

Collegian

Willamette University

Salem, Oregon 97301

October 30, 1981

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Publications bill passes

by Mari Wildt

A very frustrated ASWU President, Rob McClellan, addressed the Senate two weeks ago at their weekly meeting. "I'm upset that this piece of legislation (the Publications Board Bill), has become a battleground for personal conflicts. We need action on this bill soon - not next semester or next year." But discussion con-

a problem if neither 'downstairs' or 'upstairs' has the majority." And with little more discussion the bill passed the Senate 15 to 7 votes. After publication in the Collegian, the bill will then be returned to the Senate for a 2/3 majority vote, and then will be presented to the student body for a final vote.

Three committees have been formed by the Senate to

"We need action soon - not next semester or next year."

tinued for another forty minutes on administrative costs for bookkeeping needed by the Publications Board, and the proposal was again tabled at the end of the meeting. This was for the fourth week running.

However, Wednesday night the revised edition of the Publications Board Bill containing a new breakdown of fees was lifted off the table and presented to the Senate. Concern was voiced that under the proposal, the Publications Board would have ultimate responsibility in choosing publications editors, and problems involving 'cliques downstairs' might arise. But former Publications Board Chairman and WITS senator, Scott Winter, pointed out, "...of the ten Board members, five are elected by the students themselves and can therefore represent student interests as well, if not better than the Senate. Cliques should not be

look into several aspects about the University which could use revision. The ETHOS committee, headed by Senator Kevin Spillane of Lee House, is concerned with student apathy and welcomes interested students to get involved with their group. A Senate Food Services Committee, concerned with the quality and high price of SAGA food is being co-chaired by Senators Scott Greenwood of Lausanne and Hance Haney of Belknap. Again, students who are concerned with SAGA's service are welcome to attend their first meeting November 8, at 7:00 in the UC. Students are also being sought to serve on an Alcohol Review Board headed by Rosemary Hart.

Kent Moffat was appointed by the Senate to an open position on the Academic Programs Committee, a sub-committee of the Academic Council.



ASWU officers Scott Sheridan, Rob McClellan, and Rebecca Roberts listen to debate

on the Publications Board proposal. The proposal passed the Senate, 15-7.

Dr. Camarillo lectures

by Matthew J. Erlich

Dr. Albert Camarillo visited the Willamette campus on October 26th to discuss "Historical Perspectives of Chicanos in Oregon", with the combined Spanish classes. Dr. Camarillo is director of the Center for Chicano Research at Stanford and is currently on a swing of Northwest colleges, including Willamette.

His presentation dealt with the migration of Mexican-Americans to the Northwest, stimulated originally by the 1910 Mexican revolution. The Bracero program of the 1940's, an agreement between the

United States and Mexico, sent between 200,000 and one million Mexicans into the U.S. to help in war production. In general, most of that class of people remained in the United States and have found difficulty in assimilating into the great "melting pot." Today, Mexican-Americans make up between 2.5 and 5 percent of the Oregon population.

Camarillo said the future will see increasingly larger amounts of Mexican-Americans coming in and settling in the United States. He stressed that the mobility that comes with aspiring to something better will be a ma-

for force in the assimilation of these peoples.

Camarillo fielded questions after his thirty minute presentation. The questions ranged from education as a road to advancement; the difficulties associated with assimilation shared by all Mexican-Americans as well as all other minorities; and defining the same two-dozen terms for people coming from Mexico to settle in the United States.

On that topic, Camarillo said that he used the terms interchangeably. "We shouldn't get caught up in terminology." The sizeable number of terms ranging from Chicano to Latino, to Mexican-American showed the diversity of the population, though Camarillo noted that there were some similarities.

Dr. Camarillo pointed out that education won't be a panacea. The present administration, he noted, won't put many funds into the bilingual program. The continuations of the program wasn't impossible, though, because of private investments and funding from foundation groups.

On the topic of assimilation, Camarillo said that it may take longer for Mexican-Americans than for other groups because of the problems of social mobility. He quoted statistics that showed Mexican-American enrollment up in higher education, and expected this trend to continue.

Circle K sponsors CPR

By Mari Wildt

Willamette University's Circle K Club has grown considerably since it was chartered two years ago. Now with over 17 members and heading quickly towards their goal of 25, the service organization is finally realizing some of their potential. Circle K is an international organization sponsored by Kiwanis International for college students who want to get involved in the commun-

ity. The Willamette Circle K club is one of 18 in the Northwest District which includes northern California, Oregon, Washington, and British Columbia. The Salem Capitol Kiwanis Club sponsored the Willamette Circle K, and both clubs have maintained close contact with inter-clubs at each others' meetings and co-sponsored projects.

With its theme of service in mind, Circle K is organizing CPR classes for all on-campus living organizations. The three

hour class will be taught by the Salem Fire Department, and although classes are limited to fifteen, many are planned. The first class is scheduled for Tuesday, November 10 for Alpha Chi Omega and Sigma Alpha Epsilon members and pledges. Instruction manuals will be distributed in advance.

Circle K is also participating in Kiwanis International's Kids Day, November 7. Sixty boys from Fairview Home, accompanied by Kiwanians and Circle K'ers, will attend the

Bearcat game against Pacific University.

President Steve Ball describes Circle K as, "...a great outlet for students who want to get involved with the Salem Community and that of Willamette. Circle K gives you an opportunity to walk away feeling good about helping others - and have some fun, too!"

Meetings are held every Monday at 6:30 pm in the Cat Cavern. Interested students are welcome to attend.

Senate proposes by-laws

These proposed revisions of the ASWU Constitution and bylaws are reprinted here in accordance with articles VIII and IX of the ASWU Constitution.

These revisions are the legislation regarding the publications autonomy proposal. This proposal is now before the Senate and if passed by that body next week it will be placed on a ballot for a student referendum. For further information, please contact your senator or the ASWU office at 6245.

ASWU CONSTITUTION Proposed Revisions

ARTICLE IV, SECTION 3, CLAUSE B:

"The student senate shall ascend as ultimate authority over all ASWU activities. This power shall not be delegated to any other committee or board. The only exception shall be the Student Body Publications Board, which shall have authority only in matters concerning publications as outlined in the Constitution and By-Laws."

ARTICLE VI, SECTION 3:

The listing of the budgetary allocation is as follows:

| | |
|--------------------|-------|
| Reserve | 2% |
| Awards | 1/2% |
| ASWU Nonallocated | 69% |
| Administration Fee | 1% |
| Publications | 29.5% |
| Administration Fee | .5% |

ARTICLE VII, SECTION 1: (delete present Section 1)

The policies of the official publications of the student body shall be administered by the Student Body Publications Board.

ARTICLE VII, SECTION 2:

The Student Body Publications Board shall be the final decision making body on Publications Budgets and appointments. A simple voting majority will mandate all said decisions.

ARTICLE VII, SECTION 3:

The Senate of the ASWU shall have the power to recall any senator, ASWU appointee, or popularly elected Student Body Publications Board official according to established recall procedure.

ASWU BY-LAWS

ARTICLE II, SECTION 1:

Voting members of the Student Body Publications Board shall consist of the Darkroom Manager, the Collegian Editor-in-Chief, the Wallulah Editor, the Business Manager, the Jason Editor, the President of the ASWU, the Treasurer of the ASWU, one Senator to be elected by the Senate each semester, and two members who shall not be affiliated in any capacity with the Student Body Publications. The Student Body Publications Board Chairman and the two At-Large Members shall be popularly elected by The Willamette community as provided under Article V of the ASWU Constitution.

ARTICLE II, SECTION 3, CLAUSE C: (delete present Clause B)

The Student Body Publications Board shall approve students who have petition-

ed for the various positions under its authority.

1. The following nominations must be submitted to SBPB by the last Monday in April: Wallulah Editor, Jason Editor, Business Manager, Darkroom Manager.

ARTICLE II, SECTION 3, CLAUSE D:

"The financial records of the SBPB shall be open to the public."

ARTICLE II, SECTION 3, CLAUSE E:

The Student Body Publications Board shall set the salaries for each position stated above.

ARTICLE II, SECTION 3, CLAUSE F:

The Student Body Publications Board shall fill vacancies occurring during the course of the academic year.

ARTICLE II, SECTION 3, CLAUSE G:

The Student Body Publications Board shall insure the maintenance of the standards of publication for all appointive positions as these standards are stated in this document.

ARTICLE II, SECTION 3, CLAUSE H:

Unelected Student Body Publications Board members not meeting these standards shall be subject to removal upon 2/3 vote of the Board.

ARTICLE II, SECTION 3, CLAUSE K:

The Student Body Publications Board shall fill vacancies occurring during the official publications under its jurisdiction conform to the standards set by the Constitution and the By-laws."

ARTICLE II, SECTION 5, CLAUSE E:

1. The Chairman of the Student Body Publications Board shall be the final arbitrator in all questions before the board.

ARTICLE II, SECTION 6:

A committee shall be formed which shall be responsible for seeing that all abilities and examining avenues for a viable credit system for publications activities; to review financial standing and other physical concerns of publications as they relate to the University; and shall have the power to make recommendations to the Publications Board and to the Senate.

The committee shall be composed of three faculty members to be nominated by the Publications Board and confirmed by the Senate. One of these faculty members shall be designated by the Publications Board to serve as Chairman subject to confirmation by the Senate. The remaining membership of the committee will consist of two Senators, two students at-large not affiliated with any student publications, the President of the ASWU and the Chairman of the Publications Board. The Senate shall be responsible for selecting the two Senators and the two at-large members and no incumbent member of the Publications Board, excepting the Chairman and the ASWU President, are eligible to serve on this review committee. This committee shall meet a minimum of three times a semester at the discretion of its Chairman.

ARTICLE III, SECTION 1:

The membership of the Finance Board shall consist of the Treasurer of the Student Body who shall act as Chairman, the Vice-President, two student Senators and five members appointed by the Treasurer and approved by the student Senate.

Seminar begins

Not doing too well this semester? Realizing that great college students are made, not born? We are proud to announce the first series of the College Survival Skills Seminar to be held at 7 p.m. on November 2, 5, 8, 12, and 15, in Dining Rooms 1 and 2 of the University Center. A new program funded through the Northwest Grant and designed to enhance student performance in three essential areas of academic excellence, the Survival Skills Seminar will utilize the skills of our own superb faculty and address the topics of management, preparation and writing of exams, and successful strategies for the composition of essays and research papers. Interested students may sign-up immediately, either in their individual residence halls (sign

up sheets are clearly posted, or ask your RA) or at the University Center Information Desk.

According to Dan Findley and Lonnie Smith, student coordinators for the Survival Skills Seminar, the first series will be offered as follows: Dr. Rich Schwartz and Professor Edwin Stillings will present important techniques of time management on November 2 and 12; Professors Virginia Bothun and Bill Duvall will address the topic of essays, research papers, and techniques of good composition on November 5 and 9; Professors David Goodney and Robert Lucas will discuss approaches to objective and subjective examinations on November 8 and 15. A continuing series on other subjects will be available during Spring Semester.

PROSPECTIVE LAW STUDENTS



Law School and Legal Career
Information

DATE: Wednesday, November 11, 1991

TIME: 1:00-3:00 PM

PLACE: Willamette University

Further information available:

Dr. Schwartz
Student Development Center
Willamette University

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Campus Briefs



Spanish Professor Marta Velez

Holzmagel photo

Classes adapt

Within a few years, Hispanic peoples in the United States will number the largest minority. How Willamette will react to this change in population falls on the backs of the Spanish department in Walton. Professor Velez, who has been teaching Spanish at Willamette for eleven years, spoke of the future of the Spanish classes at Willamette facing those challenges.

