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Mary Lu Eastham
Western Washington University

Deborah McBride
Western Washington University

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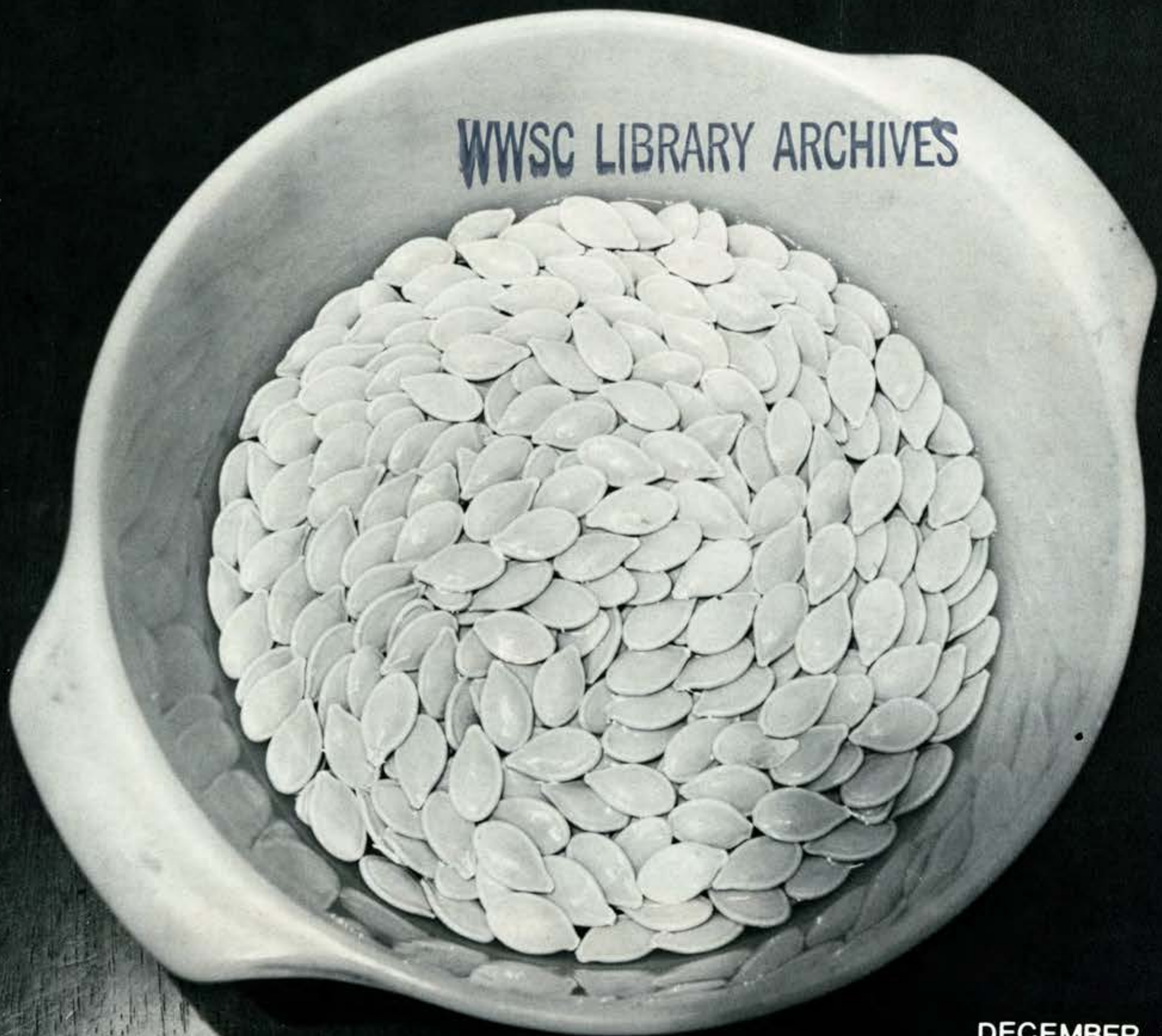
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DECEMBER 1974



Volume 5 Number 1

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EDITORIAL STAFF

Editors: Mary Lu Eastham
Deborah McBride

Photo Editor: Gary Johnson

Production Manager: Linda Campbell

Office Manager: Duane Wolfe

Advisor: Pete Steffens

Photographers: Gary Bowden

John Harjo

Darcel Sandland

Production Staff: Terry Beatty

Kathy Brinton

Marie McClanahan

Sharon Nunn

Writers: Bryn Beorse

Roberta Birdinground

Richard Francis

Victoria Hamilton

Dan Hanson

Jennifer Hood

Pete MacKenzie

Dale Schwarzmiller

Ron Zobel

Cover: Rod Burton

Inside Front Cover: Rod Burton

Back Cover: Gary Johnson

Staff: Rob Baldwin

Penny Bratvold

Eric Magnuson

Bud Rechterman

Vicki Rice

Suzanne Schilz

Beth Schultz

Connie Tedrow

Teri Tollifson

Tony Volchok

Deryl Walls

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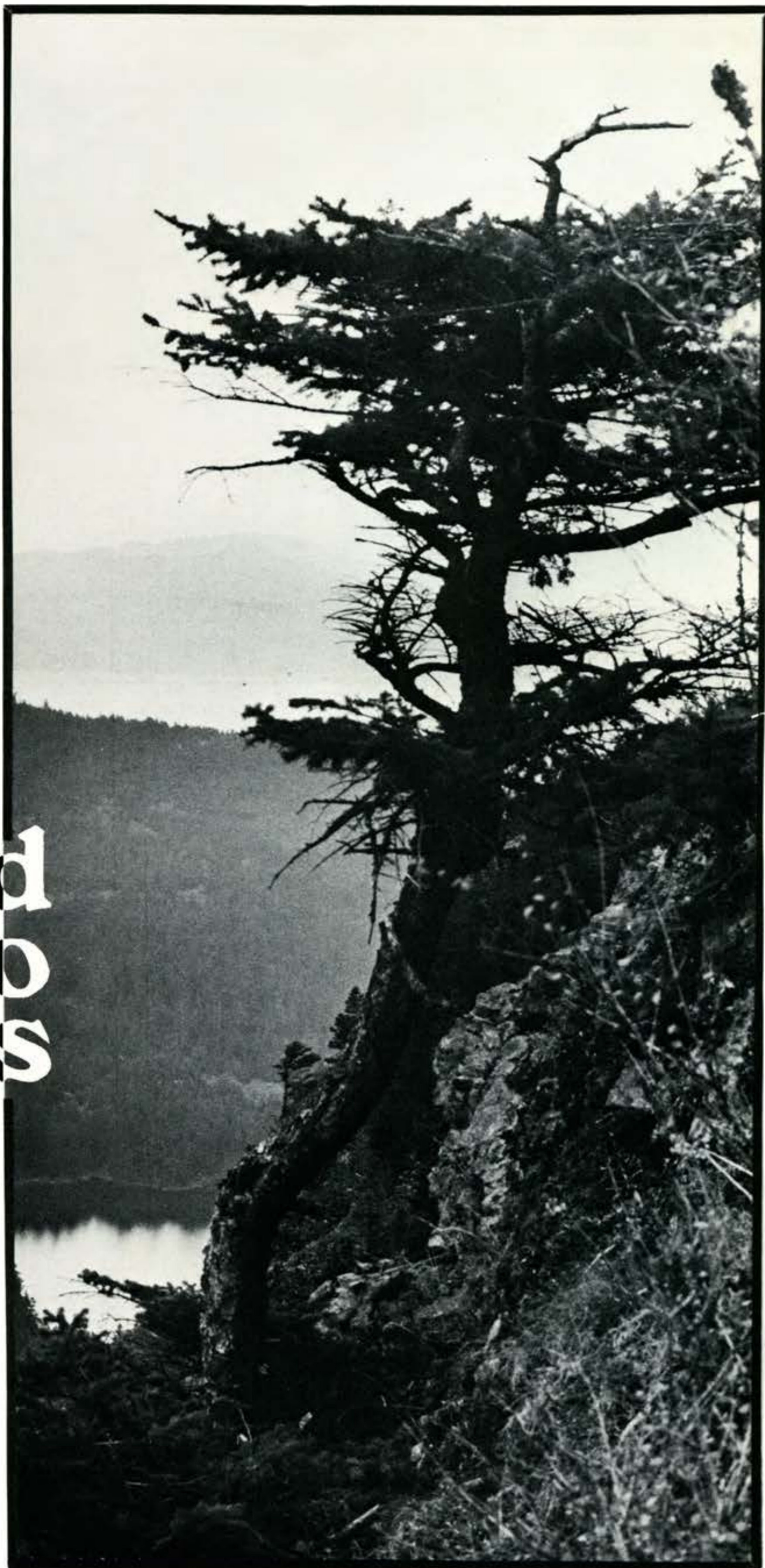
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Onward to Orcas

