

# MOORING MAST

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Friday, November 17, 1972



## THE HOUSE OF SCIENCE

When I see you  
I remember the miracle  
Of Modern Technology

And long to run my hand  
Down the gentle line of your shoulder

A line free from  
Miracle stretch straps  
From the House of Science

WDH

The  
Wasteland  
Reviewed

...a special supplement  
of poetry, pictures, and  
written words, starting  
on page 7.



# Does apathy really mean anomie?

by Carla Weiss

"Anomie can be defined as a set of life conditions characterized by powerlessness, deprivation and insecurity; a perception of the world as bleak and uncertain, partly a matter of realistic perception and partly an adaptive protection against disappointment; . . . a further intensification of the pessimistic world view, partly on the basis of the fact that things did turn out badly after all, and partly to protect the self against the criticism of having brought about one's plight through one's own moral defeats." — An Interpretive Essay, Cohen and Hodges.

(CPS) — The campus mood across the country following the November 7 Presidential election ranged from that of "intense depression" to feeling "pretty happy" at President Richard Nixon's 61% victory over Senator George McGovern.

In a random survey of 15 colleges and universities from various sections of the United States, the general campus reaction was summed as being "apathetic."

"It's a rather dull campus," said a student from Eastern Montana College in Billings, "dull, dead and apathetic. Everybody was rather confused, they didn't know who to vote for. A typical response I got was 'Oh, boy. We have two nothings to vote for.'"

"No one cares," said a student from Western Illinois University in Macomb, where Nixon defeated McGovern by less than 100 votes. Although voter registration drives had been extensive at that campus, less than a quarter of the student population had registered to vote.

"Student government spent a lot of time and effort in this campaign," continued the student, "but it didn't work. This school is nowhere. I only see about 2,000 of the students here, out of 14,000. The rest of them all go home on the weekends."

A poll taken last year at Wright State University in Dayton, Ohio, showed 76% of the student body were against Nixon. Reaction to the election, however, was "so what."

"Students here are more interested in their midterms and finals. They know the war is slowing down and they don't want to risk it, if the peace talks come through."

Students at the University of Alaska in Fairbanks voted three to two for McGovern, but because of the state's distance from the rest of the United States, said a student there, "most of us are not as involved in national politics."

"It's very hard to get anything going here. People just sign petitions. Drugs and student government are the main issues." Some people, he said, are accelerating their plans to emigrate to Canada. A solution for others was "the U.S. can do what it wants, we'll just go into the woods."

Although 85% of the student body at American University in Washington, D.C., voted for McGovern, most of them expected that he would lose. "Everybody knew it was coming."

"Apathy is what got Nixon elected, that's it," said a student, disregarding the high voter turnout at his school.

"The explanation is deeper than just apathy," noted a University of California student in Berkeley. "We didn't have much hope. It was obvious Nixon was going to win, and we accepted the outcome before it happened."

"Students would say, 'I'm gonna vote and then I'm gonna get wasted.'"

About 300 people in Berkeley demonstrated and attempted to trash Telegraph Avenue, but according to one observer, "they were just going through the motions. It was as dispirited a riot as the election campaign."

More interest was generated in the local elections in Berkeley than in the national

A speech by Ralph Nader at the University of Massachusetts in Boston received a great deal of response when he said, "Massachusetts is a political oasis for the nation."

"We did our job," remarked a student, "but what about the rest of the nation?"

"Sure we're down about it," he said, referring to McGovern's defeat, "but life goes on."

In Buffalo, New York, which along with New York City carried the McGovern vote, a defense project building was bombed at the State University of New York at Buffalo. In a letter sent to the student newspaper, a group signing themselves "Venceremos" claimed responsibility for the bombings.

Some college campuses, however, did not express disappointments in the election results. Some students felt that if McGovern were elected, the country "would have been worse."

"If Nixon were elected," said a student at Mary Washington College in Fredericksburg, Virginia, "things would be the same. We felt sort of whoopee for the status quo."

"There are a lot of depressed Democrats walking around," she added.

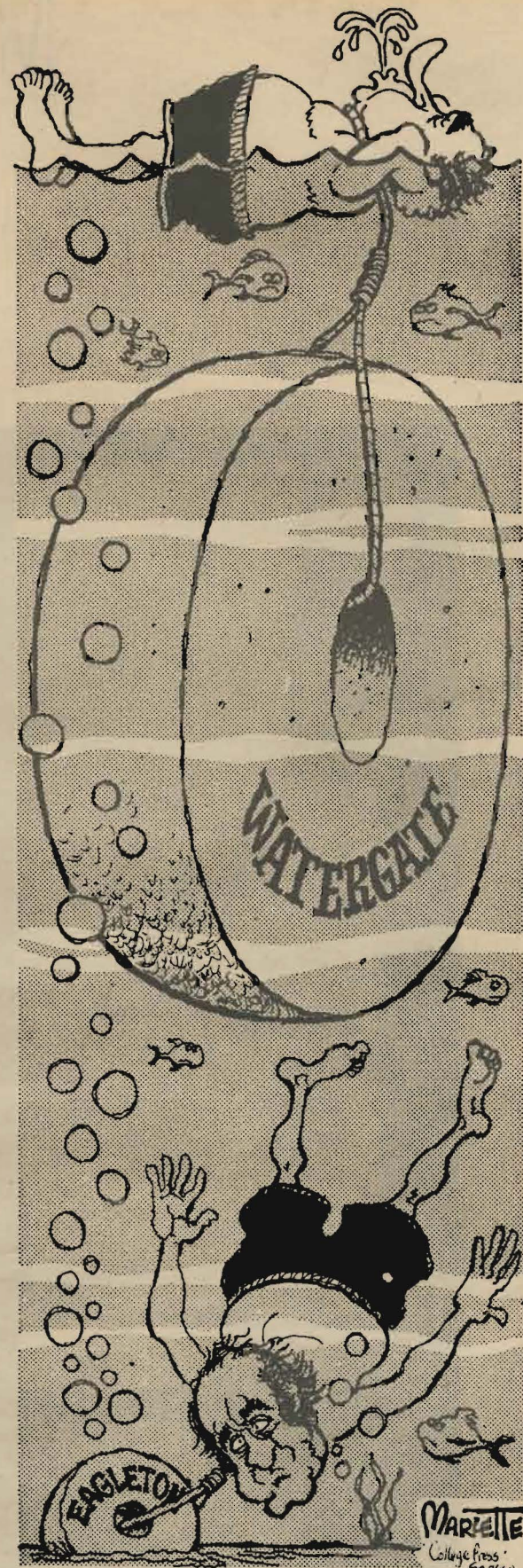
A student at the South Dakota School of Mines and Technology in Rapid City commented that, "McGovern scared me to death. I was going to move to Australia if he got elected."

"Most people are glad here," he continued, "McGovern's welfare program turned off people. I couldn't be happier that he lost. He was just a fantastic talker with no rational ideas. He found out what the kids wanted to hear, and then he'd say it."

In a phone survey at Iowa State University in Ames, McGovern won the student vote by 52%. However, when students were asked whose war policy they preferred, they came out one point more for Nixon.

Again the campus mood at Iowa State was termed as being apathetic. "Less than ten people were active in the McGovern for President organization," said a student there.

Nixon won 75% of the student vote at John Brown University in Siloam Springs, Arkansas. Said one student there, "The campus is pretty conservative. The majority were happy Nixon won. I can't say I was for Nixon—I guess I think a little more."



MILLSTONES

elections. Proposition M, which would have required a 50% majority for any candidate to run in a regular election, was defeated. Plans are now being made for the April elections where radicals hope to win the city council.

Two thousand marched through the streets of Madison, Wisconsin, in a two day demonstration which erupted election night. Fourteen demonstrators were arrested. McGovern had lost Wisconsin by a nine point difference, but won 82% of the student vote at the University of Wisconsin.

"The major realization," said a student there, "is that frustration doesn't mean anything. We have four more years of work to do."

In Massachusetts, one of the few states that McGovern won, a sense of "overwhelming and unique pride in being a member of the Commonwealth" has emerged among the majority of the students in that state.



# WORLD NEWS



## THE WORLD OUTSIDE

### Cancer not attributed to the pill

(CPS) London, — A report released by the Committee on the Safety of Medicines says that contraceptive pills, including the progestogen minipill, do not cause cancer.

The government committee, which had been investigating effects of the pills for six years, said that "The evidence does not show that long-term use of oral contraceptives in their present formulation may give rise to cancer."

Drug manufacturers in England will be licensed to make ten new brands of the pill, including five of the progestogen type, which was withdrawn two years ago after reports revealed that it created tumors in beagle dogs.

British doctors claim that Beagles are prone to breast cancer, regardless if they have been administered the pill.

The committee based its reports on experiments in which rats and mice were injected with massive doses of estrogen and progestogen in order to assess any risk of cancer.

### Fly me to the moon

(CPS) — United States astronauts James A. Lovell Jr. and Donald Slayton were in Brazil last week. They were often asked why there weren't any women astronauts in the American space program.

Lovell's answer was, "Well, we've never sent any women into space because we haven't had a good reason to. We fully envision, however, that in the near future we will fly women into space and use them the same way we use them on earth—for the same purpose."

### European media lambasts peace accords

Newspapers in the United States have generally heralded Kissinger's handling of the peace negotiations as a great success in diplomacy. The European media thinks otherwise. In fact, it has shown great disappointment with the accords now under discussion.

For example, *The London Observer*, an independent British daily, asks whether the "peace with honor which Nixon is now confidently promising" has been worth "the sacrifices of the past four years."

The *London Sunday Times* said the settlement "would not be a triumph for Nixon's honor... the President is willing to accept peace terms which for most of a decade American leaders, including himself, have rejected as dishonorable."

Several French newspapers have said that the accords will pave the way for a communist takeover (See the Worlds News section, *Mooring Mast*, Nov. 3) while Radio Geneva asked whether "the growing bitterness in Saigon could survive the inevitable expansionist aims of the North."

### "Despot!" park encounters little resistance

President Park of South Korea is encountering sparse resistance to his actions since the declaration of martial law and the ordering of the new October 27 Constitution... all mainly due to his effective strongarm tactics in maintaining a one man government.

Those who do bravely express disapproval of administration policies are likely to be swept up by the ever present S. Korean CIA. For example, three editors of the *Donga Ilbo* (South Korea's largest daily) were held overnight and beaten, according to one report. Also, Cho Yun Ha, a lower assemblyman of the opposition party, who had previously been of very good health has been treated for a bad physical condition in a Seoul hospital. He was beaten by the CIA.

Other dissidents are under full surveillance by armed guards, who are stationed outside the dissidents' houses. "House prisoners" include Roman Catholic Bishop Chi Hak Soon of Wonju. The doors of the newspapers, not excepting the *Donga Ilbo*, are now blocked by paratroopers bearing bayoneted M-16's.

These are only a few examples of widespread repression. And, the way things look now, resistance will continue to be stifled. Fear is so great on the part of the public, that few people will continue to dare defy Park. As one American journalist writes, "There are no known cleavages in President Park's power structure that might provide a channel for resistance. Furthermore, the society at large is too honeycombed with Korean CIA informers — and too impregnated with fear — for any spontaneous movement to develop."

### Nixon gears own politics to Disraeli

In response to queries as to whether Nixon will follow a more liberal or conservative attitude in the ensuing four years, Nixon himself last week told *Washington Star-News* reporter Garrett D. Horner that he favors conservatism with a return to the Puritan ethic. He considers himself as a "Disraeli conservative with a strong foreign policy abroad" and favors a "conservatism combined with reform" on domestic policy.

Reaching an oratorically profound peak, he expressed a desire to "make the American people feel proud of their country's role in foreign affairs for which our strength must always be maintained."

He looks forward to governmental decentralization, fewer and better administration social programs and to appointment of more "constitutional conservatives" on the courts. Finally, as a "centrist" Nixon promised "more significant reform than any administration since Franklin Roosevelt."

No matter how Nixon plans to institute his proposals, he will still have to face a Democratic congress that is not prone to accepting his stance on such issues as tax cuts and deficit spending.

## Polaroid dons "lib" role

(AFS)—A recent trip to South Africa by NAACP leader Roy Wilkins has highlighted the efforts of the Polaroid Corporation to present itself as an avantgarde corporate reformer. His trip to the Republic of South Africa underwritten by Polaroid, Wilkins returned a vocal supporter of American corporate involvement there.

Pressure applied by many US civil rights groups and an organization of Polaroid employees who call themselves the Polaroid Revolutionary Workers Movement (PRWM) has forced Polaroid to institute a series of superficial reforms in its operations in South Africa and to finance such trips as Wilkins'.

Ten years after Polaroid established its South African subsidiary in 1938, the Africaaner National Party came to power under an apartheid doctrine and passed a series of brutal racist laws to separate and control the 16 million blacks in South Africa, who comprise 70 percent of the population. At the time they came to power, they offered Polaroid a million dollar a year business for the use of its instant film and camera products.

With Polaroid's technology in hand, the Nationalists passed the Population Registration Act of

1950, requiring every person at age 16 to possess a photographic identity card describing him as white, brown, African or colored. Malan, the Prime Minister at that time, described this national register at the basis for the whole policy of apartheid.

Further restrictive legislation was passed in 1952, the Abolition of Passes and Consolidation of Documents Act. This act requires all African males to carry on their person at all times a 90-page document containing a history of the bearer's life, fingerprints, and photograph. All of those 16 years or older must produce it on demand under penalty of whipping, fines and/or jail. (More than 3000 Africans are arrested daily for pass book violations.)

So vital is Polaroid to the success of apartheid that they were given a special tax exemption. Most recently, Polaroid joined IBM in bringing more of the joys of technology to the South African regime: the latest boon to population control, a computerized ID card to replace the bulky and inefficient passbook. Their plan is to link a Polaroid ID-3 card to the IBM 360 Computer Data Bank.

To offset this collusion with one of the most brutal governments in the world, Polaroid and IBM have instituted much-publicized "reforms" to bestow hope upon the black masses, while playing down the hideous nature of their operations.

IBM pays its 57 black employees, all in skilled white collar positions, \$200 a month to start. Their claim to morality is the equal opportunity for all 57 (sic) black African employees. The more celebrated reform effort is the famous Polaroid experiment.

Under intense pressure from PRWM, including a boycott which is now in its third year and has cost Polaroid about \$20 million, Polaroid sent a multi-racial study group to South Africa. Following the recommendations of the group's findings, in January 1971, Polaroid initiated its reforms. It raised the salaries of black African employees 22 percent by the end of the year, to a point still below the governmentally-defined poverty line. Other reforms consisted of placing blacks in supervisory positions, and giving out a few thousand dollars in educational grants.

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### Nixon's Four More Years and What They'll be Like

by Jack Anderson

1972 Pulitzer Prize Winner for National Reporting  
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WASHINGTON—Next January 20, President Nixon will begin four more years in the White House. For the first time in his political career, he can follow his convictions without worrying about the voters.

Some intimates say he has the capacity for greatness during his final four years. Others worry that he is vindictive and might use his new political freedom to reward his friends and punish his enemies. Here are our predictions:

In foreign affairs, the President will dedicate himself during the years ahead to achieving his goal of an era of peace. He will succeed, we predict, in withdrawing the US from the wars in Southeast Asia. He will also end the cold war era and reduce tensions with the Communist superpowers.

Before his term is ended, we predict, the US will recognize Communist China and restore normal trade relations with both China and Russia.