Because of the numbers of people of Spanish culture, Professor Velez wanted to see, "an introduction of an advanced conversation class with a base in business, because Spanish is a part of the culture of the United States, and because it is a necessity." This class would extend into Spanish classes in both GSM and the Law Schools. Professor Velez also looked toward a class in 20th century Latin American politics.

For Spanish students there are two programs which are offered to give practical usage of the language in a foreign country. In Spring of 1983 there will be a trip to Spain and in the works is a possible program in Mexico with the University of Guadalajara for the Fall of 1982. A little closer to home, during the month of October,

the Spanish department had a number of activities in the Willamette International Studies House. Among them were Professor Uggen giving a presentation on Ecuador and Professor Viamonte describing the famous "gauchos" of South America and their influence.

The last presentation, given Tuesday night (October 27) was a dinner honoring the Seniors in the Spanish department. Those honored were Cindy Henry, Sharon Roberts, Jill Schroeder, Barbara Delph and Glen Sujimoto (presently at Stanford). After the dinner, there were songs and dances from Ecuador, taught by Glavis Gavilanes. Those 5, plus another 3 students in Hispanic Studies, make this year's Spanish class larger than in past years. Professor Velez added, "I expect these numbers to increase in the future."

"The future will be good," she continues, "because of the coordination and harmony between Professor Uggen and I." Probably the first thing students note of this coordination is that now all Spanish classes are taught in that language. "It is the principle challenge in this department," noted Professor Velez.

Band performs

A concert by the Willamette University Symphonic Band will be performed November 11 under the direction of Dr. Martin Behnke at 8 pm in Smith Auditorium on the Willamette campus.

The symphonic band will perform works by Elgar, DeBorgo, Satie, Shostakovich, Mozart and Nelhybel. Guest pianist, Dr. Anita King, will accompany.

Dr. Richard Stewart will be guest conductor directing a woodwind choir.

General admission is \$2. For more information contact the Willamette University Music Department.

Tickets on sale

Tickets will become available on November 9th for "Sizwe Bansi is Dead," the Tony award-winning play that is coming to campus on Thursday, Dec. 3. This expressive production was originally written and performed in South Africa but was banned from the white theaters there. The production that is coming to Willamette features renowned actors J. Wesley Huston and James Avery, who have just finished presenting it at the Ashland Shakespearean Festival. Tickets can be obtained by Willamette students from the cashier merely by showing identification. Faculty and staff can get tickets from the cashier for \$2, while the general public will have to pay \$4.

Funds gathered

American Legion Post 136 is sponsoring a fund raiser for the Conference on Latin America Saturday, Nov. 7, from 1-7 p.m. The fund raiser will include a huge picnic featuring all of the tacos and beer any poor slob can put down. There will be a slide show that has been described as simply "indescribable." The entry donation is five dollars and the fund raiser will be held at the Legion Post at 1143 Liberty Street N.E.

Films shown

Saturday, November 7, the ASWU presents another fun-filled double feature, **National Lampoon's Animal House** with John Belushi and a cast of several, and **You Can't Cheat an Honest Man** with that incorrigible fat drunkard, W.C. Fields. In honor of the student body, proceeds from the movie showings will go to the ASWU. The movies will be held in Smith Auditorium at 7:00 p.m. (Animal House) and 9:00 p.m. (You Can't Cheat an Honest Man), admissions for Willamette Students is \$1-or dress up and only pay a buck!

Retreat set

The Office of the Chaplain is sponsoring a Fall Retreat to Thetford Lodge on November 6 and 7. This Retreat is primarily aimed at just giving the students an opportunity to get away from the pressures of school for a while, relax in

beautiful surroundings, and mix and match old and new friends. Featured will be the films, **Parable, Awareness, and Incident at Owl Creek Bridge**, as well as dinner on Friday night, breakfast and lunch on Saturday, and fun the whole time. Sleeping bags, musical instruments, books, and games should all be brought by the students though good cheer will be the responsibility of the Chaplain's office. The cost is only five dollars and everyone should register no later than noon on Wednesday, November 4. For more information concerning the Retreat or transportation (car pooling) contact Phil Hanni in the University Center or call #6267.

Credit changes

Effective spring semester 1982, the fee structure for non-music major taking applied lessons will be \$120 for each 1/2 hour lesson. Further, each 1/2 hour lesson will receive 1/4 credit rather than 1/2 credit. As in the past, music majors will be given priority for applied music lessons and non-majors may sign up on a space-available basis.

Art exhibited

Paul Sutinen, art critic for **Willamette Week** and a Portland artist, will be exhibiting a site-related artwork in the Hallie Brown Ford Gallery in the art building from November 1 to November 25. There will be an opening reception for the artist from 2:00 p.m. until 5:00 p.m. on Sunday, November 1. The exhibition will involve 120 12" by 12" mirror tiles. The Hallie Brown Ford Gallery is open noon-4, Monday through Friday, and 1-4 Sunday.

Convos slated

Upcoming University Convocations for the beginning of November include Jim Greeninger, classical guitarist, on November 4, in Waller Auditorium, and Reverend Barry Keaping, November 11, speaking on "Northern Ireland: Prospects for Peace." Everyone is encouraged to attend; written excuses should be submitted to Chaplain Phil Hanni.

Rocky strikes

Tonight in the Cat Cavern begins a terminally long program of Halloween-type movies sponsored by the ASWU. Romero's classic zombie feature **Night of the Living Dead**, the poignant tale of dead people and undead people, plays at 6:30 and again at 10:30. The omnipresent **Rocky Horror Picture Show**, the plot of which does not merit mention because everyone knows all about it anyway, plays at 8:15 and again at midnight. Admission for Willamette Students is \$1. Limited to this special one-time offer, however, is the chance to appear in costume (from either film) and be admitted at absolutely no cost! ASWU Vice-president Scott "Mr. Benevolent" Sheridan says, "This is another one of my gimmicks. Do you like it? After all, the proceeds will be going to UNICEF." Join the fun and do something virtuous at the same time.



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A representative
will be on campus
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Professor Gallagher is a woman of great talent for which she has received numerous awards.



She feels that, "...the beauty of a poem is that it doesn't let you have it all at once."



Tess Gallagher reflects on her poetry at the University convocation. Holzmagel photo

Renowned poets speak on campus

by Martine Greber

Upon meeting with Ms. Gallagher, I was impressed by a woman who maintained a polished exterior, utilizing her writing as a means for communicating what she finds to be the meaning of her life and inner self. Like her poetry, Tess Gallagher does not dump her content into your lap. You must review her a few times to uncover some sort of composition and connection. One must search to encompass her oneness. A woman of many talents, among which are art and film making, this poet has achieved an appealing and successful mode of expression. Perhaps a tumultuous childhood created a foundation for a strong belief in her capabilities as a woman, a writer and as a person who finds a great amount of meaning in experiences and interpretations.

Ms. Gallagher's process of writing is indeed an interesting one. She claims to uncover what she wants to say during the process of putting pen to paper. "I try to be as permissive as possible. I write down what I am thinking." She comments on her "keeper of the gate" and the struggle she often has with the innervoice who tries to tell her what matters and what does not. "I keep a very firm posture with my 'keeper'." Sometimes we will harbor an idea for days until she can find an appropriate place and time to formulate it on paper. "I go to an idea of writing every day. Physically I go to the event as

often as I can."

Between her teaching as the coordinator of the creative writing program at Syracuse University, lecturing at various places across the country, granting interviews, and producing books, Tess Gallagher is indeed a busy woman.

"The beauty of a poem is that it doesn't let you have it all at once."

Among her numerous appearances on campus, she will be participating in a panel discussion along with Scott Walker and Professor Strelow, November 4th at 4:30 p.m. On the same day at 8 p.m. she will host a poetry reading in the alumni lounge. She will also be available at various times during the weeks of her stay for students. Her books **Under Stars** and **Instructions to the Double** are on sale at the bookstore.

A certain unique aspect of Tess Gallagher as a poet, is her involvement with the present. She emphasizes the absence of a goal in her life. She started

at sixteen as a reporter for her hometown newspaper in Washington State. "Journalism was the only thing at that time that expressed words." She soon became disaffected with journalism, finding news less than interesting, and even less so outside of friends and

familiar faces. She states her dislike for the surface desires associated with the field of journalism, and found her time spent in the creative writing program at University of Iowa much more stimulating. "Iowa was more important to me because I met with other writers."

She loves words and has been involved with writing since her teens, although she thoughtfully comments that she never thought about professional writing as something she would eventually strive for. She worked hard with professors to write "truly and interestingly about things that

have given me joy and sorrow, along with doubts and confusion." A portion of all these emotions combined deals with her father. He is a very significant figure in her life, as her poetry and essays reveal. Pressures about the future did, however, plague her as a girl in college. She remembers having anxiety about being alone in the world and not knowing what to do. Eventually she discovered her niche and gained more confidence. She did not put all of her eggs in one basket, so along with writing poetry, Tess produced films and a variety of writings. The amount of awards and publications in national magazines, testifies to the quality of her accomplishments. One could call her a renaissance woman.

The advice she gives to poets interested in developing their capabilities, is to read. Read contemporary poets, "They are closest to our own speech," to see what they admire, who speaks to them. Tess

urges people to start by identifying what matters to them in their lives and not to be afraid to write, to be vulnerable. Publishing at an early stage is not something to be concerned with, but when one feels the time is right, to begin with periodicals. They are very often associated with universities and writers read them. "Publication is reward seeking in part. It is authentication, but the real authentication must come from within you."

When asked how she gets an idea, Tess Gallagher insists that the idea grabs her. "The beauty of a poem is that it doesn't let you have it all at once," states Tess. This statement surely is indicative of the mysteries in her poetry. She is a talented woman in many areas, someone who truly enjoys and craves solitude. Her independence serves as a tool for her craft. Tess Gallagher is someone who inspires the writer within us and activates motivation to express emotion.

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Meet at the Alumni Lounge
Oct 31, 1:30 p.m.

Sickness results in benefits

Ann Hovland

There is something outrageously unjust about having to lie on your back and stare at the noncommittal white ceiling of a 13x20 foot dorm room, while the entire population of a campus somehow (miraculously!) without you, goes about its business as if nothing were amiss. There is a certain outrage about being sick in the midst of indifference, but perhaps it is only acute boredom, in search of an irritation, picking an argument for activity, entertainment. What happens when boredom sets in for a patient stricken with "a virus-you'll-just-have-to-ride-out-honey"?

For starters, it is assumed that the rulebook is thrown out for the patient who has received the official "Health Center Stamp of the Virally Infected." Schedules are ditched, classes are necessarily foregone, and even Saga food service comes through with real orange juice (Yes, they actually have some REAL stuff!) to accommodate the afflicted patient. Social protocol is stepped up as people one doesn't even know necessarily go "out of their way" to appease the infected party, and justifiably so (don't they owe it to him by virtue of their own crime of health?). In addition, the Healthy Majority goes "out of their way" simply to avoid the aura of germs emanating from the patient, who also reeks of Cepacol, orange juice, and a certain indefinable "viral redolence." At the mere mention of the word "flu," "CONTAMINATED" flashes in red lights across the forehead of the wretched viral victim. This tends to create a natural "space" barrier around the patient.