by Pete MacKenzie

photos by John Harjo





I stood on deck as I traveled the familiar ferry route from Anacortes to Orcas Island, Washington, and wondered, as my lungs filled with sharp and untainted air, what curious spell might be making prisoners of men's souls.

A churning blue-green jostled the ferry as it approached the landing and the town of Orcas (a grocery store, hotel and scattered bits of a past too distant to be remembered) loomed ahead. I went below, settled into my car and waited.

As I drove up the ramp and onto the island, a familiar asphalt path, one of the island's few links with 9 to 5 civilization, carried me through time-honored battalions of pine and maple.

A wide and forested chorus sang of a natural beauty that is uncommon even in Skagit and Whatcom counties. An occasional gull provided rhythm and a gentle breeze lifted the melody to a soft crescendo.

Following the main road, I soon approached Eastsound. Seeing the fabled town for the first time was like coming home after a long absence.

There was something strangely sacred about the tiny hamlet, but I couldn't pin it down. With the grocery stores and craft shops, cars and gas stations and houses that seemed to wink back and whisper hushed secrets, Eastsound was much

like any small mainland village. Yet different.

Like any tourist, I headed for Mount Constitution. I reached the summit alone, looked out from the mountain's awesome viewpoint and was thunderstruck. The San Juan panorama lay naked before me and I beheld creation. A watery, patchwork quilt unfolded to an incredible 360 degrees and I suddenly know why so many had yielded to the San Juan charm and cast their lot with this rare style of living.

In time, mainland appointments called me away, but I never fully crossed back into the 9 to 5 civilization. On an occasional suburban night a spell drifts and draws me to the San Juans. **k**

going home

by Bryn Beorse

The author joined the volunteer fire department in 1967 while in high school. For the last six years Beorse has worked intermittently in Silverdale, Washington, with the fire department emergency car.

6:16 AM

This is real. Someone on this foggy morning has called for the fire department aid car. I'm a volunteer fireman and aid man, but really just me. A professional should be doing this job, but I'm doing it because there's no one else as quickly available. People die just the same.

Another running form materializes out of the fog. It's Bill, 22 years old, volunteer fire battalion chief for an area with 5000 people and \$15 million in buildings.

The sound of the door opening interrupts the silent morning. Soon the gentle dawn lights the dewy farm fields we are passing. The siren's thin wail drowns in the roar of passing air.

Bill and I have been to fires and aid calls forgotten long ago, even by the people who called us. I operate the radio and siren, he drives.

Mailboxes whip by in unreadable jumbles. We slow down, the spotlights scan seemingly hidden numbers. We can't find it.

The dispatcher called back the number of the caller, and yes, somehow we had gotten the wrong road — the caller was from out of town. The air again roars by the heavy ambulance body.

Thoughts. It's been over five minutes. Someone in cardiac arrest has five minutes until irreversible brain damage occurs. We had a chance to arrive within that time, if only we had known the right address.

Over the county radio we learn that a deputy has located the house and advises us to "step on it."

Oh shit.

We find the deputy standing over a gray-haired man in the bathroom of the residence. An old woman looks on, hands clasped in tension, as we check pulse, pupils, respiration and listen with a stethoscope. Glancing up, I see fear that is more than tears in her eyes.



photo by Bryn Beorse

As far as we're concerned, it could have been worse. Many people don't find elderly relatives who have passed away during the night until the next morning.

The man shows signs of a major stroke. One side of his body does not react. His pupils are different sizes and aimed in different directions. He breathes in rasps, possibly with just one lung, his respiratory function impaired by dead brain cells. He mutters as if something is bothering him, out of one side of his mouth.

The man is naked. We put a blanket on him, and put him on our gurney, a cot with collapsible wheels used in ambulances.

The old woman rides in the front seat of the aid car. She asks about a bill. No, we say, we have always provided free service, but you might wish to donate something. The look she gives us — of one less worry — is one of the things that makes that policy worthwhile.

I am giving the old man breaths from the bag-mask resuscitator to help his breathing. We are trying to keep him quiet to prevent another stroke or heart attack, and since he seems to be stable, we are not using red lights and the siren. Only about three per cent of ambulance cases require a high speed, screaming ride to the hospital.

As I watch the old man out of the corner of my eye, he seems to wilt almost imperceptibly. Suddenly, no respiration, no pulse.

"Bill," I shout.

The siren wails and I begin cardio-pulmonary resuscitation, CPR. This is the method that "brings them back from the dead," but only in a small per cent of the cases. On old people, the chances are very slim. With one man instead of two performing the procedure, the chances are even less.

I continue CPR. The patient has aspirated, or released the contents of his stomach into lungs and air passages. I

suction, drain out the mouth, and resume the chest compressions and resuscitator breaths, but I am convinced the man is dead.

His wife watches from the front seat of the speeding ambulance, with tears running down her face. I am giving hope where there is none. The memories of all the hopeless efforts of the past weigh heavily; luckily I am too busy to dwell on them. Though the old man is dead I cannot legally stop the procedure, and in any case, I can not out of respect for his wife and my own conscience.

The doctor at the emergency room has me continue. Is there hope? People have been known to recover, even after this point. The doctor feels the pulse at the neck and says, "yes, the pulse from the compressions is good." Sweat is getting in my eyes. The cardioscope-defibrillator is ready, and the electrode plates are placed on the patient's chest. The trace is disorganized, but not level. The patient is in ventricular fibrillation, meaning his heart is vibrating ineffectively. He gets two shocks that throw him up off the cot. The trace shows the familiar double peak. Dr. Frankenstein also thought electricity would resurrect the dead.

We pass the old woman on the way out. She looks at us, says nothing. We look straight ahead, our faces straight out of the Emergency Medical Technician's manual. I would like to hug the old woman and let her cry for a while, but the barriers between strangers are too great.

For a while our feelings are too strong for talk.

The brilliant sun of an early day glitters off the wet grass of the fields we pass, slowly this time.

School is a few weeks away for me. Just existing, watching the farms and forest, seeing the sun, is fulfilling. I am very aware of life. It all seems precious and beautiful, down to each dewy blade of grass. **k**

Canadian women are looking with envy at the progress of the American women's movement.

"The United States is way ahead in women's legislation," said Jene Errington, ombudsperson to the Vancouver Status of Women Council (SWAC) (sic).

