4-1975

Klipsun Magazine, 1975, Volume 05, Issue 04 - April

Deborah McBride
Western Washington University

Follow this and additional works at: https://cedar.wwu.edu/klipsun_magazine

Part of the Higher Education Commons, and the Journalism Studies Commons

Recommended Citation
https://cedar.wwu.edu/klipsun_magazine/26

This Issue is brought to you for free and open access by the Western Student Publications at Western CEDAR. It has been accepted for inclusion in Klipsun Magazine by an authorized administrator of Western CEDAR. For more information, please contact westerncedar@wwu.edu.
RENOVATING: What looks like a disaster, is actually the beginning of a new order for Old Main. Story and pictures on page 8.
IT COULD HAPPEN AGAIN 4
Lessons of the Larrabee Incident
by Ron Zobel

LIGHT, AS IN FEATHER 6
by Vincent Hagel
graphic by Gail Gastfield

SPARE THE BRICK 8
by George McQuade

I DON'T TAKE KINDLY TO ORDERS 10

GALLERY 12

DEViant PROfESSOR 16
by Bill DeWitt

POINT OF VIEW 18
by p.t. Martin

UPFRONT EPILEPTIC 20
by Bruce Hayes

SISTErHOOD: A DEFINITION 23
by Marcia Peterson

Editor: Deborah McBride, Story Editor, p.t. Martin, Photo Editors: Bryn Borse,
J. Thomas Wilson; Production Manager: Kathy Brinton, Business Manager:
Dwayne Wolfe; Production Assistant: Randy Green; Graphics: Gail Gastfield,
John Manly, Williamson; Staff: Norm Baintor, Jeff Bettinson, Tori Bonneville,
Bill DeWitt, Chris Espereth, Maggie Godfrey, D. Starbuck Goodwyn, Randy
Green, Vincent Hagel, Victoria Hamilton, Tim Jamison, George McQuade, Pete
MacKenzie, Bill Munday, Allen Raines, Dennis Ritchie, Ken Slusher, Debbie
Smith, Ron Volchok, Lea Webb, Bob Winters, Ron Zobel.

KLIPSUN is a twice quarterly publication funded with student fees and
distributed without charge. Copyright, 1975, KLIPSUN, Western Washington
State College, Bellingham, Washington, 98225. Published by Josten's American
Yearbook Company, Visalia, California.
The cover graphic, originally a chalk drawing, was designed to portray spring in
Bellingham. The artist, Williamson, is an art student at Western, and also created
the graphic on page 22.
It Could Happen Again

Lessons of the Larrabee Incident

by Ron Zobel

The procedures that nearly allowed the State Parks and Recreation Commission to emasculate Larrabee State Park are still on the law books.

The short-lived attempt to dispose of ninety per cent of the popular park was made possible by a statute that allows the Commission to dispose of lands without a public hearing.

Just because Larrabee was saved does not mean we should forget the incident. Conservationists can save a park area a hundred times. The forces wishing to destroy our parks only need to win once.

The details of the Larrabee episode show us how it can happen. The Larrabee proposal was part of a much larger state-wide land deal. Much of it was beneficial to state park interests but all of it demanded public examination.

At a December, 1974, meeting in Seattle the Commission acted on a 27-page request from Parks Director Charles Odegaard to declare 8,381 acres in eight different park areas as "surplus" for "disposal action by the Commission."

The Commission would acquire 2,079 acres for this "surplus" land in a three-way trade with the U.S. Forest Service (USFS) and State Department of Natural Resources (DNR). William Bush, state park planner, said the deal had been discussed with the other agencies for years.

The Commission believed the "surplus" land could not be used as well for recreational purposes as the properties being acquired.

One of the six proposed trades involved Larrabee. The 1,883 acres at Larrabee plus 320 acres of old growth forest at Lewis and Clark State Park in Lewis County and 125 acres of undeveloped land at Lake Wenatchee State Park were to be traded for the U.S. Forest Service's 130 acre Nason Creek Campground adjacent to the Lake Wenatchee park. The agencies would have played a kind of land management musical chairs — State Parks get USFS campground, USFS gets DNR land, and DNR gets State Park.

The Commission staff said the old growth timber at Lewis and Clark lacked "major features of interest." After the trade this park would have only 213 acres of its present 533 acres.

The "passive and low-intensity" uses of the Larrabee land were best suited for DNR Multiple Land Use Policy according to state park planners. They said the land would be managed, much like a state park.

I wrote to the Commission in early January, pointing out that logging and hunting were allowed under DNR policies but were not permitted in a state park. I asked them to reverse their action. Representative Mary Kay Becker wrote the Commission endorsing my position. At the urging of Fairhaven Professor Rand Jack the Washington Environmental Council wrote a letter to the Commission protesting the trade.

At its regular monthly meeting in January I told the Commission they could expect organized opposition if they continued with their plan. They refused to reverse their...
and of course, before the DNR brought its intensive land management to this park, there was nothing here but virgin forest without any major feature of interest..."
Light, as in Feather

by vincent m. hagel

Desperation caught me floundering, opened a door, blurred my eyes, then walked away leaving me alone in a crowded corridor amid fifty-six anxious young men.

