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I Remember The Bull Frog Pond

Grand Valley State College. Thomas Jefferson College

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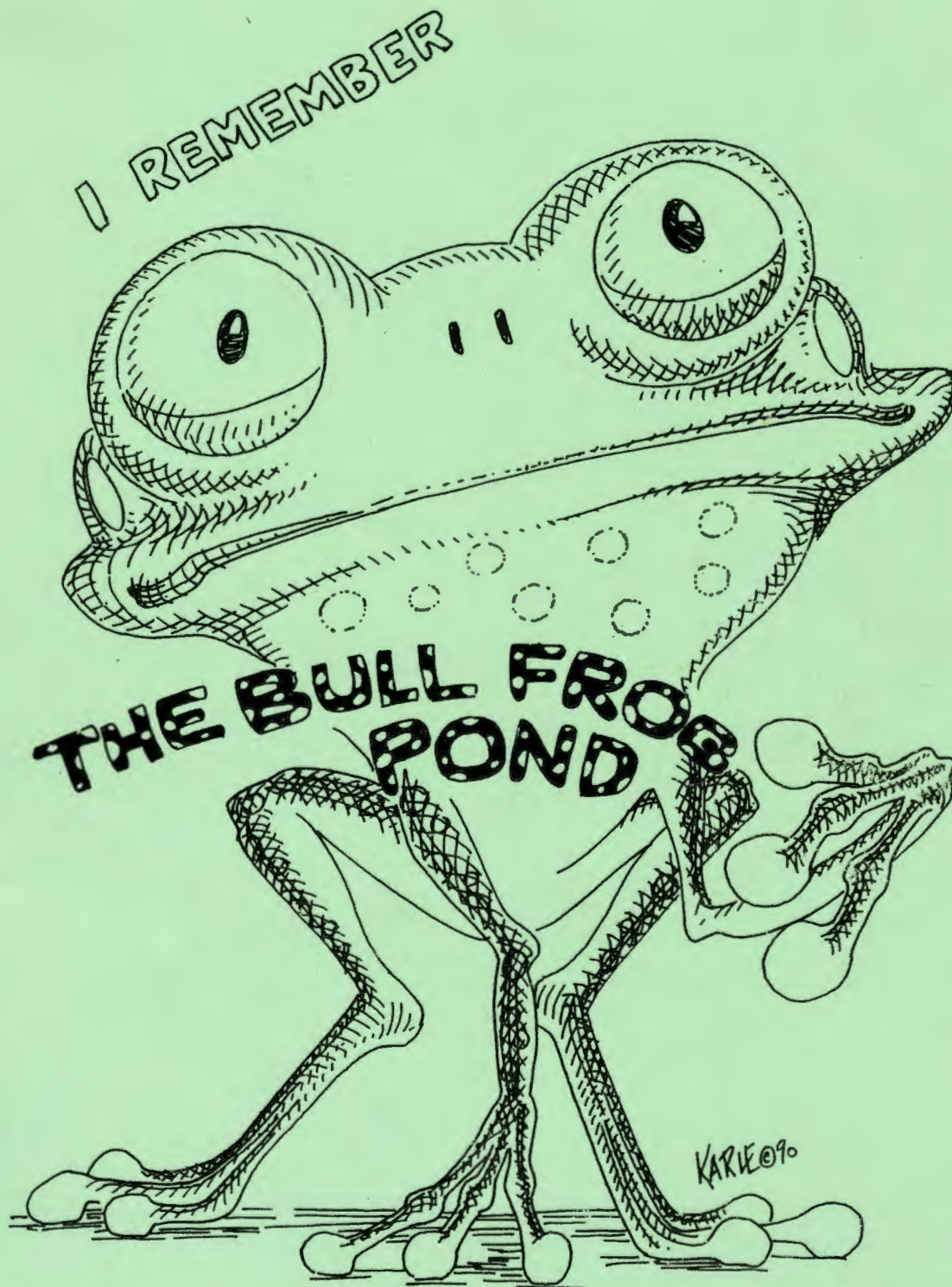
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Thomas Jefferson College GRAND VALLEY STATE



Prologue

Last August alumni, former students and faculty, and friends of Thomas Jefferson College gathered for a 1990 Advance in the old tradition of TJC Advances in days gone by. It was a time for remembering, ten years had passed since the closing of TJC. With great spirit and camaraderie, TJCers celebrated their friendships and relived their student years. Current events were discussed as well, and all who gathered were inspired by the openness and desire to share feelings, philosophies and experiences.

