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D. Starbuck Goodwyn  
*Western Washington University*

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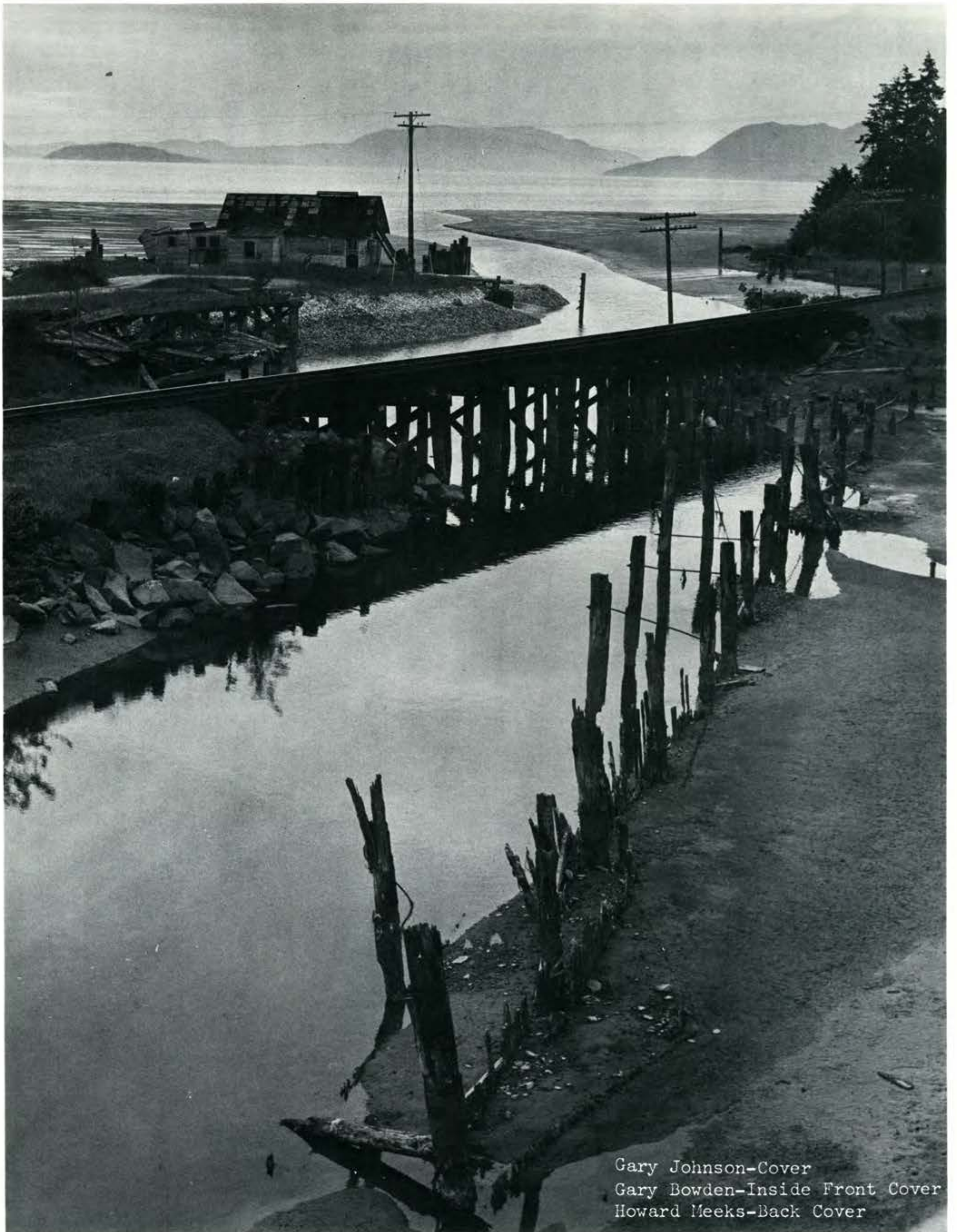
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KLIPSUN

October 1974





Gary Johnson-Cover  
Gary Bowden-Inside Front Cover  
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# The Seven Blunders Of The World

By Jack Broom

As expected, the excitement was running at a fever pitch. Representatives from every nation on earth were gathered in a small office building in Vienna, Austria to hear the naming of the "Seven Blunders of the World."

A 12-member committee of the Society of Chastise Architectural Blundering (SCAB) was closed in the hearing room in deep deliberation. Their task: to identify the seven worst man-made mistakes in the modern world. The purpose: to contrast these boo-boo's with the architectural triumphs of the past in order to show how sloppy modern man has been getting.

In the hall outside, dignitaries from around the globe argued with each other about which country had committed the worst blunders.

"Okay, so the Kremlin plumbing is a little rusty," a U.S.S.R. official admitted, "but it's nothing compared to the entire city of Venice sinking into the sea."

"So we made a simple mistake," the Italian ambassador replied, "but that was more than a thousand years ago. What about those American freeways that fall apart even as they're being built?"

This kind of debate had been in the air for three and a half days, ever since the panel of judges had locked itself in the hearing room. Suddenly, at 3:45 p.m., July 14, 1974, the heavy doors swung open and the committee appeared with its list.

The ambassadors and other officials held their breath

and prayed that the committee had spared them. "Well, maybe one of them will be in my country, but we won't be the only ones embarrassed," was the thought in everyone's minds.

But the selections of the committee were not spread around the globe, as observers had anticipated. Instead, all seven monumental monstrosities were in the same country.

As a matter of fact, they were all in the same city. Still more incredible, they were all within a few hundred year of each other in Bellingham, Washington, U.S.A.

Yes, all "Seven Blunders of the World" named were, and still are, located on the campus of Western Washington State College.

As the list of blunders was being read, all of the dignitaries except the American ambassador breathed a sigh of relief. The U.S. official (who, incidentally, had never heard of Western) blushed violently while the committee chairman read:

"Some of these atrocities have never been named by the college — that's understandable. But from now on they will have the official titles rendered them by this committee. These are:

"The Eco-Mess; The Invisible Gardens of Sehome; The Shaft of Bondage; The Mud Pie Playground; The Path of Doom; The Lots of Bad Luck and The House of Living Death."



# 1.

## The Eco-Mess

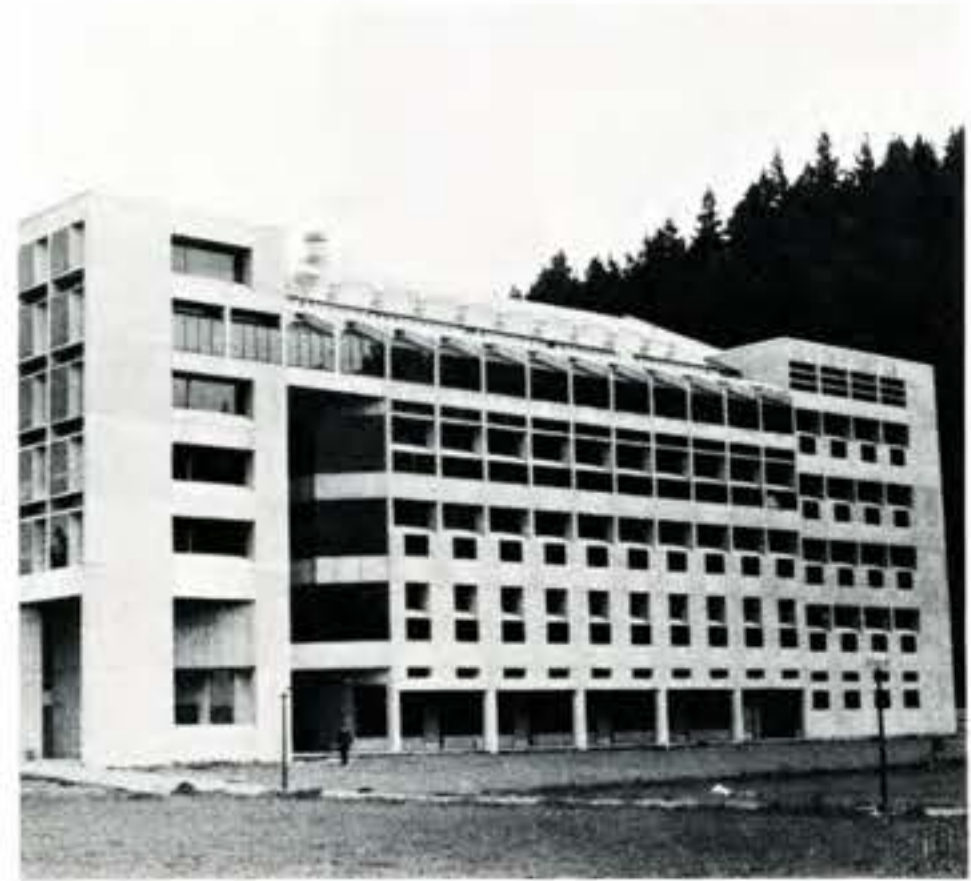
When the SCAB committee had visited Western earlier this year, they were anxious to know why literally thousands of tons of cement had been dumped onto a green field.

"Oh that," their guide assured them, "That's the Northwest Environmental Science Center. The college built it as part of a great effort to save the environment through knowledge."

The judges were perplexed. "Do you mean Western built this thing to show what will happen if we don't pay attention to our environment?" one asked.

"Not exactly," the guide answered. "The importance of this building is what goes on inside, not what it looks like from here. Inside, students learn how to live in harmony with the eco-system so that one day buildings like this won't be necessary."

"Harrumph!" a SCAB official snorted. "With friends like Western, the ecology movement doesn't need enemies."



# 2.

## The Invisible Gardens of Sehome

A sign behind Edens Hall attracted one of the SCAB judges and she headed up the path to find the "Sehome Hill Arboretum." Two weeks later, she found herself at the top of Jersey St. but nowhere near an arboretum.

"I thought I must have missed it," she said later, "so I headed back in and went straight up the side of the hill. After fighting my way to the very top, I found . . . not an arboretum . . . but a parking lot!"

Another judge, hacking his way through the underbrush, commented, "You can't see the arboretum for the vegetation."



# 3.

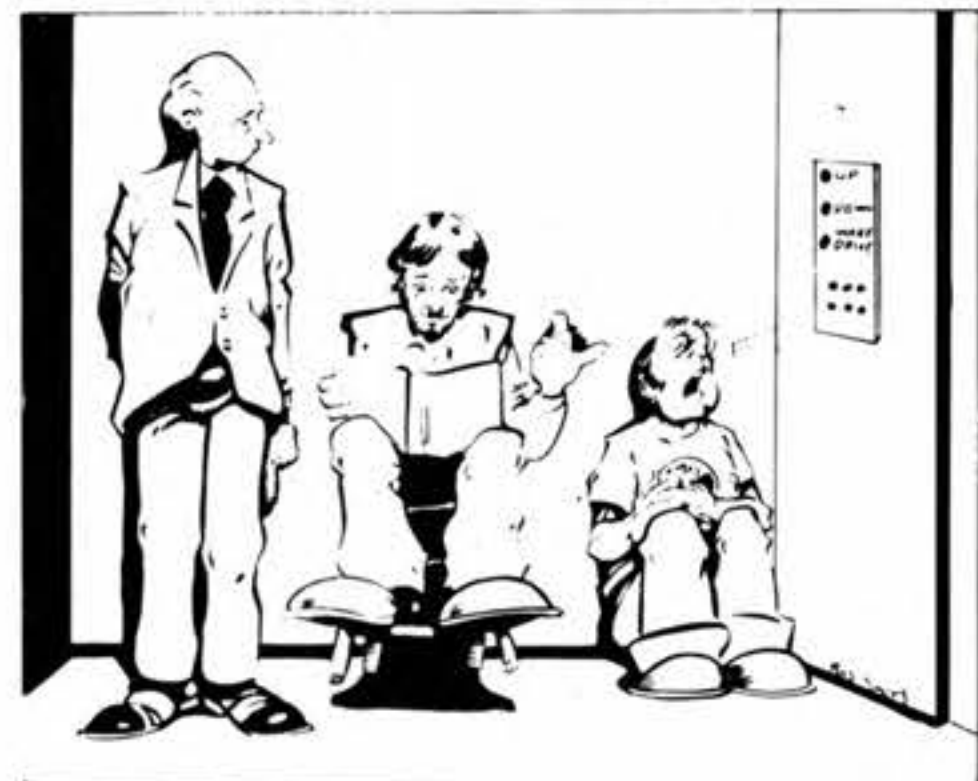
## The Shaft of Bondage

One sunny morning the SCAB committee decided to inspect the physics laboratories on the top floor of Bond Hall. Nothing seemed amiss when they boarded the elevator, but after a half hour in the compartment, there began to be debate as to whether the elevator was moving.

"I'm certain I heard a creak," one judge said. "Or could it have been the wind?"

"Oh look!" they chanted in unison as the elevator reached the second floor, "only two more stories to go."

A student in the elevator with the SCAB committee told them, "I always catch this elevator after my 10 a.m. class and it gets me up to the fourth floor just in time for my 3 o'clock lab. You should have brought along something to read."





# 4.

## The Mud Pie Playground

Across College Way from Buchanan Towers, the SCAB committee found a landscaped marsh it was interested in. The field appeared to have been once leveled off, but the waters flowing off surrounding banks were giving it a rippled affect.

This was supposed to be an athletic field, the guide told them, but inadequate drainage had left the field nothing but a puddle.

As the story goes, the Board of Trustees were discussing the matter last year when one of them, who wanted to get on to more important business, said "Well, let's not get bogged down with this deal."

Unfortunately, some of the older trustees, who are a bit hard of hearing, thought he said "Hell, let's make a bog down in that field." Assuming he intended the college to grow rice or cranberries there, they approved the motion unanimously.

When the agricultural plans failed to bear fruit, the area was given to students as a playfield, but few Western students are still interested in making mud pies. Late rumors are that during dry summers the field may be okay for recreation during the last two weeks of August.



