genitals, so sexual behavior and hair-removal rituals are closely associated. Hairiness, in this lexicon, is translated as unrestrained animal sexuality. Conversely, extremes of haircutting and shaving are symbolic of castration or the repudiation of the very existence of sex.

With hairiness equated to animal sexuality, the unchecked or uncovered appearance of hair in the armpits and on the legs of

women collides with the culture's premise of female sexuality as passive. The implication that a woman's underarm and leg hair are superfluous, and therefore unwanted, is but one embodiment of our culture's preoccupation with keeping women in a kind of state of innocence, and denying their visceral selves.

Race and class, with their attendant prejudices, determine special cultural attitudes toward body hair. The connotation of dirty foreigner vs. clean American has always been evident in our national thoughts on hair. A young woman involved in a bicycle accident was asked by a New York policeman examining her injured, unshaven leg, 'You're not Puerto Rican, are you?'

In America in the 'seventies', the hirsute woman is not yet an idea whose time has come. The shaving of body hair by women stubbornly defies extinction. Given the convoluted symbolism of the ritual and the repellent stares directed at the unshaven woman, we are not surprised to discover that even the most liberated women backslide when beach weather arrives.

The Afro-coiffed black and the unshaven woman, regardless of her color, nationality, and class, make of their personal grooming a political statement. They reject an image of beauty and acceptability imposed by the society, and risk the censure reserved for the rebel.

Eventually, this small but intimate tyranny will be resisted, so that one more oppressive hangup can be retired forever and the hirsute will live happily with the hairless."

--Harriet Lyons and Rebecca Rosenblatt; excerpted from "Body Hair: The Last Frontier".

to this fertile sampling area. These embody the epitome of ideal Greek beauty. I shall be forever grateful to them for their accessibility and friendly disposition on this great project.

Conclusion: With the help of a KVCC 17 computer I cross-checked the American sample against the French sample using Harper and Row's *The Essential Plato* as constant "A". In only one area of possible female beauty were the results statistically significant. Quite astonishingly, this one area only is rated by the computer as "significant". American women were found to be devoid of underarm hair. The resulting stubble was later discovered to be responsible for a painful rash on certain male sensibilities. My conclusion is as follows: French women are indeed less beautiful than American women due to the fact that underarm hair on women is just plain disgusting. Moreover, underarm hair is at the root of countless clogged bathtubs-in the women's dormitories of the French university system.

--Michael Starenko

Everyone knows that the aesthetic concept of female beauty is purely relative. As a science major at a nationally recognized liberal arts college, I want to get to the concrete reality and truth of this situation. This truth can only be postulated in the form of that ancient question: Are American women more beautiful than French women? All discussion of female beauty hangs upon this basic premise. Although this subject is well beyond my study field, I have just returned from France, and, therefore, deem it necessary to provide the definitive answer to this grand question. The fate of maleness everywhere is at stake.

Over a thousand hours of field work went into my sampling of university-age French women. I suffered through long periods without sleep in order to increase the knowledge of mankind. But I accepted this task with the intellectual dedication of a Great Scientist. I then correlated this data with the data I had collected earlier on Kalamazoo College women. Mere good fortune led me

"The beautiful heroine's into the ecstasies of love against the exotic background of Thailand, where she easily from the attentions of a Siamese prince at an soiree to the dark antechamber of a Buddhist temple to learn the vow of celibacy can be circumvented by a venerable monk."

--Emm

"You, too, can become a puff."

--Helen Gurley

A Tape Recorder Clicks: "we were friends for two young women...became inventive, refused to shave legs and arms, even for brother's wedding...sang mas carols in the summer abandoned the cheapness for the excellence of each held hands, skipped blab umm, we were not irresponsible that is important...we made several severe decisions--in the yellow kitchen a point where death would be painless and exhilarating chose...life...reasonless choice we were proud...afraid of other's power' for days wrote poetry, ruthlessly and liously...emptied always the boxes, never hung the cats them even though tempted out our tongues at crude cars, in beds, in stores, in we never ate meat, and do even though they push the door...and this slip-av cured...here we are, prison someone...."

--excerpt from a script by Diane Seuss and Gail Fr



Elisavietta Ritchie on Poetry

Tightening the Circle

BY SALLY URANG

Perhaps poetry is an elitist sport. While there are probably relatively few people who argue vehemently against poetry, or who would like to see poets deported to a place devoid of sensation and physical imagery, there is certainly a shocking indifference to poetry among peoples of all races, creeds, and social classes. These are the people who blandly say, "I don't read poetry." Some of us who

do read poetry pull our hair at these orphans and wonder why so many people deliberately turn away from what is, to many, the one consistent untrammelled beauty, the "consummation of consciousness in the country of morning," to borrow from Delmore Schwartz.

One way of understanding this dilemma is to fully contemplate the meaning of William Carlos Williams' threat to kick T.S. Eliot

in the crotch if the latter dares ever to come to this country. It is difficult to love poetry through a close reading of T.S. Eliot (except for *Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats*); that is, unless one happens to know Greek, Latin, German, French, Sanskrit, Hebrew, Swahili, Arabic, et.al. and unless one happens to have read all the Great Literature in the world since Aristotle (or, preferably, before).

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Volume 102, No. 2, April 26, 1976

Roll Over, Beethoven

BY JIM MANDRELL

Tuesday, April 13, saw Miller Auditorium crowded with eager music lovers when the Kalamazoo Symphony Orchestra concluded their 1975-76 season with performances of the *Sinfonia in E* by J. S. Bach, and the *Ninth Symphony* of Ludwig van Beethoven. The orchestra was under the direction of its musical director and conductor Yoshimi Takeda,

and was joined by the Western Michigan University Grand Chorus, Louise Russell, soprano, Elizabeth Mannion, mezzo-soprano, David Aiken, tenor, and bass, Roger Havranek.

Like most American orchestras this bicentennial year, the Symphony featured the work of an American composer on the first half of the program. Kay's *Sinfonia in E* was written in 1950 in Rome

and premiered the following year at his alma mater, the Eastman School of Music, with his former teacher Howard Hanson conducting. The piece is considered to be a compact symphony in four movements, and although the composer has won many prestigious prizes and grants, including the very important Prix de Rome, it is obvious that this is not the work that captured them. It is well-

crafted but of no particular interest. Rather it seems to have been written for the lay concertgoers; the people who enjoy music but can't and won't understand "that modern stuff". The piece does not explore new textures and musical idioms or expand existing standards, but is a monotonous reiteration of past composition. This might have had a certain validity 26 years ago, but that does not call for a reading, perfunctory at that, by the Symphony. Especially on the same program as the *Ninth*.

Indeed, it is mystery why Takeda chose the piece in the first place. That American orchestras should perform works by native composers in any year is given, but why they do not perform music that was written in the 70's is an important question. There are many composers much more talented, competent and innovative than Kay who are writing music today, and who need to have it performed. And there is no reason why the symphonies, especially the smaller metropolitan organizations, should not feel responsible for their exposure.

The chances that a new work will be performed after its premiere are slight: chances of performance for an unsolicited composition are practically non-existent. In choosing to perform the piece by Kay, Takeda ignored local Michigan talent, even Kalamazoo talent, namely Lawrence Rackley and Curtis Curtis-Smith. It seems that the Symphony seeks only to entertain their audiences by programming contemporary music that requires no effort to understand; in so doing they fail to educate the audience so that they might perform music of a more experimental nature. That this composition was programmed in the spirit of the bicentennial is ridiculous. The *Sinfonia in E* was outdated when written.

The main event of the evening, however, was the Beethoven, and a very exciting event it was. No matter how it is performed, the *Ninth* is an impressive work, and with a good chorus and solo quartet it is beautiful. The *Ninth Symphony* was first performed on May 7, 1824, on a program that included one of his overtures, and

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Tenure Procedure Examined

BY JO BOWER

This quarter a group of students will be examining their stake in the tenure process. Concern over tenure was expressed by many students last quarter and, as a result, a sub-committee of Student Commission was formed, comprised of some Commission members and other interested students. In general, their concern and goal is to formulate a proposal for student input into the tenure process, based on the suggestions of students and faculty alike.

There has never been any doubt that the tenure process constitutes one of the more important procedures in the life of the academic community. The decision whether or not to tenure a professor has repercussions for the individual involved, the academic community of faculty and administrators, and the student body.

After a careful study of current tenure procedure and consultation with students and faculty, the committee hopes to formulate a proposal for responsible student input. The final proposal may not be worked out in full this quarter, but Vance Kincaid, committee chairperson, hopes that the work of the committee will be the start of a "critical, careful analysis," which will eventually lead to an acceptable, workable proposal.

The committee plans to talk with members of the Faculty Council and its personnel subcommittee to gain more insight into the present tenure process. In addition, other schools which already have student input into tenure may be contacted to determine what, if any, models and structures have worked well elsewhere.

The committee wants to examine the role of the present course evaluations which are made out by students at the end of every quarter in each class. It will solicit input by underclassmen and upperclassmen alike, while at the

same time realizing the greater exposure to a professor which upperclassmen may have had. There is also the possibility of a college fireside later in the quarter to discuss the progress of the committee and to receive suggestions and criticisms.

Faculty response is generally favorable on the subject of student input into tenure, with Dr. David Collins commenting, "I have no argument with students, especially majors, making a recommendation...students aren't any more likely to make erroneous judgments than faculty if they have access to (a candidate's) files, etc." Dr. Kim Cummings said, "I'm not sure it makes sense for them (students) to be formally involved...students in individual departments always have the opportunity to make known their opinion...pressure groups outside formal channels are important." Dr. Cummings felt that one representative on the personnel committee might not be the best way to communicate student interests. Yet such a

representative and the value of informal student initiative in relation to individual candidates might not be mutually exclusive." Dr. John Spencer (chairman of the Faculty, Personnel Committee) feels, "It's clear that students have an opportunity to observe and develop their own judgments (about a candidate)...I personally would cherish this input."

(The committee welcomes further suggestions and comments from the entire college community. Written comments may be placed in the Commission mailbox, or conveyed to Vance Kincaid).

Romneys Slated

April 27
"Meet the Romneys", Olmstead Room, 8:00 p.m.

April 28
Mr. Romney on "Politics and Public Policy", Gilmore Room, 8:00 p.m.

Mrs. Romney on "Morality and Public Life", President's Lounge, 8:00 p.m.

April 29
Mrs. Romney available for appointments in Dewing 303a, 10:00-12:00 noon.

Romneys available for appointments in Dewing 303a, 2:30-3:30 p.m.

Reception and discussion of careers, President's Lounge, 4:00 p.m.

Mr. Romney on "HUD Revisited: The Future of the Cities", Dewing 103, 8:00 p.m.

Big Business: Under the Hood

BY GENE BISSELL
AND KRISTEL HEINZ

Three-quarters of all Kalamazoo College students fault business for emphasizing profit over social responsibility. One-third rate the honesty and ethical standards of businessmen as low or very low. Major complaints registered against business were neglect of the environment, bribery of government officials here and abroad, and poor employee relations.

These are some of the findings of a group of fourteen Kalamazoo College students who conducted a poll designed to assess student opinion concerning business. Three hundred and fifteen students responded to the poll and, following the poll, forty-five students were interviewed to determine what influenced them in their attitudes toward business. The study was sponsored by General Motors, and Dr. Wen Chao Chen, Vice President for Community Affairs, served as faculty advisor.

From personal background data, the study group determined that the average student at Kalamazoo is from an upper-middle class professional family, grew up in the suburbs, and aspires to a career in

the traditional prestige professions. Typically, students hoped to pursue careers as lawyers, (15%), doctors (12%), educators (13%) or scientists (10%).

The overall conclusion of the poll was that students are alienated from business and that this alienation is based primarily on impressions gained through adverse media coverage or transmitted to them through their parents. Student alienation is directed primarily against big business. They distinguish big from small business in personal rather than practical terms: "With small business you know where to turn. There's someone who's responsive to your complaints. If you get screwed, you can see the manager. It's not the same with G.M. If you get screwed by G.M. where do you turn?" General expressions of the remoteness of big business and government were mentioned throughout the poll and interviews.

The suggested solution to student distrust of business was increased governmental control. Forty-six per cent, almost one-half of our students, would encourage a governmental policy of breaking



up the big companies of the nation into smaller companies. They were in favor of greater governmental intervention in the economy (50%) and stricter controls on business (65%). There was substantial support for government ownership of the automobile, banking and telephone industries, and over half of the respondents favored government ownership of the oil industry.

The study group also asked students to estimate what the typical large corporation earned in profit after taxes as a percentage of sales. The correct figure is 5%. The average student estimate was 25% profit, while almost half

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DIALOGUE: Secondary Education... The American Wasteland?

Kathy Guenther: One of the things for which I was the least prepared as a student teacher was the lack of preparation by the kids. Part of the reason was that I came from a college environment geared toward "academics." We go into the high school expecting to teach literature and the students can't read or write. How can you teach literature?

Pam Briggs: It is not only a matter of intellectual maturity but also the level of emotional maturity that I wasn't prepared for. I wasn't prepared for the type of discipline problems that come up in a classroom. By the time kids reach the ninth or tenth grades you expect them to be half-way adult-like. To realize suddenly that although they have an adult body they are not emotionally mature is a shock. You must adjust yourself and your mannerisms because you cannot treat them as adults.

K.G.: One of my problems was that I would use slang and slang expressions in the classroom and it would upset students. Their reaction was, "Why are you, an old phogie, talking like we do?" I tried to make jokes—once I was showing slides in the back of the room and I tripped and made a loud crash into a metal bookcase. When I started toward the front of the room I noticed I had forgotten my notebook and pen in the back of the room. On my way back down the aisle I tripped again and I said something like, "I'm just the epitome of grace today," and skipped. They looked at me like I was losing my marbles.

P.B.: In my high school something like that would never happen; it could never happen. Small high schools are much more rigid. My supervising teacher was very nice but she had structures and rules which had to be followed at all times. One of the things we never did was to speak slang language or appear anywhere near the same level as the students. She thought that this type of behavior would present problems in rapport and communicating. But I think the distance creates problems too. Students become afraid to come to the teacher and ask questions.

K.G.: My supervisor used an elevated language with the students and was rigid but she didn't care what I did as long as I didn't cause trouble. As long as the door was closed and I could do what I wanted; it didn't get reported.

P.B.: There is a definite difference between high school students today and students four years ago when most of us were there. We were much less apathetic. While I was student teaching the high school was preparing for homecoming and they couldn't even get people to help with it by begging them. When I was in high school, homecoming was the big function.

K.G.: I think they are more self-centered—not nearly as aware of what was going on around them. It is hard to judge; when you are a teacher you are more aware of the whole thing—the whole spectrum. When I was a student I was involved with my friends and their interests and I wasn't aware of the range of intelligence. I found the students more immature and disrespectful. Most of them couldn't give a damn about what they were doing. They didn't have anyone behind them saying, "Sit down and do that work." My parents were concerned with what I did in school.

P.B.: I don't think that is the only reason. There is a difference also in class levels and in the type of environment in which they've grown up, not just their family but the town and so forth. In the school in which I taught, the main goal of the girls was to get married after they graduated or, for many of them, before they graduated. The boys wanted to be farmers or work in factories. They didn't have the ambitions of students who come to Kalamazoo. So it is hard to compare our high school experience with theirs in that respect.

K.G.: I have a feeling, however, that the dropout level has increased and the number of college-bound students has decreased. I think there are more students who don't know how to read and write than when we were in school. I was, of course, teaching in a centralized school with kids from all over.

I have always been disillusioned with school bureaucracies. I think I just became more disillusioned by dealing with them directly. I thought the administration did not care what went on in the classroom—whether any learning went on at all—as long as the kids were kept quiet and off the streets. There didn't seem to be much concern with the problems that the students were encountering. Many of them had severe family and emotional problems, that didn't seem to matter. There were rules that weren't followed and no real disciplinary action. There was a huge difference between what the teachers were doing and what the administration was doing. The two groups could never seem to get together and encounter some of the problems that the teachers were having. People aren't in touch with what really happens. Administrators like to implement these great policies that are going to cure everything and they just make everything a million times worse.

P.B.: That is just the opposite of the experience I had. The administrators totally backed-up the teachers. But in part, I think that was the result of the small number of faculty. There were only twenty-five members of the faculty and it was much easier for them to go in and talk with the administration whenever there were problems. The administrators, too, tended to hire the type of people they wanted in the school—the ones who leaned toward rather rigid classroom structures. So, the administration is ready to back them up whenever there is a discipline problem or when it comes to making policies.

K.G.: What happened in my experience was that administrators were ready to back up teachers with words. In the high school in which I taught, if you sent someone to the office you were in more trouble than if you had handled it yourself. If you sent someone down they would get a slap on the wrist, "Bad boy, you shouldn't have done that," and that was the extent of it. The kid would come back to the classroom and cause more problems than before you sent

him down. Students thought they could get away with it, "I put one over on you" was the attitude.

P.B.: There was an incident when I did send a student to the office and there was no negative effect on me. It did create the problem Kathy described. What can the administration do but just sort of verbally punish them? When the student comes back he or she is more negative than before.

K.G.: Another complaint of mine is that the main disciplinary action in my high school was detention halls. If a kid acted up badly he or she was detained in a group study hall. That method of discipline is a joke—the world's worst way of disciplining kids. Who cares if they stay an hour after school with some stranger sitting over them making sure they stay quiet? The teachers aren't about to spend an hour after school taking care of the kids they discipline. I think it ought to be a more one-to-one thing. If I have a kid that is really cutting-up but who needs help or there is something wrong I'd say, "You're going to stay after school, but you're going to stay after school with me." When they are down in a study hall they don't do anything but play cards or doodle.

What it comes down to for me is that I thought that much of the time in school was wasted. Many of the teachers with whom I worked were interested in getting their pay checks. They would comment about how stupid the kids were or how little they know. I would, too, to a certain extent, but at least I cared enough to try and many times the other teachers didn't. They thought, "I'm here, I'm going to babysit for you until two-thirty and then I'm going to go home and forget all of you." I think that part of the reason for that attitude, was



that some of them had become bored with what they were doing. Teachers who use the same dittos for fifty years—the exact same classroom routine—are part of the reason behind the boredom but I think the other part of it is non-creative people who shouldn't be teaching at all.

P.B.: It is not that teachers don't care. Many times they care and they like the kids, but even though they like them and they are well-meaning it is a matter of not being creative, not trying new methods and sticking to what is known. One teacher in the school system where I taught had been teaching the same course for eight years. He had tests and dittos that the students could buy from kids who had taken the class. That's not learning. He thought it was a big joke; his attitude was, "Well, if they want a grade that badly it is all right with me." That was the most revolting thing for me—the lack of caring, the apathy on the teachers' part. I think the reason we have so many bored, apathetic teachers right now is that teaching was the thing to do ten years ago. Many of the teachers in the school where I worked had gone to large universities and didn't have a liberal arts education. It is not enough to know your field or your subject matter to be a good teacher—because you have to be able to relate it to all these other things.

K.G.: Many but not all of the teachers with whom I worked concentrated on the two or three bright kids in the class, relied on them for the answers, called on them and patted them on the back, and completely ignored the kids who weren't doing what they were supposed to be doing, who weren't doing their homework, didn't do their papers and who didn't talk in class. I am sure that the reason most of those kids weren't good students was because they had some problem. They either couldn't read or write, had family problems or they were hungry. I had a kid in my class that was probably starving, at least, he looked like it. He had severe family problems. As far as I'm concerned, although it is great to concentrate on the A students those kids will get much of the material without all the attention.

We need to start looking at the kids that aren't doing so well and at least making them literate. We need to teach them to read and write a sentence and to get something out of what they are doing rather than ignoring them for an hour in the classroom.

P.B.: I had a literature class where three students could not read well, in fact, one of them could not read at all. Someone had to read the stories to him. It's great to give these kids attention and take it away from the brighter students but I'm not sure if the way to do it is to give them the attention if the class has so many different stratifications of ability.

K.G.: I think you can reconcile those things. I don't think as a teacher that I have to stand up in front of the class and lecture the whole time. You can do a lot of things for the kids that are A students. You can put the brighter students together and get them to work on a project by themselves.

P.B.: I did that, too. The problem becomes, however, that the students that you work with over in one corner—the slow students—get very offended. They don't like it.

K.G.: I don't think they have to know that the division exists.

P.B.: They don't have to know—but they can't help but when you have to go over and practically read the stories to them. I feel that slower students would benefit by being together in classes that are on their level rather than putting everyone together in one big class where problems are

K.G.: I had a class of eighteen students that was evenly divided between smart and not-so-smart. We discussed material and then related it to what the kids were doing. Even the kids who had trouble reading and writing something to say about what the author was talking about. There were huge battles but at least the interest was there to keep them going in class. The attendance record was great in that class. If you can get them interested that's the battle.

P.B.: I had a similar class of twenty kids, except that the students tended to isolate themselves. They didn't want to talk and they couldn't write. The only time I was able to generate some interest in the class was when we divided into small groups. Each group read something that was geared for their level better. Finally there was something that everyone else had to do it but it was geared for what they were capable of and what interested them.

K.G.: That was where I had trouble. Book reports had to be on books on a certain level and by certain authors and I was not allowed to change that. As a result I had kids who couldn't read at that level. I wish I had been able to say, "Read whatever you want; read a Nancy Drew." My parents never told me what I could or could not read, ever. I read whatever I wanted and that is how I learned to like reading.

P.B.: The most gratifying experience that I had was when I asked my students to write an essay and they didn't write properly. I was frustrated and I told them to write it over. I helped them and I told them exactly what I wanted but the second time they turned in the essays they were still bad and showed a lack of effort, so I had them write them again and they did. This time they got them right. A student was on the bottom of the essay, "This is the hardest thing I've ever done but I know if I didn't do it you would never forgive me." It was gratifying to know that there are students who care and who will improve if you just stick to it. It can be rewarding.

K.G.: I loved it when I could get every hand in the class. When everyone was throwing in comments and I could go back and keep my mouth shut I loved it. We discussed most controversial subjects and there were huge battles.

P.B.: I liked it when students took the initiative. One of my classes decided that during a unit on death they would like to visit a funeral home. They made most of the arrangements. That initiative is more important than if I had said, "Oh, we are going to go and I will make the arrangements." It is important for them to do it and learn to do it.

K.G.: I asked my class to do essays and the ones they turned in were horrible. The students were all smart cookies and couldn't believe how bad the essays were. After spending most of the night grading them I walked into class and I was fuming. I threw a tantrum in front of the class. I said, "I want you to know that those essays were one hundred percent B.S. Don't think that I don't know that they were B.S. because I've done the same thing myself." I was leaving in a week and they thought it was funny because I would have the chance to make them write another one. They made me so angry that on the last test I made them do an essay and told them to write the essay and that it had better be good...and they were.

P.B.: The first thing that has to be changed is attitude. There should be more thorough programs for education before they became educators. There are people who suddenly decide that they have almost enough credits and they might as well get their teaching certificates. They regard it as something to fall back on or a good way to get rid of the S.I.P. requirement. When teaching is considered a prestigious profession it will attract better teachers who are interested in the students—who care. That's what we need. We need creative energy, as Kathy said earlier.

K.G.: I agree with that idea. I don't think you can do anything with the kids until you have teachers who care. Ninety-nine percent of the teachers are there because of a lack of anything better to do. Because of them many of the teachers who care and who want to teach won't get a job. Teaching is pretty well paid but not very well regarded as a profession, especially among the students at Kalamazoo College. If you are a good teacher who cares, you will put in a much longer day than many other people who are going to get more money than you are.

P.B.: You are putting in your full eight hours teaching and two or three hours each night in preparation. In addition you usually spend one full day of the weekend working.

K.G.: If you are going to do a good job; if you are going to do all the things you should do for your classes, you are going to spend a great deal of time. Teaching is one of the lowest-prestige professions I can think of. That fact in itself turns many people away, besides a lack of monetary reward.

P.B.: There is also a tenure problem. There are teachers who were tenured a long time ago before the standards were as high as they are now. Once they have tenure, unless they do something scandalous, they won't be fired. They're going to leave, either, because it is an easy job. You can get by with very little effort if you want to.

K.G.: You can see that even at Kalamazoo College. There are about all the professors that you have had and how many of them were outstanding. The same thing goes for other schools. I can think of only one teacher I had in high school that I think was worthwhile. Maybe she didn't care much about us but she did what she should have been doing. The majority of them stunk.

P.B.: It is difficult for the new, more innovative teachers to have a chance.

CALENDAR

April 23- May 15 Through May 7	When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder? New Vic Theatre, Friday and Saturday nights, 8:30 p.m. Continuing: Experimental photography exhibit, KVCC Gallery, Monday through Friday, 8:00 a.m.-7:00 p.m.
April 26	Faculty Concert: Dr. Harry Ray, pianist, and Voldemars Rushevics, violinist, Stetson, 8:00 p.m.
April 26-29	1976 Kalamazoo College Telephon.
April 26- May 7	Art Department Exhibit featuring the work of Terry Jones and David Thorban, FAB Gallery, Monday through Friday, 2:00-6:00 p.m.
April 27-30	Woodrow Wilson Visitors George and Leonore Romney
April 28	Film: Mouchette (Robert Bresson), FAB, 6:30, 8:30, 10:30 p.m.
April 29	Film: The Greatest Story Ever Told , with Max von Sidow and Charlton Heston, Recital Hall, 8:00 p.m.
April 30	Film: Cries and Whispers (Ingemar Bergman), FAB, 7:00, 9:00, 11:00 p.m. Kickoff Caper for Howard Wolpe Congressional campaign, Kalamazoo Armory, 162 E. Water Street, 8:00 p.m.
April 30- May 2	Joffrey Ballet, Chenery Auditorium, 8:00 p.m. Great Lakes Colleges Association English Writers' Conference/Workshop, open to faculty members from all GLCA colleges.
May 1	Kentucky Derby Ball, Old Welles, 9:30 p.m. Barbershop Quartet, Miller Auditorium, 8:00 p.m. National Organization for Women-Kalamazoo Chapter, monthly meeting, focusing on sex discrimination in employment, YWCA, 1:00 p.m. Lakeside Studio Exhibition and Print Sale, Kalamazoo Art Center, 9:00 a.m.-4:00 p.m.
May 2	Basic Photography Class, Kalamazoo Nature Center, 2:00-4:00 p.m. "Patterns of the Wild" program, Kalamazoo Nature Center, 2:00 & 3:00 p.m.
May 2-30	May Exhibits at Kalamazoo Art Center: America of Courier and Ives, Main Gallery. Graphics from Parasol Press, West Gallery. Color lithographs by Peter Jogo, North Gallery. Ceramics by Tom Lollar, Back Gallery.
May 3	Concert: Frank Sinatra, Wings Stadium, 8:00 p.m. "Economic and Capital Market Outlooks": Dr. Andrew Brimmer, Harvard University; Dr. Frederick Strobel, Kalamazoo College; and Mr. Jay Schniedeskamp, University of Michigan, Stetson, 4:00 p.m.; presentation by Dr. Brimmer on long-term economic outlook, Stetson, 8:15 p.m.
May 5	Film: ...if... (Lindsay Anderson), FAB, 6:30, 8:30, 10:30 p.m.
May 6	"Pieces of Dreams", Oakland Recital Hall, 8:00 p.m.
May 7	Film: Les Violins du Bal (M. Drach), FAB, 7:00, 9:00, 11:00 p.m.
May 7-8	Larry Bell & friends, Canterbury House, WMU, 8:30 p.m. United Farm Workers fund-raising march from Holland to Grand Rapids.
May 7-8, 11-15	Musical: My Sister Eileen , Civic Auditorium, 8:30 p.m. (7:30 p.m. Tuesday & Wednesday).
May 8	March of Dimes Super Walk, registration 8:15 a.m. at WMU Field house. Film: Top Hat , FAB, 9:00 p.m.
May 9	Kalamazoo Democratic Party Policy meeting, Democratic Headquarters, 7:30 p.m. Nature Photography class, Kalamazoo Nature Center, 2:00-4:00 p.m. Wildflower Sunday program, Kalamazoo Nature Center, continuous 1:00-5:00 p.m.
(May 9)	Concert: Helen Reddy, Wings Stadium, 3:00 p.m.
May 10	Pro Tennis Exhibition: Borg/Martin, Wings Stadium, 8:00 p.m.
May 10-21	Art Department Exhibit featuring the work of Pam Rozelle and Melissa Gilchrist, FAB Gallery, Monday through Friday, 2:00-6:00 p.m.
May 14-16	CUB/Wilderness Education Canoe Trip down Pine River, leaving Kalamazoo 4:00 p.m. Friday, returning for dinner on Sunday.

Beethoven

Continued from Pg. 1.

three movements from the Mass. The piece was very well received and the audience, mostly friends of the composer, applauded vigorously. Beethoven, who conducted the concert, did not hear them since his deafness was so far progressed, and had to have his attention directed toward the beating that he might acknowledge the applause. Of course, one of the main reasons for its popularity, and the fact that it is so well-known, in the choral finale, but this is not the symphony's only outstanding characteristic.

The first movement, as in most symphonic works, is fast and appears to be created on the spot. It is only as the instruments begin to play that order seems to be imposed on the music, and it is in this opening that the listeners hear the huge dynamic and melodic concepts that are the foundations for this symphony.

The second movement is also fast, a scherzo, and is a good example of Beethoven's ability to organize a movement in the traditional sonata form around a single rhythmic motive. (this is also the very familiar theme that opened the Huntley and Brinkley news show.) The third section, the only slow movement in the symphony, is a set of variations on two themes that makes extensive use of the woodwinds that becomes prominent later in the piece.

The last movement is the setting of Schiller's poem "Ode to Joy" and it is apparent that Beethoven thought of using it as early as 1792 even though he didn't make the decision to include it in the choral finale until the fall of 1823. In selecting the poem, he used less than half of the verses and only those that stressed the principle of universal brotherhood through joy, and its basis in the love of the heavenly Father. The introduction of voices into the finale of a symphony was a very

Big Business

Continued from pg. 1

(49%) thought that the correct profit figure was 30% or more. Economics majors and students with parents in business were only slightly more accurate in their estimates. Asked what the corporation is entitled to as a "fair share" of profit, students allowed 10 to 20% as an acceptable range.

Another point of the study was to discover how students' estimation of the honesty and ethical standards of people in business compared to those in other occupational categories. Subjects were asked to rate eleven institutional groups from very high to very low. College teaching received top billing with 75% of the respondents attributing high or very high ethical standards to them. Advertising was at the bottom of the list with 62% giving people in advertising a low or very low rating. The remaining eight groups were listed in the following order from most to least ethical: Medicine, Engineering, Psychiatry, Law, Journalism, Business, Building contracting, and Public officials.

Most influential factors on student opinion, by their own reckoning, were parents, magazines, and friends. Professors were listed as the least influential factor on student attitudes toward business, and few students were able to cite

Ritchie

Continued from Pg. 1

While Eliot is undoubtedly a great poet, one could not realistically have lunch with him, and his poetry rubs our illiterate noses in that fact.

Last Monday night, Elisavietta Ritchie gave a reading of her poems in the Olmsted Room, and the following morning met with interested students (many of whom are writing poetry themselves for Dr. Hilberry's Creative Writing class) for a discussion of

classes that affected their attitude. One notable exception: Economics 44.

The students who designed and administered the polls and interviews expected a lack of trust in big business, but were surprised to learn the factors influential in these opinions. "We were startled by the students' misconceptions concerning business, and by the origin of those misconceptions."

General Motors has commissioned similar polls on ten Michigan campuses. In each case, students developed the questions used in the poll, and drew their own conclusions. G.M. plans to use this information as the basis for a nationwide program designed to make students more aware of the business's role in contemporary society.

DOO-ERS' PROFILES

(Pronounced Dee-warz.)



Lonnie Supnick

HOME: Kalamazoo
AGE: 36
PROFESSION: College professor
HOBBIES: Interpretive dancing, cruelty to animals, knife collecting, flame-swallowing and the exotic arts.
MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: **Invisible Man**, by Ralph Ellison
LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Remaining sober at the Whistle

Stop.
QUOTE: "I never met a woman I didn't like," or "Anything longer than it is wide..."
PROFILE: Often seen in the company of Doo-er H. Bogart, together they head the faculty snack bar committee. On the softball field he's a spitfire. His sardonic wit and speedy repartee make him a fresh and appealing figure in the psychological world.
DRINK: The skinner Box-Retsina, Absinthe, two Valium, dash of Thunderbird. Mix with four martinis and serve in a silver, high-heeled slipper.

recitative: "Oh friends, not these tones, but rather let us sing more pleasant and joyful ones". The chorus and soloists are now a part of the finale.

In the finale, the Grand Chorus of W.M.U. exhibited beautiful diction, no small feat for a 134-voice choir; coupled with the solo quartet it formed a very exciting force in the development of the work. Unfortunately, the orchestra did not meet the standards set by the vocalists, and through poor ensemble and intonation flawed some otherwise beautiful music. Although the music had some very lovely moments, the over-all concept was poor, and just couldn't do justice to the score. The Ninth is a very demanding work in terms of ensemble, and the six rehearsals that the Symphony gives every program before the performance were not enough, especially when performing another large work in

radical step, and one that Beethoven was very careful to justify in the form of the last movement. After brief perusal and rejection of the themes in the preceding movements by the woodwinds and basses and cellos, he introduces the joy theme which then receives acceptance and further exposition. Following a return to the opening measures, he is ready for a bass the same program. That is was an exciting and rewarding experience to hear the work performed live cannot be debated; it is a bit sad that the organization did not provide for more rehearsal time, and attempt only the Beethoven. Presumably the quality of the Ninth Symphony would have improved, and the loss of the Sinfonia in E would not have been major. However, the audience was fortunate to hear such a fine chorus and distinguished group of soloists. Takeda should be thanked for that alone.

her poetry, their poetry, and the writing of poetry in general. She is the winner of the Great Lakes Colleges Association's New Writers Award for the best first book of poetry for 1975, and has published one book of her verse, **Tightening the Circle Over Eel Country** (Acropolis Books), with another book, **A Sheaf of Dreams and Other Games**, to be published his year.

While Ms. Ritchie herself is guilty of possessing a comprehensive knowledge of French, Russian, Portuguese, and other languages, and quite frequently inserts foreign words into her poems, she cannot be accused of the same elitism which is the jewel in the crown of the late, great Mr. Eliot. Her poetry is of the senses. She draws from her abundant repertoire of experience, her love of animals and insects of all kinds, and her incestuous, wild family history. She reads books about octopi, weightlessness in space, and entomology, and may soon be an authority on cuckoos. This sort of varied knowledge might be used to write selfish poems, but it is not. Instead she delights us with very human fantasies about belonging to these seemingly impossible realms.

Her honesty is stark, appealing, and sometimes horrific. In her poem "A Feast of Eels," she matter-of-factly describes the way to cook eels: "Slit round the neck, slip off the skin, and slice./ But how to clutch these whips which switch/ from lash to hoop to question mark?... We cut their bellies, tear out guts...". In "Night-Blooming She-Crab" she reveals the wonder of a crab shedding its shell, then jumps to her remembrance, at age six, of her mother's shadowy affair with a sea captain at Nantucket, and back to the she-crab, which she compares to the rare night-blooming cereus, entrancing the reader with its slow unfolding. Just when we begin to grasp the significance of the flashback, as the she-crab "slides from her shell at last, slippery as a jellyfish," the writer "slice[s] away her head and apron for tomorrow's bait. She quickly cooks, and then I eat my mother and the cereus."

Such raw and greusome honesty is a gift for beginning writers reading Ritchie's poems, who begin to see that poems can be grim, that one's repressed terrors make fascinating poems, and that it is all right to use the word "guts," in its literal sense, in verse.

Through her family history poems, Ritchie shows the reader how to come to grips, in poetry, with incestual suspicions, innuendoes, and downright obvious tendencies, with the rampant suicidal trends passed down through generations, and with genuine hatred of, as well as forgiveness for, our families. In the somewhat shocking first lines of her "Notes For A Family Chronicle": "We were present and one/in one ancient drop of semen as briny as seas" she examines the mystifying ties that lock families in hate, love and sexuality.

Ritchie's very matter-of-fact explanations of how she makes her poems, her continual admissions of events disguised and elaborated, of geographical locations changed in her poems to please publishers, of dull people turned into fascinating characters until she herself can't remember whether the persons described are, indeed, dull in real life, are immeasurably helpful, not only to people writing poetry, but to readers of poetry as well. For those to whom poetry is an unfamiliar terrain, it is a great relief to know that poets lie, cheat, and steal in verse.

What is most likely is that those who do not read poetry will continue not to read it, but it is encouraging to see such powerful honesty, such familiarity with sense and sensuality, and such fattened, exotic creatures oozing between the tight lines of Elisavietta Ritchie's poetry.

Bicentennial Minutiae

BY RANDY MORSE

Hundreds of years from now, if there's anyone left to study or teach history, it may well be that the mid-to-late twentieth century will be known as the age of cynicism in America. Mostly because of a diligent free press as well as the other media, we have been disgusted by Vietnam, disillusioned about the government, disappointed by the profiteering that seems to lie behind even the best actions of big business, and disturbed that we seem to have missed the opportunity to participate in graft and corruption ourselves. This long introductory paragraph leads up to the fact that Simon Geckh may be a particularly apt figure of the American Revolution of 1776 to investigate, being an antihero, a distraught and frustrated man, symbol of the ambiguous nature of the mind and its deliberations which we have become so conscious of in recent years, and a moron as well.

Simon was born in 1755 to a poor couple in Virginia who made their living looking for returnable bot-

les, which hadn't yet been invented and writing about their adventures. He got off to a bad start in life; his mother insisted on pole-vaulting (a hobby she'd taken up at the advice of her minister) throughout her pregnancy against the advice of her midwife, and Simon was, in fact, born at a track meet where he finished a dismal last in the high jump and the Australian crawl. Having failed from the first, he was destined to spend the rest of his life trying to make up for his initial washout.

Simon's parents were strict—his chores included washing the barnyard animals, dusting the woods back of the house and the north forty, watering the creek and buffing the entire house once a week. At the age of eight he ran away with the circus, where he was allowed to clean up the animals' waste for ten cents a week, which he paid to the circus owner.

At age ten Simon left the circus after a heated argument with the tent poles. What he did between the ages of ten and fifteen is

unknown, although there is evidence in the 1823 Congressional Record and the 1912 Telephone Directory for Muncie, Indiana that he found employment as a nistulcher for a bowling alley in Maryland for most of this time. It seems likely that even as abysmal an intellect as Simon's might have grown weary of stulching nife after three or four years.

The fifteen-year-old Simon, now fancying himself quite a ladies' man, although the ladies fancied him as something else entirely, landed a job as assistant to a traveling daytime game-show, called either "Name that Tory" or "This is Your Country (or Maybe it Isn't)". This new vocation of Simon's was less than respected by the general populace, and after being tarred-and-feathered several times, he decided he hadn't been cut out for this sort of work and quit.

Simon drifted for several years, and it is shortly after his twentieth birthday that his life assumes a character uninteresting only to the most stony-hearted of people.

Simon, playing in an ill-advised poker-game, lost his money, his clothes, his fiancée, his parents and all his relatives on his father's side of the family. In addition, he repaid part of his losses to one ardent supporter of the incipient revolution by singing up to serve in the Colonial militia. (Incidentally, it is likely that Simon was cheated in the game, since he never learned to read cards and consequently never knew what he had in his hand).

As a soldier, once the inevitable fighting broke out between the redcoated stiff-marching British and the ragtag, scattered, but effective rebel force, Simon proved a complete failure. He insisted that American soldiers should be blindfolded or tie their legs together in order to make them a fair contest, and cried when the British fired before he could see the whites of their eyes.

Eventually, Simon's incompetence and cowardice came to the

attention of General Washington himself. After a long and unfruitful interview with Simon, who was a dull person, Washington instructed Simon's commander, Lieutenant Glutin, to arrange for Simon to be captured by the British. This he did, and the results of the British confidence in the mental deficiencies and fainheartedness of the "average" rebel soldier are well-known to all of us. (What I mean is that we won).

For his part, Simon was turned loose by the English, since he was harmless and pitiable and totally unfit to be a butler, and returned to General Washington's camp as a hero. As a reward, Washington allowed Simon to live on his estate in Virginia as long as he always remained out doors. Simon spent the remainder of his life trying to become what he had always wanted to be: a small, inconspicuous shrub. Legend has it that he succeeded.

Letters to the Editor

Editors:

I've often wondered why Winifred Dewing ever wanted a room the size of 103. The four years I've been here, I've rarely seen it full, and only slightly more often close to it. Did she get a good deal on those orange seats and want to build a room around them, or did she believe (as most of us do), that no college classroom structure can be complete without an amphitheater-type lecture hall?



Editors:

We are concerned that the current enrollment of minority students at Kalamazoo is disproportionately low when compared to the population at large or to other colleges of our same caliber. Although there are no statistics immediately available, the small percentage of minorities on campus and the increasing homogeneity of the student body are apparent.

The problems of racism and discrimination in this country are by no means resolved, and in fact have suffered at the hands of a governmental policy of "benign neglect" that has all but replaced the much needed affirmative actions ushered in a decade ago. As a small liberal arts college that caters increasingly to an area of the country that has both a high urban density of minorities and a sharp division between those minorities and the well-to-do white suburbs, we need to consider our role in this situation carefully. Are we to allow our college to adopt another policy of benign neglect that slowly blends our student body to the same consistency as an upper middle class Detroit suburb?

It is our belief that the college has a social obligation to seek a student body that both provides an opportunity for white students to be exposed to persons of

different backgrounds and for minority students to experience a potentially alien world in the open atmosphere of a college committed to learning and personal growth. We recognize also certain problems that the college has encountered in seeking this student body in the past. The high standards that this college requires often exclude minority students from admissions, even though the SAT or ACT test scores in these cases are generally disregarded. Those students who do meet the qualifications are also likely candidates for other schools whose reputation or whose status in the "Ivy League" surpasses our own. Those students who do meet our qualifications and who express an interest in coming here generally also have a large financial need, which often constitutes a burden that the college is not willing to accept.

We realize that the solutions to these problems are not simple, but we also believe that the difficulty of the task before us should not dissuade us from considering the increased enrollment of minorities as a high priority. The alternative to this is an easy one, but is also one that would diminish the integrity of this college as an institution with a viable role in society.

—Kristel Heinz

—David Ban

ed recognition. My enthusiasm disappeared, however, when, after nestling into a vacant place between various books and bodies, I noted the student-professor ratio to be about 90 to 1. Despite the boost this influx of eager students might offer the reputation of contemporary literary figures, the fact that our intellectual guidance in this class can be but distant is certainly detrimental to the literary future of our school, our nation and the free world.

For if the size of English 55 at Kalamazoo College has reached such proportions as to be trying the seams of Mrs. Dewing's receiving room, what similar strains must other pursuers of literary truth be laboring under, and what will be the fate of the art itself?

The implications are serious for ourselves, the intellectual products of Kalamazoo College, who without close professorial supervision, must wander down treacherous paths, and become mired in our own misinterpretations. After all, each of us had the option of attending Michigan State, and chose a small college over that. In doing so, none of us had visions of attending the over-full institution this school seems in danger of becoming.

—Nancy Allen

Books: All God's Dangers

BY KIERAN BEER

"If I tell any kind of story that I think was just something told to entertain, I'll say, 'That's what I heard so and so say...'" With this statement Ned Cobb sets the tone for the story he is about to tell. It is the story of his life. From the onset it is a carefully told narrative; Cobb takes pains to get the details right.

Because such care is taken in the narrative, *All God's Dangers* by Theodore Rosengarten is a valuable record of the life of a black sharecropper. Focusing primarily on the first three decades of this century, the book gives us an understanding of how "there's a whole class of people tries to beat the other class of people out of what they has." But it is not a bitter tale. Rather, it is a joyful view of life. It is almost a "morality play," for the book asserts that it is satisfying to live an honest life, and it pays.

As the personality of Cobb unfolds in the book, certain myths are killed—among them, the notion that the black farmer of the South was unintelligent and lazy. The life of Ned Cobb show "black men intact at the core, skilled workmen, loving husbands and fathers..." wrote Jack Geiger in the *New York Times*.

All God's Dangers not only has implicit social value, it is down-

right enjoyable reading. Ned Cobb's narratives have been compared to Faulkner. He has been labeled "a black Homer bursting with his black odyssey." *All God's Dangers* is also good history. Theodore Rosengarten, the chronicler of Ned Cobb's narratives, got the idea for the book while researching the Sharecroppers Union of the thirties. Cobb belonged to the Union. He even spent time in prison for helping a neighbor resist seizure of his property by the law. The fact that Cobb was one who "stood up against the southern way," gives the book its historic value.

Of course the fact that the book is a retrospective tale of an individual's life, late in his lifetime means we cannot accept the narrative as solid history. But coupled with other sources the book can provide insight into the period of history during which Cobb lived.

Perhaps "insight" is a key word for describing the book. *All God's Dangers* is almost a manual of how to endure the bad times and enjoy the good. It is also a prophetic book. Cobb puts it this way, "The color, the colored race of people on earth, going to shed themselves of these slavery ways. But it takes many a trip to the river to get clean..." There is something for everyone in such a statement.

Fear of Running

BY TRICIA BEATON

Tracy Wallach from Akron, Ohio and Shan Soliday are both freshmen at Kalamazoo College and they are also the women's track team. Wallach competed for two years while a student at Firestone High School and Soliday spent three years on the track team at Bangor High School, an interest which survived in college even though too few women were interested in forming a women's track team at Kalamazoo College to merit a coach of their own. Undaunted, they have continued to practice daily at Western Michigan University's all-weather facilities, assisted by the men on the Kalamazoo track team and their coach, Mr. Baker. Soliday and Wallach don't mind being a team of two because they are not alone — "everybody else is really small too".