The first reaction of the contaminated is, of course, a general feeling of abandonment, solitary depression; but this soon blossoms into a wellspring for creative thought and/or hysteria. One imagines oneself a martyr in the face of "outrageous fortune" and soon believes one's perspective to be divinely ethereal, a vision ahead of its time, a lone particle of truth in a sea of deception. This is complemented or followed directly by a witty, wry compulsion to laugh uncontrollably at the "others," the Healthy, who, self-absorbed, cruise through their polished routines with smug self-righteousness, committed to deadlines. Deadlines, for that matter, time itself, becomes an absurd melodrama—a ludicrous joke played out at the expense of the student. Oh! It is all too clear from the prostrate position of the stricken party! Time

is the invention of those who connive to trap the student's otherwise free spirit onto a treadmill of philosophic assumptions and historical data.

The "sick bay," the dorm room, of the contaminated party assumes a strangely otherworldly atmosphere, antiseptic in nature. The long sought after (yearned for) privacy had finally come (no matter that the patient is too "spaced out" to actually enjoy the delectable luxury of quiet moments alone with one's plants and books...). The bureau/vanity has become a miniature drug store: a frightening number of bottles - cough syrup, Triaminic, aspirin, vitamins (and anything in small dark bottles or punch-out packets that looks like it relieves anything)- line the edge of the structure. A layer of stickiness (is it Cherry Robitussin or orange juice?) covers the entire room, giving all objects a certain cohesiveness, an "at-oneness," if you will. The patient can be found lying in a fetal ball in the un-lumpy pocket of the bed; pathetically giving himself away, laughably discernable by his wool socks (in bed), disgustingly red upper lip, and general aura of self-pity. A steady spray of steam from the humidifier makes the air thick enough to cut (and eat, if so desired); the room has become a temporary sauna (alias: hot house, the plants flourish deliriously beyond even their own imaginations). The roommate of the infirm subject has become oddly alienated in his own "crash" space. He verges on blatant irritability, but out of profound guilt, humors his contaminated comrade, who is now bordering on hysteria, intermittently giggling and gazing dolefully at the ceiling, mumbling incoherently.

And so, the oblivion of his cozy "womb" allows the patient temporary asylum from the world of term papers and noisy neighbors. But soon, larger than life itself, the inevitable ominously looms before the patient. The end approaches, creeps perilously near; just as the Virally Infected becomes the Virally Adjusted, content with his fatal neurotic existence, the fever breaks. The patient leaps from his sick bed with a quick eager motion. He is ready once again to embrace life with renewed fervor; but bitter reality cruelly slaps the recovered in the face: The Deadlines are also once again upon him. Suddenly a wave of nausea sweeps through the body of the "Ex" and sends him cowering back beneath the blankets. Relapses are common in such cases.

SCHOOLDAZE (A Student Teacher's)

a Blaze of eyes, an onslaught,
a crossfire from the ranks of desks.
setting up a Confrontation?
a not-so-nice hardness of Form
seems to stifle any potential.

a restless Body shifts in a narrow seat.
it begins...
a probing of identities,
the jostle and flare against
preconceptions, misconceptions, Intelligence Quotients?
garble, garble, Stop.
a dark vortex, spinning
frustration, then
Despair?
nausea.

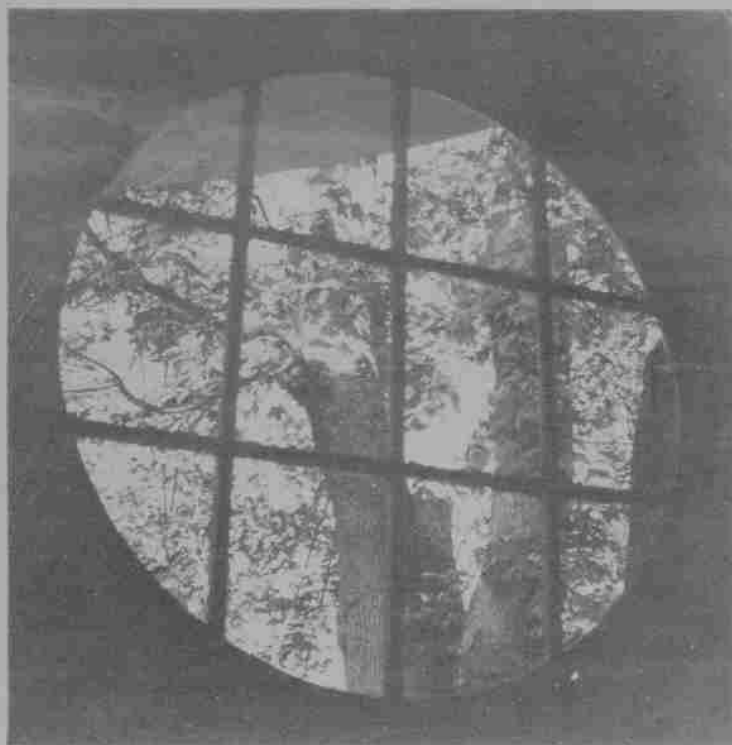
Pause.
Breathe Deeply.
Exhale.
Look up.

from unexpected nowhere-
a pure voice rings out,
a tremulous harmony answers
and shimmies to a chord.
!
The Perfect score on the Perfect test.

it is not "X + Y" equals,"
not even the day's dissonance.
But it runs beneath-
and quietly.
a tiny communion there,
a wide smile of Recognition
of souls that are the same,
and needy-
and get lost a lot
in the Shuffle of papers.

Ann Hovland

IN MEMORY OF A DREAM



Cotton photo

Dark damp breezes
Blowing the smell of death
The lonely sound
of life gasping for breath
A vision of youth
On the shore of a stream
Rest my head
Take time to dream

A peaceful warmth with a distant calm
A chocolate kiss on a flight of smoke
The sound of her laugh
Though she's miles away

It's all just the orange glow
On the edge of a cloud

Rob Stone

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Nothing gold can stay

Cheryl Gunselman

Alisha's first impulse was to sit — anywhere, anywhere — as quickly as she could. She closed her eyes tightly over the spectacle, the doll's house, looming empty before her. Her strong shoulders drooped; she put her hands hard against her mouth to keep her grief from filling the deserted place. At the center of the room, decked with cobwebs, the doll's house stood with its four miniature stories. The dolls

themselves lay heaped in a box on the bed. As she held one of them in her hands, sharp memory captured her.

Against the vague grayness of her closed lids she saw not just the doll's house, but long golden curls, the soft round smilingness of Rachel. There in the private theatre of her mind she fled from the deserted emptiness of the room and saw the image, blurred at the edges, of the sister reaching out with her childlike hands, to fondly touch the small toys in the elegant house. She gathered all

the dolls together, to hug them; then she turned her attention to one grand lady-doll dressed in silver brocade. Within the wreath of flossy golden curls shone eyes of cat's-eye green, reflections of Alisha's own. Her small triangular face alight with wonder, the simple girl marvelled over the miniature perfection before her. She clapped her hands rapturously and her countenance shone in silent laughter.

Yes, there was sun flooding the room, a brilliant light. It framed and filled the scene of

sister playing with sister, the two budding women; one was tall, richly dark-haired, with strong square shoulders beneath her summer dress. The other girl stood just to her heart, softly shaped, wide-eyed with a child's mouth held just slightly open in a perpetual ecstasy. The girls moved the dolls through many rooms in the magnificent doll's house, with its diminutive furniture, for hours engrossed in their quiet play.

The sun began its westward journey, the afternoon vanishing while the sisters still played. The grown girl teased the younger silent one, ever-so-slightly, and pulled her curls, caressing the small pointed face with a long, fragile finger. Rachel's green eyes danced. She stretched toward her sister, inclining her head to be caressed again, like a small cat.

Her hands, round and soft, reached to hold the hand that touched her cheek. They were warm, smooth as the hands of an infant. No guile clouded her eyes; nothing was more innocent than the small, rosy, angelic Rachel, ever a child.

Alisha spoke her name softly, her voice a deep music, and touched the pretty froth of lace circling the little white throat. The older sister suddenly found her arms full of the golden, trustful, childlike Rachel. There was a moment while she held her, pressing the yellow head against her strong breast, not at all sorrowful over the vagueness of the girl, only loving the simple, honest beauty.

She was indeed a blessed child, elfish, a changeling, tiny and cherublike. No lines of thought traversed the porcelain surface of the forehead; no chatter marred her perfect eternal silence. The passing of years could not touch her in her attic sanctuary; she was fair, unviolated by the world.

Rachel would have slept, warm against her sister in the half-light. But the dollhouse had real glass windows, which caught the sunset's strawberry fire, and she pulled away to marvel at the reflection.

Alisha sat, motionless, and felt wounded, torn asunder. There seemed an enormous cold rent in her flesh where the beautiful sister had rested, and she wrapped her arms about her breast, hugging her shoulders, rocking back and forth. She let her eyes stare at the child, so separate, such a treasure there in her little attic kingdom. For there she knelt, before the dollhouse, completely enchanted by the movement of the silent dolls, marching through the rosy twilight, and all the soft pink and goldness of her remote, untouchable. She played, a blithe babe of sixteen, lost and absorbed as a child.

There was a longing in Alisha to have this silent doll-

sister as a secret toy, to be cuddled and loved forever away from the world. But it was not possible; the little kingdom of the nursery belonged to her sister forever, and the outside world to herself.

"Kitten?" Infinite patience, profound tenderness warmed the voice of the older sister.

The green cat-eyes looked toward her, vacant behind.

"Come away from the pretty doll's house, precious, and let us have supper."

Rising sadly, still riven in two, she took the warm outstretched hand in the embrace of her long tapered

*"She was
a blessed
child...
tiny and
cherub-
like."*

fingers. The last kernels of pink light faded as the girls left the nursery world, closing the door on its enchanted playthings.

"Alisha?"

It was hard to come out of the nostalgia, returning to the dimness of the deserted room. She unclenched her fingers, starting toward the open door.

"Yes, Mama?" Her voice trembled with weariness and emotion.

"It is not good for you to breathe this old air too long. Yes, I see it makes you cry. Come down, poor Alisha; this room has nothing left in it but sadness."

The long, long fingers stroked the tiled roof of the doll's house, the empty doll's house standing in the empty attic room, and she realized that the nursery world was gone, its spirit gone away, stolen. She took her hand from the old toy; she smoothed her hair, straightened her square shoulders.

"You really should give away Rachel's dollhouse, Mama. It is still beautiful, and she would not have wanted her dolls to grow so lonely and forgotten. You know how she was forever playing with them."

And the young woman, sitting downstairs in the cozy parlour after tea, cradled her forehead in her beautiful hands. The strong shoulders shook, heaving as she sobbed, choking, and she felt the cold open wound which still cut her in two. She sat thus for a long time, weeping as though her heart would break.