# 5.

## The Path of Doom

After seeing signs indicating that High St. is closed to through traffic, the judges were not on the alert when they attempted to cross that thoroughfare at lunch time. As a result, two judges were nearly mowed down by a careless motorist.

After some study, they noted that there is some semblance of safety in the crosswalk outside the Viking Union, but trying to get across the street at any other location was like trying to fight one's way across the Indianapolis Speedway.

"This is ridiculous," another judge commented while dodging a city bus. "Attending this college may be hazardous to your health."

After an unsuccessful attempt to get the health department to close down the college, the committee nominated High St. for some recognition by the Zero Population Growth organization.



# 6.

## The Lots of Bad Luck

The reason Western's parking lots were nominated for the "Blunder" classification is best explained by a document which one of the SCAB judges prepared for his organization:

"The area where students leave their automobiles are frequently visited by a most unusual vehicle. Larger than a car and painted bright red, this vehicle backs up against an automobile, forms some type of a bond with it and then pulls it away.

"After one of these drives off pulling a student's car, the student invariably appears within a few minutes, clasps his hands on his head and begins to weep. Whether the student is ever reunited with his automobile is unclear.

"The parking space emptied by this process is soon taken up by another car, and when the strange red vehicle returns, the process begins again.

"The only exception to this pattern occurs when a uniformed patrolman visits a parked car and leaves a letter for the owner. These letters must contain some highly confidential information, because after the car-owner reads it, he will usually tear it up and leave it on the ground."



# 7.

## The House of Living Death

The final blunder, The House of Living Death, is the name the SCAB committee gave to Haggard Hall.

When the judges first entered that building, they were confused by all the animal carcasses around and demanded to know why Western had a building for the study of taxidermy, a skill which is becoming less popular as man attempts to find his proper role on the planet.

"Oh, no," their guide assured them, "This is the biology building, where students learn all about the secrets of life and how to exist in harmony with other living things."

"In harmony?" one judge demanded, gazing at the assortment of stuffed heads on a stairwell wall. "If this is harmony, why isn't there a homo sapien's head up there with the others?"

Unfortunately, the guide couldn't come up with a reasonable excuse, except for the fact that it would hardly be harmonious to go around knocking people's heads off for trophies, but a glance back at the deer and elk faces uncovered the conflict in that logic.

So the judges took out their black pens and recorded what was to be named the seventh blunder of the modern world.

After the official decision was announced this summer in Vienna, reaction across campus was quite unpleasant. New students were shocked by their surroundings and old students were embarrassed for their college.

But of all the reactions to the news, perhaps none was more significant than that of Bill Dozer, the campus construction chief who is largely responsible for the blunders on the list.

When asked for his reaction to the international commission's choice of seven blunders, Dozer replied, "Huh?" **k**





# Invitation or Interrogation?

By SONJA BROWN



Every time you cross the international border at Blaine, Wash., and Douglas, B.C., you are judged as fit or unfit for crossing into another country.

You may be nervous about the crossing, but more likely you consider it your right. Anyone delaying your trip — even for a few

minutes — will probably irritate you.

The men and women judging you are the United States and Canadian customs and immigration inspectors. That is their job as they stand in the tiny booths and screen over four million people a year.

If you think their job is routine, asking everybody the same questions over and over again each day, you are wrong. If you think each day they receive instructions on a new set of questions, you are wrong.

Every time a car pulls up to the tiny booth and the window is rolled down, the inspector begins anew to sense out what he should ask, how far he should go.

"The questions depend on the answers," U.S. Port Director Masao Watanabe said.

"What you do is based on what they say, what you see, what you smell. You have to have a suspicious mind," one young inspector said about his job. "There is no simple explanation of why some are checked. It has to do with insights, prejudices, experiences," he said. "If a decrepit old woman in tennis shoes came across in a '49 Studebaker she probably wouldn't be checked."

"When a man is 'on the road' he is alone. The questions depend on the feedback. You're looking and listening," said Graham Toomey,



superintendent of Outside Services on the Canadian side.

The men on the job agree that the inspectors use their intuition, built through their experience on the job. One official said that you can see the young ones working *very* hard at it, and the older ones appear not to be working, but they are.

Besides intuition there are the obvious signs that lead to more questioning.

"Maybe just the shifting of an eyelid will lead you on," U.S. Chief Immigration Officer Harry Klajbor said. Another sign is when a person volunteers more information than is asked for and is too talkative, or when a driver plays ignorant of details which he should know concerning members in the car, for instance, whether anyone bought anything.

Sometimes the signs are very obvious. One inspector said once a man got out to open his trunk and lost control of his bowels.

Roach clips hanging from rear view mirrors and marijuana seeds on the seat are not uncommon.

But for the majority of people, crossing the border is more like a Sunday drive through the park than in interrogation. Yet there is one group of people that frequently complains of intimidating checks — students and others under 25 years.

"I don't even go up to Vancouver anymore, because every time they tear the car apart and go through the girls' purses," one student complains.

Two others waited for two hours in the middle of the night because an asthma pill was found in the car.

The complaints continue.

Klajbor admits that more people under 25 are sent to "secondary" inspection (when you go inside the office for questioning). But he explains: "Young people are often stopped because invariably every officer has made a bust, dozens of busts, mostly in this age group. You go to the group using the stuff. Also there are the obvious signs."

Graham Toomey denies that people under 25 are checked any more than anyone else at the Canadian station. "And long hair doesn't mean they are going to be

checked."

But he attests to the amount of marijuana coming to the border by telling how at the check spot they have to sweep the road frequently because people drop it out of their cars before they come through the station. (Persons heading north into Canada should know they can be refused admittance if they say they have ever used marijuana.)

Masao Watanabe (U.S. station) said he had no real objection to people using marijuana but that bringing drugs over the border is "casual and stupid... they just don't give a damn."

The United States station makes about 100 seizures of small amounts of drugs a month. Armed with unusual powers of search since the Tariff Act of 1930 (the border may search without a warrant, unlike the police), narcotics operations have been stepped up by Operation Intercept, the Nixon enforcement policy started in October 1969. The

usual penalty for possession of small amounts of drugs is car impoundment or a \$100 fine.

The official stand on possession of small amounts of drugs is less harsh in Canada. If someone is found with "soft" drugs he is refused admittance but usually without fine or car impoundment. "We're not out to hammer the poor bugger," Toomey said, adding: "The kids don't carry it like they used to."

The indignation many people feel when searched for drugs is at least partly because of the difference between attitudes toward drugs at the border compared to other places.

"People get so used to not being hassled over drugs," one inspector said. "They just sort of forget since on both sides of the border it's so loose. They forget it's illegal."

Yet it is rare that a person is arrested for possession of small amounts of drugs at the border. "We're looking for pounds of it," Watanabe says. Less than one large





seizure a month is made on the United States side. (A lid is considered a small amount, while 5 pounds is considered large.)

At least one U.S. inspector is opposed to the penalties for possession of small amounts of drugs, saying they are too severe. "My job would be a lot better if they just forgot about marijuana, booze and Japanese oranges. Without these we could just concentrate on big smugglers. I think it's worthwhile to catch those people. I can't sympathize with the guy who sells opium. You can seize a car for one seed, but this isn't what customs is interested in."

Yet he does feel incentive to make small finds too. "It gets to playing the game...it's like a point or a score," he said. He told of one inspector who was making no seizures and was told he might lose his job. He changed his way.

Officials on both sides of the border said there was no quota system for inspectors, that they were not rated on how many finds they make. The U.S. official admitted, however, that "a guy does feel a good bit of satisfaction when he latches onto someone."

Even though the talk with the officials tended to settle on the drug problem, it is not their only concern.

Commercial traffic is the "bread and butter of the station," Watanabe said, adding that \$25 million a year is made in duty collection on the U.S. side.

Another big job is the search for illegal aliens, most of whom have traveled over the border to look for jobs.

Patrolling the back roads, such as the "Ho Chi Minh Trail," which runs across the border several miles from the station, and the Pacific Crest Trail, which crosses the mountains near Sumas, Wash., is another part of a day's work on the border patrol.

The border inspectors are also on the lookout for persons with outstanding federal warrants. In each U.S. booth a computer checks each car passing through to see if the license plate number matches up with those persons wanted. Canadians also have access to the system, though they do not have computers in their booths.

High officials on both sides said they took pride in the quality of their inspectors and stressed the importance of the men and women

being courteous.

"They have to be aggressive and be able to get the job done but still leave the people smiling," Klajbor said. And the inspector has to like people, he said, or he won't last in the job.

"We have a highly intelligent group. About 15 are teachers, and a majority are college grads," Watanabe said.

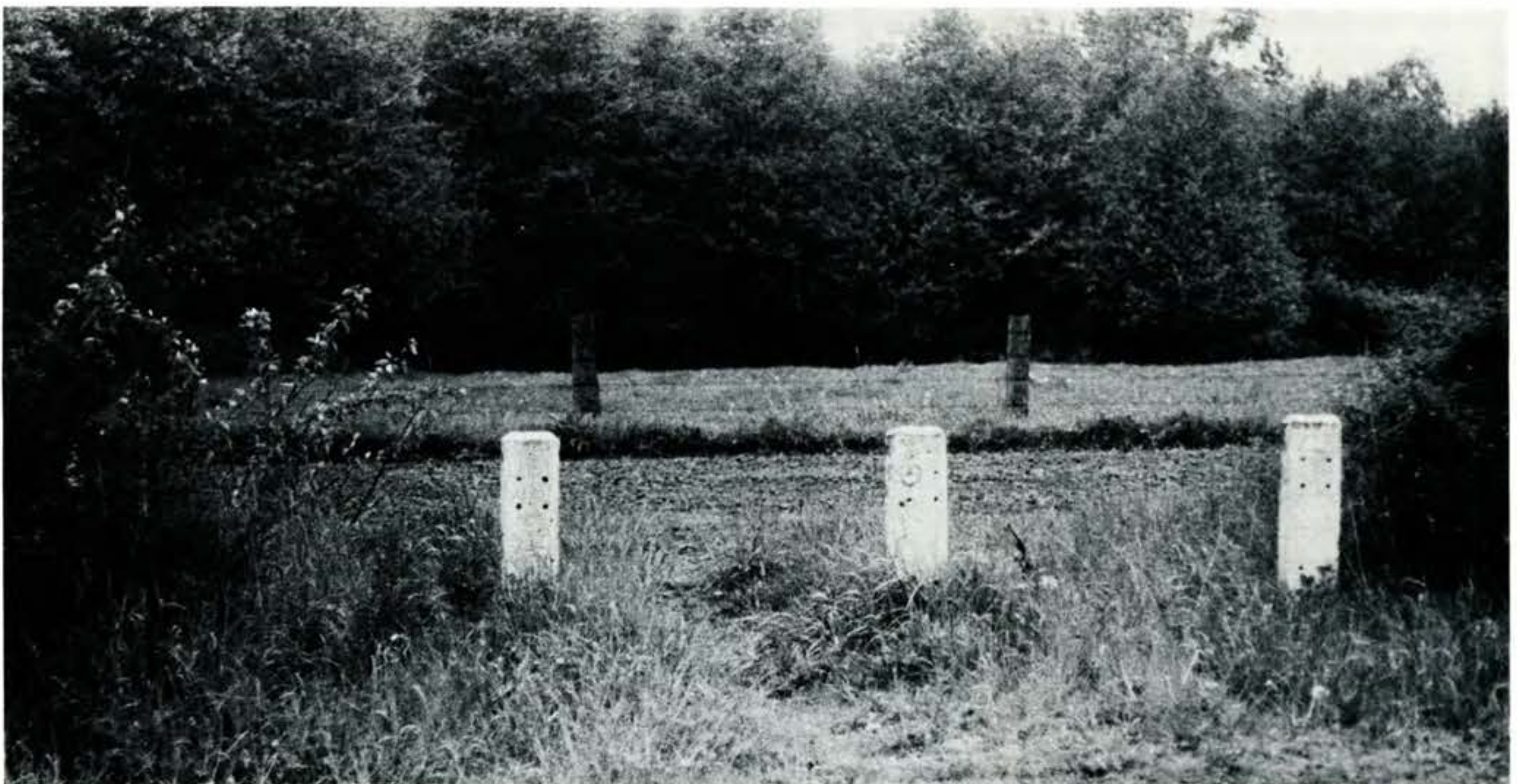
In the United States inspectors start at a salary of about \$9,000. They receive several months of on-the-job training, after which they take a course at a training center in New York. Training, salaries and the nature of the work at the two stations are comparable, although one difference is the U.S. officials carry fire arms and the Canadians do not.

An inspector is supposed to know and carry out the law, but how he does this may still depend on the mood of the day.

"Lots of days you come down and you're cheerful. Other times you're not," one said.

As the crowd changes from the midday shopper to the boys headed for a good time in Blaine, cheerful or not, the inspectors meet them face to face, all four million of them a year.

**k**



*The "Ho Chi Minh Trail" on the Canadian Border is used for illegal entry.*



# HOGGAN AS HERO

'you can only teach what you understand' By DAN HANSON

**"M**y name is Hogan. H-O-G-A-N. There's usually a member of the CIA in class of this size — I want to be sure he spells my name right."

Eugene Hogan is an assistant professor in the political science department at Western. He specializes in political parties, American government and constitutional law. He has attended three universities, worked in Washington and Ghana, West Africa as a participating observer of politics in action.

Sitting in his office in High Street Hall, puffing contentedly on a huge pipe, Hogan looks more like the curator of a bizarre library than a political scientist. His walls, floor and desk are covered with papers, books and clippings — sometimes several feet deep. Barely visible on the top of his desk, crushed beneath a stack of files, Hogan has a calendar — it reads "Friday, April 10, 1971."

"I started out in college as a physics major," Hogan said. "I was variously considering English, philosophy, history and law. I don't know exactly what made me choose political science — I would call it an instinct for social justice."

"Some people aren't concerned about political science; that's a great concern of mine," he added. "I guess that's one of the reasons I chose teaching. At no time in our history, except for the Constitutional Convention period, has politics been so important. The public questions are the greatest: the responsibility of government, presidential powers, etc."