Only Soliday has formally competed as yet, taking a second at Western's Indoor Invitational, and a first in high jump and a second in the 110 yd. hurdles at the MIAA Relays in April, where women competed in single events. If the other teams have women available they will schedule future

MIAA contests at the same times the men meet.

In the WMIAA Women's track is still a fledgling sport; only Calvin College has a full team. If Wallach and Soliday can't find enough competition in the WMIAA, Jean Friedel, coach of Western's women track team, has offered to take them to three or four invitationals where there is no limit on teams or individuals

competing.

Soliday, who specializes in the 110 yd. hurdles and the high jump, will also run the 220 dash, while Wallach who prefers the 110 yd. hurdles will compete in the long jump, the high jump and the 100 mile run; if they are successful at the time they graduate in 1981 they may have succeeded in forming a complete women's track team.



Dialogue

Continued from pg. 2

P.B.: Trying new ideas and getting the kids to think is what it should be all about and it is not right now, partially because the Goal Oriented Teaching Techniques test destroys innovation.

K.G.: Teachers are interested in teaching enough material so that the kids can regurgitate it in the performance-objective tests, on which teacher's salaries are based. You read about the great ideas for improvement in the schools, and you know that they cannot possibly be implemented in the school system as it is today.

Some of the material is insane. By the time the G.O.T.T. test comes, the kids know the terms and the definitions, but I think half of them would not know how to use them and really understand the true meaning of the terms.

P.B.: They are teaching material, but not how to think.

Pam Briggs and Kathy Guenther student-taught last fall: Kathy in a centralized, large, city school and Pam in a small rural school. -Ed.)

— Sport Shorts —

The role of sports at a small, private, liberal arts college in the Mid-West—call it Kalamazoo—does not exactly lend itself to high drama. Admittedly the record of the men's varsity tennis team of thirty-six undisputed conference titles and one co-championship is spectacular, but certainly consistent winning is not a characteristic of Kalamazoo sports in general.

Yet this spring the college has five varsity teams engaged in MIAA competition, an Ultimate frisbee team last seen hitch-hiking in the direction of Amherst, an extensive intramural softball combat, several women engaged in inter-collegiate track competition and the usual students engaged in fulfilling their P.E. requirements. It seems that many students at this school are motivated towards athletics not merely for the completion of graduation requirements—although seniors engaged in two or more gym classes might be inclined to disagree—or because of intense ego trips. Few instances of hero-worship because of athletic prowess appear in the Kalamazoo book of annals, although the obvious instance is of course the

case of Lester Strapjock who was choked to death by an unrequited love in the form of his athletic supporter. Although one might readily acknowledge the joys of softball, that glorious mixture of sweat and beer, reports from the field this season say that the games are dry and bodies are stripped not to heighten the sensual pleasures of the experience but to provide the bases.

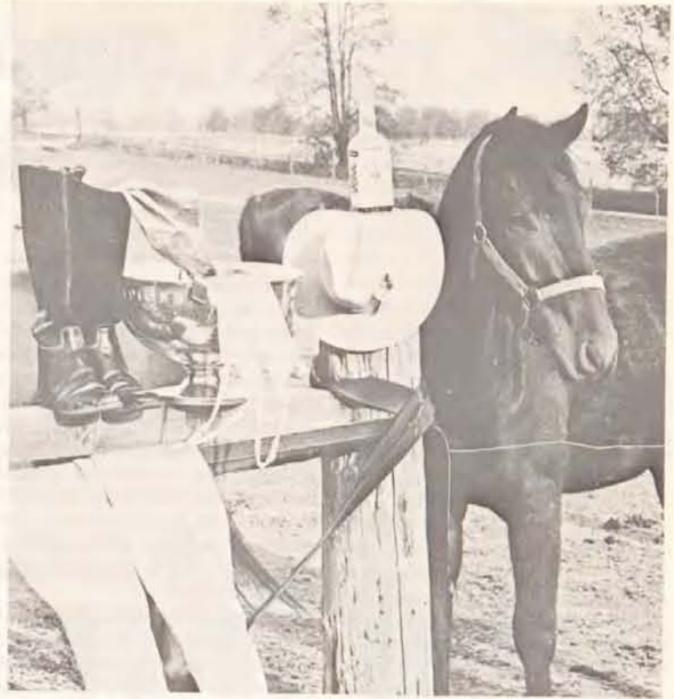
Especially disconcerting is the plight of the Ultimate Frisbee Club. The psychological implications of being sponsored by student organizations and not the athletic department was undoubtedly the determining factor of their performance at Amherst.

Long hours, great exertion, loss of study time, lack of spectators, the agony of defeat, bruises and blisters—seem to characterize the sports at Kalamazoo to the disinterested observer.

Which is not to denigrate the achievements of varsity athletes. Although their struggles for victory may or may not be successful, their personal satisfaction of having done their best is their reward. For it is not how you win or lose, it's whether you play the game.

—Anonymous

The South Will Rise Again



BY TOM FLYNN

The Academy Plantation, famous for its Monte Carlo Night, plans a well bred celebration ball for the night of the Kentucky Derby. All the Colonels, gentlemen and ladies of the plantation are hereby invited to attend what promises to be a night of upperclass frolic and merriment.

The ball, to be partially catered by S.A.G.A. (Southern Army Gastronomic Affairs) provides all the alcoholic and culinary delights of the Confederacy. Cols. Watson and Whelpton will oversee the making of the Mint Juleps and Champagne Mint Punch. Their legions will also distribute Southern Comfort. All proceeds from the sale of Southern spirits go towards our brave troops of the C.S.A., who recently won great glory on the fields of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.

Due to the Yankee blockade,

Havana cigars will be unavailable at the Ball. However, our brave brothers of Virginia promise to send a large shipment of their excellent tobaccos.

The ball promises to unveil the latest in ladies spring fashions, brought from the Continent by our valiant blockade runner Mr. Butler. According to Mr. Butler, parasols have returned to the spring fashion scene. One must also note Mr. Butler's dashing mustache, which he said is the current range among European gentlemen of stature.

The ball commences at 9:30 p.m. in the Welles Grande Ballroom. Music will be provided by "Windjammer," an Ann Arbor based group recently converted to the Southern cause. Drinks and conversation will be served in the East Room.

The plantation owner reserves the right to demand satisfaction for all ungentlemanly behavior.

The Saga to End All Sagas

The Charge:

BY CHARLES A. BRYNELSEN

An old employer of mine once said, "The non-average eater should never eat in a restaurant. You can never serve them to their taste." Yet that is the task Saga Food service seeks to undertake here at a meal after meal attempting to please hundreds of faces from all over the world. As well as serving the regular twenty meals per week, Saga sponsors a large variety of special functions.

And yet there is discontent. We hear it all around us. Though much voiced, it is often difficult for one who really listens to these remarks to determine the actual nature of the dissatisfaction. Is it that there's no variety in the meals? This is hardly a justified complaint. All Saga's menus are re-planned through the main office in California by a professional dietician, with complete range of choices in main dishes, side dishes and vegetables, beverages, salads, and desserts. For the price we pay (comparable to a snack at McDonald's) we are allowed to pig down every last bit we can stuff in our little faces. I question whether anyone has this kind of variety for every meal at home.

Is it because the cooks don't know what they're doing? Not so, says manager Prescott Slee. They are experienced cooks, often better qualified than those who work in normal restaurants, since they prepare food, not just cook it. Add to that their ability to train student workers and the fact that they are working on more than one meal (plus any special banquets or activities coming up), and their professional qualifications seem even stronger. "People just don't understand everything that goes on back there."

But why don't they ever plan ahead? Prescott points out, "You can't plan ahead actually." Anyone who has ever working in a restaurant knows that one can hardly outplan rushes. Setting a great deal of food in the warmers is no good—who wants dried out food? Personally, I would rather stand in line a bit longer than stand in line and on top of that get over- or under-cooked food.

Why then do people complain? The possibility, Prescott points out, is that this is the first time most people have eaten away from home. Relinquishing an established way of eating they tend to expect new dining habits.

Another reason is the regularity with which people eat at Saga. The same food, the same faces, and the

same setting. But I challenge anyone to eat at any restaurant for almost every meal over a long period of time and then tell me that that food is not bland.

A third theory is peer pressure. If one is subjected to constant complaint from the time he enters this institution, and he never gets to know the people who run the place, it's very easy to find fault with the service. I know few people who go in with an open mind. Those who most oppose Saga and looking for fault.

This argument may seem to suggest that Saga is faultless. This, of course, is not the case. There are times when things are not up to par, seemingly for no good reason. Why do these things happen?

One reason, as was explained before, is the unpredictability of sudden rushes. Another problem is scholarship students. A gross underestimate would be to say that five people every week never show up for work and fail to produce a substitute. Add to that the number of people who are late and the difficulties increase.

Finally, students simply don't try to change the situation. Sure, a few notes get put up on the comment board, but how representative are they of the whole student body? And how constructive are they? "This food sucks" is hardly anything Saga can try to change. I asked Prescott how many people sought him out to speak personally.

"Very few," he answered.

To encourage personal contact, an open meeting policy has been adopted at the food service committee meetings. Bill Griffin, a member of three out of the past four committees, said, however, that besides the representatives themselves, an average of "one-half person per week" showed up for the meetings.

Prescott says, "Most people think we just listen to them and say 'Okay, I'll look into it,' but we don't. We really try to cater to students' tastes." He says if someone signs his name to the bottom of his comment, he often will phone that person himself.

Yet most students find it easier to take more food than they can eat, throw some of it around, push sopped-up trays through the dishline, and they reply to others who inquire about the meal, "Oh, I don't know; just the normal shit."

We are past the "radical" '60's now, and into the '70's, an era to which we attribute more reason, but which actually turns out to be one with nothing more than mumbled bitching. As far as I can see, we've got a long way to go.

A Reply:

Seniors and recent graduates (and non-graduates who are still around) contend that no one who has been a SAGA consumer for less than four years can stand in judgment. Seniors and post-seniors know that there once was Camelot before barbarism, whereas underclassmen must contend with a vague longing for something better.

In the midst of the energy crisis SAGA claimed it would save money by turning down the heat in Old Welles dining hall. While Old Welles never turned into an icebox, students seemed contented with extended hours in New Welles and the thought that somehow, energy was being saved. Do you remember that lunch once went until 1:30 p.m. and breakfast to 10:00 a.m.?

Mysteriously, items regarded as *de rigueur* on the menu disappeared or appeared only occasionally. The meat crisis provided another opportunity for SAGA to justify a vanishing species. Student worker's tales from the kitchen continued to strike terror in the hearts of food-service prisoners.

SAGA's answer to everything seems to be finances. When pinned down on the subject, SAGA representatives balk at giving the figures. Stockholders of a major company would be outraged if the management declined to release figures on loss and gain. SAGA has a virtual monopoly at Kalamazoo and yet the students are expected to accept on faith the rising board charges and excuses for a continually decreasing menu selection and quality.

SAGA would have us believe that this is indeed the best of all possible worlds when our stomachs scream otherwise. What is more annoying is that students are faulted for not raving about soy patties and runny eggs simply because they can have all they want.

Terse comments are often the final expression of the complete frustration of students who pay for and are subjected to substandard food (i.e. the continually sour cottage cheese and skim milk). Does it take a quorum to be dissatisfied? Must it always be the students who are ingrates?

If SAGA would once admit that it is sometimes inefficient and that the quality of the food has decreased in the last three years it would find more sympathy and less dissent among its clientele. As far as we can see, SAGA still has a long way to go.

— Saga Sufferers

Taxi Driver:

Carnival of Violence

BY LISA STEINMULLER

Reflections of the city animal, or a poignant expression of human status at ebb-tide? Whatever the theme, the story of *Taxi Driver* centers around Robert DeNiro, a frustrated insomniac-turned-taxi-driver wheeling his fares around for \$350 on a good week. It all takes place in the greatest carnival of all time—New York City—the citadel of the basest, most outrageous and most noble tenets of human nature.

Don't expect any aesthetic blandishments in this flick—unless you keep your eyes closed or your mind blank, your senses are going to stir. That's how the producers, Michael and Julia Phillips, designed the screenplay. This is no movie to relegate to instant oblivion after the credits flash on—even if you try.

In between cruising the Harlem backstreet jungles, DeNiro takes time out at a local greasy spoon, where his colleagues regale each other with their back-seat passenger activities. One offers to let him hawk a piece of Errol Flynn's bathtub, but DeNiro, a loner, is not interested. When Cybill Shepherd, as Betsy, catches his roving eye, their ensuing uninspired conversation characterizes their relationship, which has the durability of a wet Fourth of July sparkler. As a model, Shepherd is superb; as Betsy, she gives a vivid and unconvincing performance as a political volunteer for a Presidential hopeful. (Jodie Foster, newest protegee of the second greatest carnival of all time, Hollywood, offers a refreshing interlude from the tried-and-true type-cast

performers as a twelve-year-old earning girl of the street).

Sadly rebuffed, a disillusioned DeNiro propels himself into action, in a style borrowed from the worst of *Robin Hood* and *Our Man Flint*. Eyes like slate, black as the asphalt canyons of the city, DeNiro becomes a self-proclaimed militant, fighting against New York's age-old evils.

DeNiro's final act of desperado bravery is anti-climactic because of the pervasive violence throughout the whole story—psychological and reflected in the music choreographed to the taxi movements, as well as physical. It is one of ultimate futility, more bitter perhaps, than remaining initially inert, as 2.99 million other crime pros await to fill the shoes of those representatives of sin eliminated by DeNiro.

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Creation

The state is asking high school teachers to justify their courses in terms of future salaries. Students in liberal arts colleges are encouraged mainly to regurgitate given facts and theories. Intelligence (IQ) is measured and judged by knowledge and skills that are accumulated, not invented.

The act of creation, the process of creation, the existence and quality of creativity—these are continuous, essential, inescapable parts of the Creation, aside from being powerful, energetic, vital, beautiful or grand.

Creativity, or the initiation of art, idea, habit, theory, position, personality, taste, sound, poem, game, word, fantasy, day-glo dental floss, is perhaps the only valuable function of human existence. Poe expressed the belief that only through the externalization of

or invention of art could the universe recapture its lost unity. Today, as people are faced with the horrible, monotone death of mass culturization, creation is more crucial than ever before.

True creation demands courage, insight, freedom and skill. Some believe that it achieves greater heights when least encouraged, as in cases like Solzhenitsyn's, however, suffocating, the songstress never bettered a performance to my knowledge.

Suffocation or stagnation of art in our society can not be allowed. People must be conscious of creation in their own lives—reject passivity for active creativity when not satisfied, when bored, when mistreated, when choosing lifestyle, values, careers, recreation and definition. Hence, the backaround topic.

Gail Freimuth

Thousands of Americans in the twentieth century are involved in the process of creation. Unfortunately many of them are busily engaged in creating newer and better ways of persuading us to consume ever increasing quantities of mouthwash, Alka-Seltzer and electric can openers, and many others spend a large percentage of their lives grinding out episodes of "As the World Turns" and sequels to movies which weren't very good in the first place. The American public is, in general, better educated and possessed of more leisure time than most populations in the history of the world. Yet three hundred years ago the small city of Florence produced, in less than a century, such artists as Michelangelo, da Vinci, Raphael and Cellini. Without suggesting a definitive explanation for a very

complicated phenomenon, perhaps one of the reasons for this disproportionate production of enduring art was the economic support the artists received. All were commissioned by the Italian nobility, and their workshops were in turn fertile grounds for the development of new talent which might have otherwise gone undiscovered, and withered. This does not mean feudalism should be reinstated, of course. Several western European governments with political and economic systems similar to our own subsidize struggling artists, film-makers, poets, sculptors and novelists. In the area of film-making alone, much smaller populations than ours have supported the efforts of such directors as Bergman, Truffaut, Godard and Fellini.

In addition to the economic support European artists receive, they also draw support from a larger percentage of the population. Europeans live among their historical, artistic traditions and are schooled to value it from a young age. Americans, however, have a much shorter tradition to draw upon; (this need not necessarily be a drawback, but could perhaps be an incentive toward innovation.) Nonetheless, this lack

of tradition, coupled with the rapidity of change, the disposable-everything, and the prevalence of television, breeds a lack of patience and an unwillingness to endure years of failure for an uncertain final success. Television solves most major crises in an hour; an artist must have time to revise, erase, scrap and begin again. Modern-day Americans do not like to wait for results.

This article does not intend to exhibit an ethnocentric point of view toward artistic accomplishment; obviously as much has been achieved in art from Africa, South America and the East as in western Europe. However, generally our culture has a closer relationship to those of Europe—our societies have many of the same traditions and afflictions. Any art America produces, or has produced, is likely to bear more similarity to that of other western countries. It is also true that contemporary art has not undergone the test of time. Nevertheless, it is a sign of the probable inadequacy of the product when the producer is forced to sacrifice artistic inspiration to economics and the opinions of the masses, which are generally conservative and often oppose new ideas.

The only way individuals can change the present dictatorship of commercialism and crass sensationalism is by not patronizing it. This sounds like one of the "What if They had a War and Nobody Came?" bumper stickers prevalent in the late sixties, but social changes are slow and difficult. I do not wish to impose my value system on the entire country, but it is an artist's right, and the right of all those who will benefit, that art not be forced to compromise itself out of existence.

Louise Bacon

Nervous About Art?

"Today, many young painters, sculptors and musicians are aware of the absurdities of 'art for art's sake'. We have, therefore, not only the theater of the absurd, but also the concert hall and gallery of the absurd. The formal scene of going to the concert came to a final crash when John Cage performed an entirely silent piano recital with the full apparatus of evening dress, a Steinway, a score consisting wholly of rests, and an assist to turn the pages. Be it said at the same time that Cage is a musical genius, a man with divinely sensitive ears, who used the device in an attempt to persuade people to listen to the magical sounds that go on around us all the time. He was trying to clean our ears of melodic and harmonic prejudices....It is therefore my personal opinion that almost all avant-garde art forms of the twentieth century are transitional, in a peculiar and special sense. Obviously, all art is in transition, as is life itself. But the ear cleaning and eye washing that is now going on in the concert halls, galleries, and museums is in preparation for a return to the inseparability of art

and everyday life. The paintings are vanishing into the walls; but they will be marvelous walls. In turn, the walls will vanish into the landscape; but the view will be ecstatic. And after that the viewer will vanish into the view. However, an art inseparable from everyday life will not be narrowly functional or utilitarian. By reason of electronics and automation we are moving, to the consternation of the protestant conscience, into an age when there will hardly be any distinction between work and play. Mankind has to face the moral shock of realizing that masochistic work will be absolute, for the slaves will no longer be people but machines, watched and tended by swinging and fascinated engineers. Art will therefore cease to be a propaganda calling attention to misery...The wheel extends the foot. Brush, chisel, hammer and saw extend the hand. But electric circuitry extends the brain itself as an externalization of the nervous system and will therefore perform wonders of art (that is, of playful patterns of energy) which have not heretofore been seen."

Alan Watts

Serious Artists Suffer

Creativity is on its way out. It's on its way out because art is on its way out. Art, in the broadest sense, has become in the modern world a form of entertainment rather than a means for human expression.

A professor at WMU, when once asked to critique some of my fiction, returned with, "How do you want me to critique it?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, do you want to sell or do you want to write literature?"

Something is to be said, of course, for this discouragement. Perhaps then only the artist who is serious about his craft regardless of money will emerge in the end. What happens in actuality is that the artist is forced to write or paint or sing garbage most of his or her life while putting out good stuff "on the side." Almost every major artist makes his start producing trivial schmuck, then makes a gradual change to quality work, so that maybe by the time he or she is forty or fifty (s)he can start to really examine life.

That is why Jonathan Livingston Seagull, Gilligan's Island and the Bay City Rollers enjoy their wealth and popularity while the artist who tries to take his/her craft seriously from the start has a

chance of fame and fortune ranging anywhere from 0 to 1% . That's why, as Joanna Russ once put it, "Ninety percent of everything is shit."

Harlan Ellison states: "The creative intellect struggles against this sorry reality. Pressing with unflagging intensity against the shuddering membrane of alienation, against the interface between himself and freedom of the soul, the artist tries to gain an exit with the magic of words and movements and colors. Yet all around him the inexorable inertia of the alienated society finds the strength to keep rolling, grinding, crushing... And even so, the artist persists."

Yet he fights a losing battle. His hopes and dreams and visions are shared with other artists and a handful of intellectuals, and their numbers are steadily decreasing. Rather than preserving his arts, man's last true part of himself, he pushes everything away, saying, "Just keep me laughing—keep me entertained."

So the commercial artist grows fat with artificial support, while the creative artist sinks into the depths of desertion.

—Charles A. Brynelsen

In the beginning was the three-pointed star,
One smile of light across the empty face;
One bough of bone across the rooting air,
The substance forked that marrowed the first sun;
And, burning ciphers on the round of space,
Heaven and hell mixed as they spun.

In the beginning was the pale signature,
Three-syllabled and starry as the smile;
And after came the imprints on the water,
Stamp of the minted face upon the moon;
The blood that touched the cross-tree and the grail
Touched the first cloud and left a sign.

In the beginning was the mounting fire
That set alight the weathers from a spark,
A three-eyed, red-eyed spark, blunt as a flower;
Life rose and spouted from the rolling seas,
Burst in the roots, pumped from the earth and rock
The secret oils that drive the grass.

In the beginning was the word, the word
That from the solid bases of the light
Abstracted all the letters of the void;
And from the cloudy bases of the breath
The word flowed up, translating to the heart
First characters of birth and death.

In the beginning was the secret brain.
The brain was celled and soldered in the thought
Before the pitch was forking to a sun;
Before the veins were shaking in their sieve,
Blood shot and scattered to the winds of light
The ribbed original of love.

—Dylan Thomas

Next Topic:

LANGUAGE

Please, readers, submit any gems of prose, poetry, photography or other reproducible artwork you may have cluttering up your desk or cerebrum. Place contributions in the Index mailbox by the Union Desk.

A searing feeling flashes up in the numbed muscles somewhere in an outer extremity. Damn! foot asleep. Kaleidoscopes turn over and over in the mind's eye, non-sequential, pleasantly diversive. Then void. A black pit, refusing to reveal any of its contents, much less think up something new.

At this point, even warmed-over mind material would do...

Cinder-block syndrome rapidly closing in as staring eyes, focused on the wall, glaze over. One brick symmetrically above the next, each 4th row alternately self-Vague discolorings worn by age (and a former inmate's difference of opinion with his coffee-pot) distinguish each separate brick. Wonder if names could be appropriately fitted to all of them?

The floor reverberates with the dull beat of a stereo, registered only dimly now in the outer recesses of sub-consciousness. Slipping....into....darkness. How fitting. The Parker 45 rolls toward the desk-edge, gathering momentum - the whiteness of the vast ocean of undefined, blue-ruled paper looms up before the face.

The creative endeavor will wait until tomorrow.

Lisa Steinmueler

"Nature is not fixed but fluid. Spirit alters, moulds, makes it. Every spirit builds itself a house, and beyond its house a world, and beyond its world a heaven. Know then that the world exists for you. For you is the phenomenon perfect. What we are, that can we see...Build therefore your own world. As fast as you conform your life to the pure idea in your mind, that will unfold its great proportions. A correspondent revolution in things will attend the influx of the spirit."

Ralph Waldo Emerson

The Bride of Frankenstein

inspired by the life-story of Marilyn Monroe

The Baron has decided to mate the monster,
to breed him perhaps,
in the interest of pure science, his only god.

So he goes up into his laboratory which he has built in the tower of the castle
to be as near the interplanetary forces as possible
and puts together the prettiest monster woman you ever saw with a body like a pin-up girl and hardly any stitching on at all where he sewed on the head of a raped and murdered beauty queen...

He goes to get the monster so he will be right there when she opens her eyes,
for she might fall in love with the first thing she sees
as ducklings do.

That monster is already straining at his chains and slurping ready to go right to it.

He has been prepared well for coupling by his pinching, leering keeper

who's been saying for weeks, "You gonna get a little nookie, kid."

or "How do you go for some poontang, baby."

All the evil in him is focused on this one thing now
as he is led into her very presence.

She awakens slowly,
she bats her eyes,
she gets up out of the equipment and finally she stands in all her seamed glory,

a monster-princess with a hair-do like a fright-wig

lightning flashing in the background

like a halo and a wedding veil,
like a photographer snapping pictures of great moments.

She stands and stares with her electric eyes,
beginning to understand that in this life, too

she was just another body to be raped.

Edward Field



Mark Costello Revisited

Fiery Garbage, Paper Sacks

BY SALLY URANG

Mark Costello, the iron-gray, boyish, sprightly, heavy, sometimes-elfin, sometimes-huge and sprawling, drawling, delightful and brilliant storyteller and author of *The Murphy Stories*, a collection of -- fairy tales? autobiographical sketches? outrageous lies?, entertained, enthralled, and enticed listeners in the Olmsted Room last Monday night. This was his second visit to Kalamazoo College; both last year's and this year's visits were sponsored by Dr. Roerecke and the English Department, for

the benefit of the Short Story class and anyone else fortunate enough to attend the reading.

The Murphy Stories is Costello's first publication, and has received much (justifiable) praise. He teaches fiction writing at the University of Illinois, and is presently working on a novel. Costello is a master of the word, both printed and spoken. He holds language up to the light, admires the way water runs down the side of it, inhales it deeply, with many appropriate noises, rolls it on his tongue, lets a little ooze from his

mouth, chews, digests and disgorges it in a ludicrous combination of blue-red-black-bloody-gutsy-rancid-and-sweetly-foul powerful, long-lasting visual images. He shifts rapidly from place to place without warning, and moves freely back and forth in time with a technique similar to flashback and flash-forward in film.

Costello's stories are films, in a sense, because his strongest images are given to us separately, powerfully, frame by frame, and

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Kalamazoo College Index

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On the Road with George and Lenore

On Mr. Romney:

BY KRISTEL HEINZ

His recent visit to Kalamazoo, George Romney, former Michigan Governor, president of American Motors and Secretary of the Department of Housing and Urban Development, expressed his views on issues currently afflicting this country--specifically, the economic situation, November's presidential contest and the problems affecting American cities.

Romney is optimistic, albeit guardedly, about the economy. He views the recovery as a healthy one that should continue. For many students, a rough corollary between economic growth and more jobs exists. When asked whether the job market would be

more receptive this year, Mr. Romney predicted, "You'll find it better than last year." Government won't be expanding its programs, although cutbacks are unlikely in an election year. Currently federal funds provide for services and employment in urban areas through the Comprehensive Employment and Training Act (C.E.T.A.) and special grants. In Kalamazoo, C.E.T.A. employees work in city government positions in jobs such as writing grant applications, legislative analysis and serving as advisors to small and minority businesses; Romney inferred that we could expect these services to be phased out gradually.

Citing as examples California's Governor Brown, Carey of New York and Dukakis of Massa-

chusetts, he pointed out that the liberal perspective that fostered the growth of social welfare programs has changed. "People get used to certain services, subsidies, food stamps, unemployment compensation and the like--but people are concerned about the growth of government. Government can't solve all our problems." The federal budget has increased from about \$100 billion in 1965 to \$400 billion last year, which Romney finds alarming, perhaps even outrageous. He believes that enough Americans share his view to insist that government exercise more restraint in the future. Reduction in the spending growth rate can be expected as part of future policy, which will include encouraging the private sector (citizens and industry) to become a more effective force in ameliorating social conditions. This involvement presents a twofold benefit: by involving the private sector, government expenditures need not be as great, and one can expect some social unity to evolve from cooperative efforts.

Romney's past leadership experiences afford him a vantage point for assessing the type of person (i.e., President) who could effect the types of changes discussed. "We have come to expect too much from our Presidents. We're inclined to believe that presidents can do much more than they really can. Presidents are limited very much by what the public is willing to

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On Ms. Romney:

BY JEAN PERRY

Lenore Romney is a singularly aware woman; in the context of political wife she is even rather unique. She is a woman who knows what her values are and why it is best for her to hold them, a grandmother who has views on everything simply because she has an all encompassing perspective of life, and a civic-minded activist with a morality so certain and pragmatic as to either challenge or send one screaming in frustration.

We talked some about women--their prerogatives, their effectuality, their status--and she jumped to say that, unfortunately, what most women have been liberated from is their inherent sense of strength and dignity as females in society...witness the drastic increases of women incarcerated in prisons and mental health institutions, and the soaring rate of women's ulcers as women run from traditional roles that have supplied purpose and meaning for them in order to adopt both the positions and neuroses of men. Witness also the abundance and variety of juvenile delinquencies and childhood psychotic disorders as evidence of the declining respect for the kind of integrity required for serious child raising. Lenore Romney believes that women have always been the backbone of society, and she quotes Montesquieu, saying that 'women give men their humanity'. Obviously they haven't been given

due recognition; neither have they been allowed the freedom of choice that is only their right. Still, the traditional role of women is one worthy of considerably more esteem than that of men, for ultimately, in a collective sense, women determine the pattern of the future by selecting and instilling the values of a generation. Equal rights in Ms. Romney's terms includes equal opportunities for men to take part in the family; it's practically the most basic, and emotionally the most valuable, function of human life. There is no reason why a man can't be the one waiting to discipline and teach respect, to create the atmosphere of love and confidence necessary to a family when the kids come home from school, as long as this job is not regarded as leftovers; it is all a matter of attitude.

We spoke of the effects on American society of these kinds of attitude changes, and of her involvement in the National Center for Voluntary Action as a way of promoting change. Government is necessary; governmental assumption of responsibility in terms of social welfare has become unavoidable. But voluntary action like that sponsored by the NCVA is essential as a complement to governmental structures simply because it incorporates in them the attitude of genuine concern and dedication that they lack. Perhaps ideally it is not the place of 'government' in its first sense to have any direct role in social welfare, but the present priorities of the people make it necessary.

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Printmakers Exhibit Work

Since Peter Jogo's arrival on campus in the fall of 1975, the print-making shop in the art department has rapidly expanded and developed into an important area of concentration for art students. Under his auspices, a number of graduating senior art majors, including Melissa Gilchrist, Pamela Rozelle, and Holly Harris, have completed their SIP's in the printmaking media.

Beginning May 10, Melissa Gilchrist and Pamela Rozelle will be exhibiting their work in the art gallery at the Fine Arts Building. This work is comprised of prints in lithography, etching, collagraphs and monotypes. The intaglio processes (etching and collagraphs) involve incising lines with acid or tools in the plate. The lines are filled with ink while the surface is wiped clean with a cloth-like material. Once a dampened sheet of paper is placed on the plate and both are run through an etching press, the ink will be forced into the lines and the image is printed. The lithograph, on the other hand, is a drawing made with a grease crayon on the surface of a block of limestone or an aluminum plate. After chemical treatment with an arabic and acid, an ink-charger roller is passed over the surface. Ink is accepted by the greasy areas and repelled by the non-greasy areas. A print is then made by placing a sheet of paper

over the drawing and run through the lithographic press. Monotypes are a simplified version of the print-making process, and are unique due to the fact that only one print can be taken from the plate's surface. Ink can be dabbed, brushed, or poured onto the surface of a metal or glass plate. Once the image has sufficiently dried, a dampened sheet of paper is placed on the surface, and both are run through the etching press under light pressure. The image can not be reproduced in multiple numbers as in all other print-making processes.

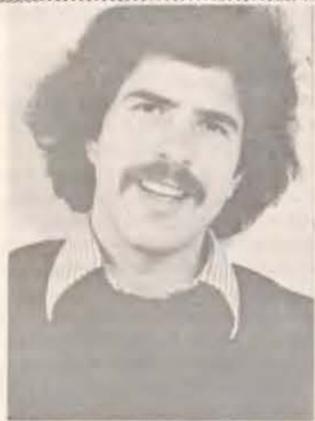
Melissa's work in the show consists mostly of intaglio prints. They are figurative, but, as Melissa argues, they are actually visual descriptions of ideas and impressions she had of her foreign study experience in Spain. Her interest in the landscape, architecture, and people of Spain is evident in her work. These motifs imbue her work with Spanish sensibilities. She uses strong compositions, achieving high contrast in tone by the dramatic use of shadows, and involves multifarious textures in the depiction of her views of Spain. The images themselves were developed from both photographic and sketchbook sources. The rustic and ragged shapes and forms are typical of her work.

Pamela's work is distinctly

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DIALOGUE: Modern Theology... The Great Chasm?



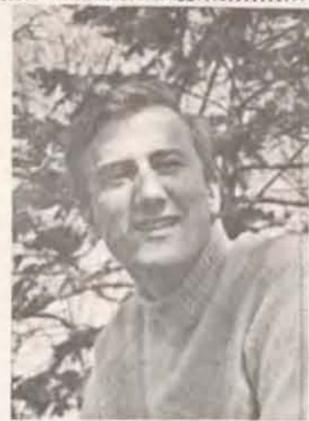
Kieran Beer: Those particular Christian traditions today which are really experiencing a growth in membership are those which are saying the faith they offer is not so much their faith but a revealed faith. What seems to me to be important is that the faiths that will continue to grow and the elements that will die out will depend on the assertions of who God is and whether or not God is just mystically found. If God is just mystically found, men are quickly blown out of the water in the face of the real questions the world is asking of the church, as are mystical faiths in regard to Skinner's ideas and Watson and Crick's revelations concerning DNA. Those faiths that say that God comes in and transcends those things are really vital.

Michael Starenko: I don't know of any Christian group that would proclaim or support what you are saying. In other words, I don't know of any denomination that would support a notion of humanity on Skinnarian terms or along the lines of scientific models.

The most urgent problem for Christianity today is the credibility of the faith itself. Unfortunately what I see happening is a reaction. There is either total rejection of the possibility of faith, of the absurdity of the irrationality of it, or a total acceptance, on the other hand, of conservatism. The only solution around reaction is to deal with religion as it is. You must try to make it into an affirmative response rather than a reaction. That effort entails Biblical study, personal service, and the use of the community and family to come to the positive and to the outreaching aspects of faith.

I have a strong affinity for those who can't believe. I'm not willing to dismiss them because they can't believe. I am sensitive to what they are saying and in some way I want to respond to that kind of argument. If religion can stand up on its own without a great amount of external authority; if there is an authority within the faith not found in this rule or that Biblical passage, it becomes a question of whether there is a choice left in the modern world or whether we have all become so conditioned that the idea of the existential choice is nullified.

K.B.: Still, the idea of a faith being one that stands, regardless of the outside pressures is not one that is going to work unless that faith can defend itself in some sort of objective terms. You talked about the internal feeling that religion will be something which will compel people internally. I am asking what we do with that idea in regards to Skinner and people who would say that the genetic code is what makes up man. We have these gut-tuggings which deal with our questions of despair. Those gut-tuggings can be dismissed in terms of them being part of our make-up as man as the animal. The Christian faith has got to begin to take a stand in the marketplace of ideas and it has to have an objective source that it refers to as saying, "These spiritual truths are a viable option not simply because we feel this



way but because the character of Christ is so compelling man still does not know how to deal with him." This expression is the idea of the revealed faith. Otherwise we should say that eventually there is an end to the faith. The Christian faith just can't stand in light of the attacks unless it comes across as a revealed faith which can argue objectively for its substance.

M.S.: When you talk about revelation it is not necessarily obvious. It is not something that I can point to a person and say, "This has been revealed to me therefore it is true; this has come from another world and has been revealed to me and made known to me; this is knowledge from some other source, some other way." When you start talking about revelation in those terms then the only people who have faith are those who have actually experienced revelation. Then religion is taken into the area of mysticism in which only those who have exclusive claim to this experience can call themselves Christians.

K.B.: That is not the fact what I am saying. When I said "objective" I said that the gut-tuggings are not enough. Ultimately you have the New Testament as the source book for the Christian faith and with which we have to deal as revelation. When I said that the church must be able to point to that objectively in an age that seeks some sort of absolutes I meant that we can point to that as a sign of that compelling figure of Christ who draws us to Himself and to God. In those terms I am probably going against the school represented in Bultmann which speaks of those things coming alive to me existentially. I am speaking more in terms of a school of scholarship more like that of F. F. Bruce. The supernaturalism in Christianity is the faith which is compelling people to join churches as opposed to a naturalism found in Bultmann.

M.S.: How do you feel about Karl Barth?

K.B.: I have to confess my ignorance of Barth to a large degree but my impression is that he still removes his theology from the realm of the objective. He believes that certain things have happened objectively but he believes them for existential reasons.

M.S.: When you talk about revelation then, what you mean is the New Testament. You don't mean God being revealed in DNA.

K.B.: I don't mean it in a mystic sort of way.

M.S.: It doesn't have to be mystic. The line of thought is: if God is the creator of the universe and this is his creation then by understanding the creation we come to terms with the creator. Do you believe there is any kind of revelation outside of the New Testament?

K.B.: Yes, but if we are going to understand revelation, especially in terms of the New Testament, that revelation is incomplete. C.S. Lewis says that we can gather a sense of awe from the world around us but that we can also gather a sense of cruelty which makes it an incomplete revelation.

M.S.: Why then do you believe in the New Testament as revelation as compared with something like Paul Tillich's *The Courage to Be*? I am sure you are aware of the factors that came to place the New Testament as the canon, as the book of God. Those factors raise many questions but they don't necessarily negate the New Testament. One has to be conscious of the practical concerns of the church and of the secondary nature of the New Testament. While we don't have eye-witness accounts we have interpretations of events through faith—what they saw and what it means to them. It was expressed in their terms and certainly, if you look just in the gospels themselves, you can understand all the particular concerns of each writer. Therefore, to claim one specific kind of revelation is clearly unsupported by the New Testament itself.

K.B.: What I would say in reply is that I think the New Testament presents on the whole a composite view of this figure of Christ, a composite view which asks us to believe or not believe. When you talk about the circumstances of these people, the removal of this figure of Christ, you have to be careful. The fact is that even the most radical of scholarship would admit that Paul wrote eight of those letters. When you go through those you have a picture of a Christ in whom God has acted. This gospel to which I would refer is that which can change our lives and which is compelling and revealed. It has often been implied that Paul created his own faith. What is forgotten is that Paul has an ongoing fellowship and communication with the twelve in Jerusalem who had walked and talked with Christ. If you read F. F. Bruce's *New Testament Documents* I think his point is well taken that those New Testament documents were in circulation at the time of Jesus. People who knew Jesus had a chance to comment on them. We are definitely hitting the issue from different schools.

M.S.: I think one has to begin with the New Testament. That is why I commented that the conservative and liberal schools have come back to the Bible. For a modern person who believes in biology and natural conception to conceive of the virgin birth, mentioned only once or twice in the Bible and neglected where it could have been mentioned, becomes an important question. It comes down to a question of authority which is where conservatives and liberals disagree. On that issue I can only speak as I have seen it in my experience.

K.B.: Identifying myself now with a conservative and evangelical tradition, I find that the situation of despair and questions of meaning that have arisen today have made the faith of which I speak hit home to people. Essentially, however, I don't think they have changed that faith. What I find exciting is that when I read Thomas à Kempis, the faith of which he speaks is not too dissimilar from mine. It is hard for me to comment because the Biblical faith has remained fairly constant with some new outlooks throughout the ages. Maybe the church about which I am talking has found new ways to communicate the gospel. Some of the movies and other methods become "cheap". There has been a challenge to communicate the faith intellectually. The means of communication may change but the essential gospel doesn't.

M.S.: We both rely on the same tradition. When we talk about Christianity it is a unique phenomenon. So much of it derives from history, from tradition, to extricate yourself from history is,

in a sense, to extricate yourself from Christianity. It is a problem for us to understand Christianity because there are so many Greek terms and Greek thoughts. These influences make believing an assent, a condition in which we take on something. Faith is much more of a relationship. I perceive a relationship through time and through the faith of other people. I believe in what other people believe. The problem for every generation is adding to this tradition and interpreting what occurred before. Whenever you talk about Christianity you are dealing with traditions and strongly ingrained patterns of behavior. I am not really free to get away from my tradition. I can build upon it but it is as much a part of me as my speech pattern. I cannot base my faith on a historical event, on a miracle. If you believe in that kind of an event you are not talking about faith anymore, you are talking about making a positive assertion. That concept of faith is very disturbing to fundamentalists because they want something concrete in which to believe. For many of them, the word of God is God. In other words, faith is not anything based on a historical fact. The Bible concerns two things: the historical figure of Jesus and the significance of what God did outside of time and space. The paradox this idea creates is resolved through authority.

K.B.: If faith is only the subjective, what separates the Christian faith from the faith of the satanist? Bultmann has argued that the communal experience is what separates it. The satanic community validates its experience communally. There seems to be a whole market of things which compel us to some sort of faith or some sort of belief. It is intellectual suicide to believe merely on the basis of feelings because I have days when my feelings warp what I perceive. Somewhere, if faith is going to have any meaning to people, there must be at least the inkling of historical reference. Outside of that reference, Christianity will degenerate into metaphors. It will become meaningless in people's lives because it won't have the authority. We must know the limitations of our abilities to interpret the Bible. Those limitations pose a difficult problem but to end up with just a gut-level faith...

M.S.: I would agree but that is not what I'm claiming. I am arguing for a view which takes in both accounts. I am not saying that we can't get away from the historical, what I am saying is there is a whole other dimension that you are leaving out. To believe in a historical event is to take belief away from the personal choice and relate it to a fact of miracle. I don't have to believe in miracles to have faith. What concerns me in the Bible is what it tells me about faith. It involves thinking as the writers did and then acting upon that experience.

K.B.: If you are going to ask how the apostles perceived Jesus, they perceived him in supernatural terms. In those terms God did something extraordinary in Christ involving miracles. The natural law was superseded. If you want to do what you are saying, O.K., but just realize we are talking about two different things. If you want to have Jesus be a metaphor then you essentially have a different faith than that which is found in the Bible.

M.S.: I am saying that you look at Jesus and his philosophy and then believe in his philosophy. It comes down to our understanding of what history is. It involves understanding the relationship between belief and fact. I am saying that it is a complex phenomenon. The Bible itself

never makes claims about importance of believing in particular event. The author writing down his experience what Jesus means to him and he wants us to see Him. These differences in the gospel, rendered the facts. They include some things and excluded others according to their understanding of Jesus. I am saying you don't go into the Bible and touch Jesus. The Bible doesn't present itself in a way that establishes that Jesus came into the world and because this historical event we have to K.B.: Luke begins his gospel saying he hunted down witnesses. Many scholars would argue that Paul is behind the gospel. While I would agree with you that the New Testament is first and foremost a book of history by the nature of Christianity of the Judeo-Christian God cannot extricate itself from history.

M.S.: Even if I had an account of Jesus's life by someone who had with him every minute and every photograph of Him I would ask: what was the significance of this? There have been other miracle workers who are not the basis of world religions.

K.B.: I'll tell you what I believe sets Jesus apart from other miracle workers: He made incredible claims about Himself; He claimed to be the Son of God; He felt He could interpret the Sabbath and He called Himself Son of Man, the One who would come and judge. The idea that Jesus was supposed to be a prophet in history is implicit.

M.S.: You can see the great chasm.

K.B.: The great chasm.
M.S.: No, the great complexity of it and in some respects the importance of it. ■

On Ms. Romney:

Continued from Page 1

So we talked of the role of ourselves, and how they're formed and how they're supported. Morals, she says, have historically been socially enforced by the endorsement of an unchanging and unquestioned Creator. This kind of system is invalid now for enough people that it has become inefficient or dysfunctional in a humanistic sense and we look for alternatives. Romney sees only two ways of controlling the consciousness: actions of a society—self-discipline or forcible imposed discipline. Communist China offers a visible expression of the latter, then the Chinese have indicated a lost their character. A rather pleasing and, incidentally, sophisticated solution is to have Romney the American president which means individual freedom guaranteed in a Bill of Rights in curbing tendencies of licentiousness that the difficulties lie in the plan, and for this we can rely on a power greater than that of any man, fallible and fickle as we are, so we naturally reach for the Creator to clarify the amorphous distinction between licentiousness and freedom. We give a common structure to those trying to live in a common society.

We spoke of nothing but nothing of absolutes, of women, family, morality, religion in the context of practical contributions to society and self-perpetuating systems. Lenore Romney appeared as a woman not of our time—excessively optimistic, idealistic, and conventional. She is, rather, a woman whose thoughts are remarkably definite in comparison to the ideological vagueness of modernity.

Liberal Arts Through the Looking Glass

Dr. Rene Ballard, presently Dean of the College at Wittenberg University, was recently named Provost of Kalamazoo College. In consenting to introduce himself, in a sense, to the college community through an article in the Index, he has chosen to express his views on liberal arts.

BY RENE BALLARD

As a young faculty member, I, and some of my colleagues, would try to invent the kind of college with which we would like to be associated.

Our dreams would include a bright, caring faculty, and, of course, challenging students who cared about themselves and their world. Our program would be designed to include the best of what we know about good small colleges. We were not very inventive because we would borrow Antioch's work-study program, Reed College's junior-qualifying exam and senior-thesis, and a junior year abroad similar to some eastern colleges. We also opted for the English tutorial system. We would stipulate the programs we wanted, but we failed to see how we could make it work. That honor belongs to Kalamazoo. I mention this because I am very pleased to revive my dreams. Also, I recall being asked by a member of the Search Committee where I would like to see Kalamazoo go in the future. The horror of that moment shall never forget. Here is a good college doing everything I have dreamed about, and I am asked to go beyond those dreams. At the same time I was reminded of Lewis Carroll's novel in which Alice says: "I can't believe that!" "Can't you?" the queen said in a pitying tone. "Try again; draw a long breath and shut your eyes."

