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## **Bull Frog Pond, Vol. VI, No. 5**

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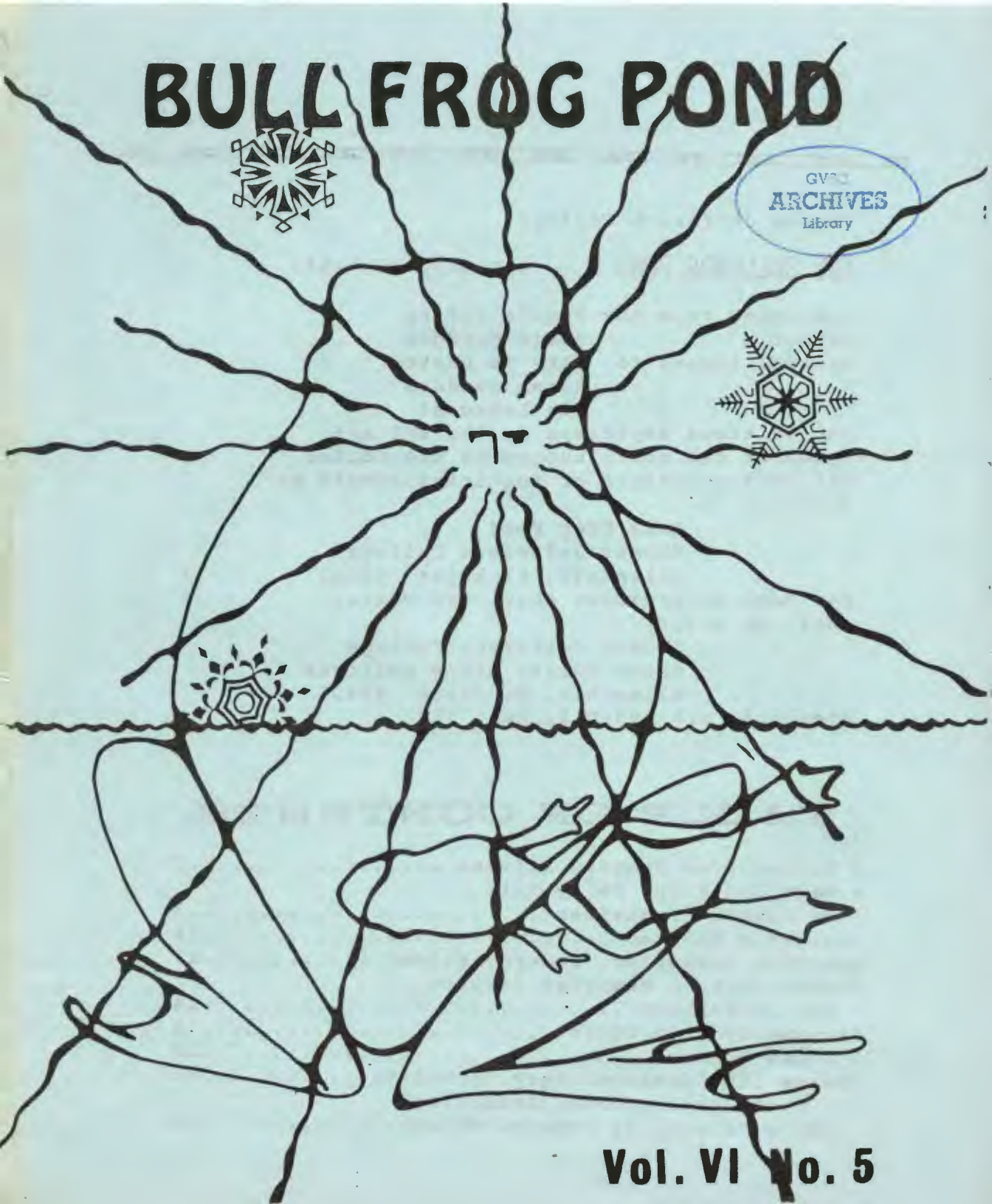
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# BULL FROG POND



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Vol. VI No. 5

Thomas Jefferson College

## THE BULLFROG POND

February 24, 1973

Published from the Dean's office

Editor: Karle Murdock

Special thanks to: Mary Te Pastte

Karen Sanders

Sue Laskoski

The opinions expressed in the BFP are those of the contributors or the editor.

All correspondence or inquiries should be directed to:

Bull Frog Pond

Thomas Jefferson College

Allendale, Michigan 49401

For more information about TJC write, call, or visit:

Thomas Jefferson College

Grand Valley State Colleges

Allendale, Michigan 49401

Area code 616 895-6611 Ext. 357

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# LETTER

Week of Oct. 2-6, 1972  
Sunday, Oct. 8, 1972  
5:30 PM

Dear T. Dan,

Well, here I am in the booming metropolis of Woodstock, Ontario. After a good deal of trouble at the border and in finding a place to live, I am starting to feel comfortable here. With the chill of the winter settling in I am beginning to feel the warmth of the house I'm boarding in and the Centre at which I work.

