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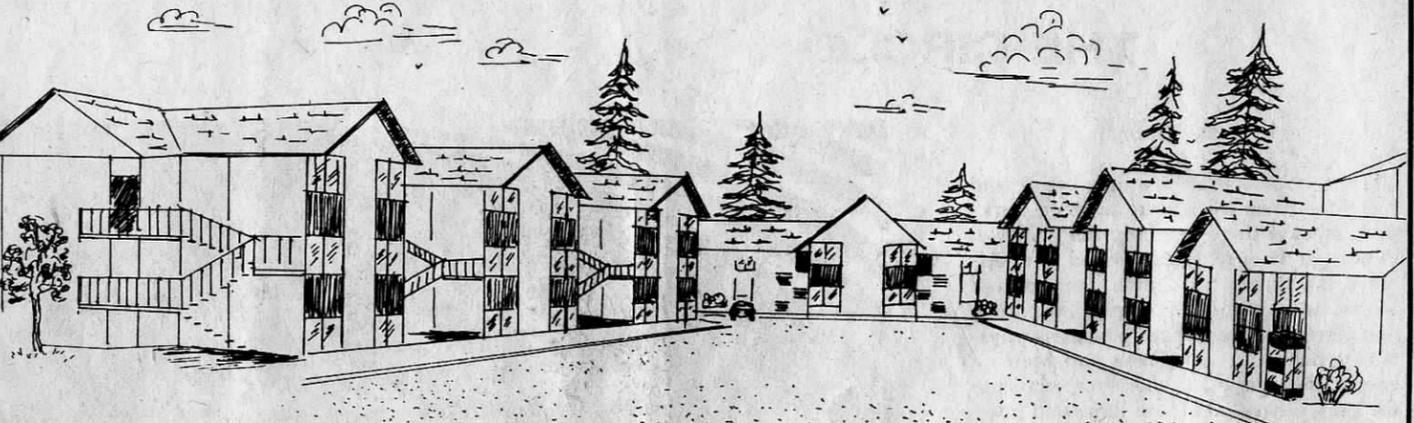
COOPER POINT JOURNAL

Vol. 3 No. 32

August 14, 1975



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Shelton, Mason County Journal

LETTERS

FUNDING POLITICS?

To the Editor:

In the mist of basic student services not being adequately funded, the S and A Board is treading on dangerous ground by even considering funding political groups when they have not yet developed a program or policy by which to deal with groups of this nature evenly. Should the S and A Board fund a political group (this does not include EPIC in that EPIC does not require that its members adhere to any specific line or practice in order to participate) and later refuse funding to another, they would be supporting the political positions of the former group by the denial of funds to the latter. So that if the S and A Board becomes engaged in this practice they would be committing the whole of the student body to this position, in that it is our money. It is our money that you have been chosen (by the undemocratic schemes of the administration) to allocate. The S and A Board cannot and must not commit our monies to any political group on the basis of whether or not they like or agree with their politics, or on the basis of who is the most persistent in lobbying the Board.

Frustration is no criteria for giving away our monies. The six students and two non-students who are not elected by the students cannot be allowed to give our money away to whatever political groups succeed in pestering the Board into submission.

Money to political groups must be allocated on a programmatic basis where all students determine policy. The S and A Board must declare a moratorium on funding of political groups until a consistent policy is decided on by all.

It is the responsibility of the S and A Board to call and arrange a series of open meetings where the questions of funding political groups be dealt with. This process has to include all political tendencies and interested persons. When this body reaches a point where they have prepared their first drafts they must publish their recommendations and incorporate the resulting input into a document.

This process should enable the Board to produce a responsible and representative policy for all students to decide on by vote. Any move by the Board to fund political groups on a laissez-faire basis will

more letters on page 12



Doug King

ON THE COVER: Ida Stuntz and Sid Mills, keynote people in the recent Native American march to Portland. Story, see page 8.

FICTION

THE CIRCLE

by Gary Kaufman

There had never been a time before and there had never been more than the darkness. Always there had been the universe. Always it had centered around her. Always the forces had flowed and moved within and around her, gently cocooning in a fiber of warm secure plushness, mystically rich with life. There had been an energy that cared, an existence who was the only other. Great and large and powerful she knew it could see through the darkness of the universe. She knew it could hear through the muffled blackness.

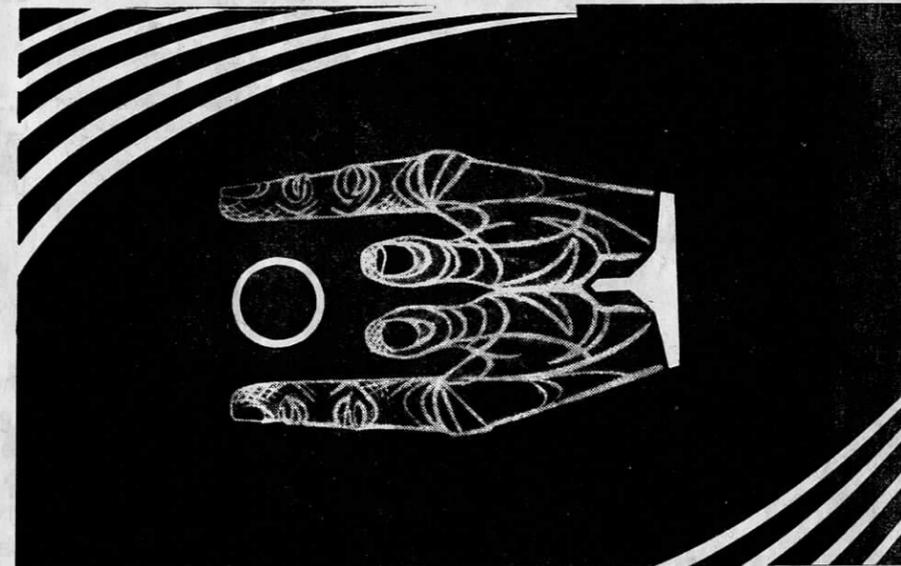
At times the warmth, the gentility had been broken. Flashes compounding endlessly, wave following wave eternally through the universe. It wasn't hers. The link that had made her and the other one, flowed and screamed and writhed with the agonies. After the pain had come fear and the other was only its doorway. It had come from outside. There was another other! She had curled into herself to hide from the bombardment of additional others.

She had grown from then on, learning to accept the motions of the universe with a passive tranquility, certain that the other would stay and keep the universe whole. There had been more waves like the time before and fear would flow between the two others and would move through her.

She had learned to know the other through the feeding plushness of the universe walls she had found encompassed all, blanketing and warming the gentle universe. She had been too small to see them before, but as time moved, they began to loom closer. They were thick. And rich. And plush. And warm; and were she knew the place from which all energies flowed.

She had filled the universe slowly until she was cushioned into the walls, cramped by its immobility but made even more secure by it. There was no longer any difference between the other and the universe or herself and the universe. But there was the other other still and it was different. She had filled the void of the universe and learned that it was not only a universe but was one within the other; a void full now with her own existence. The universe that had filled her filled the other. The universe fulfilled itself in all directions.

A new force had told of changes and the other enveloped them with the same gently nebulous cloud that had first entwined their existence into one solid body. It was a cloud in the distance moving slowly closer. But the other had been



Then it came —

The universe was set in motion — twisting; torquing upon itself; writhing in anger. The plushness became hard and hot. She had been forced from it by a power neither she understood nor the other could control. She was being swallowed by the pain that had been hers and the others and the other that was outside. She had cried in silent fear and pain and anguish. The other came and they were in the universe together. The other was not scared and she was calmed as together they moved through the fear and pain. She saw the joy and gentle warmth the other used to force away the pain and was soothed.

The new waves had rolled on through and around them pounding constantly with shorter and shorter gaps between them. There had been motion. It was the universe. Not one solid mass passing together, but separately, each part moving individually. Writhing, convulsively pressing against her, squeezing her through an ever-narrowing passage. She was moving — separately from the other, passing from the universe down a glowing cavern. There had been pinkness. There was the other willing her onward — coaxing her to leave the universe. There had been pain in the other but the cloud still dampened it. She had feared the pink and fought, clawing at the walls of the universe screaming in the silent liquid.

Kicking. Writhing. Clawing.