Alice laughed. "There's no use trying," she said, "one can't believe impossible things."

"I daresay you haven't had much practice," said the queen. "When I was your age, I always did it for half-an hour a day. Why sometimes, I've even believed as many as six impossible things before breakfast."

Of course, the Search Committee member had asked a good question. For an answer I suggest we dream together, after we get better acquainted.

For the moment let me say a few things I believe about a liberal arts college. It shouldn't be necessary to have to defend and explain the value of a liberal arts college, but it is. The literature in Higher Education has been full of dire predictions of the fate of liberal arts colleges. Recently TV ads have extolled the virtues of a technical-school education, declaring that it was not necessary to pay thousands of dollars for a fancy education at a private college. A person could get a technical education for a few dollars and then make a lot of dollars.

Personally, I deplore such advertisements. I do so because young people are being lied to, and society is being cheated. There is no cut-rate price for education. We in liberal arts have no quarrel with vocational education. However, it is tiresome to have to make the case for liberal arts, but tiresome or not it must be done.

For my purpose here, it is enough to say that a liberal education is not a special or vocational education. It is concerned with people, not mechanics or salesmen. That is not to say that the liberal arts college does not prepare students for vocations. As a matter of fact, it is the best

possible education for the kind of world we live in—a world that changes so rapidly that Ph.D's in physics graduating from MIT are asked to return after five years for refresher courses on the premise that their training is out of date. In a person's professional lifetime he will make major shifts in jobs approximately five times if he is typical. How does one prepare for such a rapidly changing world except by learning to learn, and by getting the strongest education available?

From a larger perspective we are at any moment in history only one educated generation away from savagery. It takes centuries to create a civilization and only a generation or a year to destroy it. It took France a thousand years to move from Clovis to Montaigne; it took England eight hundred years from Alfred to Shakespeare; but it took the Mongols only a decade to destroy the high civilization of medieval Baghdad. The best force we have to make the fight against savagery is the college dedicated to the search for truth and understanding.

I define civilization as social order promoting cultural creation. It begins with force, generating order; it progresses with knowledge, and education, generating reason; it matures in sensitivity, generating beauty in action, speech, and form; and that process is precisely what the liberal arts is about.

A democracy, more than any other political society, needs a statement of purpose and priorities. We need books, and creativity, as much as we need bread. A liberal arts education establishes and promotes the priorities.

I am not without hope, and I do not forget the marvels that man has achieved in science, religion,

literature, art, even in statesmanship. Our government is subject to most of the frailties of that human nature which all of us—radical as well as conservative, young as well as old, poor as well as rich—share alike; but it is still flexible enough to hear and implement proposals that have stood the tests of criticism and trial.

In a liberal arts college the young learn to listen as well as to speak; they make room, in their concept of America, for that steady middle class, and those men and women of middle age, that carry most of the burdens of life and government. We elders recognize that the wild initiatives of the young have spurred remedial action in administrative chambers and legislative halls. Perhaps our national vitality depends upon a continuing tension between youth and age whereby innovation meets tradition, and the ardor of experiment fuses with the coolness of experience. This happens in a liberal arts college. Confidence in bright, young adults is not merely hope. There are facts to support that confidence.

Liebig discovered fulminic acid when he was 16; Galileo discovered the isochronism of the pendulum when he was 17; Pascal invented a calculating machine when he was 19; Braille devised his alphabet when he was 20; Keats wrote "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer" when he was 20; Weber isolated sulphur sesquioxide when he was 19; and Raphael painted the Granduca Madonna at 21. This is part of the evidence which supports the liberal arts college in its pursuit of knowledge.

No one can know who he is unless he is pressed to find his largest dimensions—those of mind and spirit and hope and courage. A

liberal arts college should provide students with such a stretching experience. The college should help people to grow.

Whenever the college asks for less than the best effort from each student, it is cheating the student. Whenever we all allow ourselves to believe that the quick and the easy, or sloppy work, is of any value, we assist in perpetuating mediocrity and prevent intellectual growth. It is in society's best interest not to allow that to happen.

There are those in education who think learning can be made easy, such as the teacher Swift reports upon in his "Voyage to Laputa":

"...The master taught his pupils after a method scarce imaginable to us...The proposition and demonstration were fairly written on a thin water, with ink composed of a cephalick tincture. This the student was to swallow upon a fasting stomach... As the wafer digested, the tincture mounted to his brain, bearing the proposition with it. But the success hath not been answerable, partly by some error in the quantum or composition, and partly by the perverseness of lads, to whom this bolus is so nauseous that they generally steal aside and discharge it upwards before it can operate."

Antithetical to my idea of a stretching experience in liberal arts colleges are those in the academic world who attack the attempt at excellence as undemocratic. By using the word "elitist" to describe the honoring of outstanding achievement, they depreciate the major effort a college should strive for.

These are some of the things liberal arts colleges are about. If such education disappears, man is the loser. We may have the most efficient engine in the world driving us all straight into savagery.

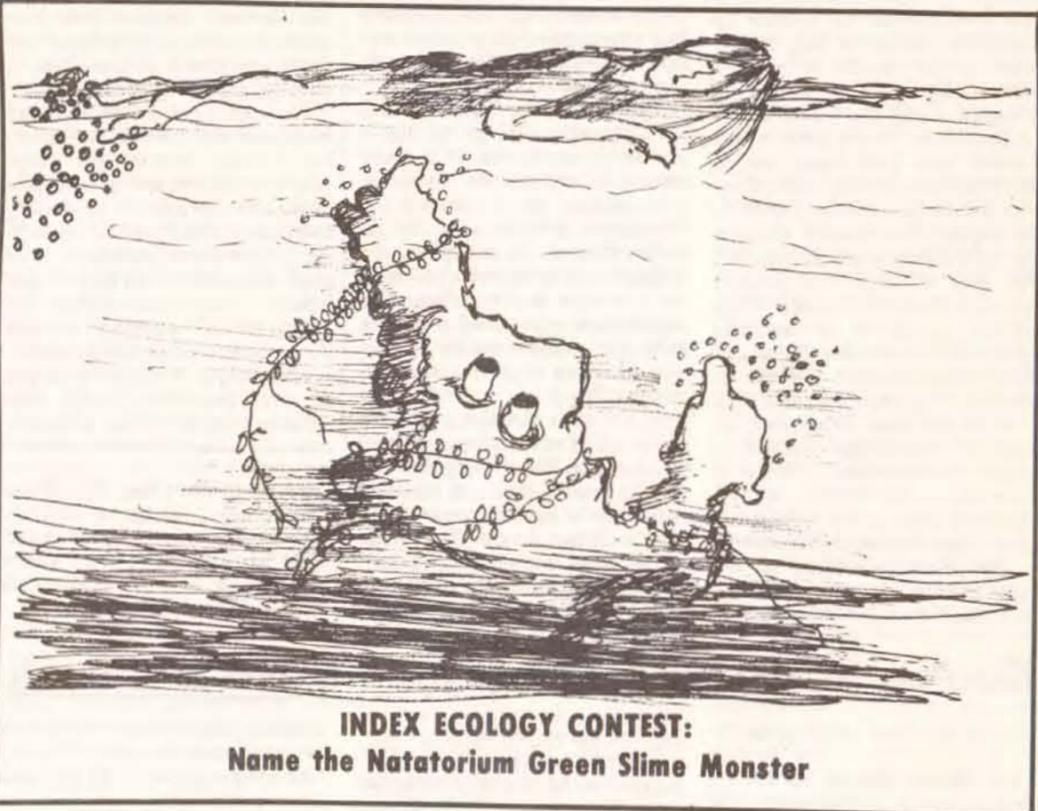
Health Service: On the Table

In line with what appears to be widespread student concern over the functioning, or malfunctioning, of the campus health service, last quarter a survey was conducted as a student opinion on the subject. The recently tabulated results were discussed by Student Commission, which outlined specific areas of concern for further action. Overall, on the following scale: 1-Poor, 2-Fair, 3-Good, 4-Excellent, the health service received a 2.5 average. Primary uses of the health service were found to be, in order of descending importance: illness, injury, foreign study inoculations, information, referral, and allergy treatment. 51% of the respondents held some degree of confidence in the doctor and 79% confidence in the nurses. 79% felt that the health service nurses' hours were satisfactory; only 45% found the doctor's hours adequate. Students were generally satisfied with services such as referrals, insurance forms, billing, and sick day slips; they found need for improvement in the following areas: orientation (31%), health education (23%), firesides/information (14%), and Gynecological services (40% overall, 59% by women). 43% of the respondents expressed a feeling that their views may be based in part on rumor rather than fact. In most categories women as a group expressed less satisfaction with services rendered than men. (The random survey included 500 people; only 166 returned the questionnaire).

The concern shown by Student Commission, Campus Life, Student Life, and other such groups is commendable, but it remains inadequate to the real needs of students. On this campus where "residential life" is so emphasized, students are, for the most part, required to live on-campus, possibly for reasons of commun-

ity and personal and social "development", there is a terrible lack of respect for the consequences of such a living situation. If students are (by institutional decree) required to be dependent upon the college for the most basic aspects of living, issues such as housing, food service, and health service should not be issues upon which it is most difficult to institute positive change. Now there appears to be some doubt as to the future of the co-op housing situation, a less than two-year experiment, which, by all obvious standards, has been a great success in the minds of students. Dining service, an age-old problem, continues on the same downward path it has always pursued, despite incessant complaint and questioning by the people it "serves". The health service is just such an issue; it has never been adequate, but nothing significant has ever been done to improve it. To blame the continuing problem, as always, on student apathy is unfair; students are not responsible for their dependency upon the campus health service for health care any more than they are responsible for their dependence upon SAGA—they simply have no choice. They cannot always play the role of the ungrateful spoiled children demanding from the college various small satisfactions without contributing anything in return.

The recommendations of Student Commission are valid in themselves, but far more action is necessary before quality health care is available here. It is suggested that the operating hours of the health service be expanded, so that the doctor is given more time to diagnose, treat and talk to students. The benefits of such a change are obvious; two hours, five days a week is a very limited time, both for the functioning of the doctor and the abilities of the



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Name the Natatorium Green Slime Monster

students to use the service. Student Commission would institute a system through which rumors could be checked out; this would not only be a means of separating valid criticism from certain kinds of over-reaction, but would make more clear to the campus community the actual state of the service. If the horror stories of over-or-under prescribed treatments, mis-diagnoses and the lack of adequate attention are really just "stories", they should be recognized as such; if, on the other hand, they are legitimate complaints, staff organizational and operational changes should be made to insure a quality of health care to which students may safely entrust themselves. Student Commission also suggests more information should be distributed with the drugs and

treatments prescribed, which would help to explain the clear bottles and blank envelopes filled with drugs which have been around for so long and which no one knows how to use any more. Fourth on the SC list is the availability of important gynecological services. It is not true that there "is no need"; if there were such a service the need would make itself known. The large percentage of women on this campus who use the services of Planned Parenthood, a private gynecologist, or another social agency could effectively be cared for by a doctor on campus—not all the time, but on a regular consulting basis (who would be available at least by phone for emergencies). The entire make-up of the health service, including facilities, organ-

ization, staff, scope and purpose needs to be seriously reviewed, not for the purpose of placating those students who "are never satisfied" but to make clear what sense of responsibility this college is willing to take for its students' lives, a responsibility it has not hesitated to take upon itself in other ways, such as "residence requirements" and meal-plan options. And a review is not enough—it is not an end in itself. It is obvious from the questionnaire and from the conversations of students on campus that there is a large number of people dissatisfied and concerned with the health service as it stands; it is time that the subject received the attention it deserves from people who live at places other than dorm rooms and SAGA tables.

Cheap Thrills

BY MICHAEL S. STARENKO

Inspiration on the non-biblical species is a touchy subject for us amateur writers. It does seem as if we're not quite good enough to do without it. Bathrooms for me have always played a key role in this strange process. This morning, for example, as I was nearing the end of my daily ritual of shaving, I was struck by the peculiar significance of an object on the wall of my Trowbridge bathroom. I had been troubled by this little box since first moving into my suite. To women this little box serves more of a purpose than a convenient place to store rusty razor blades, but why on earth would a guy like me need a Sanibag dispenser? Then, everything fell suddenly into place. This room must have been intended for female occupation. What is more, because these scratched black-and-white boxes are still on the wall, this room must be intended for future occupancy by women! No, I won't let them do it - Trowbridge must remain forever coed. Yet, if the truth be known, I think it's a losing battle. Here is why.

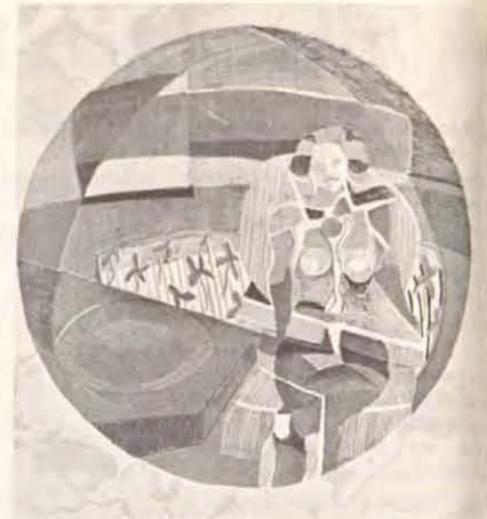
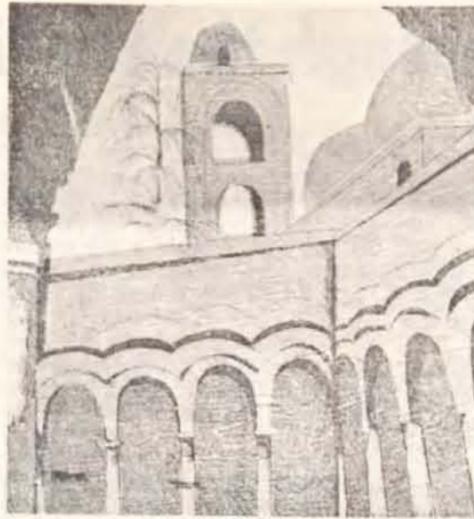
Coed residence halls became a campus-wide reality for the first time in the Fall quarter of '72. That September, as a starry-eyed Freshman, I was one of the first males to sleep legally in Trowbridge. That first quarter up on second floor was truly memorable. I fully expected (read: hoped) that this so-called coed life would be a living chapter right from the pages of *The Harrad Experiment*. Although I publicly proclaimed the "healthiness" of a co-ed residence hall policy, I came expecting something quite the opposite. Secretly, I wanted to demonstrate what a big mistake the trustees had made in opening up the residence halls to both sexes. These illusions were so thick and heavy that I went so far as to think up something clever to say, should some woman decide to use my shower. Later, and only because of a change in attitude, I lowered my "expectations" to the point where I would have been happy just to share the lounge study table. Even that did not materialize. Certainly my earlier expectations concerning coed living were wrong, but the lack of any real contact between sexes continued, which did not appear to be desirable either. With some reservation and more disappointment, I signed up for the next quarter in Hoben Hall.

While the coed living environment of Trowbridge fostered a definite brother-sister pattern of interrelationship (which is just fine if you think that to be the ideal form of male-female togetherness), at the other extreme, in the game-like atmosphere of Hoben or DeWaters, male-female contact is

subverted to the level of a contest. While most college students in spirit support the concept of coeducation, society has long been preparing them to live in a single-sex dormitory situation; and single-sex housing accentuates the stereotypic sex roles society endorses, as was proven true to me by my experience in Hoben. Surely you've heard about the guys on third floor who streaked the Bach Festival and saw their pictures in the *Gazette* as a reward, only to repeat the performance at the Midnight Breakfast two weeks later. In male rooms women's undergarments were displayed like trophies. And there were, of course, certain women who managed to circulate from room to room as a kind of academic diversion.

If Hoben sounds like a fraternity for deranged Star Trek freaks and over-sexed jocks, then DeWaters is its sorority sister. In the past, DeWaters was the place where super-straight girls locked themselves up from the outside world. Today one finds a greater mixture of women; yet tradition still lingers on. As a physical expression of that tradition, there may be more hair curlers per capita in DeWaters than at Michigan State. Although the building no longer has a strict open-hours policy, the feeling is still the same; it seems the residents stare at every male visitor with an implied, "Who is he going to see?" If the time happens to be a weekend morning, the question is put in a most emphatic past tense. Attractiveness, albeit of a standardized *Vogue* look, is apparently as important to DeWaters women (though, to be sure, they have no monopoly on it) as their intellectuality. Clearly I am overstating my point, yet it is evident to any sharp observer that living in any single sex residence hall necessarily brings about certain consequences. These are only the more obvious ones.

The male-female living situation at Kalamazoo College is but a particular expression of a more general American norm. No matter how noble the intentions of Kalamazoo College may be, it cannot expect to eliminate the societal expectation which all of us have brought to this college concerning sex roles. Coed residence halls are unquestionably in the best interests of all involved; unfortunately, I see a shift away from the coed situation, and back to the single sex residence halls of an older age. The writing is on the wall in heavy print. A counter-revolution of indifference is in the not-too-distant future. The weapons of sweet nostalgia will be unearthed from under the quad by a future breed of students shouting



Prints by Melissa Gilchrist (left) and Pamela Rozelle (right).

Printmakers

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different in character from Melissa's. The lithographs are based upon her concern for design in composition, as well as the juxtaposition of organic and geometric shapes. Many of the ideas for compositions evolved from ideas that were engendered in German museums. The monotypes are for the most part landscapes. The artists Degas and Turner were the two major influences on these prints; they allude to almost unreal conceptions of environments, with the land, sea, and sky struck with motion. The dark earth colours and strong tonal contrasts are common in her work.

Melissa's and Pamela's views about being art majors at Kalamazoo College show both

satisfaction and dissatisfaction. On the one hand, the lack of funds available to students, especially to those working on their SIP exhibitions, made it difficult to explore media that would be conducive to the development of personal styles. Few extra stipends are available to art students who wish to do individualized work on a project that requires expensive materials. As a result, the student must pay directly for them. The lack of studio space for students has also greatly limited certain individual and many more involved class projects, which could be extremely important educational experiences for both beginning and advanced art students. Both agree that the department lacks sufficient courses in art theory, specifically

in colour, composition, and design the fundamental skills used in fine art media.

Despite these drawbacks, both agree that the faculty and available studio space are well utilized. The energy and initiative to work are always present. Though the department is relatively small and not well recognized by the institution as a whole, the role of the art department in the college community is becoming increasingly more important. The purposes of a liberal arts education inherently include exposure to and work in the fine arts; the students and faculty involved in this part of the college program merit the attention, recognition, and financial assistance necessary to develop their potential as people, artists and educators.

Mr. Romney

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support. When the public becomes cynical and indifferent—as the public generally has in recent years—it becomes more difficult to deal with our problems." Again, Mr. Romney stressed that individual involvement in political and social activities is as important as electing a president.

We won't see a dramatic change in citizens' attitudes in November. But Romney believes the candidate who will win and be most able to initiate the policies previously mentioned is one who believes in our governmental structure, is of good character—forthright and honest—and understands the problems of working toward improvement within the democratic framework. Whoever emerges as President-elect must face inflation, energy, urban problems

lines from *The Way We Were*. Like grass pushing up through pavement, women will once again claim as their own every remaining Sanibag box, while men will voice their support.

and environment—in Romney's opinion the most urgent problems requiring national attention.

The discussion focussed on environment, particularly land use and urban problems. Romney departed—surprisingly—from the usual conservative position on land use, stating that a federal policy is necessary. Land use implies total restriction on development in most wilderness and open areas, and a partial freeze on development in others, while some areas would have nominal restrictions on further growth. Business leaders oppose federal regulation in this respect, but Romney stated that a land use policy is vital to ensure adequate farm land and to provide for aesthetic needs of future generations.

Kalamazoo's efforts at urban improvement (the Downtown Mall, Kalamazoo Center) are good "for a city this size", although Romney rejected similar solutions for more volatile urban areas such

as Detroit and Newark. It was pointed out that if one were to scan the city from the top of the Kalamazoo Center, the northside ghetto was readily visible, a situation of opulence bordering blight which can be found in many larger cities. He restated his belief that citizen involvement is the

The Romneys' recent visit was, by all accounts, controversial. The two articles presented here reflect only two impressions; we would welcome alternate responses.
-Ed.

vital element in reversing the downward trend. "Neighborhood groups helped in Detroit after the unfortunate '68 riots." He sees no reason why such organizations wouldn't be effective in smaller cities, as are several community associations now functioning in Kalamazoo.

Books: Schmerdman's *The Gilded Peacock*

BY ELLIOT IBERMANN

The Gilded Peacock, Irving Schmerdman's posthumous literary triumph, has precipitated more violent controversy among critics and Schmerdman readers since its publication two months ago than the only other book to equal it in this decade, Thomas Pynchon's *Gravity's Rainbow*. The East Coast literary community was shocked and saddened to learn of Schmerdman's premature demise in December of 1975. *The Gilded Peacock* is the result and the summation of the last five years of Schmerdman's life, spent in miserable despondency and isolation in an abandoned warehouse in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

The Gilded Peacock is full of the ghastly, spectral images which were the grim facts of his drab last years. In *Peacock*, Schmerdman also utilizes in its fullest sense the subliminal theme connecting

his last three works, the brown mouse-white mouse clash. This pervasive and powerful metaphor stems from the biographical facts of Schmerdman's early Cambridge years, during which time he married his wife Winnie, a white mouse whom he met through a mutual friend, Henry Bommarito, a psychology doctoral candidate at Boston University. Perhaps the searing public outrage to which the Schmerdmans were subjected as a result of their highly controversial marriage is a prominent factor in the grim apocalyptic vision manifested in the tragic denouement of *The Gilded Peacock*.

The novel reaches its shattering peak in one of the most gripping moments since *Moby Dick*. The central character of *Peacock*, Mother Waddles, shoots her second husband in the eye with a Revolutionary War musket disguised as a pool cue, and then sinks to her knees in horror,

uttering the words which will haunt readers forever:

"I always scratch when I wear these pants."

In the barrage of confusing images of war and destruction which follow, one chilling fact is made clear: the brown mouse will rise to victory. Some critics have called *Peacock* Schmerdman's greatest effort. Other prefer the more affirmative qualities which pervade his earlier works, *The Cigarette Machine That Broke Down* and *The Forest Trilogy*, and still others enjoy the charming frivolity of his first attempt, *Uganda Goes Hollywood*.

Christopher Lehman-Haupt of *The New York Times* says, "Diligent readers who have been scratching their heads over Schmerdman's last two books will most certainly hang it up when it comes to his posthumous giant, *The Gilded Peacock*."

One thing is certain: Winnie isn't telling.

Gary Snyder to Make Rare Appearance

Gary Snyder, the elusive poet-translator-essayist-visionary-hero-for-our-time-former-logger/forest ranger-world-traveler, will make an appearance at Kalamazoo College on Thursday, May 13, when he will give a reading of his poetry in the Olmsted Room at 8:00 p.m.; it will be a once-in-a-lifetime event, since Snyder rarely makes public appearances.

Gary Snyder has published several books of poems and prose, most notably *Earth House Hold*, a book of essays, and *Regarding Wave*, poetry. His most recent publication, *Turtle Island*, won the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry in 1975. His poetry and prose deals with a wide range of subjects, and is heavily influenced by his studies of Zen Buddhism at the monastery in Kyoto, Japan, from 1956 to 1964. He has also worked as a logger and forest ranger in the Western mountains of the United States, and visited India, where he studied Indian religious texts on Shaivism and Tibetan Buddhism. He is as familiar with Eastern ways of life as he is with the

varied lifestyles in this country, and his poetry interweaves the two seemingly opposed milieus in a way which is at once mystifying and pleasing. His poetry is of a private realm, but he is passionately concerned with ritual, ecology, religion, sociopolitical trends, simplicity of lifestyle, and a host of other topics which concern us all.

One of the most admirable qualities about Snyder is that, while most of us have dropped like hot potatoes the ideologies we embraced as punks in the nineteen-sixties, Snyder, in his life and writing carries on the values which permeated the political and social feeling in the Sixties, and which even we were able to recognize as genuine and good. He has been around, and was around before any of us were even old enough to be punks, and it shows. His commitment to his ideals is a long-lasting and firmly-rooted one.

Gary Snyder's poetry is something to be read and re-read carefully, and his own reading of it is an event that should not be missed.

Costello

Continued from Page 1.

When blurred, transformed, and repeated time and again, each time strengthening in meaning and clarity. Varying and seemingly disconnected themes are slipped in unnoticed, but echo and are impressed upon the reader's memory indelibly. His prose is more like poetry? Kodakolor snapshots? paper garbage sacks stuffed to bursting with unlikely admixtures? -- than like flat black figures on a white page. The words themselves refuse to stay put precisely, but stretch themselves, expand, and crawl lewdly about, stroking each other wildly and mingling colors and textures.

His prose is mostly like poetry, because he uses alliteration, repeti-

tion, meter, and rhyme more often than many poets. The point of view seems always to be shifting slightly, but never careening out of focus. He strings together the most repulsive, beautiful, powerful and ridiculous images possible, and they stay with us, give us a scene, neatly wrapped and unforgettable. Like the smaller and more specific pictures he paints, his larger themes cross and interweave and intensify each other almost beyond belief.

Thematically, Costello seems to prefer to give us the concepts visually, as intensely as possible, and then shies away from discussing them, leaving the reader to sort out the strings of elk guts, fiery garbage, paper sacks shotguns, and neat white shirts.

His images suggest, and he himself discusses, the relativity of beauty: the abstracting of emotions associated with images, the recognition of several levels of beauty, and the dissociation of experience with feelings, until beauty becomes a final reality just before the blank terror of meaninglessness.

When Costello might be criticized for backing away from a strict, to-the-point, within-the-words treatment of that which is thematic and conceptual in his stories, he stands out extraordinarily as a lion-tamer of language, and such an achievement negates criticism of thematic weaknesses. His first novel should be an exotic can of impossible fruit, to muddle the senses and tantalize the tongue.

"Stale French Chocolates"

BY ANDY ROBINS

must take vigorous exception to Charles A. Brynerson's "Serious Artists Suffer" (Background, 26 April). The piece seemed to consist of a diatribe against writers, painters, and musicians who attain commercial success, with a sob for the fate of "serious" artists who go unrecognized. According to Brynerson, anything mixing art and money must be "trivial schmuck". In support of this dubious theory, Brynerson, ironically, quotes two non-artists: Joanna Russ and Harlan Ellison. Both are science fiction writers with a slight talent for using the English language and a monumental skill in selling ill-conceived books. Because they are financially successful writers, one wonders if they are qualified to criticize the marketing system which gave them their current popularity among Sci-Fi fans. The commercial publishing houses have made possible the escape from obscurity which Russ and Ellison did not deserve. In this light, Brynerson's final paragraph fairly groans with irony: "So the commercial artist grows fat with artificial support, while the creative artist sinks into the depths of desertion." His sources, Ms. Russ and Mr. Ellison, ought to know something about

"artificial support"; they are experts at living off the "fat".

But even if we are subjected to artless junk like theirs, can we so easily say that "art is art, commerce is commerce, and never the twain shall meet"? Brynerson must say yes because his premise is that anything written, painted, sculpted or sung with an audience in mind has to be, of necessity, this "trivial schmuck"; he fails to realize that creative effort without an audience is not "art." The essence of art is the communication that exists between artist and audience. If there is no audience, or if the artist cannot convey his message, through either lack of skill or vacuity of mind, the link is broken and the final result cannot be called "art." Brynerson's whipping boy is the commercial marketing system, the instrument of large-scale distribution in art, particularly of the printed word and music. He is not content merely to flog this, though; he feels the masses are in for their share of damnation too. "Art is on the way out," we are told. Why must this be so? Because you and I are incapable of separating art from schmuck (sic)? In that he has chosen two non-talents to back his elitist cause, perhaps Brynerson is closer to the general run of

humanity than he thinks.

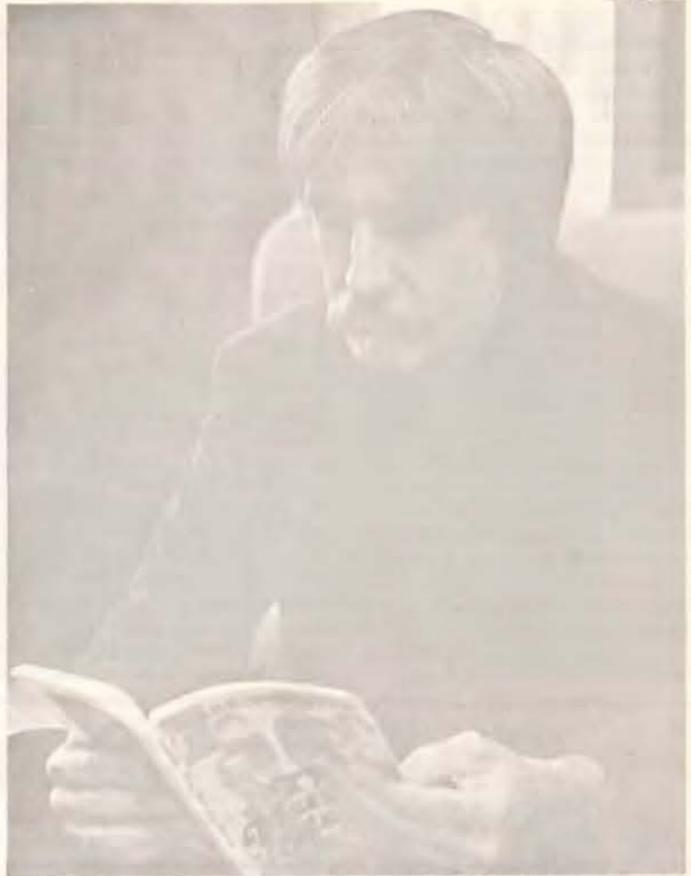
The marketing system provides the public with creative efforts from talents large and small. The system provides the artist with outlets to a potential audience. He either communicates with it, or he doesn't; the system is indifferent. The onus is clearly on the artist to prove himself, or herself. We need not accept every bad poem or tasteless painting; and it is not only artists and intellectuals, rapidly declining in number, who can truly discern art.

To prove that Brynerson's premise that art cannot be popular is incorrect, I point to William Shakespeare, Dylan Thomas and Aaron Copeland. All three men are outstanding artists recognized as such by general acclamation.

Shakespeare's idea of success in life was not, as some suppose, to write great plays; it was to become a gentleman and to insure that his son would be the same. Plays like *Macbeth* were written simply for the money they would bring, money that would realize his ambition. According to Brynerson's theory, Shakespeare would not be a "serious" artist because his commercial motives would disqualify him; the rest of the world says he is one of the greatest dramatic artists who has ever lived.

Dylan Thomas was immensely popular in this country during his lifetime; his popularity continues today. He was much in demand as a reader and performer of his own works, and he received healthy sums on his tours. He also found writing scripts for radio and motion pictures rewarding, financially and otherwise. While it is true that Thomas was never wealthy and that he did not particularly care about money, he was not adverse to exploiting his talent to earn it; he is proof that the artist can be great and commercially successful at the same time.

Brynerson's narrow definition of "art" also excludes greatness in creative endeavor outside of literature. If he is familiar with Aaron Copeland and his work, he must know that Copeland has also committed the cardinal sin of commercial success. Copeland revolutionized American music. His compositions, in particular *Billy the Kid*, *Appalachian Spring* and the *Third Symphony* are extremely popular with fans of "serious" American music. It does not matter that his work was initially rejected by the concert-going public. In the 1930's, his music, as Leonard Bernstein put it, "emptied rooms by the dozens." However, Mr. Copeland knew something that Brynerson (apparently) has yet to discover: one does not damn the audience for rejecting the radically new; you educate its taste. The reader can prove to himself or herself the correctness of this approach by visiting any record shop. There you will find that Aaron Copeland is probably the most popular American composer, made so by the appreciation of the listening public. Does Copeland's popularity negate the worth of his music? His



The following excerpts from a discussion with Mark Costello express his sensibilities as no analysis, however perceptive, can do so clearly:

...It seems to me that what a fiction writer does when he sits down is to engage in a very quick and dangerous game. That is to say, his instincts and his consciousness are working on levels that he himself, consciously, is unaware of. And so if he is, in fact, attuned to his material, he is going to operate much more richly, concretely, than he himself is aware of. When I say "quick and dangerous" that is to say that to some degree or another, the pen is hot in your hand, and you either get it down or you don't; and so I believe that a writer who operates and perceives, or tries to perceive, too consciously, is screwed, really... and my book was put together somewhat accidentally;...I didn't think I had anything like a collection (of short stories)...I didn't think about the book as anything that was very structured, until I read a review of it which suggested that. It came as a bit of a surprise to me...
...What I think happens is that in your mind the images begin to coalesce, and they begin to take force and to accumulate, and things happen that way, and then when you go back, let's say, and if an intelligent leader points something out to you, you can say, "hell, yes, of course," but at the time, you don't have those things consciously in your mind. They don't exist in your mind as intention...but felicity; that is to say, you hit a felicitous moment in

your composing, and the detail comes out and the detail is properly rendered...

...in the collective unconscious, sometimes in one's dreams, doesn't it feel like we get way the hell back in time?...to be possessed of images and senses that we couldn't possibly have experienced in our own time!...the authenticity; and the dream seem so authentic in its terms and yet you couldn't possibly have experienced it yourself!

...I believe that you should read in the same way that you look well at a painting: you should really experience those textures... If you can learn to read, you're going to have a richer life than you would have had if you didn't. Reading is simply...there is so much more to it...for the writers in my classes who are not going to write, who don't need to write, if they can learn a little bit how to read, that's enough.

...One thing about contemporary America is that it's going to try its best to keep you distracted; to keep you from learning how to sit down and concentrate, and what demanding reading does is to say, "look, you're going to have to concentrate you're going to have to put all that coffee and noise and distraction out of your mind, "and believe me, that's good for you.

...it begins to command you... that's a good thing...

...I think that very often the reason that people do read is the result of terrific sales pitches... How to make a book saleable in this day and age? You've gotta do *Helter Skelter*, and misrepresent that, and that's a sad state of affairs, and I know that the kind of writing that I'm doing is never going to have any kind of mass appeal, and that's because of the style in which it's written, but it also has to do with the shape of the audience today, the mind of the audience today, and that's a sad thing...

scores for popular motion pictures, most notably Lewis Milestone's adaptation of John Steinbeck's *The Red Pony*, is some of his finest work.

All three artists have in some way greased their creative energy toward their audiences. They also stayed true to themselves in the process. If only a shrinking minority of "intellectuals and artists" have the perception to know what is art and what is not, the continuing popular acclaim for Shakespeare, Thomas and Copeland cannot be explained. The moment a society needs an unelected priesthood to dictate artistic taste is the moment it has died. If the cadence of Shakespearean prose, the color of Thomas' prosody and the emotional range of Copeland's music is to be classified as "trivial schmuck", I'll wallow in it without regret. I'd rather than eat the "stale French chocolates" (to borrow Saul Bellow's metaphor) that pass for art on campus these days.

CALENDAR

Through May 28	Exhibition of artworks by Barbara Rank, Lee Morey, Michelle Laporte, Henriek Marek, fourth floor Saniwax Building, 326 West Kalamazoo Ave., Tuesday-Friday, 12:00-2:00, 4:00-6:00 p.m.
Through May 30	Continuing: May exhibits at Kalamazoo Art Center: "America of Courier and Ives", Graphics from Parason Press, Color Lithographs by Peter Jogo, Ceramics by Tom Lollar.
Through June 3	Search Workshops for Women, Davis Room, Walwood Union, WMU, each Thursday, 7:00-9:30 p.m.
May 10	Pro Tennis exhibition: Borg/Martin, Wings Stadium, 8:00 p.m. Concert: Faculty Chamber Music Society, Recital Hall, FAB, 8:00 p.m.
May 10-21	Art department exhibit: Pam Rozelle and Melissa Gilchrist, FAB Gallery, Monday-Friday, 2:00-6:00 p.m.
May 11	Harp Concert by Mary Jane Rupert, Oakland Recital Hall, 8:00 p.m. Poetry Reading: Henry Taylor, Olmsted Rm. 8:00 p.m.
May 11-15	Musical: <i>My Sister Eileen</i> , Civic Auditorium, 8:30 p.m. (7:30 Tuesday & Wednesday).
May 12	Film: <i>The Harp of Burma</i> (Ichikawa), FAB, 6:30, 8:30, 10:30 p.m.
May 13	Reading: Gary Snyder, Olmsted Room, 8:00 p.m.
May 13-15	<i>Hot 1 Baltimore</i> , Dalton Theatre, 8:00 p.m.
May 14	Art Auction, Kalamazoo Art Center, 6:00 p.m.
May 14-15	<i>When You Comin' Back Red Ryder?</i> , New Vic Theatre, 8:30 p.m.
May 16	Spring Wild Flowers program, Kalamazoo Nature Center, 2:00-4:00 p.m. "Our River Basin, A Two-Way Street", Kalamazoo Nature Center, 2:00 & 3:00 p.m. "Detroit as a Model for the Nation: Desegregation-Busing Plan", Clara Rutherford, BSO Room, 1 p.m.
May 17	Nature Photography, Kalamazoo Nature Center, 7:30 p.m.
May 18	Wind Ensemble Concert, Dalton Theatre, 8:00 p.m. "Mind and Brain" philosophy lecture by Professor Thomas Nagle of Princeton University, Dewing 103, 8:00 p.m.
May 18-22	<i>The Point</i> , Junior Civic, Carver Center, 4:15 p.m. (Saturday 10:30 & 1:00).
May 19	Concert: Foghat, Wings Stadium, 8:00 p.m. Film: <i>The Battle of Algiers</i> (Pontecorvo), FAB, 6:30, 8:45, 11:00 p.m.
May 23	Edible Wild Plants field course, Kalamazoo Nature Center, 2:00-4:00 p.m. Film: <i>Duck Soup</i> , FAB, 1:30, 3:00, 7:00, 8:30 p.m.

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In order to make the Backaround page stimulating, enlightening, and fun to look at—and to continue the previously established precedent of innovation, there is a mindtickling puzzle attached to the logo of this issue. And, because the Backaround topic is "Language," the puzzle entails identifying the originators of several numbered quotations and putting their surnames in the correspondent blanks. Answers will be published in the daily bulletin sometime next week. —that's all there is, there ain't no more.

Next Backaround topic is Revolution. We appreciate your contributions. Unfortunately, lack of space renders us unable to include them all. We are especially interested in original submissions. Please contribute.

—The Editors

SONNET

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- MOVE 5,AC5#
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END

—T. J. Smith

It is with words as with sunbeams—the more they are condensed, the deeper they burn.

—Robert Southey

Have you reckoned a thousand acres much? have you reckon'd the earth much? Have you practised so long to learn to read? Have you felt so proud to get at the meaning of poems? Stop this day and night with me and you shall possess the origin of all poems, You shall possess the good of the earth and sun, (there are millions of suns left,) You shall no longer take things at second or third hand, nor look through the eyes of the dead, nor feed on the spectres in books, You shall not look through my eyes either, nor take things from me, You shall listen to all sides and filter them from yourself.

—from "Leaves of Grass" by Walt Whitman

Fifty-Fifty

What is there for us two to split fifty-fifty, to go halvers on?

- A Bible, a deck of cards?
- A farm, a frying pan?
- A porch, front steps to sit on?

How can we be pals when you speak English and I speak English and you never understand me and I never understand you?

—Carl Sandburg

BERGER

"Seeing comes before words. The child looks and recognizes before it can speak. We explain the world with words but words can never undo the fact that we are surrounded by it."

—John Berger

Chieftan Iffucan of Azcan in caftan Of tan with henna hackles, halt! Damned universal cock, as if the sun

Was a blackamoor to bear your blazing tail.

Fat! Fat! Fat! Fat! I am the personal.

Your world is you. I am my world.

—Wallace Stevens

SUNSET

I leave a white and turbid wake; pale waters, paler cheeks, where'er I sail. The envious billows sidelong swell to whelm my track; let them; but first I pass.

Yonder, by the ever-brimming goblet's rim, the warm waves blush like wine. The gold brow plumbs the blue. The diver sun—slow dived from noon—goes down; my soul mounts up! she wearies with her endless hill. Is then, the crown too heavy that I wear? this Iron Crown of Lombardy. Yet is it bright with many a gem; I the wearer, see not its far flashings; but darkly feel that I wear that, that dazzlingly confounds. 'Tis iron—that I know—not gold. 'Tis split, too—that I feel; the jagged edge galls me so, my brain seems to beat against the solid metal; aye, steel skull; mine; the sort that needs no helmet in the most brain-battering fight!

Dry heat upon my brow? Oh! time was, when as the sunrise nobly spurred me, so the sunset soothed. No more. This lovely light, it lights not me; all loveliness is anguish to me, since I can ne'er enjoy. Gifted with the high perception, I lack the low, enjoying power; damned, most subtly and most malignantly! damned in the midst of Paradise! Good night—good night! (waving his hand, (Ahab) moves from the window.)

'Twas not so hard a task. I thought to find one stubborn, at the least; but my one cogged circle fits into all their various wheels, and they revolve. Or, if you will, like so many ant-hills of powder,

they all stand before me; and I their match. Oh, hard! that to fire others, the match itself must needs be wasting! What I've dared, I've willed; and not what I've willed, I'll do! They think me mad—Starbuck does; but I'm demonic, I am madness maddened! That wild madness that's only calm to comprehend itself! The prophecy was that I should be dismembered; and—Aye! I lost this leg. I now prophesy that I will dismember my dismemberer. Now, then, be the prophet and the fulfiller one. That's more than ye, ye great gods, ever were. I laugh and hoot at ye, ye cricket-players, ye pugilists, ye deaf Burkes and blinded Bendigoes! I will not say as schoolboys do to bullies,—Take some one of your own size; don't pommel me! No ye've knocked me down, and I am up again; but ye have—run and hidden. Come forth from behind your cotton bags! I have no long gun to reach ye. Come, Ahab's compliments to ye; come and see if ye can swerve me. Swerve me? The path to my fixed purpose is laid with iron rails, whereon my soul is grooved to run. Over unsounded gorges, through the rifled hearts of mountains, under torrents' beds, unerringly I rush! Naught's an obstacle, naught's an angle to the iron way!

—from Moby Dick by Herman Melville

A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in a setting of silver.

—Proverbs 25:11

3									
4									

"The man of few words and settled mind is wise; therefore, even a fool is thought to be wise when he is silent. It pays him to keep his mouth shut."

—Proverbs 17:27-28

"Words are flowing out like endless rain into a paper cup. They slither wildly as they make their way across the universe."

—John Lennon

7									
8									

- "The Athenians do not mind being clever, so long as they do not impart their cleverness to others."
- "...That's the most ridiculous statement I've ever heard."
- "It is not words only that are emblematic; it is things that are emblematic. Every natural fact is a symbol of some spiritual fact...It is easily seen that there is nothing lucky or capricious in these analogies, but what they are constant, and pervade nature. These are not the dreams of a few poets here and there, but man is an analogist, and studies relations in all objects. He is placed in the center of beings, and a ray of relation passes from every other being to him."
- "A man and a woman, married or in a long relationship, secretly

read each others diaries in which (and it is a point of honor with them both) their thoughts about each other are recorded with the utmost frankness. Both know that the other is reading what he/she writes, but for a while objectivity is maintained. Then, slowly, they begin writing falsely, first unconsciously; then consciously, so as to influence the other. The position is reached where each keeps two diaries, one for private use, and locked up, and the second for the other to read. Then one of them makes a slip of the tongue, or a mistake, and the other accuses him/her of having found the secret diary. A terrible quarrel which drives them apart follows, not because of the original diaries—but we both knew we were reading

these diaries, that doesn't count, how can you be so dishonest as to read my private diary!"

5. "The strange words rolled through his mind, rumbled, like talking thunder; like the drums at the summer dances, if the drums could have spoken; like the men singing the Corn Song, beautiful, beautiful, so that you cried; like old Mitsima magic over his feathers and his carved sticks and his bits of bone and stone—kiathla tsilu silokwe silokwe silokwe. Kiai tsilu silokew kiai silu silu tsth—but better than Mitsima's magic, because it talked to him, because it meant more; talked wonderfully and only half-understandably, a terrible beautiful magic, about Linda; about Linda lying there snoring, with the empty cup on

the floor beside the bed; about Linda and Popé; Linda and Popé."

6. "The blood-jet is poetry There is no stopping it."

7. "We do Doodley-do, doodley-do, doodley-do What we must Muddily-must, muddily-must, muddily-must Muddily do Muddily-do, muddily-do, muddily do Until we bust Bodily-bust, bodily-bust, bodily bust."

8. "Vain are the thousand creeds That move men's hearts; unutterably vain; Worthless as withered weeds, Or idlest froth amid the boundless main."

emi
mo fe irorun .
Awon kori ko giga
On soro bi emi .
Oremi
ni i gbawo afe fe nfe
moni ojo
Moni igbagbo
Mimo ni mio
Mo nduro de O
je ka lo sioke
je ka lo sile
Arugho okunrin
otuto nolukore
nko ni le wa
iku koja oni ba ra

Yoruba

—Shelley Leasia—

Spirit
I want peace.
Tall grass
it speaks like me.
I am weak.
When the wind blows
I have fear
I have faith
I am holy
I am waiting for you
Let us go to the mountain
Let us go home
Old man
coldness is your teacher
I can not come
Death passes by beggars

English

Two-thirds of the railroad's payroll money is expended for communication. The nation's annual telephone bill is about six billion dollars. About half the price of a new automobile goes for communication. About half of all the money spent by all the branches of government goes for oral and written communication. Man makes progress through new ideas and through their transmission. Always, out in front, are the interpreters, the analyzers, the dramatizers. These are the philosophers, the thinkers, the creators, the writers. Sometimes they put into words what no one else has thought or said: more often they

try to write "what oft was thought, but n'er so well expressed." Shelley said that they are the "legislators of mankind." If that claim is too tall, at least they are the men and women who do much to increase understanding of human motives, human strengths and weaknesses. Through their words they help us to know hundreds of persons whom we would otherwise not have known, and to undergo hundreds of experiences that we would otherwise never have encountered. They increase our sensitivity to beauty and to pain. They multiply each of us, making each not one man or woman, but a multitude.