"College is an opportunity to pursue these questions."

Hogan has a rather unique teaching style: he sits at the front of the class, talking about current events or

drawing upon his past to illustrate a point — oftentimes flavoring his lectures with humor:

"I can't really say whether or not there will be a test Monday," he said. "What I do is go out and get a chicken, butcher it and read its entrails. If the entrails say 'test,' we'll have a test — if they say 'no test,' we won't."

"I believe in humanizing teaching. A teacher should appear as a human being; he shouldn't appear too pompous or arrogant."

Like many other teachers at Western, Hogan's future as a faculty member is uncertain. What would he do if he was fired?

"I won't even consider it," he said. "I'm a firm believer in vocations — I hope it won't become necessary for me to turn to anything else besides teaching."

"You maintain security by doing the best job that you can, meeting the challenges as they come up," he continued. "If you completely gear yourself to the other man, you're in trouble."

Hogan was born in Butte, Montana, a town he calls "a mile high and a mile deep." The Butte of Hogan's childhood was a one-company town — almost belonging to the Anaconda Mining Company.

"The company owned newspapers, timber concerns and more," Hogan said. "Since most people worked for the company, they lived with it. They put on a 'copper collar' and resented it. It was like having cancer; you had to live with it."

Hogan's father, like everyone else in Butte, worked for the company. He did not, however, like most other mine workers, belong to the Butte Miner's Union — one of the first organized unions in the country. The union would often strike.





"My father told us that he had been asked to scab," Hogan said. "I had watched mobs destroy the houses of scabs."

"We knew the family would have to suffer economic hardships if my father didn't scab. Scabs went in and got \$1,000 a month; the company made it quite attractive.

It became a matter of principle versus expediency. In our case, principle won out."

Gene's family was politically active. His grandfather, at 21, was the youngest member of the Montana Constitutional Convention. His grandmother and aunt were both county superintendents of schools.

Coming from an Irish-Catholic background, he attended Catholic schools as a child and went on to earn his Bachelor of Arts degree from Gonzaga University in 1958.

"I decided to go to Gonzaga to get out of the state," Hogan said. "I also thought I ought to pursue my Catholic background; it's helpful to provide a moral focus on peace, moral justice, 'turning the other cheek,' that sort of thing."

Hogan went to Washington, D.C., to attend Georgetown University. While in Washington, Hogan worked, under the patronage of Senator Mike Mansfield, as an elevator operator and capitol policeman. He spent most of his time observing the Senate.

Hogan went to Washington, not only to work and further his schooling, but to deepen his understanding of government.

"I haunted the Senate," Hogan said. "I haunted the committees. It was a total involvement; I was steeped in it." It was a sort of student-teacher relationship; I knew the people I was watching and learned from them. I'd pick up things, overhear stories and watch the people vote."

Hogan was in Washington from 1959 to 1963, during the Eisenhower-Kennedy years. The biggest legislative things happening were in the area of civil rights.

"I wanted to understand American government and institutions," Hogan said. "I wanted to get behind the books with the people to do that."

"You can only teach what you understand," Hogan went on. "You have to have a knowledge, a historical structure to know the power of government and see where people fit in."

"You also have to get behind the press. Any person that doesn't read one newspaper a day and one news magazine a week is illiterate. You must question journalism to see if what is being offered by the media is a close approximation of the truth. After being in Washington, I can do this."

Hogan watched Barry Goldwater, Dean Rusk, Hubert Humphrey, Lyndon Johnson and John Kennedy in action.

"I remember when John Kennedy called Jimmy Hoffa in to answer some questions," Hogan said. "Hoffa said, 'Senator Kennedy, you want the newspapermen to get a picture of this. You want people to think that you really put me down.' Hoffa then offered to debate Kennedy on TV and even offered to pay for it himself."

"I once heard a capitol guard ask Hoffa why he always had so many big, tough characters with him. Hoffa answered, 'Did you ever try to organize a union with a bunch of preachers?'"

Hogan once spent an entire night watching a filibuster.

"Russell Long used to bring two boxes with him when he'd filibuster," Hogan said. "One was full of papers and the other was empty. He would put one on both sides of his desk, take papers from one, read them and then put them in the other box. He must have had 15 of those 'filibuster boxes'."

Mansfield also impressed Hogan — particularly in the way he transformed the Senate from Johnson's leadership.

"Lyndon ran the Senate like the ram-rod at a Texas cattle-drive," Hogan said. "Mansfield's belief is that an individual should make up his own mind — he doesn't like arm-twisting. The Senate has greatly improved as a forum for debate."

The man that most impressed Hogan was Eugene





McCarthy. "I was impressed with McCarthy before he went to the Senate," Hogan said. "I share his position on the ethical, moral position in government."

After earning his master's degree from Georgetown, Hogan moved to the University of Oregon.

"I had to learn a whole new kind of political science at Oregon," Hogan said. "It was a complete coverage of the field of politics — I started developing a research technique."

Hogan was president of the graduate students as well as president of the Political Scientists Assn. at the University of Oregon. During the summer of 1966, Hogan went to the University of Ghana, as a research assistant.

"They thought we were CIA agents," Hogan recalled.

"I had a great desire for the experience; it was invaluable. I worked with a group of people — students and others — who were attempting to form a new political party to replace the old guard. They failed."

In 1968, Hogan was the Oregon State coordinator for the McCarthy for President campaign.

"It was an amazing campaign," said Hogan. "It was the only campaign I've ever worked for where so many people volunteered. They came in off the streets."

"It was a notably unyoung group," he added. "It was middle-aged, middle-classed. We did have some young people that started with McCarthy in New Hampshire — they were paid five dollars a day."

"McCarthy went to Indiana and lost because of the way his campaign was scheduled — by the national organization. When McCarthy came to Oregon, the state chairman and I told them that if Oregon people didn't schedule the campaign, we would shut the whole thing down.

"There was a spirit of division not to be overcome in California (where Robert Kennedy defeated McCarthy in



the primary), even after Kennedy was shot — that's one of the reasons McCarthy lost (the nomination)," Hogan said, pointing with his pipe. "And, of course, the incumbent President has tremendous power over the nomination."

Hogan came to Western in 1969 after he was offered a job here. He was unfamiliar with the college, but saw it and liked it.

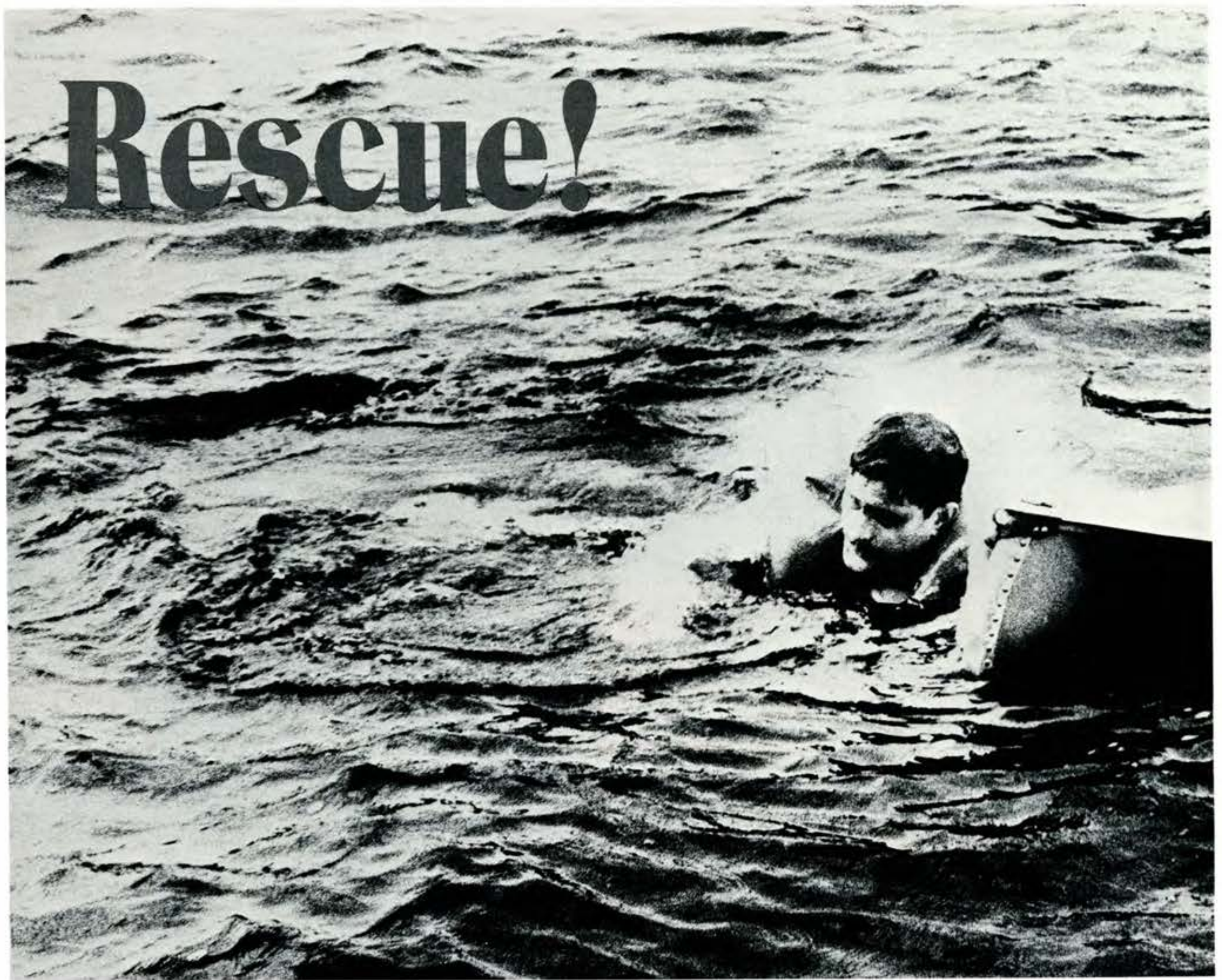
"Western has the commitment of its faculty — more than any other college I've ever seen," Hogan said. "And it's being systematically destroyed by the state legislature."

"You can use political science in many ways. It's one of the top liberal arts majors. When you are committed to political science, you are committed to acquiring knowledge — everything is governed by politics."

"Most of my intellectual concerns are satisfied by political science."

And you can only teach what you understand. **k**





by Prof. R. Fredric Augustine Bisnett

**T**he following unfolded at about 5:00 o'clock one Friday afternoon on the placid looking waters of beautiful Lake Whatcom on what promised to be a sunny summer-type day. However, when I stepped into my 17-foot, 3-inch canoe a storm was brewing in my insides! Cocky and confident, resenting the good people around me and feeling terribly sorry for myself.

Anne-Marie, the bi-lingual German Shepherd was sitting just in front, bundled snugly, or so I thought in her life-jacket and I, myself dressed similarly.

Oh, how confident I was in

myself, this guy who boasted to himself and others of his savoir-faire as a "oyageur" just out for a paddle in his pirogue; little idea of what was in store for him ahead on the glassy smooth waters toward Blue Canyon! As it had been my habit during previous outings, I hugged the shore-line within 50 to 100 feet. Nevertheless my confidence grew with my frustration and anger as the sun began to set behind the evergreen hills to the northwest, I increased the rhythm of my stroke, mumbling to myself in French as I pushed the sleek aluminum skin forward with all my strength, vaunting my prowess at the skill and singing a voyageur tune as

I paddled toward the south end of Lake Whatcom with an enticing view of faintly snow-crested Mount Wickersham in full view.

Have you ever felt hurt inside, maybe because you too are the victim of four massive bone surgeries, two corneal transplants or whatever else it might happen to be? Perhaps you have felt as I did just wanting to venture and strike out into God's Big Country, seeking desperately to embrace Him through Nature and all that in her is, leaving the world behind? If you should reply no, you should search yourselves more deeply!

I had rounded the third or fourth turn or so from the small inlet



where Riley's Grocery store once stood. As I looked down at Anne-Marie with her big understanding eyes, it suddenly dawned on me that her life-jacket was loose. Balancing the paddle, after breaking speed, I bent over and exchanged jackets with my faithful petite bonne amie making fast her preserver around her tummy. Something instinctively told me to turn back home as I mulled over in my mind the tragic end of the two precious boys earlier this year and how I had helped search for their tragic disappearance. I did not obey better judgment, foolishly pushed onward, onward, oblivious to my dear parents concern or what the good neighbors might think of Professor Bisnett's cavortings. Not 60 to 100 yards more, out toward the middle of the channel opposite Robert Moore's brand new dock, the dog jumped up suddenly, the canoe lurched to starboard and over we went! No one apparently had seen what was happening at that moment to my knowledge.

So often the most ridiculous thoughts come to mind when life is threatened, such as the clothing we are wearing. What in heaven's name would happen to my orthopedic cane, the two expensive paddles, let alone the valuable canoe itself. Then I saw my brave dog paddling and treading water — oh my darling animal! What a stupid thing to have done, What an idiot I was; my anger turned to tears of fear and rage at myself. Knowing that I had to get Annie out of that water, I remembered my Scout training I had given the boys in the past after and before my total hip replacement. I began to tread water like mad! I screamed, I yelled: Au secours, pour L'amour de Bon Dieu! Aidez-moi! Aidez-moi! N'y a-t'il pas quelqu'un qui pourrait m'aider? Then reason began to rush back into my mind. Old Fred was yelling in his native language; I was not the French classroom teacher: my conditioned habits of speaking in my second language fell away. Nor was this the orthopedic recovery room where one can afford to mumble semi-consciously in another language. I yelled like a bull in

English as one of my rescuers later told me.

Just when I thought that I would have to make out as best I could, God dropped one of his archangels out of heaven! There he was with handsomely chisled features and rugged beard. As I was to later learn, Donald H. Melvin had heard my cries for help and came rowing like fury to the scene. Don had raced to the neighbors and borrowed a rowboat; I tell you I saw the strong hands of THE GREAT FISHERMAN himself reaching out and down.