Out of the weekend Advance came the suggestion that another edition of the **Bullfrog Pond** be published. The call for literary contributions went out, and this publication was born.

Many thanks to Mary T. and John Benser who edited **The Bullfrog** and kept it on track. Many thanks also to everyone who contributed financially to defray printing costs. Additional copies may be purchased by calling the GVSU Alumni Office, (616) 895-3576. A \$3-5.00 contribution is requested.

Grand Valley State University

Alumni Relations

March 6, 1991

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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Sharon Bush
Julian Catford
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Paul Corneil
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Barbara Gibson
Bruce Goldfarb
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Joyce Jenkins
Dale Johnson
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Ann Michael
Karle Murdock
Joe Paterick
Beth Sanders
Mary TePastte
Sherri Terrell
Suzette Treesong
Bob Vance
John Warren
Jim White
Don Williams

GRAND VALLEY STATE UNIVERSITY

Thomas Jefferson College

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The TJC Advance was like "coming home" for a unique group of people; a community in the finest sense of the word. Once again we were able to enjoy the rarefied air of our own "Camelot". Perhaps this may sound too idealistic to some, but, being there with TJC people, sharing thoughts, memories, catching up on what has transpired in your life was so stimulating, so exciting!

I couldn't help but compare other school reunions with that so-called school spirit (Rah! Rah! Sis-Boom-Bah!) with Jefferson. At TJC there was a genuine feeling of togetherness, a community come back to life. Yes, the years had brought changes but they were mostly external and concerned with adjustment to making a living, raising a family, etc. That same quality that distinguished and brought you to TJC -- "daring to be different," learning without walls or restrictions, searching for answers, interchange of ideas and concerns, and above all, "caring", was still very much a part of you.

Some discussion took place about starting a college patterned after TJC so that others might enjoy the same spirit, the same interchange of ideas, the same freedom to learn and be part of a caring community. A suggestion was made to start a fund in memory of our own Bud Haggard, whose tragic death and that of his family was so deeply felt by all. It could be called the "Bud Haggard Memorial Fund for Alternative Education" and offer a scholarship to a student who was interested in pursuing this type of learning. Many details would need to be worked out. What do you think?

I do want to thank President Lubbers, Nancee Miller and Mary Neal of the GVSU Alumni Office for making this ADVANCE possible. Nancee and Mary invested a lot of time and energy on this project and probably worried a lot about this MOST UNTRADITIONAL COLLEGE REUNION. I do believe they enjoyed it! The college, through President Lubbers, gave it their blessing and spent more and did more than was planned originally. We do owe them a special vote of thanks.

My love to all of you. I can still feel the warmth of your greetings, the hugs, the joy at being reunited. Thomas Jefferson College was one of the most exciting, stimulating and broadening experiences of my life - being part of TJC and getting to know all you beautiful people will always be a treasured memory.

Mary TePastte
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Professor Dan Andersen

Reflections of an Organic Gardener, or
The Secret Life of Plants, Revisited

Yes, TJC was a "mountain-top" experience for all of us. Where else could both students and faculty and staff members do the unusual and creative things they did? Where else could a physics prof have classes in organic gardening and an English lit prof have classes in alternative forms of energy? Perhaps it is a fortunate thing that I, a physics prof, got into gardening the way I did when I did, bringing the acute observational techniques and analytical skills of a physicist to bear upon the process of planting and maintaining and harvesting garden veggies. For I have observed and documented certain activities and abilities on the part of plants that may possibly bode ill for us as a species.