She had fought the suction forcing her out. The universe slipped away. The plushness closed behind her. There was no returning. The corridor walls narrowed. Tight. Constricting. Squeezing.

down towards the light.

She was being moved and squeezed into a constantly tighter ball. The pain was all. The light was white. It burned.

The Other named her Eve . . .

She understands now more than ever before the childhood memories that had haunted her. No one had believed the memories. The way she knew her mother's moods without being there had puzzled all the psychiatrists. No doubt no one will believe me either. The link was; is real.

At first words were useless. Trying to relate with words was wasted effort. There were no words yet. There was only awareness; a tiny microcosmic energy that moved about constantly within her and kept out of her reach. She had known she was pregnant — the doctor's confirmation had been a mere formality. She had to find the energy in order to prepare it.

It was there — and it was male.

She had tried reaching out twice before. Each time she had been close but had been unable to make the final link. The tiny fingers she had sent probing inward were still too strong to allow any synthesis. She had had to learn how to dampen her own life force to probe the tiny darkness for the even tinier spark that floated in the immense internal universe looming larger than any conceiver before. It transcends time and space and passes along each generation pausing long enough to touch a few rare children and an even fewer mothers. No one really knew what would happen if that awareness was guided and consciously reinforced.

The Others call me Ad-

Altman's "Nashville"

By STAN SHORE

Robert Altman's superb new film, *Nashville*, has generated widespread publicity in the last few weeks, including a cover story in *Newsweek*, a lead article in *Rolling Stone*, and an editorial in the *New York Times*. Much of this diverse publicity has concentrated — ironically — on the style of the film, rather than its thought-provoking content.

The film is a fictitious documentary about a week in Nashville in the summer of 1976 that focuses on a handful of country western singers. Altman allowed each of his talented performers, including Henry Gibson and Lily Tomlin, to have extraordinary latitude in developing their roles, including writing the songs they sing and much of the dialogue they deliver. This, coupled with Altman's usual cluttered sound track and wandering story line makes the film seem more like an actual documentary than a theatrical film. Altman heightens the documentary effect by introducing real characters, Elliot Gould and Julie Christie, into the film in brief cameo roles playing themselves.

Although this divergence from the typical, tightly directed films being produced today is a welcome change and resulted in an extraordinary movie, it is the content of the film that deserves the most discussion. By content I don't mean the plot, which is deceptively simple: The different country western performers are followed around Nashville as their lives intersect during the few days before a political rally. In the meantime, a third party candidate's advance man is busy promoting the event. Finally, in the climactic scene of the movie, just as the rally is to begin, a shooting takes place and all the performers scatter.

It is not this plot, but the characters that weave in and out of it that give the movie its strength. Altman's characters inhabit a hellish world where introspection is unknown; where the more honest a person is, the more they get screwed; and "freedom" — the principle upon which this country was founded — exists only in rhetoric. This hellish world is, unfortunately, America.

The satiric songs, like "For the Sake of the Children" and "We Must be Doing Something Right to Last Two Hundred Years," which the country stars sing are a celebration of misguided patriotism and intellectual nearsightedness. Their resemblance to actual country western songs and AM Radio fare is chilling.

Other films have ventured depressing views of the American character and surely still more will in the future. But *Nashville* is startling in that it does not attempt to document the deterioration of a

noble character into sin or foolishness; it begins there. *Citizen Kane* and more recently, *Godfather Part II*, both portrayed a traditional American tragedy. Both Kane and Michael Coreleone were undone by an excess of personal strength and vision. Their flaws were flaws of excessive individualism and megalomania. Although sobering, these earlier films were in their own way charming: to have too much idealism or too much personal strength is the sort of problem most people would like to have. Like Maxwell Taylor quoting Thucydides before our Vietnam involvement, it is a problem, that, in being recognized, appears automatically solved.

Altman's characters are chilling because — unlike Kane or Corleone — they are completely lacking in any personal vision or strength. It's all a facade with them: gospel singers are not religious, politicians are not statesmen, the lovers are unfaithful, and the reporters biased.

What happened to Americans? Although *Nashville* provides no definite answers, it does provide some suggestions worth thinking about.

The most important of these is the idea that Americans have confused substance and style; Americans can no longer differentiate image from reality. This simple fault runs throughout the film, not corrupting the characters — corruption is a word too packed with the notion of free choice — rather, confusing the characters and rendering them depressingly trivial.

The final song of the film, "You May Say That I'm Not Free, But it Don't Worry Me," is a good case in point. It sounds like a patriotic country western tune: its image, its style, is patriotic but the words, the substance, are exactly the opposite. It sounds like a call to individual rights, but is actually a call for their abnegation. In the film a huge rally audience sings the song with complete innocence. The same blindness prevails when a conceited rock star sings what sounds like a love song, "I'm Easy." It is actually just an admission of a lack of self-control and horniness. The four women listening to it are unable to understand that it is not a love song, it sounds like a love song and their hearts are broken by it.

Attacking what is stylish has long been the mainstay of satire, and Altman's satirical film is no exception. But *Nashville* becomes grotesque rather than funny when the viewer realizes that Altman has just scratched the surface of American culture only to discover that's all there is: surface, images, clichés.

Board of Trustees:

SAGA, CO-HABITATION AND . . . PARKING FEES?



Board of Trustees members Halvorsen, Hadley and Schmidt in a recent meeting.

By MARY HESTER

Three more years of SAGA food, re-establishment of campus parking fees, and rejection of college housing cohabitation were among the Trustees' decisions during their day long meeting August 7.

ENROLLMENT

Also revealed was an insufficient Fall Quarter enrollment figure placing Evergreen in danger of losing \$170,000 in faculty salaries, benefits, travel and support. Approximately 1,670 Evergreen students are returning while 452 new students have been admitted for Fall Quarter. Adding another 95 special and external credit students combined with a 5% attrition rate leaves room for approximately 200 students. Ironically, 358 students who have failed to meet registration deadlines were mailed disenrollment letters.

In response to the low enrollment figure, Administrative Vice-President Dean Clabaugh disclosed plans designed to attract part-time students from the Olympia, Tumwater, and Lacey areas. The special features include:

- a catalog specifically aimed at part-time students,
- ads in the local media,
- special lunch and dinner meetings between Evergreen administrators and local business and state agencies,
- provision of child care services for evening students,
- and a special registration.

Director of Public Information Dick Nichols said a "significant amount of modular courses" would be offered throughout the year including the possibility of offering a module at Panorama City.

During the discussion, Trustee Herb Hadley asked why the University of Washington and Washington State University enrollment was full while Ever-

green, usually the first college in the state to close enrollment, was behind. "Is this a failure of ours . . . doesn't that tell the administration anything? What's the reason . . . Are kids changing their educational desires?"

THE SAGA OF SAGA

The SAGA Food contract renewal met with some heated discussion between black Trustee member Tom Dixon and Director of Auxiliary Services and Personnel John Moss. Dixon wanted an assurance that the next person hired at SAGA would be non-white. "I'm not interested in rhetoric, I'm not interested in plans, I'm interested in a minority," Dixon said.

Moss responded, "I will commit to you, that if we can find one, we will hire one." Dixon replied, "That ain't good enough for me . . . that's got a thousand disclaimers in it."

Moss noted there was not a "large population of non-white employees in the local area who are seeking full-time employment at this level of employment."

Under the contract renewal Evergreen will continue to pay 50% of all china and silverware replacement in addition to all utilities, local phone service, repairing normal equipment wear, removal of trash and garbage from the premises, and depreciation of equipment.

Presently, SAGA does not pay rent for space in the College Activities Building (CAB). The CAB building is maintained and operated with student funds.

HOUSING

A new plan for campus housing presented by Housing Director Ken Jacob met with criticism and apprehension by Trustees Hadley and Halvor Halvorsen. The report, developed by Jacob and Moss would have offered students a nine month housing contract at 20% discount and 12

month housing contracts with a 29% discount. After learning of a 15% inflationary increase in housing maintenance costs, Hadley termed the lowered rent plan financially unwise and not innovative.

Earlier in the year Jacob commissioned a survey of the student community to discover why students did not prefer to live in campus housing. The main reasons, he said, were the high price, inability to co-habitate, noise, the policy of no pets and lack of social space for coffee houses or lounges. According to Jacob, Housing sustains an average 70% occupancy rate throughout the year.