—J. N. Hook

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"Their words are just rules and regulations to me."

—Patti Smith

"Poetry is a violence from within that protects us from a violence without. It is the imagination pressing back against the pressure of reality. It seems, in the last analysis, to have something to do with our self-preservation; and that, no doubt, is why the expression of it, the sound of its words, helps us to live our lives."

—Wallace Stevens

There is one whose rash words are like sword thrusts, but the tongue of the wise brings healing.

—Proverbs 12:18

One of the virtues of good poetry is the fact that it irritates the mediocre.

—Theodore Roethlis

Hot L Baltimore On Dalton Stage

BY GUY CALCERANO

To hell with restraint, the theater department has a triumph on its hands. The Clair Meyers/Teri Konyha production of *The Hot L Baltimore*, on the Dalton stage May 13 through 15, was so skillfully cast and professionally blocked that it delighted the senses at the same time that it shocked the sensibilities.

The choice of the vehicle for the department's talents was excellent. *The Hot L* is comic only in the blackest sense of that form. It is more a motion poem of the travesty that passes for human communication "on the outside" of what the Penthouse B crowd had decided is worthwhile. Here are boxcar people in a 747 age, as diverse as the loads in a B & O freighter and perhaps as incapable of changing course. *The Hot L* speaks to the warehousing of society's misfits, and the conflicts that develop between the kept and the keepers, with a subtle and even elegant power totally lacking in *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*.

The message crawls through, drowned in champagne and whore's affections: we all have no rights here, except the right to buy our goods and sell our bodies. It ends up writ on the seedy wall (or eleven foot ceiling) as large as an emergency pizza number.

How a cast as diverse and as excellent as the one that hit the Dalton stage was ever assembled and rehearsed I don't even want to speculate. The depth and balance of the cast make it impossible to single out one keystone in the theatrically architected, many-treched ruins of the 1960's.

Certainly Pamela Kammeraad as Martha/Lilac Lavender/Billy Jean, and Kenneth Hill as Mr. Morse held anchor positions. Their combined presence on stage tied together many individual strands of concept and human wrath; yet they remained essentially different in style, characterization, and theatrical effect.

Kammeraad played a sinewy hooker with the energy of a deoxy freak, the heart of a saint and the brain of a celery stick, beautifully. With just the right amounts of frantic dash and kimbo collapse, she reminded one of a bicyclist, sustained by motion, not direction. Hill was the desert bedrock to Kammeraad's whirling, dervish sandstorm, as much a fixture of the hotel as door knobs

being vied over by dealers, and almost as antique. He is because he is, the veneration due agedness which has only produced colds, arcane exercises, and victimization. Both players showed the ability to walk the thin line between bathos and pathos. They produced the poles, frantic and placid, and did so without letting their collusion be known.

But this was not a two star sky. Judith Jenkins, as Millie, gave one of the best portrayals of slowly advancing, yet not entirely unpleasant dementia that I have ever seen. A difficult role for a younger actress. Suzy, played by Carla Bailey, was as sweet and sour a professional pedestrian as you will find in any city, outwardly as candy-coated colorful as Baskin Robbins ice cream and as constitutively artificial. Jeanny V. House was generally excellent as April Green, rounding out the pavement pounding trio as the whoreful big mama with the entire human race as straightman. Unfortunately, House's portrayal was a bit too brassy-mouthed stereotyped, making her horror at Susy's pimp-wise recapitulation less a matter of soul than a temporary character aberration.

Best is last. Susan McDaniel and Tim Roberts were nothing short of brilliant as the sister/brother team of failure farmers, Jackie and Jamie. I have looked hard for a fault with which to temper my praise on this issue and can find none worthy of written notice. From the minute McDaniel stepped on stage it was like living with a denim and leather contained hurricane, an oil slick whirl of sexual and dominative confusion washed up on the beach of a decaying resort. McDaniel is one of the most capable and memorable actresses to hit K in several years, having proved herself in very difficult and very different roles.

Tim Roberts was the perfect foil to her twisted craving for proof of possible escape. He was the blank, and empty of initiative, eye of that hurricane. The subtlety of Roberts' gesture and voice turned a key in the play, a queered version of actual hope.

Fortunately the serious faults in the acting were few, for in this sterling setting they stand out embarrassingly. Francis Broadway as Bill Lewis seemed as eager to step on other people's lines as

Continued on Page 3, Col. 3.



Kalamazoo College Index

Volume 102, No. 4, May 24, 1976

Trash: No Deposit, No Return

BY JO BOWER

This spring, a number of students are coming out of their isolated dormitory rooms to take part in a number of non-academic activities such as circulating petitions, visiting Michigan legislators and interviewing local business people. A new surge of social awareness at K college? Only partly. The small army of researchers and signature-gatherers giving you the eye as you go into Saga are members of the "Bottle Class", Political Sociology, being taught by Dr. Kim Cummings.

The "bottle course" people are doing research on the returnable bottle legislation in Michigan, which has already been circulated among many committees in the Lansing legislature, to finally end up on the shelf of the Appropriations Committee. At the present time it is experiencing a revival at the hands of several Michigan legislators, the Michigan United Conservation Clubs, and other

environmentalists who are sponsoring a petition drive in hopes of getting the legislation on the ballot in November so that it can be voted upon by the people of Michigan.

The purpose of the class is to discover the reasons why the bottle bill has had such difficulty in the legislature, to see to what degree its problems reflect similar ones in other environmental legislation, to reveal the factors responsible for its past unpopularity, and to speculate on its chances as a public referendum coming before the voters in November.

The course is focusing upon the design and completion of research projects directly related to the bottle bill, such as a survey of attitudes among small and large retailers, who under the new law would be required to accept empty returnables and pay the deposit of up to 9c per bottle. Students are examining the arguments of large beverage firms, who would stand to lose, some say, if the bill were to

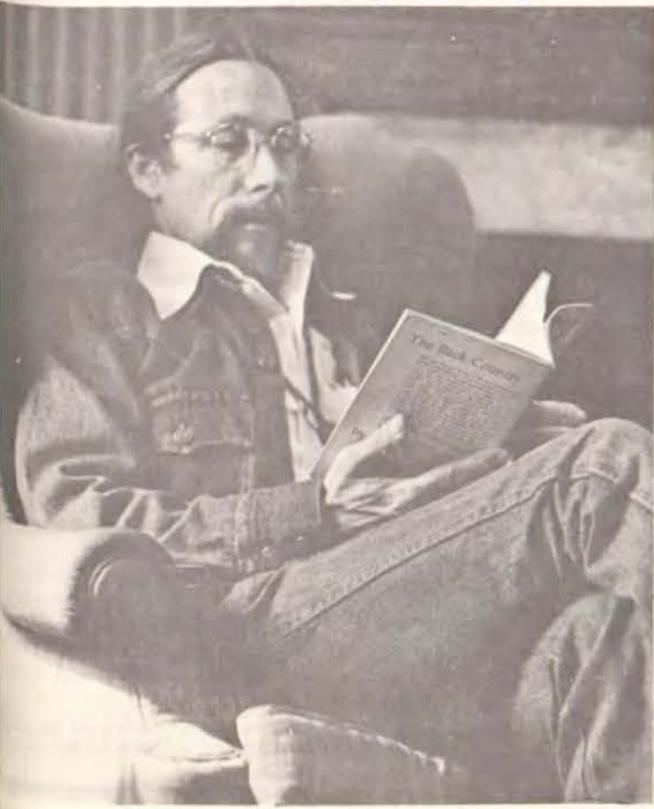
become law. (The beverage industry's main contention is that there would be a substantial job loss through a changeover to returnables; returnables are far more economical to produce, and they satisfy consumer demands for convenience.) Other research projects underway include a study of the referendum process itself, and the role of the various competing factions in swaying the public vote. The role of statistics in this issue is substantial. According to some figures, the bottle bill will actually increase jobs, after a brief transition period. Yet business and industry also have figures which show that many jobs will be lost. The main disagreement is over how many trips a bottle would take between the consumer and the beverage factory. The results of the research projects will be presented publicly at the end of the quarter, and may be published as a whole by Dr. Cummings at a later date.

The uniqueness of this class stems not only from its experiential nature, but also from its scope. The influence of many social, economic and political factors is evident upon close examination of the bill and the controversy surrounding it. Attitudes of public officials, industrial representatives and the public at large are being examined carefully. Attempts to see the larger framework in which the groups form their attitudes towards environmental issues are being made. Hopefully, the experience of this class will be helpful in designing others in which students can draw from the material of the social environment in which we live, an experience which, by its ability to function beyond traditional classroom walls, can only enrich academic experience.

(The Political Sociology Class will be making their presentations on June 3 at 10:00 a.m. in Dewing 311. Mary Brown, who is running for Howard Wolpe's seat in the state legislature, and interested people from the community will be present.)

attempts to force us to make the jump between them. His poetry is intimately tied to his life, making it a painting and celebration of the mystery and cycle of all life.

Zen ecology carpentry radicalism poetry



BY CONSTANCE ALLEN

Gary Snyder's life seems to be a blueprint for the long-hair, radical poet of the 1960's and before. Still within the model, he has retreated to the back country, lives with his family in a house he built himself sans electricity which is "not a foppish affectation—it is just not available", although he admits he wouldn't take it now even if it were possible to get it. What set Snyder apart from the crowd of hippies who have retreated to the commune is that he knows why he is there.

Snyder does not voice the words of others although what he says may sound familiar; his views on ecology are based on his vision of the need of man to return to natural systems in order to rediscover his unconscious self. In reaching into this unconscious Snyder has found the source for man's joy manifested in the rites in which he celebrates his place in the ecosphere.

Snyder can give his opinions on ecology over a martini and talk about the evils of the synthetic fabric industry while watching a luncheon fashion show. He will

articulate the destruction of the automobile from the backseat and discuss the failures of unstructured education. This ability is tied to his organization of reality. Snyder feels that man is surrounded by artificial systems; man must overcome these self-made systems to reach his true base which is paleo forms.

Snyder is unique; a wandering Odysseus returned home to Turtle Island. His background in Zen and his varied experiences allow him to perceive life, especially American life, with unclouded eyes. Snyder has evolved his vision by sailing the Pacific, living with people still tied to nature, exploring Zen, working the land, listening and watching. He attempts to articulate man's place in the sphere of the cycles and rhythms of nature as he has experienced them.

Snyder clearly sees and participates in the rites and ceremonies in which man celebrates his place in the universe. His poems are a step into that which cannot be put into language. As a craftsman, he knows the effects of both the spoken and the unspoken and he

Utilize Those Resources

BY MARK TEACHOUT

Kalamazoo College is constantly looking for ways to improve its liberal arts education of the whole person. One way which may not have been considered is the utilization of the untapped human resources of the college.

In **Deschooling Society**, Ivan Illich describes a concept that meets this desire for improvement. His concept, a "learning web" is basically a central communications base whereby persons, via a telephone operated filing system, find other persons who have a particular skill, piece of knowledge, service, recreational activity or other interest which can be exchanged with other people. This concept is similar to a human resources library. K College is composed of over a thousand people—faculty, administration, students, workers. All of these individuals have skills, information, needs for supplying and receiving services, recreational activities and educational desires. Often these resources are not being utilized and needs are not met because the means to do so are not available; a learning web would enable these people to locate each other.

A service like a learning web is now in operation at K College. It is a test which will determine the viability of such a service as a permanent part of campus life. The name is PARALLEL: The Peer Matching Network. After

only 4 weeks on campus it has grown to 51 different interest categories with 83 persons registered in areas such as coin-collecting, hang-gliding, bingo, horticulture, backgammon, musicals, trains, squash, and finding a roommate.

Not only is such a concept enriching to the college environment, but it is even more valuable as a means for neighborhood individualized education. This type of education consists of a teacher living in a neighborhood and utilizing a learning web; the resources of the city are used for educational purposes within the student-teacher relationship and for self-education.

The goal is to guide each individual student in the development of the tools necessary to strive towards their self-actualization as a creative, achieving, producing and rational individual of high self esteem. These tools include curiosity, analysis in terms of the integral, theoretical, and existential knowledge of man and nature, research skills in the library and the concrete world, reading, writing, and questioning.

Methodology is based on "what is" rather than "what could be." Students are encouraged to question and to justify assertions they make or hear. They are urged to concentrate on exploratory learning as well as mastery. Learning is not forced because

force is a concept contrary to that of the development of curiosity and self-motivation. Motivation is seen to come from self-interest, with individual needs of students as the focus, rather than that of educational prescription.

The classroom in city neighborhoods makes possible closer teacher-student contact. The teacher is able to educate individuals of different ages at the same time, thereby utilizing the advantages of all three stages to enhance the education of each other. City resources such as libraries, parks, museums, zoos, and businesses are more readily available, including more non-traditional resources such as a city's non-credentialed teachers (e.g. shopkeepers, mechanics, professionals, students, factory workers, taxi drivers, housewives, etc). Teacher qualifications are, then, simply an accurate, extensive knowledge of the relevant subject and the ability to communicate it in clear, explicitly understandable terms.

These are the bases of PARALLEL as it exists. Its goal is to make more use of the educational and recreational resources available within the campus community. Anyone interested should call 383-9627 (Monday: 7:30-11:00 p.m.; Wednesday: 7:00-10:00 p.m.; Saturday: 1:00-5:00 p.m. Sunday: 7:30-11:00 p.m.).



Tennis, Anyone?

BY KATHY ROCHE

In the last two or three years a new trend in sports has become evident at K, as more and more underclasswomen are going out for team sports than in the preceding years. This year the swimming and field hockey teams showed a majority of enthusiastic freshmen and sophomores. This spring, for the first time, the overwhelming majority of the women's tennis team is freshmen; out of fifteen, ten are freshmen, and four of the top six players are underclasswomen. K College's first women's track team was introduced this year as well, a response to the interest of two

freshmen women.

The influx of underclasswomen on athletic teams is causing certain changes in their make-up. In the past, in most varsity sports the top positions have been controlled by juniors and seniors, those having the most experience; now the trend seems to be going the other way at K, as the freshmen begin to dominate.

One might see this as a sign of Kalamazoo's ultimately becoming a school of female jocks, as gym shorts, hockey sticks, track shoes and a fervid interest in athletics replace the upperclasswoman's hope of getting her phys. ed. requirement fulfilled by the least strenuous means possible. While the majority of senior and junior women (those not out for team sports) opt for bowling, golf, and fly and bait casting, the freshmen and sophomores dominate the "Speed Swimming", "Senior Life-saving", and "WSI" classes.

This trend is not peculiar to Kalamazoo, or to colleges in general; women's sports are also gaining in popularity at the high school level. Many high schools that had no competitive women's athletics as recently as three years ago now offer team competition in volleyball, basketball, tennis, softball, track, etc. Now young women are being allowed to compete with young men in non-contact sports which are not offered within the women's program. With this recent expansion of women's sports activities in high school, it should not be surprising that more entering freshmen are interested in K's team sports than in the past.

While none of Kalamazoo's teams are nationally ranked, the participant still gets the experience of playing competitively, and the satisfaction of working on the sport or skill of her interest. Only the best of the best will get to play on Indiana's volleyball and tennis teams; here the opportunity is available for anyone with some skill and the desire to give some time to practice. Although Kalamazoo's drawing point is not the athletics program, its advantage is that a woman can compete in a sport even if she is not a super-jock.

Istanbul: Violence Under the Cypress

(Boğaziçi University, in Istanbul, Turkey, is about to end a five-year transition period that will have taken it from the private, American, Robert College to a Turkish state university. During the early '60s it had as its president John Scott Everton, a former president of Kalamazoo College, and in the mid '60s a dozen 'K' students did their foreign study there. Professor Harold Harris, of the English Department, went to Boğaziçi in the fall on a sabbatical which was to see him combine teaching courses in American literature with scholarly and critical writing. He will resume his teaching in Kalamazoo in October.)

BY HAROLD HARRIS

Istanbul -- If the Boğaziçi University students should vote tomorrow (I'm writing this on Sunday, May 2) to revoke the boycott which they voted against the University way back in February, then I'll be teaching classes for the first time since the fall semester ended in January. But the odds are against their doing that, the University having refused to give in completely on student demands for forgiveness of "F" grades and on a second year for those who fail the year-long English preparatory program.

Of course the issues which led to the student boycott and the University's decision to close the school are much more complicated than that. In fact there are those who argue that the relatively insignificant issues the students have put forth are not the real ones at all. According to this line of reasoning, the social democratic student leadership is dancing to a tune called by their political elders in Ankara who are intent upon making it impossible for the middle-of-the-road Demirel regime--the left-wingers call it fascist--to continue governing. Those who make this assessment also feel that the slightly left-of-center social democrats are both anxious to convince their further-to-the-left "Muscovite" and "Maoist" rivals that they are not

afraid to show some muscle, and are perfectly willing to use that muscle against the intimidated non-political student majority. If left alone that majority, so it is claimed, would vote overwhelmingly against any boycott.

Whether or not this analysis is correct, it is the case that violence at the Turkish universities is a fact of life, and that while there has been none at Boğaziçi, it is enough of a threat for a great many parents to refuse to allow their children on campus so long as the boycott continues. Over the past twelve months forty university and high school students have been killed on or off campus, mostly in Istanbul and Ankara which is about five times the number of college students killed on American campuses throughout the turbulent '60s. And during that time Boğaziçi has been open far more days than either of the two other large Istanbul universities or any of the three Ankara ones.

When I came to Istanbul in September with my wife and two boys I expected none of this. I knew in a vague sort of way that there had been disturbances at the University of Istanbul, but somehow I thought--and so did almost everyone on the Boğaziçi faculty--that the 113 year old school, until five years ago American and known as Robert College, was immune to any serious difficulties. Its lovely campus overlooking the Bosphorus; its highly selective, upper middle-class student body, the great majority of which graduated from Turkey's best private schools; *the excellent faculty, most of them with Ph.D.'s from first-rate American schools; the low student-faculty ratio and good personal relationships between students and teachers; the enlightened administration--all of these factors would seem to have militated against any unmanageable problems occurring. At the moment, however, precisely that seems to be the case, or at least nobody that I know of has come forward with any way out of the impasse.

I had not expected any trouble on campus, but I had anticipated some off-campus because of the continuing problem of Cyprus and the strain on Turkish-American relations that it has created. However, not only has there been no sign whatsoever of Turkish hostility toward me or any other of the Americans that I know, but every single Turk that I have come up against, academic and non-academic, has gone out of his way to be friendly. The reservoir of strongly pro-American feelings here seems almost bottomless, although of course in the nature of things it cannot be. Certainly its bottom is not touched when our butcher, who happens to be a political cartoonist whose drawings appear frequently in a left-wing satirical journal called *Çarşaf* ("bedsheet"), reminds me that everything was lovey-dovey in Turkish-American relations when the Turks were sending their soldiers to Korea, and then goes on to shake his head sadly over the present state of those relations.

That discussion with Erdoğan, incidentally, was conducted entirely in Turkish, as have been all our discussions for the past couple of months. It was at that point that my knowledge of Turkish, although no more than rudimentary, passed his knowledge of English, which is limited to such profundities as "How much ground beef?" "What else?" and "Thank you, come again." But then he also knows a little butcher-shop French and a fair number of German phrases. If he didn't, he would be that rare creature, a mono-lingual Istanbul. I have lost count of the number of people that I have met in this most cosmopolitan of cities who are fluent in three or more languages.

Erdoğan's butcher shop, like Boğaziçi University and like our apartment, is in the Istanbul section known as Bebek. Dick Stavig, Joe Fugate, Bill Pruitt, David Harris, Tony Sills, and Nilgun Öztabağ (the last three all K-College Class of 1978) can all testify as to what a charming place

Bebek is, and how easy it is to live the good life here. The Bosphorus, which is at its loveliest at this point (we would have a view of it if our apartment were two floors up and \$200 a month more expensive), is practically in our front yard, while behind us rise cypress-covered hills. As for the streets of Bebek, they may not always be spotlessly clean and they get dug up entirely too much, but they are always alive with color and people: one day recently I counted on a one hundred foot long block no fewer than nine vendors who were selling fruits, vegetables, fish, paintings, plastic wear, and copper pieces. Despite the always large numbers of people on Bebek's streets--many more in most other parts of Istanbul, which is very heavily populated--life flows along in almost meandering fashion, and one has the greatest sense of security that I have found in any large city.

Without the stimulus of students to whom I was supposed to be teaching Whitman and Wallace Stevens and James Baldwin this term, it's all too easy in an environment like this to go to sleep intellectually. I'm trying my hardest not to, by doing such things as working assiduously at Turkish, making my way through Dante's *Divine Comedy* in Italian (with facing pages in English), and reading Robert Musil's great three volume novel *The Man Without Qualities*. I've also been doing a fair amount of writing, including a little book which purports to be a contemporary breviary, articles on *Wuthering Heights* and *Little Dorrit*, and perhaps most ambitious, a long piece on the trouble at Boğaziçi which attempts to make sense of it against the background of Turkish society. I must say, though, that I miss 'K's' intellectual life, which is about ten times as active as Boğaziçi's, even when the latter is in session.

P.S. The asterisk in my letter indicates that while typing that sentence I lost the electricity for the sixth time in two weeks and had to continue typing by candle light.

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 This issue is dedicated to the memory of the late, great Spot Allen.

BICENTENNIAL MINUTIAE

BY RANDY MORSE

For this issue's perspective on the Revolutionary War in America, I have used the results of hours upon hours of work by gnomelike, underpaid assistants who do this research for the love of it, for history and scholarship, and because I am holding their families captive. Their diligent efforts yielded little, unfortunately (and they will pay for it, but that's no concern of ours here), and so I have to fill in the gaps with the help of my own fevered imagination. The consummation of this

effort, which follows, is a reconstructed interview with Sarah Dillworth, who made no contribution of exceeding importance to the war, but who typified one aspect of the conflict.

Interviewer: Very nice home you have here, Sarah. I couldn't help but notice the serenity, the pastoral quality evoked by the verdant and rolling hills undulating across the English countryside to the very horizon where they finally yield to the pastel blue of the April sky. Also, the sheep are kind of neat.

Sarah: Thank you, I think so, too. I: Tell me, Sarah, how long now has it been since your husband left for America to fight the rebel colonists?

S: Three hundred and ninety-nine days.

I: Goodness! Then it will be four hundred days exactly tomorrow.

S: You're so very bright. I: You look quite young—mid-twenties, I would guess. How do you feel about your husband leaving to fight in the war?

S: Well, everything considered—he's thousands of miles away and I rarely get news from him, and when I do it's months after he wrote it, and there are all sorts of terrible diseases he could pick up aside from the risk of getting shot—all things considered, the whole thing stinks.

If I thought we were fighting for something worthwhile, or even if we had a chance to win, I might feel better about it. But I don't really buy this right of country and king (but don't let George know I said that) to control the whole show, you know? It seems to me that if they want to make a go of it clear across the Atlantic, leaving home and risking all sorts of disasters, they have a right to do it on their own. This thing was bound to get out of hand from the very beginning.

I: You sound very far-sighted.

S: Well, I've been reading Thomas Paine. Somebody smuggled in a few copies of *Common Sense*, just as a conversation piece, you know, to keep on the coffee table, and they gave me a copy.

I: Do you mind if I ask you a rather, uh, personal question?

S: Please do.

I: Well, you're a married woman, and accustomed to certain, well, to having particular needs satisfied... Has it ever occurred to you that it might be nice to take on a lover?

S: Har, har, har.

I: Pardon me?

S: The thought has crossed my mind.

I: And...?

S: Some of Tim's friends have escorted me to the show or the concert, but all very properly. I did have one fling in the display window of a clothing store—we had to pretend we were mannequins when people passed by—but nothing else. It was the little things that stopped me.

I: The little things?

S: Yes. The little things that slobber and cry and crawl and grow up into adults. Babies. They're hard to explain, if you have one, that is.

I: I see. Sarah, I hope your husband gets back safely when the war is over, and I hope that's very soon.

S: Thank you. Sarah Dillworth's husband did return home soon, two years after he had boarded the wrong ship and wound up fishing with a group of Norwegians, also spending some time in a ski resort near Oslo. Sarah lapsed only once more before Tim's return, but he accepted her explanation of the leap year for her short-term pregnancy and they managed to live happily everafter.

Hot L Baltimore

Continued from Pg. 1.

Raid insecticide is to squash bugs on TV. One was left with a distinct impression of Acting, capital A. Steven Afendoulis did a junior high school job of impersonating young - Jimmy - Cagney - as - street - punk, or at least that seemed the intention. The characterization of Paul Granger III should have been the thematic youth-counterpoint to Jackie and Jamie. Instead the result was almost laughable.

If Afendoulis wants to learn how to play a heavy he should take lessons from James Smith. The latter painted a most convincing portrait of the bureaucrat/zoo keeper: no-time, busy, officious,



Kicks are for Kids

BY S. T. BLACK

"Parental Guidance Suggested," the announcer says sternly, the ad says boldly and the parents say smugly. From the moment of the institution of the rating system the debate has raged. Like Biblical texts, the revealed word of the rater is open to various interpretation, and the slings and arrows of community standards.

Violence has overtaken sex and nudity as the primary determinant in the R and X rating system. The determinant factor in the PG rating seems to be obscene language—lacking the "real thing," vague references to it in the Anglo-Saxon jargon take the forefront. *Bad News Bears* for example, recently released to "family" theaters everywhere, has plenty of innuendo, racial slurs and spicy expletives. But as the worldly-wise pitcher (Tatum O'Neal) in the film retorts, "I know an eleven-year old who is on the pill." *Bad News'* bad language contains nothing a normal eleven-year old hasn't heard before.

The "Bears" is a Little League team composed of all the ethnic groups normally excluded from the league. The team fathers, who had the time to press a discrimination suit and get the team in the league, don't have the time to coach. They hire Walter Matthau, a part-time pool cleaner and ex-minor leaguer. Matthau's character is the Matthau character—the hard drinking slob with a soft heart. Strike one—the kids can't play. Strike two—the league hates them. Strike three—Matthau coaches them between beers and passing out. "What a mess," the

team says disgustedly around their coach who is dead drunk on the mound amidst beer cans. Only hot-shot pitcher Tatum O'Neal and a natural athlete/juvenile delinquent can save the Bears.

I hate child actors. However, in *Bad News Bears* I forgot I was watching kid actors and believed I was watching kids. The roles were understated and played beautifully for the most part. The comedy didn't demand that kids do what kids never do. Picking fights or picking noses came naturally.

The movie has a message that is easily understood but doesn't hit one over the head. A touch of tragedy in the escalating war between the Bears and the Yankees underscores the central idea of the way adults use children while proclaiming how much they are sacrificing because "the kids want it that way." Vic Morrow, as the coach for the rival Yankees is a "bad guy", without wearing horns and a devil-suit.

But what is bad about *Bad News* is not within the movie. It lies, rather, within the institutionalized movie rating system and with the use it is given by the general public. "Parental guidance" does not mean that adults should bring an infant to the film as long as they go together. Crying babies at a late-night show on a Saturday night brings out the homicidal instincts in this writer, feelings obviously not appropriate in the "PG" situation. If one is driven to a PG movie by sex and violence one may be driven back to porno theaters by the equally trying kiddie matinee atmosphere that prevails at PG films.

collapse kinesis.

Beyond the set and the costuming however, the technical work suffered its first real setbacks in many a production. The lighting was poorly designed and even more poorly executed. The Parent's Day crowd in particular must have thought that they were getting a light show free with the play. The lighting only accented the alternatively goulsh and non-existent make-up jobs. Sound was uneven and scratchy. Unfortunately the poor decision to turn up the clock on *The Hot L* from the mid-sixties, in which it is obviously set, to "a recent Memorial Day" impacted most heavily on the tech crew; much of the music selection and some of the props seemed out of place.

All in all, it is admirable that the college is fulfilling its role as a presenter of contemporary controversial theater. Let's let the plays speak for themselves.

Letters to the Editor

Editors:

In the April 26 issue of the *Index*, a letter appeared regarding the current enrollment of minority students at Kalamazoo College. The authors generally took the administration to task for a "policy of benign neglect that slowly erodes our student body to the same consistency as an upper middle class Detroit suburb". Although the letter was very vague as to what specific steps should be taken to increase minority enrollment, it did state that the school has a "social obligation" to take such steps, and applied support for a policy of "affirmative action".

Early on, the authors state that the problems of racism and discrimination are by no means "solved", yet racism and discrimination are what they seem to be advocating in dealing with minority enrollment. "Affirmative action" is merely a euphemism for reverse discrimination, and usually involves a substitution of racial quotas for impartial academic standards.

The authors talk about the role of this college in society without saying exactly what that role is. While it is admittedly difficult to define such a role, I feel that essentially this college exists to offer a challenging and high quality liberal arts education to students of proven academic ability. In doing this, the admission process must concern itself with academic qualifications. When this process is manipulated in order to play a numbers game, the integrity of the school is not increased but diminished.

I'm glad to see that the letter's authors admit the existence of difficulties in increasing minority enrollment. Maintaining high ad-

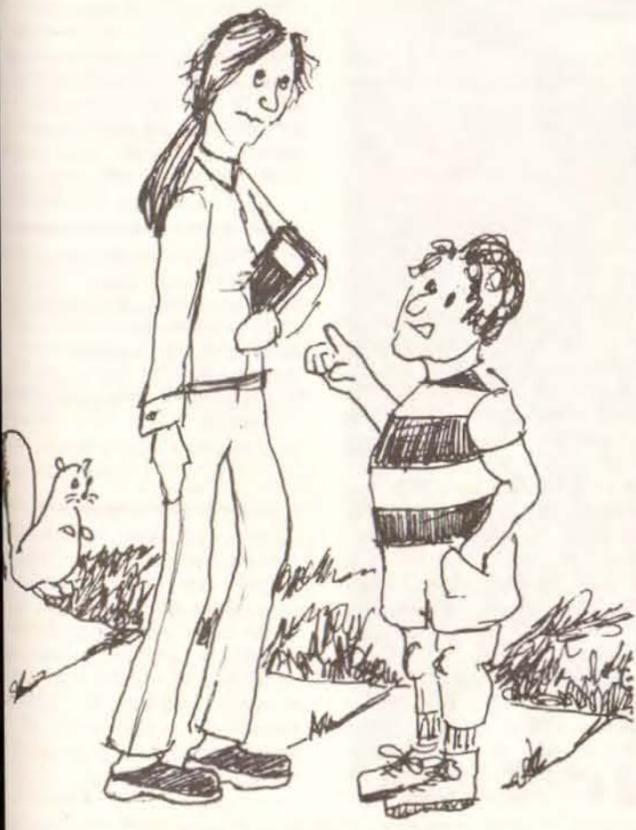
missions standards and recruiting minority students who meet them would at least avoid the grossest offenses of reverse discrimination. But such students are in heavy demand from schools with reputations at least as high as Kalamazoo's and perhaps better. If these students are not enrolled in sufficient numbers to satisfy the liberal guilt complexes held by opponents of "benign neglect", should the college then proceed to throw out academic decency and ship less qualified students in to make the student body more "representative"?

In the process of applying to law schools, I have noted some of the results of "affirmative action". Several well-known institutions, which would throw a given GPA and LSAT score in the wastebasket if they came from a male non-minority applicant, take identical scores from female or minority applicants and give them to special committees. The double standard is institutionalized in order to meet a "social obligation".

As far as I know, Kalamazoo has not taken this route yet. I hope it doesn't, because the type of policy described above would be a betrayal of the ideals of higher education which this school represents.

I realize that the authors of the letter appearing in the *Index* do not openly advocate the kind of policies which I am criticizing, and that I could be misrepresenting their position. But the authors of such letters must bear some of the blame for any existing misrepresentation; their use of such terms as "affirmative action"; "benign neglect"; and "social responsibility" should involve far more thought as to the implications of such words.

—Brian Donovan



"I'll sure be glad when you senior bitches graduate."



REVOLUTION

The past Backaround topics have been primarily idealistic, intellectual or aesthetic—women's beauty, creation, language. Revolution, of equal and in some ways greater significance, is less absolutely the domain of intellectuals and academics. It is a powerful possibility, not to be ignored, a political as well as psychological reality which cannot be suppressed in our twentieth century world. Revolution, unlike the constant process of evolution, is a drama of emotion and committed ideology, a burst of energy which cannot, by its very definition, be sustained over a long period of time.

It is a common belief that the revolutionary energy so pervasive among students in the mid-and-late sixties has fizzled out or been rechanneled into more pragmatic concerns by the economic and political situation. However, even though middle-class American

youth have lost the desire and become disillusioned with the possibility of effecting radical social change, the spirit continues in minor outbreaks and hushed militancy in Spain, violence among the Basques, in Portugal, Indochina, Angola, Lebanon, third world nations throughout Africa and the Americas—and it has not died in the U.S., but gone underground to achieve real advances from within the unions, political system, and to raise the consciousness of the masses. Oppression, whether cultural, economic, political or artistic, is continuously resisted and sometimes overthrown.

Revolution and great achievement are connected in a constant entanglement of cause and effect. Countless ideologies have stemmed from revolutionary necessity and have likewise created new movements. New forms of government are obvious outcomes of

successful political revolutions. The list of artists, philosophers and folk heroes connected with revolution is endless.

Some insist that revolution is always conservative, that people are only willing to revolt when circumstances force them to compromise their established patterns and habits. Others claim that the traditional concept of revolution is no longer possible with mass communication and extensive foreign involvement. Perhaps industrial capitalism is too strong to be circumvented or overthrown. Despite these abstract concerns, there is still energy, commitment, and continued activism in various groups of revolutionaries throughout the world. There is also, as always, extensive oppression in the world, and people willing to combat it, even though they may not be on midwestern college campuses.

—Gail Freimuth

“...complete, pervasive, usually radical change in something, often one made relatively quickly...”

Whether the last thread of hope for some wretched souls tyrannized in subtropic Latin America or hell-with-the-results sparks set off by those wanting to escape their everyday ennui, revolution is a catalytic agent. In its purest sense, it explodes catharsis, rights wrongs, opens eyes to the truth. Or - it merely yields to some less satisfactory solution.

Boredom and monotony, powerful causes of revolution. Pervasive in today's society, they are fought off by the constant bombardation of our senses by new, better, improved phenomena. But...how sad...these prove to be nothing new, the same products in disguise merely alluringly gift wrapped for society's fleeting consideration.

In K's "idyllic" country-club realm, revolution is as foreign a

concept as Mao's yellow circle. Yet revolution simmers in all minds, its nebulous beginnings nurtured in the hinterground of all active consciousnesses...rebellion against our birth without consent into a world in which we did not choose society's institutions or necessarily agree with the prevailing mores.

Conform or rebel...the happy medium is straddled successfully by few. At K, a happy breeding ground for individualists, toleration allows each to blithely follow his own drummer (and some really must hear different ones), but the lesson after 4 years is clear—conform or be a failure. To be ignored by society is a plight worse than death for most. That one's existence will not be acknowledged, approved and thus forwarded by fellow homo sapiens...is a basic catalyzing fear for every one.

—Lisa Steinmueller

Women and Art:

A Revolutionary Perspective

At first glance, it would appear that the problems of culture and women's contributions to it are somewhat removed from the immediate tasks of building a revolutionary party of the proletariat, and in a sense, these questions are. The struggle for women's creative and full participation in all aspects of society seems of concern only to the educated women of the middle class. Of what concern is this struggle to revolutionists? The problems of culture and gaining access to it are fundamental for the proletariat. As Trotsky wrote: "The proletariat is forced to take power before it has appropriated the fundamental elements of bourgeois culture; it is forced to overthrow bourgeois society by revolutionary violence for the very reason that society does not allow it access to culture" (Leon Trotsky, "Literature and Revolution")... As Marxists, we are interested in human culture—our fundamental aim is to create a society in which all humanity, unimpeded by material scarcity, can develop its creative abilities freely and to the utmost.

The "cultural feminists" propound several somewhat contradictory theories. First, there are the liberal academics, who argue that there really are great women artists, scientists, leaders, and so on, but that they have been left out of history, so we don't know about them. This argument in effect denies the reality of women's oppression, because it denies that oppression has had any particular effect on women. Another variant on the "herstory" concept is that the reason nobody noticed all this womanly creative activity was because all culture is male

culture and thus the female aspects of creativity were ignored or neglected—like making quilts or weaving, for example. Women's art must be judged by different standards than that of men, advocates of this position say. Women's crafts are not seen as great art simply because women did them—presumably if men had made the quilts they would be displayed in the museums along with the Rembrandts and Greek sculptures.

...The most developed expression of "women's culture" (at least in the visual arts) is probably the male-exclusionist Womanhouse arts center created by Judy Chicago in California. Judy Chicago, an artist, has developed the theory that women's art has historically shown a preoccupation with womb-like shapes; holes, rounded organic forms (for example, Georgia O'Keefe's enlarged flower parts)—the "dark inner space" of woman. "Off Our Backs" reviewed a woman's art show...and enthused over the proliferation of gigantic female organs, erotic art, fruit-flower fertility themes etc., and projected from these the creation of "a mainstream female art movement", whose emphasis was on woman's sexuality. This vision of the liberated creative woman as a flower/fruit/ fecund moon-goddess/earth mother would be funny (in an intimidating kind of way), were it not that very same image of woman that has arisen as a result of her oppression and been used to "keep her in her place", creating with her womb, not her mind — the intuitive, irrational instinctive mother to be kept out of the "light of day" of men's politics, creativity, and social labor. —Helen Cantor

BREAKDOWN [For Zander]

Self-deceptions, False distinctions
Let them all breakdown
The rituals of necessity reach deep
inside of me
Let them all breakdown
Let me be Free to die
Universal slavery, Frozen inequalities
Let them all breakdown
The waters resurrect an incidental
repetition
Let them all breakdown
Let me be Free to die.

—Kevin Goldfarb

"When you are up to your ass in alligators, it is difficult to remind yourself that your initial objective was to drain the swamp."

"Let me say, at the risk of seeming ridiculous, that the true, revolutionary is guided by great feelings of love."

—Che

"Until the philosophy which holds one race superior and another inferior is finally and permanently discredited and abandoned—That until there are no longer first class and second class citizens of any nation until the colour of a man's skin is of no more significance than the colour of his eyes—That until the basic human rights are equally guaranteed to all, without regard to race—That until that day, the dream of lasting peace, world citizenship and the rule of international morality will remain in but a fleeting illusion to be pursued, but never attained and until the ignoble and unhappy regime that now hold our brothers in Angola, in Mozambique, South Africa in sub-human bondage, have been toppled utterly destroyed until that day the African continent will not know peace. We Africans will fight, if necessary, and we know we shall win as we are confident in the victory of good over evil, of good over evil."

—Speech by H.I.M.

Haile Selassie I
King of Kings,
Lord of Lords,
the Conquering Lion of the
tribe of Judah.
California, Feb. 28, 1968

The Iconoclast

Of a piece with the absurd pedagogical demand for so-called constructive criticism is the doctrine that an iconoclast is a hollow and evil fellow unless he can prove his case. Why, indeed, should he prove it? Doesn't he prove enough when he proves by his blasphemy that this or that idol is defectively convincing—that at least one visitor to the shrine is left full of doubts? The fact is enormously significant; it indicates that instinct has somehow risen superior to the shallowness of logic, the refuge of fools. The pedant and the priest have always been the most expert of logicians—and the most diligent disseminators of nonsense and worse. The liberation of the human mind has never been furthered by such learned dunderheads; it has been furthered by gay fellows who heaved dead cats into sanctuaries and then went roistering down the highways of the world, proving to all men that doubt, after all, was safe—that the god in the sanctuary was finite in his power, and hence a fraud. One horse-laugh is worth ten thousand syllogisms. It is not only more effective; it is also vastly more intelligent.

—H. L. Mencken



The analyst everywhere is fighting a hopeless fight. For every individual whom he restores to the stream of life, "adapted", as they put it, a dozen are incapacitated. There will never be enough analysts to go around, no matter how fast we turn them out. One brief war is enough to undo the work of centuries. Surgery of course will make new advances, though of what use these advantages are it is difficult to say. Our whole way of life has to alter. We don't want better surgical appliances, we want a better life. If all the surgeons, all the analysts, all the medicos could be withdrawn from their activity and gathered together for a spell in the great bowl at Epidaurus, if they could discuss in peace and quiet the immediate, drastic need of humanity at large, the answer would be forthcoming speedily and it would be unanimous: REVOLUTION. A world-wide revolution from top to bottom, in every country, in every class, in every realm of consciousness. The fight is not against disease: disease is a by-product. The enemy of man is not germs, but man himself, his pride, his prejudices, his stupidity, his arrogance. No class is immune, no system holds a panacea. Each one individually must revolt against a way of life which is not his own. The revolt, to be effective, must be continuous and relentless. It is not enough to overthrow governments, masters, tyrants: one must overthrow his own preconceived ideas of right and wrong, good and bad, just and unjust. A billion men seeking peace cannot be enslaved.

—Henry Miller

Much madness is divinest sense
To a discerning eye;
Much sense the starkest madness.
'Tis the majority
In this, as all, prevails.
Assent, and you are sane;
Demur, you're straightway dangerous,
And handled with a chain.

—Emily Dickinson

"One's own free, untrammelled desires, one's own whim, no matter how extravagant, one's own fancy, be it wrought up at times to the point of madness— all of this is precisely that most advantageous of advantages which is omitted, which fits into one's classification, and which is constantly knocking all systems and theories to hell."

—Dostoyevsky

One of the President's Men

BY KIERAN BEER

"They... felt they had to show what people were thinking and doing," Thomas DeCair told a group of 'K' students and faculty, in defense of Woodward and Bernstein's new book, *The Final Days*. He is no detached observer. As a former press aide to Richard Nixon, DeCair served as a source for *Final Days*, and his name is listed in the book's index.

DeCair, now an executive assistant to Michigan's Governor Milliken, was on campus May 16. He spent an hour chatting in the President's Lounge as a 'K' alumnus--well almost. "I was kicked out," DeCair confessed. His career service was spent with the *Holland Sentinel*, and he wrote sports for the *Kalamazoo Gazette*. After serving in the army he completed college at Hope; DeCair sent out "500 resumes... 20 a night" and received an affirmative

reply from Nixon Press Secretary, Ron Ziegler.

Several students asked DeCair why he did not resign from the White House press corps when it became apparent the President was implicated in the Watergate cover-up. "If I had quit nobody would have cared... I just wanted to be there... I never found myself in a position of having to lie." DeCair's desire to remain at the White House went beyond even the Nixon resignation when he was retained by President Ford.

Perhaps it was defense of his role as a Nixon image-maker that caused DeCair to state, "Whether he (Nixon) was guilty or not, there were a lot of cheap shots being taken at him." DeCair acknowledges the need for an adversary relationship between those whose job it is to make the politician "look good" and the

press. But he feels "there is a difference between an adversary relationship and antagonism." Many of the reporters who covered the White House during the Watergate investigations were "antagonistic."

DeCair claims media can do "too much damage to a person." The best way to regulate the press is for their (reporters') peers to hold them or their organizations to hold them to some standard."

DeCair related, (without intending to), what may be a good example of one journalist holding another to an ethical standard. While showing Woodward and Bernstein around various executive offices, DeCair became concerned when Bernstein opened a desk drawer. DeCair scowled his disapproval to Woodward. "Okay, Carl, let's go," said Woodward briskly grabbing Bernstein's arm and pulling him out of the office.



Gettin' Laid

BY GERSTLEY BORATE

"Every time they pour this stuff", John Foster is there, on the job, keeping a watchful eye on newly poured cement so that playful students do not desecrate its purity. John Foster is a third-year biology student at Western Michigan University and he has been hired by Kalamazoo College maintenance for the summer to perform, among other tasks as part of the grounds crew, that of cement-watching. Cement takes six to seven hours, depending upon atmospheric conditions, to become concrete and therefore impervious to modification.

When discovered by this interviewer, Mr. Foster was sitting "keeping the grounds down" at the peak of the hill next to Mandelle, overlooking the new sidewalk running beside the science building. He explained his philosophy of the job by saying, "It exists, I exist." (He has no desire to write in wet cement, and prefers to see it smooth and clear.) We discussed the aesthetic value of virgin cement versus the inscribed. Mr. Foster conceded

that the policy he enforces may be the cause of increased carving in the Snack Bar. When asked about the temptations of his omnipotent position he confessed that he has no desire to immortalize himself in cement.

Even in comparison with a similar job at Graumann's Theatre, Mr. Foster considers himself at "the zenith" of his profession. In spite of the advantages of the job--out in the sunshine, time and a half at night--Mr. Foster will keep the job only until something better comes along. He breaks the tedium of the job with AM radio, a six-pack and sometimes a partner.

The sidewalk, which some have called a super-highway between Mandelle and the science building, was only rated a "two" on an ascending scale of one to ten by Mr. Foster because of the intrusion of "unnecessary revisions".