An uneasy itch irritated my skin from the beginning, suggesting an irreversible mistake. But how was I to know? Fear of disgrace blocked the only way out. And, after seven hellbound weeks, I found myself at a rifle range atop a small knoll, looking downrange at the hundred-meter targets. The sea was three hundred meters away, across the sand dunes to the right.

Midsummer. An unexpected squall a few miles away altered the afternoon sun and pushed cooling breezes through the eucalyptus. Sweet smell and darkened sky eased the pressure that stiffened the air between me and the man behind me wearing a smokey-the-bear hat.

It helped to know that today’s was only a practice firing. Everyone seemed to be doing well, everyone that is, except Duggan. But if he could pick up his score in the prone position there might not be any beatings after taps. The man behind me, Staff Sergeant Angus (Sir! to me), had only slapped me once. He left the more brutal work to his corporals, Pixie and Dixie, because they seemed to like it so much. Beating recruits was below his dignity.

The hundred-meter line was easy for me. I could ding quarters at fifty yards before I was thirteen. I knew I would qualify as an expert, although the M-14 kicked much more than a .22. Even with the pressure standing behind me I knew I could do it.

Practice, like today, allowed extra time to shoot. When my target came up I sighted down the barrel, exhaled and let the sighting dot glide slowly down over the distant bulls eye, rise a little — squeezed — and was snapped in the shoulder as the hellhound grew in my sights, turning his head back and forth, billowing his huge chest. His whiteness almost glowed as the clouds closed in and the late afternoon grew darker. There was no sound until Angus commanded from behind me, “Shoot, Guide!”

My internal preserver told me to obey. Obey. I lowered the muzzle and fired into the bullseye.

“Damn you!” Angus whispered.

The great owl lurched and tugged his way upward, away from the target. Gaining speed and altitude he pulled toward us. Angus grabbed my rifle, jammed another round into the chamber and threw it into my hands.

“Kill that bird, Private!”

That bird was more than alive, but Angus wanted me to obey him. I looked around for help, but Angus’ eyes said no, and I could not turn away. There were no sounds from the rifle range. No one firing. No one cursing. Only the wisp of sailing wings above me.

“Now,” he said and I raised the muzzle. The owl pulled harder and stronger, his body’s grace flowing as I sighted between his shoulders.

“Aim three feet in front of him,” Angus ordered. Mechanical.

I aimed three feet in front of him. He rose, white, glittering as some of the sun broke through the clouds and reflected off his back. He was about a hundred meters from the beach.

“Fire, Guide!”

No! I cried inside, oh shit! And pulled the trigger.

No exhale. I stared down the muzzle. The great bird seemed to jerk, but he still tugged toward the sea. Then like a high diver going into a twist he tucked his left wing and his body folded over, plunging toward the ground while the tip of his right wing fluttered, clutching at the air to keep from falling. He bounced when he hit and rolled into a small gully.

I raced toward him, crunching and kicking through the gravel. Angus ordered me to stop and shouted an order to Pixie.

I clambered over the knoll and looked down on the owl. He stood much larger than I had thought he could be. Over four feet tall. He struggled with one wing to plug the flow of blood from the wound. He was growing.

His lungs were heaving and spit clung at the corners of his mouth. Furious, until he saw the owl, he quickly quieted.

The bird glanced at the Sergeant, stepping backward, then reasserting himself. The wound had stopped gushing blood over snowy feathers that stuck together. It was then I saw that he was growing.

Feathers, thick with blood, fell away from his wings and chest in tufts. Expanding, exploding in slow motion, his body wrenched over five feet tall in moments. His white head darkened and the opalescent beak became fleshy; his eyes to catch hell. The Guide would catch hell for letting him fail. I didn’t like to think about the night hours.

“What are you waiting for, Private?” a rifle coach asked, pointing at my target.

I raised my rifle automatically, sighted, exhaled. Just before the steely muzzle settled on the bullseye, a large white owl dropped from the clouds and clench the top of my target with his iron talons.

There has never been a more magnificent bird. He danced like a ritual lover, stretching and flashing wings a hundred meters away, challenging me to pull the trigger. He was dead center in my sights, turning his head back and forth, billowing his huge chest. His whiteness almost glowed as the clouds closed in and the late afternoon grew darker. There was no sound until Angus commanded from behind me, “Shoot, Guide!”

My internal preserver told me to obey. Obey. I lowered the muzzle and fired into the bullseye.

“Damn you!” Angus whispered.

The great owl lurched and tugged his way upward, away from the target. Gaining speed and altitude he pulled toward us. Angus grabbed my rifle, jammed another round into the chamber and threw it into my hands.

“Kill that bird, Private!”

That bird was more than alive, but Angus wanted me to obey him. I looked around for help, but Angus’ eyes said no, and I could not turn away. There were no sounds from the rifle range. No one firing. No one cursing. Only the wisp of sailing wings above me.