Those who read The Secret Life of Plants became aware of what can be called "plant consciousness." What I fear is that that "plant consciousness" can become a cooperative activity among plants that could lead to a "plant conspiracy." What am I talking about and what is my point? Here's an example:

I'm weeding a row of carrots. What simpler, more mundane a chore is there for a gardener? I painstakingly and meticulously pull every last weed in that row. I know the difference between carrots and lambs quarters and red root. The row is picked clean! I get up and stretch and turn around a couple times to loosen up. Lo and behold, what do I see? Several tall easily identified lambs quarters are sticking up among those carrots! Where did they come from? They simply weren't there a few moments ago! Have they the uncanny ability to simply materialize in a moment of time, fully grown? Or did they disguise themselves as carrots while I was weeding and then revert to their true identity when my back was turned? Or, shudder, shudder, did some carrots betray their true identity and, for spite, turn themselves into lambs quarters? Whatever the answer, this is a serious matter. If plants conspired together in such an activity, whatever it is, they might simply overrun a garden in a way beyond control, or a whole crop of carrots might disappear!

Another example:

Cucumbers are ripening on the vine. They're still small, need a few days to become succulent and ready to eat. So when the right day comes to pick some, I go get a few. And they're really good. But what do I find? Some cucumbers have over-ripened themselves. They are big and orange and bitter, simply inedible! And they were not there the day before! I know it. My acute observational skills would have detected them. What an uncanny ability, to be able to escape my clutches and go straight to the overripe stage, beyond eating! Let me tell you, if cucumbers get to conspire together in this matter, we may find them a worthless crop and they will disappear from the food markets.

I could cite other examples. There are the string beans that pull an act something like the cucumbers. They go directly to the tough stringy stage, skipping the tender edible stage. I find beans like this all the time! I'm sure quack grass has already reached the stage of cooperative conspiracy. When a few quack grass roots are removed, the others in the near vicinity get together and simply take over the area. One can almost hear them jeering: "Take one of us and there are a hundred to take its place!" And I'm convinced they are in the process of banding together and joining their rhizomes into one vast network that will take over the planet. I've carefully traced some of them and know that they're doing it. I'm sure I could trace their roots right under the road into the field across the street, perhaps even under the Grand River over to the other side!

The matter is serious. If a few isolated plants do this at random, unrelated times, perhaps we can rest easy. But if they develop a consciousness beyond their own immediate planthood and become conscious of others of their own kind and get to communicating among themselves, we'll really be in a pickle! I'm not sure just what measures, if any, can be taken. It may be too late about the quack grass. When their time comes, they're just going to do us in. Our one hope is that they may have trouble finding the proper leader to give the signal.

I appeal to those among you who have done gardening to help. Perhaps together we can yet rescue our species from the consequences of what seems possible if plants conspire against us. I have absolutely no doubt that every one of you who have done some gardening know exactly what I am talking about. You have seen these things happening. You can likely cite other examples. Perhaps you haven't realized the gravity of the situation. Perhaps these warnings of mine will cause you to sharpen your observations and verify my concerns and perhaps contribute some advice. Perhaps the time has come that we should start alerting others that plants may end up treating us like dirt!

Meanwhile, love a broccoli stalk! Treat all your veggies with TLC!

I wonder, could it be that I'm a jinx, or am I just some kind of harbinger of change, like the groundhog's shadow, fall colors, or the return of the monarch to these eucalyptus groves? Of course it could be mere coincidence, this uncanny knack I have for getting in on a good thing just as it's about to end. TJC for example... it closed the year I graduated. In the ensuing years, I've kept searching for places like TJC where Nature, Art and Spirit are celebrated and honored. Finding such places has been difficult, but delightful. What worries me is what happens to these chunks of Paradise whenever I do find them...

Found myself a fellow searcher some ten years back at a health food store in Grand Rapids. He's a Dutch sailor and boat carpenter with strong, honest hands, eyes twinkling and clearest blue, and tradewinds blowing all through his aura. When we met I'd just had a profoundly spiritual underwater experience in the Florida Keys, and Frederik's tales of diving for black coral in Hawaii and sailing the South Pacific hooked me good. I was between roles... you may remember my performance at TJC as the Hindu nun in "The Sound of Carnatic Music"... I went on to play a yuppie nurse in Ann Arbor in a tragi-comic farce which was supposed to be about how to marry an Indian doctor, but this sailor kept sending me cards with pictures of sunsets, whales and wizards... I married him instead.