There are no recognized leaders of the women's movement in Canada, Ms. Errington felt. "Canadians don't do the leadership trip. There is no star system."

"Not having women's rights written into law is making things go more slowly," said Sandra Lundy, a University of British Columbia Information Services librarian.

"What is happening in Canada (with women mobilizing) has its roots in what is happening internationally, in America, France and England," she said.

"It was a parallel genesis — women everywhere started looking at where they were in relation to society."

Another advocate of women's rights felt the women's movement in Canada started "in a similar way," but not as a result of the American movement. "The increase in the number of women working had a great influence, and the (birth control) pill was really important."

If Canadian women have a philosophical leader it is the French writer Simone de Beauvoir, who is quoted frequently on the liberation of women.

Beauvoir was interviewed by Madeleine Gobeil for *McLeans*, a national Canadian magazine and stated the liberation of women must be an economic one. "A woman is not free if she does not hold her own purse strings . . ."

In both the U.S. and Canada, she said, "these movements are organized by women who have the leisure time to take their fate into their own hands and who can look at their condition in perspective, who have the time to reflect on it."

While Canadian women don't seek the advice of Americans, they are fond of comparing the two countries.

Abortion

Abortion is still under the criminal code in Canada. There is no abortion "on demand." An abortion is performed legally only when the life of the mother is in danger, and when approved by a panel of three to five doctors (the number varies among provinces).

Civil Rights

"We have nothing like Title VII (of the Civil Rights Act, which makes discrimination on the basis of race, color, religion, sex or national origin unlawful)" Ms. Errington said. "There are no class action suits, so findings of the courts do not apply to all women."

"There have been fantastic decisions against companies (who are discriminating) in the United States," and the decisions have widespread effects.

In Canada such cases involve one woman versus a large company and the company is told to cease and desist from such practices against that woman but it does not help other women (as in a class action).

Community Property

Women want community property laws in which the husband and wife have equal control and ownership



The equality movement in Canada

by Roberta Birdinground

over all property acquired during the marriage, Errington said.

"This proposal is meeting a lot of resistance from men," because in Canada "everything is his," unless joint ownership is specifically stated and both names appear on any deeds.

"The salary is his, even within a joint bank account. The husband is presumed to be lending any household money to the wife," Errington said.

All of this means that after a divorce the woman ends up with nothing.

"One well-known current case decided by the Superior Court of Canada involved a ranch," Errington explained. "The wife had contributed money to buy the land and worked for twenty-five years tending cattle, and haying,

"She left him because he beat her, and in filing for divorce asked for one-half the ranch. The court awarded her \$200 a month support, because the property was in his name."

Lobby Power

The lobbying power women have in the U.S. is another source of envy to B.C. women, Errington said. "It's incredible the things they've been able to do, acting at conventions and lobbying for the Equal Rights Amendment."

"Things are starting to happen in the NDP (National Democratic Party). Women have been highly organized at the last two conventions and have gotten through policy although "the government's not implementing it."

"Women worked very hard in the NDP campaign," Errington said. "It is a socialist government, which historically has been interested in giving women the vote."

But, she added, "we've been pretty disappointed. Women got interested in legislative change, but it hasn't happened."

Affirmative Action

An affirmative action plan, similar to the one in America, is being discussed now. Still under consideration, it reads in part:

"Affirmative action plan means any program, scheme, or schedule which leads to full equality between men and women in all aspects of employment and education, including hiring, promotion, super-annuation, training and re-training, and access to jobs."

However, in order to bring these changes about, Canadian women would still have to organize nationally and there are no national groups like the National Organization of Women (NOW) in America.

"The movement has sprung up locally, but soon it has to become a

co-ordinated effort," ombudsperson Errington said.

Different groups of women in British Columbia are using different methods to attain the same goals.

"There are women who reject group structure," Errington said. "They refuse any government money and activities are done on a collective basis." The Feminist Bookstore and the Working Women's Association are set up on this basis.

A second group is the B.C. Committee to Defend Dr. Morgenthaler. Dr. Morgenthaler performs abortions "freely and openly for anyone," Ms. Errington said. The committee is "action-oriented" — picketing when necessary to promote their ideas. They concentrate on one issue at a time.

A third group includes organizations such as the Status of Women Council, which was formed in 1970 following the federal government's Royal Commission on the Status of Women. It made 169 recommendations to improve the status of women.

"Volunteers got together to pressure the government and began writing letters and briefs (summations of law)," Ms. Errington said.

With a \$50,000 grant from the provincial government SWAC established a telephone referral service to help women with job and credit discrimination complaints.

"We are a registered society with by-laws and an executive director," she said. "We've received a lot of criticism for this. But I believe it's how we get money — we appear to be responsible."

"Women in B.C., and I think this is true across Canada, have organized around service. This has certain problems, especially for funding. We are trying to find out the needs of women and how to remedy them."

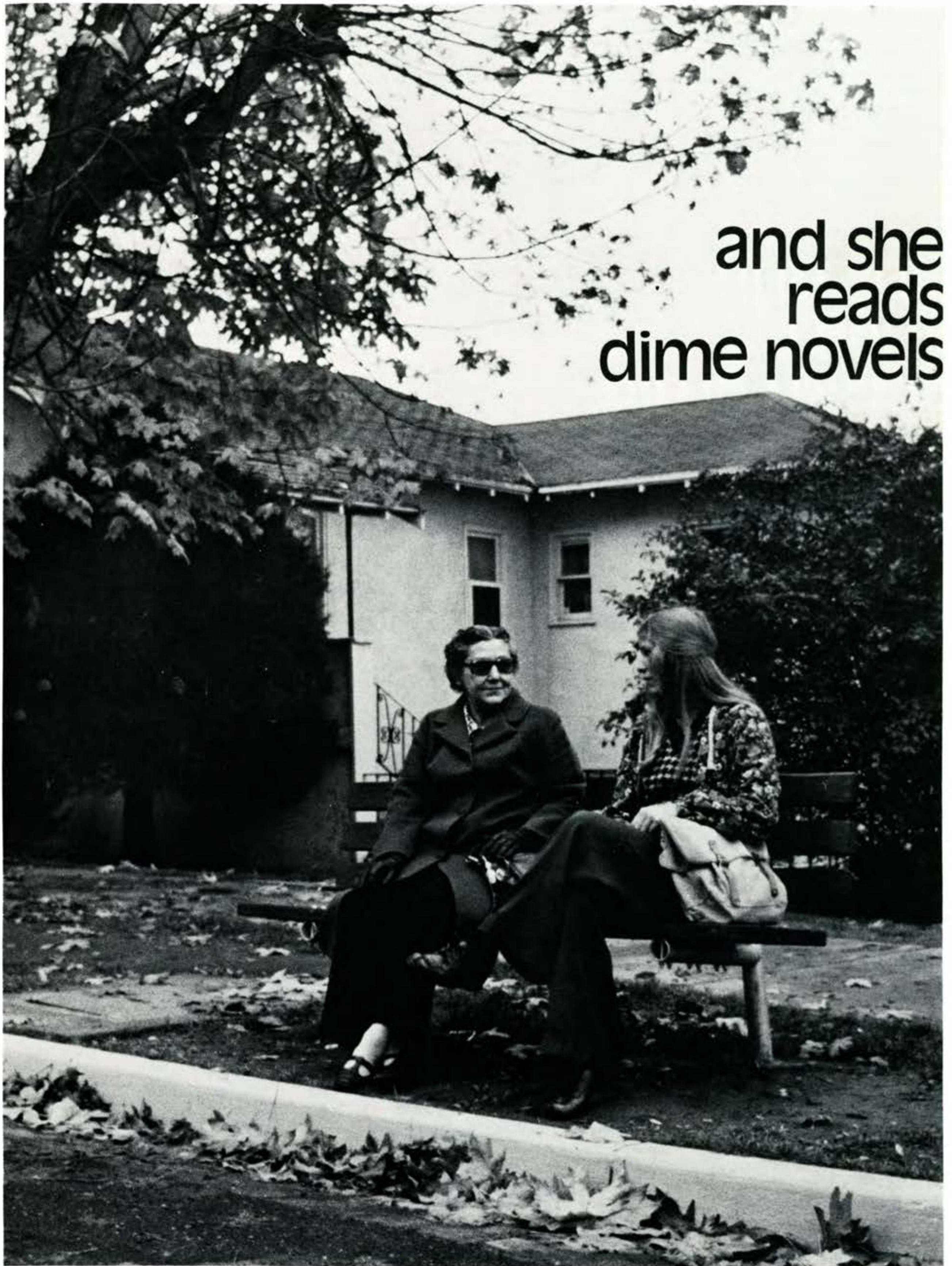
"The women I know in Canada are interested in political tasks rather than how to divide up the housework."