A voice said: "Hold on there friend, keep calm" I heard reassuringly and with no thought for himself or his safety, he plunged into the black water!" Don grabbed the prow and called: "Start kicking and push the canoe toward me and the shore." Mr. Melvin and I pushed, kicked, swam and as we did I tried to thread the long green rope on the end of the row boat through the hook of the stern of my canoe. Don's reassurance and presence kept me kicking and pushing. Don managed to get Annette's 60 pounds into the other boat, but she yelped and barked. jumped back into the two-thirds submerged canoe fearing that her master might be in bad trouble. Thanks to an earlier careful sealing of the flotation collars fore and aft the pirogue still held up, although it was wallowing from side to side.

The other two of God's helpers in disguise, Leslie Kniffen and John Walker appeared on the scene from across the lake at Western's Lakewood. If ever two husky stalwarts whipped through the water from so far, it was those two men indeed. They were like two phantoms from a Stommish Race that had come from nowhere but an answer to prayer!

Well, to the non-believers, the cynics, those who believe the best policy is minding their own business, I presume they would answer in the negative. "No, you crazy idiot, what business did you have out in a canoe at that hour with a German Shepherd dog, all alone? You were just lucky?" Was I really now, eh? From there on out, Don Melvin and

myself being so tired, John and Leslie took hold of the situation masterfully. With those three fine young men handling the situation, I was stumbling onto terra firma and just as I looked up, I beheld my precious mother and father, Rev. & Mrs. Russell G. Bisnett making full steam "put, put" at seven and a half horsepower. My heart was overcome with gratitude. Kniffen and Walker sensed my handicap and went paddling back along the beach in search of the cane I so badly needed and brought the canoe paddles from my foundered craft back as well. For all that was lost, my back-pack, my cherished Canadian uncle's rubber boots, I had gained so much more: my faith in the great compassion of man! How my glasses stayed on my face through all this trauma is a miracle of God. Or was it a trauma? Did not perhaps God or as some less reluctant souls who prefer the term "Divine Providence" that rules the Universe wish to humble me? I believe He most certainly did and that PEOPLE ARE THE GREATEST THING IN THE WORLD. This story could very well have turned out to be my obituary or a requiem. That sound dunking in Lake Whatcom washed away my resentment, my self-pity, and renewed my commitment to serve humanity! After loading the aluminum canoe onto our family Pontiac, *these three valiant young heroes* slipped away just as quickly as they had appeared at the scene of an averted tragedy.

So often now, people seem perplexed about the "younger generation, the drop outs." What I beheld was a vision of a song I shall ever sing in my heart of courage, vision, outgoingness, concern, and most of all love of fellow man and so much modesty. The Good Book tells us in the Gospel of John, chapter 15, verses 12 and 13:

*This is my commandment, that you love one another as I have loved you. Greater love has no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.* **k**



**T**he twilight was just beginning as we drove to the old Marietta schoolhouse where 20 children were playing softball in the warm evening air.

I had heard stories about Hand In Hand from a friend involved in Western's tutorial program, stories which aroused my curiosity.

He had described teaching art in a gymnasium filled with about 50 school children playing basketball, tag and wrestling simultaneously with tutors or anyone handy.

How could children learn in such an atmosphere? Why were the chil-

interesting and let them do it the way they want."

Frank, an art and history major, hopes his tutoring experience will help launch his career as a teacher. He always has a friendly smile on his face.

The art project for that particular evening was paper weaving. Frank cut slits one half inch apart in pieces of colored paper. Then the children wove other colored strips through the slits and created a surrealistic pattern.

The project did interest the chil-

to the melee of children playing basketball on the gym floor.

Basketball is a big part of the recreational program. The games are rough, with much body contact, and the players observe the rules only in principle. During a game, the 10- and 12-year-olds will often leave the game to chase one another around the gym, ending up in a wrestling match on the floor.

Other events include games of skill like cards and checkers. A pile of tumbling mats on one end of the stage becomes a sofa for tutors



## HANDS OF HOPE

By ERIC NELSON

dren there? And who were the tutors?

In an attempt to find answers, I went along one Monday evening with six Western students who tutor weekly sessions at Marietta Elementary School on the Lummi Indian Reservation.

The Monday evening agenda includes two hours of basketball, games, story reading, arts and crafts. During the week, the tutors frequently go to the child's home to help him or her with homework from school.

Frank Karuza enjoys his volunteer work.

"The kids are fun to work with because they're so enthusiastic," he said, as he snipped off pieces of colored paper for the next exercise. "I get a kick out of it! I find them an art project that's simple and

dren. Richard Lewis sat for an hour intently weaving red, green, blue and white strips in and out of a picture of Hank Aaron hitting a home run. Parts of Aaron's body and the playing field became squares on the checkerboard pattern. When he finished, Richard's brown, round face lit up in a smile, and he proudly showed his work to those around him.

"I usually like to give the boys something to do with sports," Frank said. "Girls aren't so particular; they'll cooperate with just about anything."

The art "classroom" is on the stage in the gym. The floor is Frank's desk, and the back of a totem pole lying unfinished on the stage floor serves as a table for the children. Frank assembled his class by asking "Who wants to do art?"

reading Dr. Seuss stories to children.

When his class broke up toward 8 p.m., Frank said the kids respond to what he offers with enthusiasm and affection. As Frank started to leave, Richard extorted a piggy-back ride out of him.

"That's pretty common," Frank said later. "They're always doing something like that, they'll ask you for a ride, or just jump on your back and wrestle with you."

This kind of touching is present in all the relationships between the tutors and the students. One tutor hugged a boy after reading him a story. A young girl played with the long hair of a woman tutor while the tutor was talking with someone else.

Dwain Edwards, a robust second grader from Marietta, proudly demonstrated his large paper airplane



to everyone in the gym. I asked him what he liked about tutorials.

"I like to play with everybody," Dwain said. "It's fun to be with Frank and Willy and Mark."

Frank, Willie Sgambelluri and Mark Retasket all tutored last year. Willie was Hand in Hand's director, and Mark, himself an Indian from Oroville, Wash., led the basketball games in addition to tutorial work.

Willie had been involved with Hand in Hand for four years and had directed the program for the

are then matched with children, according to the child's needs. After the first week of one-to-one tutoring, the new tutor will know if he wants to continue or not. He will have gone to a child's home, talked with him, and started helping the child with his homework.

The tutors deal with children in grades one through 12, with the largest number of students in the middle school age group. The children become involved in the program by referral from their school, or by hearing about the program and

affairs," Willie stated. "They're doing their own thing. This spring we have around 60 tutors, but last year we had around 90. The number of students regularly participating in sessions has increased, so we have a bind — more students and fewer tutors."

In Marietta, most of the children are Indians from the Lummi tribe. Hand in Hand, according to Willie, has had a good working relationship with the tribe. The tribe directs some funds into the program to help pay costs.



last three years. He planned to go into special education after graduating last June. He looks like the Indian children he tutored, round face, black hair and dark skin and eyes.

"Tutoring is very involving and rewarding," Willie said. "The tutor becomes involved with the student, like an older brother or sister. The relationships can become very close, and are always mutually rewarding."

"Most people think you need to be a whiz in a subject to tutor, but that's not true," he went on. "You don't have to be a miracle worker. All you have to do is relax and have fun. You have to want to share and to be with other people."

To become a tutor, a Western student volunteers and fills out an application at the Hand in Hand office in the Viking Union. Tutors

attending a session.

There are about 20 tutors and 54 children involved in the Lummi project. Besides the Lummi project, Hand in Hand has programs with Chicanos in Lynden and Nooksack Indians in Deming.

Western's education department began Hand in Hand eight years ago. After a couple of years, the education department withdrew from the program and control passed to the Associated Students of Western. A decline in student participation which began at the time of the change-over was halted and reversed in 1970 and 1971 when college students increased their involvement in community programs. Lately, however, the numbers of tutors has decreased.

"I think students are not so active anymore in community

Most of Hand in Hand's money comes from the AS. The program's appropriation of slightly under \$3000 goes for gas for transportation, field trips such as the excursions to Victoria, and for supplies such as books and paper. Hand in Hand's director receives a salary of \$40 per month.

Parents are another source of aid. Willie explained that while Hand in Hand charges no fees for its services, parents of participating students help on field trips and other projects.

In addition, the students' Washington Education Association has provided a van for the program. This is used when a tutor visits a small house with a large family. The tutor and child hold their session in the van, which is equipped with table and seats, books and book-cases, and lights and an electric





heater. The van is available for use by all three tutoring programs.

The core of the tutorial program is the one-to-one relationship between the tutor and the student. They work together in an unstructured framework, similar to that of Frank's art class.

"What I like best about tutoring is being with the children," tutor Susan Bayer said. "One of the reasons I got into tutoring was to see if I would like being with them and working with them."

Susan comes from Juneau, Alaska, and is a junior elementary education major. She said she would recommend tutoring to those who like to be with children.

Cathy Retasket has been in the program for two years. During that time, she has almost become an older sister to Leslie Lewis, a fourth grade girl. A junior, Cathy is majoring in elementary education and ethnic studies.

"Being with the kids is the best thing about tutoring," she said. "A

tutor, basically, tries to make learning fun."

"In a school," Pattie Grossie explained, "there is pressure to do well from the teacher, and that creates competition. Students are graded on how well they do, and every student knows where he stands. This can take the fun out of learning. Besides helping with a child's homework, a tutor also tries to brighten it by offering interesting problems for the student to work."

For the tutor and for the child, being together and sharing go together.

"The kids would learn without the help of the tutor," Willie said, "so the reason for the tutor is this: everyone likes to have someone encouraging them, patting them on the back. A teacher in a school can't do this the way we can."

Leslie Lewis, a shy fourth grader at Marietta explained why she came to tutorials: "I like to read stories and to have fun, and I like to be with Cathy." **K**