We've been playing Sixties Holdouts/New Age Gypsies, travelling and living in old trailers, buses and vans, though we've settled down some since we had our children. In our early days of tripping in our little '53 Fleetwood trailer, we stumbled upon five acres of Paradise in St. Pete, Florida, an artist's community call "The Blueberry Patch" (why, I forget--there were plenty of oranges, but nary a blueberry).

We met lots of interesting folks there, including some former TJC students and T. Dan Gilmore's cosmic twin, a designer of "ecological art" named Dallas Bohrer. Dal's obsession was with functional artwork made from cast-off materials, especially discarded wooden pallets. There were gazebos, wooden walkways through meditation gardens, towers, a stage, and a funky outdoor bathhouse, all built by Patch residents and guests. Visitors were welcomed and encouraged to stay as long as they liked, provided they contributed something to enhance the beauty of the place... and it was beautiful!

A year or so after our idyll there ended, so did the Blueberry Patch. Seems the city fathers teamed up with a developer to force the Patch residents out, bulldozing all of their wooden creations along with the lush native vegetation to make way for "condoms" (short for condominiums). Renamed the place "Maximo Woods", in memory, I suppose, of the woods they'd destroyed.

Memories... we have such fine ones of camping for free along the California coast, going to bed with the sea breeze caressing us and the waves singing us to sleep. But whenever we've returned to a favorite spot, we've found that signs

Memories... we have such fine ones of camping for free along the California coast, going to bed with the sea breeze caressing us and the waves singing us to sleep. But whenever we've returned to a favorite spot, we've found that signs prohibiting overnight parking had been placed there in the interim. In 1986, when our daughter was a year old, we decided to give up our apartment and move into our comely '55 Ford schoolbus, so we could show her some of our Gypsy ways while there was still time. We spent three weeks at Pigeon Point, an incredibly scenic spot between San Francisco and Santa Cruz, where we watched whales, dolphins, otters and seals frolic in the surf, waded in tidepools studying anemones and hermit crabs, and browned our buns on the secluded rocky beaches. One day we returned to camp just in time to rescue our bus from the claws of a tow truck. We were among the last campers ever to stay at Pigeon Point... the "no parking 12 a.m.-6 a.m." signs went up days later.

We didn't give up being Gypsies easily. Our schoolbus was home, but since the authorities did their damndest to prevent us from using it as such, we often found ourselves without a place to camp, and had to live, at those times, like the truly homeless--sleeping in our car, bathing in the sink at McDonald's, etc. Eventually we grew weary of the "homeless boogie" and sold out/bought in; we got ourselves a trailer in a trailer park just outside of Santa Cruz. Living in a trailer park ain't easy, but we're fortunate to have found affordable housing in this area, where it's so scarce, especially for families. Everybody wants to live here... it's such a cool place! Santa Cruz has been called "the city with a heart", and the name fits... people here seem to genuinely accept and appreciate each others differences. We have artists, activists, Rastafarians, retirees, yogis and yogins, psychics, surfers, gays and lesbians, deadheads, punk rockers, and even a few Republicans, all living in some kind of harmony. There's a university, U.C.S.C., with cluster colleges including a TJC analog, a number of co-operatives, and movements and support groups for everyone, from Children for Peace, to the California Grey Bears, Earth First! to the War Tax Resistance, Somos Hermanas to Gay and Lesbian Vegetarians. Cultural opportunities abound... I've taken classes in African dance and Native American beadwork, and my daughter Miranda appeared in a children's production of the Ranayana last spring. My infant son Mischa goes to Mothersong with me... has been serenaded there in utero as well. We may be living in a trailer park, but we're never bored here!