To one Canadian woman, the movement meant "a probing, questioning" of women's role in society. "Looking at the possibilities in a thoughtful way doesn't make one a bra-burner."

Canadian Myrna Kotash, a lecturer in Women's Studies, expressed this opinion in McLean's magazine a few months ago:

"Women are like Canadians were ten years ago: timid, self-contemptuous, overlooked. It's no accident that the struggle for women's liberation and the growth of Canadian nationalism are flourishing together."

K



and she
reads
dime novels

photo by Gary Johnson

by Dale Schwarzmilller

During World War II a young Detroit girl decided she wanted to do something patriotic so she joined the WAVES and set sail for the good of her country and adventure.

She was beached in a Washington, D.C. office for the duration as a secretary but that was one of the most important times of her life, according to Dr. Marjorie Ryan, an English professor at Western.

It was during that time that Ryan took her first college course, "a literature course, naturally," she recalled as we talked in her modest Alabama hill home overlooking Bellingham. Her night classes at nearby Georgetown college caused her to decide to go on to college and to become a teacher.

I had had Ryan for two classes last year and her warm personality and her references to some of her pastimes like reading murder mystery thrillers made me curious to know more about her.

Sitting in a large, brown, leatherette easy chair in her comfortable and orderly home, Ryan, her round face often lighted with an infectious smile, talked about her past education.

She obtained her B.A. in education from the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor and then taught literature for a couple of years at Grosse Pointe high school, a suburb of Detroit.

But she wanted to go further – to learn more. "There was so much more I wanted to know, read and study," Ryan recalled.

In fact she has always been interested in reading and studying. "I can hardly remember a time when I didn't read regularly."

She went on to the University of Minnesota where she got her doctorate.

Curiously, Ryan was able to afford to go to school under the provisions of the G.I. Bill – an opportunity she was almost not granted because, then the G.I. Bill first appeared, it was for men only. The lack of reaction to this regulation was a sign of the times, Ryan said.

"I didn't resent that at the time," Ryan went on, with a nebulous smile (that seemed to say, "If I only knew then what I know now,") and she continued, "But if they passed a bill such as that now, I would write a letter to my congressman and so would many others."

There was an amendment to that bill shortly thereafter that gave benefits to women as well, and Ryan's standpoint on women's rights has changed too.

As a literature instructor at

Western, Ryan has instigated change in the English curriculum to benefit women's studies. She suggested the Women in Literature class currently being taught at Western, and while she is a firm believer in women's rights, she doesn't think of the class as a victory for "women's lib."

"I believe that in literature courses students should read works worth reading, regardless of whether they are written by men or women. It is still true that in anthologies, women writers tend to be neglected, and I think this is true of women poets as well."

"The best thing the English Department could do would be to have a course where women writers are read just as we read men writers."

Ryan suggested that the Women in Literature course be team-taught. "With three different women (Ryan has been one of the three every time) teaching the course, students are able to get a mixture of interests from the different personalities."

The Women in Literature class has maintained a healthy enrollment since its inception.

"It's not just a fad course," Ryan emphasized.

We were interrupted momentarily by the appearance of a large furry cat, a permanent Ryan houseguest, who eyed the stranger in the room warily and then scampered away to the safety of the other side of the room, ignoring the hand offered in friendship. The cautious cat was a striking contrast to the personable Ryan who answered questions with warmth, sincerity and a touch of humor.

Ryan has several ideas for future courses at Western, including one that will deal with southern American women writers.

"The south has produced more interesting writers than any other one section of the country," Ryan pointed out.

Ryan's classes are informal, with discussion at a premium. She explained that one of her aims is to try to help students express themselves orally or in writing to the best of their ability.

"If a student leaves a class with a certain knowledge, and with a greater appreciation and understanding of the subject he has been dealing with and has a desire to read and learn more, I feel I have been successful as a teacher."

She explained that college teaching is not just a "nine to five" job. "There are always papers to be read, preparations for classes to be done, and tests to be made up."

Beyond that, there is a great deal of reading to be done outside the classroom.

"You want to be more than a jump ahead of your students," she said. "You want to keep abreast of the critical reviews and scholastic development, even though you may not bring all this information into the classroom."

Besides her teaching activities, Ryan has been quite active in college affairs, serving on several ad hoc committees and on the recent Presidential Search Committee.

In her spare time, Ryan has the curious habit of reading detective stories – a pastime she has enjoyed for many years.

Ryan explained that she has read thousands of the murder mysteries and her eyes lit up with excitement as she plucked her latest paperback off the living room shelf. Its ominous title read, *The Scene of the Crime*, by John Creasy.

"I just got this one at the library," Ryan said eagerly.

"There are people who believe the detective story to be an art form. But I don't read them that way. I call it escape reading."

She likes the classic English murder mysteries the best because of the "intellectual tension in the whodunits."

And then, her voice taking a sinister tone, added that she likes the murder mysteries that start out something like, "It was a beautiful, placid afternoon in the quiet little town, and who would have thought that so-and-so could have committed a crime."

Her favorite detective story writers include Agatha Christie (Ryan sometimes gets a third of the way through a book before she realizes she's already read it), and Dorothy L. Sayres and her detective, Lord Peter Lindsay.

She is also becoming interested in science fiction.

"Science fiction has the same kind of appeal as murder mysteries – there is usually something to be resolved," Ryan said.

Her reading interests, of course, are much broader than just science fiction and detective thrillers. She's a great lover of satire and she considers Swift the greatest satirist ever. Her favorite women writers include Katherine Porter and Iris Murdock.

"English majors should read a variety of things," Ryan said. "I don't see anything wrong with reading detective stories one day and Fielding's Tom Jones the next."

Elementary my dear Ryan, elementary.

k



A Gro

*My parents would
Of course, they don't
matter-of-factly.*

*I think they sort of
live with an amused
certainly isn't what
me when they finally
my own. But it can
postulate. Sooner
limitations of the
All they have to do*

*"Oh," my father
record albums commu*

*The neighborhood consists
of houses owned by men who
leave each day for
construction (logging or other
hard labor jobs) and women at
home who wait for them. Until
three in the afternoon, the
only people in the neighbor-
hood are women in bathrobes.*

*I live with men, women and
dogs, two each; a cat, a rat
and a growing indoor garden.
We share a two-story, nine-
room house in a quiet,
residential section of north
Bellingham.*

*The middle-aged couple
across the street from us have
a son and daughter about high
school age. They own a split-
level home, two large cars, a
pick-up camper and a toy
poodle. They do not like
"hippies": they say we have
reduced their property value
\$2,000.*



Family Portrait

y I live in a commune.
say it quite so

f tolerate the way I
epticism. It
hey had planned for
et me get a place of
last forever, they
later the firm
l world will emerge.
wait.
l say, "you keep your
ly?"

script by Jennifer Hood
photos by Gary Johnson



When I first got to Bellingham I was wandering around looking for a place to stay. The only place in town that I knew how to find was the Greyhound bus station and I was determined not to go back there.



