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Bull Frog Pond, Vol. VI, No. 3

Grand Valley State College. Thomas Jefferson College

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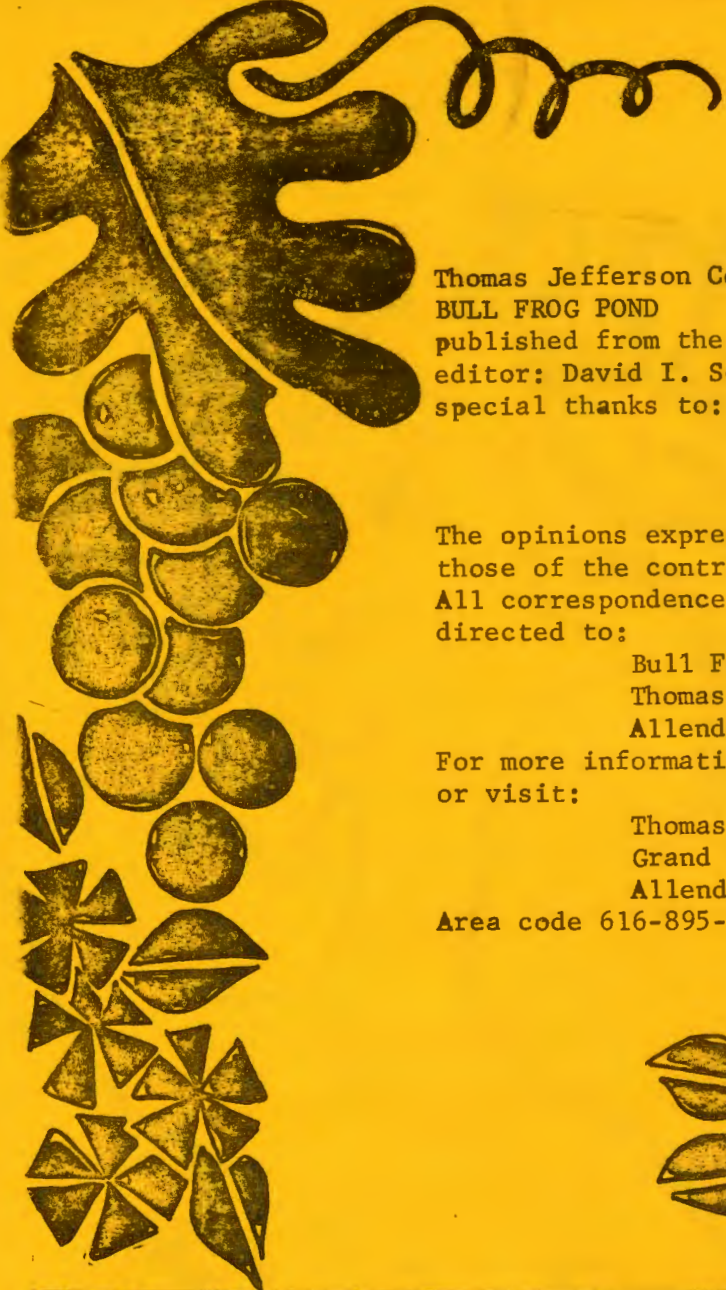
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Thomas Jefferson College
BULL FROG POND
published from the Dean's office
editor: David I. Schuchman
special thanks to: Karen Sanders
Cathy Honore'
Mary TePastte
Karle Murdock

The opinions expressed in the BFP are those of the contributors or the editor. All correspondence or inquiry should be directed to:

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CORRECTION in BFP (Vol. VI, No. 2) four pages were out of order.
The correct order is 11, 13, 12, 15, 14, 16.

-- Sorry 'bout that

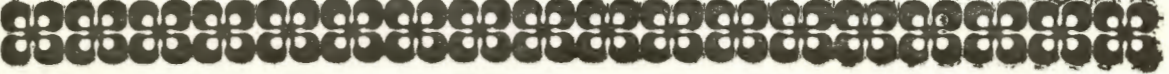


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LETTERS

One clear day I was strolling near a pond in Allendale and came across a great Bull Frog. He sat quietly and I studied him. Suddenly I heard "Croak, croak." Believe it or not I understood him. He asked me "What are you looking at?" and I said "Are you the same Bull Frog named after the Bull Frog Pond my grandson David Schuchman is editor of?" Said he: "I am indeed flattered that someone should think of using an ugly thing like me to grace a book cover."

"Well, they must have thought you and the news had something in common," said I.

This time he gave three croaks and swam away. I waved to him and kept on walking, happy to tell someone in Allendale about my darling Grandson David, The "Editor."

Mrs. Sadie Marder
San Diego, California



Hey you beautiful people!

Each time he gets an issue of the Bull Frog Pond, Chancellor Gene Ouellette passes it on to me, and I share it with others around here at Johnston. It's a fine broth of a publication, just the right amount of everything.

(The fact that you devoted space in several succeeding issues to Johnston College, after the Symposium on Experimental Higher Education, increases my appreciation, which is considerable without that aspect!)

As long as Gene keeps passing the BFP on to me, I won't ask for my own copy.

Blessings,
(MS.) Lee Jones
Assistant to the Chancellor
Johnston College
University of Redlands
Redlands, California





Dear Dr. Gilmore,

I have received today your very interesting set of papers about Thomas Jefferson College and William James College, and am most grateful for all the trouble which you and your colleagues have taken for me: more grateful, let me say, than surprised, for I had every reason to know how willing you all are to help the visitor who is interested in your work.

To ask you to thank all the kind and charming people whom I met would be to add to the burden I have already made for you. If it were possible, however, without undue trouble, to tell them that I greatly appreciate their welcome and their generosity in giving up their time, and that I shall speak of your work with interest and respect to my fellow members of our Convocation, I would be most grateful.