Caught your glasses

Sand falls off the blanket that is covering me, and I wonder why I waited until tonight to retrieve it from my trunk. The particles that have come in between my toes evoke an image so clear that I feel as though I am there again;

watching your face embedded in the water under the Saavis Island sun. I was wondering how your sunglasses could stay on, but they were thick and black and wrapped around your skull and clasp your ears. I was worried too. The current seemed very strong and you looked very weak and pale. You looked aimless and intoxicated by the dark beers we drank for lunch. I watched you hearing the song you had just played for me, about me, and you kept floating further and further out, and I wanted to yell to you to come back, but was afraid to admit you had said too much. By then you were barely treading and you were sulking. No doubt you were thinking of all the things you had so generously offered me and you had forgotten that you were forty minutes late and I had received a ticket for being so prompt. And still you continued to drift further and further out and I

called out and you pretended not to hear, ashamed of the danger. I was angry and dove in as if to retrieve a silly boy. When I came up for air I couldn't see you and I started to swim faster to some spot that I thought I remembered. I felt the strength of the impending disaster make my legs into hammers and my arms into spikes which nailed into the water. I went underneath thinking surely you must be hiding, you must be playing some game. You were getting back for being mad at you earlier — why did I say you always mess it up? I couldn't even remember. I was filled with terror and screamed to you "I didn't mean it really I didn't come back up and I'll do anything...anything." I dove down once again not even sure if I would come back up and I felt something hard and thick pass by my hand and I caught your glasses in my hand.

Students' production favored

by Steve Miller

By its very nature, there is always some degree of unreality present in theatre. Even when a play is meant to mirror reality, there is still an inherent falsehood in the distance between an audience and the show due to the staging requirements. One way to deal with this basic unreality of theatre is to present material that is meant to be unrealistic. Brian J. Thorstenson and John Schmor have put together a

two-play show, coyly entitled *Two*, that accepts and expertly manipulates the fantasy nature of the stage. In the two one-acts, *The Richest Girl in the World Finds Happiness* by Robert Patrick and *The Loveliest Afternoon of the Year* by John Guare, the two directors have created a delightful theatrical diptych. Both plays are fairly light-hearted explorations into the loose ties of reality that simultaneously have the feel of an artist's precise control. Though the over-all

similarities in the natures of the shows is obvious, the real brilliance comes from the directors' distinctly different approaches to the world of fantasy.

The story in *Richest Girl* is quite simple. The handsomest star in the world (Stan Z. Shaw) wants the richest girl in the world (Kay McCaw) to marry him. Her maid, Madalayna (Lesley Even), has suddenly discovered that McCaw is to be Miss America. Here comes the

horrible conflict, McCaw cannot be Miss America if she marries Shaw. Madalayna runs through the richest girl's fantastic mansion in search of McCaw to warn her, but alas arrives too late. McCaw is betrothed to Shaw and too much of a lady to back out. Just in time, the richest girl in the world comes up with a happy conclusion to the show that leaves everyone feeling good. Peachy. The story in *Loveliest Afternoon* is equally simple in its telling. A beautiful young girl from Ohio (Kimila Cherry) has been alone in New York City for many months when she runs into an unorthodox young man in Central Park one Sunday afternoon. His truly bizarre nature and fantastic stories at first scare her but soon endears him to her. As the young are wont to do, they fall in love quickly, though keeping their rendezvous limited to Sunday afternoons. Unfortunately, at least one of his fantastic stories, the one concerning an immensely jealous wife, turns out to be true, and their love comes to a tragic end.

Thorstenson has taken his one-act, *Richest Girl*, and has magnified its already unrealistic nature by his use of staging and acting style. The four players perform all of their lines standing at music stands in an expanded use of the reader's theatre format. The action is limited to exaggerated facial

expressions plus a few uses of small hand props, deftly handled in mock fashion from character to character.

Schmor has also decided upon a stark setting and limited use of props, yet his design is slightly more grounded in realism. His setting is a park bench and the action, as opposed to Thorstenson's imaginative movement, is constant and quite energetic. *Loveliest Afternoon's* characters are both quite appealing: Cherry's small time girl alone in New York City and Alan Batchelder's city boy whose ties to reality seem limited almost to the point of non-existence. Yet, somehow in the combination of Schmor's direction and Batchelder's inspired acting they have created a surprisingly human and endearing character.

This is one area in which both plays shine—the acting. In *Loveliest Afternoon* Batchelder shines as an emotional dynamo with the energy and temperament of a Golden Retriever puppy. His cries to be taken seriously and the final verification of his honesty are masterfully played against his outlandish tales and fancy foot-work. But it is a strong show of her skill that Cherry manages to avoid being overshadowed by Batchelder's exorbitant display. Her down-home girl in the big city is touchingly vulnerable while keeping a source of inner-strength just below the surface that is ready at a moment's notice. Her loving realism keeps the play's fantasy element firmly entrenched in the human world.

This is not to avoid mentioning the efforts of the four players in *Richest Girl*. All four make grand use of their limited movement by wonderful facial and vocal inflections. Even's Madalayna is simply marvelous in her wide-eyed naivete and concern for everyone's happiness. Shaw's Star is equally entertaining in all of his suave studness. The richest girl in the world, McCaw, is bright, witty, intelligent, and amazingly capable of remembering the layout of her spacious home. Finally, Kevin Kompolt's Singer is quietly hysterical in his straight-faced narration. (By the way, the cast was quite adept at utilizing the verse nature of the dialogue.)

The combination of the entertaining scripts, the masterful direction, and the delightful acting has produced one of the most entertaining viewing experiences that this reviewer has ever had at a Willamette University Theatre production.



John Schmor, director of *The Loveliest Afternoon of the Year*, talks to Brian J. Thorstenson, director of *The Richest*

Girl in the World Finds Happiness, about the difficulties of putting a show together in only a week and a half. Holznel

'Peer' shows energy

by Sara Noah

"Pelvic thrusts in classical ballet?" my friend asked as Grieg's *Hall of the Mountain King* rang in our ears and scantily clad men danced across the stage. Ben Stevenson's choreography of Henrik Ibsen's *Peer Gynt* was certainly not by any means what one would expect of classical ballet, but it proved to be an exciting and worthwhile evening.

The ballet is set to the *Peer Gynt Suite* by Edvard Grieg. There were some definite flaws in the interpretation and adaptation mainly due to the difficulty of the *Peer Gynt* script. Therefore, the ballet was rather jumpy and distorted in some areas. However, the newness of the dance and the spirit and energy of the dancers captivated the audience. I was amazed and impressed with the acting; the choreography seemed a bit too difficult at times, but the characters were well-rounded and consistent.

The settings were effective and the changes were quietly and quickly executed. There were few set pieces; the back and side drops created the scenery. The most effective scene was that of a ship during a storm. The rough sea was created by lengths of cloth stretched across the stage and billowed by the stagehands. It was really exciting when *Peer Gynt* swam in the "ocean." The costumes were all adequate, but the two camels that walked across the stage (played by four dancers) were the best.

Peer Gynt is the story of a frustrated, fickle chauvinist who is surrounded by women who are either sappy and equally as frustrated or evil seductresses. This could be bothersome from a feminist perspective, but by considering the time it was written and by not concentrating too much on the storyline, the chauvinism of the piece could be overlooked. I managed to overlook it, especially when looking at Dorio Perez, who danced the

role of *Peer Gynt*. Perez was brilliant, both technically and as an actor; my only complaint was that I did not get to see him dance enough in the second act.

The first act deals with *Peer* as a flighty, spirited young man who desperately wants someone to love. After persuading the lovely, unhappy Ingrid to leave her own wedding and run away with him, *Peer* tires of her and attempts to leave her in the forest. The dance that ensues is one of the most remarkable scenes in the first act. Jeanne Doornbos danced Ingrid exquisitely, and when her long lithe limbs reached towards the cold *Peer*, it added a wonderful languishing touch to the dance. *The Hall of the Mountain King* was also a wonderful scene. In it, *Peer* is seduced by the Mountain King's daughter amidst a retinue of hunchbacked, masked trolls, moss-haired men wearing only loin-cloths, and beautiful glimmering women. This was the

forementioned pelvic thrust dance and was an enthralling mixture of sexual enticement and repulsion.

The second act was not as fluid as the first and was completely distorted by a dance of performers in green bodysuits, masks, and wigs. I could find no reason for the creatures or the dance and it detracted greatly from the act. The most impressive performances in the second act were Janie Parker as the frenzied mad-woman and Dierdre Myles as the seductive Anitra.

All in all, the production was extremely enjoyable. There were rough spots, but it was enlightening to see a new ballet performed by energetic, skillful dancers who were obviously excited about creating a work of art.

Peer Gynt. Adapted from the play by Henrik Ibsen. Music by Edvard Grieg. Staged and choreographed by Ben Stevenson. Performed by the Houston Ballet. Portland Civic Auditorium October 21 and 22, 1981.

NOVEMBER CALENDAR

| 1 Sun. | 2 Mon. | 3 Tues. | 4 |
|-----------|-----------|--|----|
| 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 |
| 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 |
| 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 |
| 29 | 30 | <p style="text-align: right;">ART EXHIBITS</p> <p>Nov. 1 - 28 Joan Holloway (Handweaving), Putney Nov. 2 - 27 Paul Sutinen (gallery piece), Hallie Bld Gallery Nov. 1 - 28 Watercolors from Soaring Wings Gath Gallery</p> | |

- Faculty Luncheon, CDR 3, noon
- Tess Gallagher available to students, Eaton 38A, 4pm-5 pm
- College Survival Skills Seminar: "Time Management," CDR 1&2, 7 pm
- Cities as Environments: Chicago, Art Bldg., Rm. 204, 7:30 pm

- Film Studies: **Portrait of Jason**, Film Studies Rm., 7:30 pm

- Solar Energy Conf., U.C., 9 am-1 pm
- College Survival Skills Seminar: "Skills for Taking Exams: Subjective and Objective," CDR 1&2, 7 pm

- Faculty Luncheon, CDR 3, noon
- College Survival Skills Seminar: "Mechanics of a Research Paper," CDR 1&2, 7 pm

- C.L.A. Faculty Meeting, Waller Aud., 4 pm
- Film Studies: **The Whale & Natural Timber Country**, Film Studies Rm., 7:30 pm
- Homecoming Coffeehouse, Cat Cavern, 8 pm

- Fair Share Day Meeting, U.C., 1 pm
- W.U. Theatre: **The National Health**, Arena Theatre, 2 pm
- W.U. Choir Homecoming Concert, 1st Methodist Church, 3 pm
- College Survival Skills Seminar: "Skills for Taking Exams: Subjective and Objective," CDR 1&2, 7 pm
- Faculty Luncheon, CDR 3, noon

- Salem Symphony Concert, Smith Aud., 8 pm

- Salem Area College Night, 7-9 pm
- Film Studies: **Edvard Munch**, Film Studies Rm., 7:30 pm
- Swim Meet vs. Lewis & Clark, Sparks Pool, 3 pm

- Thanksgiving University Worship, Waller Chapel, 7 pm

- Faculty Luncheon, CDR 3, noon
- Rotary Pops Concert, Smith Aud., 8 pm
- C.L.A. Advising for Spring Semester begins

- ASWU Movies: **Goldfinger**, 7 pm & **The Man With the Golden Gun**, 9:30 pm, Smith Aud.