My landlady is a fine old Scottish widow by the name of Dorothy McDonald. And the bed I am using has energy that is incredible. It has been passed down through the generations of McDonalds since way back in Scotland.

It is a mite lonely here being new in town but with some effort hopefully that shall be taken care of. My only really really big problem now is my horniness. It surpasses anything of the sort I've ever felt so far. But that's life.

When I came to the Centre I had hoped to observe/participate in the workings of the organization and methods of treatment. Upon talking to Betty Palk, my supervisor, I learned I could only function in an observational capacity. At first I was disappointed because I wanted to learn first-hand the skills used by psychiatric social workers (casework as opposed to community organizing). As we talked further I became aware of "systems theory." This in itself, I learned, is a whole new upcoming field. Very well then. Betty and I resolved I would be using my time at the Centre for two things. The latter being a subset of the former. (1) exploring the different disciplinary systems in the Centre and how they relate (if they do or do not) and (2) learning various modes of therapy for various psychiatric disorders. I said psychiatric because the Centre has two sides, mental retardation and psychiatric.

The mode in which I am going to try to understand the different disciplines in social work, psychology, and medicine is the exciting part of my stay in Woodstock. I get so excited about what I look in on at the Centre I sometimes have trouble falling asleep at night. I really do. I mostly attend meetings of all sorts. These deal

with two types. First staff centered meetings; social services board meetings, team meetings (on specific residents), diagnostic conferences (for education of the staff), clinic meetings comprised of the different departments -- psychology, social work, and medicine -- (working in the clinic), and family therapy meetings (review of a particular family undergoing therapy via one-way mirror). This does not include conferences between one or two people that occur all the time. The second kind of get-together is resident oriented. This means outpatient treatment assessment groups, family therapy sessions, and meetings in the various psychiatric units. The list of these two kinds of meetings is growing all the time and I'm sure if I thought hard enough I could come up with more, but I fail to see the need to do so here-and-now.

In addition to the meetings I'll be reading and listening to tapes.

So as I am attentive to the workings of the clinic and the three psychiatric units/cottages (short term, long term, and geriatrics) I am also picking up what I call academic knowledge, centering on types of therapy and therapists. And I can always use more of this.

## I thought Psychiatrists were free of prejudices

Another chunk of my learning here has come unexpectedly. It deals with rethinking some of the earlier programs I have held for years about the staff and patients of mental health institutions and the local town people who live surrounding the institution. Without going into elaborate detail I have more than once found myself looking upon residents of the Centre as being subhuman objects worthy of study, but no more. The staff are seeming to me to be less and less like superhuman supermen therapists. After I heard one of the social workers refer to a fellow social worker as a "faggot", as he said, my bubble has been broken. I once thought psychiatrists, social workers and the like were free of prejudices. I wonder how good is the name-caller social worker going to be with someone who is gay or more frequently people who have homosexual fears. It appears to me that this lad hasn't begun to deal with his own homosexual

thoughts. So how in the hell can he begin to deal with someone else's thoughts? ?????????? My last program I'm having to rethink is my demeaning attitude toward the local citizens. Since I've been working at the Centre I have adopted an elite superior attitude to the locals. I'm not sure whether or not this comes in part from the other staff at the Center.

The latter question is one of many questions I'm beginning to formulate and ask of myself and the staff I am currently working with. Other such questions are: how well do the different disciplines really work together; does anyone use psychological test results in follow-up treatment; is the staff trying to help individuals in the community become growing, aware persons or is the staff just helping local people conform to middle-class social norms; are all the staff meetings really necessary; what does the staff mean when

## **What is 'normal'?**

they say someone is not normal (which they do often); and, lastly, what good honest feedback can I give to Betty Palk, Ms. Holloway, and Dr. Russell??

Dan, there you have in a nut shell what my purpose here is... how I intend to achieve it...some attitudes I'm having to rethink...and some open-ended questions I am beginning to ask. I hope that most of what I have written is clear. I know it is a lot to digest and my writing ability is not the best at all times. But that is something I am trying to improve. One thing I have neglected to mention is that I am keeping two books. One book is a personal journal covering my everyday life here in Woodstock, often used as an alter-ego. The second journal which is also kept daily covers only my learning and activities at the Centre. I like to think of the work journal as a subset of the personal journal. Keeping two journals, I feel, is the best way of keeping straight what is what up here in Canada. This system will also make it easier of me to write the paper about my stay at the Center.

Have I left anything out you wish to know? If so please write and tell me. I'd be more than willing to oblige. As you can see I am still feeling my way. In the next few weeks I hope my learning jells

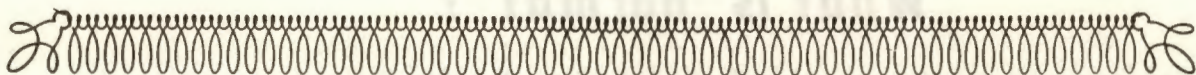
more than it is now. I'll have to be patient and see what happens.