He will fail, however, to prevent war in the Middle East.

At home, we predict, the President will revert to his basic conservative nature and go back to a tighter money policy. This will hold down inflation, at a cost of nagging unemployment and mild recession.

We also predict a Democratic Congress will dig deeper into the Watergate, ITT, grain and other scandals. The President on election night went out of his way to praise his two embattled campaign aides, John Mitchell and Maurice Stans, who are implicated in the Watergate scandal.

This is the tip-off that the President will back up his aides and cover up the scandal. Mitchell, we predict, will remain a close confidante but will not return to the cabinet. Stans will be given a top appointment—outside the cabinet.

In short, we predict Richard Nixon will distinguish himself as a peace president but will be badly tarnished by scandal during the next four years.

### Have Jetstar, Will Travel

Globetrotter Henry Kissinger could take a few travelling lessons from John Shaffer, chief

of the Federal Aviation Agency. Shaffer, we've discovered, is one of the most travelled men in the Nixon Administration.

Shaffer, who insists that it's his solemn duty to "monitor the national aviation system," accomplishes this goal by flying around at public expense in a sleek Lockheed Jetstar.

We have reported in the past how Shaffer's "monitoring" has taken him to such vacation spots as Orlando, Florida, where he played golf with Arnold Palmer.

Most recently, the FAA chief flew in his government Jetstar to Pittsburgh for the 25th

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# EDITORIAL OPINION

## To the point: responsibility

This past Tuesday, we had the privilege of discussing our most recent editorial with the Student/Faculty Publications Board and its guests. One point that was made, which was of considerable interest to us, was with regard to responsibility.

The position of several board members was that the last editorial had been something of a "personal attack" against some of the more public figures on campus; we were clouding the Campus Chest issue by writing:

"As if it weren't enough that we have to suffer from a university president who believes that the future of the school can be entrusted to a committee (as if leadership could be legislated); from a Board that thinks the issues of the fifties are our campus issues of the seventies; from a student body president that can make any event, no matter how banal or insipid, work, with the possible exception being anything that has to do with politics or the real world . . ."

Yet, at a school where academics is still spelled with an "a" (which is to say, is equated with letter grades), such an attitude or impression is understandable. What we considered subtle became superfluous:

"Isn't this why education remains a pearl before swine at PLU?"

At any rate, to their point of contention, we are prepared to yield. We were too subtle; we invited, by being subtle, too many people to miss the point.

The point, to wit we refer, is: those persons who are entrusted with responsibility *are* responsible. Wiegman and Yoder are responsible for a good number of decisions and events, *immediately* responsible. Further, even if they have not been given an opportunity to review a decision or event, if it is a university decision or event, they are responsible. Still further, when they particularly involve themselves in decisions or events, by contributing either their time, resources, or prestige, then they are *particularly* responsible.

The point: Wiegman and Yoder were both *particularly* involved with Campus Chest Week. Wiegman contributed a game of squash and Yoder offered "an experience in off-campus living" to those who attended Monte Carlo Night.

Even though these two public figures on campus will shrug their shoulders when questioned about their support of the event (Wiegman: "[I didn't even attend]" or Yoder: "[It was handled by the Student Life Office]"), they cannot deny being *particularly* responsible. Even though they would have us believe that they weren't involved, they *were*, and *particularly* so.

The truth: they did not *question* the event. They were approached for prizes and support and they gave. They are, in fact, *sexists*, and concerned persons have not only a right but a responsibility to ask them for a justification of their disgraceful behavior—lies will not do!

Ah, but perhaps we are just making another straw man, another superficial dig into those with power; perhaps, we are becoming again too subtle.

Enough!

The point: in a community of ideas and thought, why do we have for our figureheads two persons who do not question, but submit? Campus Chest Week is but one instance. Aren't there more?

As for *our* responsibility, as for the responsibility of this editorial, let us say that we have dared voice an opinion on a campus where most issues have become so cloudy and obscure as to render them lifeless. We are concerned, deeply, over PLU's future, particularly with persons like Wiegman and Yoder at our fore.

In the tradition of a year, the *Mast* again asks for nothing more than leaders with ideas, with concern, who are committed to a community of ideas, and, who are not only at the front, but taking us *forward*.

The point: we have a right to be able to anticipate from our leaders responsible conduct. As leadership involves a curious interplay between purpose and standard, the two constantly being subjected to questions, we feel that Wiegman and Yoder have let us down. Their attitude we find *particularly* inconsistent with their responsibilities; they should be made to account for their failing.



### Thanks

To the Editor:

Paudit on last week's Mooring Mast interim supplement. The educational wasteland that takes place in January deserves such outstanding recognition. What I find most amazing is that students actually PAY the \$250.00 tuition. But, after all, two interims are required for graduation.

Sincerely yours,  
Gregg Kasner

### More to Come

To the Editor:

Re: Your Miss Campus Chest Editorial was a long time a'coming. *But* . . . Contests of this ilk can only appeal to those exhibitionists, voyeurs, ass-bandits, and dirty-legs who patronize such sex-enslavement genres no matter what is said. Because of this, you have wasted pen and ink. Already *conceived* is their latest brainchild: Miss Yeast Infection.

lee wm sachs

### Institutional sexism

To the Editor:

I would like to thank you for your editorial of Nov. 10, if thanks is enough for the insight you presented.

Based on the lack of response from the women students, you could assume that we do not object to the sexual prejudice behind such campaigns as Miss Campus Chest. My letter comes late, but to the point: I do object!

It is with a little disappointment that I am gratified by your response and the response of the others in letters to the editor. Women are directly affected by such slurs on their sex, but we have not responded as quickly as we should. I do realize that everyone should act and react as a *human being*, but considering the level of consciousness PLU has reached, I feel that we as women should examine the definition of our humanity. How do we define our sexuality? Those traditional concepts of femininity might be unpopular with everyone.

I am tired of attacks on my intelligence as a woman. I react strongly against the T.V. ads, the magazine cartoons, the beauty contests, etc., that uphold the "dumb broad" image of women as sexual objects. Yet, continual frustration and anger dulls my sensitivity to the conspicuously prejudiced images of women that Miss Campus Chest presents.

When I saw the glass jar statistics, I reacted immediately

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

against the representation of woman. But it was your reminder that moved me to voice my opinion. That editorial and the letters held out the promise that there are others who are aware of the need for positive change.

We should look beyond the contest front of Miss Campus Chest and find out how and why such a tradition is continued, and from there we can go on to change the emphasis that has been evident in the past.

Lynn Vikesland

### Hips, waist, bust

To the Editor:

In reference to the Editorial Opinion of the November 10th issue, I wonder if the language does any good in trying to show the weaknesses of the Campus Chest Week.

In the fourth paragraph of the editorial, if that's what you call it, the tone and language used was particularly degrading. It is not what one wishes to read in a school paper at this or any other school. If the editor wishes to say something, he should state his views with logical precision, even if the event as he sees it, is "the last straw." However, if he cannot write without using some of the foulest language he knows, he shouldn't comment at all.

To state that all of the people who organize and encourage these events are more interested in sex than in the results is a gross misstatement. Believing that the students who supported the week knew neither why they were giving money or where it was going is to say that these students are sheep who know nothing but are willing to be led by one person.

In the next paragraph of the editorial it is stated that this event, like most events at PLU, is to initiate a good time. Yes, extra-curricular events *are* to let people enjoy themselves and have a good time, but PLU itself is not "a good time." I've noticed that the majority of the people who attend this institution are here for an education and work hard to get it. If the editor has missed this, the major facet of the university, then I feel extremely sorry for him, for he has only experienced the fun side of campus life and has missed the exciting process of learning something new.

I'm also sorry that the editor found it displeasing that Campus Chest Week was four days before a national election. But then, a number of things happened that day that, no doubt, some people found more important than the fact that the coming Tuesday would be an election day.

One point of information: when a girl is measured or given certain "statistics" by her male peers, the numbers are not for "a butt, a belly, and a bust," but rather hips, waist, and bust.

Finally, I am ashamed to think that I am associated with any organization that would print such filthy language for public consumption, and I apologize for the paper and the University to all that were offended.

Sharon Meeds

### Editor's Response:

To clarify some of your mistaken beliefs, Ms. Meeds:

—if you are referring to the opinion in the first two columns of page four, that was indeed an editorial.

—the question is not what one cares to read, but rather, what one does read.

—we fail to note, as you claim you do, any absence of "logical precision."

—if you are referring to the literalized intensive as foul language, you are mindful of the context. . .thankx.

—the contention was, and is, that those persons who involve themselves with such events are *sexists* and encourage sexism; whether or not they happen to be interested in sex is their own business.

—we did not contend that anyone was willing to be led by anybody; we merely raised the question of why it was that people couldn't give otherwise, "without such titillation."

—we were informed by the principle organizer of the event that its primary purpose was a good time.

—the editor has indeed missed the major facet of the university; however, that happens to be what he feels the "fun side" of campus life to be.

—when a university plans its events, one would think that they would be planned for their relevance (please no letters on this term) and topical interest; Campus Chest Week was not a happenchance event, but was planned. Whether or not a number of things happened on that day is not important; what was planned to happen (and not just that day but the other days immediately preceding the election) is important. Quite obviously, somebody felt that Campus Chest Week, as sexist as it is, was more important than the election.

—it is not altogether clear to us that male peers in fact gave the participants their measurements, or were given the opportunity to measure them for themselves; with regard to the statistics, we fear that you have missed the point, as it were.

—your shame is noteworthy, your apology commendable, your apparent understanding regrettable; you are qualified to speak on behalf of the University.

Bob Spencer



# Paradigms

Mr. Hile, I do not think your "Anti-consumerism" article is funny. I do hope, however, that it is a joke. Apart from the absolutely lousy football analogy, the article is laced with incorrect information and misguided implications.

American capitalism, today, can be described as a "Screwee-Screwor" relationship. This is most unfortunate, however, and certainly not satisfactory to both parties, as you have reported. The market system is designed to perform at its equitable best under conditions of pure competition, where the consumer casts his dollar votes in the product market. Such a situation is not a "war" relationship, but rather an atmosphere of healthy competition, in which the consumer can be guaranteed maximum utility and the businessman will, in the long run, realize a normal profit.

The superstructure, the power of big business and various unions has wrecked this ideal market model. Prices increase, quality often decreases and the consequence of these inefficiencies always seems to fall on the consumer. Government of some third party intervention is necessary to correct or at least insure settlements in this countervailing power situation, where the consumer ultimately suffers.

Ralph Nader does work to make the system more "fair" by making it more "efficient." He is challenging the inept competitors in both product and labor markets so that consumer goods are not in the end sabotaged, as in the case of automobiles from the Lordstown General Motors plant, when the powers disagree. He definitely would establish new, better, more stringent standards for quality, safety, fitness, etc. for consumer goods. Somebody has got to be a reminder to that power arena of us plain folks at the end of the line.

In support of your argument, you chose an economist from the University of Chicago. This is Milton Friedman's classical school of economic thought, which thoroughly rejects any type of government intervention or control. These people would naturally, by definition, respond to Nader's

activities in such manner. The point is, you used an overly biased authority which, in effect, causes anyone concerned with objective analysis to dismiss the testimony.

I am, in short, flabbergasted at your final appraisal of Ralph Nader and his group's activities. The necessity for immediate reply to your article has not allowed me time to relocate and quote statistics as to his income or resources, but I guarantee that anyone who researches such information will find that Nader and his people lead most modest lives and have relatively small expenditure accounts, especially in comparison to the executives at whom they, in effect, aim their slings and arrows.

Your character sketching was similarly inaccurate. To describe Nader as the center of a self-serving legalistic group of not-so-idealistic semi-professionals, laboring in their own self interests, is simply a misrecording of attributes, as an inspection of credentials and record will reveal.

Finally, I would like to question your use of the football game analogy. Being an athlete who plays the game of football, I suggest that you have a very narrow grasp of the game. Football is a complex game, obviously beyond some people's comprehension, and cannot be reduced to such quips as you have included in your article. Furthermore, a correction of your analogy directs a correction to your argument. The rules and regulations that control the competition are what makes the game playable; it would otherwise be illustrative of the situation you described, with committees of fans and so forth. Likewise, our capitalist economy.

The market system originally operated under conditions of laissez-faire—it became corrupt, as I have described. If it is not to continue a "Screwee-Screwor" relationship, then we had better legislate standards, regulate whatever necessary and be thankful for watchdogs like Nader's Raiders. Perhaps their credential is what causes so many people to criticize them—that being *honest* in genuine dedication to our consumer welfare.

Dave Greenwood

## Bare-Handed Surgery in the Philippines

How would you like to have a delicate eye operation performed by a man who isn't a surgeon, or even a doctor, and in fact hasn't been to school beyond the third grade? In the operation, he uses not mask-and-gown, no antiseptic technique, no anesthetic, and no instruments—only his bare hands. They are not under his control, however, because he's in a trance. Strangely enough, hundreds of Americans and Europeans have made trips to the Philippines to be operated on by such "spirit" healers. And more strangely, the operations have usually been successful!

At the October meeting of the California Society for Psychical Research, Robert Voelks presented a firsthand account of the Filipino *espiritistas* healers. Voelks, who holds a degree in psychology, went to study the healers and ended up joining them. He spent six months in the Philippines observing hundreds of operations at close range. He took hundreds of slides and movies of operations, made notes, talked with healers, lived with some of them, and later apprenticed himself to David Oligane, whom he regarded as the best of those he had met.

With his movies and slides, Voelks presented the complicated story of the *espiritistas*. Most of the healers come from a minority language group, Illicano. (Tagalog is the national language, although most Filipinos, including the healers, speak some English.) Also the *espiritistas* are a minority Protestant group in the predominantly Catholic Philippines. Most of the healers



are deeply religious and they think of their healing as one of the "gifts of the Spirit" promised in the New Testament.

However, one of the most popular healers, Tony, with whom Voelks stayed for six weeks, has no religious connections. Voelks believes he is to some extent a fraud, now that he has become corrupted by American money. The only similar spirit-healing phenomenon is in Brazil, where the *espiritistas* use a mixture of Catholic, Voodoo, and Indian terms.

A healer begins his training by rearranging his life so that he prays and meditates for an hour out of every three throughout the day and night. After doing this for a few weeks, he starts hallucinating, hearing things, and has the experience of leaving his body. This is called astral projection.

It is in the astral state that they get their instruction. A student healer during an out-of-the-body trip finds himself in a room full of surgical gear. It is like a hospital room, although, as likely as not, the student has never been inside a modern hospital. He is given careful instruction in the use of this equipment. (This part of the trip reminds me of the "night Classes" that American doctors with strange psychic abilities described to Shafica Karagulla in

her book, *Breakthrough to Creativity*.)

Back on the earth plane, the healer does not use any medical equipment at all, although it seems as if his hands are manipulating unseen instruments. For instance, Voelks has been initiated into the use of a technique called "injection." He makes movements through the air as if he is holding a gigantic syringe. He says that the syringe acts on the spirit body of the patient, but it will actually make a visible hole in the patient's flesh, and, if you hold a piece of paper in front of the syringe, a tiny hole will appear in the paper.

The healer makes the incision for the operation merely by moving his right hand in a straight line about six inches above the patient's body where the incision is to be made. The flesh beneath the moving hand opens up just like a zipper. Closing is similarly done with the left hand. There are usually no scars left after these incisions.