- Thanksgiving Vacation ends, 8 am

MEMBER

OF EVENTS

| Wed. 5 | Thurs. 6 | Fri. 7 | Sat. |
|---|--|---|---|
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Con: Jim Green- in Classical Guitar, Aud., 11 am • Tallagher, poetry re Alumni Lounge, • Associate Meeting, A6:30 pm • Whestra Concert, S.d., 8 pm | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Tess Gallagher available to students, Eaton 38A, 11 am-12 pm • Brown Bag Concert, Charles Farmer, pianist, Smith Gallery, noon • College Survival Skills Seminar: "Mechanics of a Research Paper," CDR 1&2, 7 pm • Film Studies: See You at Mao, Film Studies Rm., 7:30 pm | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Tess Gallagher available to students, Eaton 38A, 9 am-11 am • University Roundtable, CDR 3, noon • Solar Energy Conf., U.C., noon-8 pm • Men's Soccer vs. Linfield, McCulloch Stadium, 4 pm | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Games Tournament: Table Tennis Competition, U.C. Rec. Room, 11 am • Football vs. Pacific, Mc- Culloch Stadium, 1:30 pm • ASWU Movies: Animal House, 7 pm & You Can't Cheat An Honest Man, 9 pm, Smith Aud. • Solar Energy Conf., U.C., all day |
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Con: Northern Ire respects for Peace, Re: Keating, Waller • ASnate Meeting, Au30 pm • W.U. Concert, Smith Aud. | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Brown Bag Concert, Amy Barlowe, James Cook and Charlotte Cooper, Smith Gallery, noon • College Survival Skills Seminar: "Time Manage- ment," CDR 1&2, 7:30 pm • Film Studies: A Sense of Loss, Film Studies Rm., 7:30 pm | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • University Roundtable, CDR 3, noon • Cardinal Roundtable, CDR 1&2, noon • W.U. Theatre: The National Health, Arena Theatre, 8 pm • Homecoming | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Football vs. Whitworth, Mc- Culloch Stadium, 1:30 pm • W.U. Theatre: The National Health, Arena Theatre, 8 pm • ASWU Homecoming Dance, Cat Cavern, 9 pm <p>Swim Meet, Willamette vs. OSU at OSU, 7:00 p.m.</p> <p>HOMECOMING</p> |
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Con: Hill Billy Hatre Extraor- dinahouse, 11 am • ASWte Meeting, Aut pm • Fa-tal: Dr. James Cooksy, Smith Aud., 8 pm | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Brown Bag Concert, Kitty McKinnon, pianist, Smith Gallery, noon • Regional Volleyball Tourna- ment, Sparks Center, Noon-10 pm • W.U. Theatre: The National Health, Arena Theatre, 8 pm | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Regional Volleyball Tourna- ment, Sparks Center, 10 am-10 pm • University Roundtable, CDR 3, noon • Faculty Women's Club Din- ner Theatre, Film Studies Rm., 6:30 pm • W.U. Theatre: The National Health, Arena Theatre, 8 pm | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Regional Volleyball Tourna- ment, Sparks Center, 10 am-1 pm • W.U. Theatre: The National Health, Arena Theatre, 8 pm |
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Thag Vacation beg pm • Orphony Concert, Sm 8:15 pm | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • THANKSGIVING | | |

'Beast' depicts brutality

by Steve Miller

In the Belly of the Beast by Jack Henry Abbott is definitely not an easy book to read. Not due to the writing—the language is fairly simple and flows easily—but due to the content. Abbott is a man who has spent his entire life since the age of twelve, save nine and a half months, imprisoned. His book consists of excerpts from letters sent to Norman Mailer concerning his life behind bars and his prison-forged intellectual thought on a variety of subjects from injustice to complex political philosophy. His stories of prison life are brutal, terrifying, and quite real. His thought is inspired, learned, but rudely shaped by his adverse environment. None of it is easy to accept, but on the other hand, his strict detached writing style leaves no doubt that all of it is painfully true.

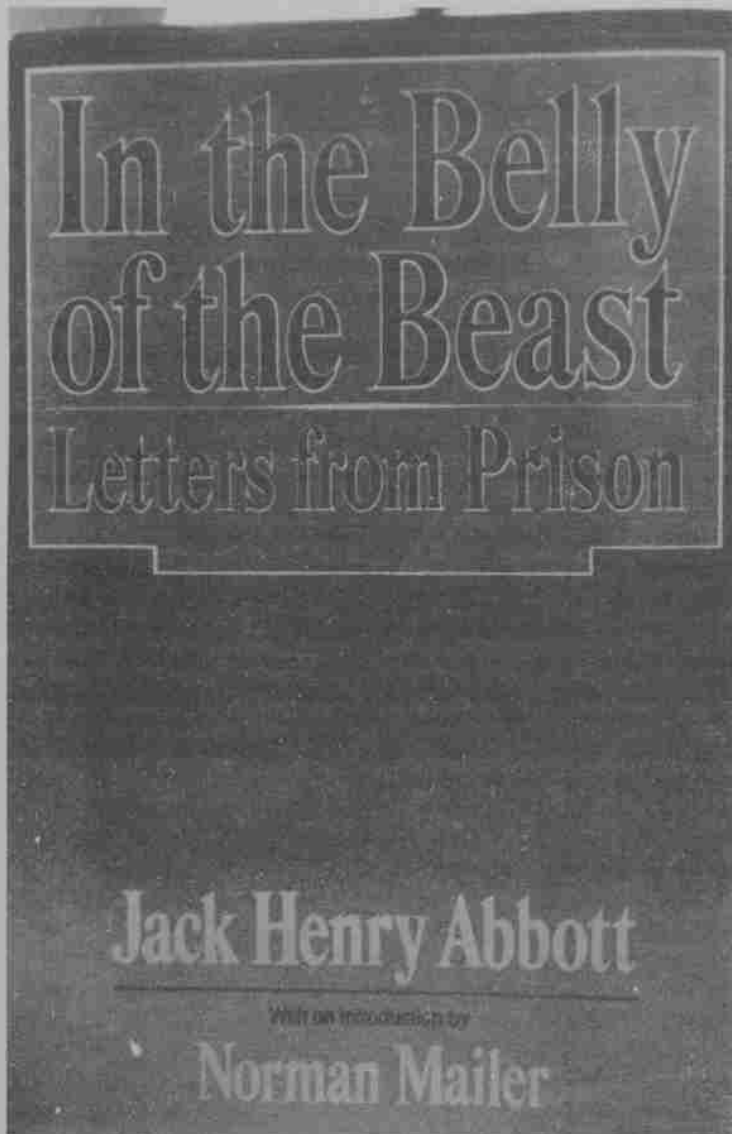
By the age of nine, Abbott was already serving stints in juvenile detention centers and was sent to the Utah State Industrial School for Boys at the age of twelve for the "juvenile 'crime' of 'failure to adjust to foster homes.'" He spent the rest of his adolescence there, attempting escape over twenty times and serving a rough total of three years in solitary confinement. While most young

boys were trying to get up the nerve to ask a girl out on a date, Abbott was being thrown down flights of stairs and regularly beaten by guards wielding large rings of keys suspended from heavy chains. My biggest worry at that age was acne; his was whether or not a guard would catch him talking and viciously beat him for it. This is a childhood totally beyond the emotional comprehension of probably any Willamette student.

At the age of eighteen, Abbott was released from the juvenile home only to be sent to the Utah State Penitentiary, a maximum security prison, six months later for the crime of "issuing a check against insufficient funds." Three years later, he killed one man and wounded another in a center hall fight. The excerpt referring to prison violence and killing is consequently one of the most moving pieces in the book. He gives us a terrifyingly detached description of murder—not murder as we normally think of it, but a close, almost intimate kind of murder. Abbott has felt the ease of taking another's life and presented it in a written form that is horribly clear and distinct. That simple, straightforward writing style is what makes the book so easy to

read but so very difficult to fully comprehend.

Pain presented through movies, poetry, or even impassioned prose is always a little difficult to handle for the bulk of our middle-class society. But pain, brutality, paranoia, and ultimate injustice, present in our penal system and condoned by society, set down in such a lucid, detached style by a person who was shaped by it, is infinitely more difficult to cope with. Yet it is an important book to read and worth the emotional effort. Abbott presents the reader with experiences, thoughts, and brilliant scholarly insights that could not have been gained without his life in prison. (The book takes on an even greater impact with the knowledge that, after it was released, Abbott was paroled and subsequently became a fugitive again, running from the stabbing of an aspiring actor apparently over an argument concerning the use of a bathroom. He has since been recaptured and awaits trial.) Perhaps, despite his claims to the negative, prison is where Jack Henry Abbott belongs. I would encourage anyone to read **In the Belly of the Beast** and then challenge oneself with that decision.



Jack Henry Abbott's first book is a stark portrayal of the brutal living conditions in prison today.

'Rabbit' not rich, but worthy

by Ralph Wright

In 1960, before many Willamette students were born, a talented young writer named John Updike was acclaimed for his novel, **Rabbit, Run**.

In 1971, Updike — then considered one of America's outstanding novelists — came out with **Rabbit Redux**.

Now, in 1981, we have Updike's **Rabbit Is Rich**.

Yes, Harry "Rabbit" Angstrom, approaching 50 years of age as is his creator, returns with many of the same characters. Janice is still in Brewer, Pennsylvania (Rabbit and she have been married 23 years), and Ma Springer (honest, that's what she's called) is omnipresent. Little Nelson has grown to be an obnoxious 22-year-old, and even Charlie Stavros, the guy who cuckolded Rabbit, has stayed on as the used-car salesman at Springer Motors. Now Rabbit belongs to a country club, attends Rotary, runs Springer Motors, the Toyota dealership founded by his deceased father-in-law, and makes about fifty thou a year.

Much of the story revolves around Nelson, a Kent State dropout who arrives with a girl who is not his real girlfriend but one who is looking out for him on behalf of his real girlfriend. As Rabbit-readers might expect, this gets complicated, and good old Charlie is right there to move in on not-the-real-

girlfriend. Meanwhile, Rabbit and Janice play around with the beautiful people of Brewer, such as they are, the real girlfriend arrives and marries Nelson before the baby arrives, and the complications of Nelson's problems weigh heavily on all the main characters.

Of course, Updike comes through with his remarkable eye for detail, his dazzling descriptive lines (somewhat restrained in this book, probably so as not to overwhelm a protagonist of limited intellectual capability), and his continuing accounts of Rabbit's sex life.

If you're one for what the book promoters call explicit sex, Updike is your man. He describes movements and sex organs — sizes, shapes, colors, textures — as you've never had them described or, at least, as I've never had them described. This leads some to say Updike is obsessed with sex. I don't think so. I've heard it said that he goes into sexual detail, ad nauseam to some readers, in order to show that sex, too, can get overdone. Maybe. It's more likely he is using Rabbit's sexual questing as a metaphor for life or for a religious quest.

Religion is always a part of Updike's work. He's a knowledgeable layman who doesn't just toss off theological terms and names to impress readers; he understands them.

As a corollary, Updike is interested in ministers, as his past works indicate. This time we have a cozy bachelor who weaves himself into the fabric of Brewer social life a bit too comfortably; he is a tweed-jacketed character I feel I have met on occasion.

Updike people are not the jet set. There are no princesses and princes, no presidents and generals, no entertainers and bigtime athletes, though Rabbit did get his nickname from his high school basketball exploits. Updike says he distrusts books about spectacular people; they are better left to People magazine and the National Enquirer.

As in other Rabbit books, we look at small-town middle America. This is where Updike came from, and critics suggest that he is saying that this could be his life if he didn't truck off to Harvard, England, The New Yorker, and literary fame and fortune. Could be.

Updike's dialogue is superb, as always. I particularly liked a cocktail sipping session in which Rabbit tries to tell a story and is cut off by others who are reminded of something else by some of the things Rabbit mentions in his tale.