Please feel free to show this to whomever you want to. If you or ANYONE else at TJC wants to write me -- hint -- my address is:

Charlie Klivans  
354 Victoria North  
Woodstock, Ontario  
Canada

and for gosh sakes do. I'm God awful lonely. So for now until next week or sooner goodbye and hope all is well on that side of the border.

with much love,  
Charlie



*A*  
**Warm & Fuzzy**  
*Fairy Tale*

Once upon a time, even longer than long ago, there lived a very warm and happy family: a father named Father, a mother named Mother, and their two adorable children, Brother and Sister. To appreciate how really warm and happy this family was, you have to understand how things were in those days. You particularly have to understand about the Warm Fuzzys.

It was the custom, then, to give every child, at birth, a wonderfully marvelous bag of their very own. The bag was quite small, and made of the softest, fuzziest material you could imagine.

It never felt heavy or full, and yet anytime you put your hand



inside, you would find a Warm Fuzzy there.



Finding a Warm Fuzzy in your bag was just about the nicest feeling in the world. In fact, the only feeling any nicer was when you gave your Fuzzy to someone else.

Warm Fuzzys were about the size of a little girl's hand, and while they came in many different colors, they were all equally soft and warm and fuzzy.

When you took a Fuzzy out of your bag and gave it to someone else, it would smile a soft smile, sigh a deep sigh and blossom, right then and there, into a large, shaggy, Warm Fuzzy, just the right size to put around a shoulder or lay in a lap.

There, it would immediately snuggle up even closer and make you feel warm and fuzzy and good all over.

Getting plenty of Warm Fuzzys was important to everyone's well being, because without them you would gradually develop a sickness in your back which would cause you to shrivel up and die.

There was little danger of that happening in those days, however because it was so easy to get Warm Fuzzys.

Anytime someone felt like it, they could just walk up to you and say, "I'd like to have a Warm Fuzzy."

You would then reach into your bag and give them one, and watch them smile and grow warm and fuzzy all over.

Most of the time they would give you a Fuzzy in return and you could grow warm and fuzzy together.

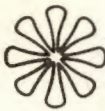
Some people enjoyed giving away their Fuzzys, even when not asked. And everyone, in their own way, was equally free with their Fuzzys because there were always plenty to go around.

No matter how often, or how fast you reached into your bag, you always found another Fuzzy.

Because of this, everyone could feel warm and fuzzy anytime they wanted to, and it was easy for them to stay happy all of the time.







Or, at least until the old Witch moved into the neighborhood! She came in an old rusty wagon, intent on selling her magic health potions and enchanted happiness salves.

But, as you can imagine, everyone was too happily warm and fuzzy to care about her wares. This made her frustrated and angry. Being a clever old witch, she soon devised a devious plan.

On the last truly happy morning, she found Father watching Mother who was busy playing with Daughter.

"Look, Father," whispered the witch in a voice that creaked like her own rusty wagon wheel, "look at Mother giving all her Fuzzys to Daughter. If she keeps that up much longer, her bag will run dry and there won't be any more for you."

Father couldn't believe his ears. All of his life there had always been enough Fuzzys for everyone. "Do you mean to tell me the supply of Fuzzys is limited?" he asked.

"Absolutely!" replied the witch. "It happened only last week to the people on the other side of the mountain, and it was dreadful to behold. The worst part is, you never know exactly when it will happen. One day you'll reach into your bag and there will be nothing there! And once your bag runs dry, that's it, forever! It won't be long before you'll be left to shrivel up and die!"

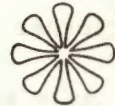
With that she hobbled away to her wagon, laughing and cackling at the trick she had pulled.

Father could hardly believe the witch's story at first, but it did make him fearful and suspicious. He decided to start counting everytime Mother gave a Warm Fuzzy to someone else. The more she gave the more he counted and the more he worried, because he was particularly fond of Mother's Fuzzy's, and he never wanted to be without them. Even if there was only a small chance that the witch told the truth, he didn't think it was right for Mother to spend all her Warm Fuzzys on the children and other people, so he began to complain out loud whenever he saw Mother give a Fuzzy to someone else.

Because Mother liked Father very much, and respected his wishes, she began withholding her Fuzzys from others, and reserved most of them for him.



The children quickly noticed this change, and soon began to get the idea that it was wrong to give Fuzzys too freely.



They began to object whenever they felt Father and Mother were giving too many Fuzzys to each other.

Even though they still found a Fuzzy each and every time they reached into their bags, they worried more and more about the witch's rumor of limited supply, so they reached less and less.

As this wicked idea began to spread throughout the neighborhood, everyone became more fearful and more stingy. The less they reached into their bags, the more scarce Warm Fuzzys became.

Everywhere you went, people complained of feeling less fuzzy and more unhappy. Some even shriveled up and died.

Many turned to the witch in desperation, and they bought large quantities of potions and salves, even though they didn't really work at all.

Now, the situation was becoming very serious indeed. If everyone shriveled up and died, there would be no more market for potions and salves, so the clever witch devised another devious plan.

She gave everyone a brand new bag that looked just like the warm fuzzy bag, except that it was cold and prickly.