“Now,” he said and I raised the muzzle. The owl pulled harder and stronger, his body’s grace flowing as I sighted between his shoulders.

“Aim three feet in front of him,” Angus ordered. Mechanical.

I aimed three feet in front of him. He rose, white, glittering as some of the sun broke through the clouds and reflected off his back. He was about a hundred meters from the beach.

“Fire, Guide!”

No! I cried inside, oh shit! And pulled the trigger.

No exhale. I stared down the muzzle. The great bird seemed to jerk, but he still tugged toward the sea. Then like a high diver going into a twist he tucked his left wing and his body folded over, plunging toward the ground while the tip of his right wing fluttered, clutching at the air to keep from falling. He bounced when he hit and rolled into a small gully.

I raced toward him, crunching and kicking through the gravel. Angus ordered me to stop and shouted an order to Pixie.

I clambered over the knoll and looked down on the owl. He stood much larger than I had thought he could be. Over four feet tall. He struggled with one wing to plug the flow of blood from the wound. He was growing.

His lungs were heaving and spit clung at the corners of his mouth. Furious, until he saw the owl, he quickly quieted.

The bird glanced at the Sergeant, stepping backward, then reasserting himself. The wound had stopped gushing blood over snowy feathers that stuck together. It was then I saw that he was growing.

Feathers, thick with blood, fell away from his wings and chest in tufts. Expanding, exploding in slow motion, his body wrenched over five feet tall in moments. His white head darkened and the opalescent beak became fleshy; his eyes
narrowed, though their color remained the same golden yellow. Bleeding stopped, but he still held a wing—no, it had become an arm, a hand draped with pin feathers, soothing the wound at his side.

"Jesus," Angus whispered beside me and for once I found comfort in his presence. The bird-man had grown to six feet, though he hunched over and feathers protruded from his back and neck. He was weak and began to hobble away from us when he heard other voices. Angus motioned them back where they could not see.

We moved down into the furrow toward the creature, who scrambled away from us. He seemed afraid, but not of us. His eyes were intent on me, until he disappeared around a bend in the gully. We crept cautiously around the bend and stopped. A few feet from us a Marine Corporal stood in starched fatigues, a smokey-the-bear hat perched cockily on his sandy, close-shaven head. He was brushing dust off his sleeve. Half a dozen snowy feathers lay between his glossy black boots.

"Oh, hello, Sergeant," he said, obviously startled by our presence. "I didn't expect to see anyone out here."

Angus stared suspiciously at the corporal. Staring staff sergeants were supposed to make corporals nervous. Everyone knew that, except this corporal. He just smiled and started to walk past us.

"Where's the owl?"
"Owl, Sergeant?"
"Yes, dammit, the owl."

Angus was not usually short tempered with regular Marines, but this corporal made him uneasy. He stood to the side and cocked his head as though he was trying to hear something not quite within his range. Maybe the corporal had answered with his clear yellow eyes.

The corporal offered to walk with us back to the line. Angus submitted to the suggestion without question. The corporal spoke to me as we walked, asking if the Marine Corps was treating me fairly. I answered honestly. He said things would get better in time. Had any other corporal been friendly to me, Angus would have stopped him immediately. It would have been completely out of order. But the sergeant said nothing.

We passed Pixie and Dixie in silence, walking quickly to the firing line.

Angus ordered the recruits to fall in. I moved to take my place at the head of the column, but the corporal stopped me and told the sergeant he would take me back to the barracks. My clenched jaw muscles slackened. He turned and walked away, I followed a half step behind. I saw him scratch his ear. A pin feather fell off his shoulder and was scooped up by a gust of wind. No one's head turned, but every eye in the platoon followed the feather.

Freedom. Freedom! Light and alert I hastened to catch up to the Corporal. He had saved me from Tripoli's hell. Da Nang would never come. Dai Loc would remain only a dream and Dong Ha would stand for an age. All I had to do was follow. But he was bleeding.

The corporal stumbled to one knee. A clump of white feathers pushed out of the front of his shirt and a moist dark stain spread across his left side, gluing feathers to the dirt where they fell. His body shrank and he waxed whiter, features growing owlish. He struggled to free his wings from the binding shirt. His talons ripped the pants apart and he fell away from the clump of clothes, leaving a crimson trail in the dust. He lay panting, his beak slack. Eyes, open, yellow, clear, asking no mercy, no meaning. His breath left him in a rush and he lay limp.

A crunch of gravel behind me preceded the familiar sergeant's congratulation, "Good shot, Marine."
A shapely banister staircase, marble toilet partitions, a tiled fireplace are worth saving when you remodel a building like Old Main.

Seventy-nine years ago a unique and beautiful building was constructed as The New Whatcom Normal School. Because of modern building regulations, most of the interior of Old Main has to be replaced with newer fixtures. In the process of change, however, much of the memorabilia will not be touched.