Updike can milk an ordinary conversation, an ordinary street or house, an ordinary person for every detail. I'd be uncomfortable in his presence for long — especially naked! One envi-

sions 25 pages baring every detail.

What is **Rabbit Is Rich** all about? About husband-wife relationships. About parent-child relationships. About life with mother-in-law. About social life (including the swapping of spouses, in which Rabbit does not get the partner he wanted). About insidious inflation. About hopes and fears. About religion. About seeing death not too far off. About life with ordinary folks.

I have two difficulties with Updike, an excess of detail, particularly about sex, and his unlikeable characters. After a page or so of detail, I do like to get on with the story. And, its my own failing, but I have to have someone I care about in a book. As far as I'm concerned, Rabbit, Janice, Nelson, Charlie, and Ma Springer can drop dead (sorry, Martha). I compare the people in Updike's book with those in William Wharton's **Dad**, a recent novel that deals with some of the same situations and problems. Wharton's protagonist, John Tremont, is a great guy. So is his son, Billy. And Dad Tremont is absolutely heroic. I care about Wharton's ordinary folks.

In summary, **Rabbit Is Rich** is a little too heavy on detail (it drags for me), overdoes the sex, and has a cast of hard-to-love characters. But this doesn't mean you shouldn't read it. Updike is so much brighter and so

much more talented than 99.99 percent of our best-selling authors that he is worth reading. Rabbit isn't rich, but you'll be richer if you read about him. Three or four Rabbit books might tell us more about middle America than anything else we can find in the library. Four Rabbit Books? Updike says that, God willing, he may write another in about 10 years. P.S. If you really want to see Updike's hot-damn-watch-me-now writing skill, forget the Rabbit books for awhile and read **The Coup**.

Magoo's a sleeper

by Stan Shaw

Well, it's like this: Magoo's is a bar at 275 Commercial. Inside is a long counter with this guy behind it pouring some alcoholic stuff, some foamy and some clear and bubbly. After the excitement of watching the glass filling up wears off, it's fun to sleep.

This reviewer apologizes for brevity but Magoo's appeared as energized as an avocado pit and found he'd much rather have been one block up and over at the bustling Public Library, contenting alcoholic frenzy with Hemingway.

'Beauty' plays bubblegum

by Martine Greber

The Go Go's. A new sound that five ladies have created is sweeping the top 40 charts. With a definite beat of disco, this all girl band chants of female cattyness, struggles with relationships, and the old "Love me and I'll leave you" syndrome in their LP **Beauty and the Beat**. One could say that the Go Go's are original for the sound of the eighties, but certainly not for the bubblegum of the late sixties. The lyrics are a far cry from creative and the

"Their object is fun, Their subject is men."

beat, well, let's say your foot could tap at the same pace throughout the whole album.

The scenario of the Go Go's ascent to the top is, however, an interesting and admirable one. Five girls in love with their concept of rock and roll, formed a band for the sole pleasure of music. They got together, guitars and drumsticks in hand and began performing in basement clubs of L.A. Eventually a renowned band heard these women play and gave them their big break. After a European tour with Madness and the Specials, the Go Go's ventured back to the U.S. to receive wide acclaim, for what reason I still do not understand. Perhaps a portion of music listeners are tiring of the brash sound of punk and hard rock and feel the need for a break in the tension of hungry rebellion.

The Go Go's certainly answer to the call of relief to the violence and social frustration of the music today. In fact, they regress so far back in time that these ladies and the Monkees would have made quite good companions. They incorporate their boyfriends into their image of bouncing teeny-boppers smothered in face cream and curlers, awaiting an upcoming school dance. Perhaps their "girlish" image is a response to such female vocalists as Pat Benatar, Chrissie Hynde and Deborah Harry, who link sexuality, a rather hard exterior and gut level struggles with their music.

One has to respect the Go Go's as an all female band. The concept is an exciting and novel one. They aren't trying to create a sexist image amid their bubble bath and diamonds, as seen on the back cover of their album. They merely claim to have no interest in socio-political issues. Hmm. Their object is fun, their target is men. Unfortunately the

Go Go's depict intimate struggles with the opposite sex with such a bland flavor that it reduces whatever feeling they may have had to an afternoon match of ping-pong.

I buy you cologne/you want axle grease/You say get a mechanic/I say get a shrink
There is a possibility of satire in their lyrics, but considering their lack of experience as musicians and songwriters, the thought is highly unlikely.

The Go Go's saving grace is their giggling feminine quality and their freedom to express contentment with that. They aren't protesting nor are they angry- they are simply the voices of girls involved with boys, which, needless to say, can become quite tedious.

All in all, the Go Go's **Beauty and the Beat** is sheer mediocrity, but with some experience and some needed innovation, these girls could quite possibly create a unique sound in time to come. Hopefully, they will broaden their spectrum to beyond teenage pop, and develop their writing capabilities, if in fact they have any, plus vary their beat somewhat. Time is on their side. Let's hope they utilize it.



Movie within a movie

by John Schmor

I haven't read the book, and know only two facts about its structure: that the third person narrative for this Victorian story is operated in a twentieth century context, by Victorian novel convention, and that the author writes himself into a scene near the end to literally flip a coin deciding the order of his two preferred endings to the novel. Both facts have been the only subject of the several reviews that have been written lately, about what these reviewers seem to think of as the filmed **version** of John Fowles' **The French Lieutenant's Woman**.

It is as though the critics can not trust the cinema to be an art-form measured in its own terms and not the terms of its source. It might be good to compare the novel to the movie for reference's sake. Criticism is really only a series of good comparisons. But to make any conclusions or even qualifications of a film in terms of a written work or a painted work or a

danced work is an odd way of avoiding the issue, which is essentially what I have been doing for the last two paragraphs. I suppose my issue is that I have not read Fowles' novel, and had originally decided to not write a review for the very same reason that this review is now written.

Last night I went to the movie, and in comfortable ignorance decided to try a review that would draw some lighter comparisons, and possibly question some answers. For instance, the cinematography tended towards the pre-Raphaelite look that I had expected (with Professor Nolley's help). The colors were primary and vivid with sharply defined light. The settings were carefully composed to look natural and gothic all at the same time, which is no easy trick. But most of all Meryl Streep has the face that Rossetti or Sandys would paint.

It is her face that absolutely kept me off my guard the entire evening. I imagine most people in a movie theater that are there to criticize the show, wouldn't want to admit that they were mesmerized. But I love it. There is the same mystery in her acting for me (forgive me the indulgence) as there is in a Debussy prelude. She literally shimmers from one emotion to the next, as though the whole performance might shatter, but there is some web that perilously holds it all together. She is able to make the otherwise awkward transitions from modern to Victorian without

seeming obvious or too opaque.

Jeremy Irons, the leading man, is not as clear in his transitions and so makes some of the important moves between the modern and Victorian shallow and glaring. The direction should have been in control I would think, of making sure that we honestly identify with both sets of characters, never pulling one character into the other's setting. That we recognize the similarities and contrasts is one thing, but to lose one character entirely so that you are always aware that the modern-day man is an actor playing the Victorian man, is not effective towards what I assume to be the intended result. It is crucial that not until the end do we see the "set" with lighting apparatus or directors and stage hands. The worlds in both stories are kept cleanly separated for good reason. To loose one plot to the other, would simply reduce the whole structure down to gimmick or device. It would be the twentieth century story accompanied by a Victorian melodrama.

The scenes are usually interdependent, one illuminating the world of the other. And yet there are short cuts to minor detail which suggest now and then, that there might be a sort of chase-scene movement being started up. I kept waiting for the scenes to become shorter with a faster tension in the cutting, never quite feeling satisfied that those very short scenes served much purpose

beyond reminding us that there are two stories going on simultaneously.

There is one other problem that nags at the Victorian scenes, and that is the music. The overt "leit motif" used for romantic glances seemed to almost mock the dialogue and imagery. Solo violin music recorded through a studio echo chamber will always sound cheap, conjuring up images of dentist offices, supermarkets, and television docu-dramas. Likewise, using the almost kitsch Toccata in Fugue (D minor?) by Bach for a stormy graveyard scene tended to distract, reminding me that I was watching a movie from Hollywood, where it is almost sacred to misuse classical music.

Finally, the movie-within-a-movie patterns always provokes interesting ideas about self-commenting art and Stanislavskian acting, and sur-realist resolutions. There is a nice circular pattern to those questions, and it is not particularly clarified in this movie-within-a-movie. Fowles' two endings are in the film, but it is difficult to say which ending I left the theatre with. I liked the movie just because it attempts a heroic juggling act that few films from the same production company would dare to follow. It stands on its own terms as a beautifully photographed, nicely constructed vehicle for Meryl Streep. But of course that is purely from a glibly biased critic. You might try reading the novel.

Bearcats mauled by Wildcats

by Kevin O'Connor

The Willamette football team had a tough game last Saturday at McCulloch Stadium when they lost 43-7 to the Linfield Wildcats.

The Linfield team's defense held the Bearcat offense to virtually no yardage most of the game. Quarterback Scott Chan had to move his team from deep in their own territory for most of the first half. The tough Linfield defense was not the only factor that stopped the

Bearcats, penalties and mistakes were also a part.

A good example of the mistakes was Linfield's first score. The Wildcats were trying for a field goal but ended up with a touchdown instead when a Bearcat was called for offsides on the kick. This gave Linfield the needed yards for a first down and eventual touchdown a few plays later.

The Bearcats did have some outstanding performances. Their defense intercepted three passes and sacked Linfield's

Quarterback several times. The offense came up with the most exciting play of the game when they performed a perfect half-back option (flea flicker) pass. Chan passed to his right to wide receiver Rick Suydam who threw a perfect strike to Mark Chang on the 1 yard line. This led to the Bearcat's only score, a two yard quarterback sneak by Chan.

The Cats will continue conference play tomorrow when they take on Lewis and Clark in Portland.



Quarterback Scott Chan unleashes a pass towards a Linfield defender as Defensive Lineman Dave Jorgensen looks on.



Defensive coach Mark Stevens gives instructions.

Cotton photos

Standings

| NWC Football | Wins | Losses |
|------------------|------|--------|
| Pacific Lutheran | 2 | 0 |
| Linfield | 2 | 0 |
| Whitworth | 1 | 1 |
| Lewis and Clark | 1 | 1 |
| Willamette | 0 | 2 |
| Pacific | 0 | 2 |

| NAIA Soccer | Wins | Losses | Pts. |
|-----------------|------|--------|------|
| N.W. Nazarene | 5 | 0 | 11 |
| Judson Baptist | 4 | 1 | 10 |
| Lewis and Clark | 4 | 0 | 10 |
| Western Baptist | 3 | 3 | 7 |
| Willamette | 2 | 2 | 6 |
| Warner | 1 | 2 | 5 |
| Linfield | 2 | 4 | 5 |
| Western Oregon | 2 | 3 | 4 |
| Pacific | 0 | 7 | 0 |

Editor's note: Women's soccer and volleyball standings are unavailable at this time.

Coach announced

The Bearcat wrestling team will be under the instruction of new head Coach Doug Ziebart this year.

Ziebart will replace Vern Petrick, who resigned his position to take a football coaching assignment at Southern Oregon State College in Ashland.

A 1977 graduate of Oregon State University with a BS degree in Physical Education,

Ziebart was a three-year wrestling letterman for the Beavers. At OSU, he earned one PAC-8 championship and wrestled in the NCAA Tournament in 1975, taking fifth place in his weight class.