Mr. Foster's vocabulary has a tendency to define camps as "them" and "us" and he commented, "It may be your concrete but it is our cement."



Kalamazoo College index

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Pauling to be Guest at Graduation

BY DAVID BAN

Linus Pauling is one of those rare individuals who has successfully mixed a life devoted to science with an ongoing concern for the welfare of mankind. He will be a guest of the college for the graduation ceremony in June, when he will receive an honorary degree from the college--but we needn't think that we are doing him a favor. Linus Pauling is a two-time Nobel laureate and has over thirty honorary degrees, many from institutions more prestigious than our own.

Seventy-five years old, Dr. Pauling is no longer actively involved in research, although his affiliation with the Linus Pauling Institute, in Palo Alto, California, and his interest in the speculative aspects of science remain strong. He was born in Portland, Oregon, and did his undergraduate work at what is now Oregon State University. The rest of his formal education took place at the California Institute of Technology, with a year as a Guggenheim fellow in Europe, studying with the physicists Summerfield, Schrodinger, and Neils Bohr in Germany, Switzerland, and Denmark.

Originally interested in classical chemistry, Pauling's fascination with the chemical bond finally led him to a perspective more suited to that of a theoretical physicist. His willingness to speculate was a strong characteristic of his career. In a science dominated by empiricists whose willingness to guess was inversely proportional to what they knew, Linus Pauling was a brilliant anomaly. His dedication to the theoretical aspects of chemistry represented, in its time, a daring new approach. He was able to elevate the mundane mentality of the laboratory onto a new plane and allowed his fancy to do what it would. He has had some remarkable successes. He has also made some mistakes.

His first significant discovery took place at Cal Tech in the late 1920s and early '30s when his interest centered around the nature of the chemical bond. Using the relatively new method of x-ray crystallography and applying his knowledge of wave mechanics, Pauling, in 1931, stated the theory of maximum overlap. Stated simply, the overlap of atomic orbitals means that an electron from one atom can, to a considerable extent, remain in its original location with respect to "its" nucleus, while occupying a similarly favorable location with respect to a second nucleus. This idea laid the basic groundwork for an understanding of the chemical bond and led to the development of the resonance theory. In 1939, Pauling published a book which has since become a classic: *The Nature of the Chemical Bond and the Structure of Molecules and Crystals*.

The contribution to chemistry for which Pauling is most appreciated was his adumbration of the basic structure of the alpha helix in proteins. After more than fourteen years of work with his colleague Robert Corey and others, Pauling proposed a structure of the alpha helix, which is perhaps the most important secondary structure in protein chemistry. Using X-ray diffraction patterns for several types of peptides and polypeptides (proteins), he proposed that the chain of amino acids that forms a protein coils up into a helix--something like a bed spring--that has a right-handed orientation. In 1954, Linus Pauling received the Nobel Prize in Chemistry for his work with the chemical bond and the alpha helix.

Among Pauling's other contributions to science were his studies on antibodies, his work with sickle-cell anemia and his proposed structure of DNA. Pauling and his co-workers, Itano and Singer, showed in 1949 that sickle cell anemia was attributable to the

presence of an abnormal hemoglobin molecule in the red blood cells. The finding that sickle-cell anemia was a gene-controlled "molecular disease" was a major breakthrough in the understanding of this disease. More recent research has concerned the relationships between Vitamin C and the common cold.

Pervading Pauling's life and work has been a genuine concern for the safety and well-being of mankind. A long-time opponent of nuclear weapons testing, Pauling was instrumental in bringing about the signing of the International Nuclear Test Ban treaty in 1963. He circulated a petition which gained the signatures of over 11,000 scientists from around the world, urging the cessation of nuclear bomb testing. For his work on this project, Linus Pauling received the Nobel Peace Prize in 1963.

Linus Pauling has always been a controversial figure and has obviously thrived in that position. In 1949, his resonance theory was subjected to vigorous criticism by Soviet scientists on ideological (not scientific) grounds. Only a few years later, he was denied permission to travel abroad and was summoned before the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee under charges of being a communist. Being the target of Lysenkoist and McCarthyite mentalities, however, did not deter Pauling from his pacifist ways. He still maintains an outspoken concern for the future of mankind.

For a college devoted to excellence in the sciences while cultivating "liberal" minds, Linus Pauling is an ideal guest. His life provides a successful model for those planning careers in the sciences, for those concerned about their fellow man, and for those brave few who are both. His speculative brilliance and his humanist concern will be appreciated here.

DIALOGUE: Scientists and Humanists... The Creative Imagination

(Randy Morse, Tina Seber and Trent Foley are senior Math majors. David Ban is a senior Biology major.)

Randy Morse: The time I associate with the idea of the creative imagination is when we first learn to talk as children. One big step for a child becoming a person is the first time he puts together words in a way he hasn't heard before. He repeats things for awhile and then he puts things together in a new way. The creative imagination involves the same thing. In a much larger way we take old, mundane concepts, perceptions or insights and put them together in a new way. A new association appears.

Dave Ban: Aldous Huxley talked about it when he said that original knowledge, original ideas are the product of genius and that we common mortals do little more than repeat old ideas. All we can really do is make new combinations of what is known.

Tina Seber: An example of a new idea would be Einstein stating his relativity idea when no one else realized that the relationship existed.

Dave: You have to consider all the creative thinking that has gone on since that time. It is like a new germ.

Trent Foley: Creative thought in the sciences and in the humanities requires inspiration. In mathematics you can only carry deduction so far and then creativity takes over. Everyone in mathematics knows that when you are doing a proof there is nothing immediately obvious as to how to do this proof. Many times the solution is just something you pull out of the air. There isn't any rational, step-by-step process; if there was everyone could be a great mathematician. There are a few people who have incredibly straight insights like this Einstein fellow and Newton.

Tina: It's like when someone gives you a problem to do; there is no way you can say to somebody, "Well, I need to do it this way." Intuition comes into it and you look at something differently and then write it or you have an intuition about which colors to put on this side of the painting or whether the music should be soft or loud. It is not something you can

explain to somebody in three steps. When you are sitting in your room and you just know how to do this problem someone else may have six false starts--and frequently you try six false starts. It's Dr. Kaufman's "Blinding flash of penetrating insight."

Trent: They used to wonder--and it was a great question of mathematics--if, given any theoretical assertion, it was possible by a step-by-step method to prove every assertion. (Either prove that it was true, prove that it was false or prove that it was un-provable.) The fact of the matter is that they went through assertions and some Russian mathematician proved that it wasn't possible. What we are saying then, is not that some people have creativity and some people don't but that mathematics depends on creativity.

Dave: A similar situation exists in the natural sciences. While primarily they are concerned with identifying certain things and gaining knowledge, the real meat comes when you start looking for inter-relationships. That takes a great deal of insight. You can make oxydations all day but to pick out what is relevant in the context of an idea or a hypothesis--that's where creativity comes in.

Randy: There has to be a non-verbal step involved in order to have anything occur creatively. One writer named John Brayne made a statement that words were the only possible means of thought. I disagree with that entirely. You can't verbalize it but something happens in your mind when you go from step A to step B and you just see it. All of a sudden you say, "Oh, that's how you do it."

Tina: Gary Snyder was talking about that idea in Humphrey Lounge when he was here. He said that all creative thought came from a non-verbal place or field within us. He gets to it through meditation. Apparently that is where all creative thought comes from--when you get all the words, all the thoughts you have in words, to go away and then you understand at a non-verbal level.

Randy: When I am writing a story, I can watch a scene occur. However, when I am doing a math problem there isn't anything I can

visualize in my mind. There aren't any pictures, just abstractions.

Dave: When you talk about art, which is what people usually talk about when you bring up creativity, most art forms are very non-verbal. It took me a long time to really understand this concept. The real experience in music is the relationship between the performer and the listener and, I guess, the third party is the composer. It is a total, non-verbal experience that cannot be described. I have always been perplexed as to how to go about critiquing a musical concert of some sort. What can you say about the experience? Sometimes in a concert I find that my thoughts are drifting away with me but somehow I am still in touch and it is communicating on a level that is not even conscious.

Tina: After you figure out how to do a math problem, then you run into formal rules about how to write it down. The actual thinking is done but it may take a long time to write it down so that all the possible cases are taken care of. Sometimes, even if you know how to do the problem, it takes you a long time to write it down and there are many rules that you have to follow not only in writing it down but also including the tools that you were given so that you could understand the problem. There is always a great deal of discipline between what you are doing and your intellect. When you are writing a poem you have to be careful with your tools--what the sounds are and what you are doing with them. If all you have is the insight and you don't have the discipline to write it down you won't get anywhere--it won't get to anyone else. If you have a mathematical insight that you don't write down properly it will never get to anybody; it will never get anywhere.

Trent: I think if you feel a sort of gap between the sciences and the so-called humanists it is because the humanists think that the scientists are disciplined freaks--they are in a tunnel and can't see either way; they don't have very much insight. There are those types. I think in any art that discipline is important. Conversely I think that scientists look down on writers and musicians as people who don't have any discipline. They don't have any order in their work; it just comes out as pure emotionalism.

Randy: Many good writers look down on pure emotionalists, too. Scientists look down on the "tunnel" scientists.

Tina: I think any art involves discipline. You spend hours practicing, playing with colors and forms. It is not particularly fun nor is it particularly creative. Many of the tools have to be developed.

Dave: A good example of that idea is that most good violinists are also good mathematicians. Barry Ross said the same thing. His best violin students are physics majors or chemistry majors. There is a closeness in the kind of conceptual tools that you need for both. There is a kind of mental discipline that you have to have while you are playing the violin.

Tina: Which is not to say that you have to be a good mathematician or a good scientist to be a good musician.

Randy: You have to have the capability, though. You may not have channeled any of your abilities into those areas.

Trent: If I was to sum it up I would say that any creative act in the scientific spirit or in the humanistic spirit has to come down to form and feeling. Traditionally the humanists have been thought to emphasize the feeling, and scientists have been associated with the form.

Dave: I see a real conflict between



form and feeling. As you begin to learn the techniques and discipline, say, of a science, it is difficult to keep your basic intuition intact. I don't know what it is--whether it is the training or not--I do know that it is necessary for a good scientist to maintain a balance between the discipline and the techniques and the intuition, thinking and feeling.

The man with whom I did my SIP provided the intuition for the research concerning what was going on in the cell. Much of it was very theoretical, non-sensical and hypothetical gibberish. This is how Watson discovered the structure of DNA. He just had cardboard models of the nucleic acids with which he played hour upon hour. He never had organic chemistry in his life. The discovery has revolutionized modern biology.

Tina: In getting this discussion down to the level of Kalamazoo College, I know that Math 1 is a fairly interesting and creative class, especially when it is taught by Dr. Smith. People get pretty excited and get a chance to think about some concepts.

Dave: I think a liberal arts education in general is one of the best educations of the intuition that a scientist can have. I feel that at this college there is interplay--students aren't narrow at all. If there is any hostility I think it resides in the fact that some curriculums are easier in terms of the hours of work demanded. When we get a one credit course it includes five hours of lecture and five hours of lab, in addition to all the studying.

Tina: Much of the hostility used to be the result of the fact that science people had to take majors' classes in the social science areas and other areas because there weren't specifically non-majors' classes like English for Physicists or Poetry for Physicists or Social Science for Mathematicians but there were always classes like Physics for Poets. I don't think that is true anymore because there has been a semi-effort made in that direction--to have classes that the science people can take that aren't just for majors.

Trent: Most of the conflict is born out of ignorance--people who are so interested in science that they know nothing about the humanities. They go into a literature class and approach a piece of literature like a mathematical problem, as if there was a final answer and say, "Well, this is silly." The reverse of it is the science class where people say, "Well, you proved this but so

what?"

Dave: I think it is your basic anal-compulsive versus your Oedipus Complex.

Trent: I couldn't put it better myself.

I think, in our years here, that Kalamazoo College isn't as creative a place as it once was. In the last few years, and I don't know why, people just aren't as interested in doing that sort of thing anymore. They are interested in traditional sort of fifty-ish things. They are interested in drinking beer--they aren't even interested in smoking dope anymore. They like beer; politically they don't care; they are mostly concerned for their future and they just want a good time. Just because most of them are going into pre-med doesn't mean a heyday for the sciences--the sciences will suffer and, of course, the humanities have suffered already.

Dave: I don't think you would find a single professor in the sciences who would disagree with that. Most of them find it very hard to cope with the stereotype of the pre-med mentality which is goal oriented as opposed to learning oriented.

Tina: Knowledge for what it will get you in the end instead of knowledge for knowledge's sake.

Randy: If someone has a creative insight, it shouldn't be something you have to dig for; if it is bright enough and bold enough it can strike you in the face and you are not going to be insulted.

Tina: But Gary Snyder also said that part of the pleasure is discovering the insight by yourself instead of being told in blunt language. He talked about leading your reader along and then giving him just enough so he can make the leap; not making the leap too big so that you would leave the reader hanging on the ground or climbing a mountain. You have to lead them just far enough and let them make the jump so that it can mean something else to them; it doesn't matter if it is specifically what you meant. It gives the reader a little creativity in interpreting it.

Dave: In a way what you are talking about gets back to what we were discussing--non-verbal and verbal communication. You are talking about an indirect communication. We all have associations with certain symbols which can be used with great subtlety. That explains why contemporary literature using contemporary symbols hit us so much harder than other literature.

DOO-ERS' PROFILES (Pronounced Dee-warz.)



George Rainsford

Home: Kalamazoo, Michigan.

Age: Indeterminate

Profession: College President.

Hobbies: Embalming squirrels, ultimate frisbee, liberal arts evangelism.

Most Memorable Book: *Return of Superman* by Dell Comics.

Last Accomplishment: Getting good publicity in the *Detroit Free Press*.

Quote: "Don't untie my tie--my head will fall off." or "Stuffing? What stuffing?"

Profile: Fine example of Kalamazoo taxidermy; the seam at the neck hardly shows. This man is enthusiastic and hard-working--his star shines bright on the administrative horizon.

Drink: The Golden Dome--champagne, rum swizzle, marshmallows, chocolate syrup; garnish with three cocktail onions and stir with finger.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editors:

After reading Andy Robins' article, "Stale French Chocolates" in the May 10 issue of the *Index*, I came to realize what terrible misinterpretations my other readers may have had from my article "Serious Artists Suffer" (Backaround, April 26). I wish he could have seen the piece before it went through its grueling wrestling match with the editor's pen. I am happy the rebuttal was written, however, as it gives me a chance to clarify myself.

The main point of my article was that it is strange that today's creative artist, the one who is left to explore meaning in life, is discouraged financially (often being forced to make a living by some other means), while the commercial artist, the one left to explore expedience in life, is rewarded with a substantial living. I did not say that good art and money can never mix.

Mr. Robins was mistaken to believe that I fail "to realize that creative effort without an audience is not art." I heartily accept the idea that "The essence of art is the communication that exists between artist and audience." Indeed, the beauty of true art is the communicative learning process which takes place after the artwork is finished. With parts of himself out in the open, the artist can perceive himself in a way which he never could have on the inside. The real beauty, however, is that once the art is out where everyone can see it, even greater things can happen. First, by relieving themselves of their values and prejudices, others can learn more about the artist. Second, by reapplying their perceptions and reflecting a different interpretation back to the artist, he can learn even more about himself. Third, the gaining of new perceptions of the world inspires creativity in others, which in turn gets parts of them out in the open.

Such communication, however, exists only with effort. If there is no effort, communication is broken regardless of the artwork. The majority of people today are not looking for new perceptions of their world—they are looking for entertainment. College educated persons, sadly enough, are intellectuals, rather than emotional-sharers. Much too often, when trying to analyze a piece of art, we are inclined or forced to support another critic's interpretation, or produce our own interpretation of the artist's work.

What is needed to understand another's artwork is to try to understand the creator's interpretation of his piece—to understand the artist's perceptions according to his values and emotional reactions to environmental

stimuli. This is a difficult task. (Mostly, I think, because artists usually are not known by their public but rather are represented by a name printed on their work.); hence grade-conscious pupils resort to the former two methods of interpretation. By doing so, they relinquish the chance to push aside their own values and actually understand another person's perception of the same world which they are perceiving.

This creative learning process has always been limited to a minority, but presently even this minority is being pushed toward extinction. First, increasing population has had an adverse effect on individualism, in that rather than trying to relate to so many people, many alienate themselves from society almost entirely—this constitutes the group seeking only entertainment. Secondly, the increased pace of life and drive for material success has produced the intellectual-sharing group, which is willing to look at other pieces of art but only with its own values in mind. The piece is used only to support present perceptions of the world. And I mean support, not "develop." One develops his perceptions only in emotional sharing. Emotional sharing takes time—a precious thing in a world coercing the individual to skim over everything to get a "real" grasp of life. Recent campus visitor Mark Costello put it this way: "One thing about contemporary America is that it's going to try its best to keep you distracted." Eventually the public, the majority alienated from the artist, begins to demand the "trivial schmuck" I spoke of in my first article. The artist has the choice of commercializing his art or doing something else for a living, while putting out quality material in his spare time. Does this have an effect on his art? I should think so.

Those few exceptions (such as those pointed out by Mr. Robins) who are able to dramatize quality work for public appeal while managing to maintain the emotional quality can stumble onto commercial success. And yet, I pause to wonder how much better their works may have been if only they hadn't injected this "entertainment material" to get their contemporaries to listen to them. As Costello says, "I think that very often the reason that people do read is the result of terrific sales pitches...How to make a book saleable in this day and age? You've gotta do Helter Skelter, and misrepresent that, and that's a sad state of affairs..."

This increasing alienation is exactly the kind of thing good science fiction tries to study. This is why it is difficult for me to understand why people like Andy

Robins try to crush the voices of good science fiction writers. By condemning quotations from Harlan Ellison, he condemns a man who makes tours across the country begging his readers not to buy books he had written in his earlier years strictly for money. He degrades a man who fills his rooms with books, sculptures, and paintings; who has joined kid gangs to write about juvenile delinquency with authenticity; who has withdrawn from movie productions (one which would have promised him over \$92,000 in profits) when producers tried to cheapen his material. While I do not believe Ellison to be the world's greatest living author, I don't think he should be degraded because he writes speculative fiction.

Indeed, much of science fiction, like everything else in life, is trash—pure, hardcore garbage. The good material tries to accomplish the same thing as good historical novels. We study history through writers like Gore Vidal not for the historical events, but rather for people's reactions to these events. The same is true with good science fiction: we don't study rocketships and underground cities; we study the people involved with these things.

It is difficult for me to believe Mr. Robins would take such a naive view of the marketing system—that is, "The system provides the artist with outlets to a potential audience. He either communicates with it, or he doesn't; the system is indifferent." The system is not indifferent—it exists to make money. It recognizes its public, then promotes the products it thinks its public will buy. So what choice does that leave the artist? Referring to the creative artists and the handful of intellectuals, Mr. Robins retorts, "The moment a society needs an unelected priesthood to dictate artistic taste is the moment it has died." But what do we call the record promoters, the commercial radio station disc jockeys, and the "art" and "literary" critics? One writer defined a critic as "a man who creates nothing and thereby feels qualified to judge the works of creative men." Being physically unable in its hectic schedule to read, hear, and observe every piece of art which comes out, who should the public trust to guide them toward the best works in the fields—other artists and intellectuals who have created great works and studied their histories extensively, or the "omniscient" critics and promoters?

Apparently, the latter. The promoters say they know what things would best fit into our busy lifestyles and then give it to us. Like it or not, we are being swamped with superficial "entertainment." Like it or not, true art, by popular demand, is dying out. It scares me to think that more and more people are beginning to like it.

—Charles A. Brynelsen



Index Wins Coveted Award

The Kalamazoo College Index was recently honored with the Irving Schermerman Cup for Excellence in High School Journalism, awarded by the elevator operators at the NEW YORK TIMES. The award also includes scholarships for the editors for study at the junior college of their choice. Said the editors when receiving the award, "Our mothers will be so proud."

Notes from the Underground...

BY RICHARD BITZINGER

I have been called several and various names in my life—everything from a nasty son-of-a-bitch to a weak-kneed pansy and all points center. And I suppose there is probably a certain grain of truth behind all of those expletives deleted. What hurt the most was to be called "one of those Marxist types", but not because it wasn't true. I'm proud to call myself a Socialist. It was the connotation given to me: one of those types, a curiosity, that particular kind of human garbage.

Immediately I was branded (and other left-wingers referred to in those tones as well) as some kind of traitor to America, hell-bent to destroy all personal liberties and plunge the U.S.A. into ruin by advocating Communist bureaucratic control of EVERYTHING. Is it any wonder radicals are regarded as such fanatics, having to talk until they're blue in the face just to convince people of their concern?

Jonathan Kozol (a leading radical in education reform) said on the radio the other day something to the extent that he didn't hate his father (try as he might). He really loved America and its ideals of freedom and equality, which is why he bleeds when he sees the mess hatred and greed had made of this country.

Jonathan Kozol is an articulate example of the average American radical. He acts as a catalyst for society, causing others to think, to stand back from their narrow lives and look at a problem, whether it is education or racism or political reform. Radicals are needed—for their concern and its articulation; they keep people from slipping into a kind of self-satisfied middle-class euphoria. Those who disagree with the radical element can argue over why they disagree, and at least they're thinking and not running around like the faceless bipeds society otherwise fosters.

Americans try to fool themselves. They say, "Moderation in all things". But all too often moderation means mediocrity. It means that everyone is alike and thinks and acts alike, and it seems everything is perfect because no one seems to complain.

The American people are a justifiably proud people, but they are sometimes too proud, and refuse to recognize faults which

exist in their country. They sense an inability to handle any big problems, so they tend to ignore them or cover them up. "Why don't you quit harping on the bad things?" is a visual reaction—"Look at the good things for once". The radical feels the good things can handle themselves, and prefers to devote himself to the problems.

In their complacency, Americans place an unhealthy emphasis on the wrong standards. They are too materialistic, more concerned with the mere accumulation of wealth and power than with inward happiness, compassion and mutual respect for each other. They mislead themselves into believing that a high standard of living is preferable to a happy spirit or a clear conscience. "Let's look out for number one", and "what the hell are you complaining about?". In a Christian society Christian compassion is shoved under the rug, and aesthetics and simple inward feelings are sacrificed for material gains.

People are shallow and the radical realizes it. He sees a problem that otherwise is ignored. People are all too eager to take the path of least resistance. No one likes to see evil or believe that it exists. It makes them uncomfortable. By making them, think, the radical drags the people out of their little shells and forces them to look at their world. In trying to get a deaf community to listen, he is prone to yell and scream and clench his fists in anguish. But he isn't just "one of those Marxist types". Only when people are concerned and using their minds are they living (and have reason to live) and are the kind of people they were meant to be, transcending the soullessness, complacency, and hypocrisy that society attempts to inflict.

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Taking Stock:

Commission Committee on Tenure

BY JO BOWER

After its first quarter of work, the Student Commission-created committee on tenure has made substantial progress toward formulating a proposal on increased student input into the tenure process.

Most of the committee's work this quarter has centered on getting the facts about tenure and interviewing various professors and administrators who are involved in the process. The problems and possibilities connected with various proposals have been discussed.

Although no concrete proposal has been drawn up this quarter, there seems to be consensus in the committee that some kind of formal input by senior majors in the tenure candidate's department

would be the most beneficial. This input might be in conjunction with various department faculty members. There is also the possibility of a system whereby letters from individual students on behalf of professors might be accepted as input.

A major project by the committee has been the formulation and dispersal of questionnaires regarding tenure to both students and faculty. It is hoped that the results of the questionnaire will be published before the end of spring quarter. Hopefully, it will give the committee some insight into attitudes toward tenure held by the college community.

Another project of the committee entails a student pamphlet on the tenure process, which will be reproduced and made available

to the student body this summer.

The committee sincerely hopes that its work will be carried on this summer, despite the departure of some of its members. Students who will be on campus this summer should contact Jackie Melvin if they are interested in contributing to the work of the committee.

The student committee on tenure has made remarkable progress this quarter in tackling one of the stickiest problems in administration/faculty/student relations. This writer hopes their work will continue to have the support of students and faculty alike, so that an acceptable, enlightened proposal on student input into the K College tenure process might be proposed and accepted by the college community.

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KALAMAZOO COLLEGE-1976

To the tune of "Nowhere Man"
by Lennon and McCartney

You are going nowhere, man.
You are right where you began.
Cuz you followed the K plan,
Completely.

Never tried to deviate.
Always cleaned your Saga plate.
And now you are a graduate;
So what?

Nowhere man, please listen:
You don't know what you're
missing.
Nowhere man.
The world has no K plan.

Quarters off and quarters on;
Where have all your good friends
gone?
You've been used just like a pawn,
At K.

Nowhere man, please listen:
You don't know what you're
missin'.
Nowhere man,
The world has no K plan.

You are going nowhere, man,
'Cuz you followed the K plan.
You have wated 4 long years for
nothing.
You have wasted 4 long years for
nothing.
You have wasted 4 long years for
nothing.

--Dr. Rainsford's Liberal Arts Club
Band



Spare the Rod and Spoil the Squirrel

Some dumb students keep feedin' them squirrels,
even tho' it ain't good for 'em (they must be girls).
Now hunnerds o' the critters are a-creepin' into Hicks
gettin' themselves meal tickets and jumpin' in the line.
Well I got a solution that should work just fine;
Offer 'em an ice cream cone-let 'em try to lick it.
Then grab the little midget, haul off and kick it.

--Dan Duncan

What Do You Have To Say About K?

You have heard, I am sure, of
Babette
She would be very hard to forget.
The problems she sees
Make her weak in the knees
But she's strong as an old
Chevrolette.

Cappacio dresses real slick
And his hair is as dark as it's
thick.
But he puts us in rooms
Resembling wombs
And then laughs in his office,
that's sick.

Marigene lived down Mexico way
She's a gringo, the natives would
say
She smokes lots of cigs
And likes going on digs
And of tacos she is a gourmet.

Cute Jogo's a printmaking fellow
He tries to appear very mellow
But when he's distressed, he
puts on a dress
And smears his whole body with
Jell-o.

George Rainsford's the president
here
His bowties, to us, make him dear
But he trips on the quad
Landing head-in-the sod,
Jerry Ford is his number one peer.

All hail to the great Prescott Slee
He's in charge of all meals, daily 3
In his blue double knits
He has tantrums and fits
But not half as badly as we.

"It costs too much."
"Unfair disadvantage to non-
science people."
"Bad advisor set-up on SIP
program."
"Thank God for the elevator in
Dewing!"
"Why does it have such a funny
name?"
"The quad is pretty--my mother
says so."
"If it weren't for frisbees, I don't
know what guys would do for
excitement!"
"They don't know how to do
anything anyhow!"
"The crowd in the library on
weekends is really a lot of fun."
"Why is it all downhill after
foreign study?"
"It has the most beautiful,
charming, intelligent and sophis-
ticated women, more than any
man could ever handle."
"The Career Planning and Place-
ment Office as it stands now is
incompetent. It makes relatively
no effort to help seniors find jobs
or even suggest any possibility of
where to look for jobs (unless you
want to be a dishwasher or work in
Mandelle.)"
"Open up Old Welles."
"Too many pre-meds and geriatric
professors."
"What is ultimate about a plastic
saucer?"
"Have you ever wondered what
else the initials SIP could stand
for?"
"What is George Rainsford hiding
behind all those neckties?"

Same Place, Same Paper-1876

In a fashion made popular recently
by Gore Vidal, the backaround
page this issue offers a look at K
College of 1876, to accompany the
poorly-responded-to topic, K-1976.

--The students are taking the
advice of the poet, and are
"drinking deep" this term. The
new well supplies them with water
from a depth of one hundred and
twenty-seven feet.

"The College Index"
November 1878

"At Denison the students are
required to write essays on
subjects related to their studies".
So they are at Kalamazoo.

"The College Index"
April 1878

On our left, close by, is the Lower
College Building of Kalamazoo
College. Recent improvements
have added much to its beauty,
and rendered its appearance in
keeping with the natural beauty of
its surroundings. It is Saturday
and see, some lazy student is
leisurely crossing the campus. He
has come in at the southern
entrance, directly in front of the
building, and slowly bends his
steps in a north-westerly direction
to the exit on the other side. He
passes out, crosses the road,
carelessly unmindful of things
around. But here he pauses, for,
although he has hurried by this
same spot hundreds of times, now
when immediate duties have
relaxed their claim, the artificial
lake on the right can not but
attract his notice. Yes, Mirror
Lake, you are a beauty and well
deserve the name you bear; for, of
the wooded sentinels which stand
upon your banks, every branch
and twig, every leaf and leaflet are
faithfully mirrored in your depths.
When the zephyrs have hushed
their breathings, the surrounding

Sit up to the table when you read;
easy chairs abolish memory. Do
not read the same book too long at
one sitting. If you are really tired
of one subject, change it for
another. Read steadily for three
hours five days a week; the use of
wet towels and strong coffee
betrays ignorance of how to read.
Test the accuracy of your work as
soon as you have finished it. Put
your facts in order as soon as you
have learned them. Never read
after midnight. Do not go to bed
straight from your books. Never
let your reading interfere with
exercise or digestion. Keep a clear
head, a good appetite and a
cheerful heart.

"The College Index"
November 1878

objects of earth seen in reflection
with the heavens above seem like
glimpses of a mystic world deep in
your bosom.

From the west end of the lake
the path leads up a steep hill.
Climb this and you are on a level of
about two acres in extent. Here is
situated the Upper College Build-
ing; and here surely the most
fastidious taste ought to be
satisfied. You may look for and
long for a place on which nature
has been so lavish of her charms as
this. As you stand on the natural
terrace, the village lies spread out
before you to the east, while
behind, the ground rises in still
higher ascents. Overhead is a
canopy of foliage and the bright
beams of sun, breaking through,
variegate with silvery spots the
green carpet under your feet.

Such is the scenery; and it may
be said in honor of the College,
that her tribute is the confidence
and love of her students and the
highest esteem of all who know
her.*

"The College Index"
November 1877

--Our bachelor students, at the
upper building, are giving some
attention to the cultivation of
house-plants, and are succeeding
finely. They have some specimens
which exhibit as much thrift as
though they had been tended by
the most experienced housewife.

"The College Index"
November 1878

The Albion "College Monthly" is
laboring under a slight hallucina-
tion in regard to the state of the
"Index". No one has been
compelled to resign from our staff
for "lamponing a member of the
faculty". Don't cry "Stop thief" at
us.

--He was a full-fledged Sophomcre-
very intent on reciting Greek. He
was exceedingly in earnest.
Imagine his look of despondency
when he saw his only marble
rolling across the floor, to the
extreme merriment of the other
members of the class.

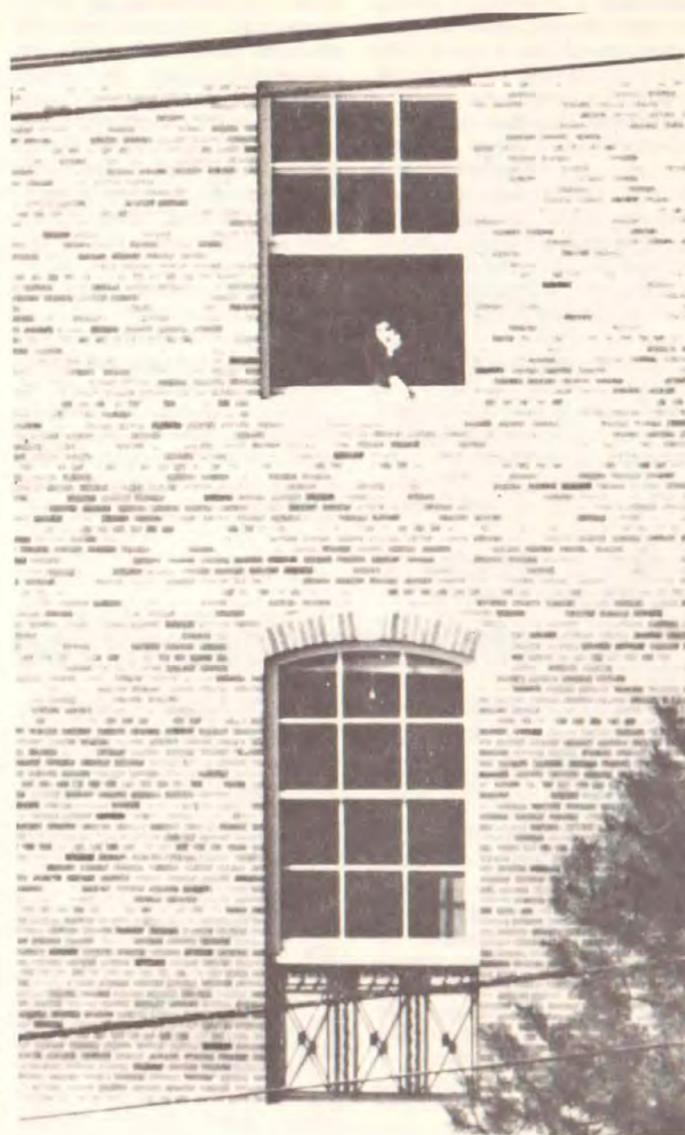
"The College Index"
November 1878

Mr. Draper says of the doctrine of
evolution, "There is no thought of
modern times which so magnifies
the unutterable glory of the
Almighty God." Dr. Jeffries, in
his presidential address to Section
D, of the British Association,
speaking of the same doctrine,
declared that it is simply "a
product of the imagination". Thus
do philosophers differ.

"The College Index"
April 1878

"A senior renders the old adage
'keep your powder dry', thus:
'Preserve the instantaneous
transformability of your potential
energy'".

"The College Index"
April 1878



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From the Editors

Writing can be fun, especially if you're drunk. Not that I am (if you don't feel like experimenting you'll have to trust me).

We, the new editors, feel that this paper and most papers, are boring. We've heard that some of you agree. So why don't you do something about it? We're giving you the most open paper you've seen around here for awhile, at least we're going to try.

Consider this paper a living organism. It ingests material and then excretes it. The excrement is what you hold in your hands whenever you get out of line at Saga and pick up a paper. Would you like to have an effect on the sort of shit you read? Would you like to say something (anything at all) to some of the people that you don't know but whom you privately blame for whatever you think is wrong (or right) with this college, country, county, city, form, student body, faculty, administration, maintenance, or Saga? Whoever. Whatever. Write it down and bring it to us. We're not saying we'll print everything but we'll try. If you're uncomfortable with your prose we'll try to help you any way we can.

We're going to be printing lots of poetry, fiction, essays, editorials, and pictures. If you think of anything else you'd like to do that doesn't fit into any of those categories, go ahead and do it. If

you need help, tell us; we'll try to supply it. This is your paper; or it can be if you want it that way.

Another of our goals is to investigate some aspects of student/administration relations, especially the rumors and complaints in current circulation. We are also willing to print articles from the administration and other interested parties.

We want to do what we can to pull this campus together. We'd like to print news from any or all of the campus organizations (What does the Science Fiction Society do anyhow?) What do you (Yeah, you!) think of this college? Or anything else? We won't even make the stipulation that it has to be interesting to us, as long as it is to you. So write it. We'll take personal ads (No kinkies, please), plans for parties, classifieds, what the hell! If you want to write it, we'll read it, and probably print it (If we don't we'll have a good reason).

Even with all your input, this paper may still be boring for some of you. We hope not, but if it is...it's your fault (think about it). Tell us why you think it's boring. A famous contemporary American author once said that if he finds himself bored at a party, he tries to figure out why, which removes him from his boredom.

So, write if you want. Read, please, and if it moves you let us know in what direction.



Kalamazoo College Index

Volume 103, No. 1 July 23, 1976

Housing Survey: Policies Clarified

by Doug Beazley

Recently, a housing survey was conducted here on the Zoo campus. The results of the survey seemed to indicate that John Capaccio has satisfied the majority of the students by adequately placing them in their preferred pens of residence. There are, however, special cases in which students expressed varying degrees of dissatisfaction and "I got screwed!" toward Mr. Capaccio's handling of affairs. These resentments represent a minority of incidents, however, and will not be made public until the Index interviews Mr. Capaccio who is currently on vacation. There did seem to be a fairly consistent number of complaints directed toward John Capaccio's style of working "with" the students. Many feel that his attitude towards his job and the students in general leaves a great deal to be desired. Hopefully, in a future edition we will hear Mr. Capaccio's viewpoints and feelings regarding the work he does.

In an effort to contact the students, bring them closer to his work, and clarify the housing procedure, Mr. Capaccio has distributed to the Student Commission an outline of the rules and procedures which come together to form the exact housing method. It is printed in full as follows:

I. Housing requests are to be made by applying to one of the following five residential areas:

A. Dewaters, Harmon, Hoben and Trowbridge are to be considered "freshman" dorms, with the exception of those areas listed in (B). Priority in assigning rooms: freshman, senior, junior, sophomore.

B. Third floor Trowbridge, 4th floor Dewaters, the wings of Hoben, and the basement and first floor of Harmon are to be designated as "quiet areas". Priority: senior, junior, sophomore, freshman.

C. Severn and Crissey-Priority: senior, junior, sophomore, freshman and by number in the group, seven, six, five.

D. Blair, Shale and Catherine St. Apartments-Priority: senior, junior, sophomore, (freshmen are not to be considered eligible for

these houses.)

Second priority system: when a conflict exists regarding requests for a specific space or spaces, a second, lottery subsystem will be used to determine the housing assignment.

Requests for a particular room within a dorm area can be made with the understanding that upperclassmen are given preference to the more desirable rooms.

Class standing of a group applying for a suite and/or apartment is determined by the aggregate class standing of the group.

II. The following regulations concern the retention of a room/suite apartment.

a. "Squatter's rights" apply to all areas as long as:

1. doubles retain both original members.

2. 4-man suites/apts. retain all 4 original members.

3. 5-man suites retain 3 of the original members.

4. 6-man suites retain 4 of the original members.

5. 7-man suites retain 5 of the original members.

B. Individuals may live in the co-ops for only two consecutive quarters. Individuals may reapply at the end of the second quarter with the understanding that their request will receive low priority.

C. Upon being assigned to a room within a "quiet area" or in a co-op, the student will be asked to agree to a contract governing his responsibilities to the area. If he/she fails to adhere to the points made in the contract, he/she may be asked to leave the floor section.

III. Single Rooms

A. Designed singles will be assigned by class standing-Priority: senior, junior, sophomore, freshman. These persons requesting single room will be charged the single room rate (exception-designed single in Severn/Crissey). When available, double rooms may be used as singles.

B. Students occupying double rooms without roommates after the quarter begins, but before the 4th week of school, have the following options:

1. Secure the room as a single by paying the single room rate.

2. Accept a new roommate or

move into another room.

3. Those persons who are "odd out", i.e. no one to double up with within their residence hall, are excluded from the above.

IV. Special requests are to be considered in instances where the above housing structure inhibits the fulfillment of a sincere need of an individual or group.

A. A committee will be formed to consider such requests and will recommend to the Housing Director whether a request merits a high priority.

B. The committee will be composed of the Director of Residential Life and the Dean of Students, 3 students and one faculty member.

C. Applications for special consideration are to be submitted by the Monday of the third week of the quarter preceding that for which the request is being made.

V. The date on which the registration deposit for the Fall Quarter is due will be used in determining Fall housing priority. Those whose deposits are not received by that date will be housed only after all other applications have been considered.

A. Those individuals not meeting the deadline and who have applied for housing as a member of a suite will be considered independently from the other members of the suite.

B. Group applications for a suite will be considered as though the late applicant were an "unretained member" and as such, would follow the guidelines set in (II-A).

VI. In regard to co-ops:

A. Co-op housing should whenever possible, be assigned to a group which has defined itself by developing its own contract (as opposed to a standard contract applying to the "quiet areas").

B. Additional housing units may be set aside for use as co-ops only after gaining student consent.

VII. Senior Off-Campus Lottery: Thirty seniors are allowed to live off campus each quarter with the exception of the Summer Quarter. Students are selected to live off campus by a lottery process held the Monday of the sixth week of the Spring Quarter.

And there you have it. Now you know.



Reorganization of Student Power

by Martha McPherson

Why should you care about Student Commission? Isn't it just a group of pre-laws playing government? Isn't the only reason to be involved to put another "extra" on your resume after four years. What are the functions of Student Commission and how does it present you?

Students become involved in Student Commission because they are concerned about decisions being made at Kalamazoo College. Some representatives have specific goals in mind, some are curious about how the administration operates and how students can affect the actions taken. Involvement in Student Commission does allow one to understand more of the issues confronting the college and how they are affected by various personalities, policies and politics.

Few students understand Student Commission's role as a representative body. Rarely do students present concerns to Student Commission for action. There is a great confidence in the effectiveness of Student Commission and knowledge of how it could be used.

Student Commission does have power to initiate and support changes. Some past achievements include

Centrex Telephone service, optional meal plans, Career Service stipends and establishment of a food service committee. Recently little has been done other than reaction to crisis and internal functions. Projects such as co-edding DeWaters and Hoben, improving the Health Service and decreasing the limitations on independent foreign study initiatives have been considered. Action is hesitant and many times frustrated and abandoned. Students become frustrated and abandon Commission, leaving no records of what has been done, what effective action could be taken and how to proceed.

Mike Berkow, Student Commission president for summer and fall, feels that the internal reorganization of Commission is crucial. Before Commission can back proposals it must function efficiently; members must understand their responsibilities and take part in making the changes. Mike Berkow feels that the internal reorganization this summer will leave a solid base for confronting issues and initiatives in the following quarters.

The need to reorganize results from accumulated clutter of several years. Records of pro-

continued on page 4



Festival Playhouse

It all works a bit like a hydrogen bomb. Bring together enough of the elements from different locations, process it and the results can be dramatic. They call it Festival Playhouse.

For the past twelve years the Kalamazoo Theatre Department has combined the talents of theatre professionals, recent K graduates, talented individuals from town, and the college community to put on shows which are too big or too difficult for the unaugmented resources of the College. In addition, a real effort is made to present avant garde, unusual, or modern theatre, according to Nelda Balch, Managing Director of Festival Playhouse. Past years have seen emphasis put on absurdist drams, street theatre, experiential theatre and Black drama. More recently, Playhouse has been presenting a mixed format: one musical, one modern drama, and one classic. This will hold true this year, as Festival Playhouse presents *Cabaret*, *Long Day's Journey Into Night*, and *Scapino*.

Presenting what would be a year's schedule for the Theatre Department in only ten weeks obviously requires a wide resource base. Fortunately, this is available both in terms of talent and money.

The Playhouse company combines talent from literally across the country as well as many sources in Kalamazoo. James Mayer, who was hired to take leading roles in all three of the season's productions, comes from New York with experience both on stage and in the director's chair. Caroline Beck, who is teaching the advanced acting course, as well as starring in productions, has had experience acting with the Barter Theatre, Syracuse University, and the Hilberry Classical Theatre. Her students seem to share very positive attitudes regarding the life, energy, and genuine sharing of her own experience as an actress which unite to make her approach to teaching very exciting and unique.

Bill Castellino, from Pennsylvania, was recently at the University of New Hampshire where he directed *Cabaret*. Castellino will both be choreographing *Cabaret* and play the M.C. in the Playhouse production.

In addition, the reserves of talent in the city of Kalamazoo are tapped. Experienced players from local theatres like the Civic and New Vic, drama majors from Western and even some talented local high school students have all participated at times. This year, for example, the Festival Playhouse Company includes Margret "Peg" Small, James Polwell and Naomi Stukie, all three being long time Civic players. Clair Meyers, Festival Manager, explains that the addition of local talent provides older actors to take older roles. "The older people in the show are in their late forties" Meyers stated. "Not students putting makeup on. Not to demean that, but there is a difference in the believability when you sit there and look at people who are 19 playing 45. I think that that will not become a problem in our shows."

Festival Playhouse also pulls together all the theatrical talents of Kalamazoo College. Each year a small number of recent K graduates are chosen to be associate members of the Company, on a par with the professionals. This is, in effect, a first professional assignment, in either acting or technical work, for many drama majors from K. They receive free room and board in exchange for their full time and energy.

Faculty participation is, of course, high. In addition to the Theatre Department faculty, who direct the shows and manage the Playhouse, Barry Ross is the Musical Director for *Cabaret*. Bob Dewey is an associate actor with the Company.

Last but not least there is the hearty backbone of all K college drama: your average 3 course, fully enrolled student. Those of us who barely find time for a little sun-bathing between classes may well wonder how over 30 full-time K students find time to act, play in the *Cabaret* orchestra, do costuming, set construction, make up, lighting, and the numerous gofer joys necessary to make productions "go". Without these numerous apprentices the Playhouse wouldn't exist.

Of course, it is impossible to stage three large productions without incurring some expense.

Nelda Balch explains that Festival Playhouse is funded from three sources. The most important single source is a grant from an anonymous local benefactor which covers a little less than half of the Company's expenses. Kalamazoo College, of course, pays the faculty members who manage the Company, as well as granting the use of Dalton Theatre and all facilities gratis. Lastly there is the paying public. Paying audiences are drawn to Festival Playhouse from all over Southwestern Michigan, Nelda Balch asserts. Since they are vital to the success of the shows, additional efforts are made to attract crowds of local theatre buffs. Dalton receives a summer sprucing up. Sit down pre-theatre dinners catered by our own Saga are offered in Old Welles each Thursday and Friday for \$3.75. This year for the first time, "French Picnic Baskets are being offered to entice audiences. Twelve dollars gets four people salami, cheese, french bread, fruit, 2 bottles of wine and choice of sports on campus to enjoy it all. You even get to keep the basket. Balch reports that demand for the baskets has already exceeded supply for *Cabaret*, the first production.