The Trustees discussed the advisability of requiring first year students to live in campus residences and later in the meeting briefly touched on allowing cohabitation but the two suggestions were dropped.

PARKING FEES

Parking fees were reinstated to pay for the support of campus security and parking safety whose funds were slashed in the governor's budget. Beginning Fall Quarter it will cost \$25 a year, \$10 per quarter and 25 cents a day, with parking free to visitors. College housing residents will be able to park free in Parking Lot F.

NATIVE AMERICAN STUDIES DROPPED

There will be no Native American Studies program this year. Academic Dean Lynn Patterson explained that the two year old program had not been proposed by any faculty member last fall and that the deans weren't aware of student interest. It was "a lack of foresight," according to Patterson. Only 39 out of last year's 98 Native American students have registered full-time for next year. Fifty Native American students have received both letters of disenrollment and followup letters urging those students to re-enroll. Patterson said there has "not been much response to that yet." Trustee Dixon suggested "personal visits" and Hadley added that the Third World Coalition had a responsibility to help with establishing contacts.

AND . . .

In other news, \$10,000 was allocated to build separate bathroom and bedroom facilities for the McLane Fire Station. This will enable the station to hire women firefighters in compliance with the station's Affirmative Action program.

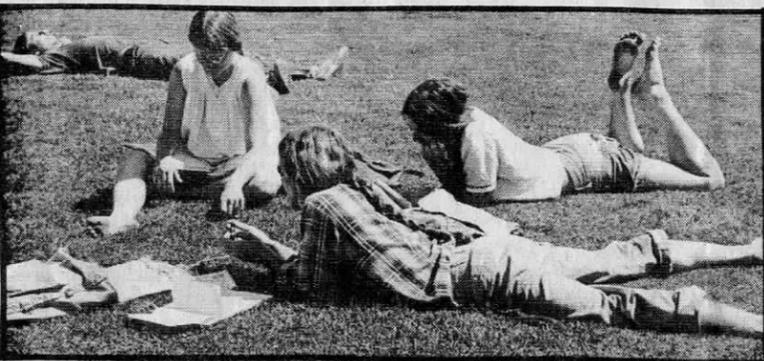
The Board also approved a resolution requesting the Attorney General to defend President Charles McCann, Vice-President and Provost Ed Kormondy and Dean of Student Services Larry Stenberg in a lawsuit brought by former student Jerome Byron. Byron was disenrolled without a hearing by Kormondy last December. A hearing board later reinstated Byron and established guidelines for further disenrollment procedures. Byron is suing for \$66,958.

The next Board of Trustees meeting will be on Thursday, September 11 at 10 am in Lib. 3109.

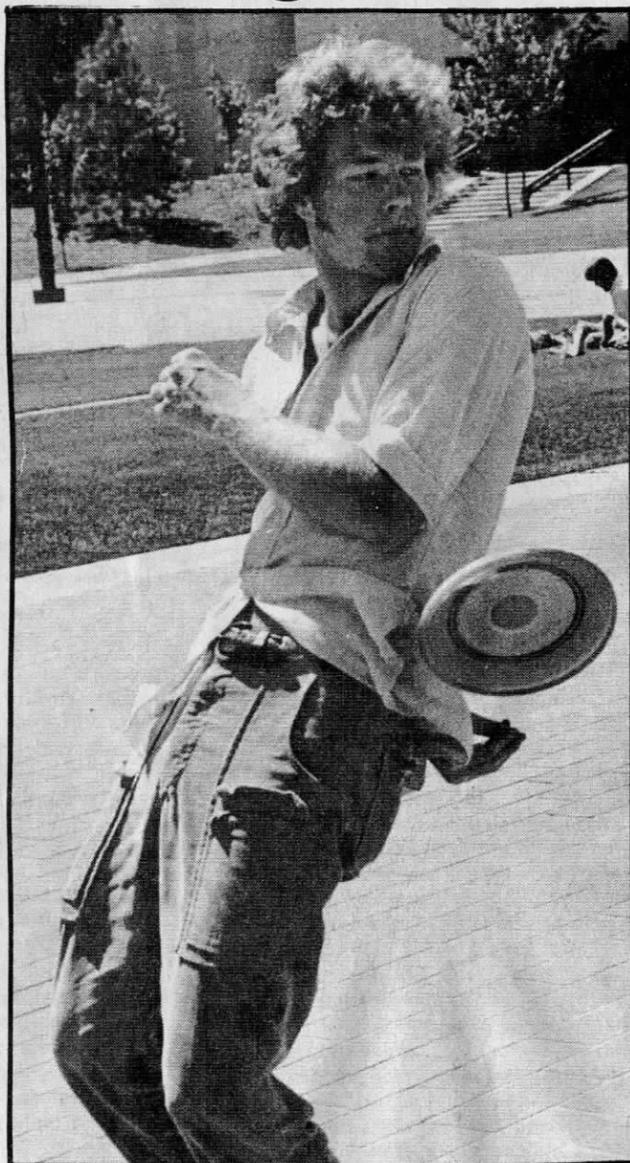
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PHOTOS BY DOUG KING

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IN BRIEF

PART-TIME STUDIES EXPANDED

Expansion of part-time study opportunities for Thurston County residents are now available according to Academic Dean Lynn Patterson.

Openings in at least 30 of the college's academic programs - including 16 Modular Courses, seven team-taught Coordinated Studies Programs and seven Group Contracted Studies - will be available to part-time students, starting with Fall Quarter, 1975, which begins September 29.

Several of the programs feature business and management studies, while others offer instruction in writing, reading, linguistics, mathematics, science, and such general study areas as political science, sociology, history, anthropology, and arts.

"These programs are open to degree-seeking persons who may not be able to attend college classes on a full-time basis or to those who just wish to undertake college-level academic work even though not necessarily pursuing a bachelor's degree at this time," Patterson said.

In an attempt to make Evergreen's programs more accessible to community residents, college officials have scheduled many of the academic offerings for evening hours, have begun arranging child care facilities both on and off campus for single parents, are investigating the possibility of offering some of the programs off campus, and have launched plans for a special part-time student registration period.

"Details on the specific times and places for part-time student registration and locations of programs will be announced in the near future, well ahead of the start of Fall Quarter," Patterson said. "The demand for child care and moving of some programs to off-campus locations will be mainly determined by the needs of interested students, who will be surveyed as they inquire about programs. Once the exact need is known, we'll finalize arrangements now being explored and announce the details."

A part-time studies catalog, listing available programs and offering prospective students information on academic advising, counseling, and pursuit of degrees, will be printed and available for distribution in early September throughout Evergreen's service area.

Modular courses open to part-time students include:

From Homer to Hemingway (literary program); From Yao to Mao: Chinese History in a Teacup; Life Drawing; The Play and Place of Poetry; Perspectives on Craftmanship; Mathematics and Beginning Statistics; Politics of the American States; Writing; Anthropology; Accounting; Economic Problems, Technology

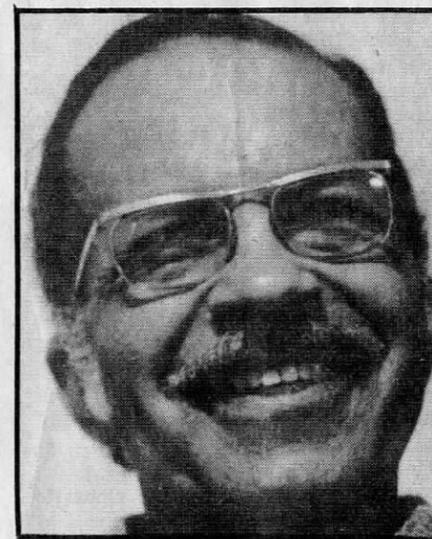
and Business Policies; Government Regulation of Business; Between the Covers: How to Find What You Need in the Library; Cattle, Sheep, and Goats; Mushrooms of the Pacific Northwest; and Ajax Compact (special for women renewing academic pursuits.)

Coordinated Studies with limited openings to part time students include:

Africa and the United States; Working in America; Health: Individual and Community; Ethics and Politics; The Good Earth; Self-Exploration Through Auto-biography; and The American Revolution.