All kinds of operations are done. The patient merely gets up on a bare wooden table, takes off any clothing necessary for the operation, and the healer goes immediately to work. In the same room, earnestly watching the operation, are those who are waiting their turn. If they have any doubts, the experience of seeing several operations usually allays them.

Tumors are removed, organs are moved around, and foreign matter is removed, including objects of witchcraft. And most of these operations take ten minutes. The patient gets up from the table and walks away.

# Yeast Infection

Following October's Homecoming Queen, November's Campus Chest, PLU logic now demands that December usher in yet another virgin beauty to adorn the campus. Eighteen smiling faces, enhanced by eighteen Norwegian-knit sweaters, now battle one more contest, vying for the title, crown and gown of *Lucia Bride*.

The contestants need not vulgarly divulge their measurements, nor consent to a blind and possibly debasing rendezvous with a champion speculator. No, this struggle for the pedestal is seemingly an elitist election, a Scandinavian contest with some *class*, somehow serving to perpetuate an already overbearing ethnic tradition on campus.

*Lucia Bride*, a harmless, Christmas season ritual? In Sweden, perhaps it is, but within a PLU context, this ageless ritual is reduced to just another queen contest. In light of previous PLU sexist spectacles, it is difficult to consider this event as anything more than cheap votes cast to the body (and personality) of a demurely smiling coed who will wear the white gown, cheap votes cast to women who, in the words of one French writer, "have refused to contest the human situation, because they have hardly begun to assume it."

Sara Heide

# Application deadline set

The Student Publications Board has announced that, in accordance with its own policies and the ASPLU constitution, applications for the editorship of the *Mooring Mast* are now being accepted. At the time of application, the candidate must be a full time student at PLU and have a cumulative grade point of 2.5 or higher.

The Publications Board will consider the written application of each candidate according to the following criteria: 1) experience in the production of similar publications; 2) the ability to write good prose; 3) the quality of ideas for the production of the *Mooring Mast*, considering especially their originality, maturity and practicality; and 4) willingness to meet the standards for the *Mast*, which are outlined in the Student Publications Board Statement of Policy.

The editor shall serve a full year term beginning February 1, 1973, ending January 31, 1974. The editor will also receive full tuition for eight courses, part of which may be used after the editor's term is completed.

All applications must be turned in to Tom Heavey, Chairperson of the Publications Board, no later than 6 p.m. Monday, November 20. Applications may be left at the ASPLU office or mailed to Box 142 Xavier.

## MOORING MAST

The Voice of the Students at Pacific Lutheran University

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Circulation . . . . . Lauralee Hagen  
Sally Harrigan

Letters to the editor and copy should be typed and double spaced with a 65 character margin. Copy deadline is Tuesday at 6:00 p.m. All letters must be signed.

Opinions expressed in the *Mooring Mast* are not necessarily those of Pacific Lutheran University, its administration, faculty, or the *Mooring Mast* staff. The *Mooring Mast* reserves the right to edit all copy for length, propriety, and libel.



# CAMPUS NEWS

## Editorial meets with tacit approval by board

by Duane Larson

The recent publication of a controversial editorial concerning Miss Campus Chest prompted the Student/Faculty Publications Board to convene last Tuesday morning. The agenda for the meeting included consideration of newspaper editorial policy as it applies to that particular issue of the *Mooring Mast*. The consideration was one which had been long awaited. Even so, the results of the discussion are not totally clear.

Dale Larson, Professor of English and also a member of the Publications Board (which is comprised of three faculty members, four students, and an

entourage of advisors), said a "profitable discussion" took place among the members, although no official precedent was made. Concern, he stated, was focused on the question of whether editorial use of obscenity was justified in terms of "section h" of the board's policy, a policy which has yet to be officially adopted by the committee.

Section h reads:

"The *Mooring Mast* editor should avoid provocation of the university community with profanity and obscenity. No words or pictures should be used to shock or titillate. No vulgarisms should be used only for amusement. Yet neither

should freedom of expression be limited by the standards of the most prudish. Words and

pictures which may seem profane, obscene, or vulgar to a few may be justified if, and only

if, their primary intent and effect are not to anger or entertain the university community, but rather to enlighten and humanize it."

Part of the question, then, is whether the obscenity was justified as an "enlightening and humanizing" factor. Some persons saw the word usage merely as a shock instrument. This was particularly the point of view taken by Milton Nesvig, Director of Church Relations and Publications. He maintained that there was no need and no justification whatsoever for the use of any obscenities, and further maintained that no responsible journalist would

(Continued on page 17)



ignorancity

## Erik Leddihn lectures here

Dr. Erik Van Kuehnelt-Leddihn, a speaker of international repute from Austria, will be featured guest of the PLU intellectuals, November 30th at 8:15 p.m., in Chris Knutzen Hall.

As part of the campus lecture series, Dr. Kuehnelt-Leddihn will present an informative as well as entertaining oration of any one of his many topics varying from *Student Unrest in Four Continents* to *Eros, Sex, and Marriage*. The exact topic has not yet been confirmed.

Dr. Kuehnelt-Leddihn attended the Theresian Academy in Vienna and later obtained his Ph.D. from the University of Budapest. The list of other colleges and universities he has attended is long enough to take up a page, among them, Georgetown University, Chestnut Hill College and Beaumont College in England. He has taught Japanese at Fordham University and was the head of the Department of History at St. Peter's College in New Jersey.

Kuehnelt-Leddihn has reading ability in nearly seventeen languages and fluency in eight of those. He has visited virtually every country in Europe, North America, South America, and Africa.

One final attribute, certainly not the last, the guest speaker has written close to thirty books and numerous other publications in many different languages.

## Schwidder's art projects are dedicated

Two recent commissions completed by Ernest Schwidder, Associate Professor of Art and Chairman of the Art Department, were dedicated last Sunday, October 29th. In the morning Professor Schwidder participated in services at Emmanuel Lutheran Church, in Cheney, Washington, noting the completion of his work in the remodeling of the sanctuary and installation of new chancel furnishings. For this project Schwidder produced the

architectural design for the remodeling, the design of the new furnishings, designs for banners and vestments, and the design and execution of a life-sized carved wood crucifix and front pedestal.

The other work to be dedicated is the last part of a two year project for St. Mary (Catholic) Church, Des Plaines, Illinois. The life-sized carved wood crucifix and figure of "Our Lady of Sorrows," completes the furnishings for the new church building which includes carved wood chancel furniture, stations of the cross, Holy Family panel, and processional cross.



PLU art professor Ernest Schwidder painstakingly executes a life-sized crucifix, carved into wood, which should prove to be a meaningful sermon by sculpture when set into the Saint Mary Catholic Church in Des Plaines, Illinois.

## Boy assaults PLU prof's daughter

Bringing back memories of two major incidents that occurred at PLU near the end of last year is the recent assault of a PLU professor's 15-year-old daughter. The attack took place Nov. 1 at 8:30 p.m. as the girl was walking behind the newly constructed Ingram Hall, located in the northwestern section of the campus.

The assailant, after knocking the girl to the ground, attempted to stab her with a knife. The girl managed to escape unharmed and ran to the house of a friend, from where the police were notified.

Her attacker is described as being 18-19 years of age, 5' 10", 140 pounds, and wearing jeans and a jeans jacket. The police have been unable to turn up any

additional clues as to the identity of the assailant.

As a result of this latest attack, powerful photo-lights have been installed in the area behind Ingram Hall, illuminating a previously dark and dangerous area.

## Advisors up for workshop

The second annual College Advisor's Workshop, comprised of representatives from schools of higher education throughout the state, will be held in PLU's University Center on Nov. 28.



PLU art professor Ernest Schwidder painstakingly executes a life-sized crucifix, carved into wood, which should prove to be a meaningful sermon by sculpture when set into the Saint Mary Catholic Church in Des Plaines, Illinois.

Unlike the speeches and presentations making up last year's workshop, this year's conference will consist of eight small group sessions, discussing such topics as "New Programs for Veterans," "Career Counseling" and "Promising Fields of Employment." Each of the participants in the workshop will have an opportunity to attend four of the 45-minute sessions, beginning at 9:30 a.m.

Luncheon will be served to all participants at 12:30 and, immediately afterward, a panel of students will share their advising experiences and observations. This will be followed by an informal question-and-answer period along with an evaluation of the conference. Students are welcome to attend on a space-available basis of they register in advance with Charles Nelson, PLU's representative to the conference.

## Issue Forum discusses transsexuality

ASPLU will sponsor an Issue Forum Wednesday, Nov. 29, on the subject of transsexuality.

The forum, which will be held in Chris Knutzen Hall, begins at 2 p.m. with a speech on sexual identity by Sandy Jordan, who works at the Seattle Counseling Center. This will be followed by two speeches, the first by a preoperative transsexual, the second by a postoperative transsexual. Both will discuss some psychological problems in changing from one sex to another.

At 2:30, a panel discussion follows the speeches. The panel members will be Jeff Gettman, Willis Stanmore and the three speakers. A chance for small group discussion will follow, allowing time for questions and reactions to the issue of transsexuality.

## "Applause" plays Seattle Opera House

Spokane-born Metropolitan Opera Star, Patrice Munsel, in her first Broadway appearance in Seattle, heads the touring cast of the Tony Award winning Broadway musical, "Applause," beginning Tuesday, November 21, for six regular performances and a special student matinee on Friday, November 24, in the Seattle Opera House.

Miss Munsel's first contact with the Met came at the age of 17 when, in bobbysox and carrying school books under her arm, she stepped onto the stage of the Metropolitan Opera Auditions of the Air. Within minutes after finishing her aria, she was signed to a Metropolitan Opera contract, and several months later was on stage of the Opera House to sing Philline in "Mignon" to become the youngest singer ever to debut at the Met.

Since her debut, Miss Munsel has been especially acclaimed for performances in "Kiss Me Kate," "South Pacific," "The King and I," "Sound of Music," "Hello Dolly," "Mame," and others.

Tickets are still available for "Applause," presented by Northwest Releasing, at the Bon Marche Ticket Office, Campus Music, Shoreline Music, Bandwagon Music at Crossroads, Lamont's in Burien, Kaspers in Auburn, World Music in West Seattle, The Bookworm on Bainbridge Island, and Merit Mart in Bremerton.

## Weigman talks on world hunger

Malnutrition and starvation are on the increase in the world in spite of rapid technological developments in agriculture, food processing and food delivery, according to President Eugene Wiegman.

The subject, developed under the topic, "Hunger and Thanksgiving," will be presented by Dr. Wiegman at PLU Student Congregation services this Sunday, Nov. 19.

The president's comments will be heard at both the 8:30 and 10 a.m. services in Chris Knutzen Hall.

Using the text from Mark 6, Jesus' feeding of the 5,000, Dr. Wiegman will also relate the concern of Christians in the New Testament for the hungry and how their example can relate to our lives.

"The Lord expects us to do more than just pray about the problem," he said.



Dr. Eugene Wiegman

Dr. Wiegman will also draw on his own experiences with the U.S. Department of Agriculture where he served for several years. His duties entailed a number of projects including the U.S. Food for Peace programs.



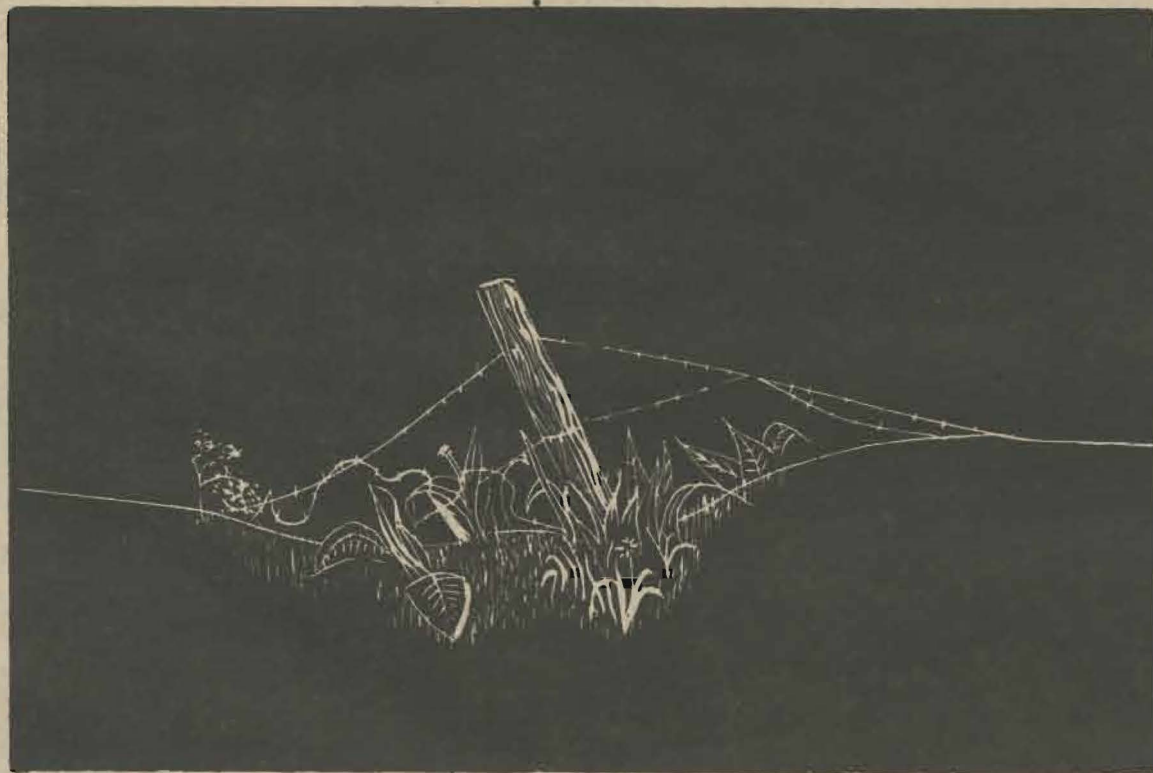
# The Wasteland Reviewed

As Route 30 rolls us west  
farmhouses decay from view  
Wire-thistle rails sag,  
unable to contain  
the rush of roadside  
brake, blackberry coils tangle  
    brambles torment crucified wire  
    snags on all who pass.

In yard weeds idle  
John Deere tractor and disc plow, rust furrowed  
where dirt and rain erode earth  
green finish. On granite blocks  
a tireless '54 Ford suffocates, bushed  
in leaf. Vines climb side  
walls, peeling cheap paint,  
grip door, handle, steering  
wheel and seats. Upholstered in weeds,  
seams split and uncoil  
in fractured interior.

A soil-old farmer ground in haystubble face  
squats on porch blocks. No smile  
face fallen to fallow  
hides tobacco stain  
curses spit at cars traveling  
nonstop to city.

—Kenneth Currens



Brambles

Robert Mills



## Dirt

## I

Dirt grows  
 rising in brown patches  
 through straight blades  
 Dirt relaxes under sun  
 flat, cracked and barren  
 drunk with heat  
 Dirt grows old  
 watered down into mud  
 standing in lonely april marshes  
 or collecting algae in a half-crazy bog

Dirt grows  
 seemingly under control  
 in a backyard garden      a flower pot  
     city park      gravel road  
 caught under pavement  
     confined in wheat fields  
 chopped into yards and  
     infested with grass  
 Fertilizer helps build strong dirt  
 twelve ways.