Whenever you reached inside the witches bag, you found a Cold Prickly. Cold Pricklys didn't feel very good because they were lumpy and slimy like an old toadstool. When you gave one to someone else, it shriveled up into a small hard, spiny ball that made you feel cold and prickly all over.

This didn't make people happy, but it did keep them from shriveling up and dying, so the neighborhood began to accept Cold Pricklys as being better than nothing at all.

At first this created a lot of confusion. Some trusting people would still give a Warm Fuzzy when asked, only to get a Cold Prickly in return.

They soon learned their lesson, however, and it wasn't long before you could see the sad sight of two old friends asking each



other for Warm Fuzzys, but getting only Cold Pricklys.

As a result, fewer people were actually dying, but practically nobody was smiling, and absolutely EVERYBODY knew how badly it felt to be cold and prickly.

The situation was further complicated by the virtual disappearance of Warm Fuzzys. Even though you could still find one anytime you reached into your warm fuzzy bag, people were too afraid they might be feeling the last one. So, they used their cold prickly bags almost exclusively. This made Warm Fuzzys very scarce and valuable, and people would do almost anything to get one.


Some heartless people even went so far as to disguise some of their Cold Pricklys to make them LOOK like Warm Fuzzys, which they in turn sold at dear prices to people who still cared enough to give a Fuzzy, but were too afraid to reach into their own bag for one.

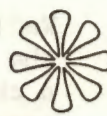
These people would then exchange their imitations, alternately known as False Fuzzys or Plastic Pricklys, in the anticipation of feeling warm and fuzzy, again.

When, instead, they continued to feel cold and prickly, they became confused and more afraid than ever to involve themselves with Warm Fuzzys under any conditions.

At this dismal point in time, another stranger moved into the neighborhood. Unlike the ugly old witch who caused all the trouble in the first place, this was a young woman with long golden hair, bright smiling cheeks and generous proportions that caused people to call her the Hip Woman.

Having no knowledge of the witch or her scheme, the Hip Woman was not the least bit worried about running out of Fuzzys. She gave them out freely, even when not asked, but mostly to the children, because they were the only ones left who were not afraid of getting a Cold Prickly by mistake.

The parents were shocked by this unexpected show of generosity and they strongly disapproved of the Hip Woman's influence. 



The children liked her very much, however, because they always felt warm and fuzzy and happy around her. It wasn't very long before they had developed the habit of handing out Fuzzys whenever they felt like it.

Their cold and prickly parents quickly passed a law making it a crime to pass out Warm Fuzzys in a free and reckless manner.

The law, they said, was designed to protect the children from the danger of running out of Fuzzys too soon, and thus dooming themselves to a long lonely life of feeling cold and prickly ... or worse ... shriveling up and dying.

A few people thought the law was really designed to protect the parents from the frustration of feeling old and prickly while their children were feeling young and fuzzy, but they didn't say it out loud very loudly.

So the law came to pass and the witch was deputized to enforce it. Mostly, however, the Hip Woman and the children ignored all the fuss and continued to give their Warm Fuzzys whenever and wherever they felt like it, and ALWAYS when asked.

Because there were so many children, and only one witch, she found it impossible to enforce the law and tend to her wagon at the same time.

Which brings our story right up to this very minute and leaves us with questions yet to be answered:

- Will the adult forces of law and order be able to stop the dangerous generosity of the children?
- Will the parents take a chance on joining their children, and thus bring back the days of original happiness?
- Will the wicked witch go out of business and take her wagonful of Cold Pricklys elsewhere?
- Is the supply of Warm Fuzzys REALLY unlimited, or will it run out someday as the witch claims?



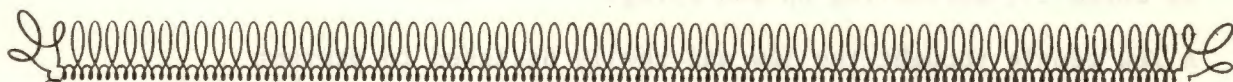
We'll have to wait for the future to bring us the answer, but in the meantime, if someone should ask YOU for a Warm Fuzzy, take a chance on giving one and see what happens ... even if that someone looks like a mean old witch!

...and everyone will live happily.

Claude M. Steiner



*The End*



# One-A-Day Theater

One-A-Day Theatre, a variety of short noon-hour plays will be offered this winter by the College of Arts and Sciences theatre department at Grand Valley State Colleges. Presented each week-day, from Tuesday, January 23 through Thursday, March 1, in GVSC's Calder Fine Arts Center Studio Theatre, the plays range in theme from stark drama, humor and puppetry, to a campy musical. Admission at-the-door is 50¢.

Productions this winter will include:

"Rats" by Israel Horovitz, directed by Richard Manske

"It Should Happen to a Dog" by Wolf Mankowitz, directed by Kathy Bertell

"Lorca: Celebration of Life and Death" and adaptation of Spanish works by Federico Gracia Lorca, directed by Laura Salazar and Virginia Helton

"Chicago" by Sam Shepard

"Ludlow Fair" by Lanford Wilson

"Lost Cartoon" by Lyla Hay Owen, directed by Robert Moyer. ◆

11 For further details, call 895-6611, ext. 222.

A major behavior breakthrough of the term is that I learned how to reinforce for question-asking: Answer them. (And, answer the question asked instead of the "more significant" question it reminds one of!)