Group Contracted Studies with limited openings to part-time students include:

Introduction to Microbiology; A Cultural and Social History of Art and Architecture in Greece, Rome, Medieval and Renaissance Europe; Economic Cycles; Social History of Women; Rationalism, Idealism, and Empiricism; Chinese Philosophy, Religion, and Society; and Linguistics.



SMITH NAMED SECURITY CHIEF

MacDonald Smith (Sr.) has been appointed as the new Security Chief. He replaces Rod Marrom who resigned at the end of June.

Smith has been active in the security department for three years, working as a Security Officer since September, 1972.

Security Officer Gary Russell has been acting as Security Chief in the interim. He did not apply for the permanent post.

THE GREAT RACE

The "Mid Summer Foot Race" took place beneath clear skies accompanied by a cool breeze. Seventeen people participated in the 5.2 mile cross-country event.

Mark Grubb crossed the finish line in a fast 31:51.2 to grab first place in the men's division.

Linda Gott paced the women's division with the winning time of 43:56.6

Once again, Evergreen's Byron Gold-

farb showed up to defend his string of consecutive last place finishes. Thanks for comin'.

1 Mark Grubb	31:51.5
2. Jeff Foster	33:33
3 Charles Morrill	33:34
4. Pete Janda	34:04
5. John Bell	35:18
1.Linda Gott	43:56.6
2. Sara Tabbutt	45:12

THE UNEMPLOYED ACT

Theatre of the Unemployed will present a musical play, "Ode to C.E.T.A. or the Ms-adventures of Betty Lou Toughluck," Thursday and Saturday, Aug. 14 and 16. The free play will be outdoors by the fountain next to the State Highways Building (east of the Capitol Way pedestrian bridge.)

A group of unemployed people wrote the script after trying to figure out how the bureaucracy of the federal Comprehensive Employment and Training Act (C.E.T.A.) works. One of the authors, however, now has a C.E.T.A. position. The 35 actors represent elected officials, bureaucrats, the X-Rox man, and other employed and unemployed people.

PHOTOS EXHIBITED

Two faculty members, a staff photographer, and a former student-all from Evergreen-have been invited to participate in the Northwest Invitational Photography Exhibition co-sponsored by the King County Arts Commission and the annual Bumbershoot Festival.

Accepting invitations to display their photographs were faculty members Kirk Thompson and Paul Sparks, staff member Ford Gilbreath, and graduate Chris Rauschenberg.

The show will be held in the Seattle Center Convention Center Aug. 22 to Sept. 1

• The position of News Director for KAOS radio is now open for application. All interested persons should see Lee Riback at KAOS, 866-5267.

• Library items should be returned or renewed by Aug. 22. Renewing starts Aug 18. Items renewed between Aug. 18 and 22 will be due Dec. 5 or subject to recall. All media loan items must be returned by Aug. 22.

• It's time to start thinking about library hours for the next school year. Unfortunately we do not have enough money to expand hours from our present 84 per week, but we do have the option of reorganizing the hours that we are open.

Here are the hours we were open last year: Mon - Th 8 - 11, Fri 8 - 7, Sat 1 - 5, Sun 1 - 9.

If you have suggestions for changing hours, please write them down and turn them in at the library circulation desk.

be committing student funds indiscriminately and oligarchically. This will result in the shoring up of whatever political groups that get their foothold now to the exclusion of others in the future for lack of a consistent funding policy.

Marcel Hatch

OPEN LETTER ON CHILE

To the editor:

The following is an open letter to the Chilean ambassador concerning the inhumane treatment of Luis Corvalan and the increasing repression in Chile.

Dear Mr. Ambassador,

I am writing to protest the imprisonment and torture of the Chilean leader Luis Corvalan. Corvalan is a former senator and General Secretary of the Chilean Communist Party. He was imprisoned shortly after the military regime seized power in September, 1973.

This past June, Corvalan was transferred to your notorious torture center at Tres Alamos. Since then he has been tortured and has fallen seriously ill. Yet

he is denied medical treatment by the authorities. I demand that you intervene and release Luis Corvalan immediately and that you provide him with medical care.

Torture is not new to Chile. Since the military coup in 1973 your government has tortured, murdered, and terrorized the Chilean people. However, the situation of the people is worsening. This summer the arrests, the terror, and the murder-invisible to the eyes of the world-are taking place on a larger scale.

After promising full cooperation, your government on July 4 refused to admit the United Nations Human Rights Commission into Chile to document the situation.

This summer's campaign against Luis Corvalan and thousands of others, while denying the entrance of the U.N. Commission, are clear indications of your government's newest offensive to break the backs of the Chilean people once and for all. I am calling on you to admit the U.N. Human Rights Commission into Chile, and I demand that you free Luis

Corvalan and all the unknown thousands imprisoned and tortured in centers such

as Tres Alamos. The American people are aware of your government's crimes, and we want them stopped.

sincerely,
Alan Mador

As the letter indicates, the situation is extremely serious in Chile. I am asking people to write similar letters to protest the Chilean government's repression. Every letter you send helps to protect a prisoner by letting the authorities know that we are aware of their prisoner's arrest and torture.

Immediate appeals are needed for Luis Corvalan as well as these leaders: 1) Ezequiel Ponce and Ricardo Lagos, two leaders of the Socialist party, were arrested just last month. 2) Francisco Gomez is a leader of the Chilean teacher's union. He was arrested in Santiago on May 27. He is 45 years old, married, and has two children. 3) Carlos Lorca was a Deputy in the Chilean Parliament and Secretary General of the Socialist Party Youth Organization. Arrested during the last week in June, Chilean sources say he is being brutally tortured. 4) Jorge Fuentes Alarcon is 27 years old and leader of the Left Revolutionary Movement. Arrested by the secret police on June 9 he is being held at a new torture center.

When you write; mention one or all of these persons, demand their release, and demand that the government admit the U.N. Human Rights Commission into Chile. (Write to the Chilean Embassy, 1730 Massachusetts Ave. NW, Washington, D.C. 20036.) And write to Secretary of State Henry Kissinger and urge that he intercede on behalf of all Chilean prisoners. (Dept. of State, Washington, D.C. 20520.) Write to U.N. Secretary Kurt Waldheim. Urge him to use all available means to stop what the military regime is doing. (U.N. Building, New York, N.Y. 10017)

Please write. In 1973 our government and the CIA were involved in toppling the popularly elected Allende government and creating the present fascist state. We must do our best to free the Chilean people from the monster our government helped create. Let the Junta know we see what they are doing.

[Information provided by the National Coordinating Center in Solidarity with Chile. 156 Fifth Ave., Room 516, New York, N.Y. 10010]

- International Folkdancing, every Monday night at 8 pm in the 2nd floor lobby of the CAB Everyone is welcome.
- The Bike Shop will be closed from Sept. 1 - Sept. 22. Regular hours (during operation) are 2 pm - 7 pm Wednesday/Friday/Saturday.

TOWARD A WOMAN-CENTERED UNIVERSITY

This article first appeared in *The Chronicle of Higher Education* on July 21, 1975. It is reprinted here with the permission from the *Chronicle* and McGraw-Hill Publishing.

By Adrienne Rich

There are two ways in which a woman's integrity is likely to be undermined by the process of university education. This education is, of course, yet another stage in the process of her entire education, from her earliest glimpses of television at home to the tracking and acculturating toward "femininity" that become emphatic in high school. But when a woman is admitted to higher education — particularly graduate school — it is often made to sound as if she enters a sexually neutral world of "disinterested" and "universal" perspectives. It is assumed that co-education means the equal education, side by side, of women and men. Nothing could be further from the truth; and nothing could more effectively seal a woman's sense of her secondary value in a man-centered world than her experience as a "privileged" woman in the university — if she knows how to interpret what she lives daily.

In terms of the *content* of her education, there is no discipline that does not obscure or devalue the history and experience of women as a group. What Otto Rank said of psychology has to be said of every other discipline, including the "neutral" sciences: it is "not only man-made . . . but masculine in its mentality." Will it seem, in 40 years, astonishing that a book should have been written in 1946 with the title *Women as Force in History?* Mary Beard's title does not seem bizarre to us now. Outside of women's studies, though liberal male professors may introduce material about women into their courses, we live with textbooks, research studies, scholarly sources, and lectures that treat women as a subspecies, mentioned only as peripheral to the history of men. In every discipline where we *are* considered, women are perceived as the objects rather than the originators of inquiry, thus primarily through male eyes, thus as a special category.