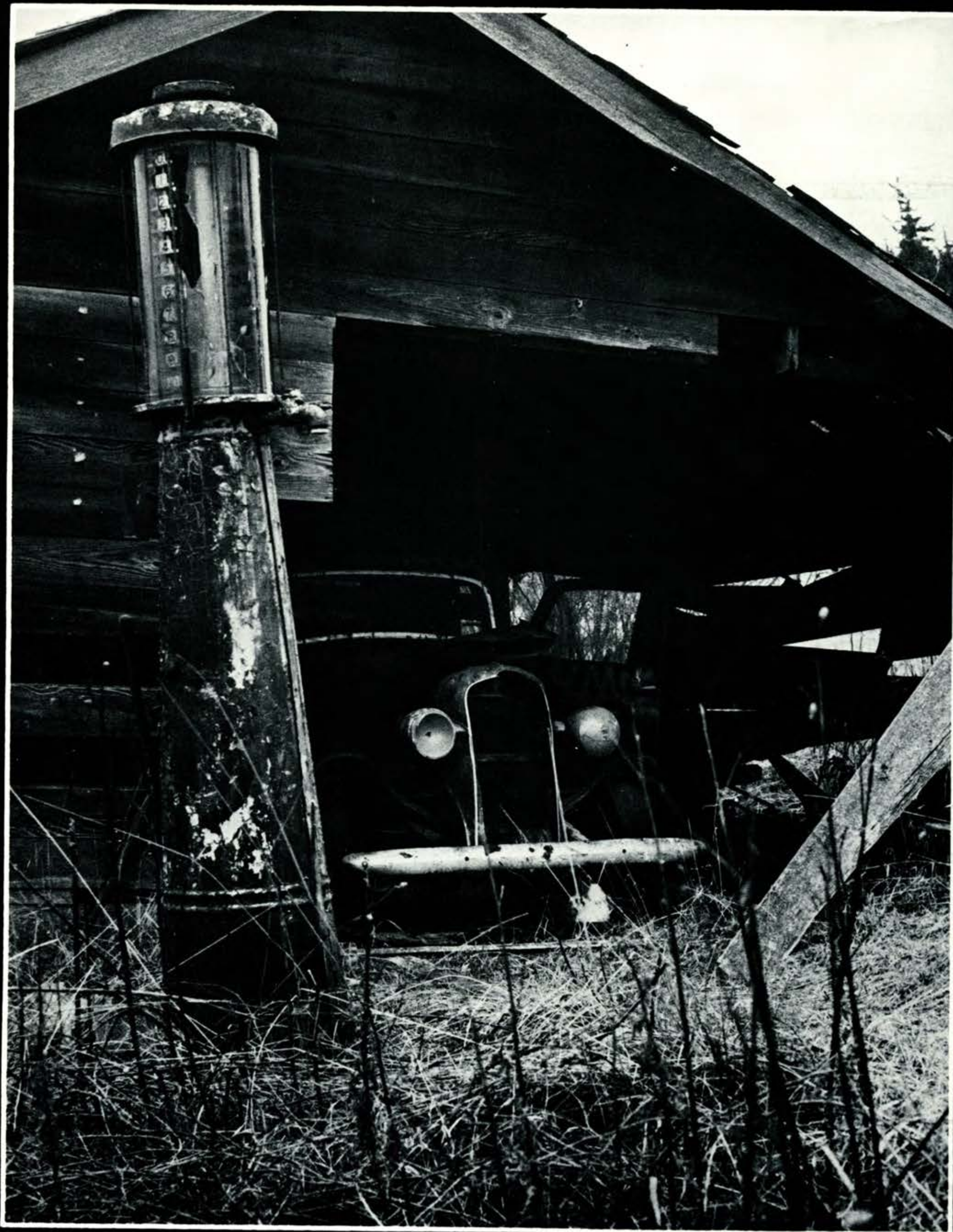
k l i p s u n

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*By Tom Allen*





*By Gary Johnson*





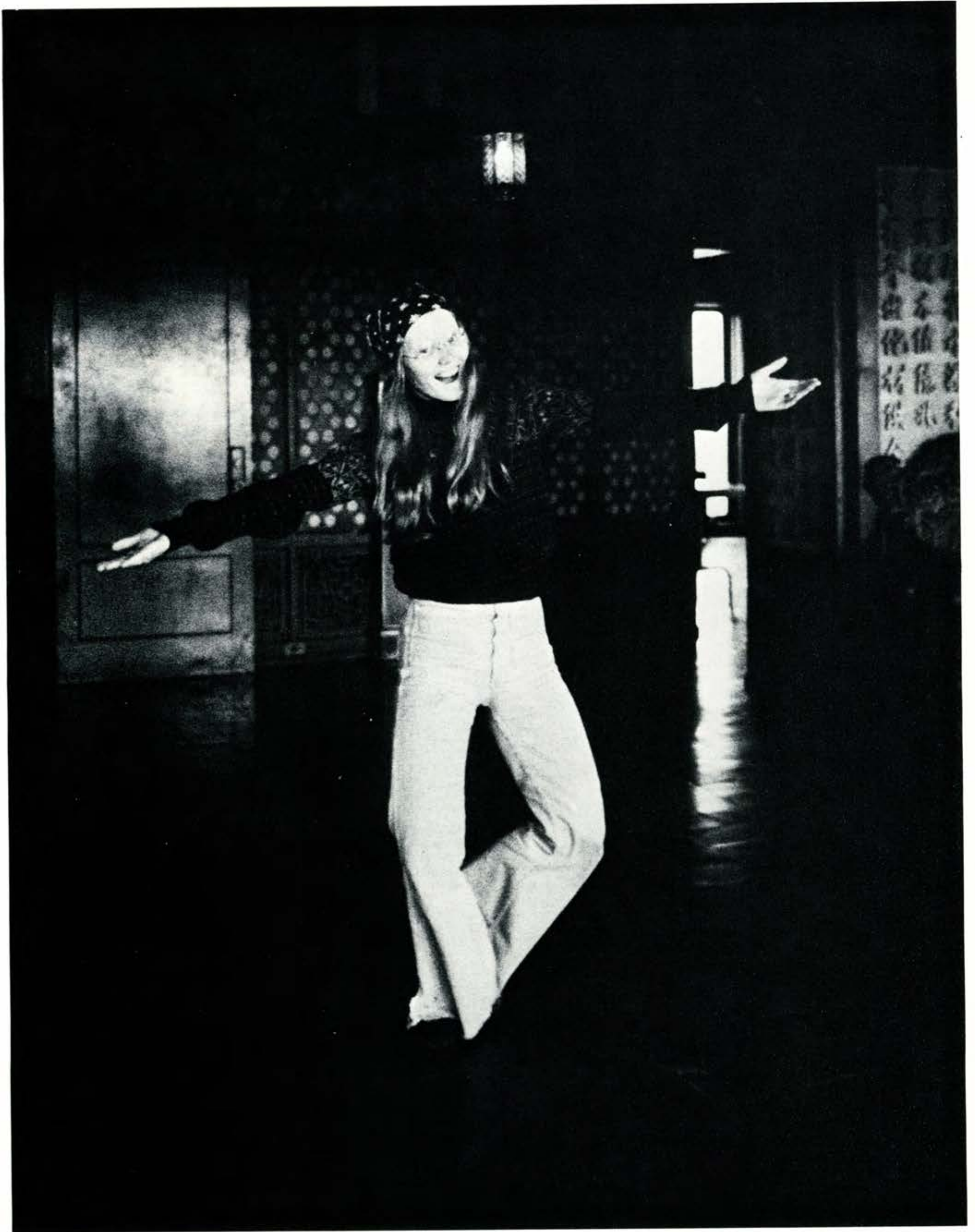
*By Bill Everett*





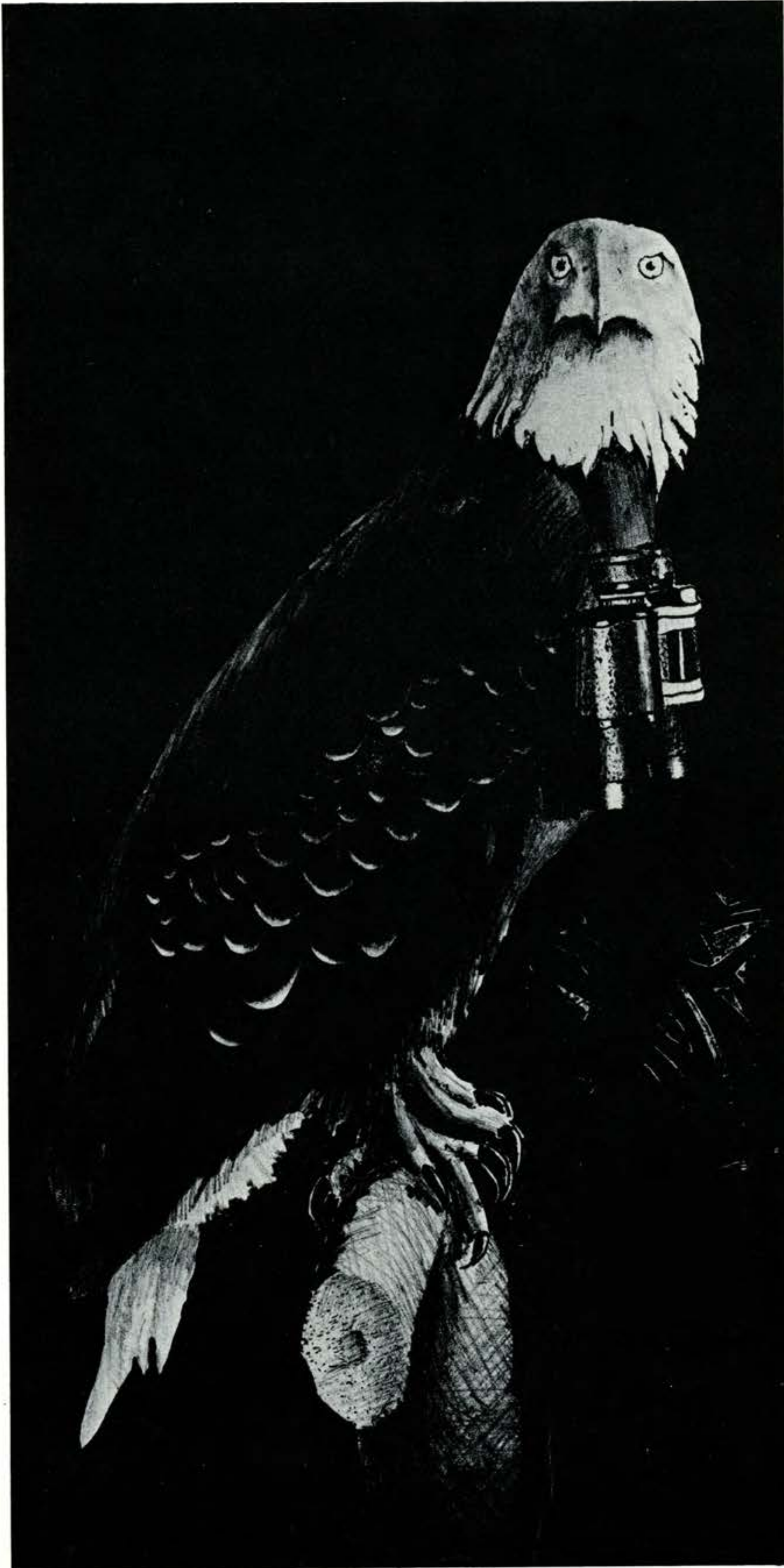
*By Bill Everett*





*By Gary Johnson*





**B**ring up the subject of bird watching and many people will snicker. They consider it old-maidish, eccentric and dull.

"I got laughed at when I first came to this department," said James Duemmel, of Western's mathematics department. "It came out that I was a birder, and one guy couldn't help it — he laughed, almost insultingly.

"Sometimes you can see that people think it's a ridiculous hobby. But often they'll come up to you and ask about a particular bird they've seen."

"There always has been a connotation of birders as little old ladies in tennis shoes," said Terry Wahl, a birder for 12 years. "If you really decide that birding is going to be your thing, you have to develop a thick skin."

At the beginning of the environmental movement, some of the more extreme elements were occasionally derided as "old bird watchers," Wahl said.

Why the rather lowly image of birding?

Some people may scorn birding because nothing is killed, Duemmel said. And birders — by legislation and establishment of sanctuaries — have often indicated that they feel others should not kill either.

Norm Lavers, Western English department, said that thousands of films have depicted birders as elderly ladies in tweed suits, getting off a bus with opera glasses to hunt for a bird with a funny sounding name.

"A lot of elderly people are birders," said Doug Doolittle, a biology department technician at Western. "I worked as a ranger in Yellowstone National Park for several summers, and I could always tell the birders.

"Most of them were little old ladies in corrective shoes, with baseball caps and bird books. I knew that all they came for was to watch the birds."

Birders are sometimes looked at



with suspicion when they are seen stalking about with field glasses.

"I happened to be bird watching near a little town in Montana," Duemmel said. "There was a robbery in town, and a posse was formed. I looked sort of suspicious walking around in an old quarry, and I had to do some fast talking!"

Lavers, a birder for four years, has not encountered the ridicule that older enthusiasts speak of. He believes the environmental movement has caused a new appreciation of nature, and a more enlightened attitude towards birding.

"Out here there's a kind of frontier mentality," Lavers said, acknowledging that birders have often been ridiculed. "People tend to have a carnivorous attitude — wildlife is to be killed."

Wahl said that birding finds greater acceptance in areas of high population density because of the lack of animals to shoot.

"A situation like that forces people to appreciate wildlife in other ways than by bringing it home in a bag." Places like New England and Boston are famous for birding, Wahl said.

Sighting a rare bird is the biggest thrill, Lavers said. "I enjoy seeing as many species as I can, but my main interest is studying their life histories, seeing them in relation to their habitat and trying to preserve those habitats. It's an avocation, I suppose."

"Anywhere I happen to be, if I see a bird I haven't seen before, I'll pull over and watch it," Doolittle said. "I like to watch their mating rituals, their antics, how they move from tree to tree and their reaction to predators."

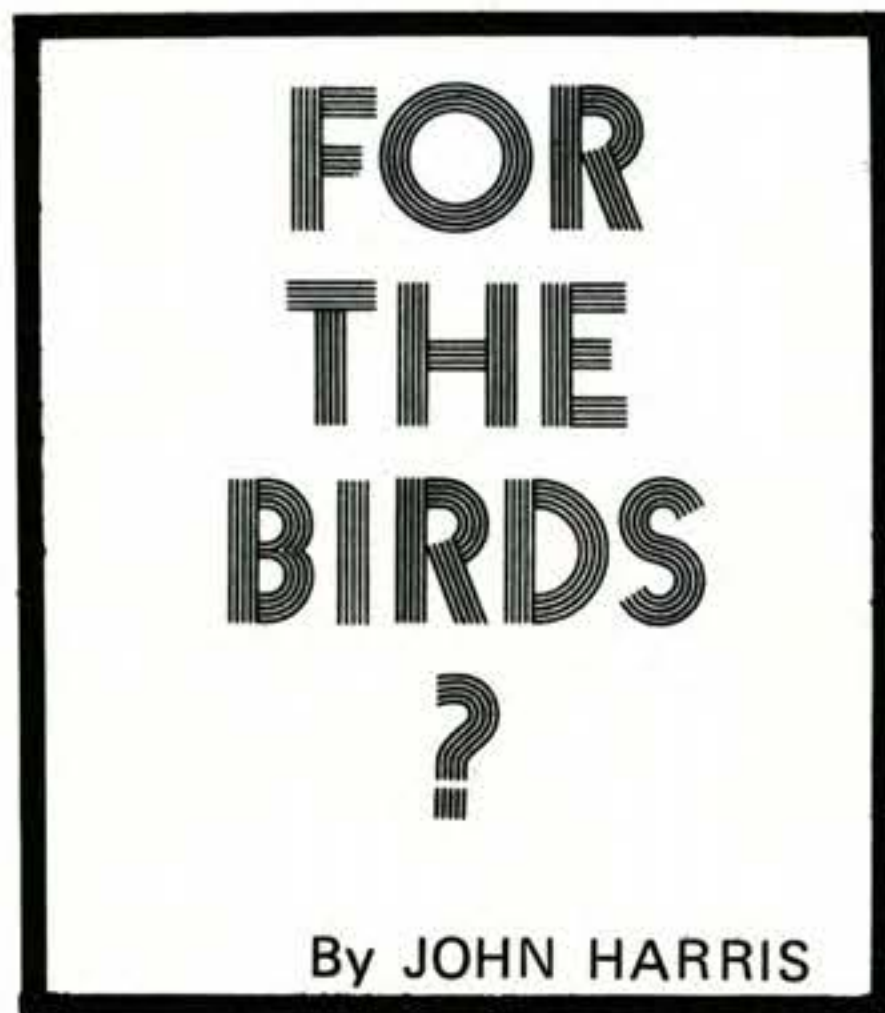
"It's a challenge. Something is fleeing away from you at high speed and you're trying to see the little things," said Alice Benedict, a biology major. "I like to watch how they hold themselves, how they fly." She has seen 250 species in three years of birding.

Duemmel said birding is a form of collecting, similar to collecting rocks or antiques. There is enjoyment in going out and seeing what you can find. Reaching the stage where you are confident you identi-

fied a species correctly is a challenge, he said.

"Some people think it's a pointless thing. They can't see any value in it," Doolittle said. "But chasing a white ball around a golf course could be considered pointless as well."

Birders identify species by differences in markings and songs, using field glasses, telescopes and tape recorders. The recorders play songs to cause birds which are usually not



visible to answer.

"They say a good birder identifies species mostly by ear," Lavers said. "This is especially true in the summer when the leaves are out and it's hard to see them."

Birding's biggest event is the Audubon Society's annual Christmas count. It's an effort to list all species in an area. During the last two weeks in December, hundreds of counts are made in the United States and Canada, with a few in Mexico and the West Indies.

The total count is published in the April issue of *American Birds*. It provides environmentalists with information on population changes, the areas where birds collect and how far south they migrate.

When DDT was first used in California, the initial evidence showing a yearly decline of a species — dating back to the first use of DDT — was provided by a Christmas count.