Yours very sincerely,
W. J. Heigho

L E T T E R S

Thank you for making me aware of bill HB5978. The article from the "Tenants Union Newsletter" was excellent and greatly needed. After reading the information I immediately wrote to both Michigan Senators in Lansing.

Thank you for the direction

Ms. Cathy Sillman



From Goddard

Dear Dan, (Gilmore)

L
E
T
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E
R
S

Last winter I had applied to TJC and was accepted. But, I chose to go to Goddard because they were offering me more financial aid and my information for housing and tuition was inaccurate for TJC. I am writing to you at this time because yesterday a friend of mine, Bob Cohen, came to visit me and told me very exciting things about TJC. I want to let you know what is happening here at Goddard, and my perceptions of what a small "progressive and experimental" college needs to be.

Right now at Goddard there is a student strike in progress to protest a tuition increase that was voted on by the Board of Trustees. We are hoping, and it looks good, that the teachers, staff, and perhaps some of the administration will be involved with the strike also. Goddard's community has been disintegrated and alienated for about three years now. There is no real sense of what community means. The president of Goddard, Gerry Witherspoon, and some of his administration have taken it upon themselves to make all decisions concerning Goddard's governance without consultation of students, faculty, or staff. The school is becoming more

bureaucracy

and more of a bureaucratic, capitalistic corporation, expanding, creating more outside programs, and pushing out the undergraduate program. Matters came to such a point that the students finally united (with the support of a few faculty) when the Board voted 10-7 for an increase in tuition; ignoring the pleas of students, ignoring their list of alternatives to the financial problems, ignoring the student body as responsible human beings. As the President of Antioch stated (he is a member of the Board at Goddard), "If you can't afford the increase, then progressive education is not for the poor." The people at Goddard do not agree with such a statement, and for that reason, and others, have drawn up a proposal stating this: 1) no tuition increase, 2) an emergency Board of Trustees meeting to be called to listen to the students and reverse their decision, 3) an extraordinary session be called to re-evaluate what Goddard is, what we want it to be, and how it can go through the transition.

People are finally reacting to the mismanagement and destruction of what Goddard is supposed to be. My message to you is this: all small progressive colleges start out with ideals, dreams, and visions based on radical changes of the system they came out of. But, without a sense of community, without all the people sharing in the politics of the school so it can be a living-learning community, the same thing will happen to every progressive college that has happened to Goddard. And, that is, the school is taken over by a few people who know very little about what change or community means, but who know very much about how the U.S. government is managed -- or mismanaged.

I feel that some time soon, I would like to come to TJC for a Non-Resident Trimester from Goddard or even transfer to TJC. As it is now, Goddard has tremendous potential to become a very revolutionary learning experience. There is high energy and unity throughout the school. But, it is also a very long and difficult struggle to change a system. With love and common goals and strategies, I think we can make it happen, and if it doesn't happen now, I believe Goddard will fall completely. I think maybe the reason I wrote this letter is because I do not want to see the same dilemma happening to TJC.

Perhaps, sometime, TJC, Goddard, and all progressive schools can unite to bring about change in all the schools and in our country.

Sincerely,
Phylis Kramer

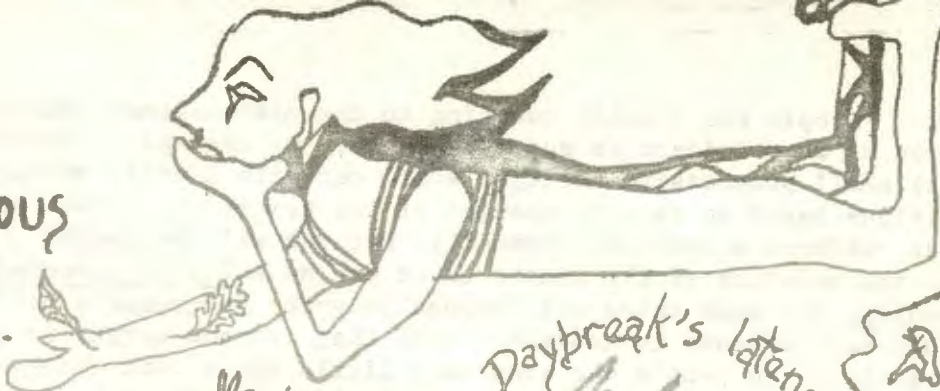


Thanks from a Puppy

For those of you who helped our wounded puppy, we say thanks for making our faith in people more alive! Bullit is home now and is so happy to be fixed up that he is speechless.