It's hard for me to explain my feelings about my house. I guess it's a kind of sharing-together feeling that makes me feel we're more of a family than just a bunch of people splitting the rent.

Getting together at dinner helps. It's a nice time. You can see other folks in the neighborhood sitting down to dinner together too. You share little incidents that happened at school or what you did that day. You talk about what you like; what you're angry about. You keep sitting there long after the plates are empty and the soup cold.

The kitchen is the central focus of the house. I think there must be some mystic, primal force that compels people to the kitchen to fulfill their most fundamental needs. It is in the kitchen that we tend to have our arguments, find out what happened in the house during the day, sense what everyone's mood is, get something to eat when we're hungry, get a cup of tea or an aspirin when we're ill, or get a quick hug and kiss as we go through the day. If I feel bored, lonely or restless, I often go to the kitchen. There's almost always someone there to talk to.

There are times when I wish I could just be alone for a few minutes. I just open the door and start running: around the block, up to the school playground, out to this big field. There I can run around in circles and dance and hop around until I'm practically exhausted. Then I usually just stand there in the middle of this big field out there and feel the world getting bigger and bigger. After this I feel much better.



Richard is a tall man with bushy hair, a thick beard and glasses. He usually wears heavy boots, two pairs of pants secured with suspenders and a wool shirt over a cotton t-shirt. He is learning to play the flute.

I met him in Fairhaven at the Good Earth Building at the top of the stairs and around the corner. He was in the process of baking bread. I explained that I needed a place to live and asked if I could visit his house. He agreed with a big smile. We have been smiling at each other ever since.



LINDA CAMPBELL

White Elephant or Sacred Cow

by Ron Zobel

Ron Zobel and his wife, Penny arrived in the Philippines as a part of Group 69, Forest Development, Peace Corps/Philippines in October, 1973. He had previously traveled widely in Europe, North Africa and Central America. He has worked as a Park Ranger in Olympic, North Cascades and Everglades National Parks. They resigned from the Peace Corps in July, 1974.

"What did you do in the Peace Corps, Daddy?"

"I shot women and children, son."

Peace Corps Volunteers (PCV's) who go to the Philippines often find that the jobs they expected to fill do not exist. Many of the PCV.s occupy their time "moonlighting" by playing in Tagalog films. In one recent movie, "Sunagin Ang Samar" (The Burning of Samar), PCV.s played American soldiers killing, burning and raping in the Filipino-American War at the turn of the century.

"Jobless" Peace Corps volunteers playing soldiers on a movie set for 75 pesos a day is not the sort of thing the recruiters or brochures will tell you.

In 1973, through the auspices of the National Park Service and the Smithsonian's Office of Ecology, my wife and I became interested in the Peace Corps program in park development.

At a September, 1973 meeting in Denver we were led to believe that Philippine National Parks needed our technical assistance in planning park facilities, such as nature trails and visitor centers. We were asked to design brochures and other promotional materials for these parks. We were given a long and detailed description of the sites and jobs in a forestry and parks program. Impressed with the obviously thorough planning of the Peace Corps we decided to go. When we left for the Philippines, we were enthusiastic about the Peace Corps concept.

The first significant shock was not the crowded streets of Manila, the humidity, the strange diet or the usual case of diarrhea, but rather the incompetence with which Peace Corps ran our training program. The training was supposed to orient us to Philippine culture and to forest and park practices in the Philippines. The training staff understood little about forestry, park management or land use planning. With the exception of a couple of guest lectures most of the discussions of Philippine culture were pathetic and would not have qualified for a college classroom.

Any pre-arrival survey of national parks in the Philippines would have disclosed that the problems that plague these parks are political disputes. The Bureau of Forest Development does not enforce the national park laws. Most of the parks are being fought over by loggers, slash-and-burn agriculturalists and developers of coconut plantations and highways. Most parks exist only on paper and have no visitors.

Mount Data National Park in Northern Luzon was once 10,000 acres of mossy mountainous forest. The entire area has been deforested and converted to a series of cabbage farms, illegally, but with the acquiescence of park officers. The double tragedy is that not only is a national park lost but a major watershed has been destroyed and the value of a hydroelectric facility seriously compromised.

Solving what are essentially political disputes within the government is not a job that could or should be accomplished by Americans. Instilling enough discipline in an agency so it will carry out its own government's laws is likewise an unproductive and unwelcome task for an alien. Unprotected, unvisited parks do not need visitor centers, nature trails or publications. The program's infeasibility should have been evident long before our arrival.

The example of Bulusan National Park is the best illustration of how Peace Corps plans its projects. A description of this park and its need for development was fundamental to the project and one of the reasons we joined Peace Corps. Bulusan, according to the document, was one of four parks chosen as a pilot-project in park planning.

Nothing in this document was contradicted by representatives of Peace Corps/Philippines at the Denver meeting. But at the time it was written, at the time it was sent, at the time of the Denver meeting, at the time of our arrival and continuing to this day as far as I know, Bulusan National Park has been occupied by the New People's Army, a guerrilla force fighting the Marcos government. Park officers have not visited the park for a long time.

What could be more absurd than sending a "park planner" to a park occupied by a guerrilla army? If the Peace Corps had checked out the pilot projects it would have discovered the situation. When I complained I was told by Mel Beetle, a Peace Corps/Philippines official, that I was naive to believe a Peace Corps project description.

After eight months of searching for a job behind our "park planner" titles, we were faced with the choice of staying in the Philippines on a vacation or going home. We chose to come home.

Our situation was not unique. During our stay in the Philippines our "non-jobs" allowed us to travel the length and breadth of the islands. I talked to Volunteers in almost every type of activity in the Peace Corps/Philippines: agriculture, banking, wildlife, city and regional planning, education, social work, nutrition and fisheries.

I talked to about 75 of the 350 PCV's in the Philippines. At least ninth per cent of them said they were doing little that was meaningful. Although the exact figures are unknown to me, a significant number of PCV's quit early. Five people quit the day I did.

In a rural electrification program PCV's found none of the jobs they had been promised. An attempt was made to switch them to work with craft cooperatives, but that didn't work in most cases. Some went home, and others just hung around looking for something else to do.

A computer programmer in the Department of Agriculture could not do her job because the computer was broken down most of the time.

A wildlife manager had become the world's expert on the Tamaraw, a rare and endangered species of hoofed animal. But he received no cooperation from his co-workers and had little hope that any of his research would be implemented to preserve the species.

Regional planners intending to work for the National Economic Development Authority found the agency hardly operating at the regional level and ended up spending most of their time at the beach.

A forest engineer had been assigned to help build better forest roads. However, the Director of the Bureau of Forest Development Jose Viado said the Peace Corps Volunteers were not needed and would not provide a budget for their work. Mr. Viado regarded it as an insult to the many Philippino foresters that an American should do their job.

Likewise, Philippino teachers feel capable of meeting the educational needs of their country and resent the competition of PCV's. There is, in fact, a surplus of Philippino teachers. To avoid this problem, most PCV teachers do not teach but shuffle papers in an educational bureaucracy.

Other Peace Corps Volunteers are in positions inappropriate for any American.