## ANSWER THE QUESTION

If a teacher watches himself closely, he'll quickly see that he turns many, even most, of the questions he's asked into quizzes or counter-questions. Suddenly the student's curiosity to know has become the source of an anxiety situation for him. As a consequence, two things happen to question-asking: either (a) it drops way off and the faculty member finds himself asking and answering 90% of the questions or (b) the students ask questions they already know the answer to! The teacher is pleased and no one learns new information from the transaction. I talked with members of both classes about this. Their response was delighted laughter, the laughter of instant recognition.

Here's the incident that taught me to answer questions. It happened during the second class meeting. We were walking across the big field toward the corner pine plantation when Wendy O'Neil asked "Are those pines planted or are they natural?" My immediate impulse was to respond with "What do you think?" but before it formed in my throat I flashed ahead to what the rest of the conversation would be and I saw that I would never respond that way to Wendy as a person. Instead I would answer her. So I did. I said "They're planted." I had a teacher's internal-lament for a lesson "opportunity" lost but later figured I could answer the question and still teach the lesson. I could have said: "They're planted and I'll show you how I know when we get over there." As it was, I did show people when we got over there, but the continuity of the question and this later information were lost.

\*\*\*



Question-answering was such a successful reinforcer of question-asking that qualifiers such as "This is a stupid question but..." and "I know this question is off the subject but..." completely disappeared. In addition, the rate of question-asking became so high that it burst into group awareness around the sixth week and was the occasion of a crescendo gaggle of mock questions.

## **Teachers must ask**

# **"REAL" questions**

The very success of my breakthrough insight about questions contributed to a major failure of the ecology class: the one-wayness of information flow. On field trips there were several notable times when a student would teach some information about something we had encountered. Furthermore, it was done with no prodding. I usually didn't even know that the person knew the material he or she would begin to explain. In the main, however, I was the answerer and the students were the askers. Thus when the whole class had reached a certain level of competence, around the sixth week, the group-dynamic did not have built into it a mechanism whereby the students could take over more of the teaching (even of material they definitely knew). It wasn't until the eighth week that I realized how important it was for me to ASK questions, real questions -- ones to which I don't know the answers, want to, and am fairly sure the student does! I figured that, as a starter at least, I could always ask what prompted his question of me and to what he was relating the answer I had given him. How strange it feels to struggle to learn a way for a teacher to ask questions! The classroom context does strange things to this old head.



# STEVEN BRYHT'S

## ✿ *Memorial Service* ✿

To the TJC Community

Although I did not personally know Stephen Bryht before he was killed in Mexico last month, I did represent GVSC at his memorial service. It was held at the People's Church in Kalamazoo on Saturday, January 27, 1973. A number of TJC people were there.

The service succeeded in making me feel Stephen's personality and spirit. I left happy to have known him through that day's events, sad that I had not known him in person and angry that his life had been ended.

His parents and minister put together a multi-media service that I wish more people could have experienced (although the church was overflowing!). There were two slide shows. One was called "Solitude," the other was made up of scenes from the Kalamazoo Nature Center, where Stephen spent a good deal of his young life.

There were taped reminiscences put together during the week after he died. Friends young and old were asked to share their fond recollections. It was very moving.

On the joyful side, a musical group of his friends, the Mill Pond Mothers, sang some songs that Stephen used to say should be sung in church.

The minister, Roger, offered these thoughts on life and death.

Whenever a tragedy strikes it is inevitable that people seek an explanation, a reasonable answer. This is futile, unproductive, and hopeless. Man makes the reason and much that happens in the universe is quite unreasonable. If you look





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for justice in who dies and who does not, your task is impossible. Imagine trying to construct some humanitarian rationale to encompass the taking of the lives of 6 million Jews in World War II. Very plainly and very simply there is no cosmic court in which these decisions are handed down. There are accidents, there are germs, microbes and viruses, and there are maniacs. If we are men we will stand up to the worst along with the best. We will acknowledge cruelty, bestiality and tragedy. Above all in the presence of death is the need to be honest with one's own feelings and honest in accepting the fact of death. Not to add to the cruelty of the loss some fanciful deceit that somehow is supposed to make it all come right. Stephen's death was senseless, brutal, and a monstrous cruelty. Let us remember his life, not his death. Because it was so untimely, shocking, and premature we forget that everyone must die and that the fact of death is not what we should remember. Each of you has many memories of this young man. I am sure that his wish would be that you build something warm and loving out of your recollections and into your own lives. Stephen was a gentle, loving, open, warm, friendly, straight-forward person. Those are admirable qualities that do not suffer from over-cultivation in our society. It will not do to seek to pacify our sense of loss by railing against the stupidity of man or the act of one demented person. Steve might well ask, "Is this all that my life meant that there is nothing left but to spew venom at those responsible for my death?" What a waste it would be if we are to conduct ourselves in this manner. Instead, seek to be as open, warm, expressive and loving as he was for these are traditions that live