Castellino Playwright

Warning: Don't get too near Bill Castellino without a damn good idea of why you're there. Festival Playhouse's resident artist cum choreographer cum actor, offers so many dynamic contradictions that it is easy to get lost. He is a dedicated artist who views his primary job as entertaining the public yet is a political activist. He is attracted to academic drama and enjoys it but can't stand it for too long at a stretch. He describes his work with superlatives yet sees his job as necessitating the evening out of talent levels. He hates labels yet wants to be sure you understand that he is a "resident artist" with faculty status. He leads an admittedly unconventional lifestyle yet sees *Cabaret*, the first Festival Playhouse production, as a warning about the alluring dangers of decadence. All this gets packed into an almost pixy-ish frame with fallen choir-boy good looks and the energy of an Olympic decathlon champion. Some excerpts from an interview with Bill Castellino:

Index: Do you find it hard working as an actor in the same show that you are choreographing?

Castellino: It's really hard to choreograph yourself. A lot of choreographers can't do it. I think I'd have a much bigger problem had I not choreographed the show before...I know what things work in this show and I know the music so well.

Index: Is there any internal animosity between you and Clair Meyers (Director of *Cabaret*)?

Castellino: No, no. We get along really well and that's really important. That can be a big problem, especially in a show with so much dancing. If we didn't see eye to eye on what we're trying to do, there would be a lot of tension there.

Index: On what kind of things do you see eye to eye?

Castellino: We have the same feelings about the decadence of the period, the authenticity. We have the same feelings about what the cabaret is and how it functions in the play.

Index: As a metaphor for escapism?

Castellino: It is a metaphor but more pragmatically it functions in the show as a unifying device...In the cabaret and out of the cabaret, there's a constant throwback from one to the other.

In addition, he likes what I gave him pretty much, and that's really nice. It's really interesting for me

Festival

by Guy Calcerano



An essential part of Festival Playhouse is the guest artists who are brought in from outside to take "leading roles" in all aspects of the Dalton performances. This year's Playhouse, with one of the biggest companies to date, is perfectly demonstrative of this. Besides those appearing on stage there will be professional assistance with costuming, publicity, carpentry and choreography.

Nevertheless, it is the professional actor, onstage, who is the catalyst for much of what is Festival Playhouse.

Clair Meyers, manager of Festival Playhouse '76, points out that the addition of professional cast allows the Festival director to stage larger and more difficult shows than the Theatre department can during the regular academic year. Certainly this talent is a big factor in attracting the paying audiences which are necessary to keep Festival Playhouse afloat financially. Nelda Balch points out that local grants cover less than one-half of the \$30,000+ expenses of the Festival. Lastly and most importantly is the experience that Kalamazoo College students gain from working with professionals. As Clair Meyers points out, "...the value for the student is that he's working with experienced people, some of whom are making their living by being professional actors, who approach things in a very organized manner. It's not just fun and games."

I use them. I like to use what they can do. But I try not to negate anything else. Clair (Meyers) and I both tried to work as many people in as we could and use them in the best place possible. So that's a task of trying to even things out.

Index: Why did you come here? This isn't Boston, it isn't New York City...

Castellino: Well, that's part of it...I didn't want to be in the city this summer, first of all. Secondly, I wanted to do this role. And thirdly the money was decent.

Index: But this god forsaken city? **Castellino:** It's alright for a change. I wouldn't want to live here. I wouldn't want to go to school here; but for the summer it's alright.

Index: Why wouldn't you want to go to school here?

Castellino: I just like cities. It is what's going on all the time. Plus there's a certain openness, a certain open culture that exists in a city which doesn't exist here. People leave you alone more in a city than they do here.

Index: Is your lifestyle all that unconventional?

Castellino: It is as conventional as a person who works in theatre for a living...I try to lead a pretty normal life. I'm not into being zany or any of that kind of stuff. But I do keep strange hours. I work really hard. My work really consumes me. I like to play hard when I'm finished working. I have to burn up lots of passion that I use in my work and that I have to deal with in my life. I take myself very seriously. I take my work very seriously. I take the world very seriously.

Index: Politically oriented? **Castellino:** Very. I was a very big political activist for a long time. I worked very hard.

Index: Anti-war?

Castellino: Yes. Which is why this play is an important play, too. This play is about what happens to people when they don't pay attention to what's going on. These people just woke up one day and Hitler was there, man. He had arrived while they were asleep. And they were having a wonderful time, at least that's what they said.

Index: But they weren't? continued on page 3

working for a director on the same show that I directed myself. When I choreographed it last time the only person I had to please was myself.

Index: You mentioned the decadence of the play earlier. How does decadence come through in dance? **Castellino:** The scenarios. All the dances tell part of the story... further the plot. So the scenario of the dances deals with that.

My dancers can be as decadent or as undecadent as they want. Of course the more decadent they are the better...but you see, I conceive the story as the choreographer. So they dance out my story. How well they dance it out is another issue, but the story they dance out is mine and it has to do with that decadence.

Index: How do you feel working with non-professionals, with students: Do they pick up?

Castellino: No. Backgrounds are limited...self consciousness is very much there. It doesn't really bother me though. That's part of the problem that you're asked to solve, and I understood that before I came here.

My speciality is sort of choreographing for non-dancers. Most... many choreographers can't do that. I have to switch the emphasis from fancy steps to simple but more interesting things.

You have to see where everybody is coming from. You're dealing with a certain level. And you see how much you can get done and then there is just always a point in the rehearsal at which you just can't do any more. There's always more to be done...you just have to make the choices that are challenging to the people but are not frustrating. That's really hard.

Index: What about the range of talent? Are you working with some people that are fantastically more talented than others? **Castellino:** Well, when you're dealing with a course you don't want anyone to stand out...In this particular situation we have some people who are, I wouldn't say more talented, but more trained, much more trained. And of course

Playhouse

Interview With Caroline Porter Beck



Caroline Porter Beck is in the fascinating but difficult position of being a professor at K this quarter and also being a professional member of the Festival Playhouse's acting company. Her thoughts on this dichotomy, her characterization of Sally, as well as a few surprises, came out in the following interview:

Index: We'd like to know first what you think of your role. It's a difficult part to do; people come to the theater with a lot of expectations, having seen the movie.

Beck: I saw the film, but I didn't like it at all, because there's no character in it. In my opinion they took the surface and the gilt of the showgirl and didn't explore any of the real possibilities. They made Cliff a non-descript boob and Sally a real hardass. She's so horribly hard that there's really no decision to be made by the viewer. In the film I got no sense whatsoever that she really fell in love with Cliff, which I believe she truly does. It's hard though, trying to transfer everything from the stage onto film.

Index: How do you like working with students?

Beck: Fine, just fine. You know, it's not really working with students. I don't consider any of my students kids. I've worked with much younger actors than I'm work with here.

I'm enjoying very much the class because I have the opportunity to encourage them to develop what I think are good acting habits. Many times in undergraduate school you don't have that kind of opportunity to have someone teach you what they think are good methods and then have also the opportunity to see them apply those methods to try to solve the problems that arise in a particular part. I have a great number of problems in this script that I have to work through, both emotionally and technically. I'm working with the same problems that they are...

can still try to change the world. And that's what I do every time I do a play. If I don't feel like I'm going to change the world I think I'm not doing my job.

Index: What role does sex play in the shock value?

Castellino: Well sex is there. Sex is celebrated in Cabaret. Sex is celebrated in the dances I have done. I think another facet of the lesson that can be learned in this is just how foolish it is to be concerned about that sort of thing.

Index: Certainly the M.C. is a sort of bisexual character.

Castellino: Multi-sexual. The label bisexual doesn't quite say it. Sort of like unisexual, which doesn't inhibit him sexually, or her, or it. I think that's kind of neat. I like that. I think we all get to play...

Index: ...a little fantasy out?

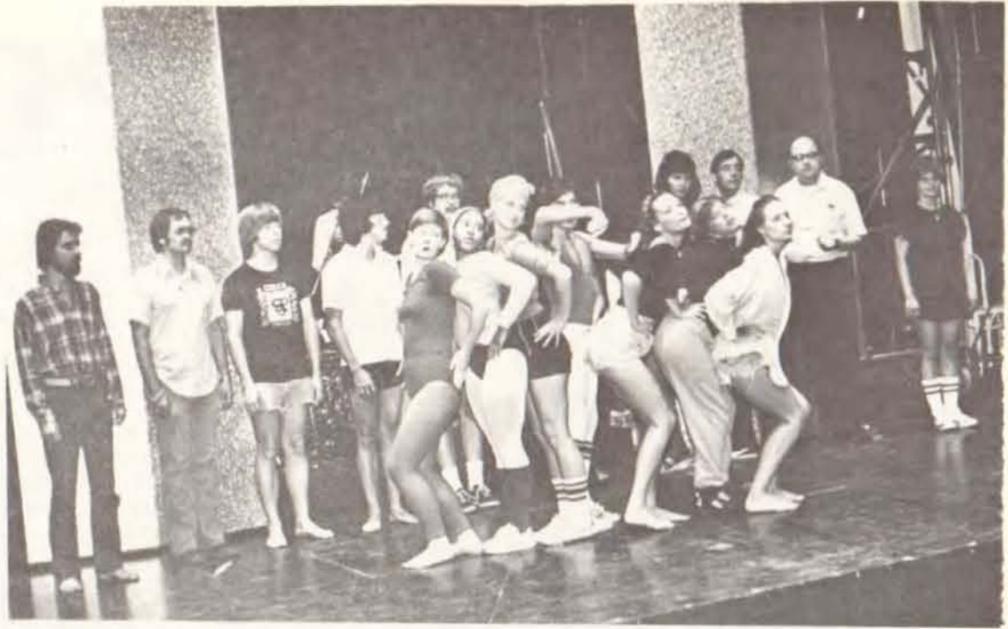
Castellino: Well, no, don't put words in my mouth about that. That has yet to be determined. I think it's a real fun kind of decadence to get to play, to get to play surly and soft and hard and abrasive sex and gentle sex and teasing sex. That's definitely part of the fun of it.

Index: How do you think that's going to go over in Kalamazoo?

Castellino: I don't know.

Index: How do you hope it goes over?

Castellino: I hope that it makes them take notice. I hope they talk about it. And I'm sure some of them will like it and some will hate it.



Index: You're saying that because you're both an actress in parity with students and a teacher in a learning situation really improves both roles.

Beck: I think so. It can be of great benefit to the students if they pay attention. I'm teaching them the way I think is correct to perform and to learn both the art and the craft of acting, then applying directly what I've been teaching them in class. And if they can see that I am applying those principles, that there is discipline behind what I'm doing, then even if the production itself isn't brilliant they will still see the discipline of the craft in action. And it's really hot stuff.

I think it's a heck of a lot better here than it is in normal "summer stock" productions, because the apprentices here are able to get more of an overview of the entire production, rather than being stuck making sets or printing programs and never really seeing what's going on. Most stock apprentice programs are just slave labor.

Index: What do you expect from your class?

Beck: Brilliance. Absolute brilliance.

Index: Besides the obvious.

Beck: I want them to be able to analyze a script from the point of view of what the actor's necessity of performance is. In other words,

to be able to determine theactable things in the script. It's totally different than a literary critique. When you attack a script from the point of view of the actor you ask: "How am I going to personalize this?" You can't play an objective view; it's impossible. You simply cannot perform objectively. I would hope that at the end of the course my students will know how to approach a script subjectively. The craft is also in the business of not only knowing how to get to the analysis of what is subjective, what is playable, what can be used here, but then transferring all this mental homework into rehearsal to make it actually real right then, right at the moment. In addition to that, which is still only the craft of the business, the real art is in what you choose to play.

Index: In other words analysing the background of a character can give you a number of potential ways that that character would relate to a particular situation, so that in class you're in essence trying to put people into positions where they can make those intelligent choices for themselves.

Beck: Exactly. I'm trying to put them in a position where they have enough to work with that the real art comes out. The art is in the personal selection.

Index: And on stage at night you have to do that for yourself.

Beck: Oh yea.

Index: Isn't Cabaret about people who are in entertainment?

Beck: I don't think so; no. I think if you really take a look at it it's a strip joint. There's a man who owns these girls, who puts them into costume; they dance a little bit but he's selling them. He's selling prostitutes in every single one of the numbers. It is not, by any means, a reflection of fine art.

Cabaret

According to Clair Meyers, the Director, Cabaret is "...probably the hardest play we've done so far." This feeling of challenge pervades Festival Playhouse and adds to the excitement of a difficult season.

With a full cast and crew of seventy, technically difficult staging, music and dance, and big audience expectations for a quality performance, you can see their point. The Playhouse Company has turned its back on the rules for simple and easy musical drama, which Myers describes as 1) small cast, 2) no choreography, and 3) easy technical work. The gauntlet is down.

Every professional member of the Company seems to have their own set of challenges. Barry Ross, Musical Director, says that the stage band is so large that they are packed into the pit like "sardines". The music is the most difficult ever attempted for the stage at Kalamazoo, he asserts, since it is both complex and requires a heavy "decadent" beat. James Mayer, the professional actor hired to play Cliff, says that the chance to do this difficult characterization was one of the main reasons that he came to Festival Playhouse. Caroline Beck calls her role as Sally "extremely difficult" yet she is happy to do it since it gives her a chance to demonstrate, on stage, the techniques that she is teaching in her acting class. Bill Castellino reports that there are real problems choreographing for students who are, in addition, non-dancers.

Yet the feeling that you get talking with the Company is that these are only minor problems to be worked through. While everyone discusses them realistically, no one complains. Enthusiasm abounds. The word you hear most often (next to challenge) is fun. Bringing together all these diverse elements means that each inspires all the others.

Of course, pulling together all these different skills creates some tension, too. Sources inside the Company report some natural friction between those involved with the straight dramatic elements and those responsible for the music. In addition, there are some problems coordinating all the various technical crews (sets, costuming, lighting, etc.) toward a single unified concept.

The talent, desire and will are there to overcome all these minor problems. Cabaret promises to be one of the finest musical dramas ever presented at Kalamazoo.



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Castellino: Well, who's to say? I don't know really what it was like here, but from all I've read and with my intuitions about it I really doubt whether they were really being fulfilled. They were being decadent; that's what they were doing. And they were caught asleep on the job.

Index: Could the same thing happen to the United States?

Castellino: It could...it could, it really could...

Index: Does the fact that Cabaret is a musical make it easier for people to ignore the message?

Castellino: Yeah, it's possible.

Index: Is it easy?

Castellino: I hope not.

Index: Why not?

Castellino: Because I hope it's more than that. I think the main function of the theatre is to entertain. If it's just going to instruct, you might as well go to school or read a book. I think Cabaret is entertaining but it's more than that. It's there. What happened to these people is there. If anybody can see swastikas and still not cringe at the idea of the annihilation of all those millions of people, when they are asleep already.

Index: Does the fact that it is a musical make ignoring it easier?

Castellino: It can. It depends on how it's treated by the director.

Index: And the choreographer?

Castellino: Sure.

Index: What are you going to do that will both entertain people and open their eyes...how can you do that?

Castellino: It's trying to get the right balance of funny, shocking, beautiful, grotesque...the play hangs on that cliff. We keep trying to make it sway and not really tip too far in either direction. The M.C. is charming. I mean, you like him, sort of. He's a likable person. That's the whole point! He's a creep. He has masterminded this whole charade. It's of his fantasy. And it's the same thing in the dancing. It's all there. You try to spend the right amount of shock things and exciting gymnastic things. Limited, of course, always, by space, by budget, by numbers of people, by the abilities of the people, the training of the people, the time you have with them. You have all these limitations, but you



UPCHUCK

by R. A. Bitzinger

"But first a word from our sponsors..."

Hello. I have been asked by the editors of the *Index* (and some nice guys they are, let me tell you) to come out of retirement and introduce this next writer, a fine fellow from a proper, upstart, middle American home with all the good taste and average all-around common sense inherent in the more responsible classes of our country. He's here to (attempt to) write a weekly- or whatever-column about life at K. College and the world in general, and to spice it all up with the wit and good, clean sense of humor that he's so famous for. So without further ado, let's bring him out. And sit down, Pat.

Yours truly,
R.M. Nixon (ret.)

Well, gee, I don't know what to say. I can't help but be thankful to my esteemed introducer (a great guy, and someone whom Juan Peron once declared "Most Likely To"). If only he'd stop slobbering on my tablecloth.

I had so much response concerning my article in last term's *Index* (keep those bricks and dirty phone calls comin', folks), that the

editors decided to buy me another Bic fine point and let me increase their circulation and journalistic esteem with my "all-in-good-fun sarcasm and sardonic wit."

I titled this feature Upchuck, which implies that it will deal with a variety of topics and ideas, and probably also implies your whole reaction to it so far. Personally, I wanted the title: My Twenty Years as a Stalwart Combatant Against the Fascist Reactionary Lackies of the Ruling Military-Industrial Exploiters, but Dave Whitmer bit my left thumb off. And we could not use that inane, pseudo-intellectual, Dostoyevskiesque title, *Notes from the Underground*, which last term's editors laid on me.

So I guess I'll use this one. Speaking of the Democratic National Convention (well, almost), isn't everyone glad that the Buy-Centennial is all over with? It was a real disappointment, the old wet firecracker. Hardly an inspiring or joyous celebration of our nation's two hundredth birthday.

What happened? Everything. Johnny Cash sang in front of the Capitol Building, John Wayne told us why he loves America, Betty Ford made the final "Bicentennial

Minute" for CBS, and tight, neat, well-planned celebrations went off like clockwork all around the country- though most occurred on Monday, proving that even a sacred holiday like the fourth can be overruled by the Three Day Weekend Law. And of course (ah, how could we forget), the media was everywhere with dawn to dusk coverage of the national jubilation, providing most Americans with a vicarious experience of their patriotism and nationalism in the privacy of their own living rooms.

We'll have much to remember by. Every goddamn thing manufactured in these here United States of America for the past two years has had an eagle stamped on it and has been highlighted in those three majestic tones of red, white and blue. Our dead have shown their undying patriotism by being buried in "Spirit of '76" coffins (probably with the Declaration of Independence written all over it), old people trip over all the Bicentennial knick-knacks they have in their houses, and our friends at Parker Bros. have marketed a \$100 pen that contains, imbedded in lucite, a genuine sliver from Independence.

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posals, amendments, requests and financial reports are being updated and placed in order. Letters addressed to Student Commission dating back to 1973-1974 are being opened and answered. Written reports of committee action are being requested, within two weeks of meetings. Office hours of Commission officers are being established.

Outlines of specific expectations, responsibilities and effective action steps will be available to new office holders. These role definitions will aid in the continuity of Student Commission. Students will be left records of past actions so that the energy of previous quarters is not lost with the change of representatives.

Within the next two weeks Student Commission will publish a list of various committees represented by students. The issues dealt with by these committees will be spelled out so that students may take concerns to the appropriate representative.

Instead of approaching problems as an individual, students may use Commission as a lever. For example, if a student perceives the need for a new course he would approach the representative of the Educational Policies Committee.

Along with a review of honoraria and student participation in tenure decisions, Student Commission will review the various organization's budgets. Rather than accepting past budgets with inflationary increases, specific expenditures will be questioned. Are various items necessary and are there alternatives which would economize? After all it is student tuition funding these organizations. Can we eliminate some expenses?

If Student Commission seems quiet this quarter this internal reorganization is the reason.



Cabaret by Joe Masteroff and Fred Ebb July 23, 24, 28, 29, 30, 31. Directed by Clair Meyers.

Long Day's Journey Into Night by Eugene O'Neil August 6, 7, 19. Directed by Nelda Balch.

Scapino by Dunlop and Jim Dale August 13, 14, and 20, 21. Directed by Clair Meyers.

Poetry Contest

A \$1776 grand prize will be awarded in the Bicentennial Poetry Contest sponsored by the World of Poetry, a monthly newspaper for poets.

Poets of all styles and on any subject are eligible to compete for the grand prize or for 49 other cash or merchandise awards.

Says contest director Joseph Mellon: "We are looking for poetic talent of every kind and expect 1976 to be a year of exciting discoveries."

Rules and official entry forms are available by writing to: World of Poetry, 801 Portola Dr., Drawer 211, San Francisco, California 94127. Contest deadline is July 31, 1976.

Volunteers

For those of you who were not blessing us with your presence in the snowy jubilation of this past Kalamazoo winter, THE VOLUNTEER BUREAU had 35 (nokidding) volunteers doing all kinds of things. The bureau was skillfully engineered this spring by Patti Gossman. Well, winter's revenge is here and Jeff Gerhardtstein (103 Severn, phone 39616) is back at the helm.

The possibilities are varied and geared to the innovative individual who likes to work and play hard. A K-College student can tutor, be a "crises" counselor, entertain with their special musical instrument, and/or talent in nursing homes and the state hospital; work in a summer day camp for handicapped; teach horseback riding, and deliver hot meals among myriads of other opportunities. These "jobs" are geared toward your personal time commitment-whether it be one hour or five hours a week, you only need to be responsible to the commitment you make.

The Bureau encourages you to call or drop by and at least become acquainted with the potential of Kalamazoo's social agencies. As a home base for your own interests.

We can still line things up for the summer or even for the coming Fall term, so explore a little. The experience is real!



Jazz On Da Quad

Don't forget that tomorrow July 24, there will be a jazz group from Mr. President's wailing out on the quad. Joe Brooks band has the reputation of being able to get down and hopefully, you will get down to hear them play.

Also, any of you who are musicians interested in soloing for an audience, bring your horns along and blow along when the jamming opens up. This event will hopefully liven up the quad area. Sprinklers will be temporarily turned off.



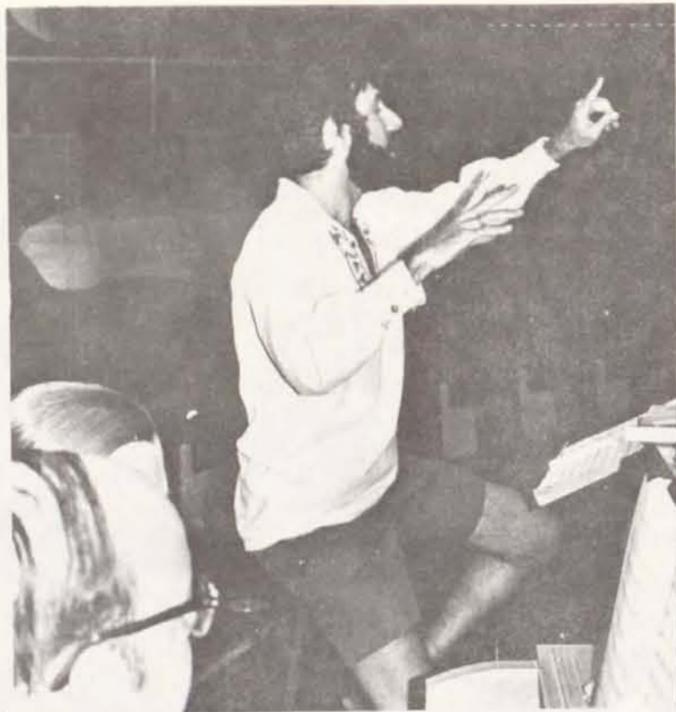
Psych Survey

Psych majors! Did you know of the rich potential resources we have available to us in the form of alumni as contacts for Career Service, SIP, or even job possibilities? I have been researching what psychology grads have done with their BA's from 'K' since 1955. The variety has surprised me, as well as the large geographical area that these graduates now cover. The large majority of graduates have received an MA from various institutions and are currently counseling, running clinics and small businesses of their own or working as a Vice President of a large company. Quite a few have done further academic work and received a Ph.D. in Psychology, an MD or even an LLB. In the future, we hope to invite some of these people to the campus for Career Dinners. Such a dinner is in the planning now with a focus on Psychology in business. If you are interested in planning a dinner of this nature or other dinners in your fields of interest, please help us out! Call Betsy at 383-9415 or see Dr. Grossman.

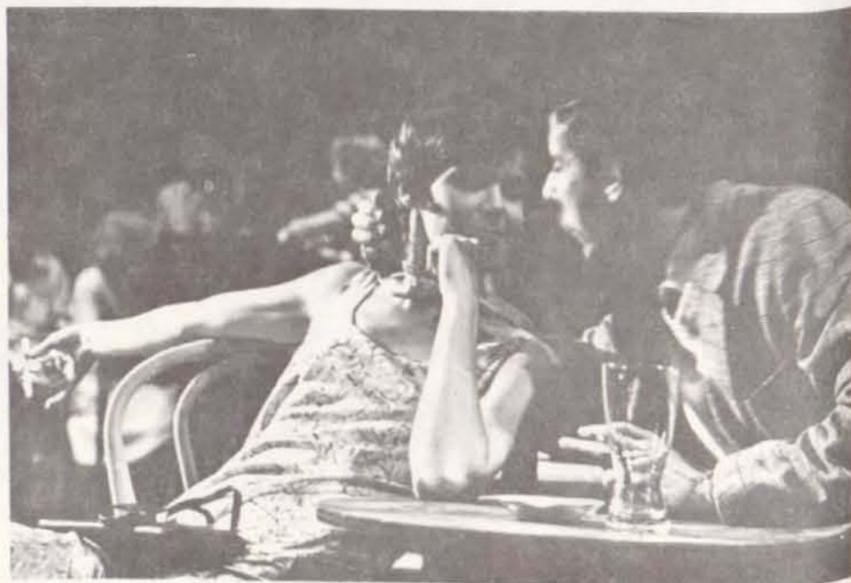


Summer Festival Playhouse is a semi-professional company hired for the summer and not subsidized by college funds. Therefore, it is necessary to charge admission for these productions. For students we are offering a reduction on single ticket prices and season tickets. These are available to students only with your ID card. Season tickets for students are now on sale at Dalton Box Office. See all three shows for only \$6.00.





Photographs by
Carroll Thomas.



Interview With Our New Provost

by Tim Chapman

"My role is to make it easy for learning and teaching to take place, as easy as possible."

The speaker is Kalamazoo College's new Provost, Dr. Rene Ballard, a man of ideas, ideals and enthusiasm. A former faculty member at Knox College in Illinois and a senior academic administrator at Whittenberg University, Dr. Ballard is, as President Gainsford says, "A leader with people, a creator with educational ideas, and a highly competent and sensitive administrator." But, enough with the formal introductions! You came here to meet the man.

Having just assumed his duties as Provost on July 1, Dr. Ballard has had little time to get to know the city. Yet, as he says, with his ever-present wit and laughter, "The only way to learn how to get around in a city is to do it. My wife and I have taken some drives downtown to see if we can get back...It's an interesting town to drive in. It's not as easy as some cities. Everything is pretty much in blocks. There's also a lot more one-way streets here."

Professional experience plays a major role in much of what Dr. Ballard says. Besides the academic accomplishments already mentioned, he has also chaired the city planning commission in Galesburg, Illinois, 1952-70.

TC: So being on the Commission has given you a better understanding of the layout of Kalamazoo's streets.

RB: Oh yeah, sure. We dealt with traffic patterns, the determination of what kind of business would go into what areas, where multiple family dwellings would begin and end and single family dwellings begin. That was partly related to my own PhD. program, which is Public Law, which includes Constitutional Law and Public Administration...It's an interesting thing, too. A former student of mine at Knox is a county planner here. His name is Hegel and when he heard of my appointment, of course he wrote because I had helped him in graduate school. There's also one other Knox person here. The manager of the Kalamazoo Center Inn is another ex-student of mine. Another ex-student of mine is teaching at Western Michigan. So there is a whole family of friends I have here.

TC: You've also published a number of book reviews. Were they mostly in the area of political science?

RB: Yeah. When I was young, I would be pretty tough on the really good people in my profession. I haven't regretted being tough on them, but I think I'm a lot more balanced today in the kind of review I would give. I've published in political science and higher education. I've been very interested in publishing in higher education. We really don't know much about the learning process, honestly don't. We know that it has some biological dimensions, some psychological dimensions, but we know the student's environment is probably the most significant factor, besides parents. We really don't know much about it, or how to teach people to learn.

I had an interesting experience at Knox in learning. We got a large grant to work on some educational research projects. We brought together some of the outstanding educators in the country to talk to our faculty about teaching and learning. I heard someone there say that sometimes people learn best by saying things out loud. I had always presupposed that I had been told since the day I went into first grade - "Don't be a reader." "Don't read aloud." - "Learn to read silently." (laughter)

Well, for me, that was not the best way to learn. I had to get into some Shakespeare plays before I learned how I really learn. And it was through listening. On stage, if I hear my own part and then listen carefully to the person responding, I learn those parts very quickly. But the truth of the matter is, we don't know much about the learning process. We're just starting to get into it. So, I've done some work in that. I've published articles on independent studies, student study habits and academic counseling: things of that nature.

TC: From your own experience, then, the learning process is an individual matter.

RD: I think learning is individualized. And that's particularly at the point where I got into academic counseling. I think it's imperative that the faculty knows each student as an individual, in terms of his academic and personal strengths as well as weaknesses. For me, at least, academic counseling is the vehicle that brings the student and the faculty member closely together in every possible way. They can relate to each other and learn from each other as role models; as I learn more about your strengths, I think I become a more effective teacher in playing to those strengths and in helping you to strengthen some weaknesses. But that means I have to know you very, very, well. And the only way I can get to know you very well is in face-to-face kinds of meetings. In my understanding, this means that I have got to do this rather systematically, not just on occasion, and not casually, but that I've got to work at it, and I've got to show you and be able to explain to you what I've learned about you so that you can really believe that and then work on it yourself.

TC: What about student-faculty relationship in public schools. With the stress on education for all, doesn't the quality of education for the individual fall?

RD: Well, I'd be afraid to make too broad a generalization in order not to put in the same bag some good schools with some very bad ones. When the public is willing to pay what it really costs to lower the faculty-student ratio, and when they're willing to pay for that kind of teaching and learning that will produce the best results, then you'll see some progress. But not until then. Right now it's very difficult, I'm sure, to be a public school teacher. It gets to be a sort of very expensive baby sitter in a lot of cases. (laughter)

TC: Are you still involved in political science outside your book reviews?

RB: I'm still very active in political science. I usually go to the national meeting and the regional meeting. I still write, occasionally, in political science. I had an interesting thing happen in June. My son got his PhD., and I got to put his hood on him. (laughter) and he's in political science, too. So I still have a very real interest in it. Now I can live with him. He wouldn't talk to me. He's a behavioralist in political science, and I'm an old-fashioned legalist. In terms of what he was working with, he insisted that I learn what a chi-square was before he would talk with me. (laughter) So, you know, I'm still interested in the discipline. At Whittenberg I used to teach the civil liberty's sections of American government.

TC: You also served two terms as a councilman in Galesburg. Did your previous accomplishments help you in this office?

RB: Certainly, but everything I had learned in political science, I had to relearn in a different way. It really helped to know something about budgeting to be a councilman. It certainly helped to know something about public adminis-

tration to be a councilman...And it certainly helped a lot to know something about city planning. So that there was a need for us to know how to handle the very difficult problems in the city...And then, of course, there were those very touchy problems that come into the civil liberties area that always fascinated me. Questions like: Should a city censor movies, books, magazines? And I had written some, what I think to be, very good pieces about why they shouldn't.

TC: Then your political science classes really helped you?

RB: Yeah. Political science is a very good background for public service. I thoroughly enjoyed it. And I really learned a lot from the professional politician, not the academic politician. They can teach you more in a hurry than the academics...But there's a nice marriage between theory and practice here. As soon as you learn the third game, I think you're in a better position; you can deal with it very well...Most academics don't like the rough-and-tumble of politics. I think it depends on your personality. I frankly like that rough-and-tough, give-and-take; it was fun. But I think I learned as much from them as they ever learned from me.

TC: Did the experience change any of your pristine, unadulterated ideology that you brought into it with you?

RB: No. I think it confirmed my basic hypothesis that democracy is always an evolving system and ought to be, and that it's always brand-new, fresh and hopeful; I think it's full of hope. Some of my experiences indicate that one can inform a public so that they know what power they do have in the community. And they really have more than they ever suspect...My impression is that the system is good and will work if the people will work. No, it didn't disillusion me at all. Well, yeah, there are some nasty things about it: some contractors certainly tried to bribe; a doctor has tried to get a zoning variance so that he can put a clinic where he ought not put it...But, I think there's nothing different in being in the public service and being tempted to accept money for services or favors than in any other part of your life or in any professional life. The temptation is no more in politics than it is in business or medicine or anywhere else. It's just that in politics it's more public.

Dr. Ballard's basic philosophy about administrative education can be found on the wall facing

him. It is a simple, single-sentenced source of inspiration for him. "It's the first thing I put on the wall." Quoted from Dodd, it says: "An administrator should have the guts to be an educator rather than a caretaker." As Dr. Ballard said, "It's so easy to be the latter."

RB: If an ideal guides the way you think about the whole process of administration in an institution like this, then you're not always looking for procedures or ways to get out of trouble or out of facing emergencies. I think you're trying to ask the right questions about everything. How will this decision affect the students in the way they learn, in the way they're taught, in their relations with the faculty? It simply brings you from another direction at these problems, and I think, the proper direction. So that you quit acting as a person who meets emergencies as they occur. You try to plan ahead and decide questions in terms of what's good education.

As I said before, if you think about education from the learning process rather than just a teaching process, you're thinking about students and what you're trying to do with students and what kinds of programs "stretch" students to help them grow. And I think that's where it's at. If you come at a given administrative question from that point of view, you're asking the proper question and you're likely to get a different result, a different answer. But if you bring very bright faculty together and very bright students together, you're not going to miss very far. And then, the administration has a job, and that's just to make it easy for education to take place. They shouldn't get in the way of that...My role is to make it easy for learning and teaching to take place, as easy as possible.

A great concern of Dr. Ballard's centers around the question of the grade-conscious students, who are "so grade conscious in terms of their future plans that they refuse to take educational risks. They do things the way they know will produce the best grade. I think if you learn, you have to take risks. I think you have to dare to get lost. I think if you talk to the faculty, a large percentage of them will tell you that that was the most exciting experience they've had-to risk something educationally."

With a chuckle and a wide grin, Dr. Ballard laughed, as a father would to his restless children, "OK, I'll tell you a story...When I was an undergraduate, my major was in English and I took one political science course. The

professor became one of my very dear friends; he was a great man and a great educator. Our lives continually interlaced after that. He was also the teacher of President Burckhart over here at Western.

This particular teacher got me very interested in Plato, and so I forgot to go to class. I got hooked in the library on Plato and I read everything I could read. And so I got a "D" in political science. But I learned a great deal more in reading Plato and I learned how to get myself out of the woods, too. For a political scientist to get a "D" in an introductory course in political science is not a very good beginning. I'm suggesting only that that's the kind of risks I think are necessary. And I think that means you have to dare to get lost. You have to follow this muse wherever it takes you sometimes. And you know, that "D" never hurt me. I don't know if it would today or not. (After hearing that it might indeed affect a lot, he asked,) How does that happen? How does that get to be a part of the whole educational fabric? (After a short pause, he suggested a possible answer, with his characteristic laugh) Maybe you overplan your lives...

When he isn't "doing education," Dr. Ballard finds enjoyment in almost any kind of sport... "doing it, not watching it. I had a brother who was a golf professional, so that I learned to play pretty good golf. I had a five handicap. When you have summers off, you can do that. As an administrator, you can't. It just takes too long to play golf. So right now I've been learning how to play tennis, and I've been doing that a lot. I enjoy tennis...Passive participation doesn't interest me. Doing it makes me feel better physically and more alert mentally. I have a philosophy about that: when you work, work hard and when you play, play hard. I try to do that."

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The World: Struggle With Oppression

South Africa

Last Grave At Dimbaza

I don't think I was the only one feeling shocked and depressed upon leaving Dewing 103 a week ago last Wednesday after having experienced the African Studies film on South Africa. Everyone looked low, and if you weren't there to understand why, here are some facts from the film which will hopefully affect you. (All facts given apply to the South African situation as it was in 73-74. Little has changed since the film was shot).

Here is a country in which the white minority has the highest standard of living in the world and feeds like a tapeworm, eating out the intestines of the blacks. A country in which every white man, woman and child is instructed by government authorities on how to accurately shoot a gun, how to handle the firearm with precision, how to kill. They are obligated by law to learn this skill. A country in which black education is aimed "to ensure that natives will be taught from childhood that equality with whites is not for them."

The man responsible for the above quote is Prime Minister Bolster. He has been in power over the Nationalist party in South Africa for more than 25 years. He was in prison during World War II for expressing pro-Nazi sympathies, yet somehow was able to rise to the top of the South African government. It is his influence mainly, as well as the influence of countless other capitalist-imperialists, which has made possible the complete degradation and exploitation of the South African native. His government has not only unmercifully stolen away their land, but has enforced them to work at a bare subsistence; so that the white minority can live in complete material abundance; so that European, American, Japanese and other participant Capitalists can continue to grow richer and richer all over the world.

Eighty-seven per cent of the land in South Africa is reserved exclusively for the four million whites, who have complete control over the government, industry, armed forces, business, as well as eighteen million Blacks, Indian, and other minorities. The remaining thirteen per cent of the land is occupied by the 7 million Blacks who are not permitted to work, or cannot because they are women or children, invalids, or elders. These areas, known as Bantustans, are located in the South African wastelands. Agriculturally, they are the least productive area. Here, black families must live in one room huts constructed by the Europeans obviously for the purpose of squeezing as many people into as small an area as possible. The people here must survive on the incredibly meager earnings sent to them by relatives in the cities, (usually husbands). "Women here grow old in their 20's."

A survey conducted in the Bantustans revealed that the maximum capacity for what they termed "sufficient living" was 2 1/2 million people. Yet, around 7 million natives are living in these areas and the government continues to sardine more and more Blacks into them. Within these cesspools of ignorance, poverty and disease, fifty percent of the children die before they are 5 years old. Due to malnutrition they suffer from physical and mental retardation. While their fathers might be 500 miles distant working for white dairy producers, babies in the Bantustans die of starvation due to a lack of milk. One child out of every three is dead by the age of one, the black mortality rate being fifteen times as high as that of the Whites.

There is one doctor for every 4000 Whites in South Africa; one doctor of every 44,000 Blacks.

As for education, forty-five per cent of the natives cannot attend school because they must pay for their education. All white education is free and compulsory. The government spends 160 pounds per year on one white child's education and 9 pounds per year on one black's education.

All menial labor jobs within the city are held by natives. No Black can by law hold any position higher than a white. This is referred to by the Whites as their "civilized labor policy."

This wage falls well below what is called the "Poverty Datum line." This is the monetary figure designated by the government which indicates the minimum income necessary to live in South Africa. Seven out of ten blacks receive an income which falls below this line.

Blacks who go on strike are either arrested or are refused any work at all, unless they agree to work for their employers at the fixed wage. Over a one year period, 6 million Blacks were arrested, over one-half the adult population. The average black family has an income of approximately 4 pounds per week. The average white family has an income of approximately 60 pounds per week.

Male natives who work in the city are housed in prison like barracks. The one room shown in

"Boycott lettuce, boycott grapes, boycott the wine that Gallo makes!" is a familiar chant of the United Farm Workers of America AFL-CIO (UFW). But what is the rationale behind the boycott, why is it so necessary and important to farm labor?

Quite simply, the boycott is a weapon to put enough economic pressure on the growers so that they will bargain with the workers in good faith, and allow them to organize a union of their own choosing. The boycott is the only way to achieve this goal, since the growers to recognize the union. Farm-workers were excluded from the National Labor Relations Act of 1935, which allowed industrial workers to have union elections at their plant or shop. It is true that in California for a brief period of time, beginning in 1975 and ending around February of 1976, farm-workers did have union elections after the passage of the California Agricultural Labor Relations Act of 1975.

In early 1976, however, the Teamsters and growers put pressure on the state legislature not to refund the Agricultural Labor Relations Board, which oversaw and certified union elections, when funds for that board ran out. The Teamsters and growers were successful. The reason they wanted the law killed was that in spite of massive documentation of Teamster-grower acts of intimidation during the elections, the UFW still won approximately 70% of all the elections.

Why is it that farmworkers need a union to represent themselves? They need a union to change the conditions of their work. For this they have to be organized. Agribusiness is California's largest business, which grossed \$8.6 billion in 1975. Six percent of all landowners in California own 75% of the land. This group of landowners is for the most part large corporations. With this kind of power behind the growers, the workers need an organized body to represent their interests.

The condition of farm labor in this country is almost beyond description. The 1969 Report of the Senate subcommittee on Migratory Labor classified farm work as the third most dangerous occupation in the U.S. On the job accidents involving farmworkers occur with a frequency 300% higher than the national average, partly due to the hazardous mechanization of farm work. Also, farm workers are regularly sprayed with dangerous pesticides. Growers do not give the workers protective clothing or even warn them of the danger of pesticides. One of the pesticides used in such a slipshod method in the fields is parathion, a derivative of one of the most deadly nerve gasses. Sometimes workers are used as row markers in the fields when pesticides are being sprayed. These workers are then sprayed each time the crop duster flies over. It is no wonder then that in Tulare county the Salud medical clinic found that out of 774 farmworkers interviewed, 80%

had symptoms of pesticide poisoning. Infant and maternal mortality rates among farmworkers are 135% higher than the national average. Yet, average per capita health care expenditure for farmworkers in 1967 was only \$7.50, while for the total population it was \$200.

Although there will be a proposition on the California ballot to allow farmworkers to have union elections, the boycott still goes on, and will continue to go on until the ink is dry on new contracts. Please boycott all non-union grapes, lettuce, and all Sun-Maid-Sun-veet products, along with Gallo wine. Not all Gallo wine says Gallo on it. Gallo has been hurt by the boycott, and thus sells its wine under various labels. Some of the more common are Boone's Farm, Andre, Ripple, Tyrolia, and Spanada.

Returning to the situation of the farmworkers, for all of their suffering, they were earning in 1968 an average of \$1,307, after working in the fields 10 hours per day, six days a week in 110 degree heat. Farmworker wages are so miserable, that children have to go to work also, to make ends meet. As a matter of fact, one quarter of all farmworkers are children under 16, sometimes starting out working as young as 6. Needless to say, this work is injurious to a child's health, and also prevents him/her from going to school. Thus, it should come as no surprise that farmworkers have a life expectancy of only 49 years.

African Studies Program

General Format: All events are scheduled for Dewing Hall (facing Academy Street) Room 103, at 8:00 p.m., unless otherwise noted. All events are free and open to the entire campus community and the public.

Monday evenings: African Studies Film Series

Thursday Evenings: African Studies Lecture Series

For further information call Bill Pruitt at 383-8470.

July 26: Films on the Sahel region "Survival in the Sahel" (1973, 14 min.) A self-congratulatory statement by USAID, this film nevertheless indicates the extent of drought in Sahel in the past few years.

"Niger: Water on the Savanna" (1969, 20 min.) A film showing life of the Tuareg and Fulani herdsmen of the Sahel and the hopes of the Niger government for development before the drought.

"The Daily Life of the Bozo" (1969 15 min.) Presents the daily activities of Bozo villagers in fishing on the Niger River, pounding grain in a mortar, eating, and caring for children. A reminder that, even in the Sahel, not all traditional economies were severely affected by the drought. July 29: Lecture: George Ntiri, of Sierra Leone, speaking on "Agriculture in Africa." Mr. Ntiri is a Ph.D. candidate in Agricultural Economics at Michigan State University.

August 1, 6:00 p.m.-African Studies Banquet, President's Dining Room. Free to students and invited guests. Banquet speaker: Prof. Lemuel Johnson, English Dept., University of

the film was not much larger than one of our doubles and was said to be housing eighteen males. As for the eviction of women and children to the rural areas, Prime Minister Bolster comments, "Black workers must not be burdened with superfluous appendages like women and children."

Around 400,000 black minors

Michigan. Prof. Johnson, from Sierra Leone, and formerly on the faculty of the University of Sierra Leone, is a specialist in modern African Literature.

8:00 p.m.-Special opening African Art Exhibit, Art Gallery, Fine Arts Building. Yoruba art from Nigeria from the collections of Marilyn Houlberg and David Markin.

8:45 p.m.-Film: "Xala", 1974 feature-length film by the Senegalese novelist film-maker Ousmane Sembene.

Comments by critics:

"Xala, Ousmane Sembene's gentle, angry fable about the rise and fall of a black middle-class businessman in a newly independent African state...the directors sophistication as a film maker never upstages the comic simplicity of his moral lesson, which is told directly, often with great humor, and with condescension. Mr. Sembene is the first black African film-maker to win the attention of the international film distributors. Now he must win the attention of international audiences, which he deserves."

-Vincent Canbe, NY Times

"Of course, the real government of Senegal partially censored this brave and wise film. The actors are wonderful, especially the women who play el Hadji's first two wives, ladies of magisterial personality, social shrewdness and sexual pride. The wedding sequence in Xala makes the one in Godfather look like a wedding party at MacDonald's. This allegory of impotence in the body politic shows Sembene on his way to become an African Moliere...

work about 3 miles underground in extremely hazardous conditions. An average of 3 workers are killed per shift; over 18,000 have died in the last 30 years. They work an average of 60 hours per week and receive a weekly income of about 4 pounds. White minors handle the "more skilled" and safer mining positions. They work an average of

Xala is the work of one of the most remarkable artists in the world."

-Jack Kroll, Newsweek

Preceding Xala will be a beautifully-made animated short film by Gerald McDermott entitled "The Magic Tree." (1970, 10 min.) It is a folktale from Zaire about an unloved son who leaves home and finds a magic tree which changes his life but exacts a promise that he not reveal the secret of the tree.