A traditional, carved wood banister staircase, which was installed when Old Main was built in 1896, still firmly connects the remodeled floors. Skillings and Corner, landscape architects of Seattle, who designed Old Main, used excellent judgment and lasting materials for building.

Marble toilet partitions that supported water closets will be re-installed in the restrooms on the main floor. The aesthetics behind the strong, ancient throne room will be preserved for posterity.

The classic fireplace in what used to be the conference room will still supply most of the heat needed for that space in the new plans. The virginal white fireplace mantel, which was mounted in 1899, will be cleaned. It is one of the few lasting antiques found on the main floor.

The first Board of Trustees, appointed in 1895, selected both a building site and an architect for Old Main. Their first responsibility was to decide on a site for the school and a design for the school's building. M. M. Carkeek, a landscape architect of Seattle, suggested the site finally chosen. A vigorous competition among architects for the design of the building followed.

In 1896, the building was constructed under the supervision of Mr. Skillings, the architect, and Mr. A. Lee from the town of New Whatcom; he later designed two additions to the original structure. The central core of the building was 56 feet by 150 feet. The basement and trimmings were sandstone from the construction site, while the superstructure of three floors was pressed brick. W. R. Davey was awarded a contract for $34,126 to finish the rooms in the basement and the first floor.

Old Main had three additional wings completed by 1914. The first addition was the south annex, housing the auditorium. It was completed in 1903.
REMODELING: It's hard on wood, but some things in Old Main are worth the effort to save. Carved banisters, stained glass, marble bathroom fixtures and even antique toilets are among the furnishings to be saved. Photos by George McQuade.
I DON'T TAKE KINDLY TO ORDERS

By Tim Jamison

Phil Dorr will never be given a gold watch from the Vice President or Personnel Manager of Greyhound or Trailways. He doesn’t have a pension plan and he doesn’t face the mandatory retirement rules of some union. He is one man working for himself. He punches no clock, he has no boss, except his wife.

Phil owns and operates the Lynden Stages, a bus company providing transportation between Bellingham’s Greyhound bus depot and Lynden. He’s run the 30 mile round trip route for 37 years, “just back and forth, back and forth.”

Born and bred in Whatcom County, he’s seen country dirt road turn to divided blacktop and vacant lots turn into shopping centers.

Phil’s father started the motor coach company back in 1915, before that it was a horse drawn stage coach. “Once and awhile,” Phil said, “someone complains about my rickety busses, my bad shocks or the bumpy roads but then they never rode on buckboards or steel wagon wheels.”

The Lynden stages are some of the oldest busses in commercial operation. Phil’s three busses range in age from 20 to 26 years old. They come from Connecticut, Helena, Montana and the Hanford Atomic Works. They are not pretty, just functional. After logging millions of miles these tired busses need understanding, patience, a little chewing gum and a lot of babying. Parts for his equipment are still available, for a price. Why doesn’t he buy some new equipment? Phil answered, “I don’t mind if my busses don’t look so good; the 50 cent fare is reasonable, the service dependable and I guess you can’t have everything.”

The Lynden Stage carries about 100 people daily, they used to be commuters, now they are shoppers. Having driven for three generations, Phil Dorr knows most of the 3000 people in Lynden; some passengers have been riding “shotgun” on the stage for 25 years. Besides delivering people he delivers express mail or anything else that will fit in.

Except for a rare trailer trip to the mountains, Phil has no time for hobbies. He works a 6-day, 72 hour week. On Sunday he cleans his vintage busses and plays bookkeeper. In his early days he was a struggling musician, as well as bus driver. “I used to work an 8 hour shift, come home, grab a sandwich and my saxaphone, drive to a tavern or club, and play 3 sets. The poor pay, the hours, and a 5 year, two night-a-week gig at the Eagles Club in Bellingham liked to have killed me,” he said.

Back in 1936 and ’37, Phil drove bus for the Washington Motor Coach Company between Seattle and Missoula, Montana. “Greyhound bought out Washington Coach and I had a chance to be my own boss. I came back home, borrowed some money and bought a bus.” When asked what made him go it alone he replied, “I’m not the rebellious type but I don’t take kindly to orders; I run my own ship; I might have made more money.
working for Greyhound but there are more important things than money.”

In talking about more important things Phil said, “The gas shortage increased the number of riders on the Lynden express only temporarily. Profits have never been staggering and the price of diesel fuel has almost doubled just like everything else.” He thinks the President will have to work miracles to turn the economy around.

When asked about Watergate he said, “It’s nothing new, just a misuse of power. Illegal things’ve been done before by both parties, but Nixon got caught.” In 1976, he’s decided to back his home town favorite and personal friend Henry M. Jackson; “I met him a few years back at a meeting over in Ferndale and I liked him.”

Phil will be 65 this April. He and his bride will celebrate 42 years of marriage along with their 32 year old daughter. He doesn’t know when he will retire. Rest assured no one will tell him when. He said, “If the right person comes along and the price is right, I might sell out, but then again I might not.” When asked what makes you get out of bed every morning for 37 years he replied jokingly, “If I didn’t drive bus I might settle down to some serious drinking.”