## II

I remember the dirt of my childhood  
 A back alley full of puddles and pebbles of any size  
     the site of many a freeway system  
 An empty lot for neighborhood dirt clod fights  
 spring muck jammed cold between my toes  
     and cached damp on the seat of my jeans  
 Fields of trembling pasture land ripe with  
     rotting walnuts and old leaves and horse dung  
 Soil screaming to be walked and run on  
 And we walked upon it  
 and ran on it

## III

Dirt grows  
 It has been growing in layers  
 since long before the Paleozoic  
 back into eternity  
 Sediments in mountain ranges  
 watch river and valley cities  
 rise and fall  
 like concrete dinosaurs  
 Our ancestors went to the mountains  
 for wisdom and truth  
 We still go to snow slopes  
     and lakes of bass  
     to repeat the ritual  
     and because the magnetism  
     still remains  
 Dirt serves the meal  
 and the takes us back  
 into the womb  
 at evening  
 The umbilical cord  
 is never cut  
 The prophet hath said  
 that the streets of heaven  
 are paved with dirt  
 From dust we came  
 and to dust we shall go  
 Sandstone and shale are our brothers  
 Limestone and granite our cousins  
 the volcanic flow their love  
 In the final day of eternity  
 we shall be reunited  
 man and dirt  
 layer upon layer  
 upon fossil  
 Soil screaming to be walked and run on  
 And we walked on it  
 ran on it

—Bob Hasselblad







*Home is the sailor, home from the sea,  
And the hunter home from the hill.  
-R.L. Stevenson, Requiem.*

## Home is the Soldier

**E**xhaust from the police car snarled into a cool spring drizzle; the rear doors winged open and radio jumbled by wireless partyline static. The police led him from his borrowed home to the waiting vehicle, while the blue-haired landlady shook her coiffure ruefully and emitted tight smacking noises with her lips. His muddy driveway was ribbed by tire-tracks and heel-gouged by neighbor women who had left their shoebox houses to cackle about the cratered yard. Avoiding the rain-trapped pits, their wedgies sucked at the soft brown.

A lab photographer snapped photos of the crime scene. There was the irony of an April sun in a rain-leaden sky, and when he had half a roll on the suspect's front porch, he whirled and shot the victim's back porch (you see, victim and killer shared the same pitted yard).

The women flocked about the police car, staring at the pale suspect while they eavesdropped on radio calls they could not comprehend.

"Did he murder the chink?" a housewife asked.

"He wasn't a chink," the landlady corrected.

The policeman who rode shotgun nodded. He leaned against the car and cleaned mud splatters off his boots with a grease rag. His partner slammed the rear doors. The landlady said that the suspect would not get a refund on his damage deposit. Shotgun nodded, and eased into the car. They drove off, leaving the landlady to tell all she did not know, all she would never know about her tenant.

**I**t was winter when he got there, yet the snow was melting and brooding islands of chiseled white gave the campus an eerie unrelatedness, much like an unfinished canvas. Walkways, seasoned with rocksalt, connected greybrick dormitories, cold against a colder day, and maple trees weighted by winter knuckled arthritic roots into the dead land.

Beneath a marble reproduction of the university's founding father, he consulted a map in the catalog. Then, digging blanched fingers into pockets, he crunched over rocksalt toward his adviser's office. Sculpted iceworks from the winter carnival had succumbed into opaque ponds, cupped in the depressions of lawn. Limping along, he shivered to himself; three months before, he had been in a subtropical clime, a week before in sunny California.

An elevator lifted him up to the English Department, and a plush reception room where he awaited Dr. Rovedt.

"Come in, come in, my boy."

"Thank you, thank you, sir."

"I've your transcripts here someplace," Dr. Rovedt mumbled. He pushed aside a stack of books and sought the necessary records. Dr. Rovedt continued to mumble while wind beat upon the streaky windows of his office. Eleven stories down in nether white, footpaths pretzelled to and fro mindlessly. The students seemed no larger than the university's founder.



He took a place within walking distance of the school. The physical therapist had told him stateside that the best care for his leg would be exercise. Exercise and exercise.

"I hope it'll be to your liking," said the landlady, underneath a meddle of bluespun hair.

When he handed her the rent check and damage deposit, she eyed him suspiciously. He had mid-length hair and there was a whitish border around his eyebrows, evidence of a recent tan. But the face reflected a hidden sorrow, for his mouth curved down at the corners, not unlike an old man's mouth, and his cheeks were deeply creased, yet he was only twenty-two. And of course his limp made him appear older.

"Now if you have any problems or need any help, my husband's laid up in a wheelchair though I'll be glad to come over. Your neighbor—"

"Thank you," he said, and she departed.

It was a small furnished cottage: livingroom, bedroom, kitchen, and bath crowding one another out; drapes of bargain basement weave, borax lamps and tables, stuffing that oozed out of the davenport like shaving cream. Major drawback: the water pressure was anemic; when the toilet flushed the shower drain gurgled. This, because he fed a septic tank; the entire neighborhood fed septic tanks. Every November, the sewer system referendum was voted down.

He had no backyard; he shared an enclosure with the cottage that rented the streetfront. The streets were named after the famous letters of the alphabet.

In the cramped bedroom he stowed his few belongings. The dresser drawers were musty and cardboard-thin, ample enough for his out-dated civilian clothes, the medals tarnished by guilt, a service revolver, and his uniform, a green reminder of youth lost. Its olive drabness caused a queasy sensation to wriggle up from his stomach.

He limped into the livingroom and drew the flimsy drapes. Waves of snow crusted the windowledge. Icicles stretched bars over his view. Across the driveway, children abandoned their sinking snowforts, snowmen returned to the earth. He listened for street sounds and heard nothing. His breath flattened on the glass like a ghost of winter, and through its mist he saw a pair of almond eyes gazing from his neighbor's cottage.

With his separation pay, a television was purchased, kitchenware, towels, and general household items. He bric-a-bracked up his home with plastic ashtrays, discount store busts, and ordered a telephone, though he knew nobody except Dr. Rovedt and the snoopy landlady who lived two doors down at 660 South K.

Dr. Rovedt had buried him in 20 semester hours, classes commenced on the half-hour and were interrupted on the hour by the nerve-jangling bells of the university carillon.

His daily regimen was unalterable. After igniting the gas range, he would partake of a shower. The strong spray pinned him to the stall, pinging at its metal sides, prodding his bum leg awake. He enjoyed it until he noticed the drain did not function properly—soapy water gradually boiled its way up, covered his feet, his ankles, then seeped through the metal seam to inundate his bathroom floor. On top of this, the toilet was inoperable for the 45 minutes it took the drainpipe to empty off. During this interval he would mop the wet linoleum, buckled from four decades of repeated showers. When it dried, he shaved and groomed himself in the medicine cabinet mirror. He had paled to a winter-white. His last haircut was in an Army Hospital. *Is it too short?* he asked himself. He was as self-conscious about it as he was about his modest wardrobe, and the bark of scar tissue on his useless leg. He was obsessed with the notion it would atrophy and shrivel away.

At 9:00 he drank his coffee. At 9:15 he left for school.

The ulcerated backroads of rectangled houses were so alike, it seemed he passed the same one over and over again as if on a treadmill. There were no sidewalks (they too were voted down each November), and he had to dodge iced-over chuckholes and tenacious white on his trudge to lower campus.

In the business district, he imagined a timewarp, as the stores were modern with sidewalks, parking meters, and steep red curbs. The town had moved in; commercial sappers nibbled at lucrative church property, waiting to swallow up the morsels of a financially pressed institution. His sojourn terminated with the frosty statue of the school's founder, arms folded as he scowled upon the encroaching threat of secularism.

The campus was archetypal of sectarian learning. At the hub was the chapel; red stones piled under a heaven-thrust bell tower, overshadowed by dorms which supplied the supplicants for voluntary round-the-clock convocations.

At 9:35 he would watch them stream piously up the walks and through the red-bricked archway. Strapping Nordic Types: semi-mini-skirted girls, long fleshy thighs goosebumped in the lapping wind, bleached Scandinavian tresses ironed a sterile sheen; the boys taller, bluejeaned and heavy-coated, ungainly slipping over the treacherous mantle of ice which served as exclusive shortcut for intrepid jockers.

The majority had Lutheranized names—Knutzen, Olson, Govund, Ollefgaard—as did their professors and the lecture halls. His initial impression was not one of community, but rather, conformity. To him it was the Maoistic uniformity of the clothing-of-the-day. He saw a few liberated women in unisex Levis, flared rudely at the calf, boots knee-high and fat with slush, leather jackets soiled by the imaginary dirt of the student-as-laborer. He pondered, *Is it to show an affinity with the Earth, with the farmer? or merely tribal rites?*

Down hallways of oatmeal-speckled cinderblock, into the men's room and . . . trepidation. A reassuring glance at the urinals. *God! What if I'm in the Women's by mistake. . . ?*

Police files would reveal that his behavior was "normal," that February presaged no clue of things to come. He followed his routine as religiously as the on-campus residents followed theirs. He would limp home at 2:30, study, prepare a meal. Occasionally he supped in Commons, afterwards setting out into the windy darkness, a lone man with a gondolier's gait.

Day's end brought a prayer that the pilot light would not falter, that the shower might miraculously behave. But snowfall had raised the water table; the toilet bowl seemed to talk him to sleep each night.

Winter was a prowler, visiting nocturnally. The daytime was brisk, the nights sub-freezing. The TV weatherman promised deliverance. . . "experiencing an unusual season". . . "meteorological anomaly," as though a criminal nabbed redhanded and forced to alibi his way out. He gazed at voided skies. He whiled away afternoons at his window, hoping to sight his neighbor, though all he ever saw was the landlady poking about, her blue coiffure like a misshapen helmet. Often she would rap on his door and he would pretend he was not home. He listened for the crunch of her orthopedic mules receding down the icy driveway.

He went back and gazed out at the gathering violet of twilight. He was close enough to the college to hear the bell clock chime out the procession of hours, far enough off that the harsh campus skyline was detained behind the level roofs and chuffing chimneys of depression-era houses.

Once he dozed into deep slumber and dreamt that his leg dropped off. There was no way to double back and retrieve it. He cried out to some students but they ignored his pleas. He hopped home. When he awoke it was March.

A man had come to install his telephone. Later that morning, as a test, he used a pay booth on campus.

"Directory Assistance," the operator said. *It's no longer called Information, he thought. Everything's changed.*

"Do you have a new listing for. . .?" he began, pretending that he was a friend of himself. "I think he just got his phone."

"I'm sorry, sir. No."

He wanted to hear his name. In desperation he dialed his number, 537-6011. There was no answer.

He wondered if he was going crazy.

Efforts to meet women proved fruitless. Coeds were aloof, asexual, almost misanthropic. He had been lounging in the Student Union Center—an impersonal edifice of red motif and wood stilts that spider-sprawled on the limb of upper campus—when a young miss in roughrider drag stode by. "Hello," he said, whereupon he was answered by the screaming silence of the lounge.

He donned a Levi suit of cracky-grained riveted anonymity. Again he marched off, into the ambling army of student bodies.

But he was out of step, out of time. He had already sensed it, and it became more real, more defined; akin to closing one eye and reading. But soon even that other eye began to lose its ability to discern, to feel, to know. Shapes and forms faded, like the slush and rocksalt from the meander of walkways. The sun came out, bringing shadows, and the sunstruck snow glistened vividly like styrofoam. Steam issued off churchtop and dormitories and into the deceptively gelid air.

March rains perforated the random mounds, stabbed holes in the frostcrust of diehard white. Color emerged. The lawns were greener, a vibrant shade of green, as if a slime had effused between the channels of buildings to splash briefly up a few inches of brick. Fingers of ivy. They clawed towards spring.

*Try to concentrate, he told himself. Don't lose touch. Don't blow it now, not now; now that you're back in The World.*

He phoned the landlady concerning his plugged drainage. She dispatched her spouse who wheeled over with a container of Drano.

The problem persisted.

He met her in the unreal Student Union Center. He scanned her left hand for a ring. He finally spoke and it was like feeling for booby traps.

"Would you care for a cup of coffee?"

She smiled. Her two front teeth came together, overlapped. She wore an ice-blue skirt, coordinated with a looseknit sweater bearing an activity club emblem, *Bridles*, appropriately dubbed. Through the sweater, he thought he saw two layers of bras.

She smiled again. "Where would you like to sit?"

He glanced around the self-busing cafeteria, a visual affront of cherry-red. Cherry chairs, cherry carpets, cherry paper, cherry women. The pretense of warmth.

"Over there." He motioned to a window-seat which overlooked the highrise hell of a skyscraper dorm, Nesvig Hall.

They sidled past a table of chattering foreign exchange students. The university boasted a dozen representatives from the sub-continent and Southeast Asia. His oriental neighbor was in this group.

"Isn't it lovely?" she said of lower campus, cleansed and carved by the recent thaw. Clouds shredded about the crowns of buildings. In a parking lot a tow truck dragged off an unauthorized vehicle. *J.C. Superstar* piped through the S.U.C. intercom.

He twisted his napkin and stared intently at his neighbor two tables away. *No doubt trading secrets, drawing plans.*

"How long have you been going here?"

"Three years."

He was embarrassed. She was younger than he although his senior in school.

"I'm a grad student," he pretended. "I'll have my master's next semester. Dr. Rovedt's my adviser," he went on, amazed at the ease with which he unburdened himself. He mentioned the Army and the future shock of being discharged into a culture that was two years away from what he remembered. He talked of his subjects and religion and his stopped-up plumbing and his apprehensions, and when he concluded he noticed that she was gone and he was talking to an empty red chair.

In a daze he hobbled down walkways cross-slanted by maples, fuzzy tributaries filtered by the day's tiring. They flickered over him, dream shadows of light and dark melting in a fugue of disconnected events . . . a fusion of today and yesterday, of green-clad figures in a green-hazy jungle, of college peers swaggering through the numbed sentence of winter term . . . until he imagined he was not even there, that he was invisible, wandering in and out of conversations, conversations in which he could never make out exactly what was being said, always indiscernible, like a telephone line when other voices cut in and out, conspiratorial, beneath the strain of his ears.

He began to worry. It was the end of March when he wrote the V.A.

Stormshowers came, then weakened to a drizzle which swirled continuously through the cool of April. The spectre of a sun sailed about like a thought unheard, and with it the birds returned and other heirs of winter. Tiny animals, still giddy from the hangover of hibernation, stumbled out onto his yard of sprouting tubers, untrimmed grass, the rusted vestige of a forgotten snowsled. He watched from the kitchen while his neighbor doled out breadcrumbs, luring robins in after their long flight.

"Stupid Gook!" He adjusted the knobs on the sizzling gas burner. Blue teeth chomped at a supermarket coffee pot, sending up a pungent aroma. He stepped into the mildewy bathroom to undress. His legs were ill-matched; the bad one, withered by shrapnel, was just so much dead baggage. It hung ragged from the hip, a collection of keloid welts cross-hatched with stellate scars. He ran his fingertips over them, stucco to the touch. The pain had long subsided, replaced by needle sensations, similar to the tingling one experiences when an appendage falls asleep. The exercises were of no benefit.

He turned the shower handles, flinched as the spray tardily warmed. He applied Nivea lotion to his wrinkled leg skin; it had no medicinal function, it was a ritual, like



a bald man brushing his hair 100 strokes. He hated the grotesquery of his leg, its lifeless encumbrance. Showering only helped lose the ugliness behind a column of spray.