A group of social science teachers found themselves involved in a government propaganda effort in the schools. They had been assigned to introduce an "inquiry" method of education in a school system where memorization is the primary method of learning. At the same time the government of Ferdinand Marcos is using the school system to indoctrinate school children in the virtues of his "New Society" dictatorship. The only kind of inquiry that was allowed were questions about the

good things the Marcos government was doing.

A Peace Corps social worker came under fire in Northern Luzon while trying to ease the relocation of "squatters" from public land. The people did not want to leave "their" land but the government insisted. Whatever the merits of the case in question, does it help our foreign image to have Americans associated with something obviously so unpopular?

Almost every PCV in the Philippines is faced with the dilemma of exposing corruption in his host country agency and becoming a "cop" in a foreign country or not intervening and becoming a part of the corruption by default. The Peace Corps "change agent" must either achieve his goal at the cost of becoming an unwanted meddler or gain goodwill by acquiescing in the old ways. In such a no-win situation the Peace Corps volunteer becomes not a solution but another problem.

To be sure there are a few PCV's that are successful in every sense of the word. They are the exceptions not the rule. They are the ones that write the books, become Peace Corps recruiters and bolster the indelible image of a determined young American surrounded by smiling brown brothers.

Why do people stay if their jobs are not meaningful? Many find it easier to enjoy a two-year paid vacation rather than return to a tight U.S. job market. Besides there is always the chance of a bit part in a Philippino movie.

More and more of the time of the Peace Corps is spent generating a reason for its existence. Philippine government agencies are encouraged to accept PCV's, even when they are not wanted in the local areas where they will be working.

In the Philippines it is often prestigious for the agency to have a "token" American in the agency despite the fact he is not doing anything.

It is seldom in the interest of the Peace Corps/Philippines officials to objectively analyze their projects. The well paid administrators would not have anything to administer if the number of PCV's is substantially reduced.

Peace Corps/Philippines Director Barry Devine admitted to me that nearly all of the host government agencies would rather have the \$10,000 than the volunteer it would support for a year.

Eighty million dollars is spent on Peace Corps operations world-wide. If what I saw in the Philippines is any indication of what the Peace Corps is doing in other parts of the world, it no longer serves the purposes intended by the Peace Corps Act and has outlived its usefulness.

I'm sure John Kennedy would not want us to turn a white elephant into a sacred cow. **K**

ONE GOOD REASON

by Daniel Hanson

Lucas Merriweather stopped for a drink of water at the fountain near the college president's office. He was hesitant, and rightly so — two hours earlier he had handed in his resignation as student counselor, a position he had occupied for barely two months.

He opened the door to the outer office, followed the nod of the secretary and knocked firmly on the president's door. He entered on command, nervously placed himself in the chair across the desk from the stern, greying man.

"One question, Merriweather," the president finally said. "Why?"

Merriweather shifted in his seat. "It's rather personal, sir. Let's just let it go at that."

"No, Merriweather, let's not let it go at that," the gaunt man said, harshly. He stood and faced away from his captive, staring contemplatively out the window, across the campus and into the distance. "When any member of my staff — especially a competent one — hands in a resignation, you can be damn well sure I'll have the reason. What is it? The pay? I can't do anything about that. Or is it the working conditions?"

"I only wish it were that simple, Mr. Nive. This affects my entire career. You see, I can't handle my task. I've lost my clout, grown ineffective."

"What?" snarled Nive, whirling about and confronting Merriweather directly. "In two months you've grown ineffective? You haven't had the time, man."

"Just time enough, sir."

"Bah!" Nive snorted, regaining his composure and his seat. "You really don't know beans about this game. I think your whole trouble is that you put far too much significance on trivial matters. Now, who said what to whom?"

"Sir?"

"I mean what staff member got under your skin. Tell me who and I'll . . ."

"There's nothing you can do or say, Mr. Nive. Besides, I can handle criticism rather well. Defeat is another story."

"Aha!" Nive bellowed. "So that's it. Someone came to you with a problem that you couldn't handle. Lucas, listen to an old hand at this sort of thing: you're a psychologist, not God. You have to strike out now and then."

"In my case I lost the whole ball game. This isn't a case of bad grades or a lost love. This is what my job is all about."

Nive leaned back in his chair and looked on quizzically.

"Four days ago a sophomore walked into my office, sat down, looked me straight in the face and said 'Give me one good reason why I shouldn't kill myself.' "

"A bit odd, I'll admit," Nive said. "But nothing you shouldn't have been able to cope with."

"I didn't think so either, at first. I followed normal procedure, trying to find out what was bothering him. That's when it got tough."

Merriweather leaned forward and wiped the sweat from his forehead while Nive's eyebrows danced about his face, curiously.

"There was absolutely nothing in this boy's life to make him suicidal. He had excellent grades, an active social life — all the elements of a 'good' life. In fact, as far as I could tell, he wasn't even depressed."

"It seems he wanted to live. Otherwise he wouldn't have come to you."

"It was more like a student taking an assignment to a teacher for approval, sir. He presented his case so logically, so flawlessly — he made death seem ultimately preferable to a life in the world we've made."

"So how did you answer him?"

"That's it, sir, I couldn't."

"What? Is the future that bleak to you, son?"

"I don't enjoy the prospect of choking to death in acrid air, starving in a sea of people or having my molecules distributed over the galaxy in a nuclear blast. I'd almost rather leave the place as I now know it."

"But suicide . . . that's a coward's way out. We can always work to improve things. That's what life is all about."

Lucas Merriweather stood and prepared to leave. He was a bit relieved, knowing that Francis Nive, a man with 30 years experience couldn't have saved the boy either.

"What will you do not then, Lucas?" Nive asked, almost meekly.

Lucas Merriweather smiled thinly and remained silent as he left the office and the school, his career, and his past.

k



Clockwise — The steam sculpture; Hamrol's untitled piece; a suspended bronze 38-sided polyhedron inside the Alphabet Cube;" and "Rainforest Sculpture and Fountain."

photos by Gary Johnson

GO TO THE THINGS THEMSELVES

by Victoria Hamilton

Perhaps you have already formed an opinion of the sculptures that stud Western's campus. And then again, maybe you have never noticed them.

Maybe you have found that the black curves and ever-changing design of the Noguchi piece on Red Square lends itself to the surrounding space, adding to one's progression from one learning building to the next. But then again, maybe you have found that dark hulk nothing but a nuisance as you rush to class gulping down your egg sandwich, and while picking out the lettuce you smash your head in welded iron plate.

At any rate, you must be curious to know whether or not you are surrounded by bargain basement manifestations of the ego, or objects that were chosen because they not only stimulate the emotions but are in tune with the environment.

About one per cent of state money spent on constructing a new building on campus is ear-marked as an art allowance. This is the main reason the grounds are beginning to look like a large gallery. In the past (as the case of Fisher Fountain), most of the money for public art was donated by the alumni for monumental purposes.

The sculpture by internationally renowned Isamu Noguchi is the most valuable piece of art on campus. It was Noguchi's idea, designed by a mathematician and built by local iron workers, for a total of \$16,000. That was in 1969; today the going price for this work is about \$56,000. Better known as the Peace Arch, the "Sky Viewing Sculpture" is meant to be stood under and used to gain a different perspective of the universe.

The 1,200-pound modified cube is made of welded iron plate, five-eighths of an inch thick, which will last for centuries. Other famous works by Noguchi include the "Black Sun," in Seattle's Volunteer Park, and a 25-foot "Cube" on Broadway in New York City. Familiar with the Northwest, Noguchi moved to Seattle from Japan at the age of 13, since then he has studied and created art all over the world.