OWNER AND DRIVER: Phil Dorr minds his own business and likes it that way. Photos by Chris Esperseth.
a four-page gallery...
Deviant Professor

by Bill DeWitt

Wearing a sports shirt that looks only suitable to paint in, Sociology professor John MacGregor makes his salary showing what socially accepted behavior is... and is not.

Because of his ability to reach students, MacGregor spends nearly all his office time talking with students, something which he seems to really enjoy. "Come on over around three," he often says, "And we'll go to the coffee shop and philosophize."

But it was MacGregor's social norms violation demonstration that first brought him to student attention. Conversations about MacGregor would start, "Hey! Do you know what my crazy prof did today?! Why he...

"I've begun to wonder if three quarters of the students don't enroll just to see that," said MacGregor. His violation of social norms demonstration in Sociology 201 (held in L-4) is one way students "get the point of teaching." MacGregor begins the lecture hall class by rapping informally; he is carrying on a personal conversation with 250 students.

"What are norms?" he said, trying to create discussion. MacGregor answered the question himself calling norms, "shared expectations for behavior." MacGregor emphasized that norm expectations become needs, so that a person might feel offended if a norm need isn't met.

MacGregor began picking his nose. "I could stand up here and do this and some people might get offended." A few students giggled. "You don't expect a college professor to stand up here and pick his nose," he said, wiping his finger on his pants.

MacGregor then went into a technical discussion on proscribed, prescribed, preferred and permitted norms, and spent some time defining them. He concluded by telling the class, "These are the kinds of concepts I want you to be discussing on the topic of norms." At that, with 20 minutes still remaining in class time, MacGregor put on his coat and walked down the aisle and out the door.

Suddenly he was marching back in again, waving his hands and shouting something in German. Then, gesturing like a maestro, he began singing a German drinking song.

"Annaliese, Annaliese, warum bist du bose auf mich..."

In a Fanne Foxe manner, MacGregor peeled off his brown jacket and tossed it to the side. Next came the sports shirt, followed by a flimsy cotton undershirt.

"Annaliese, Annaliese, warum bist du bose auf mich..." he sang.

"Alright, I call to order this meeting of the Charles Atlas Body-Building Institute," he said, flexing. "Okay, on your feet. Ready? One... two... three..." And he puffed out a few jumping jacks.

"This would be the day I forgot my bra," he complained.

MacGregor pulled off his shoes, flipping them to the side. Then... off came his trousers. The crowd hooted and applauded.

"Annaliese, Annaliese..."

"Okay, now you people sing 'Annaliese' and I'll accompany you," MacGregor picked up a piece of paper, and, folding it against his comb, he fashioned a kazoo. MacGregor kept time with one hand while blowing on the kazoo.

"Clap!" he said. By now, some of the students were laughing and joined in the accompaniment. Other students sat, stunned. MacGregor then stepped up high on a table in front of the class. "In our next scene we're approaching John Denver country, and we'll do it in this fashion." He began singing, "Country Roads, take me home..."

"I'm not done yet!"

Bouncing down from the table, MacGregor stropped up the aisle, passing to drop on one knee before a girl.

"I hear your voice, in the morning hours she calls me..."

MacGregor stood, picked up his discarded shoe and threw it back on the stage. "Alright, I want a little accompaniment." He picked up his kazoo again and began humming.

MacGregor stuffed his kazoo in his shorts, then walked up to a girl. "You didn't even leave me a seat," he said, picking up some books from a chair. The dark-haired freshman shrank down in her seat, trying to mumble a reply. "Do you have any plans for Saturday night?" asked MacGregor. The girl shifted in her seat.

"I can't understand it, she tried to move away!" he exclaimed. He turned to the class. "In case you're wondering, this is totally unacceptable behavior, it won't be tolerated for one more minute!"

"How about you, you look interested," he said to another girl. "Do you have Saturday night off?"

"Oh, I'm sorry, but I'm busy," the girl intoned.

"Rats. Foiled again." MacGregor said.

"I'm interested!" said a guy.

"No, not you. I was into that last year." MacGregor then walked back up front and stood on the table again. "This is unacceptable behavior and it will not be accepted!" he said. Expect a quorum of attention. Now, would you like to hear a Bach oratorio?"
MacGregor then jumped off the table and hid behind the movie screen, with only his legs showing. "At the count of three, I want you all to change seats. One...two...three!" A few students rose to change seats, but when the rest of the class failed to respond, they sat back down.

"I can still see you," said MacGregor, peeking out from behind the screen.

"Okay," he said, moving from behind the screen and sitting on the table. "Now for the rest of the class we'll have a bit of informal discussion and sing a few songs." MacGregor then asked for the students reaction to what they had just seen.

Class response was enthusiastic. "At first I was shocked, but after awhile I felt like joining you," said one girl.

MacGregor paraphrased Emile Durkheim to drive home the point of the demonstration. "Norms are more evident in their absence than in their presence," Durkheim had written. "When they are not followed, that is when they stand out."