"Damn it!" he screamed aloud. The drainpipe was backed-up, regurgitating a brown froth which chugged through his toes to overflow the basin. He shut off the spigots, climbed out and surveyed the damage. A bubbly tide of scum crept sluggishly across the warps of linoleum, under the door, into the kitchen. An offensive odor filled the cottage.

Draped in a towel, he teetered on the davenport and dialed his landlady. Morning, sifted by the flimsy curtains, scattered the livingroom with shards of gray. Ordinarily he would have been heading for school, but he had cut classes during the last three weeks. They did not miss him.

"Your lousy latrine is throwing up," he complained into the mouthpiece. "The crap's coming in my living room right now. Do something!"

"Tsk-tsk," said the landlady, and awhile thereafter a pumping truck lumbered down his soggy driveway. A serviceman emerged from the cab, greeted by his landlady. He watched his neighbor watching him in secrecy. Then he dressed quickly and hurried outside.

"Do you have a location diagram?" the serviceman inquired.

"No, I don't." The landlady smacked her lips.

"Well, it would help." The serviceman swung out a pickaxe and sunk it into the soft soil. "This as good a spot as any, I figure. Ain't worth it to run the Roto-Rooter til I check the trap."

The serviceman was a husky fellow, in coveralls and corksoled hightops that had trampled through the wrath of a thousand septic pools. As he labored he gave a broken-winded soliloquy.

"Yes'm . . . Why I wouldn't be in business if it weren't for the townfolk rejecting a classy sewage disposal system. Hear the city wants a five hundred smacker assessment. Someday they'll be waist-deep in . . . See, the sludge and solids is digested in the tank, when they exceed half you oughta have the old girl cleaned."

"That was done a summer ago, young man," the landlady cackled into the pit. She was answered by the ring of metal on rock.

The serviceman clambered out, coveralls coated with a sheen of mud. "Ain't down there." He paced off three yards and gaffed his pickaxe into the ground. "I'll try 'er here."

The landlady frowned at her tenant. She smacked her lips with the intimation that it was all his fault. He frowned back, his features dull beneath a stubble of whiskers. His sad mouth was drawn grimly, the creases in his cheeks deepened. He looked away, fighting a desire to shove her down the hole.

In the vagueness of the drizzle he saw his book-laden neighbor shuffle jauntily off to class. For an instant, there were monsoon visions and the rote chattering of machine guns in his mind. The smell of raw sewage was like that of jungle rot.

"There's a break somewhere," said the serviceman. He was on his fourth attempt, shoveling angry helpings of sod over his shoulder. The campus bells sounded a lone one o'clock. The landlady's spouse coasted out in his wheelchair, only to bog down in the mud. She went to him, tucked in the lap blanket, then scurried back to oversee her fifteen-dollar-an-hour investment.

"I can't find that tank." The serviceman patted his brow with a crinkled handkerchief. "Let's try something else."

He secured a lasso of coil from the truck and, after positioning an aluminum ladder against the gutter of the house, he went topside. "Going to feed this here down the airpipe," he told the landlady. Her bluespun coif signaled approval. He inserted a length of flexible coil into the stack which protruded from the weatherworn roof. The opposite attachment he screwed to a portable engine. A deafening racket ensued. The coil snaked downward, burrowing into the entrails of the septic system. The process

was then reversed. The serviceman instructed the tenant to activate his shower. This was done.

The serviceman yelled into the roof stack, "Is the drain working?"

The reply was muffled. "No dice."

"Well, flush the commode."

"It's flooding worse."

"Crap!" The serviceman descended to the yard and broke ground once more. "I know that tank's down there somewhere."

The landlady frowned pityingly.

The campus clock tower bonged out four.

The overcast darkened, the bellies of clouds black with rain. Evening drizzle swirled tremulously like flies around an open grave. The contrapuntal taunts of schoolchildren reverberated down vesperal streets. The oriental drifted in, clomped up his back porch stairs. Stench wafted up from the fifth hole.

"I hit paydirt," reported the serviceman.

The landlady, her spouse, and the tenant huddled about the rim. Below, the serviceman lifted a cement hatchcover. A greasy effluent bubbled on the surface, iridescent in the dusk.

"This here's got two inlets," said the serviceman. "A runoff for both houses. The house on the streetside is causing the trouble by overloading this, and the muck's backing up to your place. It's as simple as that."

The serviceman boosted himself out of the pit. Sediment trickled down the spade-hewn walls.

"Whew! I gotta knock off now. I'm union. Fill the holes in tomorrow."

The oriental studied them from a square of kitchen yellow. His eyes were anthracite hard, his parchment skin stretched tight as a deathmask. He seemed to regard the excavations with reserved detachment.

He could not sleep. Visions of restless sewage wastes swelled higher and higher, over the borax furniture to carry him off in a vertigo of unstuck memories, superimposed one upon another as an apparition of his neighbor, mirrored by images of a hateful smirk which split the flatness of his face. *Smirking . . .*

He bolted up in bed. The serviceman's remarks picked at his mind: "*The house on the streetside is causing all the trouble.*"

Moonlight silvered the yard, cratered as a lunarscape. A lowlying fog undulated like dull rolls of concertina wire. The oriental peered out upon the wasteland of graylit trenches. The victim looking for the killer.

**D**awn dissolved into lighter shades of gray. Skeins of pale mist shrouded the digging site, cushioned the report of backfiring autos and toll of campus bells.

With the heel of his hand, he jammed the clip into his revolver. He limped into the humid livingroom, over the patties of septic sludge and out onto his front porch, seething with vapors. The image before him was still smirking, cheekbones cruel with derision, as he advanced across the dewy sparkle of grass and occasional foxhole. He crouched cautiously, through the gray-green haze to his neighbor's backstairs, his mind alert, more alive than he had been since . . .

The door gave like thatched fibers. A splinter of wood scratched his forehead. He felt the wetness of his own blood, as when the Claymore had thrown slag in his leg.

The oriental sat expressionless.

He pumped six rounds into the little man. The gun jerked mute and his ears rang, and behind the ringing, the landlady, lips gnarled by a shriek. It was then that he wished he saved her a bullet.

Later the police would come for him. When they came, it was to lead him down his borrowed driveway while he quietly pondered where he was . . .

lee wm sachs  
3-16-72

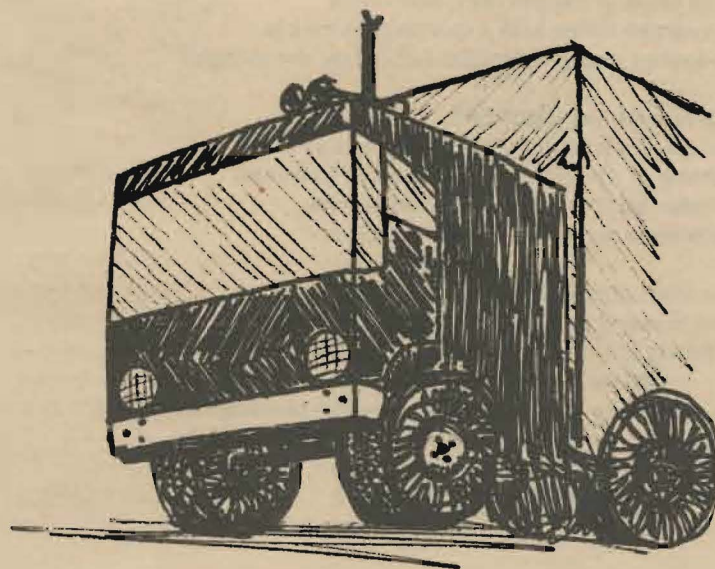
#### Diesel Resurrection

The breath of 5:00 A.M.  
sweeps cold  
into my nose  
down my throat  
already scalded  
by the coffee  
of the All-Nite Cafe.

The early-shift semis  
sigh at the lights  
waiting  
waiting  
waiting  
for the change  
to groan past neon  
NO VACANCYs  
whining up the ramps  
onto freeways  
heaving wind.

They are gone  
by the time  
the bumperstickers  
can repossess the roads.

—Kenneth Currens





## THE WALK

as i stroll surf-green turf below shoals of clouds  
 as leaves and weeds greet me with whispering waves  
 and creaking trees nod as i pass on, i come upon  
     flat asphalt gardens  
 (where rows and rows of neatly planted concrete grow).

there in a deserted lot, ember eyes in a coal face  
 blaze warmly at me: "we're in a sagebrush prairie desert,"  
 the child explains, "where half-starved coyotes lurk behind  
 skeleton tumbleweeds! as writhing rattlesnakes swim in dirt,  
 out there a cowboy is badly hurt . . . will you help me  
 save him?" on performing the deed, i leave, and we hail  
 goodbye.

back on sidewalk: here is mammon's tabernacle,  
 where men entrust funds in safe graves. farther on,  
 a red-faced coconut-skulled drunkard stares hard  
 at pavement, with gnarled snarls, nuclear quadrooms,  
 gyved by ofay's discolorations, jounce by me.  
 twenty blocks later, black figure figures, engulfed  
 by fountains, erose roses, and garden hoses, loom  
 before a secluded mansion.

i know this gardener! yes, i've known him for years!  
 he wed a fussy frump whose estrus was once a month.  
 each morn, she'd fard her face with multicolored lard,  
 and, at the end of day, when her man came home  
 with a gingered gimp, she's guerdon his hard-labored  
 earnings with a frore embrace that melted once a month,  
 at which time he would gloat over her bloated belly  
 (oh, how he loved that gucky fuck of hers).  
 his mean mien, her grim megrim go wholly unnoticed  
 in the metropolitan melange of homogenous menages.

uh-oh, i feel the urge again. search for the hearest station.  
 watch out! the toilet will trap you!  
 its ivory smile beguiles me, as lay to rest my weary rear  
 while doubling in grunting contraction.  
 outside, in the distance, a garbageman inspects  
 what stinking stew has been brewed for the crow  
 of his whining monstrosity (bless its salubrious altruism).

finally, the university! behold the student  
 maundering about in his fraternity sweatshirt  
 (with a learned smirk) as he ponders moderate  
     answers

not wanting to estrange lock-yanking flag-wavers,  
 neither these beastly freaks demanding  
 change and dope to cope with . . . slow down!  
 !!my hopes do not lie in high-rise idols,  
 but in trouble-sculptured cairns of rubble!!

reminds him of the gaping girl he once knew  
 japed for relating her rape to an officer of the law  
 listening with a simper to her whimpering tale  
 (we all know it was her fault, don't we?)  
 of a bearded fellow with a splinterprickled kiss  
 who looked strangely familiar (snodgrass, she thought)

catch him, oh yes, catch him  
 mounting his hand for a gallop into ecstasy  
 dreaming of a pubic oasis in a desert of loneliness  
 and other halobiont hallucinations provide  
 rhinoscerous wallow . . . pelican swallow.

green vines supply the berry (or thorn)  
 of her breast (i touched it once, back in school)  
 her robust bust thrust in my fixation  
     ah, my first girlfriend . . .  
 now, look! how she waddles! watermelon bloating her skirt.  
 abominably paunchy (she is) feeling the pain of weight  
 and distorted girth (does her husband feel the pain  
 of waiting, as he doggnaws his digitals?)

but there are more important questions which should  
 concern us: did the nose of moses  
 smell the smoke of a burning bush?  
 listen, nixon: let your ear hear  
 what your mouth proclaims you have done!

(in my cock-  
 pit here in the sky  
 i really get high

listening to the song  
 of bombs: the musical turd  
 dropped from this bird

percusses  
 on persons and dirt:  
 nixon, i wish you were . . .)

BUT who are you to condemn???  
 (let he who has not sinned  
 drop the first bomb . . .)

in a pick-gnawed quarry is hewn a stone  
 for your tomb, which is  
 womb for a better life . . . ? ? ? ! ! ! (jesus breathes)

below moaning streetlights i resume my stroll,  
 as black dwarfs before me stretch to enormity  
 (i know these semblances will wear me to death)  
 listen, the silence! though syncopated by screams of tires  
 rushing closer toward nowhere, is nevertheless  
     blessed.

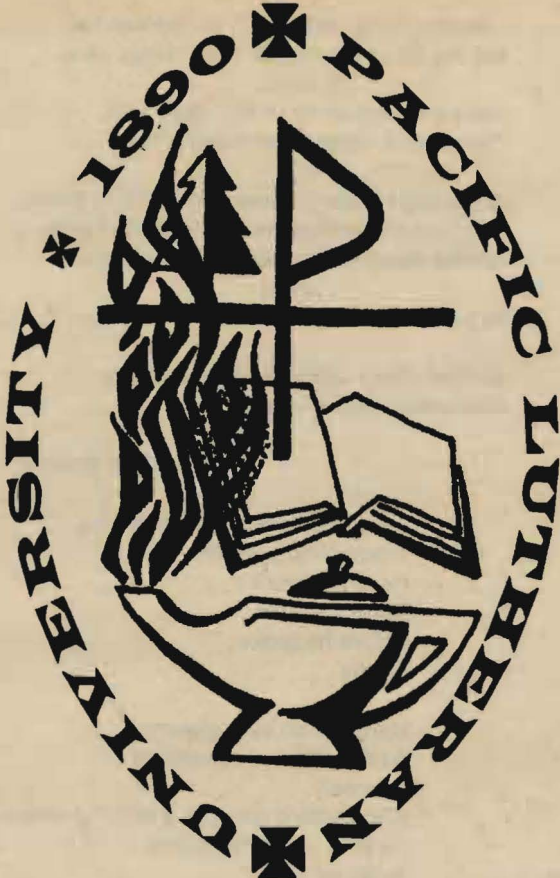
in an alley, shrieks precede deranged garbage cans  
 speak of spitting cats with dancing claws  
 slicing air and tufts of hair as snapping jaws  
 grope choke-evoked pleasure.

thunder sunders night: when that colossal wasp  
 pauses overhead black abdomen flashing  
 electric sting whittling trees into charred monstrosities,  
 to impale the moon, as lunar ichor pours on me,  
 i await the molten sun to forge morning.

oh,  
 i forgot to say—i'm going home  
 to where the antelope moan.

—christopher buck





To President Wiegman

Yes,

Establishment of a Creative Writing Program is essential to the creative, conceptual, and scholarly growth of this University.

If offered, I would be very interested in enrolling in a Creative Writing course.

Signed \_\_\_\_\_  
(your name goes here)

(In keeping with the tenor of the past, either mail in or nail on this coupon to Wittenburg Wiegman's door—office, not home.)

### THE LAST OF THE RED-HOT MEDIUMS

I wake to sleep, and take my waking slow.  
I feel my fate in what I cannot fear.  
I learn by going where I have to go.  
Theodore Roethke (Late/Great Poet)

#### YESTERDAY

*"Forsooth! Vat a thrill. I hammered mine thumb instead of the thumbtack."*

Lutheranism began with a written document, when, out on Halloween in '17, PLU's *Gottpater* treated the Renaissance to his 95 Theses. And yet this holiest of holy universities proffers no creative writing program. In all of PLUdom there is only Freshmen Comp., that unwieldy mob which gathers thrice weekly to confuse and wordshock Benton and Jones with sleight of syntax heretofore unknown to the English Language. Such a shell game, these jangled juxtapositions of tenses, that a discomposed prof recently shook his head over a pubescent masterpiece and sighed: "This student doesn't know whether it's coming or going!"