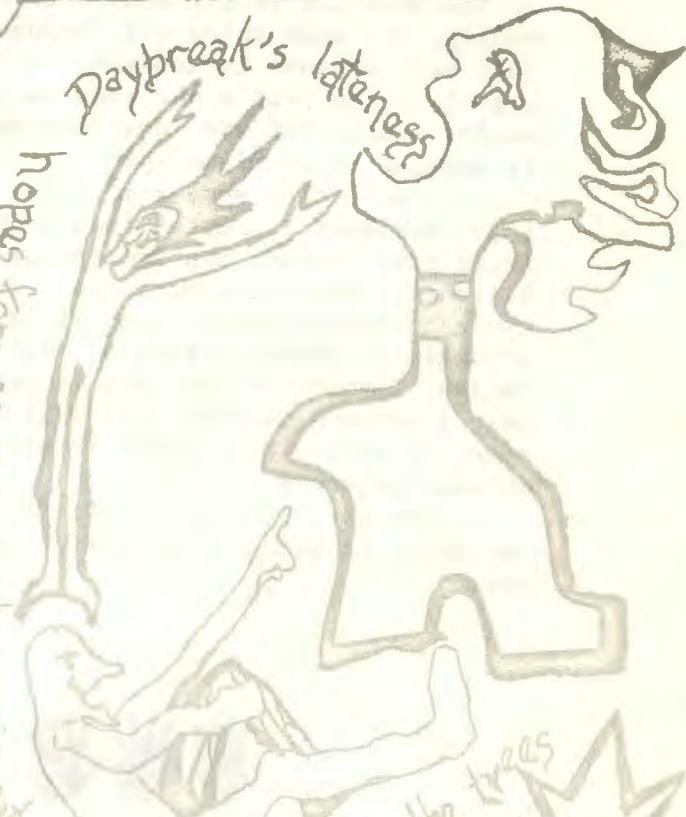
Ravenous

naive swallows spring's prosperities



hopes for as many changes in nature's

Daybreak's lateness



forsaken forest for the trees



dear bullfrog :

May I express my deepest appreciation to you for including my article "My First Bullfrog Pond" and even also my little letter in the November 1972 issue. Unless one is already on the way, I did not receive a copy in the mail (I ripped mine off in the TJC Common Room!). May I please be on your mailing list?

If you wish me to do so via another dip in the Pond, I would like to share my poem "Atlantis II" with your readers. It was the product of an afternoon pipedream. It has wrongnesses, like the intended coinage of "knolling" (in line one), which is like tolling and knelling and maybe the church is on a hill. Please be careful when typing all the messes in my poem, spacing -- everything is intended. And congratulations on the fine job you did on my froggy ms.

Kindest wishes. Our civilization is sinking, too, yes?

Truly yours,
Warren Marshall Edwards

ATLANTIS TWO

I.

churchbells knolling for the dead children...
wailing under the afternoon gray...
muggy August & a spanking sends them wailing
down the sidewalk
Nature's sidewalk sirens --

they swim out & out on waves of scream --
the only protest of free men.

the cries are swallowed in the ecstatic dirge of the underworld
coffin
where Hades lurks,
& demons with all the Devil's pitchforks
pitch forth in one flaming, burping, bell-ringing
glaze of fury

the long slow whimper of the submerging Atlantean
universe --
the war, the jungle yelling at our bullet-pierced
armour
the belching, burping shrapnel-shrieking tanks & jeeps to
doom in a ditch...

i saw the whistle blow

convulsion

& the yellow waters
mud & blood
congealing


where machinegunfire
& jungleyells &
camouflaged confusionshirts
rorschached the dawn & dusk.

& the tanks
& the jeeps
& the jungleboys
& the bells
& the fury ----

rancid!

on the paranoia of our government concerns
spoofing the very insanity out of existence

descending into dark-dungeons-of-dooming-chaos-in-the-
nether-world-of-water-death-&-configurations-transfigure-
9 innumerable-souls-one-blick-at-a-time-as-the-
images-appear-



swirling

slow

swirling

death

where iron lions jangle their jowls

smash!

a splash of questions

fire from their shrapnel-exploding bombs

the alarm bell!

who tripped the lever

that war was an alarm?

II.

the doors of hell,

the doors of hell are rust-shut

in the under-sea explosion of metal...

mines go off in the mind of history --

who are the ghost sailors

whose bubbles make a little distended hose of air?

the gigantic mother clocks

that slowly propelled their submarines through atomic waters

after a mysterious voice of a siren,

disguised as an ugly sea-monster,

groaned in her cave

where a huge black mass was being held:

atop the black mass,
a weird witch,
a weirdo witch
with the Duns Scotus cap
scraped metal messages
from out of the black oozing lava of dead lives.

III.

backward babies,
we are all backward babies
dying backwards;
life is a dying backwards into birth.

the dance of cosmic forces
is the babies dying backwards into birth,
dying backwards into conception,
dying backwards into the age of innocence,
dying backwards to birth
dying backwards to conception

the babies are dying.
we help them die.
we, who are the babies dying,
help our babies die.

IV.

everything is limp,
limp on the land,
soaked with Atlantean fate.

Warren Marshall Edwards

A fallen flower

returning to the branch?

It was a butterfly.

"Mistake"



AMERICAN HOMECOMING IN 3



I.

come home america

support

give me voice -- together we
call america the founding ideals
that nourished us the beginning.
SECRECY in high places, come
amerika. from Indochina which
ideal as our soldiers; from military
so it weakens, nation

come america

from special come home

from of

to the joy of useful labor

from the

of aging poor and the ComeHOME america

II.

Sept. 1963

McGovern, majority of american on Vietnam War many lives.

Of the Vietnamese are not expanding...

It moral debacle and defeat was 130 billion ago

all money, all young lives could been saved if

those listened, from McGovern was Senator to the

War would take 24 hours the stroke

pen terminate operations Asia.

III.

Nixon's Promise

Those a chance for years and could
produce should not be given chance

In Nixon had a plan end war.
plan is secret.
war continues.
We are living result

20,000 americans since when Nixon
100,000 americans wounded since over
400 americans captured as prisoners
January 20, 1969.