We were all feeling downright smug about having landed in Paradise once again, when on October 17, 1989, the great Santa Cruz earthquake (NOT "the great San Francisco earthquake", as the media erroneously presented it!) struck-- its epicenter approximately three miles from our trailer. We were shopping downtown in the Pacific Garden Mall, where

three people were killed; if the car hadn't overheated, we might have been in one of the buildings which collapsed. Whew! The devastation of the downtown area has been a tremendous blow to the economy, culture, social organization, and identity of Santa Cruz. Rebuilding will take years, and there is a great sense of uncertainty about whether the new downtown will reflect the spirit of Santa Cruz as the old downtown did.

This latest experience of "Paradise Lost" was especially unnerving, since there was no developer, cop, or Board of Control to blame. Could it be... me? I've been telling Frederik that next time we get a hankering for finding Utopia, we should spare the place and move to, say, Lubbock, Texas, instead!

"Don't it always seem to go
That you don't know what you've got till it's gone..."

-Joni Mitchell

Terrifying as the earthquake was, it was reassuring to be reminded of Who's Really In Charge... not us humans! And What's Really Important... Life and Love, not things.

Love to you all,
Rebecca "Ranjani"
Iftner

IN THE MIRROR

Her body, lit from behind
by a lamp, takes shape
in silhouette, resembles
a large, fleshy bird:
soft hair like feathers,
soft flesh distributed over bones,
a softness of age.
The woman stands on one leg, a stork.

She wishes to be able
to fly and to be able
to think like birds.
Knowing the turn of seasons exactly,
predicting the lift of air,
intuiting with such small equipment
(that tiny system of brain and bone)
precisely how to do the necessary:
eat, mate, locate water and earth for landings
and to soar! to sing!
She wishes this.

LESSONS

Learning from the boulder
planted on a mountain slope
the only one of its kind in the forest
among lodgepole pines and cedars.
Learning Alone.

This boulder
thrown or gently pushed here by the glacier
those tens of thousand years ago
still moving now but with a pace
only a rock could know.
Learning Slow.

The boulder
allows and welcomes lichen, moss
water, and ice, the imperceptible
wearing away of who it is
into the new beings it can become.
Learning Change. Surrender.

Learning Don't Complain
and Love What you Bear.
Learning Mix and Melt.
Learning Stay.

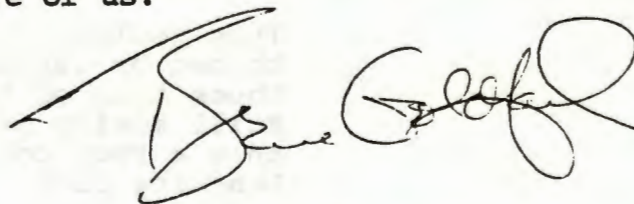
Poems by Barbara O'Mary
Submitted by Barbara Gibson

Dear Fellow TJC's;

The Advance brought back many fond and wonderful memories of the unique educational experiences that we all shared at Thomas Jefferson College. The learning experience was invaluable to me personally, and continues to serve me well in my life, as I am sure it does you. Rekindling old friendships that have drifted apart, making new friends with those few that share the bond and legacy no one has in common with us, was a joyous experience I am thankful for having had with you. Most of all coming back to Grand Valley was a healing experience for me, allowing me to reflect upon and appreciate what we had and lost, and often overlooked or took for granted when we were there at TJC.

I often ask myself, if at that time in my life, without TJC, would I have gone to college? Would I have stayed in College? Would I have graduated? And most importantly would I have learned as much or as well anywhere else? I think not. I am only sorry that the wonderful experience of TJC is not still available for others who have the potential, but do not conform to the "norms" of traditional education. Thank you Thomas Jefferson and everyone that made TJC what it was, for all that you have bestowed upon me, and all that has enriched my life because of what I learned and took with me from TJC.

I wish you all a much love, joy, happiness, good health and prosperity in the days and years that follow. I look forward to keeping in touch, and seeing you again at the next advance.....even more of us.



Ziggy



BRUCE E. GOLDFARB
3215 DRUMMOND
HOUSTON, TEXAS 77025

Feel free to use the following impressions of our 1990 TJC Advance.

Initially being bombarded by recognition, faces, names and hugs. People I had forgotten, things I had forgotten, as well as good friends still dear after years of separation. The sensation overwhelming, too much to grasp all at once. I believe I had a stupid grin on my face all night.