The most controversial piece is the Morris steam sculpture near the road between the north campus parking lot and Fairhaven College. The kinetic sculpture was designed by New York sculptor Robert Morris and built by Gordon Sullivan, a local plumber and art student, this past spring. Morris is one of the leading artists working in the Minimal style, and has shown his work all over the

world. The design of the piece is predicated on a steady and constant flow of steam, released by 400 steam jets hidden by 20 square feet of rough gravel. The aesthetic experience is provoked by a constant "cloud" which rises and falls, folding and billowing into shapes defined by the weather. The sculpture's cost was \$4,000 — \$2,000 went to Morris and \$2,000 for support materials and services. Normally a work by Morris would cost up to \$20,000, but Larry Hanson of the Art Department was able to persuade Morris to design a piece, which the college with its reduced budget could afford. The steam sculpture operates every day from 8 a.m. to 7 p.m. Operating the sculpture costs .713 cents an hour, or about \$1,600 a year, which is earmarked for campus beautification.

While Seattle architect Fred Bassetti worked on the new addition to the Wilson library in the fall of 1972, he commissioned himself to design the "Alphabeta Cube." The cube was purchased for \$5,000 of state funds, allotted to it from construction financing. The Bassetti sculpture, located between the library and Haggard Hall, consists of a cubical space formed by twelve large, octagonal redwood timbers enclosing a suspended bronze 38-sided polyhedron, which is engraved with letters of the alphabet and numbers from zero through nine. The letters of the alphabet and numbers are visible through seven spaces which occur at corners formed by the timbers. To "experience" the work fully, one must carve a meaningful symbol of one's existence on it.

Bassetti used the alphabet and other symbols in the design as the basis for communication — the essence of a library. At several places, letters have been stamped into the wood. The principal statement, emphasizing the power of the alphabet, is placed on the end of a timber and reads as follows:

TWENTYSIX MARKS ZYXWVU
TSRQPONMLKJIHGFEDCBA
MEETRASKOLNIKOWHEATH
CLIFFECAPTAINAHABGUL
LIVERJANEEYEREOLIVERT
WISTGATSBYHUCKLEBERR
YFINNMARKTWAIN HAMLET
SHAKESPEAREULYSSES JO
YCE HOMERTOLSTOYKEATS
BEYERNEMEROVOGOETHEJ
OBMOSESAND METHUSELAH

The light grey stony curves of the sculpture in front of the library are the creation of hard-working Seattle sculptor, Richard Beyer. Begun near the end of August, 1972, Beyer and his son, Charles, completed the

figures at the site during the final week of October, 1972. Jackhammers, hand-hammers and chisels were used to mold the five-foot, 12½-ton block of granite into "A Cougar Sitting on a Man's Lap Drinking." According to Beyer, the statue depicts a bounty hunter who has spent his life hunting mountain lions on Sehome Hill. Now old, the hunter can no longer climb the hill, so he sits on his front porch and drinks beer. His foe, the cougar, who has also grown old, comes down from the hill to see what keeps the man away. The hunter shares his beer with the cougar. Soon the two get plastered, and while roaring drunk the cougar sits on the hunter's lap. The two reconcile their differences and sing about the past. The sculpture was commissioned, from the art allowance for the newly constructed addition to the library, for \$6,000.

Standing in Red Square, and casting an eerie shadow on the lecture halls, is an artistic adventure in recycling 1954 car bodies. "The Scepter," by Steven Tibbets, was purchased by the Associated Students in 1966. Tibbets was a Western art student at the time. He is now living in Bellingham working in metal forging and ceramics.

The newest addition to Western's collection may gain a little more notice, at least for another 30 or 40 years, if a building does not replace it. Made of cedar poles, the four triangular platforms of Lloyd Hamrol's untitled piece are metaphors of the Huxley Environmental Building nearby. The \$3,500 work also functions as a plaything which can be walked on or sat under. A contemporary sculptor from Los Angeles, Hamrol, has other works on three California campuses, as well as art museum exhibits. The sculpture was funded jointly by the National Endowment for the Arts (\$1,500), one percent of the building budget (\$1,000), the Art Department (\$500) and the bureau of faculty research (\$500), and was completed last spring.

The oldest piece of sculpture — only eleven years old — lies stagnant and almost forgotten between Haggard Hall and Wilson Library. Constructed by the late Seattle sculptor, James Fitzgerald, "The Rainforest Sculpture and Fountain" was built in 1960. Fitzgerald's fountains near the Playhouse in Seattle Center and on the IBM plaza in Seattle are greatly admired, but the "Rainforest" has been moved, vandalized and ignored, except for an occasional thirsty animal.

THE ARCHITECTURAL ORPHAN

by Richard Francis

Western's latest addition to its architectural showcase, Arntzen Hall, is an almost classic example of a crisis in the making. To examine its evolution is to see what has happened not only to the face of our campus but to contemporary American architecture in the last two decades.

The responsibility of an architect is to define the needs and desires of his client in specific terms, adjusting expectations to realities. By that yardstick Arntzen Hall, designed by Ibsen Nelsen & Associates of Seattle, shows considerable confusion and inflexibility. It is a building whose strongly conceived exterior form was incapable of adjusting to major changes during its evolution, particularly in the face of a shrinking budget. This inflexibility created a dinosaur among campus buildings.

How did this conspicuous structure on the new South Campus get there? To understand that, it is necessary to know something of its history.

The overall design of the South Campus was conceived by George Bartholick, currently engaged in the renovation of Old Main. The Bartholick Plan (1968) began with the assumption that by the mid-seventies Western would have 12,000 to 15,000 students. In order to prevent the limited and beautiful terrain of the campus from being destroyed, Bartholick decided on a very dense concentration of buildings between the Ridgeway complex and Sehome Hill. While the buildings were to be separately executed, they were all to be connected to form a large, single structure. These buildings were to be connected to form a large, single structure. These buildings were to be what is now the Environmental Science Center, Social Science I (Arntzen Hall) and Social Science II. Ibsen Nelsen was retained as the architect.

Nelsen's original drawings for the two Social Science buildings showed well defined semi-circular bays containing stairwells, interspersed with deeply recessed surfaces so that a solid facade was not apparent. The solution was imaginative because it had strength without being overpowering to the projected enclosed space. Somewhere in revisions of the plans, this solution got scrapped, although its residue can be seen in the one semi-circular

stairwell in Arntzen Hall that now has only shallow exterior definition.

The rest of Nelsen's original plan made sense when the two buildings, connected by the gallery, were seen as a unit; for Nelsen had, with the terracing effect of the floors on the rear elevations, created a man-made hill between Sehome and Ridgeway. To that extent the new structure complemented nature (Sehome) and Fred Bassetti's hill town (Ridgeway). As an intellectual solution it was brilliant. But since the two social science units would not be built simultaneously or in close sequence, it was meaningless.

And there were other complications. It was decided to build the South Campus in poured-in-place concrete as opposed to the brick and wood used elsewhere on campus. Concrete is a treacherously difficult material to work with. A great many technical and aesthetic considerations must be in balance or the possibilities for disaster are overpowering. One is color and texture. Americans are used to highly consistent "finished" building materials; Europeans, with a rich heritage of unfinished cathedrals and decaying monuments, are used to contrast in "unfinished" structures. It is very difficult to maintain consistent color and texture in poured concrete, as ESC amply reveals.

In addition, concrete cannot be used for large smooth surfaces without becoming oppressive (anyone who walks the Haggard hallways appreciates this fact). So it was necessary to break up the Arntzen elevations to avoid a monolithic effect and to underplay the problems of color and texture that were then emerging in the ESC building under construction.