"The deviate serves an important function in society by showing us who we are," said MacGregor. "I'm glad I was able to perform that function for you."

Later, MacGregor admitted he is a bit nervous before performing the demonstration in class. "You don't know what's going to happen, you don't have any control over the situation," he said.

MacGregor's concern about the demonstration is that word has gotten around about it, so that it is no longer a surprise to students, but, an expected event. "It's almost a normative thing for me instead of a deviancy," he said.

MacGregor originally came to Western from the University of Oregon, because he thought Western would be more oriented to teaching rather than research. One of the reasons the Western Sociology department denied him tenure, was that he hadn't done enough research.

However, MacGregor has, what he calls, his "ace in the hole": a possible position offer at Huxley. MacGregor's background in environmental studies and the fact that Huxley has different tenure standards might lead MacGregor to a permanent position there.

MacGregor isn't certain how he will apply his norm violations demonstrations to environmental studies, yet.
Call me Smoke. I’m sitting in my chair, outside. The chair is white leather with black and silver wheels, my legs are pushed off the footrest onto the red brick. White pant legs make a good contrast with the black lines of mold. It’s only nine or so and the people rumble around in front of me like so many cars on the freeway.

It must be April, porcelain white clouds, misty blue sky, warmth in the air that whispers the smell of sunshine in fir trees. I like the way things smell under the sun.

They call this Red Square, but it isn’t square. I sit here every day, watching the steam leave the bricks in the morning and the dew begin to collect on the brick at dusk. The bodies, flurries of color over blue-jean legs, walk by without a glance; until they smell my pipe. Someone is always pausing out there, looking at me with the “I know what you’re doing” look. They never stop. That’s not important, the sun is important.

I used to have a family that stayed outdoors a lot. My father would pick me up and take me down to the river whenever he went fishing. My mother would carry me out to the garden when she decided it was time to weed. They were big people. I never grew too large for them not to take me where they went, even after I was six feet long. They died.

It’s still the outside for me. I can’t stand being behind doors, wrapped up in a little cocoon of cement for an hour before chugging off, finding another hole to plug into. I prefer not being plugged in at all. When I’m outside, though, I have to be part of this machine that carries me around. So, I like machines, too.

I don’t like machines that hold you inside. Show me a car and I will show you a thing that’s insane. People treat them like a second home when all they really are is a mobile umbrella.

Show me a computer and I’ll tell you how delicate they are; they can never go out into the sun or rain — they would die; shriveled metal plates and sizzling guts. Too bad. I used to have a family that stayed outdoors a lot. My father would pick me up and take me down to the river whenever he went fishing. My mother would carry me out to the garden when she decided it was time to weed. They were big people. I never grew too large for them not to take me where they went, even after I was six feet long. They died.

One of the best things about sitting out in the sun is the smells that go by. If you’re next to a freeway you can always tell if the trucks are gas or diesel. Here, on the brick, you can tell if they are male or female, how old they are and whether they like themselves or not. People who like themselves don’t cover their smell with stuff and they seem healthy. I try to be healthy, eating right and taking my vitamins so I’ll grow up big and strong like my father. He smelled healthy.

My mother used to tell me what it would be like to be blind like my father, but she never made him take vitamins. To smell healthy I take a lot of showers, sitting in the cold porcelain tub and letting the hot, flowing sunshine water splatter all over my body. I turn red but it feels good.

I like the feeling of any kind of rain falling on my hair, dripping down my face and into my mouth. I used to put oil on my hair to make it slick and neat but it tasted terrible. Slick hair and pimples always went together. That’s why people don’t put grease in their hair anymore. There isn’t much you can salvage for pimples.

The sun always seems to go down just when everyone has disappeared. The only sunny days that are peaceful around here are Sundays. I get off on those Sundays because then I can race the tractors across the bricks: my wheels smoking under my arms while the diesels gush their clouds of power at the sky. The race runs across the face of the world, making a new earth.

Someday I’m going to grow up to be big and strong like a tractor. Why else would I have to spend my life on wheels?
by Bruce Hayes

It comes upon him gradually. At first his right hand and arm become numb. Then he starts losing his connection to people; he hears what they are saying, but doesn't know what to say. What they say becomes echoed. Each phrase echoes until the words are "crashing into each other."

"When I feel a seizure coming on I get kinda scared and say, oh shucks, golly darn, what am I gonna do, where am I gonna go, where are my pills?" Randy Green, 18, a freshman at Western, is an epileptic. He smiles and laughs his short laugh, "But, due to the fact that my mother's always there I don't have to worry. She takes care of it all."

When having a seizure, Randy said, "I can comprehend input, but I can't put it out. I still have the motor functions, but I can't communicate. I can't remember how to talk or write. I also start losing my vision from the right side to the left in both eyes simultaneously. I usually pass out when my vision goes over half.

"I can just be there. That's a 'petit mal' where you just stop as if someone turned off the switch, or you faint. Or I can go into a 'grand mal.' That's where you flip around and lose all control of everything. You twitch, jerk, swallow your tongue. That's why people try to jam things down your throat.