Later on, after music, chanting, slides, we walked the campus, over the bridge in the fog past two mammoth sculptures (one of which makes quite a good percussive sound) down the path past Lake Huron Hall and resting on a bench next to the library pond (which is bogging up in good style). I recognize that I feel no more alien now, as an alum without alma mater, than I did years ago as one of those hippy kids from that weird Thomas Jefferson College. Nothing has changed!

LHH, as much as we loved our enthusiastic selves and therefore our adopted roof and walls, was never ours, never us. We tried to infuse our spirits into LHH by painting the walls, dancing in the halls, sitting on the floor in circles, but LHH snapped right back after we were gone (with a sigh of relief!) Our gathering this summer proved to me that whatever we were, is still alive. (Our bonding is more that of war survivors than college students)

I suggest that our next TJC Advance follow the pattern of the earliest advances. Let us pick a joyous place where we can be free to be ourselves. I see pine trees and cabins. I see us there for longer than overnight. I see. . . classes. . . think of all we might share about what we have learned since 1980. Do you suppose the State of Michigan would fund some follow up info gathering of the TJC experiment? No matter, in 5 years or so this entity would welcome such a vacation. Sorry GVSU, thanks for your generous accommodations but your campus is still barren in Earth and Fire and Water and Air.

At Johnson Park on August 11, I so enjoyed hearing Dan Andersen ramble on like the waves of the lake about the past, about the beginnings, like an old warrior recounting the battles and myths. I had forgotten about the paranoia. I had completely forgotten "them" saying over and over "But will they (us) be able to make a living" (I've become an artist/actress so I hear that quite a bit). Yes, indeed, that is what "they" worried about. We were seen to be having too much fun in the 1970s. "They" and even "we" worried that what we did wasn't valid, wasn't useful. They have us an inch and we took 3.1416... kilometers! Scary! Some of it was useless. Other things were mighty in their broad application. In my case, lessons for a lifetime, books I regularly reread. "They" saw us celebrate but they didn't see the struggle that led to the celebration. We were in agony with life's paradoxes. We were young and angry exploding with our personal needs (same as all young people). The TJC experience cannot be touched by some bland required curriculum. What we gained would be difficult to measure.

This is a special year for me. My baby, Culynn Janisse Murdock (who was born and raised at TJC), graduated from high school and has ventured out into the world! I was compelled to visit the place where she began. I also wanted to know after a repugnant decade of me-generation yuppies if TJC was a figment of my imagination.

Good news, we are older, grayer, balder, and less firm (with some exception), but we are here. "They" were right, life is tough. "They" were wrong, we don't all have to be soldiers! My faith is renewed. I am not alone dancing out here on this limb.

Now that I have had a week to reflect, I remember all of the other people who were not there that I would love to see. Hello out there. Hope you can make the next one.

The suggestion was made that we allow more time to plan the next advance. The suggestion of 1995 was made. The suggestion was made that TJC needs a more appropriate memorial. Arend Lubbers sparked the idea in my mind of an "eternal flame". He described our spirit that way when he spoke to us at the Pizza Party. Also, the suggestion was made for an appropriate sculpture, perhaps of a frog or froggly reminiscent abstract piece. So, as a trained sculptor, I've decided to design a piece, investigate costs, etc. and perhaps offer facsimilies of it in the form of jewelry or a table top piece to raise money for something larger. What I need is the Bull Frog Pond so that I can reach all of you and follow through with this idea. Can we manage to support, financially, a publication that is not government affiliated?

In the next 30 years there are a lot of possibilities. Perhaps some of you that missed the advance want t-shirts?

In closing, I want to express my deepest appreciation to the bold and daring people who are responsible for creating the experiment called TJC, a sandcastle, built of the imagination, washing away by the tide. . .