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only when there are people keeping them alive. Love is not an accident. Humor is not automatic. Kindness needs cultivation. Openness is an art. Gentleness is a gift. Take inventory and see wherein you lack and resolve that with this young man's being pulled from the passing parade that you will seek to pick up what death forced him to put down. If a man is to be remembered with dignity and genuine affection, let the things for which he cared shine on in you. This is not a time for bitterness but for honest sorrow and the flood of tears that accompanies a loss. Be human, allow your feelings to run free but then when the catharsis of mourning has done its work, return to the daily demands of life with renewed dedication to being and becoming a better person. It is an act of desecration to allow one man's passing to preclude your own growth and development and the perpetuation of the things he held dear. Grow, grow doubly so for Stephen was interrupted in his ascent and it is for us the living to carry on.

No one ever dies who is remembered with love.

How altogether fitting it is that this memorial service should be held on a day when peace is, at last, a reality in Vietnam. How appropriate that one who was so peaceful and loving himself, is remembered on this day when at last the gun has been put away, the uniform set aside, and the song of peace is heard in the land.

Many many of Steve's friends wished to ease the burden in their own hearts by sharing their outpourings with you this day. We have gathered together but a small portion of the many expressions that we have heard this past week. Listen. 18

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There was also in the printed program a poem by Santayana.

To W.P.

With you a part of me hath passed away;  
For in the peopled forest of my mind,  
A tree made leafless by this wintry wind  
Shall never don again its green array.  
Chapel and fireside, country road and bay,  
Have something of their friendliness resigned;

Another, if I would, I could not find  
And I am grown much older in a day.  
But yet I treasure in my memory  
Your gift of charity, and young heart's ease  
and the dear honor of your amity;  
For these, once mine, my life is rich with these.  
And I scarce know which part may greater be -  
What I keep of you, or you rob from me.

- George Santayana

It isn't easy for most of us to deal with death, either the death of a friend or the prospect of one's own. Back on campus after the Stephen Bryht Memorial Service, in talking with Marta Townsend we felt that others should know about what had happened in Kalamazoo that day: hence this letter.

Kenneth Venderbush

February 9, 1973



# 3 Short Poems



As we float  
along  
in our bubbles  
with our good times and  
our troubles  
and the thoughts  
that Laing calls knots  
are no more than trees  
that grow free,  
the ones we don't see  
because of all the  
houses and peoples.  
Cried the wanderer,  
one warm day,  
Directions my friend are  
undirected  
and left  
undetected.

---Michael Murdock



## HOME

Birds nest in the wall:  
Crumbled brick,  
Cracked plaster,  
Snowflakes filling it,  
Children throwing rocks at it,  
The wind is carrying it away,  
Twig by twig.

---Bobbie Hill



ED ROBERTSON

You said  
Dream of lizzards  
But I dream of rabbits,  
Not taut shrieking faces  
Banshee darkness, death,  
But fur, a warm eye  
The cuddly softness,  
The steady, shy, calm  
Live, docile breath  
Of deep-boned life.

---Bobbie Hill





## **"Fishy" aspects of Women's Lib**

*It seems womens lib is no new concept in the fish world or for that matter the animal world as well. However, amongst a certain species of tropical fish, i.e., the Wrasses, which are brightly colored and about 3 to 6 inches long, the female can and is very often drastically liberated. Females have the*

ability to change from female to male at will once the dominance of the school's male is removed. Female Wrasses must suppress a natural tendency to change sex, and the male has to constantly be on his guard against this tendency so as to maintain dominance of his harem of three or four females who are each assigned definite places in this hierarchy. If the male is somehow removed by a predator or other cause, the highest ranking female undergoes a natural change wherein her ovaries turn into testes. The new male then keeps his harem in line similarly until something happens to him and then the cycle is repeated. The interesting thing is that the "liberated female", turned male, takes on all the physical as well as behavioral patterns of the male and in turn has to constantly be on guard against the females in his harem liberating themselves.



# A Lesbian Society?

There certainly is a correlation of sorts here with the women's lib movement. Is the Lesbian society the feminist solution? The thought appals me. Although I realize there are many good things about the women's lib movement, especially as far as correcting glaring inequities, I like being a woman for "a that." So many of the women libbers become so completely chauvinistic in their own way that they can't help but antagonize and "turn off" a large segment of the female as well as male population. Let's take a step or two at a time - win people over with reason and not invectives and hostility. "It's a man's world" should not be equated with it's a bad world. Eternal optimist that I am as well as "eternal woman", I as well as most women can't swallow that. A sense of humor (lacking so much among many women libbers), perspective, the ability to listen, reason and discuss problems in an intelligent constructive and open-minded manner can do so much to bridge gaps and make this a better world for all. WE MUST REACH OUT NOT STRIKE OUT!

Mary T.