"Then I calm down. I don't know after how long because I'm always out. The process reverses and I go out as I came in. When all my faculties return I start out with a headache that is unreal. A writhing pain engulfs my entire head. It's horrid. The worst thing I've ever experienced is the pain."

However, he hasn't gone through this kind of seizure in three or four years. With petit mals, which don't happen very often, either, "I usually just lose the feeling in my hand, and some vision, usually less than half," he said. "Then I go back and have a headache."

An epileptic seizure is the result of an excessive discharge of energy from nerve cells located at a certain site of the brain. Where this is affects the pattern of the seizure. Epilepsy can be caused by such things as lack of oxygen at birth, brain damage, a brain tumor or other abnormal physical conditions.

Currently two to four million Americans are afflicted with epilepsy. Many epileptics and their families still hide the fact from public view, so it is difficult to make a more exact estimate.

Many epileptics are on medication. The pills Randy takes are Mysoline. He has to take three pills, totalling 750 milligrams (mg) a day. Normally he takes 500 mg. in the morning and another 250 mg. before going to bed. "The medicine is stored in my body as much as it can be," he said, "and a seizure totals out all the medicine. When I feel a seizure coming on I take another 250 mg. to alleviate the problem of another seizure about an hour later."

On June 7, 1968, when he was 12, Randy had a seizure while eating dinner. "It was totally different than anything that had happened before," he said. "My parents knew something funny was going on." They took him to the hospital. He remembers throwing up all over the car.

"I have a birth mark on my brain. A couple of blood vessels broke at that spot. The doctor told my parents, 'if you are religious people, start praying.' He said there was a 50-50 chance of my dying, but there was an 85 per cent chance, really. Only one out of 100 people who have this kind of brain hemorrhage live."

Randy lay unconscious in the hospital for several days. His parents later told him that during this time, from a Friday to Sunday evening, in a clear, distinct voice he recounted his life. He gave the reports he had just done in school in sixth grade. Then he went through the fifth grade, the fourth grade, backward through pre-school, until the only word he could say was 'Ron,' his brother's name.

The hemorrhage damaged the sight center of his brain. Because of this he has lost part of his peripheral vision. "One time in the hospital," Randy said, "the nurse had a glass of water in one hand and pills in the other. I drank the water. I didn't know what she wanted because I couldn't see the pills." She was holding them next to the glass.

"The doctors gave me a better chance of being blind than living. All in all it came out pretty good."

"Mine is a sort of special case, because the scar tissue where the blood vessels broke is stronger than the regular tissue. I have a better chance to come out of a long seizure than most people because of this."

So far, being an epileptic has cost Randy's family nothing, financially. They belong to Group Health, a cooperative hospital in Seattle, and pay a monthly fee. He was in the hospital for 22 days ("I got 200 shots in that time"), and he takes 100 pills a month. It's all free.

Randy is disturbed that few people know what to do when dealing with an epileptic having a seizure. He has some advice of his own.

"When confronted by someone having a seizure, you should get the person on the ground, not on a bed, because they might fall off. Then you should check their neck or wrist to see if there's a medic alert bracelet or something."

Randy has one. On the back are the words "epilepsy" and "contact lenses" (Randy wears them), and the phone number of the medic alert foundation. They will tell the caller what illness the person has (epilepsy, in Randy's case), what to expect during his seizure ("Drunk, except when flipping," Randy joked). If the patient is still awake, the caller is instructed to look for medicine and give the patient one pill.
"They have the full record," Randy said. "It is condensed into what to tell people when they call the number. It costs $4 or $5 for the bracelet, and they check with me every year to see if I want to change my records, such as the medicine or phone numbers. This costs $1.

"One time I felt a seizure coming and I didn’t have time to get home. So I went into a pharmacy and said, ‘Here, here, I’m having a seizure.’ I showed them my bracelet. They called the police. They thought I was the spaced-out son of a dope fiend. All I wanted was a glass of water to take my pill.

"The police came and put me in the back of their car. Then they brought the pharmacists out to the car and I heard them ask, ‘Did you call his parents?’ ‘No.’ ‘Well, call his parents.’ The police didn’t like what was going on. They were super, super nice to me, but mad at the pharmacists for being so stupid.

"But, I’ve got it better than diabetics or people who are allergic to penicillin. An idiot with good intentions can kill them. Me, they’d have to run me down with a car. They can’t accidentally kill me.”

"The more seizures an epileptic has, the greater the chance of dying,” Randy said.

His doctor tells him to be “moderate” in what he does, because there are hundreds of things that can cause seizures. Epileptics have to be aware of them all, because even though only two or three things may cause seizures in any one person, the only way to find out which ones they are is to have a seizure.

Like many epileptics, Randy is hyperactive. He walks briskly, and is often on the go. It is not uncommon to see him racing down halls of his dorm making noises like a Ferrari. As a result of his activity he has a good build and is quite strong, which he demonstrates by wrestling with girls who live in his dorm.