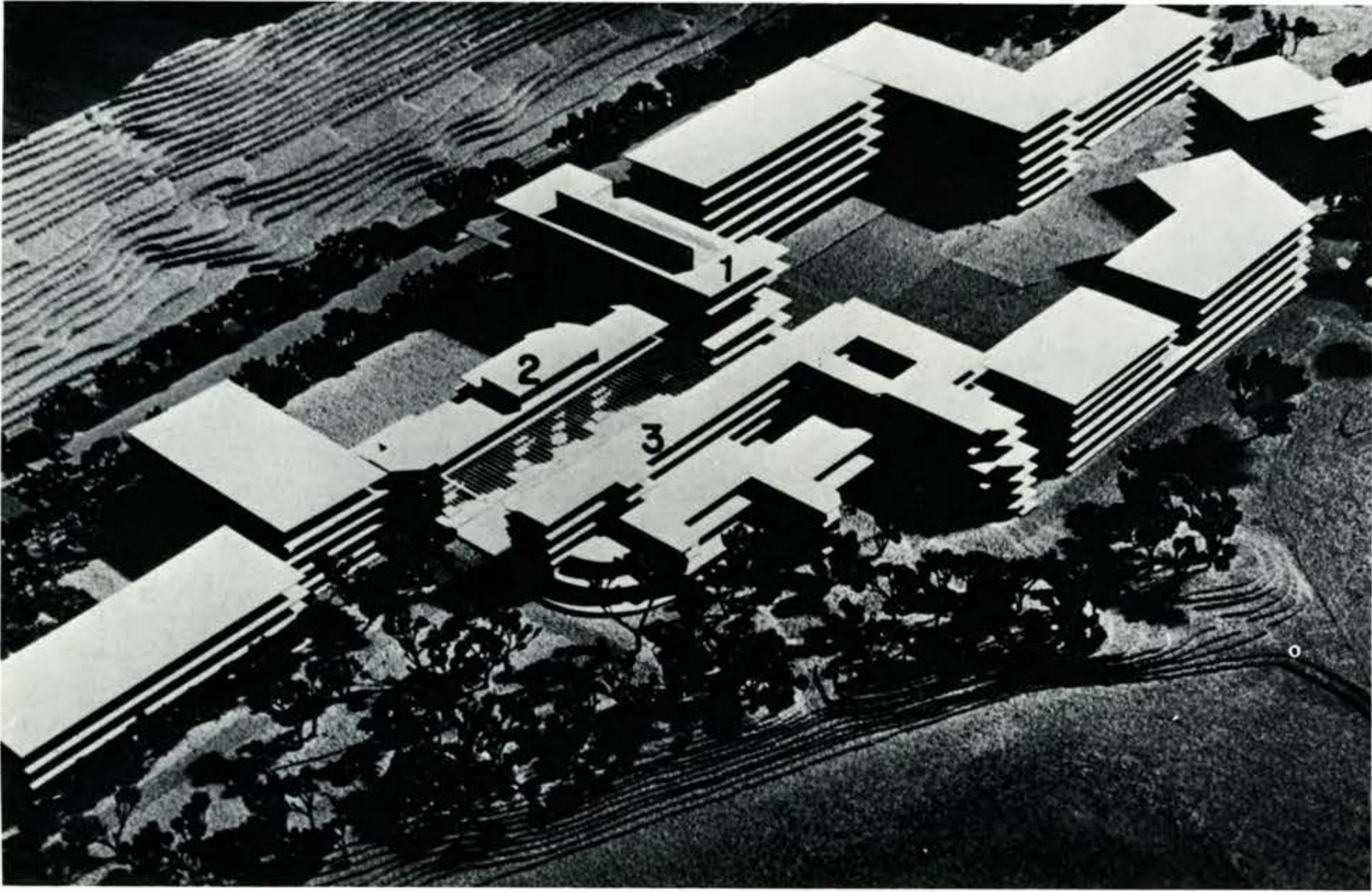
At this point in the evolution of the design, the most critical complexity enters. If Ibsen Nelsen is an elegant public architect, his associates are conscious or unconscious disciples of Robert Venturi, the *enfant terrible* of American architecture. Suffice it to say, Venturi is to architecture what Robert Morris is to sculpture — someone who would minimize the monumentality of his art form. But Venturi also wants more complexity in design, away from the purism of the international style which was beginning to wane as he began his practice.

The crystallized expression of the



Venturi approach was realized in the execution of the Harvard Design School (1972). To juxtapose the design of Arntzen Hall with the Harvard building is instructive. Unlike the Design School's bold tensions which mainly resolve themselves in the pop art quality of the building's rear elevation (which like Arntzen's is stepped and sloped), Arntzen's tensions are merely nervous: a conflict between the impeccable good taste of the master builder and the more bumptious impulses of his associates. Arntzen is neither pop art nor classical formalism.

Arntzen Hall is then a building conceived as part of a large, single structure that will never be completed, envisioned by an architect committed to public monuments with been challenged and contradicted by his youthful partners in charge of the project, whose own orientation is to a revolutionary American-based anti-architecture. The generation gap is very large. It is no wonder that Arntzen Hall in its exterior design quivers on the verge of being an aesthetic disaster.



Overall design of the South Campus as originally conceived. Arntzen Hall replaced building #2. (photo courtesy of Public Information Office)

To examine its interiors merely confirms the confusion of intent, the juggling and shifting of the design program, and the disastrous effects of inflation. While it has become increasingly a cliché of contemporary architecture to leave ducts and mechanical work exposed, the difference between that exposure in ESC and Arntzen is revealing. In ESC it looks carefully planned and color coordinated; in Arntzen it is merely the result of budget cuts, with exposed ducts Reynolds-wrapped like holiday turkeys. Some Arntzen space is curiously distorted: the semi-circular stairwell seems far too wide for its shallowness. In contrast to the width of the stairwell, the fifth floor main hallway is claustrophobically narrow. Indeed the absurdity of cramming Economics and Business Administration into this narrow attic is cheerfully reflected by a secretary who hangs plants from the elegant hatracks that are part of the building's equipment.

The main auditorium is reasonably successful, although its doors lead

directly into a glass enclosed lobby. On a bright sunny day anyone viewing a film there will be subject to sudden blinding bolts of light on the screen every time the doors open. On the other hand, the cork bulletin boards that horizontally relieve the long bleak halls on the upper levels have no illumination whatever, except the single soft lights widely spaced to achieve the same dramatic but impractical effect as the Miller hallways.

Ironically the most effective space in the whole building is the area least affected by the confusions of exterior design — the ground floor. Here, in a series of staggered open areas, flooded by light from the first floor walls, are the entrances to the various lecture halls and small classrooms. The classrooms and lecture halls, however, are downright dungeons without any of the warm quality of the wood paneled walls in ESC. As usual the architects did not consult either teachers or students and have placed the room numbers on the front of the doors, overlooking the

fact that doors are almost always open when anyone is looking for a room between classes.

It is probably fortunate for Western that this is the last major classroom-office structure to be built for the foreseeable future. A first-rate disaster like Arntzen Hall reminds us how lucky we have been. As we enter the recessionary present plagued by uncontrollable inflation, we can more profitably turn our attention to the renovation of existing buildings. George Bartholick's brilliant restoration of the Whatcom Museum, suggests what can be done by restoring the past rather than trying to build a future whose architecture, like the society itself, is passing through a serious crisis of confusion over its aims, assumptions, and aesthetic goals. **K**

Richard Francis, Associate Professor of English, studied architectural history with Vincent Scully at Yale and is a sometime field reporter for two architectural magazines.