# ❖ TJC 1976 ❖

## a developmental scenario



### Part I: The Evolution of Departments

In the spring of '73, TJC's Faculty paid careful attention to avoiding discipline overlap in hiring new people. This happened eventhough two of their members, D. Klein and G. Davis, had the same academic backgrounds and were each making unique contributions to the curriculum (and would even if they taught the same material). The first instance of hiring, and it was the prototype of all subsequent ones, involved the search for a second musician. That he or she was to be complementary and not to have "competing" skills with B. Schechtman was an early element in the decision to merge the Unit Faculties for hiring purposes.

In hiring interviews the emphasis subltley changed away from "We know you can teach so-and-so, what we want to know is what else can yo do?" and from seeking people who would be hired primarily because they were dynamically useful to students and to personalized learning. Instead, the Faculty placed more emphasis on whether or not the candidate would "round out" the curriculum offerings in the area considered. To this end, as much weight was given to the opinion of the candidate's "discipline colleague" as to the intuitive sense of the Faculty acting in unison with their focus on how broadly the candidate contributes to the whole. This shift made sense also because the joined Faculties were so large that unanimous intuition was hard to obtain.

In the fall of '74, when a third musician was to be hired, the TJC Faculty asked its two music colleagues to screen all applicants and present two candidates for them to choose between. This move was welcomed because it made hiring by the whole Faculty wieldy again. The same procedure was adopted for each discipline searching for a third member.

(ed's comment: the process is clear. Already the very  
23 language of the last sentence is departmental. See  
also Parts II & IX).







## Part II: The Evolution of Pre-requisites (and thus, required courses)

As Thomas Jefferson grew and there were several disciplines represented by two or three Faculty members, there arose an informal and completely reasonable evaluation of the needs met by different courses in the same area. In each instance, it went similarly to the following events in ecology.

In the spring of '74, Cameron Wilson offered a course in quantitative methods in plant ecology while the other ecologist on the Faculty offered one called "Fundamentals of Ecology" (which would also cover field methods) Unwittingly and very informally, Wilson made "Fundamentals" a prerequisite for "Methods" by suggesting to students who came to ask him about his course that, if they hadn't worked with ecology before, "Fundamentals" would be more of what they wanted. He also encouraged students to join his seminar who knew some ecology and wanted more. It was genuinely useful advice to people in both situations and

# BY '77 1000 STUDENTS

it seemed like a marvellous solution to the perennial TJC problem of different-level expectations among the participants of any given seminar. Suddenly, "Fundamentals" was not burdensomely superficial for those students who knew some ecology and wanted to concentrate on it, and "Methods" was not frustratingly detailed for those students who wanted to learn ecology but had little experience with it.

So, absolutely un-mentioned in formal descriptions of the College, a whole series of Pre-requisites-In-Actuality evolved in those disciplines with two or more faculty represented. By '77, when the College had grown to 1,000 students, a "Suggested Sequence of Courses" in each of several disciplines was published to save faculty members the hassle of repeating their recommendations over and over a thousand times." This move was hit upon with a great sigh of relief. It freed the faculty to spend that time with students in "more meaningful ways" and coincidentally codified TJC's system of pre-requisites.



The publication of the "Suggested Sequences" in '77 revealed the existence of upper-division and lower-division courses and students. The system had existed informally in at least some areas as long as there had been pre-requisites, starting in 1971 with Schechtman's Materials of Music and joined a year later by P. Efron's courses in History of Revolutions. Steadily the division of students into beginners and upper-classmen expanded from these two areas to cover more than half the curriculum by 1975. TJC chose never to formally adopt the system because it was too "old-fashioned." However, it continued to exist in the only place where it matters educationally, in the classroom where new students were regularly segregated from more experienced ones and the modelling they could provide.



#### Part IV: The Evolution of a Fixed (Repeated) Curriculum

As the single-body College grew and there were more students in each "area" of study, professors found themselves responding to demands to repeat courses that had closed-out in previous terms.

## **REDUCING OF STUDENT-GENERATED SEMINARS**

In addition, they sweetened their suggestions that a student take a "background" course before taking theirs by assuring him that theirs would be offered again. When "Suggested Sequences" were printed in the timetables, each faculty member's availability for sponsoring un-predicted, student-generated seminars was reduced even more. It was simply a case of meeting expressed expectations. Known possibilities always draw more requests than unknown ones, and there was always pressure from the backlog of requests to repeat again what had been offered before and missed.

Although the possibility for innovation and student-generated seminars was still central to TJC's appeal and philosophy, in actuality only new faculty members whose contributions in an area were not yet fixed could respond. These were proportionately a smaller and smaller number of TJC's Faculty each year.





## Part V: The Demise of Special Studies

The most highly vaunted part of TJC's innovative curriculum is the "Special Study", a chance for the individual to design his own course and to work in close accord on a one-to-one basis with a faculty member.