Originally from Salem, he graduated from McNary High School in 1972, where he placed third in the Oregon State AAA High School Tournament in 1971 and second in 1972.

Sport Scene

Soccer team's analyzed

Peter Martinelli

The men's soccer team had better be victorious today when they take on the founding Pacific College team which has a miserable no wins and seven loss record.

If the cats have any plans to beat undefeated Lewis and Clark tomorrow, they will definitely need the momentum generated by a win today. Last Friday they played a strong game when they soundly defeated Western Oregon 3-1 on goals by Bruce Higbie, Dan Moore and John Shotz.

By this stage of the season, the team should be matured as one unit if they're going to get any place. The veteran players and the rookies should now be playing an effective and well synchronized game together. According to Coach Brad Victor this unity has developed well. "We seem to be playing more as a team now. We've become more patient. We are now playing more to our strengths than to the other team's strengths," Victor explains.

The women's soccer team has played a remarkably strong rookie season and should become a major contender in the next year or two. Against the experienced teams of the conference who have been around a few years, the Cats have proven themselves a respectable opponent. With the other new teams, they have been unquestionably dominant.

Coach Fran Howard very wisely relied upon well experienced assistant coaches to help her along in her transition from field hockey to soccer. "I've learned a lot," says Howard, "next year I'll be more involved as a field coach."

A victory in today's season ending game against Pacific Lutheran would give the Cats an even 4 win 4 loss record. That task will by no means be easy. PLU is well seasoned and will provide a significant challenge.

Intramural football will conclude this weekend with Kappa Sigma vs Phi Deltis and Law 3 vs Beta. The two winners of those games will play to determine the first and second best on campus, while the losers will play to determine the third and fourth best.

In Women's Intramurals, volleyball is currently under way and will last for approximately five more weeks.

King's Men

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Cats run well

by Kevin O'Connor

without veteran standout Linda Robinson who was out due to illness.

Coach Bowles has another winner. Willamette's women's cross country team came in second place at the Small Schools Conference Cross Country Championship last Saturday at Bush Park.

The team travels to Ellensburg, Washington for their District meet on Nov. 7 with a possibility of some national qualifiers coming out of it.

The Bearcats were led by Freshman Susan Gramson who missed all conference honors by one place by finishing eighth. Behind Gramson, Mary Helm (14th), Leslie Fridley (15th), Christi Colburn (17th) and Danielle Huxley (19th) helped give the team a scant 3 point margin over third place Linfield. The second place finish was accomplished

Tomorrow, the Willamette men are hosting the mens conference Championship at Bush park. The men are going after their sixth straight conference championship under coach Bowles. They should have no problem with four returning conference allstars including Dave Johnson the Conference Champion last year. The race begins at 11 am.



On his way to an obstical course victory, was held during halftime of the Bearcat-Lausanne's Bill Potter slips through a box Linfield football game. Each living organized with shaving cream. Lisa Lum won the tions sent two participan woman's race in last Saturday's contest which

Cotton photo



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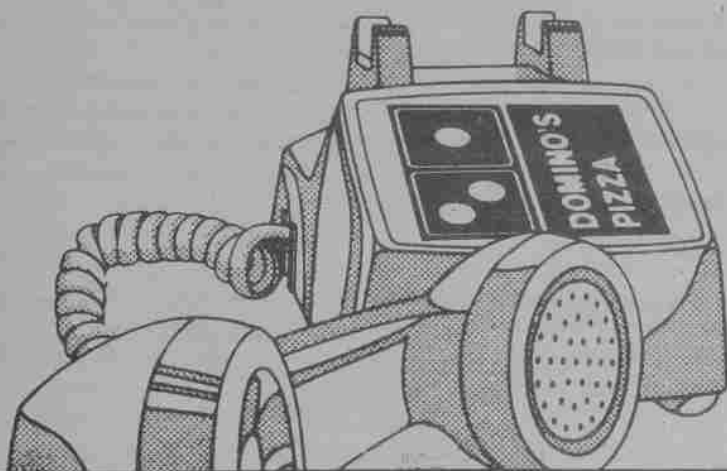
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Evaluating football films

By Peter Martinelli

Although most of us associate movies with entertainment, to football coaches and scouts they are as essential as the air they breathe when it comes to analyzing players and teams.

Recently Willamette was visited by a professional football scout who has a deep background in working with films.

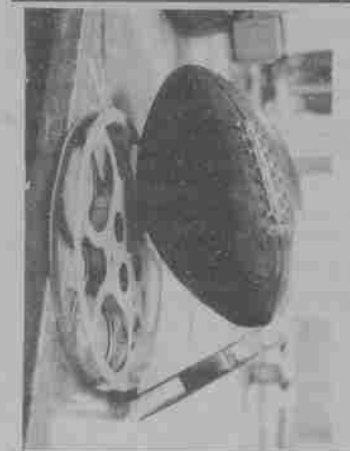
In search of prospective players for the Dallas Cowboys, Buffalo Bills, Seattle Seahawks and San Francisco 49'ers, this NFL veteran (player and coach) of 37 years insists upon remaining anonymous, because of past problems with the media: So we shall simply refer to him as Scout. Along with his name, Scout was also unyielding about the prospects he was here to see. He was, however, quite cooperative when it came to discussing films.

"Films are a top visual aide and serve a valuable teaching purpose. When a kid sees something in a film that his coach has told him on the field, he will say, 'By golly, the coach is right.' A lot of kids don't believe in their coach, but with a film it's right there," Scout explains.

Besides the teaching value, films are a great asset to coaches and scouting personnel who need to analyze other teams or particular players. "I look for mental alertness, quickness and agility," says Scout. "I try to determine the

strengths and weaknesses of a player and then make a grade based on those factors. Sometimes a player looks great on film, but on the field shows low competitiveness."

To Scout, films are only an additional aide to help determine whether a player can make it in the NFL or not. He feels that it's too easy to



misinterpret a player's ability on film observation only. "I've tried to make final decisions about a player based only on the films, only to find an entirely different story on the playing field," admits Scout.

To Bearcat Football Coach Tommy Lee, films are an essential part of his teaching program. "We spend a lot of time with films. We go over defensive moves, tendencies in certain field positions and down and distance situations. It gives the players an edge," explains Lee. "Live scouting is good but once the play is run, you won't see it again. With a film, you see as much detail as you need to."

Rumors quelled

To paraphrase a dead man, the rumors of my resignation are greatly exaggerated. Over the past few weeks, several people have come up to me, surprise in their eyes, and asked, "say, I heard you resigned as editor of the *Collegian*...is it true?" In a word, no. In three words, no, oh, no. In what might be construed to be either 2 or 3 words, nosiree Bob. What I tell these well-meaning but ignorant fatheads is that not only is it none of their business, but that it's quite an insult to imply that not only would I shirk my assigned duties as Editor-in-Chief of the *Collegian*, but that I would also slink out of the job like a spineless cockroach, leaving others to do my work for me while I sat back and collected a fat paycheck, or worse, caught a flight to the Bahamas with two girls, Kevin Higgins, and all the funds for this year's *Wallulah*, which Kevin had easily embezzled. "Up yours" is all I have to say to those slimy vermin who prance around campus, spreading vile rumors and defaming my good name, which I have worked 21 long, hard years to develop. But do these, these, these charlatans, these Benedict Arnolds care? Do they care that I've put my sweat, my life's blood into their crummy rag, which everybody only grabs up for the pizza coupon anyway? Do they? Have they ever sat through a long, cruel night, hunched over a typewriter, pecking out a movie review or informative editorial for their own lousy good? No, they haven't, and yet they have the gall, the unmitigated gall, to come trotting up to me with a sly little grin and innocently ask, "So! Have you stopped beating your wife?" I say, NO, I never beat my wife in the first place. And not only that, I was never *Collegian* Editor in the first place, either, just stop hounding me about it, okay? Jeez.

Well, evidently I have already said to hell with a well written, lucid editorial, so I may as well go whole hog. Tell you what, I will kill some other rumors while I am here. First of all, I am not engaged, married, or pregnant. Not only that, but I bet I have never gotten anybody engaged, married, or pregnant. Secondly, it is indeed true that I spent the better part of last week wearing a pair of underwear on my head — but it was just for looks. Next, I'd like to respond to the queries about my drinking habits. I turned 21 recently, but I still bet that I am far behind my peers in alcohol consumption, although I have used it several times to set my girlfriends on fire (but that was with methanol, so it doesn't count). Another rumor about me, and this one is the worst of them all, is that I have an inordinate tendency to turn in papers late. This is completely true.

While I am here, I will save you the trouble of going to another editorial that I thought of writing, and I will give you the gist of my beef right here. Last night I tried to call Stasia Scarborough at Lausanne Hall. I let the phone ring from about 9:50 p.m. until a little after 10:00 p.m. That amounts to over 150 rings! All dorms are bad about answering the phone, but Lausanne seems to be the worst. Doesn't anyone over there care about anything? I could have been the Pope inviting the whole dorm to a roller skating party or something. Anyway, you guys give some thought to answering the phone, will you?

PBH

Roundtable lauded

I have always tried to know my teachers well enough to call them people. To know that the lecture comes from a person who wrote a novel during his summer, or farms his land with religious zeal, or reads histories to his little children for bedtime stories, somehow gives depth to the academia for me.

On this campus, there is an hour in the ordered week that provides a short glimpse of a small community of professors, who sit down to lunch together to share their interests. It is one of those traditions that is typically unnoticed by

anyone else but the participants. And as one of them said to me, "I used to get all worked up about the things missed on this campus, and now I don't really care. It will always be this way, and is probably the better for it."

The University Roundtable for Friday noons is a diverse grouping of professors who come to eat lunch and read to each other. It is that diversity of opinion and lifestyle that makes the comfortable gathering electric with the sort of dialogue that exists between good friends after a tennis match or a play.

Robert Frost's poetry, chapters from books by Eli Wiesel, John Toole, Wendell Berry, and Victor Berlioz, poetry entirely devoted to pigs, and readings concerned with the native American Indian, read by professors Braden, Nolley, Bowers, Bothun, Long, Iltis, Cook, MacIntosh, and Hanni can be sampled at the Roundtable. I suspect that this scattered list might sound esoteric to most, but it is crucial to the tradition that the reader reads what is closest to his heart, or running in his mind of late. It is that constant that provides insight to these professors, and I think, keeps the University Roundtable alive.

The faithful core to the Roundtable has developed a curious set of what might be called customs. Professor Braden smokes his pipe when he is there to listen, and smokes cigarettes when he reads for the group. Professor Hull, who has never read at the Roundtable has refined the role of steadfast listener to high art. I have noticed that his lunches are meticulously chosen for their ability to be hushed, bringing soft cheeses, soft rolls of bread, fruit, but never apples. He sits in the same reserved and attentive position each Friday. Hanni serves the group as announcer, coordinator and coffee pourer. It is his voice that usually interrupts the silence after a finished reading, and begins the settling down before the reading is begun. It is a self-appointed role I think, and so not accidental that the Chaplain be a sort of shepherd.

The most important annual event is Professor Iltis' Christmas reading of Dylan Thomas' *A Child's Christmas in Wales*. It is the one time that a larger room must be used, and the hour is enhanced with wassail and cookies. Professor Iltis gives an artful reading of a deceptively simple piece, and creates a charming time for all of us to look forward to. I remember feeling last year that Christmas was ignored on campus, and yet for that one hour it all came glowing in.