Yes, indeed. Not to disparage the sister disciplines, writing is the only art form with Tense. The canvas has but one tense. Drama has one tense. Music has one tense, and like filmmaking, it is present tense. When these mediums are physically present (or performed), they are experienced in the NOW, in the *present*. But with the well-wrought novel, short story, poem and essay and et cetera, we know exactly where we are, where we have come from, and where we are going. And just maybe this is why our campus is so culturally lagging behind TOMORROW.

We have no tense, no clue to where we are in Time, no historical perspective. And just maybe this is the legacy of macrocosmic America. Our rulers have mimicked the same wars, copied the same mistakes, and plagiarized the same political promises so many times, that it has become a Present Tense. No mindblower, thus, our nation's youth (and cannon fodder) voted confidence to the redundant nincompoopy of the Nixon Administration. Stuck in time, entrapped by the NOW, there is no way to get to TOMORROW.

You can't even get back to YESTERDAY, which means that if YESTERDAY taught you a lesson, you've already forgotten it. Concomitantly, you accept the same linear lies, fight the same bumbling battles. Back in the Past Tense of 1954, America was the understudy to France on the Vietnam scene. Through veneeral historiography, the French gave it to America who contracted it to other bedfellows. Conjugated properly, Western Syphilisation is symptomatic of one big group-grope for a larger piece, a Present Tense of the pleasure principle (not to be confused with PLU's peter principle).

Shaking his head again, our dazed prof asks: "Can you dig where this guy's coming from? Is he trying to say that Creative Writing is the panacea for . . ."

It is always the writers.  
The writers are the first to go in any society — why are the writers first in Russia, first in Germany? Why do people burn books? Because of the ideas and writers who propagate ideas. Historically, the writer is the first person who finds himself in jail. Go back to Socrates . . ."

Dalton Trumbo (Present Day Scenarioist)

#### TODAY

*"Say, man. Why's that cat flashin' that silly-ass smile?"*  
*"Shee-it! You'd smile too, if you got paid what he does."*

Yes, indeed. Writing is the only art form which uses itself to propagate itself. To wit: this essay is a brief for a writing program—we are using the word—the medium as the message to spell out the need for the medium. A symphony to convince Smilin' Gene? A painting to awaken our somnambular regents? A play perhaps, but a play is the word unseen. And herein lies the hooker: if "The Last of the Red-Hot Mediums" falls on deaf ears, then something is lacking in this plea, then the plea should be refined.

What better way to refine it than through a creative writing program to acquire the discipline of committing thoughts to paper. And since PLU is an institution, why not the institution of this art discipline, a discipline freeing us from the curse of history?

It is the most disciplined of the fine arts, the most effective, and that is why the Bible is in print, not in tempera or soupcan, or castratti diatonics, or floodlit narcissism, or frozen in cool celluloid, but rather in the red-hot medium of The Word. It can free the reader because of the paradox that writing *is* a prison, an 8 by 11½ inch cell wherein the author pulls his sentence, listening to the echoes of his consciousness, the black and white truths.

This argument is easy to comprehend; it's centered in the NOW. Now, might not Pacific Lutheran University be ironically and subconsciously wary of the Written Word? Might not the Publications Board Diet, atremble before the nodding intensives of a student literary magazine, cry the excuse of going Baroque? Didn't Guttenburg's print shoppe usher in the Renaissance, Reformation, and Interim, so that the Bible, 95, and the *faeces bullae* could slither hot-off-the-press? And we can't even cop a lit mag, let alone a creative writing course?

This is the reason governments don't burn symphonies, paintworks, or skits—they tax them. This is the reason our USA incinerated the books of Reik, Joyce, and Miller; the reason why the salvation of Western Man ultimately rests in his literature. And just maybe we can prevent recurrences of April '72 when our tensesdrunk PLU knighted Lord High Executioner Clinton Duffy a standing ovation for cyaniding Caryl Chessman, that deathrow penman who sensitized America with his bestseller on capital punishment. No mindblower, though, that . . . and here's the PLU lulu: *our University's logo features flames licking the pages of an open book* (and stretching fire for the tree which makes the book, too!)

The dazed prof now asks: "Now, can you dig where he's going?"

words, pooled into syntactical permutations,  
are genes in the evolution of ideas  
cultured in the medium of printed page  
and hence, the destiny of mankind . . .  
Christopher Buck (Poet-to-be-Discovered)

#### TOMORROW

*"You cop a creative writing course and I'll eat that smile."*  
*"Eat it mit dis hammer, huh?"*

In the Future Tense, a rebuttal of feasibility will surely arise. Creative writing courses would not drain the coffers. We are blessed with English instructors who *can* write—not just teach writing—and as for the title . . . with a minimum number of enrollees the curriculum will pay for itself. See the way we buy the indulgence of the University! And by lifting a few jewels from a jockstrap budget, this program could even see visitations from Jewish and Black authors whose expertise on Baldwin, Bellow, and Friends, would be down-home.

So keep those coupons coming in, and pray in the Future Perfect . . .

lee wm. sachs



FINAL STATEMENT ON SOCKS

ONE DAY  
IN PHYSICS:

above this sailor's sea urchin chin is spit  
a ruminated wrigley's inelastically collides  
the transit bus blusters down the block  
properly stops at its special sign  
with a tired sigh (i don't know either  
why i'm here) as my eyes climb slyly  
up your thighs to the arrow-pierce  
d wound (bleeding water and blood)  
bah! if what i see depresses me,  
perhaps i should dream . . .

a white sun  
in a pink sky  
is set into the flesh  
of her thumb . . .

as she looks  
across her fingers  
the sun descends  
and is gone.

telephone poles: telephone poles: roll by my window:  
in this city: telephone poles: are taller than most  
trees: become telephone poles: are taller than: me!

"TUT! TUT! IT LOOKS LIKE RAIN!"

T  
R  
E  
E  
!!

unbelievable tree: giant: enough to climb: and hide!  
unbelievable tree,  
as your branches from trunk  
unravel

lifting up my face for the rest of the day  
i watch a jumping sun  
make his cannonball splash  
into a painted sea . . .

floating alone upon an ocean, i am a dark cloud  
in a liquid sky to the eyes of fish below,  
who like birds fly between seaweed trees  
flowing in the breeze of sea current  
dreams

drifting . . .  
drifting . . .

below me.

seagulls scream from above, "where is the sun?  
where is the sun?" while peering at clouds  
of wounded flesh, stained with the blood

OF

the sun like an octopus clouds himself with ink  
disappearing blackly; now i know you are a sorcerer!

ALLOW  
me  
your

imagination, my reader! at night, these black trees,  
like overturned carrots and spiders, resemble  
what pleases my eye: anything i like!

WELLWELL

i am home.

on the oscilloscope window, a fly  
-spitting glass-  
detects my presence in frenzied gyration.  
-the window knows-  
company has arrived! now let us suckle  
-everyoneeveryone-

OUR  
MAGIC  
PEACEPIPE!

Breathe deep the zigzag weed: experience  
the ecstasy of your new dream . . .

(i am saying nothing new  
even if what i say is true:  
so don't blame me if i fool you.  
(even if what i say is true!)  
seaweed tastes good in oyster stew.)  
playing leapfrog with your mind,  
who knows what we'll find-  
wine or blindness?

i listened to dr. lambert in the lecture hall  
talking about how small small things were  
small.

"he's a revelation to us all," they said,  
"he gives us insights we've never had!"

dr. lambert doesn't know that much, it seems,  
but i'm sure he deserves the praise he brings.  
talking about how small small things are  
small.

he's a revelation to us all.

so after class i talked to that professor:  
discovered that he was not

as small  
as i had thought:

Laughing through his bellowing  
Trampoline potbelly,  
He smiles smoke  
Burps his coke  
Before he spoke  
To me . . .

His obsidian eyes glistened  
As they turned toward me  
Intensely,  
And stuffing me with a bellyful of thought,  
He told me never to stop  
Writing Poetry.

AND SO it is true:  
Withdrawing socks from feet each night,  
The floor dons them

almost as long  
as i.

E  
END  
END  
D

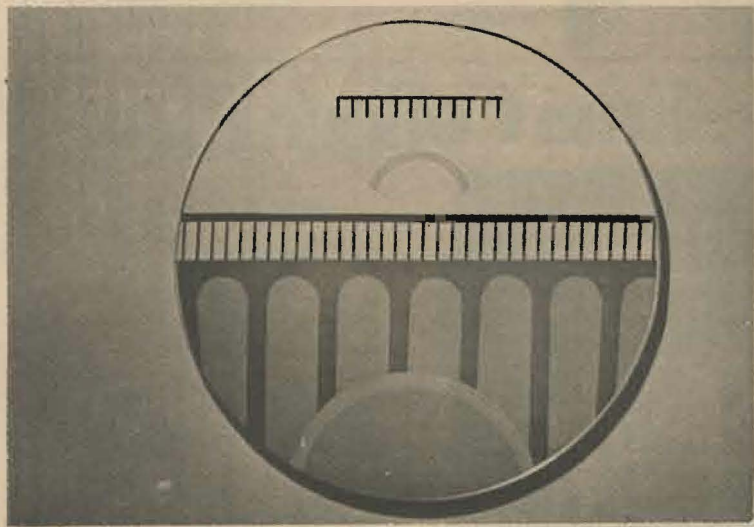
-christopher buck



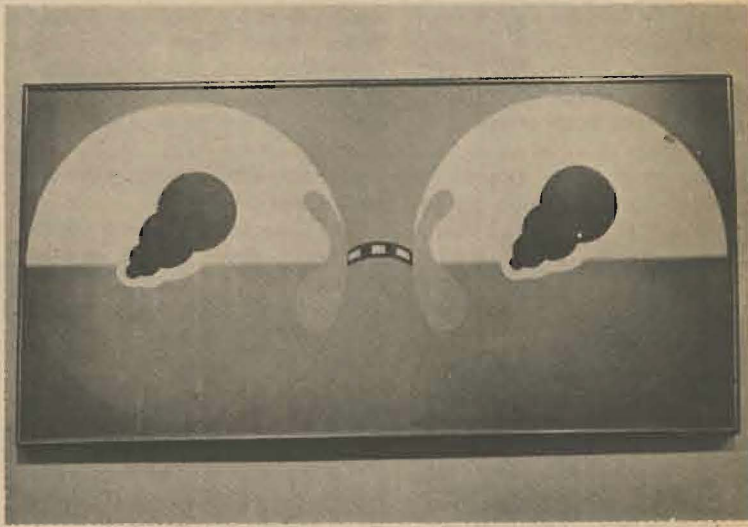


# ENTERTAINMENT

## PLU artist displays paintings in Wekell



JoAnn Simonarson, a B.F.A. candidate in painting, exhibits a selection of eighteen works this week in Wekell Gallery. The paintings are examples of modern illusionism with wide use of a variety of geometric shapes, hard edge, and intensities of color. The show began Nov. 15 and runs through Nov. 26. Gallery hours are from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Monday through Saturday and from 1 p.m. to 5 p.m. Sunday.



## Lithography shop works on technique

A special workshop on new lithography techniques will be conducted Nov. 27-Dec. 2 by the PLU Department of Art.

Steven Hazel, well-known Northwest printmaker, will conduct the course, which will deal primarily with metal plate lithography and special photolithography processes.

The workshop will be held from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. each day. A limited number of artists-teachers-students are welcome to attend on a full or part-time basis. No tuition will be charged, but there will be costs for supplies and equipment use.

An orientation meeting will be held Sunday, Nov. 26, at 3 p.m. at Ingram Hall for those interested in the program.

## Pianist Wild performs

A Rachmaninoff specialist, Earl Wild, will share his specialty with the Seattle Youth Symphony Orchestra when it opens its new season at 8 p.m. Monday, November 20, in the Seattle Opera House.

Mr. Wild is an exponent of the great works of the Romantic piano literature and has performed with major symphony orchestras around the world. He has recorded the complete piano-orchestra works of Rachmaninoff with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra and will perform Rachmaninoff's Concerto No. 2 in C minor with the Youth Symphony.

Conductor and Musical Director of the Seattle Youth Symphony is Vilem Sokol, Professor of Music at the University of Washington. This will be his 13th season. Known widely for his expertise with young musicians, Mr. Sokol toured Europe this past summer as orchestra director of "America's Youth In Concert", sponsored by the Universal Academy for Music.

This year's orchestra numbers 133. More than half are high school students, with the average age being 17. There are 56 new members within the orchestra. Players come from all parts of

the Puget Sound area and from as far away as Wenatchee.

The November 20 concert program will include: Overture to Candide by Bernstein; La Oracion del Torero by Turina; Symphony No. 6 "Pathetique" by Tchaikovsky and the Rachmaninoff Concerto No. 2 with soloist, Earl Wild.

Tickets for the concert as well as season tickets for all three Seattle Youth Symphony performances (November 20, February 19 and May 21) can be obtained by calling MA3-2453 or MA3-0335 weekday mornings from 9:30 to 1:30. Single concert prices range from \$1.50 to \$3.75. Student tickets for \$1.00 can be purchased at the door on concert night if seats are available.



History becomes both a comedy of errors and a tragedy of terror when "A Company of Wayward Saints" come marching into Eastvold tonight and tomorrow night at 8:15 p.m.

## WSU shows paintings by Achepohl

Paintings by Keith Achepohl were on exhibit this past month at the Washington State University Fine Arts Center in Pullman and will be shown at the Cheney Cowles Museum in Spokane the end of this month and early in December.

The program listing for the Pullman show states "the theme for the show is *Flowers*, large floral images filled with a certain symbolism that is characteristic of his prints." The 25 paintings are all in brilliant printer's ink on paper.

An exhibit of 26 color prints by Achepohl will be on exhibit at the University of Iowa Museum of Art Dec. 1-31 this year. Achepohl, on leave this year from PLU, is a visiting artist

in printmaking at the University of Iowa. He is "filling in" for Mauricio Lasansky, one of America's foremost printmakers, who is on leave from Iowa U. Lasansky, who holds an honorary doctor's degree from PLU, is Achepohl's former mentor.

## Debate team fights for first in verbal war

Have you ever wondered what it would be like to spend Thanksgiving day giving speeches to a room full of other contestants and a judge? Just ask one of the five PLU debaters who will be traveling to the



Western Speech Association tournament in Stockton, California.

The forensics team will leave Tuesday, November 21, for the annual clash of about 500 students representing 70 colleges and universities. PLU will battle against such speaking greats as the University of Southern California, the University of Redlands, and the US Air Force Academy.

Bill Paine, Ray Heacox and Julie Harris will represent PLU in senior division (expository and extemporaneous) debate along with Dan Frazier and Chet Dawson in junior division (oratory and interpretive reading). In past tournaments Dawson has placed first in oratory, Harris has placed in impromptu, and Heacox has captured third in expository.

## Carl Montoya plays guitar

One of the world's most revered and respected guitarists, a perennial concert favorite, Carlos Montoya, plays flamenco guitar, Sunday, Nov. 19 at 8 p.m. in the Seattle Opera House.

The acknowledged master of flamenco guitar, Montoya's unrivaled technique, coupled with his sense of improvisation, result in concerts that are always memorable and truly unique. This is because flamenco is an improvisational music. While Montoya performs within the rigid rhythm pattern of flamenco, he enhances the basic flamenco melodies, many of which he originated, forming a completely new melodic pattern. Montoya admits that his genius comes from within, that even he is unaware of what will come next.