# Special Studies Decline to 10%

Even in '73 when the College had reached 600 people, almost half the credit generated was in special studies. By '76, however, the proportion had dropped to 1/10th. No one quite understood this trend since the student/faculty ratio had not changed. The situation paralleled the fate of "Tutorials" in CAS and Cam Wilson suggested that with many more students perceiving each faculty member as a source of certain kinds of studies, the probability went way up that two, five or more would approach him to do studies that could be readily combined onto an advance-level seminar. In addition, Wilson found it more efficient to "collect" special study requests in a specific area for two or three quarters and then to handle them all together in a seminar format. In this way, he was able to organize his own academic preparatory work much more efficiently. Finally, Cam mused that in the early days of TJC, special studies were an individuals way to enrich the curriculum, a task now performed for him or her by the great variety of seminars offered. The loss is that the student could take a special study when he wanted to, without pre-requisites, tailored by him to his particular needs and with one-to-one contact between him and an instructor. No seminar provides him or her with that.

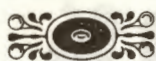


## Part VI: The De-Personalizing of Records

As Thomas Jefferson grew and began to get a history, someone had to focus more attention on student records and on registration. The job was taken up by L. Kaufman and recognised officially a year later in '72. Even then, Administrative Asst. Kaufman managed affairs in a personal way. Through '72, TJC was still small enough for one person to know the names of every student, and even to have a continuing

4  
feel in his head for where each person roughly "was" in regards to credits, incompletes, special problems, etc. Almost every transaction was handled face-to-face on the day the need arose. In '74, however, Lee very sensibly didn't even attempt to handle things this way and his full-time secretary was too busy herself to know more than a handful of students by name.

## Changed from personal



TO



**IMPERSONAL**

The Administrative Assistant's Office successfully kept pace with the increasing demands made on it by a larger student population and a longer history for each student. The kind of transactions between students and the Office changed, however, from personal to impersonal, from corner-grocery to Superstore.

When asked why that made any difference, Cam Wilson said "From each student's perspective, his own records were kept only as efficiently as before whereas he lost his ability to personally effect the work done relative to him. The Office can only be called more efficient in terms of its ability to handle three times as many students as it used to. One result of each student's reduced personal consequence in the records realm of TJC is that it furthers the division of the college into a providing institution and purchasing consumers."



### Part VII: The Emergence of Large Classes

27 With the conversion of many special studies into small special-area seminars, room was made for them in the curriculum by offering the more general-interest seminars less frequently

# AVERAGE SEMINAR

## 45 STUDENTS

and by making them twice as large. By 1975, the average class size for a generally wanted seminar was 45 students. TJC was proud that it had such small large classes.



### Part VIII: The De-Personalizing of Instruction

Se Parts V and VII, above.



### Part IX: The Emergence of Seniority-consciousness Among the Faculty

With the development of TJC's curriculum into large general-interest seminars and small special-interest seminars, the senior faculty member in any given discipline used his leverage to "hang onto the good old days" as long as he could by filling his schedule with a disproportionate share of the smaller seminars. It was easy since the more advanced students who had been here longer were more likely to know him and to come to him with special study requests, on the average, than they were to go to the newest colleague.

(ed's comment: imagine what this did to hiring)



### Part X: Hindsight

In recalling Thomas Jefferson's development from '72 through '76, Cameron Wilson said: "I can remember saying that

since we had to grow, if we didn't build-in alternatives to departments and standardized curricula, we'd end up with the latter by dint of inertia. We'd get there even though each move toward them would be made in the spirit of our original drive to respond to and meet student needs, and with the best of intentions.

## Separate Units in Name Only

We did create the alternative structure in '72 and promptly emasculated it by not implementing it on the level that counts, the one that shapes daily activity. It became my routine to protest this. I protested treating the students as one group -- which we did in all except one area, student government (and even that pretense of separation was abandoned in November '72 with the initiation of joint Town Meetings). Then, in January '73, the Unit I Faculty determined to have a voice in the hiring of new faculty members and Dean Gilmore wanted joint meetings of the Faculties, and the Curriculum and Academic Affairs Committees to simplify his communications task. After that, the Faculties were separate in name but were joined where it counts, on the level of activity.

At that time I thought if we separated the Student bodies by allowing them to register for courses in their own Units only, separated the Faculties in all their functions and established an Administrative Assistant in each Unit to handle its records and registration, we could avoid the drift to departments, a fixed curriculum and impersonalness. Lacking such a designed structure, and given growth, I predicted we would eventually break-down into manageable units along some other lines, namely departmental and administrative ones. I can't know for sure if the Unit plan would have prevented this, but I think it was worth a try.

of a say-so in who their colleagues would be and of administrative convenience, by combining Units, was worth the loss of small-college flexibility and personalness that Units could provide. And I see their point since, in January '73, the gain had already been felt and the loss had not yet occurred.

My preference would have been to grow by separate Units, sacrificing curriculum richness, hiring-power and some administrative efficiency for the chance to know many of the people in my Unit in more than one way and to work with all of them more personally. I think that way of organizing TJC would have kept its effectiveness in educating the whole person, its inventiveness and flexibility in the curriculum of each student and of TJC as a whole, and finally, I think it would have preserved the ambiance of an academic community at TJC".



THOMAS JEFFERSON COLLEGE  
GRAND VALLEY STATE COLLEGE  
ALLENDALE, MICH. 49401

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