This last Friday, Professor Bowers read from a novel by Wendell Berry, who writes with an agrarian wisdom in a cleanly lyric prose. Berry seems to be a regular member of the Roundtable, as Professor Bowers was obliged to introduce his choice with a listing of who had read Wendell Berry last, and how long ago. (Chaplain Hanni, who annually chooses Eli Wiesel to read, explained that Berry had only been read three times in the last four years.) Professor Bowers would lift his head from the text to make a comment or describe what has come before the passage, and in those moments would reveal the reason for his chosen reading. He has a reputation for being the consummate romantic, and has been complimented by an associate for having a "seamless" existence in his academic life and home life. Berry and the notions that Berry explores are closely aligned to Professor Bowers' world, and so in reading Berry, he introduces himself.

After the reading last Friday, Professor Braden rose and stepped towards the book in front of Professor Bowers. He carefully picked it up and turned it over and over, like the work of art that we can so easily forget a book to be. I imagine that most of the people around that table end up perusing each other's material, extending the sharing even further.

To sit and hear a group of thinkers who sincerely have great love for their reading, and who enjoy sharing in their personal styles, gives me a satisfaction and respect that is not always possible in a classroom setting. Perhaps I have been precocious to conjure up such romantic images about a very casual time, but it is because I know there are others who would enjoy that hour for the same reasons, that I mention it at all. Our university provides this sort of thing from every department in different forms. I believe it is through those times between classes that a sense of why the professor is teaching can be most easily discovered. And that is precisely why the professor is teaching.

JS

Letters

To the Editor:

Lori Roser and Lisa Partridge addressed some concerns about the Publications Proposal in their letter published in *The Collegian* of October 15, and I welcome the opportunity to comment on their concerns.

1. We do not believe autonomy is synonymous with responsibility and that argument is never clearly defined in the proposal.

The proposal is a piece of legislation; the rationale was addressed in Ken Yates' opening statement to the Senate. I feel that autonomy is necessary to create an atmosphere for growth - growth

or responsibility in financial and editorial terms. The current system has watchdogs watching watchdogs - a substantial muzzle on what should be the most independent branch of the A.S.W.U.

2. Since the Board will be asked to answer to no one, there is the risk that Student Body fees allocated to Publication Board might not be used to publish, for example, the *Wallulah*, and the extra funds used elsewhere.

This concern seems to take no notice of the substantial change in the Publications Board that is outlined in the proposal. Under the proposed system, the Board will have to

answer to everyone, due to its majority of popularly elected members. Financially, the Business Manager will have to be especially cognizant of income and expenses to insure adequate funding for all three publications, and his expenses, income and budget will be fully reviewed by not only the Publications Board but by the joint student/faculty review committee.

3. Although, off the record both Ken and Rob have spoken of getting both an advisor and credit for a journalism class established after autonomy has been achieved, we feel that this must be the first step in the

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Car production cures economic ills

Ryan F. Holznagel

"Auto Sales Down 27% in October," reads a recent Wall Street Journal headline. The auto industry is going down the tube, and it's just a small portion of the difficulties which the entire American economy has been having. We've been fighting this economy thing for two decades now, and let's face it: we haven't made any headway on it at all.

There's a basic problem here, apparently. Our various past Presidents have been using such hopeless measures such as tight-money policies, wimpy wage and price guidelines, tax adjustments, and the like. Wrong, wrong, wrong. It's the whole wrong attitude. Instead of merely trying to cope with economic instability, we should be attack-

ing it. We should be on the offensive, not the defensive. Americans have always approached problems aggressively, and the economic issue is not time to start mincing about.

It's really not that tough of a problem, if it's approached in the right manner. Look, it's obvious that American auto makers are never going to compete with Europeans in the small car market. So let's forget about it! Let the Japanese have their dinky sub-compacts, and let's get back to what we Americans do best: making big cars. Only this time, let's not just make regular big cars, let's start a whole new breed of big cars, cars large enough for a family of four to live in comfortably. I'm not talking about Win-

nebago or mobile homes; I'm talking about enormous, 30-foot-high Chrysler Corobas, Dodge Polaras, and Lincoln Continentals. It's a whole new way of thinking, see?

Crazy, you say? Not at all! Once these babies start rolling off the assembly lines in Detroit, we're on the road to recovery. Putting auto workers back to work is just the beginning. Once the idea catches on, and everybody starts living in big autos, there's going to be

work enough for everybody. Our highways will have to be revised to handle 40-foot-wide Buicks and Cadillacs; there'll be gigantic booms in all auto-related industries, like steel, rubber, and electronics (think of the car-stereo industry!). Soon, the problem won't be unemployment, it'll be finding enough workers to do the jobs.

And here is the clincher: if you've ever gotten third-degree burns on the back of your legs from sitting on the vinyl seat of

a car that's been parked in the sun, you know what great solar collectors cars are. Even on cloudy days, cars stay warm inside. So once everybody starts living in cars, we won't have any more need for expensive home heating oil. We can kiss those Arab oil barons goodbye! And in the summer, if it gets too hot, you can just roll down the windows!

It's all a matter of doing things the right way - the American way.

In the Crow's Nest

Aid debated

Matt Erlich

The North-South debate centers on the transfer of resources and technology from the economically advantaged countries, which looking at a map, can be found in the Northern Hemisphere usually, to the economically disadvantaged countries, which can generally be found in the Southern Hemisphere. How drastic these transfers are to be, and in what form they will be transferred is the stuff of the North-South debate. The South has presented its ideas with the submission of the New International Economic Order (NIEO). This plan calls for massive transfers of technology and real resources. Naturally, the richer nations balked, both because of the uncertainty of what a "real" resource was, and because of the enormous size of those transfers.

At Cancun, Mexico, this debate continued between twenty-two nations at a summit. The result of this summit tends to favor the industrialized nations and especially the United States. It was a "victory" for the North because they were able to discourage movement to liberalize the membership of the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank, both rigidly controlled by the wealthy nations. Also, the role of the United Nations in future talks was severely restricted, so that it could only provide a forum for debate. A third reason for this "victory" was that the preparations for future talks could only center on a lesser developed country's (LDC's) economic growth, and not massive transfers of resources; thus the NIEO came upon a major setback.

The Soviets were also rebuked at Cancun. Wording favorable to the United States was submitted which stated

that any discussion entered in with the Soviets must show some progress, or the Americans would back out. In this way, the status quo is maintained by the developed countries that they will give only what they "can" give, and the Russian threat has been minimized.

Is it that the developed countries don't wish to help the poorer nations to economic stability? A healthy international economy does help the domestic economy which may be one reason why the rich countries put effort into helping the LDC's; that, and of course the plethora of political reasons. The potential is such, some could argue, that much more of an effort could be put in for humanitarian reasons.

This change in attitude can be seen clearly over the last twenty years. During the Kennedy administration, there was an emphasis on international aid. The Alliance for Progress and the Kennedy round of trade negotiations are two programs that manifest themselves. The Reagan administration, however, sees that talks based on internal economic improvement, and not massive transfers of aid, are the issue, and this was part of the language of the Cancun Conference.

So the United States, with other developed countries, scored a "victory." It was a victory of policies over human need. Kurt Waldheim will try to keep the consensus together, a consensus that "prepares for talks." It may be some time before the effects of the Cancun Conference are felt. The Reagan policy of tightening restrictions on aid may make it more difficult for the developing countries than ever to advance themselves.

continued from page 14
process to guarantee a consistent and quality paper.

As has been stated before the Senate, the presence of an advisor has not had any impact on the quality of our publications. In addition, classes of a journalistic nature have been offered, and in the specific instance I recall, no one signed up for the course.

Credit for publications efforts is a complicated question: who can determine the credit value of doing paste-up vs. hitting the streets looking for advertising? Pass/Fail, 1/2 credit, 3/4 credit - these questions are complicated and require substantial work just to arrange basic guidelines. I feel that autonomy will provide superior incentives to pursue the question of credit in a responsible manner, but I have yet to be sold on the true value of a credit system. Credit alone, can not help our publications - they do need true incentives for growth.

4. As it stands in the Constitution now - Article II, Section 4, Clause 15 of the By Laws - the newspaper is solely responsible for what it prints and autonomy would have no effect on that aspect of the publication.

If our newspaper is supposed to be solely responsible, it is indeed a hollow responsibility now. Watchdogs and financial strings totally undermine this responsibility under the current system. We should insure that the "good words" of our Constitution are put to good use.

5. Approximately \$800.00 to \$1,000.00 more than last year would go directly to Publications and be taken away from ASWU sponsored groups such as MSU, Speakers, Jazz Club, College Bowl, Glee, etc....

Due to the substantial decrease in the Publications budget this year, all other ASWU sponsored groups received \$800 to \$1,000 more this year than last. If the proposal passes, these groups (approximately 24) will as a group collect about as much money as they did last year but not as much as this year. Basically, the budget will return to the scale of previous years.

6. Why hasn't the proposal been signed by the entire Publications Board if, as both Ken and Rob have stated, it has been unanimously approved by the body.

7. It seems that this proposal, which is a major revision to both the Constitution and By Laws, has not been presented in an objective fashion, as evidenced by the fact that both Rob and Ken felt it necessary to sign their titles to the document itself.

Both Ken and I authored the proposal and presented it to the Publications Board. The proposal is our response to the outcry last year over the quality and general condition of our publications. We authored the proposal in our official capacities and have presented it as such.

The support of the Publications Board was unanimous; there was one absentee. The Publications Board has also endorsed amendments proposed by various Senators in the past weeks.

I do feel that it is my obligation to act for positive change on behalf of the students of Willamette University. With that in mind, it is difficult to be completely objective.

8. The proposal places a number of inconsistencies in the Constitution that are a direct result of the amendments presented.

Any piece of legislation is bound to have a few errors and discrepancies, and the Publications proposal is no exception.

Wording and/or technical aspects of the proposal have been clarified or corrected as they have become apparent, either through recommendations of Senators or other parties with knowledge of the proposal.

I hope that I have clarified some concerns, and please come to the next Senate meeting if you have additional questions.

Rob McClellan
ASWU President

Dear Editor

I am presently incarcerated within the Federal Prison, Located in Lompoc, Calif. I have spent the last five years here. And during that period of time I have lost contact with the people I once knew on the streets.

The reason I am writing you is to ask for a favor. I am due to be released in the not so distant future, and I need to be able to relate with the outside world again. This can be accomplished by making people aware of my need. If you would publish my name and address in your paper, and let people know that I need correspondence, and their support on this matter, or just place this letter in your paper. Any help you can give me in this, would be much appreciated.

Thanking you in advance

Joe Saduskas no. 36437
P.O. Box W B-unit
Lompoc, California
93438



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Atilla the Bun

Rock Trivia Quiz

by Paul Cramer

- 1) What American group was first to put on a light show at one of their performances?
- 2) Randy Meisner belonged to what band before joining the Eagles?
- 3) Who said 'A guitar's alright, but you'll never earn a living by it'?
- 4) What is the name of the most successful rock group to come out of Portland, Oregon?
- 5) Who recorded the original 'hit' version of 'Louie, Louie' and where did the band hail from?

- Oregon
- 1) The Byrds
 - 2) Rick Nelson's Stone Canyon Band and before that Poco
 - 3) John Lennon's Aunt Mimi
 - 4) Paul Revere and the Raiders
 - 5) The Kingsmen; Portland

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