A full blooded gypsy, Carlos Montoya is personification of his theory that gypsy ancestry is a prerequisite to the true flamenco. Born in Madrid, a child prodigy and nationally known by his fourteenth birthday, Montoya began giving solo concerts around the world in 1948. His huge international following has developed from his wildly successful concerts and the millions of albums he has sold world-wide.

Tickets for the experience of Montoya's music, a presentation of Northwest Releasing, are available at the Bon Marche Ticket Office, Campus Music, Shoreline Music, Lamont's in Burien, Bell Book and Candle, Bandwagon Music at Crossroads, Kasper's in Auburn, and World Music in West Seattle.

## Dimension performs in Seattle Arena

The Fifth Dimension, one of the world's most well-known vocal groups, returns to Seattle for one performance Saturday November 25, at 8:30 p.m. in the Seattle Arena.

Playing to near capacity crowds in their previous Seattle performances, the Fifth Dimension is famous for colorful costuming and choreography as well as their myriad of hit records.

Its first hit, "Up, Up and Away," won the allegiance of millions not to mention four grammy awards. In 1970, the Fifth Dimension was awarded the Grammy Award for Best Record of the year with "Aquarius/Let the Sunshine In." Other hits include "Wedding Bell Blues," "Sweet Blindness," "Stone Soul Picnic," "Save the Country," "One Less Bell to Answer," and the latest hit, "If I Could Reach You."

The group consists of Marilyn McCoo, Florence LaRue Gordon, both beauty contest winners, Ron Townson, Billy Davis, Jr., and LaMonte McLemore.

Also featured on the show is singer-composer, Paul Williams. Williams, who will perform many of his own compositions, released his first album in 1970 with hits like "We've Only Just Begun," and "Old Fashion Love Song."

Tickets to see and hear the Fifth Dimension, a presentation of KOL and Northwest Releasing, are available at the Bon Marche Ticket Office, Campus Music, Shoreline Music, and Bandwagon Music at Crossroads.

## Lucia Brides start Xmas marrymaking

PLU will plunge into the Christmas season Friday, Dec. 1, with its 25th annual Lucia Bride Festival and the lighting of a 110-foot tree on campus.

The Lucia Bride festivities will begin at 8:15 p.m. in Eastvold Auditorium and will be followed by the tree lighting and a reception in the University Center.

Don Yoder, student body president, will place a seven-candle crown on the head of the girl selected by students to reign over the festival.

This year's candidates are Pam Breedlove, Connie Johnson, Chris Koll, Nancy Ann Quillin, Susan Fager, Wendy Hysjulien, Judy Swetnam, Lynne Mochring, Bobbie Swamer, Candi Mahannah, Shelly Knapton, Gail Dahl, Malia Meyer, Joan Pauling, Vicky Barnhart, Diana Denstad, and Hanna Fynboe.

The festival, long a pre-Christmas tradition in Sweden, is sponsored by the campus chapter of Spurs, a national sophomore women's honorary.



# Cruisin' thru rock country

## J. Geils Passes the Stone-Solid Rock Test

The J. Geils Band right now is one of America's most exciting live groups. They don't just perform their songs, they stomp them out with every cell in their bodies. They're good at it too, and the excitement spreads to the audience and adds up to rock & roll at its finest. Yeah, I know they're a "Blues" group, but in their hands the dividing line becomes mighty thin. The Yardbirds thought of themselves as a blues band too, but I doubt if Sonny Boy Williamson felt any more at home with them than he would with J. Geils.

After providing the best moments on the recent *Mar Y Sol* album, the Geils band has now given us a full album culled from a recent concert in Detroit, where "getting down" has been developed to a fine art. *Full House* (Atlantic SD 7241) is a tremendously energetic album, in a league with *Slade Alive*, *Kick Out the Jams*, *Five Live Yardbirds*, and a few other of that select ilk. There's one test I always apply to live albums. I don't care if there's a solw song or even two (I realize the boys

get tired), but I require that at least one side of the record be made up entirely of fast songs. Some A&R men believe in braking up each side with a slow number, and when they do I find myself hardly ever listneing to the album. I'm happy to report this album passes my test with flying colors.

Side one is the killer. It starts off with "First I Look at the Purse," a much faster arrangement than Commander Cody's or the original Contours recording. "Homework" isn't usually thought of as a rocker either, but it is when J. Geils gets through with it. I always had a fondness for this song, mostly for the irony of old Otis Ruch singing about how he can't do his homework anymore since falling for this chick. Geils gets in a searing guitar break with this one.

"Whammer Jammer" is an original instrumental that sounds so good it's hard to believe Little Wlater didn't write it. They attack it at a manic pace carried over from "Pack Fair and Square," an old blues song that sounds here more like Elvis doing "Hound Dog" or "Baby

Let's Play House." In other words, it's a stone-solid rocker that leaves me aching for another 32 bars or so, which mentally I can hear them doing and shaking down the house. The side closes out with "Hard Drivin' Man," another of their fine originals.

The slow one comes at the start of the next side, and it's John Lee Hooker's "Serve You Right to Suffer." I can live my life happily without ever hearing another Hooker song, but the boys gotta rest sometime and this 10-minute drag affords them plenty of opportunity. The come out of it and into "Cruisin' For a Love." Not finding any, they shift into high gear and pound out the album's final minutes with their recent hit, "Looking For a Love."

These guys work harder at their music than almost any band around, and it has the desired effect. I've seen audiences go crazy at their concerts, and it's not just because of the wild stage show. They're good musicians; their sound is tight and yet open to improvisation.

# Calendar

### Friday, November 17

- 8:00 Interim Committee Meeting in UC-208
- 9:30 USSAC Swim Program in the Pool.
- 9:50 Chapel Services in Trinity Lutheran Church.
- 12:30 Friday Noon Music in Eastvold Auditorium.
- 7:30 Chinese Bible Study in UC-210.
- 8:00 Claude St. Dennis (Pantomine) in the Cave.
- 8:15 Alpha Psi Omega Play, "A Company of Wayward Saints" in Eastvold.
- 9:00 Coffee House in Ordal Lounge.

### Saturday, November 18

- 8:00 National Music Education Association Auditions in Chris Knutzen.
- 1:30 Tacoma Bridge Association in the North Dining Room. Football: UPS vs. PLU at Franklin Pierce Stadium.
- 8:00 Claude St. Dennis (Pantomine) in the Cave.
- 8:15 Alpha Psi Omega Play, "A Company of Wayward Saints" in Eastvold.

### 9:00 Religious Life Bible Study in the North Dining Room.

- 10:00 Worship Service in Chris Knutzen.
- 12:00 Tacoma Bridge Association in Chris Knutzen.
- 2:00 Soccer: WWSC at PLU on the Soccer Field.
- 7:00 Knorsk Club Meeting in the Kreidler Lounge.
- 8:00 Concert: Sha Na Na at Paramount Northwest. Tickets are \$4 at Bernie's/Squire Shops.
- 8:15 Voice Recital: Paul Twedt in Eastvold Auditorium.

### Sunday, November 19

- 8:00 Holy Communion Service in Tower Chapel.

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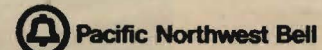
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# MORE NEWS

## Mast editorial meets with board accord

(Continued from page 6)  
consider using such a vocabulary.

Other members did feel the wording to be justified in a contextual sense, although it was displeasing to them. Such was the stance taken by President Wiegman, who stated that, even so, autonomy of the editor and freedom of the press are of utmost importance. The publications board was at least in tacit agreement, further suggesting that the wording may have been justifiable. No action was taken, however, to produce a motion that would formally make public such agreement.

However, the obscenity charge *per se* was perhaps not the major point of disapproval in regard to the editorial. Most members felt that the editor may have exercised a personal attack in the editorial against certain PLU officials.

Such was the feeling most articulately expressed by Mr. Judd Doughty, Director of Broadcast Services and member of the publications board. He maintained that major faults lay in several "technical journalistic" errors of the editorial. The basic point was that the editor waged a straw man, personalized attack on certain individuals, rather than concepts. One has a right to criticism, but only within logical, precise, and ethical limitations. Mr. Doughty quoted a colleague of his to the effect that, "the corollary of freedom

is a concept of responsibility." The fault of the editorial, as he and some of the board felt, was that it didn't exercise responsibility.

Yet, Don Yoder, ASPLU President and advisor to the board, felt that the Board didn't totally make clear how it stood as to possible future cases.

Thomas Heavy, chairperson of the publications board, said that his interpretation of the inaction by the Board was that members were not overly concerned about this particular editorial (action which reflects an obvious dichotomy of opinion among the members). He intimated that the board will consider the policy statement at their next meeting this Tuesday evening. If accepted, he added, they would deal with further complaints on an individual, situational basis as the relate to the established policy statement.

## Polaroid abets apartheid

(Continued from page 3)

Polaroid did not hesitate to publicize their liberalism. They launched a massive PR campaign, taking out full-page ads in leading newspapers and periodicals throughout America, and contributed \$15,000 to send Wilkins to South Africa.

Polaroid's miniscule efforts in this direction make it seem radical by comparison to the other 300 American coporations whose investment in South Africa totals \$1 billion. According to a recent survey conducted by a South African market research firm, in a poll of American and Canadian

businessmen, only 20 percent opposed apartheid. *Fortune* magazine (July, 1972) reported, "more than three fourths approved of apartheid." In that same article, *Fortune* quoted Jim Hatos, Managing Director of International Harvester's South African subsidiary, as saying, "I am sympathetic to what the South African government is trying to do, I don't want hundreds of Africans running around in front of my house." Another US businessman commented, "I'm here to make profits. If the Bantus don't like it, they can work somewhere else."

## Gov't. official takes leisure

(Continued from page 3)

anniversary of the Pittsburgh airport. Then he decided that it was a nice day for golf. So he flew across country to his favorite golf course at Augusta, Georgia. Three of his friends wanted to go to Miami. So he ordered his government pilot to drop them off 300 miles further south in Miami. We have learned the identity of the three friends whom Shaffer let use his government plane. They are Thornton Ferguson, President of Modern Air Transport; Robert Lando, head of a Pittsburgh advertising agency; and Jay Van Vechten, who leads Lando's Miami office. They flew to Miami while Shaffer played golf in Augusta with executives of General Electric.

**A R M Y C O U P AVOIDED**—Egypt's President Sadat has completely shaken up his high command to prevent a military coup, according to intelligence reports.

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# SPORTS

## The Knight Beat

by Doug Kenyon



It's tomorrow.

Perhaps the biggest annual event in Tacoma. Pacific Lutheran's football team goes up against that cow college over on the north end of town.

This one has lots of angles to it. It's kind of a contest of philosophies. UPS has gone big time in its sports program. They play an independant schedule. They have lots of scholarships and recruit hard.

The locals on the other hand have continued to stress classroom prowess over playing field skill. Athletes in the NW Conference must maintain a 2.0 cumulative compared with a 1.6 at Loggerville.

PLU gives no full rides and no ride at all unless need is shown. Knight scouts and recruiters work hard too, but they know they don't have as attractive a package to offer. So what does it all mean?



BOB RYAN

Not much, because philosophies don't play ball. The intensity of this game centers around the folks involved. And to get a little different view of things, I talked with the head of the enemy camp, Loger coach Bob Ryan.

Did the Loggers feel this game was different than any other?

"Yes," Ryan said without hesitation. "We don't have much else to play for since we're not in a league, and the game has a lot of tradition.

No trouble, said the coach, getting his team up for PLU. And Ryan himself has some strong feelings about the game.

"I went to UPS back in the late '40s and played against PLU when they had Eldon Kylo and guys like that," Ryan related.

"The game's just a natural rivalry. A lot of these players know each other or played each other in highschool."

Ryan also thought that PLU's loss last week to Linfield may have been due in part to "looking ahead" for tomorrow's game.

That's certainly a reasonable guess as the Knights looked as confused as a pickpocket in a house of mirrors. Understandably though, for alumni never ask if you won the conference title, just if you beat UPS.

PLU hasn't dumped UPS since 1965. In 1966 Ryan became the coach. Perhaps that's an indication of how serious they take the game.

What does Ryan feel the Loggers will have to do to stop PLU?

"Those big offensive backs you've got over there have to be stopped. But we also have to not beat ourselves. We've been fumble prone. We've fumbled over 40 times this year."

Talking to the players here, well they've been mulling this game over since the season began. And what about Frosty Westering's feelings? Ryan perhaps put that in the best perspective.

"I don't think Frosty really knows about this game yet because he hasn't been here. But he will." Amen.



Anthony Chan accepts his \$5 passbook account first prize from Puget Sound National Bank's Ron Staples. Chan hit 18 of 20 to win the Armchair Expert contest this week. (See story in Sports Shorts.)



## Lutes ready for UPS war

by Art Thiel

Placing itself along such immortal rivalries as Hatfield vs. McCoys, Superman vs. Kryptonite, and Students vs. Visitation, the Pacific Lutheran Knights and the Puget Sound Loggers stage the 50th annual renewal of their inter-city blood-letting on the gridiron with the battle set for 1:30 at Franklin Pierce Stadium.

PLU football success against their cross-town rivals in recent years has been surpassed in magnitude only by the record-breaking success George McGovern achieved in his presidential campaign. The Lutes have been unable to down the Loggers since 1965.

This time it could be a different story. Although coming off last Saturday's 21-7 title loss to Northwest Conference champion Linfield, the Lutes will be entering the contest with their best record in several years, 6-2. However the Loggers, 6-3, leaders in the Northwest small-college ratings poll, have reeled off five straight victories, averaging over 40 points a game.

### UPS Heavy on Academics?

UPS has eeked out a small lead in the all-time series, 34-10-6, their last seven wins in a row coming after the Loggers changed athletic affiliations from NAIA Evergreen

Conference to NCAA Independent (e.g. jock factory).

But intellectual midgetry notwithstanding, UPS has assembled a solid football machine, leading the Northwest in rushing offense and defense and rolling up big scores against its opposition utilizing its strength and quickness.

"UPS is a quick aggressive team and after watching films of their game against Willamette I can see they deserve their high rating," commented Coach Frosty Westering. "This is an important game for us and it's going to be tough, but we come to play."

### Lutes Tripped 21-7

Last Saturday the Lutes did almost everything in their power to insure Linfield of their fourth straight league crown by giving the ball to the Wildcats in key moments as they absorbed a 21-7 defeat in the conference finale, dropping PLU to third place in the standings.

Three fumbles, four interceptions and inability to come up with crucial third-down plays as Linfield did nailed the lid on the coffin of Lute title hopes and possible post-season activity.

"We were beaten by a better team that day," stated Westering. "It was a frustrating game, one that inches either way could have made a big

difference. But I was still proud of the team because they never gave up. They came fighting back to get that late touchdown and that really impressed me."

### Wildcats Score First

Linfield struck quickly in the first quarter for two scores, the first on an opening drive of 72 yards with a 33-yard pass for the touchdown, and the second minutes later on a short run after recovering a PLU bobble on the Lute 13.

Their final score came in the fourth period as Linfield pushed across for six after taking a short punt and putting together a small drive all on the ground. PLU finally broke the scoring drought with 14 seconds left in the game when Rick Finseth found John Amidon in the end zone with a 13-yard scoring pass. The drive was sustained by a razzle-dazzle fake punt for a 31-yard gain by halfback Rick Koutchak giving the PLU fans something to cheer about in an otherwise dismal afternoon.

"The game was a big one, but it is past and we're not going to worry about it," commented Westering, who has made his Northwest coaching debut a successful one. "Our spirits have been climbing all week and the players would really like to take this one tomorrow."