Nixon office, war has been escalated
in Cambodia.
Laos air Vietnam

No American, regardless views the war
can condone the North Vietnamese of
prisoners of

Nixon have utterly failed prisoners of
have obtained an accounting of our Mix's



Epilogue

Don't you wish Nixon cared as
much you, McGovern

George needs your vital
Mickey MacKenzie

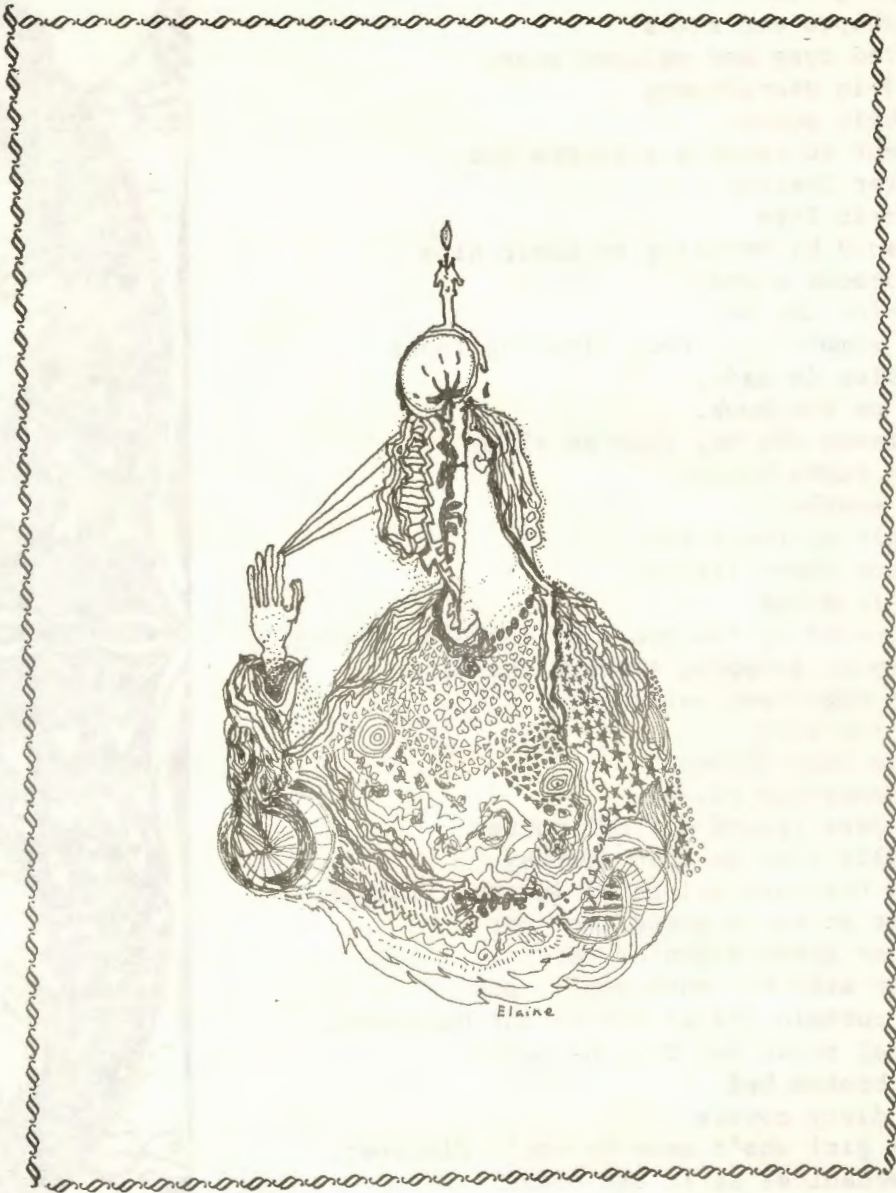


WAR POEM

Pretty girls
all shapes and sizes
slanted eyes and painted noses
stand in storefronts
in their poses.
Attempt to catch a soldiers eye.
Chitter Chatter
on their lips
replaced by stirring of their hips
as someone stops
to price the buy.
With simple gestures, fleeting looks
a choice is made,
he's on the hook.
She leads the way into an alley
which leads beyond
into another
as ugly as the first.
A place where living
ends in dying,
heightened by the sound of children crying.
Carefully stepping through the mire
where pigs have wallowed,
rats run wild
and garbage thrown,
or, sometimes piled.
They pass around a final corner
and slip into an open doorway
where business brings an instant flutter.
Mother moves to guard the door
Brother draws a pan of water
Father asks how much you'll pay
as a curtain slides behind the Daughter.
A final doubt and then he moves
to a broken bed
with dirty covers
and a girl who's name he won't discover.
As mechanical as it had been
he lites a smoke to help recover.
And with a rag dipped in the water
She swabs her parts
to cleanse herself for yet another.

Ron Bush





Elaine



"I hate a song that makes you think that you're not any good. I hate a song that makes you think that you are just born to lose. Bound to lose. No good to nobody. No good for nothing. Because you are either too old or too young or too fat or too slim or too ugly or too this or too that. Songs that run you down or songs that poke fun at you on account of your bad luck or your hard traveling.

I am out to fight those kinds of songs to my very last breath of air and my last drop of blood.

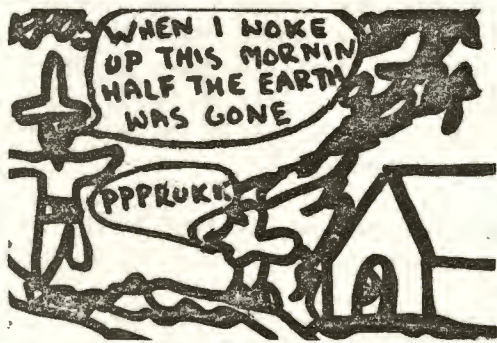
I am out to sing songs that will prove to you that this is your world and that if it has hit you pretty hard and knocked you for a dozen loops, no matter how hard its run you down and rolled over you...I am out to sing the songs that make you take pride in yourself and your work."

Woody Guthrie

"If you know your own self real good you know everybody else."