However, he can’t do any super-strenuous activity, such as water-skiing, surfing or snow skiing at high altitudes. "I can’t go skiing at 13,000 feet at Aspen, Colo.," Randy moaned, clutching his curly hair.

Smoking and drinking are also prohibited, “But,” Randy said, “I know epileptics who drink and smoke and not much happens.” The restricted activity doesn’t bother him. “I’ve done all kinds of screwy things at school, staying up ‘til all hours,” he said.

Ordinarily people aren’t disconcerted because Randy is an epileptic. He attributes this partially to the fact that “most people have never seen me have a seizure. The only ones who go ‘Bleah!’ are other epileptics, and they only do it jokingly. I’m not sensitive about being an epileptic. A friend, who is also an epileptic, and I used to tell epileptic jokes.”

He gave an example: “Do you know where the epileptics work? In the fit factory.”

"Non-epileptic friends don’t usually get them,” he added. Fortunately Randy has 20 minutes to an hour warning of an approaching seizure. He slowly begins to lose part of his vision and the feeling of his hand. “I can drive, run around, scream and yell and tell everybody what’s happening. Because of this he’s had only four seizures away from home in seven years.

In spite of the warning period, Randy had trouble before finally getting a driver’s license. “I’m able to control a car, I have so much warning,” he said. “But it doesn’t make any difference to the highway department how much warning I have. All they care about is how many seizures I’ve had in the last six months. It’s stupid.

“I know a guy who has three or four seizures a day and can’t leave the hospital. But he has enough warning that if he could leave the hospital and drive, he could pull off the road and turn on his flashers. They think some epileptic will pass out and crash. The highway department is stupid about that.”

According to a spokesman for the department of motor vehicles, a medical form is given to epileptic applicants to be filled out by their doctor. It is then studied by a department physician who will give the applicant a medical authorization.

“‘But,” Randy said, “my biggest problem is my parents. They’re afraid if I breathe too hard I’ll have a seizure, or even if I drink three glasses of milk a day. They’re totally over-worried. It’s not that big a deal to take care of myself. It’s sort of disgusting to be 18 years old and not have had a seizure on your own.”
In recognition of International Women’s Year -1975- as declared by the United Nations; A definition:

SISTERHOOD

by Marcia Peterson

According to the Random House Dictionary of the English Language, 1967, the word “brotherhood” is defined as “...brotherly, fellowship, the belief that all men should act brotherly to one another, regardless of differences in race, creed nationality, etc.”

The feminine counterpart, “sisterhood,” however, is defined as “…1. the state of being a sister. 2. a group of sisters, esp. of nuns or of female members of a church. 3. an organization of women with a common interest or purpose, esp., a social or charitable one.” Something is clearly missing in the latter definition. In the belief that dictionary definitions can give an impression of a society’s ideologies, look up synonyms. “Brotherly, ...of, like, or befitting a brother; fraternal; affectionate and loyal” Sounds good, now, how about “sisterly?”

“...of, like, or befitting a sister.” Again a void, that embarrassing silence, a change of subject.

Give the dictionary one more chance — fraternal. “...of or befitting a brother or brothers; brotherly. 2. of or being a society of men associated in brotherly union, as for mutual aid or benefit.”

The feminine counterpart? This time Random House ignores the situation completely. There is not feminine counterpart for “fraternal.” Don’t women associate with one another in a comradely way?

The dictionary can go back to its more practical uses of propping open windows and being a footladder. It seems we shall have to define sisterhood ourselves. Perhaps this is all the better.

It’s a dog-eat-dog world, girls. Men are a scarce commodity, and when your personal worth is measured on your success in finding a man, every other member of your sex is a competitor in the big race. As men fight to get to the top of the business world, so women struggle to reach the top of the marital world. As men have their Horatio Alger stories and Abe Lincoln’s; so women have their Cinderellas and ugly ducklings.

Men, however, also have the option of not stepping on each other’s faces, and forming close brotherly relationships. Up until now, at least, such relationships between women have not existed.

Traditionally, women have related to each other through men. When we are not competing for men, we are talking about them (while men talk about cars and baseball, perhaps?).

Since the advent of the women’s movement, however, this tradition has been collecting dust as it sits on its shelf (traditions being impractical for use as window props or footstools.)

“The almost astounding sense of solidarity among women that the women’s movement fosters had no equal during any of the phases of the new left... In the women’s movement, there is, in many quarters, the need to say, ‘even if you aren’t ready for us, we are still with you sisters,’ ” Edith Altbach in “Women in America.”

It is my opinion that men and women are virtually equal in every way. However, they are not treated equally. It is for this reason that there is a women’s movement, and for this reason also, that the definition of brotherhood does not entirely fit when applied to women.

As a feminist, I submit this definition of “sisterhood:” “...sisterly, comradely, the belief that all women should act sisterly toward one another, regardless of difference in race, creed, nationality, etc., a bond that exists extending across all class, race, creed and national divisions, and the belief that in this solidarity, lies the means to liberation.”