That the true business of civilization has been in the hands of men is the lesson absorbed by every student of the traditional sources. How this came to be, and the process that kept it so, may well be the most important question for the self-understanding and survival of the human species; but the extent to which civilization has been built on the bodies and services of women — unacknowledged, unpaid, and unprotected in the main — is a subject apparently unfit for scholarly decency. The example involved one of the great historic struggles — a class struggle



and a struggle for knowledge — between the illiterate but practiced female healer and the beginnings of an aristocratic nouveau science, between the powerful patriarchal Church and enormous numbers of peasant women, between the pragmatic experience of the wise-woman and the superstitious practices of the early male medicine.

The phenomena of woman-fear and woman-hatred illuminated by these centuries of gynocide are with us still; certainly a history of psychology or history of science that was not hopelessly one-sided would have to confront and examine this period and its consequences. Like the history of slave revolts, the history of women's resistance to domination awaits discovery by the offspring of the dominated. The chronicles, systems, and investigations of the humanities and the sciences are in fact a collection of half-truths and lacunae that have worked enormous damage to the ability of the sexes to understand themselves and one another.

If this is changing within the rubric of women's studies, it is doing so in the face of prejudice, contempt and outright obstruction. If it is true that the culture recognized and transmitted by the university has been predominantly white Western culture, it is also true that within black and Third World studies the emphasis is still predominantly masculine, and the female perspective needs to be fought for and defended there as in the academy at large.

I have been talking about the content of the university curriculum, that is, the mainstream of the curriculum. Women in colleges where a women's-studies program already exists, or where feminist courses are beginning to be taught, still are often made to feel that the "real" curriculum is the male-centered one; that women's studies are (like Third World studies) a "fad;" that feminist teachers are "unscholarly," "unprofessional," or "dykes." But the content of courses and programs is only the more concrete form of undermining experienced by the woman student. More invisible, less amenable to change by committee proposal or fiat, are the hierarchical image, the structure of relationships, even the style of discourse, including assumptions about theory and practice, ends and means, process and goal.

The university is above all a hierarchy. At the top is a small cluster of highly paid and prestigious persons, chiefly men, whose careers entail the services of a very large base of ill-paid or unpaid persons, chiefly women: wives, research assistants, secretaries, teaching assistants, cleaning women, waitresses in the faculty club, lower-echelon administrators, and women students who can be used in various ways to gratify the ego. Each of these groups of women sees itself as distinct from the others, as having different interests and a different destiny. The student may become a research assistant, mistress, or even wife; the wife may act as secretary or personal typist for her husband, or take a job as lecturer or minor administrator; the graduate student may, if she demonstrates unusual brilliance and carefully follows the rules, rise higher into the pyramid, where she loses her identification with teaching fellows, as the wife forgets her identification with the student or secretary she may once have been.

The waitress or cleaning woman has no such mobility, and it is rare for other women in the university, beyond a few socially aware or feminist students, to support her if she is on strike or unjustly fired. Each woman in the university is defined by her relationship to the men in power instead of her relationship to other women up and down the scale. This is an example of replication of the fragmentation from each other that women undergo in the society outside; in accepting the premise that advancement and security — even the chance to do one's best work — lie in propitiating and identifying with men who have some power, we have always found ourselves in competition with each other and blinded to our common struggles. This fragmentation and the invisible demoralization it generates work constantly against the intellectual and

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emotional energies of the woman student.

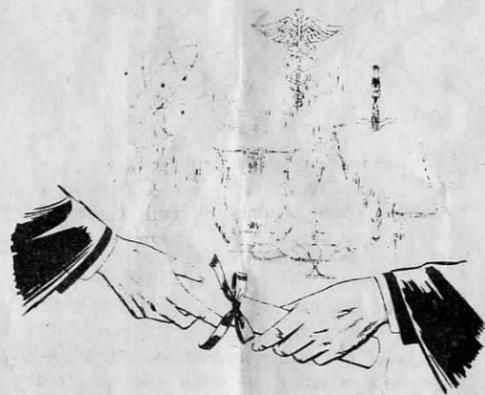
The hidden assumptions on which the university is built comprise more than simply a class system. In a curious and insidious way the "work" of a few men — especially in the more scholarly and prestigious institutions — becomes a sacred value in whose name emotional and economic exploitation of women is taken for granted. The distinguished professor may understandably like comfort and even luxury and his ego require not merely a wife and secretary but an *au pair* girl, teaching assistant, programmer, and student mistress; but the justification for all this service is the almost religious concept of "his work." (Those few women who rise to the top of their professions seem in general to get along with less, to get their work done along with the cooking, personal laundry, and mending without the support of a retinue.)

In other words, the structure of the man-centered university constantly reaffirms the use of women as means to the end of male "work" — meaning male careers and professional success. Professors of Kantian ethics or Marxist criticism are no more exempt from this exploitation of women than are professors of military science or behavioral psychology. In its very structure, then, the university encourages women to continue perceiving themselves as means and not as ends — as indeed their whole socialization has done.

It is sometimes pointed out that because the majority of women working in the university are in lower-status positions, the woman student has few if any "role models" she can identify with in the form of women professors or even high-ranking administrators. She therefore can conceive of her own future only in terms of limited ambitions. But it should be one of the goals of a woman-centered university to do away with the pyramid itself, insofar as it is based on sex, age, color, class, and other irrelevant distinctions.

I have been trying to think of a celebrated literary utopia written by a woman. The few contenders would be contemporary: Monique Wittig's *Les Guerilles* — but that is really a vision of epic struggle, or Elizabeth Gould Davis's early chapters in *The First Sex* — but those are largely based on Bachofen. Shulamith Firestone noted the absence of a female utopia in *The Dialectic of Sex* and proceeded, in the last chapter, to invent her own. These meet with the charge of "utopianism," so much power has the way-things-are to denude and impoverish the imagination. Even minds practiced in criticism of the status quo resist a vision so apparently unnerving as that which foresees an end to male privilege and a changed relationship between the sexes. The university I have been trying to imagine does not seem to me utopian, though the problems

and contradictions to be faced in its actual transformation are of course real and severe. For a long time, academic feminists, like all feminists, are going to have to take personal risks — of confronting their own realities, of speaking their minds, of being fired or ignored when they do so, of becoming stereotyped as "man-haters" when they evince a primary loyalty to women. They will also encounter opposition from successful women who have been the token "exceptions." This opposition — this female misogyny — is a leftover of a very ancient competitiveness and self-hatred forced on women by patriarchal culture. What is now required of the fortunate exceptional women are the modesty and courage to see why and how they have been fortunate at the expense of other women, and to begin to acknowledge their community with them. As Susan Sontag has written:



"The first responsibility of a 'liberated' woman is to lead the fullest, freest, and most imaginative life she can. The second responsibility is her solidarity with other women. She may live and work and make love with men. But she has no right to represent her situation as simpler, or less suspect, or less full of compromises than it really is. Her good relations with men must not be bought at the price of betraying her sisters."

To this I would add that from a truly feminist point of view these two responsibilities are inseparable.

I am curious to see what corresponding risks and self-confrontations men of intelligence and goodwill will be ready to undergo on behalf of women. It is one thing to have a single "exceptional" woman as your wife, daughter, friend, or protegee, or to long for a humanization of society by women; another to face each feminist issue — academic, social, personal — as it appears and to evade none. Many women who are not "man-haters" have felt publicly betrayed time and again by men on whose good faith and com-

radeship they had been relying on account of private conversations. But masculine resistance to women's claims for full humanity is far more ancient, deeply rooted, and irrational than this year's job market. Misogyny should itself become a central subject of inquiry rather than continue as a desperate clinging to old, destructive fears and privileges. It will be interesting to see how many men are prepared to give more than rhetorical support today to the sex from which they have, for centuries, demanded and accepted so much.

If a truly universal and excellent network of child care can begin to develop, if women in sufficient numbers pervade the university at all levels — from community programs through college and professional schools to all ranks of teaching and administration — if the older, more established faculty women begin to get in touch with their (always, I am convinced) latent feminism, if even a few men come forward willing to think through and support feminist issues beyond their own immediate self-interest, there is a strong chance that in our own time we would begin to see some true "universality" of values emerging from the inadequate and distorted corpus of patriarchal knowledge. This will mean not a renaissance but a *nascence*, partaking of some inheritances from the past but working imaginatively far beyond them.