So would the fans, Coach.



Glenn Davis

John Amidon



Kurt Snow

Randy Shipley

## 'University Key' presents this weeks Football Stars

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# SPORTS SHORTS

## Basketball

PLU's basketball season got off on the wrong foot, . . . er hand, again. Like last year one of the Knight's starters broke a bone.

This time it was 6 ft. 6 in. Mike Berger who caused a sensation last season with his play as a freshman. He was to be counted on heavily by coach Gene Lundgaard at a forward spot.

Berger will be out three weeks with a broken hand but will be able to play with a "soft" cast thereafter. He will miss the first two games.

Last year Lyle McIntosh broke his leg in the preseason.

## More Basketball

Next Monday, Nov. 27, there will be an intrasquad basketball game. It's an opportunity to see the '72 version of the Knights.

There is a 25 cent admission charge to benefit the Cheerleaders-on-to-Hawaii-Fund. Game time is 7:30 p.m.

## Football Award

It's time again for the Mooring Mast Football Player of the Year selection.

This year the selection will be made by the team and coaches instead of the panel of sportswriters and broadcasters.

Last year's winner was Jim Hadland in a runaway. But this year's pick will be alot tougher as many players have had standout seasons.

Who will it be? See the December 1 edition of the Mast for the result.

## Intramural Turkey Trot

All you Turkey Trotters out there, sign up for the Intramural Turkey Trot to be held tomorrow at 10 o'clock. Entries will be open through tomorrow but should preferably be turned in at the P.E. office by this afternoon. The event entails a one-mile cross country run which begins in Olso Auditorium and takes the entrants around the campus. Two turkeys will be awarded, one each to the winning man and woman entrant.

## Women's Field Hockey

PLU finished regular season play in women's field hockey Friday with a 7-0 win over UPS. The Lady Lutes will compete in the conference tournament slated for Nov. 16-19 at Victoria.

## Women's Volleyball

With Mimi Mogck scoring seven straight points on serves in the opener, the PLU women's volleyball team took two games from UPS Tuesday, 15-13 and 15-11.

## Cross Country

PLU's Kevin Knapp bounced back from a ninth place finish at the NWC meet the previous Saturday to finish fourth at the NAIA District 1 cross country meet in Walla Walla, where the Knights finished fourth as a team.

## Soccer

PLU upped its season soccer record to 7-4-1 last week by posting two wins while a third game was forfeited to the locals.

The Lutes trimmed UPS 3-2 Wednesday and whitewashed Whitman Sunday 2-0, with Abraham Abe and Jerry Alston toeing in the sphere. A game scheduled with Central on Saturday was called off, with PLU taking a 1-0 forfeit decision.

## Armchair Expert

Hinderlie Hall stuffed the ballot boxes last week and it paid off in the form of 18 qualifiers and this week's winner.

A record 504 ballots were submitted, over 200 from Hinderlie, and Anthony Chan emerged from the crowd to win the \$5 dollar weekly prize.

Chan hit 18 of 20 correct, as did five others, but he won on the tiebreaker, predicting Linfield to win by 17 (the Wildcats won 21-7).

The next closest tiebreaker was a three point spread by Vicki Brandhorst and Sharon Anderson. Both ladies also had 18 correct.

LSU-Alabama, Harvard-Princeton, and the PLU game gave most contestants the toughest time. Many missed the Houston-Philadelphia and Detroit-Minnesota games also.

Other qualifiers: Devin Backholm, Joann Fritzen, Larry Haler, John Hast, Terri Hawkins, Roger Hill, Jenn Hillesland, Gay Itner, Roy Kawasaki, Jack Kilcrease, Gary Larson, Bruce P. Lyman, Fred Moore, John Olson, Paul Olson, Howard Skram, Bob Vernon, Rick Wigen, Jonathan Wulf.

To assist those that have qualified for the final contest, we've enlisted the aid of two experienced Tacoma News Tribune sports editors.

Earl Luebker, sports editor, and Jeff Kiehl, executive sports of the TNT editor offer their selections.

For those of you that didn't make it, here's a chance to see the teams that are on the ballot—and better luck next year.

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 Brig. Young — New Mexico  
 Brown — Columbia  
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 Iowa St. — Oklahoma St.  
 Michigan — Ohio State  
 Drake — Louisville  
 Yale — Harvard

New England — Baltimore  
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 Philadelphia — NY Giants

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 Drake — Louisville  
 Yale — Yale

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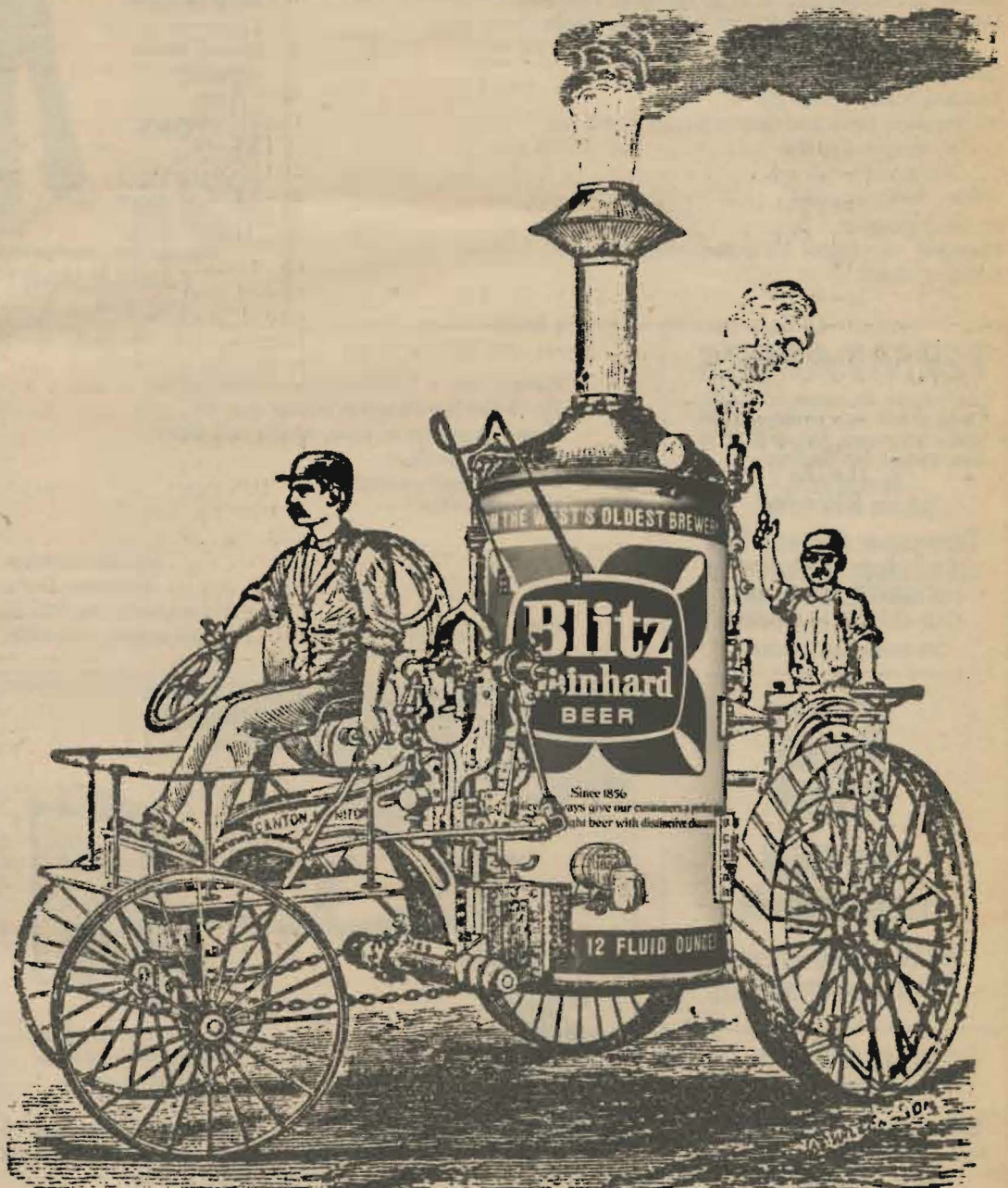
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**TUITION SUPPLEMENT FUNDS**

Last week the Washington State Supreme Court issued a "stay order," which will temporarily withhold the tuition supplement funds from students in the private colleges and universities who are Washington State citizens. The stay order was issued because the constitutionality of the Act was challenged. The Court will hear the merits of the case at its earliest convenience (now scheduled for January 23, 1973). The Business Office will keep you informed of the results of that hearing.

**FINANCIAL AID APPLICATIONS**

Financial Aid applications for additional or second semester Financial Assistance are now available in the Financial Aid Office. Deadline for filing is December 1.

**NEW ID CARDS**

New ID Cards were received Thursday, November 9. Students who have not yet received their cards should check with the Information Desk again.

**SUNDAY MORNING BIBLE STUDIES**

All those who have been attending Sunday morning Bible studies are especially invited to come to Bible study on Sunday, November 19. The question as to whether such a Bible Study should be continued will be discussed at this time. We want your ideas, comments, and suggestions. . . Please come!

**CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL CONCERT**

Tickets for this concert on December 8, 9, and 10 are available at the University Center Information Desk or by calling 347.

**U.C. THANKSGIVING SCHEDULE**

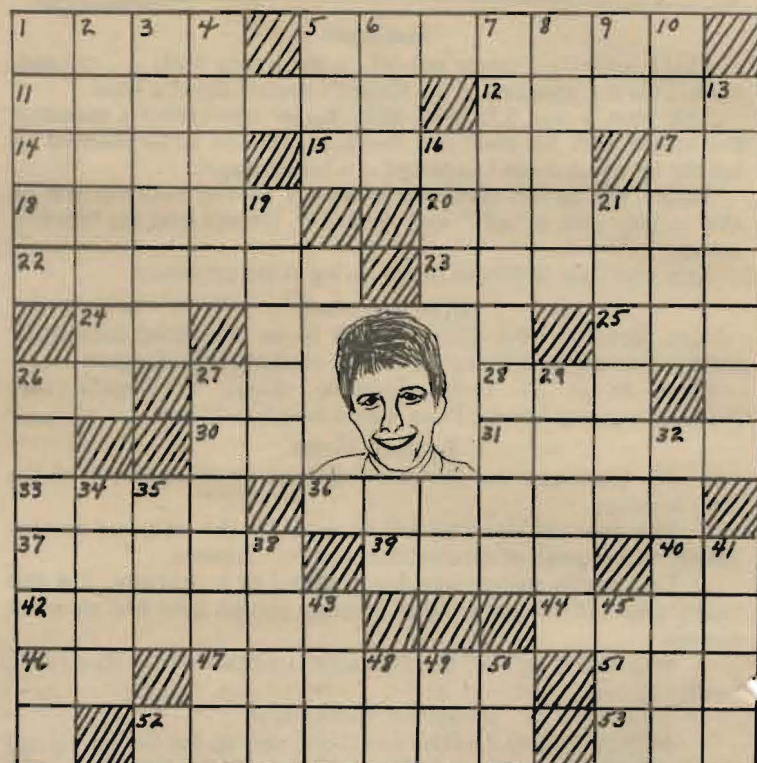
For students who have no place to go during Thanksgiving vacation, the schedule for the University Center follows:

Wednesday, November 22  
Games Room and Coffee Shop closes at 1:00 pm.  
Information Desk, Bookstore and Music Room closes 4pm.

Sunday, Nov. 26  
Building hours - 1-11 pm.  
Information Desk and Games Room - 1-10 pm.  
Coffee Shop - 5-6 pm  
UC Commons - 5-6 pm  
Music Room closed  
Building closes at 5 p.m.  
Thursday, November 23 to Saturday, Nov. 25  
Building closed

**Campus Crossword**

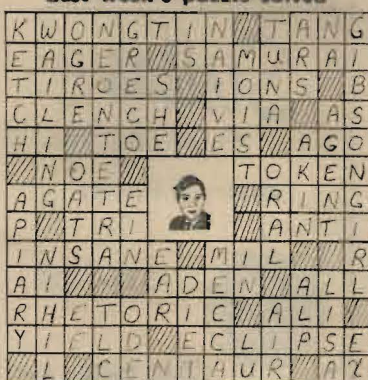
by Kenyon



**ACROSS**

- 1) With 5 Across, Matriarch of PLU women's sports
- 11) Bower or archway
- 12) Automotive necessity
- 14) Prefix: eight
- 15) S.A. "camel"
- 17) Beginning for lete and fer
- 18) Classical Latin name for Troy
- 20) Whipped
- 22) Honestly
- 23) Movement
- 24) Family member
- 25) Suffix denoting enzyme
- 26) Direction
- 27) Postscript
- 28) His wife became NaCl
- 30) French article
- 31) Lose control: run \_\_\_\_\_
- 33) Inspiration
- 36) Bogart movie: "The \_\_\_\_\_ falcon"
- 37) Sorceress who turned men into swine
- 39) Numerical suffix
- 40) Northern Pacific
- 42) Excessively decorated
- 44) Full
- 46) Musical note
- 47) Parching
- 51) Vegetable
- 52) Self-punishment
- 53) Mistake

**Last week's puzzle solved**



**DOWN**

- 1) Unemotional
- 2) Light using arc between electrodes
- 3) Eye part
- 4) In a normal voice
- 5) Petroleum
- 6) Federal Savings and Loan (Abr.)
- 7) Spotless
- 8) East or West, for example
- 9) And (French)
- 10) Certain sports events
- 13) Poor, white, rural resident of the South (2 words)
- 16) --- Carte
- 19) Rodent
- 21) Gap or pause between syllables
- 26) Mythical horse
- 27) Appease
- 29) Forebodings
- 32) Football position
- 34) Dreadful
- 35) Sea bird
- 38) Type of jacket
- 41) Fruit
- 43) Age
- 45) Monkey
- 48) Registered Nurse
- 49) Suffix
- 50) Same as 17 across

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(Hurry, we leave Jan. 8!)



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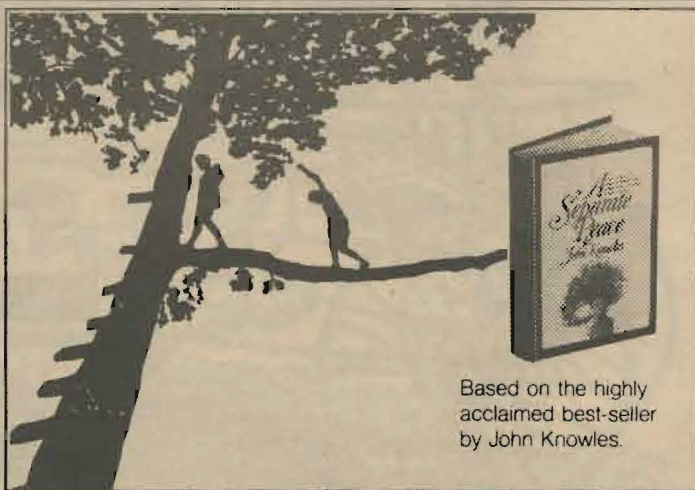
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Sat-Sun . . . 1:30, 3:20, 5:20

7:20, 9:20

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Interviewing for positions that could lead to sales management.

Compensation: Salary plus commission.

Interviewers:

Barry J. Wallis, Manager  
Gregory R. Freitag, M.B.A.