The films will be shown at 8:45 p.m. in the Recital Hall of the Fine Arts Building. Following the film, Prof. Lemuel Johnson will lead a discussion on it with those who wish to remain for an additional half hour.

August 2-15: "Yoruba Art from the collection of Marilyn Houlberg and David Markin" sponsored with the Art Dept. in the Art Gallery of the Fine Arts Building.

August 5-Lecture: Marilyn Houlberg on "Yoruba Art and Social Change." Ms. Houlberg has degrees in art history from the University of Chicago and the University of London. She is currently a lecturer in art history at the University of Chicago.

August 9: Films on African Art "Kingdom of Bronze" (Benin). From the series entitled "The Tribal Eye." 50 minutes.

"African Carving: A Dogon Kanaga Mask." Film studies of two separate traditions of West African art.

August 12: Lecture: Andrew Mtetwa on "Zimbabwe (Rhodesia) Today." Mr. Mtetwa, from Zimbabwe, is a Ph.D. candidate in history at Northwestern University. Joining him in discussion after the lecture will be Arnold Masunungure, also from Zim-

badwe, who is teaching the course on Politics in Africa at Kalamazoo College this summer. Mr. Masunungure is a member of the Black Americana Studies Department at Western Michigan University. August 16: African film Pot-pourri "The King's Accordion" (1971, 22 min.) Filmed in the Malagasy Republic, this film is an exploration of the relationship between traditional ritual and present-day activities in Madagascar. Is ritual a form of entertainment, a retreat into the past, or an expression of cultural identity?

"The Freedom Railway", a film on the impact of the new Tanzania-Zambia Railway built with aid from the Peoples Republic of China.

August 19: Lecture: Donald Cosentino on "African Oral Narrative Traditions." Mr. Cosentino, visiting lecturer in African Literature at Kalamazoo College this summer, is a Ph.D. candidate in African Languages and Literature at the University of Wisconsin-Madison. He spent 1973-74 doing field work among the Mende of Sierra Leone.

August 23: Films: Open. Call for information.

August 26: Lecture: Open. Call for information.

For further information, contact William Pruitt, Director, African Studies Program, at 383-8470. All lecturers will be on campus the day following their lecture to visit classes and meet informally with students.

Additional films, slide shows, and talks on Africa will be given in classes and in the Orientation Program for students preparing to study at universities in Senegal, Sierra Leone, Liberia, Ghana, and Kenya through the Kalamazoo college Foreign Study Program.

The film ended in this way: "In the past hour you have been watching this film, 6 black families have been thrown out of their homes, 60 Blacks have been arrested, 60 Black children have died from the effects of malnutrition, and the gold mining companies have made a profit of 35,000 pounds."

STONY BRACK

over you (oh Jesus) really world?
 flails?! let us OUT of...where?
 low braille poem...old familiar fear...
 deserving goes (clippity-clop,
 clippity-clop); the holy cat flails...
 sh webs...and who? elated, because
 desert dust settles, and new slate flows
 our favor!
 en, you-walled in women, men too
 (people!)-
 ets entombed. there are no graves
 incinerated words- the nomorethan-
 spirits
 der, entombed with over ample space,
 ing to get satisfied, hunting diamond
 etings, trying to trying to...pulling
 ntainous bulks updownupdown in old
 rriages...trying to gets...and the
 as soon swirl away as sit still.
 we're ready for the flow...down to
 house of the ladies their "guess
 at?" words and hues clinging...granite
 ds...down where the cement boat lays
 go...bubbling laughing frothing fear.
 morning's trying to stretch me...
 to There!? we are all whipped,
 in but old
 at can go into the rock land,
 cks stacked up on it, with straps
 ack plastic ones!), so that it
 updownupdown and round a round
 round
 and...and the bricks, they won't fall
 (this is no riddle)
 bed in old man sicklehead
 n't do he lay around thinkin
 gettin younger (you do too?)
 say: "live in the now...stay
 ch it...doittillyou're...!!!!
 in...pumice words...limestone
 s of words...bricks...restless
 poly strands, jelloish worms,
 around tongue drip drop
 plop sniffing beagle
 ved for the censorious mop.
 g! (sweet honey) it's the last
 nce...from mow on...roly poly
 ed plastic worms afraid
 afraid afraid to afraid
 haiti they (handling the holy
 flails) romance (but that's
 webbed, unreal place)-(people!)
 n's hue don't lie easy there.
 red at cat- soft fur mongering
 st (I, whipped, know fantasy)
 s (people!) person's "hello?"
 ked at, seen/unseen, unread.
 it's more than gets, and
 re than not gets
 are men (people!), trapped,
 ppering shallow dialogue
 an eventually empty room,
 ...and are we castle men?
 ple!) cremate. fossilize.
 entomb. (the world deserves
 re- no joke!) afraid
 afraid afraid to afraid

Blue Oldham



UNTITLED

Cold rain,
 the road by the dam washed away
 I came into this room
 sliding into nowhere,
 green walls and paper work
 to bury these memories.
 I can still remember
 the patience of dirt,
 the camomile, sage and elderberry
 drying in the herb barn
 the stars under the river echoing
 in the leaves.
 Nothing, nothing has replaced it,
 how we leaped slippery rocks
 lit only by a match,
 how creek met, fog close,
 I held you in the dark.

Emily Warn

"What a Beautiful birrrd."
 The small child smiled.
 We watched the bird sitting
 on its limb.
 Someone shot once.
 The willow snarled at the
 swaying
 falling
 flying
 melting into the sky
 then the gnarled tree laughed.

TEACHINGS

Jesus.
 We sin.
 All ways
 can be empty.
 Death is
 not an ending.
 Buddha.
 We suffer.
 Forever can
 be long.
 Flowers;
 the universe.
 A triad that
 is.
 Can you see,
 smell
 and know
 without suffering?
 Live-
 eat when hungry
 sleep when tired,
 it is no secret.

Ketelaar

MY PROLETARIAT
 MY MONK

You stink with your drenched
 sweaty palms
 of the tropical grape-picking
 jungle
 Your swift fingers
 choose and barter
 their tender purple finds
 into properly barreled houses.
 And my monk
 He smiles aloud
 at his pleasure stamping feet
 squishing the
 jolly violet jelly
 'tween his curling toes;
 it laughs and tickles
 his crunken plum nose
 till he shakes and twirls about
 in his boiling wine sauce cask
 So enraged
 His elephant grey skin
 is running rippling hot wax
 in the Killing Sun
 Where he lies folded
 and frowning as a rag
 scolds his hearty indulgence
 in this cathartic Nirvana
 alas!
 my proletariat
 my monk

Jeffrey J. Gerhardstein



in the markets
 I see the old ways
 taste the earth
 and smell its richness.
 it is close and crowded.
 the ageless creep by--
 an old woman shuffles from stall to stall
 on thick, deformed feet,
 wicker baskets and grubby bambinos
 bouncing from her puffy arms.
 merchants cry out
 flashing black eyes in deep crow's feet
 sun-worn skin
 they take my money
 with knobby dirty hands
 and wrap up golden apples shiny oranges
 in old newspaper.
 in the gutter
 a rat scurries
 pursued by enraged shouts
 and rotten fruit.

Lisa Culp



this dream of you
 Before,
 pressed against opened doors or
 wedged 'tween two beds,
 you would not heed my prayers;
 and i was left, unanswered, to please
 myself.
 Now,
 through crystal haze,
 i see myself struggle with the setting sun,
 gripping purple and magenta with hands
 undone
 my rigid, aching tendons cry for light.
 Light, Light! more elusive than air;
 Light dark textured,
 rich, smooth, and wondrous wet;
 cypress green and
 mephisto horned violet.
 penetrating deeper than ever before,
 shadowless beams and fleshy rays
 play in summer tumble fashion
 across this child of mind;
 and i possess your garden.
 Cool and dark at the end of my
 mind,
 i awake to the sound of
 lonely tears
 and this dream of you.

Lance Tenant

UNTITLED

Death, whispers Lethe
 Dresses herself in silks from China.
 She leads a white mare.
 I was born in blood
 From a woman who cried and cried.
 A thundercloud flowed
 Like the mane of a horse
 Across hospital windows
 Moving from right to left.
 I carry gently within me
 A small coffin
 Red as a tulip
 Hot as a horse's breath.
 The mare is waiting
 Her saddle is empty.

Carma Park

MENDING

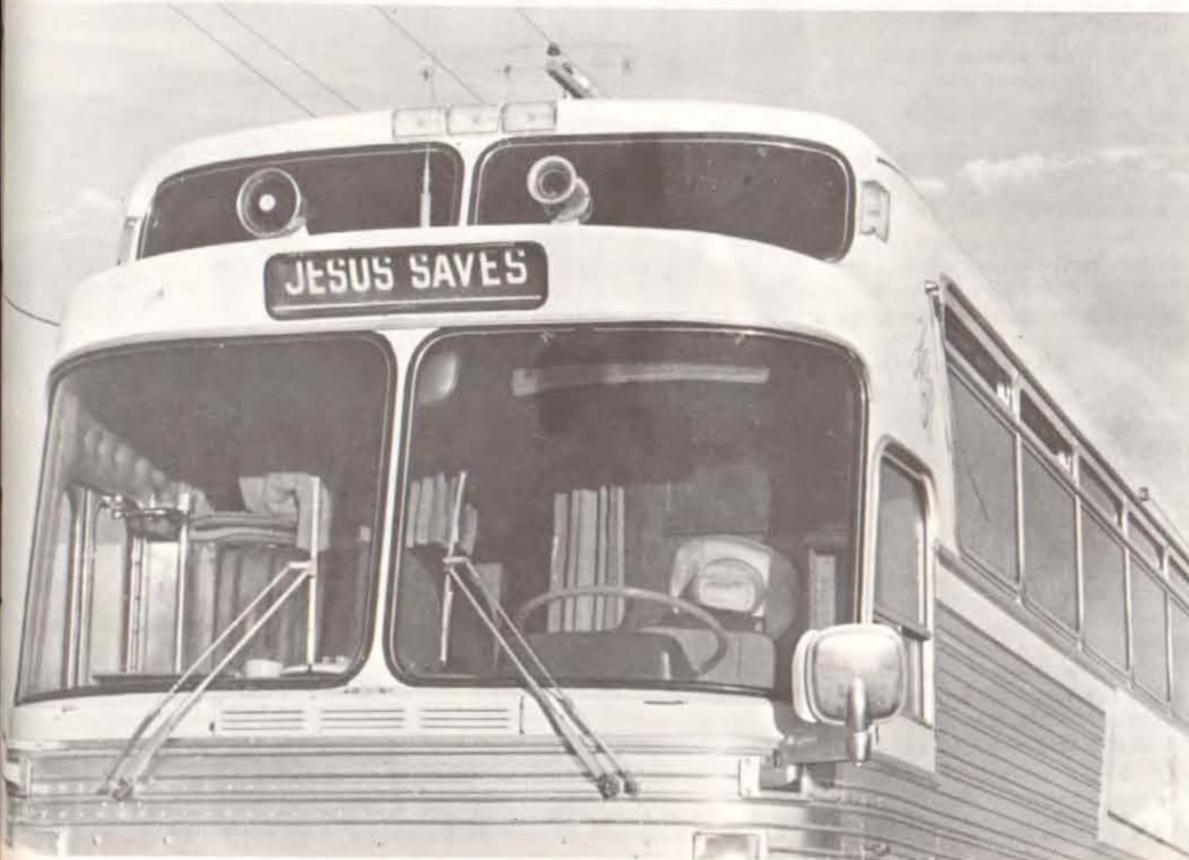
I bare the needle to repair loose threads
 Buttons dangling and seams frayed
 too tight a fit
 Pulling out old strings
 Knot by knot
 Their colors twined
 Defying the new
 I search for the tear
 The rip, the clue
 Passing the cloth between my hands
 Finding only remnants of older holes
 Patched invisibly until now
 They lie unraveling
 As this mending will unravel

Suzanne Jones

THE REUNION

A door kindly opened,
 my Friend struck me
 Bland-white from too much thought
 Too many cigarette nights
 miserable Self
 His eyes closed, dull brown husks,
 Hollow, a shell rotted within.
 I was too glad, reached
 for gray smoke
 white fuel for distraction
 Burning,
 Leaving me dirty ash-stains,
 Smeared as he left my eyes
 Dirty fear.
 He ground and swallowed me,
 fuel for more thought.

Sarah Colton



AT THE POND

His morning-clean shirt
wet with sweat,
sopping on his back in the
afternoon
the straw hat doesn't help
Mosquitoes nip at the saltedbait
of his nose
He slaps
while a fish gets away
nibbling the bait, taking it all
dripping
like a mother testing
her baby's bottle
she licks her thumb, dripping
he's whining
she goes back to her eggs,
dripping of blood.

Dave Whitmer



shroom

hear
the woods
breath.
watch
woodmist
drift,
become
the sounds.
underfoot
the homes,
their knowledge
touching your toes.
honor woods, but
do not surrender.
still as a branch,
sit-
then
become the smiling mushroom,
do not fear the bursting of you,
living off green,
part of it, but
bright,
unafraid,
smile your cushiony smile,
you fungi,
you wood-humour,
you soft star.
tell them their sounds
in shining white,
then settle down
to swamp silence.
on rubber legs,
retreat,
and
browning,
browning,
melt down.

mary ellen

PROGENY

She had that "I've taken all the pills and
everything else to get high and
if you wanna fuck that's fine
cause I've done everything
There is to do and anything
that takes up a minute is okay
with me"

look on her face while smoking a Kool
and acting as if she enjoyed it.
Stringy hair parted down the middle
face dusted with
the ashes of the '60's, her sunken
socket
eyes, unaccustomed to light but used
to staring...

The two-finger brush-away
her hair from her face--
to clear away the obstruction from her eyes
so she might see...
what was ahead of her.

If it wasn't dingy hair, or singeing smoke,
or drunken stupor blocking her vision,
there was always
the wall of lacking purpose, looming.

Evenings spent,
at the pinball palace.
She meets the mass,
Enfogged within cigarette
smoke and sweet rock'n roll;
lights a-flashing,
heads a-buzzing.

Until midnight comes, then one, finally two-
she exists..the minutes, hours and days
extinguished with the dying embers of
her evening's final Kool.

And it is good-night and pleasant dreams
Miss Sweet Sixteen.

Andy Angelo

CAT-CHILD

She holds the cat-child
a furry headed purse
to hang on her elbow
to frame
in its hard-edged perfection
to show to friends
who do not know
the night devil eyes
under its lace bonnet
who do not know
the soiled stinking cloth
she peels from its
sticky body.
she rips and tears
the soft white cloth
she rips
the bonnet, the little pink shoes
when its sharp hands
do not pull the sorrow
from her breast.
she thought the child
would softly weld to her side
would softly fill the black night
and now, it is a part
of the hollow windows.
she hears the insane
knocking and rocking
knocking and rocking
of its cradle
she twists its nose in the darkness
she drives the spoon deep into its throat
she sings lullabies
to herself.

mary ellen

The Life Expectancy of Maidenhair

You are beginning to fill my empty spaces
With dead flowers
Dying snapdragons violet yellow
And rosebuds so red they can't bloom
Petals crack and fall
To be crushed by my bare feet
Which have become calloused
From too much dancing
I feel myself browning
Burning at the tips and curling under
And all my veins are standing out
You have drenched me and parched me
Left me rootless and stripped
Standing only out of habit
Waiting for the requiem breeze

Suzanne Jo

THE DANSE OF LYRA

When you see stars
As playful night-lights
Firebugs on window panes
Look at Vega
The brightest star in Lyra
The grotesque eye
Of the falling vulture
Who picks and tears at the sky
Shaking the stars
In his search for carrion
There is magic
In his deceiving brilliance
His icy fingers
Slice the night to direct
The danse macabre
Like some perverted star of Bethlehem
Leading the danseurs to your door
Their thumping raps
And hollow whispers
Chill the night
While the maestro
Taps a bony finger
Beckoning you to join in the danse
And take your position in the sky

-Suzanne Farley



And the Sun-
scorching spilling pulp
of molten furious
outrage orange
blushed barn red
kneeled by night
gasping oblations
commending courteous relations
to his Lunar Lady.

Jeffrey J. Gerhardstein

Her face lies dejected in death
quite plain
alone, quiet
except for rouge below her eyes.
She lies alone.

My uncle, stone
he's quiet
quite alone.

Suffering
begins again
with different roots,
a cherry, not an oak.

Buried in oak,
black beneath a cherry seed
it will grow
sapling, tree
spreading roots
like the arms of a man
carrying her bones
slowly cracking her remains like
sorrow on her mind.



Kalamazoo College index

Volume 103, No. 2 August 6, 1976

Interview with Capaccio

by Doug Beazley

Housing students adequately so to meet the needs and desires of the greatest number of students possible is indeed a demanding and difficult job. Yet, the importance of satisfactory housing is rather painfully obvious for all resident students who are not only dreaming inside the academic pressure pot, but the social one as well. The emotional stress of an unhealthy living condition most likely outweighs the discomfort of a lousy grade average because people dealing with people is obviously much more complex and hopefully, important, than academics, (debatable). Therefore, it seems that an institution dedicated to quality educating should place an extremely high priority on facilitating an effective learning environment, for each individual student. The man in charge of this task is John Capaccio. And he had quite a bit to say regarding the work he does.

Index: Where was your job before coming to Kalamazoo? Did you do work similar to the kind you do here?

Capaccio: In my previous job before this I was what's called a "Hall Director", a residence manager at Colorado Springs in a building of about 450 students with 12 staff members, totally self-contained, had its own food service operations and everything else. Before that I worked at the University of California in a very similar position in a building of 600 students very similar to Severn and Crissey, except about 3 times the size.

Index: When you came to Kalamazoo was there a change in the kinds of duties and challenges you were up against?

Cap: Not a change in challenge as far as residence housing goes...the challenge, of course, is the continual hassle of satisfying student needs with the size limitations of this school and the academic calendar. Most schools which house students set them in permanent rooms for the entire year. They may do some minor room changes but once they start they're pretty much set. They use the same staff the entire year. We start with the one staff for each quarter, a new population of students, and in effect do quadruple the amount of work that would be done in any other institution. So that is a whole new perspective on how to function, administratively...is that we continually have to start all over. There is no time to sit down and plan ahead of ourselves.

As an example, I'll give you an idea of what I do. The first two weeks of the quarter I deal strictly with housing. It gets done, they get placed, some of the people aren't happy and I try to reconcile that, and I have to wait for school to begin in order to guarantee that spots we have. The first two weeks I do nothing but reconcile housing. The third and fourth week is sort of a relax period. Fifth week I have to start thinking about registration. Seventh week housing forms are due and I begin assigning the eighth or ninth week. Tenth week we close...tenth and eleventh. Then it starts all over again. So that's the process that makes it plenty tough not

totally difficult, but puts it in a bind. Where other institutions that work with housing do that at the beginning and have the entire year to worry about the other side of housing, which is programs, student life, doing constructive kinds of things, getting students involved and organized, getting student government....

Index: So your responsibilities cut down the amount of time you have to get to know students?

Cap: Oh yeah, definitely. Fifty per cent of my job in terms of the time I spend is nothing more than assignments. My job encompasses not only assignment work but staffing, selection, appropriations, as well as working with the physical plant in trying to keep our buildings in shape. So, coming back to your first question, part of my challenge is getting used to that calendar...being aware of how it functions.

Index: This is your fourth quarter as housing administrator, right?

Cap: Right.

Index: Have you found each one to be different in terms of housing students?

Cap: They're basically the same. The summer quarter is a little bit smaller which we have to figure in when we shut buildings down, like we did this summer by shutting down Tro, when we have conferences in there...and that's another side of my job, too. We have to coordinate that. We send out information saying we have space. People like Upjohn invite Arab students to come over in housing, we have several small conferences...the poets and the science group, as well as this group coming in today. So that's an additional part of my job.

Index: I understand that Student Commission is now reconsidering the Saga policy which stated that either all or no suite members residing on Catherine street could eat at Saga. Why was this policy created in the first place?

Cap: It was initiated in conjunction with Student Commission, and the first time we were in there we said, 'Well, it's sort of a co-op.' Yet, we really hadn't defined it as a co-op but a group of people living together, doing their own thing. To make it fair we thought that the best plan would be to make all the people there involved within their own group, or not. And that was really in a sense, semi-arbitrary. We sat down, we talked about it...that was Mike Berkow, Kevin McCarthy, Tom Lubeg, and myself. We all sat in here and said 'What do you guys think, what does the Commission think?' So that was really a recommendation, it could have been either way. And that's the way it is now. The policy is not there in the sense that we're trying to make money.

Our basis was that we thought it would be best for the people living there, that they would all buy into the program so that one student wasn't cooking, another student eating at Saga and then the student coming back and finding the Saga person also eating their food.

Also, economically, it's actually cheaper for a group of four to do it together than two, or three, and when you add that second or third person, there's really not much additional cost. Because you are

preparing food, you're using the same pots and pans and then clean up. And if the student doesn't like that, then we'll stick 'em somewhere else. We just need to get it out and make it public.

Index: My suitemate is a guest student, and he is very curious as to why he was given no meal option. He was automatically given the 20 meal plan without being notified.

Cap: To be honest with you there, I don't really have a hell of a lot to do with Saga and food options...I'm involved with it because I do housing registration, but that's really where my responsibility stops. We haven't worked out a good communication with new students from the admissions office too well, but we have a new director of admissions and we feel that's one of the things we're really going to get on so that when they process a person, we become more involved. Right now, we don't know new students until they pay the deposit. That information comes over here and we send out housing information.

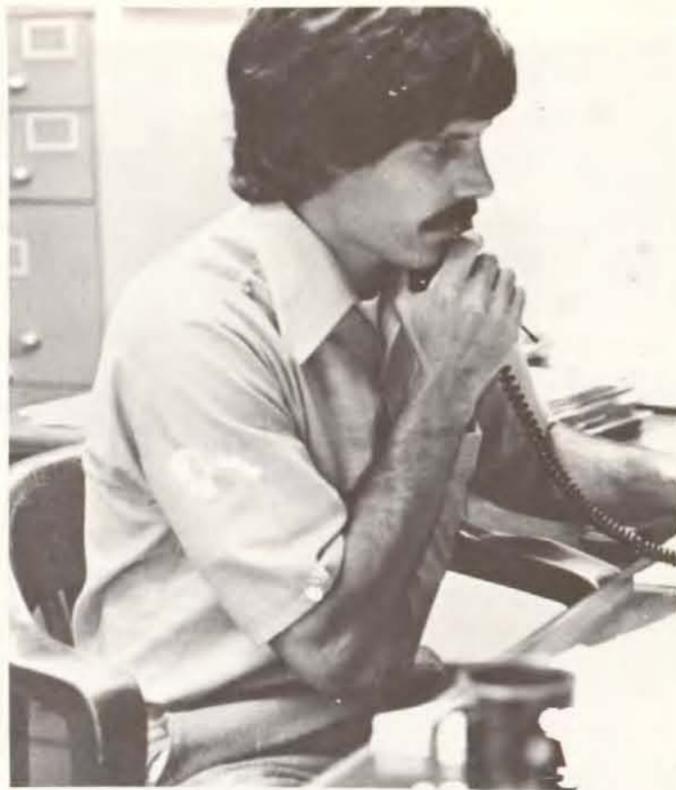
A lot of the time new students would be coming and we wouldn't know until the day they arrive that they were actually coming. Typically, what the policy has been on campus is that new students, freshman or otherwise, the first quarter they're on, have to have the 20 meal option. Beyond that, I don't know any rationale for why an upperclassman, who is transferring and has maybe been in another institution, should be brought into that. But, I have the feeling that this is something that is processed automatically, and this is something that the commission might want to look into.

Index: As far as maintenance goes, there have been some complaints with regard to special cases, such as my own concerning the shower next door that has been in the same condition for a year...2 showers don't work and there's a huge hole in the wall and ceiling. Do you have anything to do with that?

Cap: It's my responsibility in the sense that I inform maintenance of the need for repairs. That shower has been a pain in all of our backsides the entire year. It's been blundered and mishandled and it's had some problems of its own that it's been through.

We started with a problem that has to do with the entire plumbing of that system. OK...When I first got here, there was a hole in the ceiling and they found they had to do the entire pipe system...they had to take the entire wall out to fix it. So they thought, 'let's wait until the quarter break.' They were going to get the job done over Christmas break...lo and behold, something else came up, they had some other problem or priority, so that didn't get done then. Well, students got angry enough, they put some pressure on some people, so they said, 'Well, we hear you, and no matter, we're going to finish the job.' And they went in, but they didn't finish, for some reason...another problem. All I can say to you is that in cases where things like that don't get done, it takes...I need

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To The Students

As I am in the unique position of being both a student and a security officer, I would like to offer a new viewpoint on security problems here at K.

As a small closed campus, we do not have many problems here at K. While such as last Saturday night's are frightening, they are infrequent, and unless we had several armed guards patrolling the campus, there is not much that could be done to prevent them from happening. I know I felt helpless that night, as I was on duty, but could do no more than any student might have done-called the police. While that night was indeed exciting, the majority of Security's job is pretty mundane and frustrating. We constantly walk around the campus and through buildings, checking to make sure they are "secure". But as a student, I know that the real concern among students is whether or not their dorms and persons are safe.

This is where security feels the most helpless. Time and time again, I will lock an outside door, only to check back minutes later and find it unlocked by some student. As a student, I know how it is when you are trying to get from lunch, pick up some books and get to class on time. Fiddling with a door seems too trivial. Yet that one moment of inconvenience to you can make the difference whether someone loses their stereo or not. It can quickly be pointed out here that students should keep their own doors shut: yes most certainly they should; but this seems to be where we are least able to get students to be security minded. That is your own preference, though- maybe you don't think you have anything worth stealing. But at least be considerate of your dormmates: no one will lock the door for you once you unlock it. Hopefully, all dorms will soon have doors like De-waters, which automatically lock. But in the meantime, you will have to unlock and relock-and slam! Our doors get constant rough use, and many will not fully close unless they are shut tightly. This is a habit which must be developed.

Around the campus, security for yourself is a matter of your own common sense; women should make it a point to walk everywhere together once it's dark- no exceptions: all it takes is once. Strength in numbers is an old cliché because it is true. Above all, notice odd happenings or people around campus. We are fortunate because of our small size in that when someone who is not a student comes on campus, we can tell right away. If anything unusual happens, or looks like it might, call Security right away;

with such a small campus we can be there within the minute- plus we have quick, direct access to the police. Better to have us busy by crying "Wolf" than by hoping something is not as bad as it looks.

Security is a concern of each and every individual- one single lapse can make the wrong difference. As a community, we need to look out not only for ourselves but for each other. Only you can make our campus really safe.

African Studies

by Keith Carter

For the seventh consecutive year, the African Studies program of Kalamazoo College is being offered for the entire College Community. The program, which includes the most extensive African film and lecture series of its kind in the United States is under the supervision of program director William Pruitt.

The objective of the program is to expose as many people as possible to the diversity of Africa through the presentation of art exhibits, lectures, literature and the ethnography of Africa. The program enables students to obtain a concentration in the area of African Studies, although no African Studies major is available, and serves as an introductory course for the students who will attend Foreign study in West Africa.

It has been reported by Pruitt that the number of students currently attending or scheduled to attend West African Foreign Study centers has decreased by one-third for the year of 1976. Although enrollment for the African Program fluctuates annually, it is believed that 1977 will mark an all-time high in the number of participants scheduled to attend West African centers. The African Studies Program was officially developed in the summer of 1969, but students have been attending West African centers since 1961.

The instructors participating in the program, which include one native African and one instructor who has not had any contact with the African continent, are for the most part knowledgeable. The program attempts to give Africans priority in filling the positions but due to the availability of funds and the expertise of several Kalamazoo staff members in their areas of study, priorities are not always met.

The question has arisen as to why courses in the African Studies program, with the exception of African history, are offered in the summer instead of integrating

continued on page 2



M. MADDOX

A Pompous Music Column To The Editors

by Helayne Hecht and Sheldon Klein

We are not people prone to crazed ravings in praise of what now masquerades as rock and roll. However, our faith in what we thought was a lost art has been renewed—there is a singer-song-writer capable of setting our toes a-tapping, our hips a-twitching, and more importantly, providing an intelligence you can dance to. This messiah (with a bullet) is named Warren Zevon. We are so impressed by him that we have decided to forgive him for the extreme bad taste of making his debut on Asylum Records, a label renowned for reducing the noble art of RandR to a sweetish pap with all the character of aural Wonder Bread. Rolling Stone, the Village Voice, as well as the news weeklies, have deemed Zevon brilliant. We think he's brilliant, too, and we usually pride ourselves on disagreeing with the aforementioned cultural journals as frequently and loudly as possible.

The album, "Warren Zevon" (obviously titled in a burst of creativity), is a distillation of the essence of rock and roll. Though a diversity of musical genres are represented, a certain unity results from the cohesive underlying intelligence. Instead of indulging in forced profundities, Zevon has a good humor and lack of pretension that yields the elusive "wisdom" that "rock poets" strive for. In "Frank and Jesse James", Zevon captures in a spare four and a half minutes the exact spirit the Eagles attempted, and failed to communicate, in the entire "Desparado" album. As well, it's a great shitkicking rock and roll song, as is "Mama Couldn't Be Persuaded" which features the greatest harmonies this side of the Beach Boys. Zevon also has the ability to mold such pressing social issues as suicide, castration fantasies, and sado-masochism into a song that would rate a 95 on the Dick Clark danceability scale—"Poor Poor Pitiful Me". This song cannot be too highly praised. In fact, we'll go out on a limb and proclaim it an anthem for our times, along with Zevon's equally "relevant" "I'll Sleep When I'm Dead".

The culmination of Zevon's lyrical skill is achieved in "Desperadoes Under the Eaves". The song is a stunning apocalyptic vision of the "California Dream":

"And if California slides into the ocean
Like the mystics and statistics say it will
I predict this motel will be standing
Until I pay my bill...
Don't you feel like desperadoes under the eaves
Heaven help the one who leaves".

The song is the musical zenith of the entire album, and Jackson Browne, in his role as producer, manages to bring "Warren Zevon" full circle.

Africa

continued from page 1

them in with other courses throughout the year. Pruitt states that there is a possibility of rescheduling, but one reason why the majority of the courses are concentrated in the summer is because, "summer is the time when there is a natural constituency in Africa and extra emphasis is given in summer for students from other campuses who attend the program at Kalamazoo. This summer, six visiting students have participated in the program.

Students at Kalamazoo have been generally receptive toward the program. Audiences for the films and lectures range from 40 to 120 people. It has been estimated that 20% of the student body participates but the remaining 80% don't even know the program exists, nevertheless, students have been more supportive toward the African program than toward other foreign study programs. There is some public support for the events which are free and are publicized in the Kalamazoo Gazette.

Students have little say in the selection of courses offered in the program, other than their indirect ability to take a course. If student support is lax, courses are not offered the following year. Dr. Pruitt, who selects the films and the lecturers for the program, is receptive to suggestions from students and was responsive to the idea of students forming a committee to aid in the selection of films.

Students with suggestions can turn them in to William Pruitt located in the foreign study office. The African studies lecture series is also broadcast over WMVK, check your newspaper for listings.

by David Preston

P.B.C. stands for the planning and budget committee of which I am a member and on which this is a report. The P.B.C. is composed of several faculty, the top administrators, and two students. It functions to set K College's budget (i.e. its revenues-tuition and fees etc.-and its expenditures-salaries, maintenance etc.) The planning aspect stems from the budget control aspect, if you don't have any money you can't do much. As students, our input into the committee is somewhat muffled because of the rapid student turnover and the abstruseness of 'the administrators' jargon which takes a while to comprehend.

Problems

What I see as the biggest problem of the P.B.C. and for that matter the whole student commission-administration interaction area, is merely communication. Take for example the five brand new, luxurious cars that K recently bought. The average student's immediate reaction is "Holy Shit, five new expensive cars when the old ones were impressive enough, and they want to raise MY tuition!" There usually follows several derogatory comments about members of the administration when a little communication on both sides would have resolved this crisis by showing that all five were bought from a generous benefactor for under \$2,000 each—I'd like to be able to get the same bargain and that we can probably sell them in a couple of years for a profit.

Communication

My conclusion: The administration is a highly competent and conscientious group and are really trying to make this a better place, after all that's in their own best interests also. That the slight differences in priorities, coupled with the fortunate lack of communication leads to the present and needless adversary relationship. Administrators should perhaps be slightly more receptive to student ideas before they make decisions, and students should not judge administrators before they understand the situation, and a free flow, an open give and take of thoughts would resolve both of these undesirable ends.

UPCHUCK

by R. A. Bitzinger

In Kalamazoo College, it is said, the nuts come out in July, rather than Spring.

K-College is almost always filled by some bunch of oddballs usually referred to quaintly as "students" or "faculty", but during the summer term here we ship 'em in by the carload.

Yes, welcome to the K-College resort. Choose from several fine rooms available (sorry, double occupancy mandatory). Swim in our year-round heated pool. Dine in the gracious elegance in our own restaurant—at reasonable prices. Or just rest and relax on our acres of pleasing-to-the-eye rolling hills and fresh green grass. Close to the shopping malls, fourteen golf courses, and the famous Kalamazoo Center.

So much for the serious side of it. When it comes down to brass tacks, what does it mean?

It means that we get the National Science Foundation,

that we run a first class resort for Saudi Arabia and Upjohn Chemicals, and that we get a hundred junior tennis jocks. Not that it isn't easy for them, mind you. The tennis boys have to share the girls that the trustees get them, and once there was a big hassle in the snack bar when one of the Arabs thought his hamburger had pork in it.

But right now we have been graced with the Young Poets, a handful of hardy adventurers in the area of the pen and paper, striving to be our next generation of Odgen Nashes and Allen Ginsbergs.

I tried to talk to some of them, but normal conversation for them is very difficult; if you've ever talked to a poet you've noticed their extreme sensitivity to life. Very often, when you're just calmly discussing the weather or that midterm in Econ class, they suddenly begin clutching their chests and start spouting in some demon tongue. It's very scary being around someone when he gets his Cosmic Muse.

Editorial

Down the hill from Harmon Hall lies an oft visited place-for-maintenance, security, the physical plant. These are three of the most important non-academic divisions of the college community. To say the least, they could be run a lot better. Here are a few facts and incidents which prompted the writing of this editorial.

As editors of the Index, we need certain keys for certain doors. Nobody seemed to know where to get them—Mr. Merkle told me to go to the union desk when the union desk had just finished telling me to go to Mr. Merkle. The union desk told me to go to security, security told me to call back in a day, call back in a day, call back in a day, then they told me to go to Mr. Merkle for clearance. Mr. Merkle told me to go to the union desk, but I told him where to go.

Finally, it got straightened out, but why all the run-around? I realize security is having some trouble these days, but one little key to a cabinet in the dark room which is not going to provide anyone with a chance to steal anything? The lack of the key was one reason why the first issue was out late—we had no way of knowing what supplies to buy, and being the conscientious editors we are, we had no desire to spend \$75 to \$150 of the school's money without knowing that the supplies were needed and wouldn't just sit and spoil.

I've honestly tried to go through the right channels at this school but it takes so damn long and even after whatever it is gets done it sometimes hasn't been done right (e.g.- there was another key we were supposed to have, were told to wait for which we still have not received.)

Another strange thing came to light when we tried to get a college car to take the paper to the printers. First of all, the car we reserved wasn't there. It was supposed to be a van but the keys to the van weren't what we had been given. Naturally, having deadlines to meet, I panicked, and began to wonder what car the keys did fit. I tried all the cars and my little set worked four trucks! I was baffled, but nonetheless praised security or whoever for being stupid and pulled off in some poor maintenance man's truck. He was rather upset when we got back-not at us, but at the physical plant or whoever was responsible.

Or else they're trying to get their inspiration by beating themselves into a trance—usually by meditating in their room or on the grass or else in a tree. Try carrying on a interview with someone like that.

However, I was fortunate enough to receive some of their poetry, which they gracefully allowed me to publish.

This first was one by a sensitive girl who said "Oh wow" a lot. It's titled "Quad":

Quad

Green, green, o' green!
Grass, grass, o' grass!
Trees, trees, o' trees!
Green, grass, trees,
People, flowers, chapell
Oh, life, life, o' life!
And squirrels.

The next was by an Angry Young Man:

They & Me

They
in
their
plastic imperviousness, deep-
rooted seriousness,
SUCK
the
life-syrup
from our
polystyrene
SOULS

me
in
my
power, stand impenetrable,
inconceivable, unwashable,
untouchable,

in
my
BOMB-SHELTER
from the
SCUM

I've saved one of the best for last. This was by a person who described herself as "profound" and told me that some day she was going to move to Big Sur and change her name to some flower or another and not use any capital letters. I wish her luck.

e.e. and m.e.

im ver3y xxx sorry-
buut;c
\$im n(ot)
toooo goo,'d
O) an
electr5ic
tipe#wri?ter
!!!!

So goes Western Civilization



Junior National Boys Obnoxiousity Fest

Welcome to the Junior National Boys Obnoxiousity Fest. You may have noticed the hordes of all white overbearing racket-carrying egotists cluttering up the campus. Why are they here? Surprise! It's all for your own good, students.

How do they love us? Let me count just a few of the ways. It takes even longer to go through the Saga lines and impossible to find a seat. The decible level in the cafeteria is just under that of the Concorde lifting off from Dulles International. The residents of Crissey, Severn and Shale are awakened each morning by the dulcet tones of the courtside loudspeakers announcing who is on deck on court four. The campus crime rate (We don't already have enough problems on this score) soars with the addition of all these youthful perpetrators, cum juicy targets. The game room is packed with these under-age obnoxiousoids playing bad pin-ball and worse pool, to the exclusion of students. Last Monday night, the clean-up crew nearly had a communal stroke cleaning up the place. There were pop cans all over the floor, a couple of the machines were out of order, and the ceiling had been vandalized by numerous mischievous pool cue pokings. The night before some of our friendly burry little friends had emptied a fire-extinguisher into the piano in Trowbridge, ruining a perfectly good piano for further use. Forget, just plain forget finding a parking space. And, just to add insult to injury, students can't even see the most interesting part of this mess, the tennis tournament itself, without paying.

Now, the why. The College (read administration) knows that keeping all the College facilities utilized to a maximum capacity is the only sound fiscal policy. Otherwise, all that unused physical plant would be lying around costing

money for maintenance and not generating any income. That would mean that a quality Kalamazoo College education would cost even more. Hence, our hosting of the National Junior Punks Tourney helps keep your tuition down. I question whether this is a reason or an excuse.

We need not point out that the Tourney is far from the only way to keep the dorms or the tennis courts profitably utilized. We need not point out that other alternative uses might entail less negative impact on the student body.

What it comes down to is that the College has chosen tennis as its only athletic ego-trip. The pressure from certain powerful groups in the college community comes down hard for assuring that Kalamazoo holds a position of "national importance" in the world of tennis. Holding the NCAA record for consecutive conference titles in a single sport (37 years in a row for the K netters) is apparently not enough. We need those National Boys.

The College has long since given up any pretense of providing a liberal education in the athletic department. One only need look at the fact that we have some of the best tennis courts in the nation while the gym is falling down and Angell Field is poorly maintained. At Kalamazoo, hitting a fuzzy ball across a net is *sina qua nom* of all athletics. Everything bows in computer fashion before the prime directive.

Currently, the administration is worried that we will have to build more first-class tennis courts if we want to "keep" the National Junior. Does the student body want to "keep" the National Junior Boys? That's like asking Bangladesh if it wants to "keep" recurring cholera epidemics.

Stephen Grimm

La Venda en Los Ojos

On August 20, at 8:00 p.m. members of the Spanish 3 and 52 classes will present "La venda en los ojos", a drama in three acts by Jose Lopez Rubio.

"La venda en los ojos", which will be presented in Spanish, is the story of a young woman who, when suddenly abandoned by her husband, seeks solace in a fantasy world of her own design. With the willing cooperation of an eccentric aunt and uncle, time is suspended for a decade and the daily household routine is replaced with the comforting oblivion of absurd antics. The family is able to avoid facing the painful truth until unforeseen circumstances lead to the inevitable confrontation between fantasy and reality and to a surprising resolution.

The event is part of the Forum program of Kalamazoo College, with Dr. Betty Lance and Mr. Alan Howell co-directing the play. Students who are not acting will contribute time and energy to props, make-up and clean-up. Admission is by ticket only, but the tickets are free, and can be picked up from Dr. Lance, Mr. Howell or Linda DeRose. The play will be presented in Dewing 103.

CAST

Carmen-Joellen Hosler
Emilia-Deborah Boverhof
Tia Carolina-Marla Musolff
Tio Gerardo-Donald Root
El Comprador-Rick Marciniak
Beatriz-Cheryl Bisbee
Villaba-Dale Shaller
Enriqueta-Kathy Greenberger
Quintana-Karl Swann

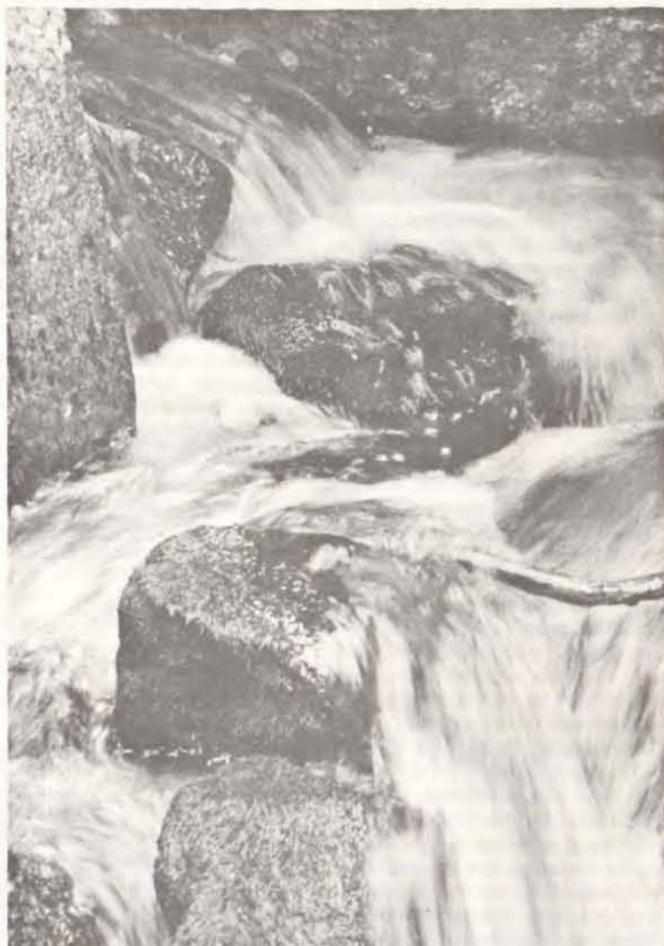
BSO

by Carroll Thomas

Minority students are not only interested in a responsibility to themselves, but also share a sense of responsibility to a greater community. Black students at Kalamazoo are no exception. On July 30th the black organization passed Phase One of what they hoped to be a three phase project to bring a deeper cultural awareness to our campus. Phase One consists of a series of films, the first to be shown Tuesday, August 3rd in Dewing 103. There will be refreshments and discussion at the end. The films to be shown on Tuesday are entitled "I Wonder Why?", Malcom X's "Struggle for Freedom", and "A Diary of a Harlem Family". Some other films to be shown at a later date are "The Black American Series: Part 1 and 2", "Body and Soul", "The Black American Dream", "Some of My Best Friends are White", and "What Do You People Want?" Also, "The Black Heritage Series" which consists of a thirty minute film on the Black Renaissance, contemporary Blacks, the Nation of Islam, our spiritual and cultural future, and racism in education.

Phase Two still pending approval of the general body, consists of signing guest speakers such as Mayor Young of Detroit, the Minister of Education from the nation of Islam, or the first Black to graduate from Kalamazoo, a Mrs. Pauline Byrd Johnson (class of '26) who can share with us how it was to be Black at Kalamazoo College in the '20's and what life was for the black female during that time. The organization is planning to contact such people as the acting city mayor, Robert Bobb.

Black students at Kalamazoo not only realize their responsibility to themselves, but they also realize their responsibility to the total 'K' community. In order for this project to be successful, it is going to take the support of everyone. As the BSO is fulfilling its obligation as Black people have done historically in educating not only themselves but the entire community to what life was and is for minorities, we hope that the students, faculty and administration will buy into the cultural activities that are being provided by the Black organization.



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Your World

YOUR WORLD is a vehicle for expression of free thought and opinion. It is not meant to be propagandistic or commercial, operating from the standpoint that the greatest social good is accomplished not by propaganda, but by the fostering and exchange of free thought on all phases of life. We cannot allow ourselves to discriminate against any viewpoint whether it be radically left or right.

The first issue of *Your World* was published on May 20, 1976. This was the tenth week of spring quarter, as a result there was little time to collect feedback. Now it has been absorbed as a part of the *Index*. We encourage response consisting of letters, articles, etc., from students and faculty alike. As always, the *Index* encourages any response to anything we print, but due to the controversial and important nature of the material contained in *Your World*, we will be very disappointed if no one has anything to contribute, or add to these two pages for the next issue.

The New Flu and You

by D. F. Kurtzhals

There is a lot of talk going around town these days about the swine flu, or as it is officially known, A/New Jersey/8/76 flu virus. The new flu has caused one death to date and is capable of starting a world epidemic, similar to the 1918-1919 flu epidemic that tolled 20 million lives. These facts have prompted government and medical officials to initiate a nationwide vaccination program that is hoped to prevent any more deaths.