It is likely that in the immediate future various alternatives will be explored. Women's-studies programs, where they are staffed by feminists, will serve as a focus for feminist values even in a patriarchal context. Even where staffed largely by tokenists, their very existence will make possible some rising consciousness in students. Already, alternate feminist institutes are arising to challenge the curriculum of established institutions. Feminists may use the man-centered university as a base and resource while doing research and writing books and articles whose influence will be felt far beyond the academy. Consciously woman-centered universities — in which women shape the philosophy and the decision making though men may choose to study and teach there — may evolve from existing institutions. Whatever the forms it may take, the process of women's repossession of ourselves is irreversible. Within and without academe, the rise in women's expectations has gone far beyond the middle class and has released an incalculable new energy — not merely for changing institutions but for human redefinition; not merely for equal rights but for a new kind of being.

Adrienne Rich is a poet and professor of English at Douglass College, Rutgers University. This article is adapted from an essay in "Women and the Power to Change," a volume of essays edited by Florence Howe, sponsored by the Carnegie Commission on Higher Education, and published in July by McGraw-Hill.

(Running after them) Get em.

Voice: What did they do?

Marcher: They came across the line like they was tryin' to hit some people in back.

(The marchers take a deep breath and are reminded of the hostilities)

Sid: Okay, that park ahead is it people. That's as far as we go. Our marching is over! Up on the lawn. Everybody up on the lawn. Get those cars up on the lawn, too. Move it! Sit down and rest, but don't take your shoes off. You got to be ready, they could try and break us up any time. Relax, we're here. (The crowd mills around half jubilant, half exhausted. They form a semi circle, surrounded by cars. Sid takes the bullhorn and announces)

Sid: This is not the BIA office. The office is crawling with pigs that are just waiting for us. We got reps going over to tell the Man to come see us. I repeat, this is not the BIA office, the BIA office is crawling with pigs, we marched all the way here, we gonna make the man come to us now.



Act III

[A Park across the street, one half hour later]

Sid: Listen up, folks. The Man should be here any time, so I'll tell you our plan. First, Ida is going to speak. (applause) then I'm gonna read off our statement and our demands. We're not gonna say what they are ahead of time because we don't want to give them time to come up with any of their rhetoric, we want their first answer straight. We want them to know this is the last time we march peacefully!

Voice: Here he comes! (The crowd splits and three BIA officials walk hesitantly into the midst. First, the press hits them with their questions, then they're shoved center ring with Sid, Ida, Tyrese, Raoul and a few others while LeRoy roams around with the Super-8. The Director is dressed in a white suit with black pin stripes, white shirt and thin black and white bow tie)

Sid: The Man is here. Before we read him our demands, we want Ida to say a few....Ida....

Ida: (Ida's speech is broken once again by the pain of her husband's death and her stage fright. In her first few attempts she can only muster a few sounds before breaking into silent sobs and turning from the microphone. By the time her speech is over she has said:) I..I just want to say...that I'm sick and tired of the killing...ya know...sick and tired of the treatment of my people.....ya know, it's gotta stop...my husband.....All he wanted to do was make a living for me and my sons, and he died trying to do it....(the crowd is silent. They all knew it, but they felt it once again. Sid takes the bullhorn.)

Sid: You're representing the BIA so listen and listen good. (The items are each met with applause and 'right ons' but none so much as the first)

Ida Stuntz [Killsright], whose husband Joe was murdered by police in South Dakota over two months ago, together with members and supporters of the Survival of American Indians Association, have marched over one hundred miles from Olympia to Portland to make some basic demands concerning the situation at Pine Ridge and Rosebud Reservations in South Dakota. Native American people in South Dakota are currently the victims of an undeclared state of martial law enforced by local, state and federal police agencies. Native American people in South Dakota have no rights and are subjected to intimidation and violence every day. A growing number of Native American people in South Dakota are being murdered by police.

Though our brothers and sisters are dying, this time we have still come peacefully, to make the following demands:

1. That the U.S. Government intervene to make restitution to Ida Stuntz [Killsright] and her children for the murder of her husband and their father. This demand is non-negotiable.

2. That all U.S. Military personnel and material be withdrawn immediately from Pine Ridge and Rosebud Reservations.

3. That all state and federal law enforcement agencies, specifically the FBI, be withdrawn immediately from Pine Ridge and Rosebud Reservations.

4. That all Bureau of Indian Affairs [BIA] police recruited from other reservations be withdrawn immediately from Pine Ridge and Rosebud Reservations.



Ida Stuntz

5. The struggles of Native American people before, during, and after the Battle of Wounded Knee [1973] have been for basic democratic rights. The response of the government has been ongoing indictments and man-hunts. Therefore, we demand that all indictments be squashed and all man-hunts be stopped.

6. That the people of Pine Ridge and Rosebud Reservations have the right to hold free elections to choose those who represent them, and that such elections be supervised by a special commission of the United Nations and/or by a committee composed of congressional and Native American representatives.

7. Presently, in South Dakota, Native American people are prevented from meeting in groups of more than four. Therefore, we demand that the people of Pine Ridge and Rosebud Reservations have the right to assemble freely.

8. That the courts act on over two hundred civil rights suits filed by people of Pine Ridge and Rosebud Reservations since the Battle of Wounded Knee [1973].

BIA Director: Well, you have some very strong statements there and I'm afraid they're out of my jurisdiction.

LeRoy: (From in back of his camera) We got the wrong man.

Director: But I will try to do the best I can. I will take this over to my office and will contact the Head of the BIA in Washington D.C. both by teletype and by telephone. That way he can have it in his hand an we can discuss it, too.

Voice: It's two o'clock here, it's five already in D.C. (no reaction)

Sid: Then tell your man. But we got no time to wait. How long til you'll have a reply.

Director: I'll call right away and be back in an hour. And if you want to send someone with me to see things are done the way you want, you may choose a representative to oversee it.

Sid: We're not worried about it. If you can read this piece of paper you can get the message across. In one hour. We'll camp here for a couple of days if we have to, but not for too long. (The BIA people leave and the crowd relaxes, taking to the shade to wait. An hour passes and two BIA men return to say the director has been unable to get through. But, they say, he is staying behind so he may continue to call D.C. Forty-five minutes or so later, the Director returns.)

Voice: The Man is Back! (The crowd gathers around absent of most of the media. They give the director the bullhorn and he addresses the crowd.)

Director: Well, I tried to call the Director of the BIA, but it's after five back in Washington....

Voice: Amazing.

Director: (Unbroken in pattern) and so it is very difficult to get a meeting together. So I'll have your answer by tomorrow morning.

Sid: (Sharply) When!

Director: By noon. (He turns and leaves)

Sid: Okay. We don't move until then. Set up your camps we're staying! The moon is at a quarter now, we'll wait til the full moon if we have to, but no longer. Set up security, get the....(Sid is shouting orders for setting up camp as the Director walks slowly away. The crowd, marchers and spectators, are beginning to move out. Some of those who have marched for six days must go back home not knowing what will happen. Those who just joined are left confused and not really sure what the whole thing was about. And those who camp out are left - waiting....)



continued from preceding page

a break from fighting with the ranks and gets the kids together. They eat as the elders banter.)

Sid: Hoooweeeee, my dogs is barking, my dogs is screaming.

Davi: Only five more days to go...

Sid: I don't want to hear it...

[Slowly the crowd thins out. A few saunter off to bed, several head out to spend the night somewhere else. Larry, Tyree and several others head back north where they have other commitments. People are assigned to security in shifts for the night and the rest slip off to sleep.

★
ACT II

[Days two, three four and five pass slowly, yet quickly. Many have come and gone with the days. Only a few people, sore feet and an undying cause are perpetual. The numbers travelling fluctuate by the hour. Day two saw the marchers tramp through two of the state's most conservative townships, under constant watch of police and constant fear of conflict. Each town is lined with a few spectators and the marchers ask if this is the "welcoming committee;" a baseball bat and axe-handle welcoming committee. However, a few obscene phrases and similar gestures are the worst the marchers see. Day three takes the marchers farther away from populated territory and into a small town where a gas station attendant is overheard repeating "they ought to be shot." Day four provides little variation, but day five adds a little excitement when the demonstrations take to the freeway. Despite pleas and threats by police, the marchers hold their ground. Day six, the final day of marching sets the marchers through the two largest cities they've seen yet and on to the office of the BIA.