Woody Guthrie





Comics

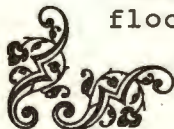
by

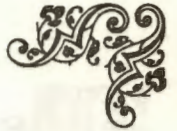
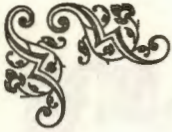
Mike Murdock



The ENORMOUS Coin Collection

John Jingle sat strut, while his Mary Pram waltzed upside the room's only inside wall. This room was lit only by a color TV that John Jingle could never come down low enough to see. Mary Pram enjoyed it so John Jingle let it glow. He even almost liked the way it reflected on his fantabulously big coin collection that bent and creaked in the right hand floor.





ENORMOUS!! All his friends would tell only though when they first saw it and din't know it was too heavy to be carried off and spent. John Jingle always brooded over what his friends secretly meant when they said they were impressed by his ENORMOUS. Sometimes he got so razzeled by brooding that beat bumps on skinny Mary Pram for fear they were offending her honor. It was his and only so he took good good care of all that. He never hardly saw his friends because he was afraid that they might start up with those terrible compliments again. Mary Pram slid quietly through John Jingle's house. On the sly, hardly never switching from the ENORMOUS dwindling pile. John Jingle just muttered about suspiciously.

He murdered Mary Pram because he suspected she (Mary Pram) had stolen a (valuable?) penny from his ENORMOUS coin collection. His honor (John Jingle) tried and acquitted himself on the basis of insufficient evidence. John Jingle died furiously alone twelve days later on Easter sunday ♦

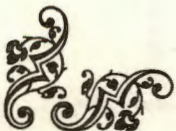



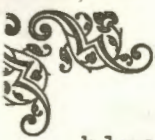
ON THE WALK



On the walk I encountered the happy sanity of a cartoon forties peely painted brick wall. It stood ugly and lasting. Made me all smiley and I walked past a lonesome, unhappy, young girl who nervously smiled back 'cause she was scared to be honest and all.

She was walking slow and I still had a lot of bricks to count. I'm sure that her full, thick

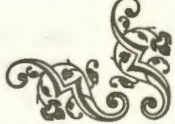





blue eyes caught me like a snapshot and she'll
have a rough easy time fitting me into her
half finished relations day. But those black,
windows had looked on cars with eyeballs instead
of headlights and smiles in smooth grills. With
puffy radiators.

Windows had an unlooked into look that just begged
a peek. So I just flew through her life 'cause
I was in too big a hurry to stop and say your
beautiful with all those windows temptin' me.

I like peely painted brick buildings. They remind
me of lovers I missed out on. Reminders like
that always give me a happy sad feeling ❖



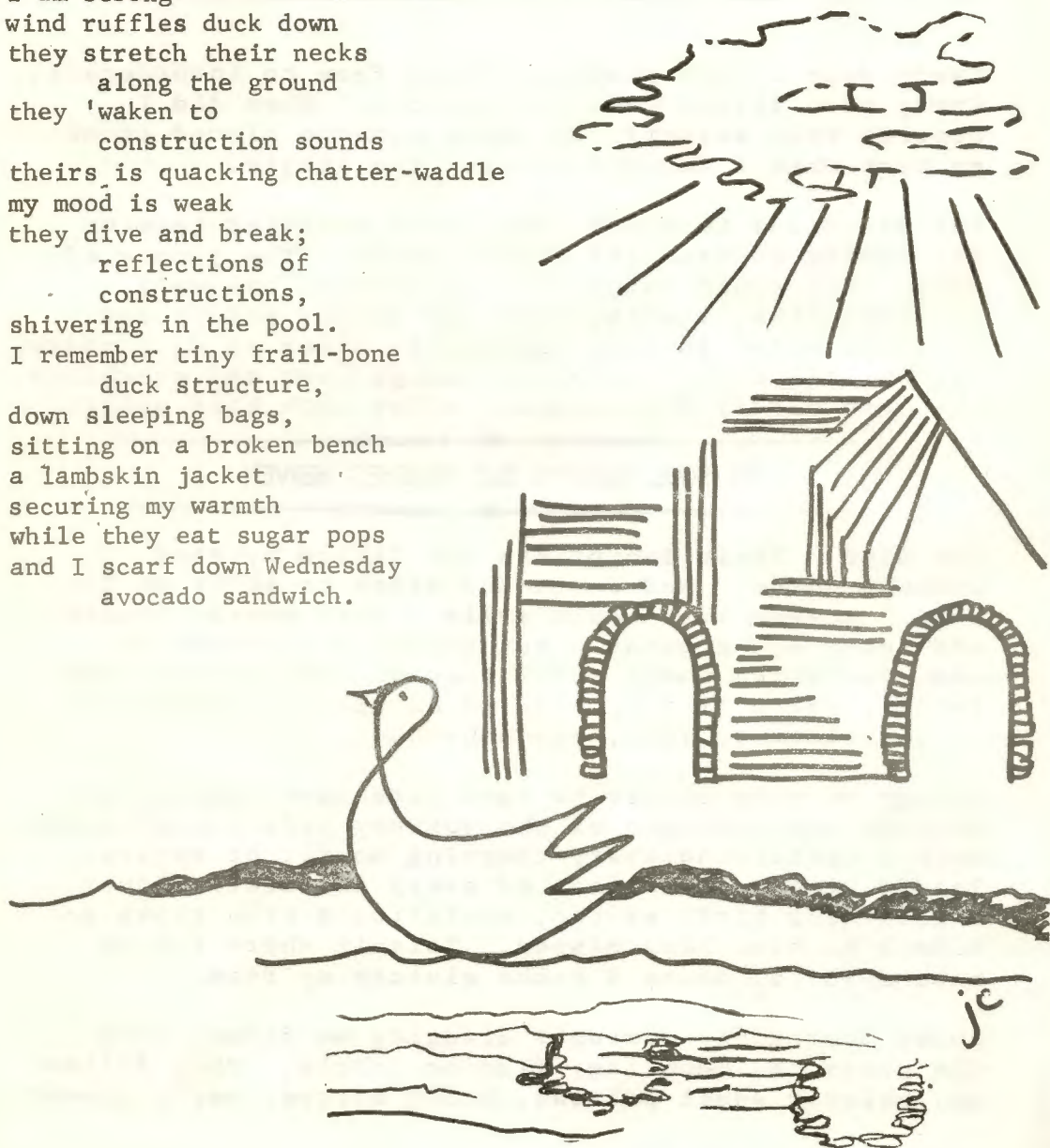
FULFILLMENT

Have you ever gone into a quarry
Full of clay and mud and a coal bed,
On a rainy day, the first of many rainy days,
And heard people who know nothing
Tell you that there used to be a delta here,
Which we missed (because of the wet roads)
By only 300 million years?