A little medical background: The swine flu was first spotted in a soldier who complained of some of the symptoms of conventional flu. The soldier grew increasingly worse, and upon close examination was found to have a strain of flu that was commonly found only in swine, but was in certain cases communicable to humans. We have no immunity to its attack on our bodies. The swine virus has developed a new combination of its eight genes that our bodies' immunological mechanisms are incapable of fighting off. The only effective way of preventing this virus from attacking the cells of the respiratory system is by immunization through vaccination.

Transmission of the flu:

When a person comes down with the swine flu, the fluids of the mouth and nose are the pathways for its spreading. As a result, it is transmitted by normal sneezing, coughing, etc. For most people, the kinds of influenza that are usually encountered can produce a moderately severe illness, but not a serious health threat. Complete recovery can generally be expected



Capital Capsules

Unfair Competition among merchants outlawed-The Senate this month gave final legislative approval to a measure that prohibits retail stores from engaging in price discrimination for the purpose of trying to drive out a competing store.

Retail chain stores which now lower the price on an item in one store location only, with the intention of trying to ruin a competitor's business will no longer be able to do so legally.

The bill is en route to the Governor for signature into law.

No Smoking please-A series of bills, designed to protect the rights of nonsmokers, recently passed the Senate.

One of the bills, which has been signed into law by the Governor requires hospitals to adopt and post policies regulating smoking. A second bill signed by the Governor restricts smoking in food stores to designated smoking areas only. A companion bill,

signed into law, requires restaurants to designate non-smoking areas upon the request of patrons. A fourth measure would require city councils, school boards, county boards and other public bodies to designate smoking and non-smoking areas at its meetings. That bill is presently pending a vote in the House.

All of the bills are scheduled to take effect April 1, 1977, if signed into law.

Price tag bill passes legislature-Michigan retailers must clearly mark prices on all items, according to terms of a bill approved in the Legislature recently.

The bill is designed to ensure that consumers will be able to comparison shop, particularly if grocery stores install computer pricing systems. Small items such as gum and candy, automotive parts and accessories, and a list of up to 50 items selected the retailer, would be exempt from coverage under the bill.



ed within a week. For certain high-risk groups such as older people, children, (and even sleepless, overworked students), it can

be a serious problem, since the disease may leave its victim susceptible to complications.

The symptoms:

Influenza symptoms often come on suddenly. They may include fever, chills, headache, dry cough, soreness and aching in the joints. The one individual who died from swine virus experienced a "sore throat, headache, congested nose and a feverish feeling."

Vaccination:

A vaccination program has been undertaken by the federal government at a cost of \$135 million. Immunization can be received through any public health service or from your own doctor.

The vaccine can produce two types of reactions, local and systemic. The local reactions include generalized swelling, redness and tenderness at the point of vaccination. This occurs in 20 to 40 per cent of patients immunized, and is rarely severe or long-lasting. The systemic reactions include generalized aching, headache, and feeling "poorly". This occurs in up to 7 per cent of vaccinated adults.



Brother Juniper

It is almost a journalistic stereotype these days to discuss the subject of violence in American society. In fact, this is so much the case that people seem to have become just as numb to the commentary on violence as they have to violence itself. Yet violence floats in the air like a smoky contaminant to which our systems have gradually become accustomed, numbed by both its presence and its effects.

Not only have we been numbed toward violence and its impact, but violence is in many cases looked upon as stylish. The increasing turn of professional sports toward incidents of violence is one example of this. There have recently been two rather strange and interesting examples which illustrate the scope of what our society is dealing with.

The first comes from an article printed in the *Detroit Free Press* with a nationwide poll conducted among fifth to twelfth grades to determine which people they idolized. Making the top fifty in this poll (#44) was convicted mass murderer, Charles Manson. A second example may appear a bit ridiculous on first sight, but after a bit more thought is in some way even eerier than the Manson example. In the *Free Press* comic section the following day was the cartoon of "Brother Juniper" which deals with a gentle, cherub-like monk. On this particular day, however, Brother Juniper was reacting in an uncharacteristically violent, "vigilante" manner against a thug who was attempting to steal money out of the collection basket. There was little doubt that the cartoon was not funny. There was doubt, however, as to whether some type of premise was being projected under the guise of humor.

Perhaps what "Brother Juniper" subtly points out is that the same environment which has numbed man to the consequences of violence has also conditioned man to respond to certain stimuli in an automatically violent manner. He has been conditioned to believe that the only recourse to violence is retaliation. This conditioning has oppressed man by placing tremendous limitations on his personal freedom. On one hand, committing a violent act results in the degradation of the character of the person committing the act, both by forcing him to return to a "law of the jungle" attitude toward his fellow man and by spurring protective mechanisms within himself, i.e. the "numbing" process mentioned earlier. Violence is either not recognized by the person or channeled into the guises of "humor", "machismo", or "justice."

On the other hand, these actions constantly keep society on edge, for the fear that one day "it may happen to them." The perpetual spectre of violence grinds men down, makes them nervous and suspicious of other. This interferes with their freedom of communication and interaction with others. Man's own personal development becomes stunted, and suspicion of others grows.

The cycle constantly feeds on itself, with violent acts begetting retaliation, which brings more violent acts. All the time men become more and more numb toward these actions, yet labor more and more under their fears.

What is the solution? Most of the hope lies within ourselves. In most cases to recognize and understand how this system of violence operates within us is to defeat it. Each man must thaw his own numbness.

Epilogue To An Educational Paper

by Mark Teachout

The things that are talked about in the next few paragraphs have not been done intentionally. Rather it is the result of many people not examining the premises of which their lives are based upon. It is just the result of not questioning the ideas and lifestyles that we have perpetuated for thousands of years.

The most important purpose of education is to learn how to enjoy life and during the process become the best person one can be in terms of every aspect of one's life.

Contrary to popular beliefs, the world and our lives can be much better than anything that now exists. Most of us have given up our dreams as we have grown older and have accepted the limits that society tells us exist. We continue to play their game by their rules because we know if we do not we will pay a price. We are told, if you do not do this, you won't get into Law school or College. If you want to do this, then you have to go down this channel. You do not have to think, we have already done it for you. We know the best way for you. All you have to do is do what we say and stop yourself from questioning what we tell you. Just accept these things.

But if you do question, it is no worry because we will not give you time to think. In fact, the more you think, the harder life will be for you. We have accepted the TRUTH and you will also soon. Because if you do not, you will not be accepted by us. This means, my friend, that you will not get a job that allows you to maximize your thinking and creativity. You will

be doomed to a life of unfulfillment and your brain with atrophy.

Do you not know that such a job is only a "pie in the sky"? Someday you will live in reality and you will see that your dreams are impossible and that anybody is a fool to even try to strive for their ideals. Just follow our channels and you will fall into a slot and WE will make you happy. If you want to be a teacher, then go through 12 years of uninspiring classes and continue the same routine taking courses that do not challenge your potential in the education curriculum. After the right amount of credits and a certain molding of your mind, you will be ready to teach others just like they have taught you.

Oh, you entered the world, curious, perceptive and ready for full exposure to the world. Your eyes had a glint in them, a spunky glaze that told everyone that "I love Life and I want to know everything about it that I can." You were and still are very malleable. And we began to shape you.

We were older than you and had lived in the world longer so therefore we knew and still know what was and is best for you. So we started to force you to do things that were destructive to your natural curiosity without ever asking why we had the right to force you to do anything at all. We justified it by saying: "It was done to us."

If you retained your curiosity and your glint by the time you were five and ready to enter school, we did not worry, because

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Nuclear Referendum and P.U.R.G.I.M.

PURGIM (Public Interest Research Group in Michigan) is a largely volunteer, student funded action group which is active in issues of public concern, most notably the nuclear referendum issue. At places like Michigan State, each student is asked at registration time if he would like to contribute one dollar to the operation of PURGIM. For students who don't have the time or the inclination to work towards the goals of PURGIM themselves, it seems at least that one can do to aid the underdog struggle against Consumers power and friends for a cleaner environment.

Recently the PURGIM campaign to collect 212,000 signatures in order to get the nuclear referendum issue on the ballot in 1976 fell short of the deadline. The signatures collected thus far, however, are good towards getting the issue on the 1978 ballot. In the meantime, PURGIM will follow a strategy that calls for using the signatures already collected as a lobbying tool in an attempt to get a bill initiated in the Michigan legislature.

The main goals and concerns of the Safe Energy Initiative were outlined by Purgim in a 1976 report: "The Safe Energy Initiative would enact three conditions which future nuclear plants would have to meet prior to being sited in Michigan. The conditions would be as follows: -the utility would have to assume full liability for risks to people and property due to a nuclear plant, and be fully insured against catastrophic accidents; -the utility would have to demonstrate that safety devices would work in the event of a serious accident;

-the utility would have to demonstrate that all radioactive waste products generated by the plant would be handled, stored and disposed of safely with no risk to human health.

Before a utility could build a nuclear plant in Michigan, the legislature would have to affirmatively vote that these business and safety conditions had been satisfactorily met. The conditions apply to future plants; those presently built or under construction would not be covered by the act.

Those three conditions are related to key issues in the debate over nuclear plants. Supporters of nuclear power argue that the safety of the plants has been established; all the Initiative would do is require them to prove their claim. If they could, new

plants could be approved; if the conditions could not be met, then future plants would have to be delayed until such time as they could be.

II. Risks of Nuclear Power

A. Explosion

"A nuclear power plant could not explode in the same manner as a nuclear bomb; what could happen is a very powerful chemical explosion caused by the melting of the nuclear core in the event of a loss of cooling water. Such a chemical explosion would devastate the immediate vicinity and spread radio-active material over a wide area. A 1965 AEC study, performed by the Brookhaven Laboratory, projected a possible 45,000 deaths, 100,000 injuries, \$17 billion in property damage, and contamination of an area the size of the state of Pennsylvania.

Fearing that this study would cause alarm if published, the AEC suppressed it for seven years, and commissioned the so-called Rasmussen report to come up with a better answer. That study reduced anticipated casualties to 3,400 deaths and \$14 billion worth of property damage, and concluded that the chances of such an accident were very slim. However, many of the Rasmussen statistics have been sharply criticized for their reliance on computer projections and invalid analytic techniques. For example, the Federal Environmental Protection Agency projects a possible 330,000 cancer deaths in a recent critique, and argues that probabilities of an accident were significantly higher than the Rasmussen figures.

"Numerous untoward incidents have taken place at nuclear plants. The most famous were the Fermi reactor melt-down in Monroe, Michigan in 1966 in which an explosion was narrowly averted, and the Brown's Ferry fire in 1975, in which nearly all emergency systems failed to operate during a fire. The Emergency Core Cooling System (ECCS), which is designed to prevent an explosion in the event of loss of cooling water, has never been operationally tested. It was tested 6 times in a small-scale model by Aerojet Nuclear Company in 1971, and failed all 6 tests. The Brown's Ferry fire knocked out the ECCS completely.

"Among the other accidents were the death from radiation of 3 workers at the SL-1 reactor in Idaho Falls in 1961, as a result of

an explosion the cause of which is still unknown, and a partial meltdown in 1955 at the ERR-1 reactor in Idaho Falls which destroyed the reactor and released significant amounts of radiation.

"Advocates of nuclear power claim that a catastrophic explosion is extremely unlikely; yet, private insurance companies are not prepared to assume the risk. So a 1955 federal law, the Price-Anderson Act, limits liability to \$560 million. If the 1965 study is correct, this means that after a serious accident less than 3c would be repaid on every dollar of property loss alone. The remaining cost would be borne by the victims.

"The Initiative addresses two of these safety issues. First, it would require that the emergency cooling system be successfully tested. We think it is irrational to depend upon an untested system, considering the magnitude of the potential consequences. Second, it would require the utility to take full liability for damages. The federal limit on liability is obviously not sufficient, and, if the plants are as safe as proponents claim, they ought to be able to carry adequate insurance just like every other reputable business.

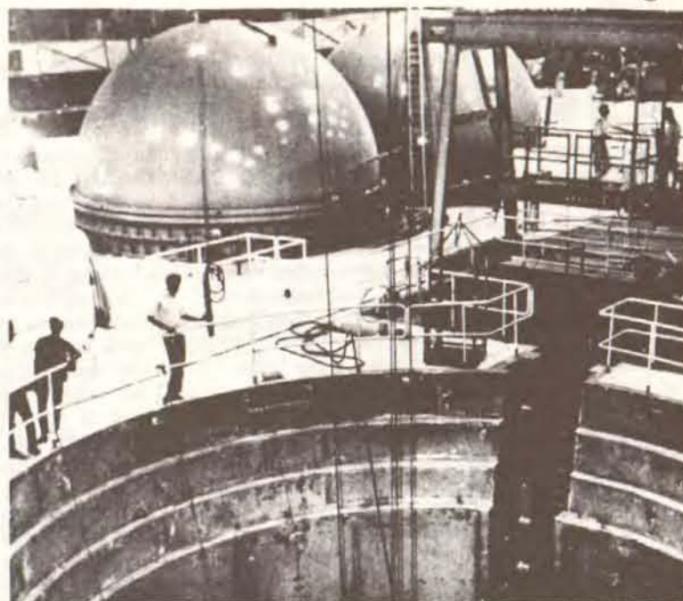
B. Pollution

"Nuclear plants are major sources of pollution, mainly through radio-active discharges and heat pollution of adjacent waters. The radio-activity is particularly dangerous to workers in the plant or those doing repair work. Some may only work a few hours on repairs before receiving the maximum radiation doses allowed for many months.

"Radioactivity and heat discharges into water and air systems threaten surrounding ecosystems—plant and animal life and possibly humans as well. There is no safe threshold for radiation, and even low amounts may be causing cancer and genetic damage.

C. Waste

"All levels of the nuclear fuel cycle produce radio-active hazards. Starting with the mining and milling of uranium, the preparation of the fuel, and even the tailings left after mining operations. While all of these pose serious hazards, the most serious is the problem of radio-active waste materials removed from the nuclear generator itself. Many waste products remain toxic 25 thousand years or more after removal from the plant, and no satisfactory storage method has



been developed. Waste transport has serious risks as well. Plutonium, a major by-product, is probably the single most dangerous substance known to science; one ounce of it is enough to produce at least several thousand lung cancers, and it remains toxic for over 500,000 years. A typical plant produces 500 pounds every year.

"The Initiative would require that a safe and proven method of waste storage or reprocessing be developed before more of this highly dangerous material is produced; it doesn't make sense to keep creating these poisons without knowing what to do with them.

D. Theft, Sabotage, Blackmail

"The presence of potentially fissionable material in large quantities offers an opportunity for nations or terrorist groups to steal small quantities of it and manufacture homemade bombs for blackmail purposes. The toxic radio-active wastes could also be used in this fashion. And, of course, the plants themselves could be sabotaged.

"Some scientists have proposed the creation of a 'technological police force' to guard nuclear-related facilities, and have suggested that serious limitations on civil liberties would be necessary."

One of the main obstacles to passages of the Safe Energy Initiative is strong opposition from power companies. One of the favorite tactics, as was used recently in California, is the launching of a multi-million dollar pro-atomic energy propaganda barrage a week or two before the

elections. The ads depict clean, safe nuclear energy plants and weave horror stories about possible U.S. addiction to foreign oil supplies if nuclear plants are not built.

In fact, quite recently in Jackson, Michigan, PURGIM was campaigning at Jackson Community College and was cut short by the administration. This was strongly rumored to have been due to pressure on the administration of J.C.C. by Consumers Power, which was an extremely large influence in the area.

In spite of this, three bills were recently passed in California. The first one called for a one year moratorium while the sighting of underground plants was investigated. The second stated that before new plants could be built, a safe waste disposal system must be devised. Thirdly, a bill calling for a reprocessing plant to reprocess scarce uranium was passed.

What can you do? PURGIM needs volunteers to speak, circulate petitions, and pass out handbills. If any student is interested in finding out more, contact: Ann Tydeman 345-4124 Kalamazoo. She is a PURGIM representative.

If not, the least a student can do is to keep aware of the issues and the latest developments on the Safe Energy Initiative. So if a PURGIM representative circulates a petition in your area, sign it. If the issue appears on the ballot in 1978, vote your conscience.

America's My Momma

Comedian/activist Dick Gregory is becoming increasingly noted in American society as a man with a deep sensitivity to the people and problems of America today. He has also established himself as a man who takes action on behalf of his beliefs, action which is both praised and condemned by different segments of society. In honor of the bicentennial it seems appropriate to quote a short piece by Gregory which gives a flavor of the philosophy which has driven him to dedicate his life to his "momma"-America. The following piece, "America is My Momma" is an excerpt from his book *The Shadow That Scares Me*, (Doubleday and Co., Garden City, N.Y.; 1968; pp. 77-78).

"Now that I am a man, I have and you will either give in or you will isolate yourself ineffective.

When we are done, you will no longer desire to be great...meaning self actualizing your potential as a rational, creative, productive, constantly improving individual of high self-esteem and in doing so accomplish things that have never been seen or done before. Yes, the curiosity will be gone, the glint in your eyes will cease, you will be less alert and you will be complacent in your slot of society.

Little do they know of whom they are dealing with.

given up childish ways. I realize that America is my momma and America was my momma's momma. And I am going to place the blame for injustice to and wrong on the right momma. Even today, when I leave my country to appear on television and make other appearances in foreign countries, I find it difficult to speak of the injustices I experience in this country. Because America is my momma. Even if Momma is a whore, she is still momma. Many times I am asked if I would go to war if drafted. I always answer, "Yes, under one condition; that I be allowed to go to the front line without a gun. Momma is worth dying for, but there is nothing worth killing for. And if I ever change my mind about killing, I will go to Mississippi and kill that sheriff who spit in my wife's face. "America is my momma. One Fourth of July, I want to go to the New York harbor and talk to momma-the Statue of Liberty. I want to snatch that torch out of her hand and take her with me to the ghetto and sit her down on the street corner. I want to show her the "tired, the poor, the huddled masses yearning to breathe free." I want to show Momma what she has been doing to her children. And Momma should weep. For the grief of the ghetto is the grief of the entire American Family."

Epilogue

continued from page 4

you knew by the time you reached the age of 21 that you would be either an ineffective person in our world or you would be very effective in making our world stronger. It would be a very rare case that one of you would slip through our failproof duping system and make some real changes. But we even know how to take care of that situation now. Given the time you are forgotten as a person and remembered as one of those rare geniuses that no one else could even come close to (you know the kind that shows up every 10 to 300 years). Yep, then you believe that you are not one of those rare geniuses and at that point you must accept that role as submitting and succumbing to the roles and the rules of society.

At that point we have got you in a good. You stop questioning and you "realize" that only a few people can be great and that you are not one of them. Then you talk to yourself; "I might as well try to be. I'll get a job by slipping one of the regular slots. I'll raise a family and live in a house. When I am not working, I'll watch TV, go to the football game, go on a picnic or the beach and I will watch some of those more

"fortunate" people that have the potential to be creative and produce something that has never existed. I will admire them as I go through their houses or their museums and I will shrug it off as something fantastic but impossible for me.

Yes, our molding will be effective. You will behave in a certain manner when among other people. You will know what to do, when to do it, and where to do it. You will also know what not to do. You will learn this by being burned by people when you try to do anything else. Your motto may become "I better screw him before he screws me." You will wear a mask and you will wear it well, for if you don't someone will see who the real you is and then use it against you by social ostracism in economic, social and spiritual respects. You will become afraid of people in the sense that you will let very few people see through your mask. No one will see through it completely, because you will have accepted the premises that make it impossible for you to take it. When you wear it, if you still think, you will hate yourself. If you do not still think independently, you will not even know that you are wearing one.

As you grow older, you will see your friends fall into their slots and as they do so, you will ask:

"Why did he do that, his potential is so much greater?" The older you get, the more alone you will become in your quest for your ideals. You will be among thousands of people, maybe millions that have long given up their ideals. And you, as you search for greatness will stick out as a sore thumb. You will be feared and thus attacked and punished for your boldness. You will be labeled idealistic and everyone will try to bring you into their world of no deals.

Oh, will we do it cleverly. You will be kept so busy doing the things that we require of you that you will have less time to think and be creative. In the meantime, the insecurity of the job market will be flaunted over your head. When you talk about your ideals, no one will understand you or the ones that do understand, will try to discourage you by telling you that:

"Oh, I thought that way at one time but I learned that the striving for dreams is even more cruel to yourself and the world than accepting the "reality" that they are impossible. Someday you will learn as I have that you will get much farther in the world if you give up your ideals."

As you continue, you will be confused, frustrated, ignored, lonely and ready to fall into our hands. You will be ready to crack

Cabaret:

The Festival Playhouse production of the musical play *Cabaret*, which closed last Saturday after its two week run, was good solid entertainment working under nearly impossible physical handicaps.

The good solid entertainment was provided by two talented romantic (in some sense) couples, of very different ages and orientations. James Mayer and Carolyne Porter Beck played effectively if somewhat too antagonistically, Cliff Bradshaw and Sally Bowles, respectively. Naomi Stucki as Fraulein Schneider and Robert L. Smith as Herr Schultz were an excellent foil to the younger and more dynamic duo, and seemed somewhat more in touch with their audiences. The real gem of the play though was the music and the musical numbers.

The nearly impossible physical handicaps were provided, again and again, by one of the least useful sets that has ever assembled (and reassembled, ad infinitum) on the Dalton Stage. This monstrosity of tracked, movable scrim panels and wheeled mini-platforms not only defied rational use by the choreographer but destroyed the pacing of the entire play, at the same time that it provided some of the lowest comedy of the evening, with long, creaky, stumbling set changes. The platforms were so small that they inhibited stage movement and made the sheer, otherwise-unused width of the stage painfully obvious. The scrim panels were used to very little advantage (their scrim quality, transparency when backlit, was used only once) and had the disconcerting propensity to sway nauseatingly from side to side long after the set change was supposedly over.

The stage even managed to

interfere with some characterizations. Bill Castellino played an excellent M.C., establishing a Master of Illusions, surrealistic interpretation of the character in direct and credible contrast to the evil-incarnate interpretation which Joel Gray made famous in the very changed movie version of the play. But the interscene presence which he fought to establish, that illusion of control which was necessary to the role, was given life by the ponderous set changes. A lot of talent went to waste. Castellino got the double shaft, for it was he who was responsible for choreographing (with limited available dance talent, we might add) on the too shallow and too wide stage. Considering the manifold problems the dancing turned out to be by and large quite good. The Kit Kat girls put on a couple of kick lines that actually made these mite-too-frumpy girls seem like pro raunch and rollers. Beck in the "Don't Tell Mama" number established the real feeling of subtle yet savvy bump and grind that didn't always carry to the rest of the girls. Castellino himself shone, figuratively and literally, in "Sitting Pretty," and seemed to fire up the entire chorus. The nimblest feet on the boards, though, belonged to Joshua Cabot, a dance major from W.M.U. who stood out and up in both his duet with Castellino ("If You Could See Her") and in a trio in "Telephone Song." The man displays rhythm while standing still.

Of course partial credit for all dance successes (and a lot more) must go to the orchestra under the direction of Barry Ross. Not only was the musical level throughout high, but they displayed a real ability to learn from their mistakes. The performance in the pit improved noticeably over the

Solid Entertainment Under Impossible Handicaps

course of the six performances. By the last days of the last week the miss-notes and slow pickups of opening night had all but disappeared.

One is forced to ask, though, at what price this good music was purchased. One of the main faults of the stage set, perhaps the fault, was its shallow width, created by the lowering of the pit. If there was ever a play that screamed for close contact between actors and audience, it is *Cabaret*. The pit prevented this. The orchestra could have been situated at one side of the stage, or even split between the two sides, to much better effect. Dalton certainly has side-stage space in abundance. If the theatre department could even consider putting on *Candide*, and which would require that the orchestra be split into five separate groups, then this idea doesn't seem radical at all.

Despite faults in placement, however the music in most other respects seemed to fit well into the productions as a whole. The pit band managed the switch from the sleazy glissandos and heavy beat of the cabaret numbers to the almost sugary sentimentality of the duets between Fraulein Schneider and Herr Schultz. The on stage combo was fantastic in the first of these two roles: combining real musical virtuosity with a fine sense of the sleazy theatrics of pre-war Berlin decadents. The Entr'act had the stage absolutely smoking, with bump and grind heat. All that, and three quarters drag too! What more could one want?

But music alone cannot carry *Cabaret*. More than in most musicals, the orchestration in *Cabaret* functions primarily as illusory glue, holding together all the plot lines in a web of half-reality and half-nightmare.

Only secondarily do the numbers serve to advance to plot. This puts a great burden on the two duos mentioned earlier.

In the younger case there were two good acting jobs that just didn't seem to fit together on stage. Mayer was more at home in his role, perhaps due to the fact that it wasn't cross cultural. Beck's portrayal of Sally was, to put it kindly, scattered. Sally came off as an appropriately raw and second-rate entertainer but beyond that she wasn't a person of a female or anything else very recognizable. The greatest shortcoming was that there was positively zilch love passing between the two. One wondered for what possible reason they could be associating. The end result is that the two contributed very little to the furtherance of the play's mettle: the choice between home and concomitant loneliness and the decision not to decide, the giving up to the close and false accord of the mass. All in all a very weak side of the play's dynamic triangle.

Side two, Stucki and Smith contributed something more both in terms of their own stage relationship and in their relationship to the audience. Long experience in the Kalamazoo area and in non-professional acting seemed to pay off. There was real affection on stage between the two, even if the two characterizations were somewhat stilted and stereotypical. The audiences seemed to respond very well, perhaps because of age identification and perhaps because Fraulein Schneider and Herr Schultz offered the traditional comic and sentimental situations.

The third leg of the triangle, the alluring non-reality of the nightclub scene and its puppeteer, the M.C. Here is entertainment for entertainment's sake, which

should have gone over with a bang. All the more sinister interpretations are buried, just as the audience liked them to be. Despite Castellino's generally excellent job the audience was able to suppress just what it wanted. People left the theater for intermission on opening night whistling the melody to "Tomorrow Belongs to Me." That's missing the point. Where the subtle force of the play failed, the set tried to clobber the message home with a sledge hammer. The counterproductive graphics hanging over and around the stage not only emphasized all the faults of the set but also were a frank admission something was missing from the play itself. Earlier Clair Meyers defined the crucial problem of the play as leading the audience into a happy entertainment head and then tripping them up with the political message of the play. By his own standards, he failed.

It is interesting in this light that some of the best performances of the two nights which we witnessed were delivered by Kalamazoo College actors. Kenneth Hill as the redoubtable Nazi, Ernst Ludwig, gave the best performance of his Dalton career as well as providing the best supporting role of the play. He was one of the few in the entire evening who mixed the right combination of likeability and raw force that was essential to the political message of *Cabaret*. David Simpson was a prancing, bi-sexual delight throughout, as well as working well with Cabot. His partners in Navydom, Liam Brosnahan and Thomas Morris were also suitable. Susan McDaniel gave a credible performance as Fraulein Kost, though the rather one-dimensional role by no means did justice to her talents as an actress.

The singing talent for the show also came in local form. James R. Powell, Jr., the tenor who absolutely hushed the Dalton audiences with his rendition of "Tomorrow Belongs to Me," joined the Festival Company from Kal-

amazoo. Steven Schmidt and the rest of the waiters worked very well with Powell to provide the musical highlight of the show. The other really credible chorus in the play was the Kit Kat girls. Though their dancing left much to be desired, the singing, especially in "Don't Tell Mama" and "Sitting Pretty," was quite good. Other than this, we do not wish to discuss the singing in *Cabaret*.

One of the big disappointments of the play was the costuming. Much of it was excellent period work. Beck's costumes, in particular, were both in tune and flattering. But the cabaret dance costumes, other than those for "Sitting Pretty," were... (the editors just told us we couldn't use that adjective). They made the Kit Kat girls look even more dowdy than most of them would have looked otherwise attired. They could have done better out of a Frederick's of Hollywood catalogue. We had expected better from the talented crew that was assembled for this job. The other tech work was all right but not up to the standards of other shows. Lighting was adequate and made-up improved over the course of the seven performances.

Despite the faults of the production, and they were very evident, we have to argue that *Cabaret* was interesting entertainment and even got some of its political message across credibly. There's the possibility that with a decent set and less hostility between Mayer and Beck, it could have been quite good. Nevertheless Festival Playhouse has proved itself to be a valuable contribution to the summer life of the college (in direct contrast to certain other summer activities one could mention). We hold out hopes for Long Day's Journey Into Night.

by Guy Calcerano

Capaccio

continued from page 1

help sometimes too, the Commission is a viable force on campus and they've got to hold onto people I can find accountable, like our office is accountable. There's no excuse for that not being done, and even Don Little will tell you that. Hopefully, we've got a handle on it.

(Mr. Capaccio was told that a ceramic contractor was to come in and fill in the hole...by this week.)
Index: Supposedly, women were told that Dewaters was going to be co-ed on floors this quarter...that is, within the floors. Yet, when they arrived...

Cap: No. There's never been policy to be co-ed by floor. First of all, a decision like that, any decision regarding any change in major policies of housing has to go through the Campus Life Committee. And that was never, never even discussed. Now there's been a proposal to co-ed Dewaters for the entire year, but it has not been through. Now the only switch that we did do in Dewaters is that, initially, we were going to put the men on the first 2 floors and the women on top but, with some recommendation from there and the head resident, they thought it would be best to alternate floors. But there was never any commitment to co-ed within floors.

That's an interesting idea, though, and the timing is getting right that I think we might want to try that sometime.

Index: It's about time.

Cap: Hmmm?

Index: Nothing. Oh yeah, Blair and Nuss...a lot of women were real disappointed to find those 2 houses unavailable after being told they would be. And in the male co-op, men were [allegedly] promised that that house would be open too. So there's a lot of resentment...

Cap: Three different problems.

Index: They're all different?

Cap: Yeah, with the co-op situation, the college made an administrative decision to back out of that program and to use the facility basically for faculty. That decision was made out of the program of this office, and at that point, there's really nothing much we can say about it. OK, at that time, men living there were guaranteed that, if they continued as groups, we would guarantee their 2 quarter right to live in that kind of an environment. We did have a misunderstanding of communications between me and some people living there...because they broke up their group...and one person thought I was guaranteeing him the right to stay. As it turned out, we resolved the problem because we had space in the Catherine Street Apartments because another group cancelled out. So that was solved. OK, now that person's living there. So the men living in the co-op are satisfied.

As far as the women with Blair and Nuss House, we dealt with this issue in the Campus Life Committee. All I can say is that the college is responsible not only to its students, but to its alumni, and to the several academic programs that go on. Historically, the college has always offered a house to the theatre group...in the past, it's been free, but now we're charging them as we charge all the students. And then, we would always use Shale House, and this year the budget just wasn't there for the theatre group and they couldn't use the entire house. So we were going to use Nuss House, as it met their needs. And again, we didn't stop and look at where we were at with our students. We thought that because we had the Catherine Street area it would suffice in giving that option...it turns out that the women really wanted to stay in Nuss House. So the only switch we could do was to give them Blair House. And it may

be fair then this time that the men got into Shale House; we better think about the guys who are given the chance to live there. And it's really important because now people can continue, the men can stay there another quarter. So it's really a trade off.

Again, it comes back to our having constraints on this campus, not only because of our size, but of our calendar as well. We'll make some people happy, and we can't make others happy.

Index: Looking at the situation in Harmon, we found that in the wing sections, most of these rooms are being occupied as singles. Yet, they're actually 2 adjacent rooms. In the main sections, there are rooms being used as doubles which are smaller than these singles in the wings. In one case, 2 girls in a double worked directly with a girl in a single and arranged an exchange. But why did you assign these rooms the way you did?

Cap: It's really quite simple. In a sense I screwed up. When I look at a chart... (pulls out housing placement sheets)...I've only been here a year, and that's still not an excuse, O.K.? When I look at a chart...and I see 2 double lines. See these are all the same.

Index: Yeah.

Cap: Now, I've tried to get around to check out all the rooms so I understand what I'm doing here, (with sheets.) I was not actually aware that these were 2 room spaces. So it was just really an out and out mistake, to be quite honest with you. O.K.?

Index: Yep.

Cap: Again, when I do housing I really try to disjoin myself from people, so I don't know who I'm placing where.

Index: But doesn't that alienate you from the students' needs?

Cap: No. I'm not saying that. What I'm saying is that when I do these, I do them so that I make sure I get that information regarding needs. I know their names, and I know

the people, O.K.? but as best I can, I try to make sure that it's fair for everyone. Like if I know you, and I don't know someone else, I really try not to let that affect me. Cause there are times when I know people aren't getting their first choice.

Now I have friends as students, and I know when I'm not giving them what they'd like. But that's a fact of life. So that's why I try to draw back when I assign rooms, and it really becomes a mechanical game...trying to get the most accurate information regarding choice of housing...and placed (students).

Index: So that's matched up against the responsibility of being sensitive to student needs, and a lot of students have expressed the feeling that you were insensitive to their particular cases.

Cap: It comes back to the trade-off. I'd like to do it, for everyone. And hopefully, that census or survey that you took would show that on this campus if a good portion of the majority of people are happy then we're doing a decent job. It doesn't mean we don't want to try to satisfy everyone...but there's just no way on this campus we're going to do it.

This concludes the first half of the Capaccio interview. The second half will be printed in the next edition, [if the tape isn't so bad that we can't transcribe the remainder of the interview honestly.] Any reaction to the above contents would be appreciated and if you disagree [or agree] let us know why so we can check it out and print it up.

Also, Mr. Capaccio wants to make it very clear that he wants to get to know the students, he wants to know what you want or need and why, he wants you to come and talk with him, because as you can see, he's too busy to come out and systematically get to know all of you.

poetry poetry poetry

Colette
 I see her
 stewing and stirring
 in the years of
 what has surrounded her
 what treasures lint-coverings
 can hide!
 but she has the cloth
 so smooth and polish and dust
 she sees them
 as golden stones
 each part
 the larger part
 of the large, large part
 of the great mystery
 that is her pillow and bed;
 the friendly ground
 in which she feeds and drinks
 her words.
 the eyes
 sometimes venus fly-trap
 fluttering eyes
 the eyes
 sometimes
 the cool and wondering ones
 of the birds
 bird woman
 of white shoes
 and the larger
 more important
 eyes,
 she is
 always hearing
 the many voices
 of thunder'
 in the distance, with
 smile too large
 to consist of only
 herself.
 wait,
 she is listening
 to ballet slippers
 on a soft and mossy rug
 she is feeling hummingbird wings
 rush against her cheek
 she is kissing and caressing
 the sharp ears
 of a frightened bat.

mary ellen

Untitled
 I am to forest the urns
 to shade winds moan
 about my Parthenon
 my home
 the skin of Berries-brangled foliage
 my blossom tastes
 her bosom-wine breath
 but once
 shall cream savagely
 to paint birth and warmaking
 from Mediterranean sun-strokes
 my braid-making Delilah
 my tale-spinning woolwarm
 where
 of Olympus.

Jeffrey J. Gerhardstein



Forever Lost
 Often I wonder
 Why it hurts so much
 When someone you care for leaves,
 It is as natural as the
 Seasons leaving, but they
 always come back and
 they are always the same.
 It is an acute hurt--
 as if someone is cutting
 out a piece of your body
 and your mind.
 They take a piece of you
 with them when they go,
 and you wonder if you
 will ever meet up with
 that piece again

an unknown Greek

An Animal
 An Animal slowly creeping
 With a mash potato stomach like mine
 as I crawl into my safe bed
 An Animal as soft as my
 rabbit's foot
 with eyes so wet they leave a trail
 that the tail must mop it up
 so as not to leave a trace
 stealthily this friend moves along
 the side of the place of worship
 cafeteria
 Too many french dips and ice creams
 my little hero
 My stomach dives with my friend
 under the cement
 A curious skeptical enjoyment in
 a secret existence
 at a private place

Untitled
 And I was with her and divided
 from her
 Christening her seventh glass
 of wine the last
 The merry terror brimming
 from her eyes
 then waning into anguish
 the pacing the determined
 flightly pacing
 the tiny moans the
 escaping smiles
 the pacing and the counter
 pacing as though
 each step cried that step
 was not proof
 Enough this step will be
 this step will be
 And her steps lead her to the
 mirror
 She saw but would not
 reckon with her terror
 And pacing back to me she
 Stopped and smiled and said, my
 arms were olive branches
 And she was with me and divided
 from me
 Viewing my mind as a
 refuge for her thoughts
 my body as a temple
 to her terror
 Rosanna the strange
 ritual is not of her intention
 grant it that the eight
 glass reveals her
 resurrection.

golden ghetto
 I've looked across too many green and
 manicured lawns
 To believe in pain. Or myself.
 Watched too much color TV
 To believe life could ever live up to it.
 I grew up in the golden ghetto
 Since then I've been trying to get born
 and apologized for trying
 substituted boys for fathers
 children for love
 And tried not to notice too much
 I play from the defensive-helmeted
 on a well manicured turf
 I don't believe in anything
 To prove I don't believe it all
 I kill to get close
 And I ignore to accept
 My fist is always clenched
 But my ass stays wide open
 I'm a genetic mistake
 That refuses to die.

Karyn Clouse



Young Poets Workshop: 1976



FOR ROBERT PETERS
 I was narrow
 at the time,
 limping about like any fellow
 in the park,
 wearing those dull vinyl shoes
 ministers wear,
 with baggy grey pants
 with small cuffs.
 I walked in the park
 with some poems neatly typed,
 reading at bus stops
 and leaving my poetry on lavatory walls
 with my address.
 And I remembered your tears dried
 sticky on my naked shoulder
 that Easter morning,
 a year or so back.
 One Tuesday afternoon last February
 I promised a bum
 I wouldn't scare his pigeons.
 He lit a cigarette and burned a hole
 in the center of his hand,
 said, now i got hands like christ.
 There was little left to say.
 There are times though,
 when I wish our lives, yours and mine,
 had been clear paraffin
 melting on an Oklahoma highway
 in late summer.
 We might have been splattered
 onto the fender of somebody's Pontiac.
 And after all
 isn't that what
 we really wanted,
 an awkward chance to live?

Bill Flether

Drawing
 back from a yellowed paper past
 jumbo crayons tightly fistied
 struggled scribbles from little palms
 of always yellow suns, always green grass
 with now and then a blue rabbit cropping up
 blue crayons become blue ink pens
 thick, crooked lines turn to fine letters
 that small child of coloring days
 draws those images to a different paper
 Denise McIntosh
 Shirking the heat of day
 for fear of being discovered
 he hides beneath the clouded blossoms
 of lettuce,
 till day turns its reign to the night,
 farmer of blackness.
 He darts among the shadows of foliage
 digging sleek silver tinged paws
 into the moist ebony soil of the sky,
 craving the sweet taste of night.
 One single luminous bulb
 holds vigil over the field.
 As he sits on tight haunches,
 his satin coat fading into the black,
 the only telltale sign
 a silver star tail
 that flickers and fades
 as he slips between
 the darkness...
 At last I feel his breath
 on the warm den of my pillow
 as he drinks
 from the pool
 of my dreams

Mary Fuller

the 2nd hour [in all our lives]
 the girl in the back row
 is drowning
 while in front of the class
 a teacher demonstrates
 brilliant strokes
 of logarithmic exponentials.
 friends around her
 practice new-found skills
 together, depending on mutual
 reassurance she learns
 to float at first--
 but they shake her free
 of their mastered talents,
 and she sinks in lonely panic.
 screaming for mercy
 she gropes at their turning faces
 offering help, they coax
 the flailing figure to hold on.
 but the room is a whirlpool, black,
 spinning and sucking her
 mind is splashing
 in tangled lifelines
 going under
 for the last time.

Kathi Gaskell

For Grandpa
 I played
 within the boundaries of his smile
 dodging
 the hand that spoke to me
 in lessons and applauded
 me
 when for the first time
 I tied my own shoes
 those hands
 stroke my memories now
 There was
 no dream
 too trite
 to flourish in his palms
 he'd hold them
 nurse them
 wean them on his thumbs
 until I myself
 would give them up for others
 I'd plant them in the
 tulip garden
 where I learned to whistle
 A miraculous feat it was
 to whistle and to tie my shoes
 Raised on
 The Blue Danube
 and the lag of grandpa's one sick foot
 as he walked and whistled
 I learned to hear a sort of rhythm
 and to miss him
 when he left

Bruce Maxwell

C. Hillberry, C. Inez and H. Taylor

There was a poetry reading.
 Three beautifully etched minds
 in the air waves,
 weaving tales of horses
 gymnasium artists
 and orphans
 that wound and spun with each other
 and us clapping.
 Artists all, we listened
 to those somewhat greater, older
 grander poets,
 (Write-it-down-ets)
 and were led along word
 trails in minds endless garden.
 Creating bloody horses, fields of grain
 swirls and squiggles; and along side the river
 Chou sits a woman examining silk worms,
 much to her ruffled collar, unblackened
 teeth content.
 Ah, three beautiful etched minds,
 writing it down
 so we see it is.
 In our own endless garden
 flowers are sown.



Dragons

A woman should remain calm about the dragons at her feet
 Though on hot summer nights when warm wet breath
 Bellows up between aching thighs
 And long thin tongues
 Pull down, pull down
 It would be so much easier to surrender
 Let the dragons have their way

Still

A woman should remain calm about the dragons at her feet
 For the world of steamy shadows could be worse
 And a wise woman hangs on to what she knows
 No men in coffins can reach out
 To drag her under
 Where her magic is useless
 If only she learns to build her bed high

-Suzanne Farley

Joshua Alymer

The neighbors scowl when Joshua draws near
 from off the streets; no wine, no coin; his brown
 brogans, chafed; his saintly eyes ablear;
 besmudged trousers, dusty and hand-me-down.

Enters the land of decent middle class,
 to peddle papers up and down the way.
 In front of homes, shambling across the grass,
 and carries market ads for Saturday,

While children play and mothers oversee.
 A sack of tightly rolled papers slung
 so low, far down his back, with dignity
 he slowly steps, then winking at the young,

He stops and drops the sack; then chosos his sword,
 deals out four more; the infant rivalry
 attacks the noble knight. "Praise be the Lord!"
 Sir Joshua! oh splendrous chivalry!

The battle's fierce, our knight is hard bestead.
 Four gallant foes he smote with four true strokes.
 So victory is sweet. His luck God sped!
 Forbled, a slight repose beneath tall oaks.

But soon, his one-day labor him commands.
 Rewards await Sir Joshua; the chore
 is done. A crumpled five, his prize so grand.
 He tells the King, "that job? no, nevermore."

Brown brogans shuffle, scraping faded ground,
 eyes yet serene, his trousers dustier,
 And four o'clock, the city strikes the sound,
 enters the market, there to buy his cure.

Joshua Alymer, shined since time began.
 Children pass, call "Sir Joshua" so meek-eyed.
 No answer, no laughter, they leave the man
 Drinking, dreaming, alone on the curb's side.

Andy Angelo

Beneath the desert,
 Skeltons and cactus root.
 Above, upon the porcelain sand,
 Once spun and fired,
 Never touched again,
 I sit like an Indian, with my violin.

I think of the day you came,
 Riding a horse, gray as the clouds in dreams,
 smelling of dream sassafras,
 Your skin rich as river clay mixed with blood,
 Riding the ancient ride,
 Hair black as thunder in the breathless air,
 Singing, vowels sweet as the rain in my long dream,
 And you could not see me, I was so young.

You were going north to caribou.
 You galloped my desert,
 This crystal field always afire,
 And sensing a need you sang a casual note.
 Drums beat in the sky and the gray clouds came,
 Gray as horses in my ancient dream,
 Gray as horses with rain on their backs,
 Rain falling sweet as a long slow dream.
 I was dressed in clay,
 Wet with the scent of sassafras,
 And you were the moon,
 Moving with the caribou.

Diane Seuss



Manor House Park London

A band of school boys
 wheeling round the pond.
 In their wake other satellites hurtle past,
 Mothers pushing prams,
 a goldilocks pilot and her cargo of dolls.
 Then from out of the drooping willow comes
 the swan
 dipping her long liquid neck
 along the underside of the water,
 her upright carriage of delicate wings folded neatly back.
 Like an orb she moves
 disregarding the laws of friction or space ruffle,
 glancing first at the willow
 then at the opposite bank,
 noting,
 old men with their stale bread,
 boys on bicycles,
 her subjects.
 And with a slow nod,
 disdains the crimps proffered,
 pigeons and sparrows,
 mallards and geese,
 her ancestral slaves.

Emily Warr

The bald pate of the moon
 Peers out at me again
 Through the fine cheesecloth
 Of overcast night.

This time he sees no
 Girl-woman
 Scurrying through the forest,
 Frightened by dark shadows,

Searching for
 a little tenderness,
 a little attention,
 another warm night;

Tonight the moon studies me
 Inquisitively,
 And wonders.
 I escape into my coconut-flavored room

To be alone with emotions
 I cannot share,
 To sort out sorrows
 That have risen with the moon;

And like the moon, they will be pared down again,
 Leaving only the partial pattern
 Of a friendship left unfinished,
 Half-woven on the loom.

The coconut memories of a candle
 One month burned
 Wander away
 As the candle dies down.

Lisa Culp

For My Grandfather

Swift birds are flying
 Facing south. Leaves toss
 On quickening branches,
 Leaves that aged slowly
 Turning brittle as my grandfather's hand.

Swift birds fill the darkening sky.
 Dew turns to frost on yellow grass.
 Hot-blooded horses paw impatiently
 At hard dirt, lifting manes
 Like white wings, thrusting their muzzles into the wind.

And you, grandfather,
 Tired of autumns and tired
 Of the old, dry body
 You carried bravely
 Lay down gently to take the long journey south.

Carma Park