The count is a supreme effort for most birders. Many leave three hours before daylight and stay out all day.

"You don't feel like quitting because there may be another bird around the next tree," Wahl said.

The Bellingham count, organized by Wahl, covered 170 square miles and involved 53 people, average age about 35. It listed 136 species, the highest area count in the state.

Doolittle participated in the 1973 count, his first. "It seemed as if the group I was with were diverse people with energetic personalities," he said. His group included Western faculty, students and businessmen.

Competition is a big part of birding. Many birders aim to see more species than anyone else, and make long species lists.

Many birders get curious about why birds act the way they do and branch out into other areas, Wahl said. As an Audubon Society member, Wahl is involved in bird banding — the placing of numbered bands on birds.

He described the banding process: "Gulls are flightless after they are born. It takes about four weeks until they are able to fly, and until they can fly, they hide when they see danger.

"So we just walk up to the bush, pull out a leg, band them and walk away. Meanwhile the adults are trying to dive bomb you. You have to wear hard hats. And it gets hot, and you're dirty... But it gets easier when you learn just what you have to do. It's like picking strawberries and having them fight back."

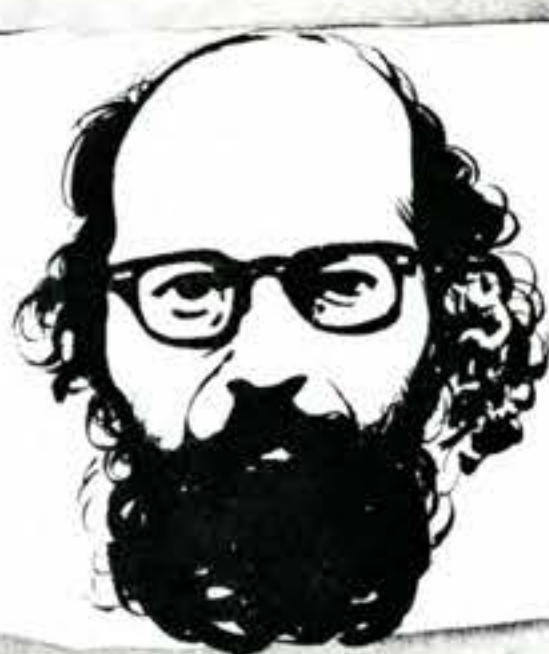
After the bird is banded, the bander submits the information — where, when, the species — to a computer center in Maryland. If the bird dies and is recovered, the banding can show the bird's range, seasonal distribution and life expectancy.

The fastest way to become a competent birder is to have an experienced person help you.

If you start by yourself, you will need field glasses and a field guide that lists the identifying markings of Western birds. The best are Peterson's and the Golden Guide. A Bellingham birder should go to the Whatcom County Museum and buy a check list of the species in Washington. **K**



A naked lunch is natural to us,  
we eat reality sandwiches.  
But allegories are so much lettuce.  
Don't hide the madness.\*




Bob Smith 77

# A Reality Sandwich

By BOB SPEED

\* from "On Burroughs' Work"  
1954



 Allen Ginsberg speaks from the heart and carries a small, black footlocker covered with stickers and decals.

Each of the stickers seems to symbolize part of Ginsberg's many-faceted view of reality. If the stickers miss something, the contents of the footlocker make up for it.

One sticker says "Impeach Nixon." A decal marijuana leaf pleads its cause of liberation. A dog-eared McGovern bumper sticker has seen prouder days. (Small Chiquita banana labels seem out of place until it registers that Chiquita bananas are grown by ITT, long associated with the Central Intelligence Agency in Latin American politics. Ginsberg hates the CIA.)

A green ecology flag in the center of the lid seems to balance these and other divergent force fields of thought with a unifying theme of natural harmony.

When Ginsberg opens his footlocker, it is almost like lifting his own cranium and peeking into his mind. For inside the footlocker, wrapped in gently placed cloth, are the central elements of his being: books of his own poetry; a small Buddhist scepter and bell; a small hand organ which he plays; and personal notes and poems by other writers.

The footlocker goes where Ginsberg goes.

Last April, Ginsberg brought his footlocker to Western. With him also came a reality sandwich showing some of the many sides of his character. And he brought the expressive, beady little eyes which have seen through the bullshit of a whole society to get at the essence of its being — the eyes of a poet — and the stubby fingers which have held the pen which battles that society's swords.

It wasn't the first time Ginsberg came to Western. Three years before, he came as a leader, a political activist with a huge national following.

A leader of the counterculture movement of the 1960s, he spoke then to overflow crowds at Western, reading poetry denouncing war and the government, and the hypocrisy of a nation.

This time, Ginsberg came with a different, more sublime message. He came as an advocate of spiritual transcendence, chanting mantras and singing.

Yet, Ginsberg's reality has not changed so much. The focus is different, but the old Ginsberg is not lost in the new.

Ginsberg first attained notoriety with a small paperback volume of poems entitled *Howl*. *Howl* was published in 1959 in England. Shipped to New York for U.S. distribution, the edition was promptly seized by customs for obscenity. Eventually, customs dropped its case, but the edition was seized again by the San Francisco police on the same charge.

Ginsberg considers this a fortunate occurrence. The publicity launched his own career, and *Howl* has since sold more than 270,000 copies, a phenomenal number for a book of poems. More important, the resultant trial, which found Ginsberg and his book innocent of obscenity, was the first of several trials in the late 1950s freeing authors from the chains of censorship on the basis of obscenity. In short order, San Francisco courts absolved D. H. Lawrence's *Lady Chatterly's Lover*, A

*Naked Lunch* by William Burroughs, and Frank Harris' *My Life and Loves*.

Ginsberg said the trials were a precursor to the Berkeley Free Speech Movement, led by student Mario Savio, which — except for the Civil Rights Movement — was the first radical movement of a decade of confrontation.

*Howl* was written, Ginsberg noted, partly to get the word "fuck" into high school and college poetry anthologies, and make the word acceptable. The long narrative poems could have deleted the word and be innocuous, or they could talk to people in the real and earthy everyday language many people would like to deny existed.

*Howl* was not just a poem; it was a prophecy: "I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness, starving hysterical naked, dragging themselves through the negro streets at dawn looking for an angry fix." Ginsberg has lived to see old friends die since those lines were written in 1956; Neal Cassidy, hero of Jack Kerouac's book, *On the Road*, of drugs; Kerouac himself of alcoholism.

"It took me 48 years to get around to just sitting," lamented Ginsberg at Fairhaven Auditorium in April during the first of several appearances at Western.

Ginsberg had just arrived from spending 25 days meditating at the Naropa Institute in Boulder, Colorado. The institute was in the midst of a three-month seminar on Tibetan Buddhist meditation led by the founder of Naropa, a Tibetan monk named Chogyam Trungpa, Rinpoche.

Ginsberg and other participants meditated 10 hours each day at Naropa, chanting a simple mantra, *Ah-h-h-h*. Concentrating on his breath and the spaces between them, Ginsberg was taught to try to identify his thoughts with his breath.

"You learn to examine the space between thoughts," Ginsberg explained. "In time, you discover there's holes in it," he continued, enjoying his poet's anti-grammar. "That gap is real interesting," he emphasized with raised eyebrows.

Meditation and the idea of space has influenced his poetry since Ginsberg discovered the importance of empty space in lyrical flow.

Meditation and interest in Eastern spiritual values are not new to Ginsberg. He has been fascinated with the mysteries of Zen Buddhism and other oriental philosophies since the 1940s. He clarified that he never studied Zen thoroughly, but he practiced Krishna consciousness — an outgrowth of Hindu thought — before it was a movement of young, shaven-headed people wearing saffron robes and chanting *Hare Krishna* in the streets.

When Ginsberg talks, he speaks in the same highly structured and articulate — but earthy — language which graces his poetry. Visual imagery and metaphor are so second nature that his speech often takes on the streaming consciousness of his poems.

During his Fairhaven appearance, someone asked Ginsberg what he had been doing lately. He answered with a stream-of-consciousness blues whose interwoven

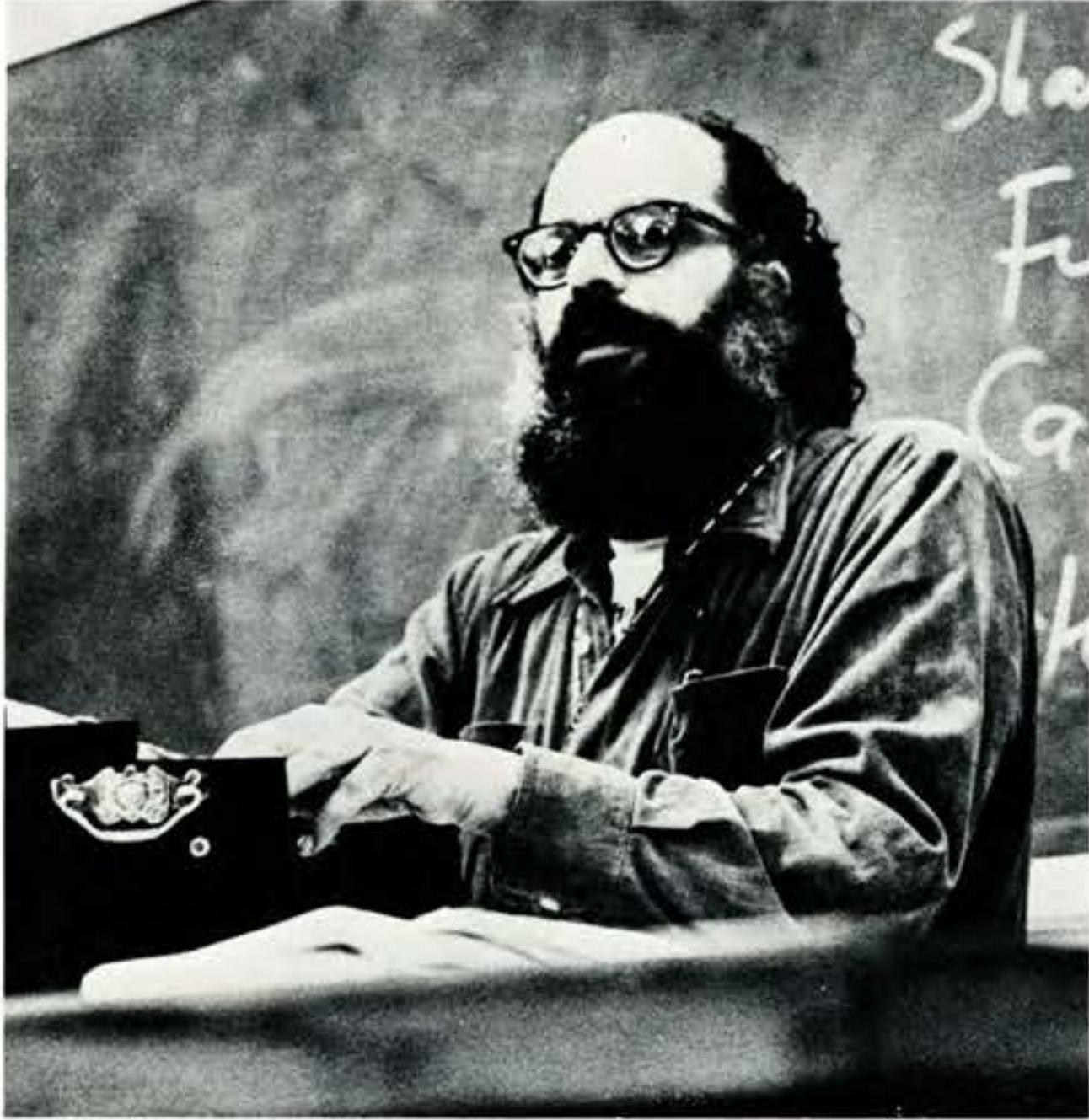


lines were obviously influenced by Bob Dylan.

The song was a precious demonstration of the manner in which much of Ginsberg's poetry is written.

"Came out of Chicago, tear-gassed and old," he wailed to the accompaniment of his hand organ, "... Sat for 10 hours a day for 25 days and did nothing but breathe like a pig, staring out through my eyeballs. After 25 days I realized there was no eternity and no hell, inside or outside of myself... I gave up the ghost, gave up all ambition for Paradise, ending all suffering from staring too hard through my eyes and here I am sitting with you now, in this empty space singing my empty song." Or something like that.

"First thought is best thought," he advised, and he



applies this philosophy to his spiritual life as well as his poetry. Ginsberg adheres to the idea that poetry should come from the heart, as should all thought, and not be unduly influenced by later attacks of the conscious mind.

Kerouac first put this idea of spontaneous creation into Ginsberg's work. Kerouac was tuned into spontaneity, and felt that the unconscious was a better judge of reality than the conscious mind could ever be. This is also part of the message of Chogyam's spiritual teachings.

Music is a relatively new interest to Ginsberg. He sings much of his recent poetry, but reads his older poems as they were meant to be read. He can't read music, and knows only rudiments of harmony which he has picked up since he started playing the harmonium in 1963.

He discovered the harmonium almost by accident, at a friend's house. Several people were playing rhythm jams together, and Ginsberg wanted to join in. Several instruments lay around the house, and the harmonium was easiest.

A harmonium is a small reed organ with a 25-note keyboard, and Ginsberg had his made in India. For five

years Ginsberg only used the organ for chants, and he knew only one chord.

After returning from the 1968 Democratic National Convention in Chicago ("came out of Chicago tear-gassed and old"), he began setting the poetry of William Blake to music. Soon he discovered a second chord. Now he had two chords, the C and G chords.

A friend taught him two more chords, B-flat major and F minor, and Ginsberg "started to improvise a little." In 1970, he was in New York, and Bob Dylan came to see him. The two started improvising together. With Dylan's help, Ginsberg learned simple blues progressions and now knows three sets of three chords. Dylan's flowing lyrical patterns and the blues he taught Ginsberg have influenced the poet's work since then.