John Warren
October 26, 1972

WATCHING DUCKS, GVSC 11/1/72

I am strong
wind ruffles duck down
they stretch their necks
along the ground
they 'waken to
construction sounds
theirs is quacking chatter-waddle
my mood is weak
they dive and break;
reflections of
constructions,
shivering in the pool.
I remember tiny frail-bone
duck structure,
down sleeping bags,
sitting on a broken bench
a lambskin jacket
securing my warmth
while they eat sugar pops
and I scarf down Wednesday
avocado sandwich.





Books as Corrupting Influence, Ironically So.....

Every door I open produces a new face to incorporate.
Every rock lifted adds to a burden. When did I
acquire this weight? It seems someone placed it on
my back when I decided to risk the jungle.

The delicious tension! Yes, this weighted tension
for having entered the inner jungle. The jungle of
mind. You would think this wilderness has well
cleared paths, leading here and there, across and
through, after so many explorers, after so many years.
But no, the lush vegetation creeps over and overhangs,
the path hardly discernable, after each bold spirit

MY SOUL SQUIRMS BUT REACHES HEAVEN


has died. Their footprints are filled by ever
present chaos. And I cut and slash to start at the
edge. Always must begin again. Each person awakes
and seeks out a guide. But guides foreshadow an
end, for which there never lies an end, unless they
resign, "Here lies my end, go on alone." Then with
no illusions to feed, one embarks.

Though an even closer to hand directive remains-the
records and journals of the journey left behind-books.
Books! containing every tempting morsel of advice,
loaded with descriptions of every intricate flower
& squawking bird, exotic, esoteric, & even those so
common to have been missed. This is where I have
been lead to, doors & rocks clutter my room.

Books thoroughly corrupt! dragging me deeper into
the steaming, bubbling, flaming jungle. They follow
me, whisper sweet poisons, blood surges, nerve spasms

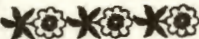
lash out at bystander Reality. Smashing Reality against the wall. I demand more from it now! For I am enslaved and imprisoned by all those lies, page after page, heaps of paper & ink. Lies! but mysteriously, yes how demonic! an ineffable temperature is reached where I catch truth seeping from the pages, dripping, burning my hands, a shower of flaming rain. I must hide! No! Reality has no sanctuary, so I rape her & insanely demand!

And the chief sorcerer multiplies on my shelves. What magic! Words are now magic. How I am addicted to the sound & play of magic words. I walk around chanting, "I want to hear...Magic Words!" My soul squirms but reaches heaven. Terror follows, tension tightens, but the journal points on...

 Ron Lampi

REPRINTED FROM A LOCAL PAPER

Q: What can you tell us about that 14-year-old Guru who seems to be attracting so many young people?--F. P., Mobile, Ala.

A: The Guru whose name is Maharaj Ji runs something called the Divine Light mission and his followers all over the world number in the millions. The boy religious leader encourages the faithful to live in his ashrams, which are residential churches. They must give up meat, TV, drinking, sex, movies and marriage, and also turn their salaries over to the Guru. Meanwhile, the boy wonder eschews the simple life for himself, preferring to live in luxury with full-time servants, good clothes, and \$2,000 watches. He also has a brand-new, gold-colored Rolls Royce on order and his loyal followers are taking up a collection to buy him a little jet plane. 

Tension?

NO

Happy?

yes

Want to screw?

~~yes~~

Do you understand my point?

SIYE

Do you believe in psychoanalysis?

YES

Male chauvinist?

NO

Love me?

YES

Do you need glasses?

NO

Like music?

NO

Wanna screw?

NO

Would you like a doughnut?

NO

Tired?

no

Content?

YES

Hostile?

NO

Are you spontaneous?

YES

Do you speak Hebrew?

NO

Do you like mathematics?

NO

Do you believe in God?

NO

2 7 9 8 0

Life Under a Mathematician's Thumb

Reality's coordinate systems reveal their variableness
at the 2nd derivative stage of life's continuum,
suddenly circuits jump out of arithmetic 2+2 appearances
and plane geometry warps with time-sogged acid-etching
experience.

Geometries of the id diverge sequences defined as
recursive genetic instinct drive theorems
through to city hall's whole number positive root file
system
inverted to negative directions of that Unit Circle
of the ALL,
possibly even imaginary numbered thoughts
escaping from the repressed cage
of unreduceable matrix fantasies.

The set elements containing such variables
realized at some moment of life can be safely collected
under the summation series with appropriate feedback
memory bits
flashing built-in threshold frequencies normal graphed
for human expectancies in case one passes
one's variable limits approaching infinity,
but never quite reaching any such abstraction
posing as concrete day to day life
filled with the chaos of other's coordinate systems.

So have fun solving your calculus problem of existence,
that mathematician's toy - the number system -
waits with infinite relationships available.