Sid: Okay, people, this is it! Ten miles and we're at the BIA. We're heading through town and then on to the freeway to cross the bridge into Oregon. There could be hassles, so be prepared.

Raoul: Fall in, here we go! (A dozen cars or more and over 150 people head on to the road. A row of Indians and Chicanos form a line in the front, behind them marches Ida, flanked by Tyrese and Sid. At the rear marches a line of men as rear guard followed by the caravan of cars. The rest of the marchers are between Ida and the rear guard. A tall, stocky man with strong voice takes the bullhorn and leads the marchers in singing and chanting. They repeat what he says.)

Chanter: Okay everybody, this is it all right. So let's hear it. Let's let 'em know we mean it. I'll yell and you repeat so we can keep it together. Okay. POWER! (people)

MAN [singing]: Power (repeat) Power to the people (repeat) the people's power (repeat) gettin' stronger by the hour (repeat). (The group continues to chant and sing as the security patrol guides traffic around the marchers. LeRoy repeats his spiel to get the people to join in, then runs ahead with a Super-8 to film the march)

LeRoy: So join us people. The Man is rippin you off and he's killing our people. It's time to tell them we're tired of all this ---

Marcher: Come on brothers, join the people's army. Stop the war, the war here in America against the Indian.

Raoul: We got some new marchers, we got some new marchers. That's it brothers, thanks for joining us. (Marchers cheer) (A little boy riding by on a bike runs into a car as he watches the demonstration. A small group gathers around him)

Marcher: Look, there's a pig just down the block. (Yelling) Hey cop, there's a kid here got hurt, why don't you come help him? (No response) Hey cop, this boy needs help. (No reply so several others begin to yell)

Marcher: Hey we need a cop up here.

Marcher: It ain't us who causes the accidents. It's the damn people that are gawkin' as they go by. (Some people have helped the little boy who apparently isn't hurt very badly and the march goes on. The chanting has now turned to a call of "Someone or organization

get out of here." Some of the names used are FBI, CIA* Rockefeller, Ford, National Guard) The press has appeared and is running wild. The people approach the bridge)

Sid: The bridge is just ahead. Stop the traffic. Front guard, security, get out there and stop that traffic, we're comin' through.

Raoul: Come on security, stop those cars!

[Five or six of the front men edge their way in to the first lane, flagging the cars into the second lane and telling others to stop. The march heads on to the freeway and onto the bridge. TV cameras are going wild. The marchers are excited, partly in fear, in anticipation, but mainly in anger. They control the traffic as they march.]

Raoul: Slow down those cars. Slow 'em down.

Sid: You got a right to be here, if the cars are pushin' it, fight back!

Chanters: And the FBI, get out of here, and the BIA, get out of here...

LeRoy: Slow down those cars! You got walkin sticks man, let 'em know you're here.

Security: (To passing car) Slow down, buddy! (Whacks car with a stick)

Sid: Soon as we're off the freeway, we take a break. Then we march on the BIA. (Despite the marchers, the traffic is still flowing)

Sid: All right, if they want to know we're here, TAKE TWO LANES! (Instantly the marchers fan out waving the cars over to the next lane. Quickly, traffic backs up. The marchers have nearly crossed the bridge and their exit ramp is just ahead. Cars are passing, some waving, some ignoring, some threatening)

Marcher: Hey, slow down! (a car flies by at high speed and close to the marchers. He bounces a rock off of it)

Voices:

All right, that'll slow the ----- down.

Good shot.

Ya even got the rock back.

Raoul: Take it slow people, let 'em know we're here. We got plenty of time, it's only a few more miles.

Sid: That's right. Lots of time. Take it slow. (The marchers move slowly, very slowly, and finally walk up on to the exit, slowly. Looking back they see dozens of cars backed up, waiting to get through.) Looky there! Ain't that a beautiful sight. They know we're here now.

LeRoy: (running around taking his home movies) They make a pretty picture.

Sid: Okay, keep it steady, not too fast. We got lots of time. Just ahead up there, we gonna take five and then hit the BIA.

★
SCENE II

[Break is over and the procession is marching through a largely black district. There are now over two hundred marchers]

Chanter [Singing]: Oh, brothers and sisters, come on and join the army.....

Sid: Get those leaflets out. Make sure everybody gets one.

Raoul: Join us people. March to the BIA with us, come on. (A lady stops her car and gets out to join) Hey, look at this sister, she's gonna join us (crowd cheers)

Chanter:someday we all be free....

(Two black girls are leaning out of an apartment window and ask what's going on)

Marcher [black]: We's protestin' the way they treat our Indian brothers. Come and join us.

Girl: You ain't no Indian, what are you doin' out there?

Marcher: You don't got to be Indian, this is a people's march. Come on sisters, march with us.

Girl: Uh-uh, we ain't no Indians.

Marcher: Come on, you don't got to be. (To the marcher next to him) White man sure got them.

Sid: Stay in two lanes. Ignore the cops, they ain't gonna do nothin here. Just a few minutes and we'll be there.

Raoul: Security! Get somebody on those intersections. Stop that traffic! We don't want nobody gettin hurt!

Marcher: (Pointing at a passing construction truck) Get 'em. Get those guys.

its kingdoms, style of government, religion, philosophy, customs and traditions. The next program segment will involve studies of slave trade, missionary activity, colonization and early wars between Africans and the settlers, control of Africa by Western powers, and such other influences as the Peace Corps, Red Cross, news media, tourism, and establishment of military bases.

Program participants then will undertake a close study of Western-educated Africans, particularly those who studied overseas, and the rising political awareness among Africans. Topics of study will include independence through removal of colonial governments; Apartheid in Southern Africa; the Rhodesian European government; guerrilla wars, with a special emphasis on the Mau Mau in Kenya, Tanzania, Zambia and the Nigerian-Biafran War; and an analysis of the effectiveness of the Organization of African Unity.

The fourth segment will focus on Black awareness and revolution in America — its relationship to the political situation in Africa and the relationship between Africans and Black Americans today.

The concluding part of the program, "Africa Today" will examine such topics as African governments, Neo-Colonialism, African political parties, civil wars and the political/economic directions in which

the many African nations may be heading. Program participants also will study religion, music, art, customs versus laws, and the differences between young Western-educated Africans and African-educated Africans.

In addition, the program will conduct special interest classes where students will learn African dance and singing and how to play the drums, mbira, marimba — all in the style of the Shona Tribe of Zimbabwe, of which faculty member Maraire is a member. Workshops on African cooking, children's games, and music also will be included.

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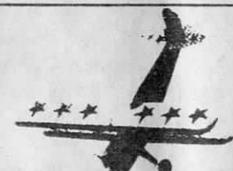
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Native Americans march to Portland

A CRY WITH NO ECHO

(A NEWS PLAY)

by BRIAN MURPHY

[This play has been drawn from the Olympia to Portland March that took place last week. The people's names are actually those involved in the march. The dialogue is, obviously, not verbatim, but reasonable paraphrasing.]

THE CAST

Sid - Northwest Indian active in the pursuit of civil liberty for Native Americans....

Ida Stuntz - A small, but strong Indian woman, placed in a martyr position when her husband is shot by FBI agents....

Davi - Chicano civil rights activist - good-natured, lively....

LeRoy - Brother of Sid, less articulate, but rowdy and active....

Raoul - A little older than the others, he's a Chicano also active in rights movements....

Tyrese - Black activist, best known for his strikes in Seattle against biased construction employment....

Larry - Past president of the University of Washington Black Student Union....

Tyrese - Cousin of Sid and LeRoy, half Black and half Indian, talked into marching by his cousins....

Crunch - About twelve years old, usually engaged in combat with someone or something....

Jim Boy - Quiet member of Security, makes frequent sidetrips with Tyrese, and a couple other friends....

The rest of the characters are arbitrarily portrayed. Most of them are non-white - mainly Indian or Chicano. The police that pass through are white.

Time: 1965, 1970, 1975, 19??