The upshot of the meeting of America's perhaps best-known poets, Ginsberg and Dylan, was an entire album the two men recorded with George Harrison and others for Apple Records.

Administrative problems at Apple stopped production of the record after printing of several thousand album jackets.

"The record's sitting at home, now," Ginsberg said, and he didn't know if it ever will be released.

Ginsberg claims influence from many contemporary poets, such as Ezra Pound, William Carlos Williams, and Gary Snyder. Dylan, Ginsberg feels, returned poetics to music and music to poetics.

Indeed, this is partly what Ginsberg, too, has been trying to accomplish. Two of his favorite poets are Pound and mystic-poet William Blake. In 1905, Pound rediscovered the fact that Blake's poetry was originally meant to be sung, but only the words were taken down. The same was true of many 18th Century poets.

So one of Ginsberg's projects has been to set Blake's poetry back into music. Noting that Blake was highly influenced by the hymns of John Wesley, Ginsberg tried to stay close to what the character of the original music must have been like.

Ginsberg opened most of his programs using two Blake songs as chants: "Little Lamb, God Bless Thee," and "Merrily, Merrily, We Welcome in the Year." Long hours of meditation have mellowed Ginsberg's voice to resonance his rough features would not suggest. As he chanted and played the harmonium, he swayed back and forth to his own inner rhythms which one suspects are tuned in to the "different drummer" Henry Thoreau wrote about.

Blues and hymns aren't Ginsberg's only experiments in style. In "CIA Folk Calypso," he added another layer to the sandwich with a diq which will still make the radical generation happy, as he sang "Pushing junk down Bangkok way, supported by the CIA..."

Ginsberg has an almost paranoid fascination with the CIA, but not really paranoid because his verbal onslaughts can all be backed up by extensive research and journalistic investigation by many people. His anti-CIA fervor is matched by that of ex-senator Wayne Morse of Oregon.

Ginsberg's most recent political activity has been to research CIA involvement in heroin trafficking in



Southeast Asia. He recommended a book\* for those interested in the subject, but has turned up some new material he would like to put into a book of his own.

Ginsberg's search for inner peace may have mellowed his style, but the old image of social relevance and dedication to a better world still shines through.

His attitude is reminiscent of Mark Twain's constant battles against "sham and hypocrisy." Ginsberg's opinions are well-founded, seen through the clear-sighted eye of a prophet proved right before he reached middle-age. And his message is clear.

"The White House is corrupt right down to the basement," he fired, eyes narrowing in disgust.

police state because of this sham and public passiveness.

"Wrap yourself in the flag and accuse someone else of what you are doing," Allen Ginsberg the political activist concluded sarcastically.

But the "seed" of police state was from the same plant Ginsberg smoked for the first time in 1946 when he lit up his first "reefer."

Ginsberg got "mildly euphoric" from that first joint, and realized its gentle nature didn't jive with the propaganda he had been led to believe. This made him begin to reconsider his views on other restrictions he had always taken for granted, such as those against pornography, sexuality, and political and racial minorities.



*Bhagavan Das (left) and Allen Ginsberg (right) in a concert and poetry reading.*

Ginsberg has worked for years to try to get the government and the people to stamp out narcotics trafficking. The worst thing that ever happened with heroin, he said, was making it illegal, and thereby turning a medical problem into a legal one. That was done in the 1920s, and "by 1935 there were 3,000 doctors in jail for treating addicts."

The final result of high profit in drugs is that "there is corruption in narcotics departments on the local, state and national levels." He cited the Napp Report on organized crime in New York City, which told of connection between organized crime and the city narcotics department.

Where is the country headed now?

"The police state was seeded in the 1920s," when a national scare campaign made marijuana and heroin illegal commodities. The tactic was successful, and has been used ever since by politicians who screamed "law and order" while they stole the people's power, Ginsberg said.

"It's an old tactic of fraud and hypocrisy, and the media have always been patsies of law and order until recently," he said, emphasizing that we came close to a

The same thing happened to many young people 20 years later. People smoked marijuana and saw that the act didn't justify the penalty. This and the mild perception change induced by the "herb" caused people to reconsider many other things they had taken for granted, and to reject old values.

The perception change came just in time, as far as Ginsberg is concerned. Had the political machine of the 1960s and up to Watergate met with the political naivete of the 1950s, he thinks we would have already reached a police state.

Instead, the political activism of the past decade, sparked by the perception changes resulting from use "of a few herbs and mushrooms," resisted the entropic move towards a police state.

"Flower power has entered into the mechanized heavy-metal civilization, Allen Ginsberg the poet concluded.

As we walked out the door of the interview room, someone mentioned "I sure wish we could share a joint sometime."

"Ya got some?" Allen Ginsberg the man asked slyly. **K**

\*McCoy, Alfred W., *The Politics of Heroin in Southeast Asia* Harper & Row, N.E.



# There's a Lady in the GYM!

By JUDY MOOERS

"I want you to know right from the start that I don't like reporters. They always seem to ask the same questions, then turn the answers around and blow the situation all out of proportion."

I had been warned that talking to Margaret Aitken, chairman of the Physical Education department, would be difficult, that she would be suspicious of my every question and weigh her answers carefully. As she led me to her office, explaining her dislike of reporters, the last of the confidence I had been building all day deserted me.

"I don't want to pick on a particular publication," she continued, sitting down at her desk. "It just seems that everything that has been printed in the last year, from the Western Front to the Bellingham Herald to the larger dailies, has been just half the truth. The more controversy the reporters dig up, and the more outlandish quotes they find, the better the story, I guess."

"As far as I'm concerned," she added, "part of the news is the viewpoint of some people who don't really know a given situation. Now, Newsweek is one publication I really like — it may be biased, but at least it seems to agree with my opinions," she laughed shortly.

Aitken sat forward, leaning her elbows on her desk and resting her chin on her hands.

"Now, what would you like to know?" she asked stiffly, though her eyes still said, "Please hurry, I have more important things to do."

I had to convince her I was not the kind of reporter she was expecting, so I asked her a nice uncontroversial question about how her department had changed since she had arrived at Western, hoping she would relax and forget my pen and notebook.

She visibly did, even relaxed, wriggling back into her chair and focusing on a spot above my head. "Well," she said slowly, "the whole school is different from when I came, not just the P.E. department, but the size, the concept of education and the students themselves."

Prior to coming to Western, she recalled, she had been active in P.E. activities — even when she was very young; and since she loved sports, "it seemed only logical to plan a career in P.E."

A graduate of West Seattle High School, she attended the University of Washington where she earned her teaching certificate. After three years of teaching at Everett and Shelton, she entered Columbia University

for her masters degree, and joined the Western faculty in 1946.

At that time there were three women and three men in the department, "and Dean (C.W. 'Bill') McDonald coached basketball."

She returned to Columbia in 1953 and received her doctorate in 1957, after which she returned to Western, intending to stay only a short time.

"This was the end of the world as far as I was concerned," she shrugged. "Even coming from Seattle, I never knew it existed. Today it's still small, but at least you hear the name around. In those days, though, who ever *heard* of Bellingham?"

"I didn't think I would teach this long — how long has it been?" she asked, reaching for her pocket calculator. "Twenty-eight years! I guess that *is* a long time!"

Her plans to leave vanished as she settled in her new home and rose in the department. Now she would only consider leaving if a very unusual job offer came, such as a chance to teach in England or Florida or the Bahamas, for example.

"Look, I have a boat, I have a house, I have a family," she counted off on her fingers. "I like to ski and I like to swim. I like the mountains and I like the water — mostly I like the water. Now, where would I go?"

"I've done all the traveling I really care to do," she continued, "the Orient and Europe and the U.S. and Canada. And even if I did travel, when I get down to the nitty gritty of living, it's the same all over. While leave?"

During Aitken's early years here, Western's women's P.E. department was separate from the men's, although some classes such as swimming, badminton and tennis were offered coed. There were a few team sports, including hockey, but mostly the women took individual sports and dance classes.

"Oh, the dancing — everyone had to take ballroom dancing," she smiled, turning her glasses over and over in her hands and her eyes perhaps seeing the boys and girls of long ago paired off in their lessons.

In her early years at Western, Aitken recalled, there was no P.E. major as is known today, where students devote 45 credit hours to the subject. They took their general education and teacher education requirements and 12 credit hours in their area of specialization. When Aitken and other faculty members drew up a real major, perhaps 15 students declared the first year. "Sure is different," she said, from today, when 225 students are in P.E., with another 175 in recreation.

But size is not the only change in the department. When Aitken arrived at Western, all freshmen students were required to take P.E. That requirement was dropped four years ago when she and other department members, after observing other schools which had taken similar action, were convinced they would have a better program if it were all voluntary.

The program itself is much better now and easier to run when the students can, but don't have to, take part, even though with roughly 1,600 students it is considerably larger than the 300 enrolled when Aitken



first came.

"The students who are enrolled are here because they want to be here, and the faculty enjoys teaching students who want to take the classes. And again, students enjoy taking classes from teachers who like their work."

The concept of education has also changed from her early years here, Aitken remembered, with the emphasis shifting from the "one way to do something" to that way which fits an individual's own situation. Today, also, lifetime sports such as tennis, swimming and archery are emphasized where before students were first taught drills and calisthenics.

That shift, she said as she sat forward, has improved



the program, "because the students are leaving here more prepared. They have developed certain skills they can take with them and use regularly instead of the many drills they may never use once they walk out of the door.

The men's and women's departments combined in September 1972 to save time and money. "Since P.E. is basically the same for men and women, and since the scientific basis for movement is the same for men and women," Aitken reasoned, a combined department eliminates duplication of efforts, and of reports and budgets.

Aitken, who had headed the women's department,

was elected by a departmental vote as the new chairman. The other chairman, William Tomaras, was offered the position of athletic director, a post in which he would be responsible directly to Aitken, but he resigned "because he didn't want to work for a woman," she said.

She added that, though she didn't know the real reason for his resignation, "that wasn't it.

"Being a woman should not have anything to do with who is hired for a job. Some men don't like having a woman in charge because it hurts their pride.

"Personally, I think if there are hard feelings like that, we should be able to patch them up and go on to our work."

Similar "hard feelings" have surfaced in the athletic program, where several coaches have been quoted as saying they are having trouble recruiting athletes because of the woman department head.

"It's just ridiculous," Aitken noted drily, shaking her head. "The athletes come here to play ball, not to watch the head of the department. It shouldn't make any difference whether I'm a woman.

"Perhaps the men think sports and physical education are their last stronghold, I don't know. But they can't deny the field to women."

At any rate, a recent division of the P.E. department should solve that problem, she said. As of April 1, the athletic program is funded under a different budget and is responsible to the dean of students.

Aitken refused to comment on athletics since the coaches "no longer are responsible to her," but she noted she will still be able to recommend policy under the new set up.

She stretched and turned to face the window, gazing at a little patch of Red Square around the corner of Bond Hall. She sat silently for a moment, studying the progress of a blind student across the rain-dampened bricks.

"No, sir, it isn't anything like the good old days!" she said, almost in a whisper.

"Bellingham was such a sleepy, little town; in fact for the first 20 years I was here it was like that. And the college didn't have so many buildings. We played hockey right out there (she pointed to Red Square) when there was enough grass to play on!"

The school's administration has noticeably changed, too, from Aitken's early days here. She remembers finding notes in her mailbox saying simply, "A moment please," which meant college president William Haggard wanted to see her.

"Now we get a memo from a man who got it from a man who got it from a man... but I guess that's progress for you!"

Then the magic cloud lifted and she turned to face me, as if suddenly remembering she hadn't wanted to talk.

"The time sure has passed — I have to get back to work." her words were crisp.

As I opened her office door, I turned to ask a last-minute question, only to find her already shuffling through papers on her desk, completely oblivious to me. **k**





Smoke from his cigar curled in gentle circles around his head as he leaned intently over the blueprint. "Simplicity is what I am striving for in this piece," he explained. This sculpture is composed entirely of natural materials in a simple geometrical form — that's the beauty of this work of art."

The art creation he was speaking of will be another addition to the outdoor artwork on Western's campus. Still in the process of being built, the sculpture is located directly in front of the Huxley Environmental Building."

Leaning back in his chair, Lloyd Hamrol, the creator of this artwork, spoke of its evolution. "I originally intended to build a sculpture of wood completely covered with earth, grass and trees, but found that the weight of this material was too heavy for the wooden structure.

"Once the difficulties were envisioned, I decided to drop that idea for the present and simply concentrate on a solely wooden sculpture." But he says the earth-covered form is still tempting, and he may toy with it at a later date.

A resident of Santa Monica, California, Mr. Hamrol was invited to Western by the art department. His stay at Western for spring quarter was accomplished largely through the efforts of Larry Hansen, a faculty member who arranged for his salary and budget through contributions by the art department, the National Endowment for the Arts Society, the Bureau for Faculty Research and the Campus Planning Office.

The idea was to build a work for the campus in a

workshop context so students could participate in making the sculpture. Approximately ten students worked continuously on the sculpture, devoting two to three days a week on it, and spending as much as six hours a day on its construction.

In the beginning, he said, he ran into the problem of student motivation. But, soon after a thinning-out process, he collected a small handful of dedicated students who were willing to work, and things went smoothly after that.

There were a few setbacks, however. Besides having to cope with departmental problems, he had to change sites after all the initial preparation. He started his sculpture in the hockey field located beside the Security Office, but found he had to move because the site was more difficult than had been expected. But, since its relocation near the Northwest Environmental Science Center at the time of this writing, the art creation is faring well.

The sculpture, in the shape of a pyramid, is composed of three 30 foot cedar poles sunk partially into the ground providing the mainstay of the structure. Laid across these poles will be logs of cedar or fir to form a semi-open structure that can be walked upon or sat under.

The entire sculpture cost the college approximately \$1,500, and is expected to last between 30 and 40 years.

"It's a nice feeling," Lloyd Hamrol reflected, "to build something that you know will give pleasure, even if only to one generation." **K**





# FOR ONE GENERATION

By Margaret Godfrey





# Belly Dancing to Billy Goats



—A look at the Northwest Free U.