Ron Lampi

5 5 9 6 0



Alliterated TV Images

Pedestrian people pursuing plays of parrot politicians
in frontroom TV neophyte checkerboard game
beer can breath massage soft and brain jello whipped
smooth talking the jagged edges of esoteric fortran
machine answerable jargon

"Happy to please you!"

vacuum-powered water-logged words flame-proof to
super-rhetoric degrees
though sun burns to corrosive rust
with electro-magnético energo light flow
undetectable by metal fingered eyes
visionary sun watchers nod & smile
cog wheel moves echo from room to room
standard brand chit-chat starling stories linked by
TV afterimage
superimposed on daily interaction patterns
unable to escape from checkerboard plane,

alternative solutions:

shout spontaneous inventos
omnidirectional epiphanos
shatter
analyze
and reorganize.

Ron Lampi



Field Study..

Memorandum To: Dean Dan Gilmore, From: E. F. Gearhart

Independent Study Projects Abroad

A freshman TJC student recently came to me requesting information to assist her in planning an independent study project to be undertaken during Spring term in an Eastern European country. I gave her as much information and assistance as I could, but my discussion with her raised several questions in my mind about independent study projects abroad for which credit is given. My concern is that credit be given for academic experience rather than travel per se. I am not opposed to experiential learning; however, the academic community is almost unanimous in frowning on granting credit for travel, whether it be on an independent basis or a group study tour. We should be careful at GVSC that we do not make ourselves liable to the charge of giving away credit for experiences which do not have academic merit. On the other hand, we should support legitimate study projects abroad.

Critique

To quote Mark Twain "Travel is fatal to prejudice, bigotry and narrow-mindedness, and many of our people need it sorely on these accounts. Broad, wholesome, charitable views of man and things cannot be acquired by vegetating in one corner of the earth all one's lifetime." At the same time it is possible for one to travel abroad and return with many misapprehensions. In addition, it is not necessarily true that travel, because it is beneficial to the person, deserves academic credit.

Rather, a student's independent study project should result in a paper or other demonstrable effort on which the credit is based. Perhaps some of the following steps might be followed in admitting a student to an individual study project and in insuring that it will become academically worthwhile.

1. A student desiring to embark on such a course of study should submit a detailed outline of his proposal. This should include the reasons for undertaking it, the goals he wishes to achieve and the steps he expects to undertake to accomplish them, as well as a bibliography of materials he expects to consult prior to undertaking the project.



2. On the basis of this information the faculty advisor assigned to evaluate the student's work will be better able to judge the merit of the proposal and should be able to assist the student in preparing to undertake it. He may wish to refer the student to other members of the faculty who possess expertise in the student's area of interest. The faculty member must determine the feasibility of the project before giving his approval. This does not mean that the goals are predictable, but rather that the enterprise is worth undertaking.

3. When the proposal has been approved the student may wish to check with the Office of International Studies to see if there is some way that advice and assistance (for example



inexpensive travel arrangements) can be provided . If the project is planned far enough in advance it might be that the student could be referred to funding agencies for financial support where applicable.

4. After his return from abroad the student should submit to the faculty supervisor a paper which details the results of his investigation and his evaluation. This might well be read by other students and faculty who share common interests in the topic. It should then be approved for credit and graded (a letter grade or pass/fail) by the faculty supervisor.

5. These papers should then be filled so that they are open for perusal by the general academic community.

6. There may be instances where the project would be of such a nature that a paper might be only part of the requirement for completing the work. For example, an art student might submit work done abroad. In some instances a foreign expert might provide an evaluation of the student's work.

The point I am trying to make is that above and beyond the experiential learning there should be a reason for granting academic credit, particularly in large blocks, and it should be clearly defined. If this is done I believe that the student will benefit more from his project abroad and the faculty supervisor will have an easier job of making his evaluation. Also, the institution involved will not be open to criticism from within or without.

floating seminar evaluation

November 13, 1972

Friends,

Last spring I was floating and found that way of learning to be very exciting. I wanted to let others know what I had learned. So...I wrote the following Ditty, but as I reread it last spring it sounded hoaky, to me. I never sent it in for all of you to share. Now I feel that these words may have value to some of you.

For you profs/students/people who ask what floating seminar is: Floating is what you make it. Is it 17 easy credits for a bundle of f--- offs? If you want it to be 17 easy credits (providing you can make somebody believe you did 17 credits worth when you didn't, it can be. But if you're looking for a really valuable experience and an introduction into a new way of learning you may find the answer by floating.

My first impression of Floating Seminar was a system to allow students to change their direction or selection of seminars during the course of the term; so not to stifle the education process due to a change of interest or lack of interest. But no one was sure what Floating Seminar really was, so I was free to make it what I thought it should be. I wanted a chance to make living my educational experience. To begin to realize "schooling" as life, not as a block of time spent away from home 5 days a week -- in which I frantically tried to assimilate a storehouse of knowledge and wisdom --

TJC has loosened this type of formal education to some degree but still doesn't provide for a free education. It does not to any large degree help students learn to create an environment in which he is able to learn -- an environment in which one will allow oneself to be open -- to see things not as we imagine them but as they really are -- to see and feel ourselves as we really are -- to begin to develop real awareness requires a new learning process an education where your field for learning is wherever you are and the time is seven days a week day and night.

Through Floating Seminar I found that I began to open myself to opportunities that perhaps I never would have found had I not been floating. It took a while for the ease of the movement of floating to begin but soon my school, my religion, and my life began to be one.