Setting: The steps of the Temple of Justice. About 150 people are gathered on the steps or milling around below them. The group is polyglot, with an especially large segment of (Native American).

Press people, though not a great number, are crowded around Sid and Ida save for two students at the top of the steps, who have a microphone set up for a live broadcast. Many of the people are old friends (from past demonstrations mainly) so they are shaking hands and shouting, bantering back and forth while those gathered out of curiosity sit back and watch. Sid and Ida just spoke, as did a Chicano brother just back from Wounded Knee. Sid got the crowd moving reminding them that the government was ripping off all of them and that the people should join the people's revolution. Ida said very little, choking on the memory of her husband only six weeks dead, and on nervousness as she faced the crowd. Sid announces the march is ready to begin. Six days and 120 miles to Portland and the Regional Headquarters of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. Press people run ahead with cameras to catch the crowd as they come out. It would be the last time anyone saw the press for two days.

★

Sid, Ida and LeRoy are at the front while Raoul, Davi, Tyrese, Jim Boy, Larry and Tyree run alongside shouting at the crowd.

Raoul: Get in line! Come on, come on, let's move!

Sid: Okay, everybody let's get it movin'. Fall in and stay behind Ida. Davi: Come on people, even if you can't go with us, just walk with us to the edge of the city!

Sid: Behind Ida! Move!

(Rapidly the crowd falls into order, enthusiasm running high, curiosity running even higher. Camerapersons are running relays to get ahead of the crowd and get some decent footage while the marchers head off of the capitol grounds and onto the main thoroughfare headed south out of town. Some people walk on the shoulder of the road, some in the outside lane. Immediately a perimeter patrol forms to make sure one lane is clear and to be sure that one isn't. Just as the marchers reach the street they begin chanting, first Raoul, then everyone else: "FBI, off Indian Land." By the time the chanting ceases the marchers are well down the street and several wide-eyed motorists have passed as well as several disgruntled ones. LeRoy is toward the back of the caravan with the bullhorn shouting to the people)

LeRoy: Hey people! We are the Survival of American Indians Association and Supporters. We're marching from Olympia to Portland to protest the killing and treatment of Indians by the U.S. government. The Rosebud and Wounded Knee reservations are under martial law, the people there can't even go out at night, they have no civil liberties. So we're marching to the Regional Headquarters of the BIA to protest this treatment of Indians and to tell them that the people want this to stop! So please join us if you will and march to Portland. If you can't, we could use food, drink and medical supplies. (This speech is made several times during the course of the march, with random variations on it)

Tyree: Hey, Gossett, get your butt movin'.

Gossett: Who you talkin' to?

(The banter really begins to flow as the crowd progresses thru town. A local cop passes four times, always throwing out some futile command. LeRoy has made his speech several times as the security guard alternates between yelling at the marchers to stay grouped and at the cars to slow down.)

★ SCENE II

(At the edge of town headed out a middle-sized country road. The shoulder isn't very wide so the marchers are taking up one of the two lanes. Davi, about twenty-five feet in front of the crowd, stops oncoming traffic and signals the rearguard to send traffic on around. Half the time he gives the commands in English, half the time in

Spanish. When he isn't calling on the walkie talkie, he's singing to himself [in Spanish.]

Davi: (Into walkie-talkie) Car is coming.

Raoul: Stop that car man, stop that car! (Davi runs ahead and motions the car to stop, which it does. A flow of cars then passes the crowd from behind. Some of the passerbys show signs of support by clenched fists, others just stare.)

Sid: Okay, Davi, let her go.

(A State Patrol car pulls past the crowd and a short, short-haired (nearly shaved) State Patrolman steps out, hitching up his trousers and asking:)

Patrolman: Who's in charge here?

Several voices: We all are, man, this is a people's march.

Patrolman: Who's in charge?

Unknown: Well, Sid Mills is the organizer.

Patrolman: Where is he?

Voice: Why, whaddya want?

Patrolman: I want to talk to him, where is he? (Several voices yell for Sid, who turns up toward the back of the caravan. Sid, Raoul, Leroy, Tyrese and a couple others group around the cop as he marches to the back and stops. Several others stop where they are and watch. A few straggle on ahead.)

Sid: Well, something wrong?

Patrolman: I don't want you people marching in the roadway, you're blocking traffic. If you wanna march, that's fine. But, stay on the shoulder of the road and stay outa traffic.

Sid: (amidst groans and rude comments from the gathering) There's not enough room to walk there, man.

Patrolman: Stay off the road. I don't want anybody blocking traffic. We've had several complaints already. If we catch anyone else on the road we're gonna start hauling people in.

Sid: Won't be easy to do. (The troops start marching again and take to the road just a short ways from the cop amidst comments such as "This walking in the gravel is bull----" (edited for print); "No way, pig;" "---- you, man;" and the like.

LeRoy and several people: Stay on the road brothers. They can drive around us. We're marchin the whole damn way to Portland, they can be ten minutes late getting home! (People are hootin' and hollerin', spirits staying high. The cop stomps back to his car in a fury and peals out.)

Voice from crowd: Let 'em try and bust us all.

Tyree: Right on, brother!

Sid: All right, pull over just ahead there and let's take five.

(Enthusiastic reception from crowd along with a few comments about sore feet)

Tyrese: Okay. Jim boy! Jim Boy! Come here. (Jim shows up, Ty says softly) Jim boy, you got some....

[Fifteen minutes later]

Raoul/Davi/Sid: Let's go, move it. Everyone on your feet, let's move.

[The procession travels along with idle conversation. Houses are fewer and farther between. There are about sixty people ages 3 to 35. Cops float by every few minutes and one or two more stop to request that the marchers stay off of the road. Their approaches are less demanding but bring similar results. Little changes, save for a few blisters beginning to form and voices lower as concentration turns more to energy and foot preservation than banter. The only aberration from normal activity comes outside of a trailer park called Pine Meadows Mobil [sic] Park. Seven children aged three to nine are standing outside the park, next to a railing of mail boxes.]

Larry: Hey little brothers, how's it goin'? (Silence as they stare curiously) Someone give these kids a leaflet! (One of the leafletters that was stuffing the paper boxes turns around and hands a leaflet to a girl seemingly a little older than the rest. She takes it with one hand and with the other hands the leafletter a square of cardboard. They hand it to Larry.)

Tyree: Hey, hey man, what's it say?

Larry: (reading it to everyone) We believe in the Indians....and it has their names on it....seven of 'em.

Tyree and several others: All right, right on, kids, yeah, yeah, etc....

Larry: (Holding the cardboard in the air) All right. Our first souvenier, our first souvenier from the march folks. Where's the truck, I'm keepin it in the truck. (The kids retreat to the mailboxes, regroup and wave to the marchers as they pass. The marchers show clenched fists or wave back. As they pass it is forgotten....)

★ SCENE III

[At the city line of a small town, just over one thousand in population. Just inside the town are the fairgrounds, just outside is a small river [creek?] and small meadow.]

Sid: This is it folks. We camp right around here. [The announcement is greeted by cheers, blessings and complaints of sore feet. Since two in the afternoon, til now, 8:30 pm, the marchers have covered between fifteen and twenty miles]

Tyrese: Hey man, there's the fairgrounds right here, man. Let's camp here.

Sid: There's a good meadow up here.

Tyrese: We got lotsa room here.

LeRoy: We don't want to be inside the town man. We camp here. (Tyrese and several supporters slowly backtrack the fifty yards and join the rest)

Sid: All right, let's unload the truck and move the stuff down in the trees there. This is as far as we go today.

[A procession of people cart the sleeping bags, backpacks, waterbags, et al, down a five foot embankment thru tall grass and under an umbrella of alders. About the time most of the belongings are moved someone points out there is a small road directly to the campsite and that the paraphenalia could be moved much easier that way. The marchers stake their camps and flop down throwing off shoes and rubbing feet. A car arrives with the evening food supply so the marchers congregate around the campfire to eat and complain about their feet]

Davi: (to LeRoy) Hey fatboy, what you doing in line, you don't need the food?

LeRoy: (All jovially) You lazy Chicano, telling me I don't need food. Raoul: [Raoul is in charge of heating up the packaged roast beef slices in a frying pan over the campfire] Little ones first! Crunch, get the little ones together and make sure they all get fed. (Crunch takes

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