**T**he mystic music of the Middle East sets the mood for each class. Each student has four finger-cymbals that she claps in time to the music. Teacher Shelley Nolan calls out the rhythm: "Right-left-right, 1,2,3,4,5,6,7. Keep pace with me. Good! Some of you are able to keep up with me."

Now the tummies begin to sway in rhythm with the cymbals and the arms start to do exotic things. Faster! Faster! A number that started out quite slowly is now racing along. Some of the students do not finish the dance.

Belly Dancing was just one of the 35 classes offered last spring through the Free University in Bellingham. It, along with others like Goat-Raising, Karate, Auto Mechanics and Breadmaking, drew some 300 people.

Some of the same classes may be offered again this fall.

The strength of the Free U. lies in its flexibility, according to co-directors Art Hohl, 32, and Jenny Henderson, 27.

By MARY LU EASTHAM

"When a class has outlived itself and is no longer interesting or popular, it is replaced," Art said. "Instructors can come into it and then leave." They aren't paid anything but then they have no long-term commitments. Most of them do it for the fun, to meet others in their fields, or to keep up on their own skills.

The Free U. got started in Bellingham about 1967 under the direction of Bernard Weiner who used to teach in the political science department at Western.

At that time there was very little alternative education offered in Bellingham. He wanted to start some unstructured classes where people could just get together informally, Jenny said.

"The idea was that anybody in the community who had a skill and wanted to teach it could get together with other people of like interests," she said.

In 1969 Jenny took over as director after she moved here from England. She speaks with a soft, pleasant English accent and her eyes sparkled as she said, "When we take people on to teach the classes, we go a lot on



vibrations and how we feel about them. If they don't work out, which doesn't happen very often, we never have them again."

Art used to be a geology teacher at Montgomery College outside of Washington D.C. until he came here a couple of years ago.

"I'm a dropped-out geologist," he said. "I have a degree and I taught in a formal college but then I left. I'm quite happy doing what I'm doing. I'd rather work with my hands and body these days instead of my head."

The Goat-Raising class attracted about 18 students to instructor Karen Haard's home, deep in the woods above Lake Whatcom. She has three adult goats and seven babies.

Most of the students were there to learn the care and feeding of goats so they could raise their own for pets, milk, or, in some cases, meat.

"If you're going to eat a goat, don't name it," Karen laughingly warned her class on the first day.

They learned to give vaccinations to the babies, to castrate some of the males at birth in order to upgrade

and try to practice, it just doesn't look right."

All agreed that the two-and-a-half hours spent one evening a week was good exercise and well worth the time.

The cost is \$5 to register for each course and \$2 for each workshop. This money goes for printing expenses as well as paying the directors \$300 each per quarter. No college credit is given but there are no grades to worry about.

Jenny emphasized that everything is very casual. She said that students can attend class for a week to see if they like it. If not, their money is refunded.

She also pointed out that after the class meets for the first time they are on their own and decide together what direction they want to take. Sometimes places, times, and dates get changed.

It is difficult to predict which classes will catch on. Once they offered a Sign Language class thinking that about five people would sign up. Twenty-five did.

"We had to turn people away," Jenny lamented.

The Women's Commission on campus evolved out of



*Directors Art Höhl and Jenny Henderson*

the breeding, and the correct way to dehorn a goat.

"Goats like to play and can rip you open," Karen explained as she urged each student to perform this almost painless operation.

The Belly Dancing class was very popular all last year and will probably be offered again this fall. About 30 women took the class in the spring and their reasons for taking it varied almost as much as their ages, shapes, and sizes.

Some wanted to get out for the evening; others took it to lose inches around their middles, and others thought it was a very sensual dance and enjoyed doing it at home for their husbands. Many took it just to have fun.

Bobi Gaskill, a housewife and mother of five said, "I come to shake off my aggravations. When I leave here I feel good. It's fun."

The difficulty of learning this kind of dancing was expressed by Western senior Connie Glasser when she said, "I can half-way do it here, then when I get home

the Free U., Jenny said.

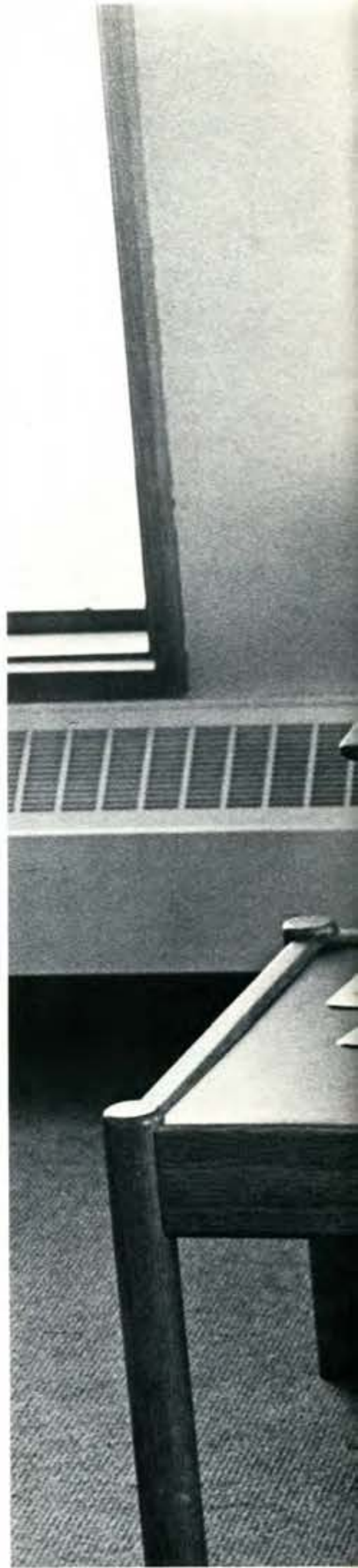
"It started with a Women's Awareness class and it really got going with tremendous thought-flying meetings; so a group of women started the commission." It is now a very active student organization. Jenny sees a big change in the Free U. since she's been here.

"At the beginning, a lot of the courses dealt with alternate lifestyles and philosophies," she said. "Now we have virtually none of those. We've tried the last couple of quarters and we generally get almost no attendance. People now want to do things rather than sit around and talk about doing things."

She gave an example of the Auto Mechanics class being so popular because people are tired of paying the high price of car repairs and want to do their own. Also, the karate class attracts a lot of people who are interested in learning self-protection.

"It's come down to the 'Take care of yourself, do it yourself' age," she said. **K**









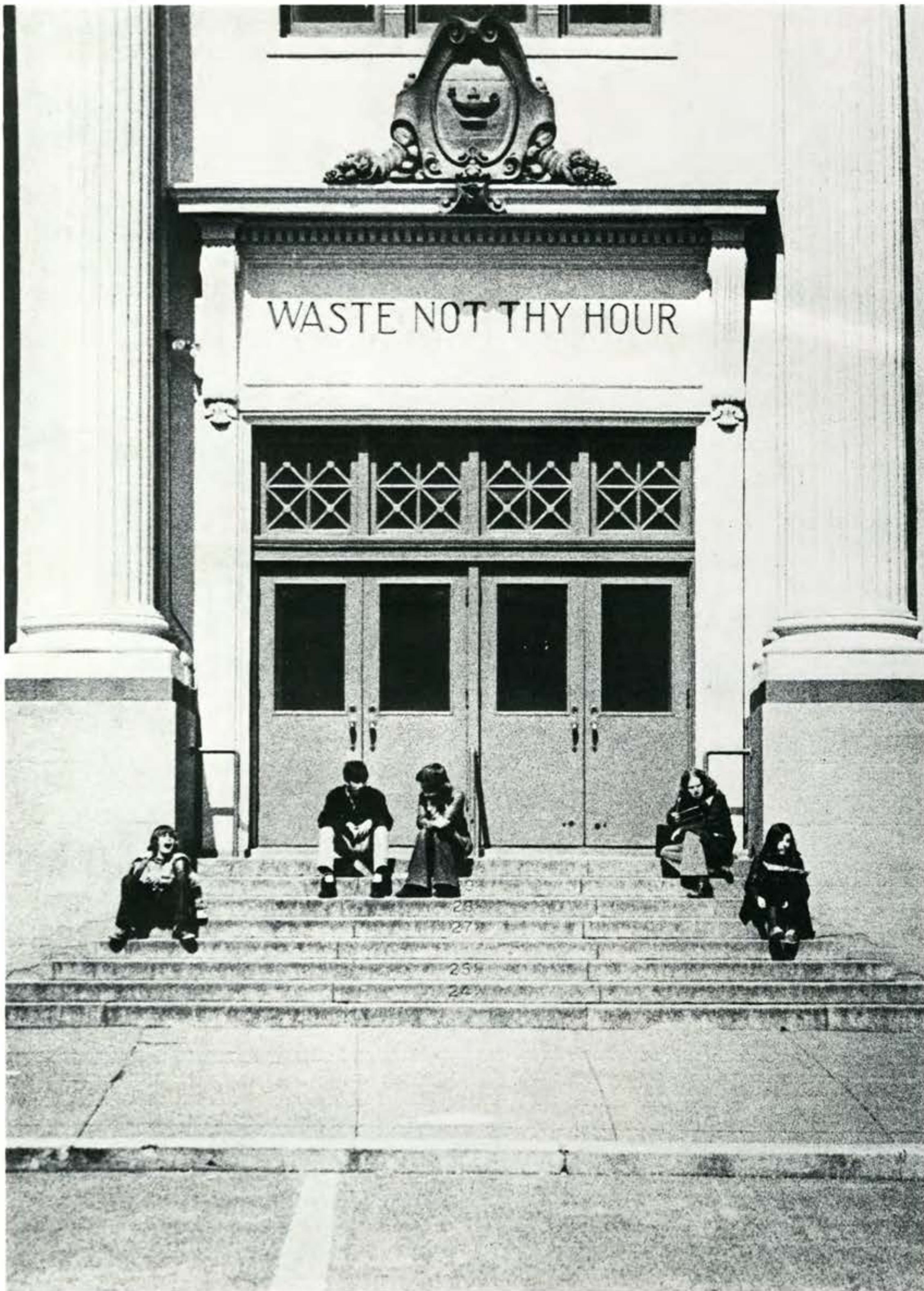
# Finals

By Gary Johnson

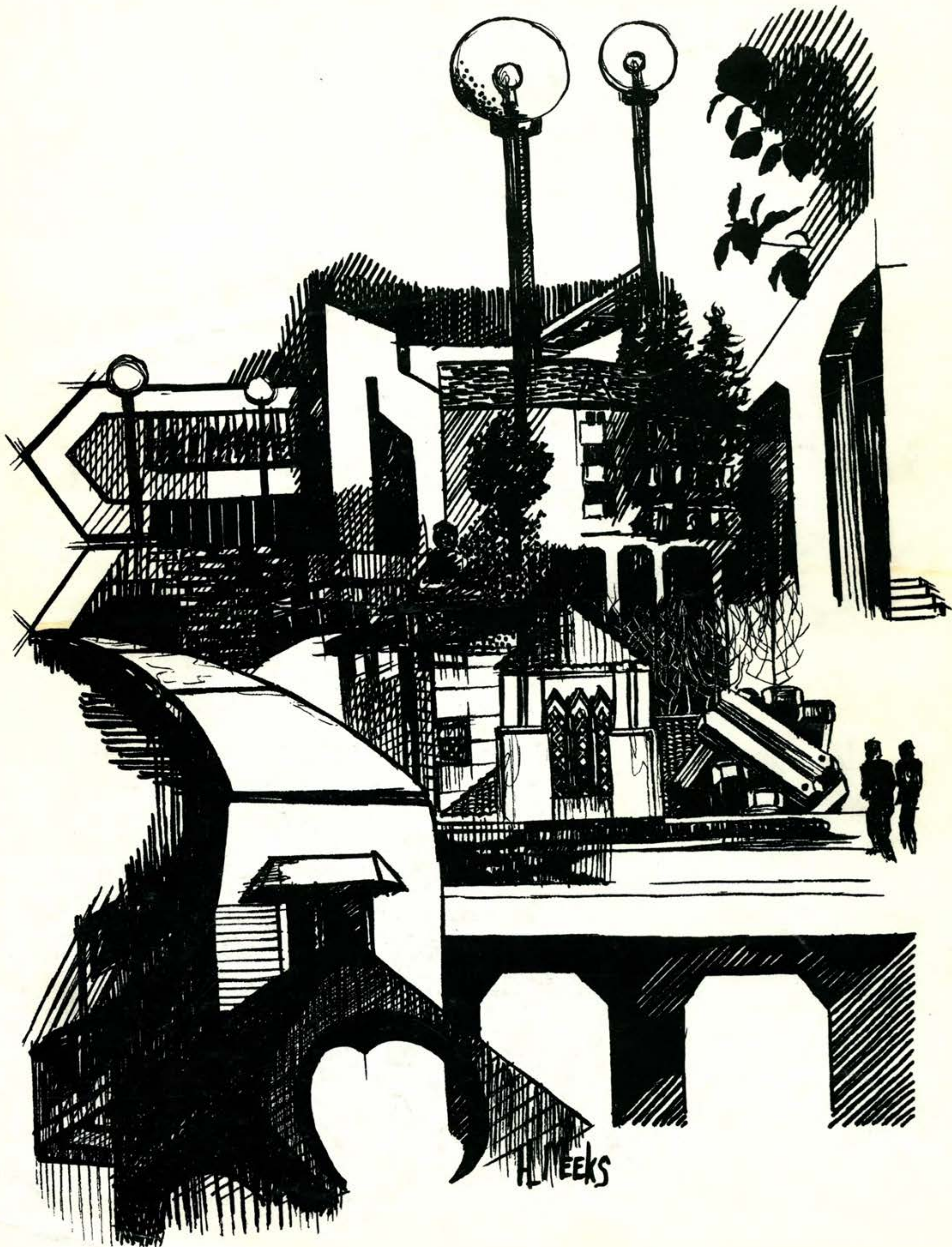












H. WEEKS