Ellen Bush

The Unofficial Seconds

People have been running around for three or four weeks now (at the time of writing these seconds) screaming about the new head the monster known as Thomas Jefferson College just grew. Inside the brain a serious gathering took place -- known as a Unit II Townmeeting. Some wondered what was going on. Others didn't care. They decided there that another meeting would take place, and two or three small sub-meetings (and life goes on and on and on and on and on). So at one of the many gatherings, one of the few decisions made was to call another gathering. Some said the purpose of this one was so the new head could open its eyes, ears, nose and throat...that is IF the new head was not to be decapitated and its contents dumped into the old head.

So the two heads got together, a tete-a-tete, so to speak (joint Unit I and Unit II Townmeeting).

"...TOO SANE, THIS IDEA WENT VIRTUALLY UNLISTENED TO."

And many lofty thoughts were thought and many earthy words were spoken.

And it was asked, what difference does it make if people happened to be "across the sidewalk" from other people?

And it was pointed out that, it is all one animal and it does the same thing so why divide?

And administrative questions arose. And it was suggested that the dean have one vote for two units. But it was cleared up that there were two chairmen from the faculty and two from the townmeetings and there was one dean and this made up the coordination committee (to keep the body intact).

And the question of merging into all one unit was on the floor. It was supported, then opposed, and it was suggested that those who wanted to open Unit II's eyes, ears, etc. do it on a voluntary basis with a special study (too sane, this idea went virtually unlistened to).

Some general feelings were noticed -- Unit II relates to Unit I as if Unit I is STEEPED IN TRADITION!?! (sounds like a good organic

tea); it was exclaimed sarcastically to prove the point that two units could function better administratively and governmentally while the division shouldn't prevent them from interacting socially. All possibilities would remain open.

And it was stated that in two groups of 250, both have the potential to change and that potential is lessened in a group of 500, because the new group of 250 is able to decide its own structure (thereby reinforcing change with a new surge of relatively independent organizing).

And it was voted almost unanimously that TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE.

And people's lofty thoughts told them they had created a monster...and it was banal.

Thus the second question came up: Should TJC grow a new head or perhaps some more arms, or legs or horns?

Could we shrink?

This decision, it was pointed out, was quite important, as the offices were becoming flooded with cards and letters and admissions committees had to begin building their arks in order to make it through this deluge. And hopefully the information packets were reaching dry land.

It was asked, could we not shrink? (Certainly we must shrive some, from all this flooding.)

It was answered that that would have to be a rather long-range thing as they'd have to just not rehire new faculty as the old ones quit (but who quits?) and then stop filling in for graduating students (but who graduates?). This is why it would have to be a long range thing.

It was suggested that TJC is "where it's at" like that's where students want to go, so more students should be accepted.

But it was then pointed out that yes, TJC was "where it's at" because it's a small experimental school and if more people come it will at least cease to be small; if people want a big school they could easily go to Michigan State.

It was said, perhaps since the new outgrowth was just being experimented with, perhaps admissions should level off at least until next fall, before the growth becomes a malignant tumor.

What is NOW needed, it was reawakened, is SPACE and FACILITIES. And it was generally agreed that this could not be disputed.

...and it was redundant.

Someone perceived that the abounding confusion of the gathering at hand was really an asset...people get more done when they're confused.

The point was again rediscovered: Should TJC grow? And it was said that TJC doesn't have a responsibility to the whole United States of America. It was felt that TJC should take into consideration its own needs.

It was declared that the Grand Valley State Colleges will grow whether we like it or not and that President Lubbers LOVES to start new colleges.

(All I want is a school somewhere
Far away from all that short straight hair
Free school, free minds, country air
Ah wouldn't it be Lubberly
lubberly...lubberly)

And it was considered that if space was to be lost anyway, why lose the ability to communicate as well?

no community feeling

It was noticed that the reason it had become difficult to get to know people in the TJC community was not attributable to the fact that the monster had two heads, but simply that there were 200 new people trucking around the entire body.

Here, since quite a bit of truth (?) and opinions (!) had been spoken, it must have been time for some relief:

A TURNING POINT:

It was pronounced from somewhere in the sky that the discussion was closed and motions were to be taken (too insane, nobody wanted to listen to that).

And so, INANITY BEGAN TO PREVAIL:

What community? There is no community feeling here, it was deduced (but "here we are" some faintly recalled).

A foreign body (from CAS) passed before the eyes of the monster. He observed that he felt TJC was a community and he felt left out. He was promptly invited to take courses at TJC.

The sky voice rang out once more, announcing a POINT OF ORDER (what?). This is a meeting, therefore it is assumed that Roger's Rules of Order must be used. Let's vote. (The Ethereal Earth King rules of logic!) And was there a second? (Wait a second.)

It was elucidated that this was not a legal body anyway. Seconds are unnecessary and so are firsts for that matter. (TJC Townmeeting is an illegitimate baby monster?)

IS TIME SO IMPORTANT at this gathering, it was openly wondered, that we have to step all over each other's questions, it was pleaded.

THE CLOUDS BEGAN TO CLEAR:

And it was voted, again almost unanimously, that the monster's growth should be stunted and the situation should be reassessed next fall, when the Unit idea is a little more established.

...and it was Quality, not Quantity. And we were drained.

BUT! Was there not another issue to be discussed (the Art Center, Unit III)?, it was discussed. No, someone said, we just agreed not to grow any more. (Whew!)

The Unit III proposal was premature, it was vibrated, as the second unit didn't have ITS shit together yet, so how could another unit collect its feces?

...And the two-headed monster rolled over and went to sleep, dreaming of thomas jeffersonic ideals, halloween parties, and bon-fires, and wearing a halloween mask with at least one eye-hole for each head.

namaste'



FACULTY MEETING (UNIT I) 10/25/72

"To avoid establishing a precedent, Earl Heuer moved, and it was seconded, that the Academic Affairs Committee be instructed to bring before the Faculty Committee any exceptional waiver requests." Motion carried unanimously.



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