Karle H. Murdock, '77
3 Year Cert F.A., '83
Survivor, 1990

The August Moon

sails with us as we drive round the lake
sometimes it flashes behind miles of cabins
(only they're called cottages in Michigan)
sometimes from across an open beach
it beams down upon Grand Traverse Bay
as steadily as a spotlight
the water ripples under its finger of light
and we sing "Who Are You?" eleven o'clock at night
such a wealth of moonlight we have been given!
To Whom shall I address our note of thanks?

composed on the freeway, 1990
B. Hanson

Walks with Lily

This morning the sun skipped off the backs
of a squadron of tiny birds
flying below me in the ravine

In precise formation they wheeled and darted
and the sun winked at me
each time they changed direction

This afternoon my path circled a meadow
filled with sumac
Over finely spun grasses
with luminous lavender stems
it nodded in silent dignity

This evening the harvest moon
rose down the street
and hung off the edge of a trail
littered with aspen leaves
from last night's storm

On walks with Lily
I compose these lines
and rediscover Orion
on clear mornings

B. Hanson, 1990

The Civil Rights movement has always interested me. I guess I come by that honestly. My father has been involved with the ACLU since the early 1960's. As a child I remember fund raisers, lots of fund raisers, strangers, food, drink and an air of purposefulness. I grew up believing there was no profession more self-sacrificing than law. I had to have "lawyer jokes" explained to me. We never discussed the major leagues.

It is hardly a coincidence that I have been teaching juvenile delinquents for the past five years. There is a reason for it. The kids are mostly from Detroit. They are mostly Black. Mostly, they have learned coping skills that are and should be labeled maladaptive. Mostly all of them are affected by drugs. These kids don't use drugs, they just sell them. They sell it for money. It is not a coincidence that more black children died from homicide than did white children. In fact, the homicide rate was 12.9 times higher for black children. (Michigan's Study on the Causes of Childhood Death, November 1989) Why are these kids selling drugs instead of going to school? Why are they killing each other? How has it come to pass that having a gun in school is a status symbol? How has it come to pass that kids do not feel safe in school unless they have a gun? Why hasn't the Civil Rights Movement made more of an impact?

Are there solutions? I have been told that the Mafia could put an end to the small turf wars. That would put the kids out of business. Would it improve the quality of life? We could legalize cocaine. Perhaps then the people who needed medical attention would not feel so stigmatized about seeking it out. Perhaps then we, as a country, could get off our moral high horse and treat drug addiction like a disease and not moral degradation. Perhaps then the kids would not be tempted to sell them. Would that improve their quality of life?

KRS-1 suggests a solution in his song "Why is That?". He talks about the need to know one's own history. He says Black kids are being taught White instead of Black. There is not enough Black History being taught in the schools. As a White, Jewish educator, I am inclined to agree with him. The power involved in knowing one's own history cannot be underestimated. To know one's history, is to know one's self and that builds pride and self-esteem. The kids know that deep down it is all about being someone.

Let me share a classroom vignette. The kids are all wards of the state. They range in ages from 13-17. They are debating the pros and cons of a dress code/uniforms in the public schools. One group argues that kids worry too much about their clothes; girls wear provocative clothes and boys fight over that; kids are shot because someone wants an article of clothing; kids fight over clothes; some kids

refuse to attend school because they have not the right brand of clothes, and kids sell drugs in order to have the cash to buy the right kinds of clothes. Education is not happening. The other side agrees that there is a problem, but asserts that a dress code/uniform is a violation of their freedom of expression. A student on the latter side says that everyone is not smart in school and clothes make them feel like somebody. Lots of kids come to school only to show off their clothes. If they lost their freedom to do this, they would drop out all together. The other side responded by saying, good; let those kids not come; we don't need them anyway; school is for education.

The point that student made is true. You cannot take something away and not replace it with an alternative that builds pride and self-esteem. I am interested to know as much as I can about my heritage and can appreciate the importance of bringing Black voices into my English class.

With all this in mind, as well as the fact that my students' reading ability ranged from a 2nd - 12th grade level, I set about the task of choosing the first book we would read as a group. I chose Black Boy by Richard Wright. That man has an extensive vocabulary and the only way to bring all of my students along was to literally read the whole book out loud. It took a long time, but they did not tire of it. Autobiography is a good genre for them. They like truth. They read and discussed the book. They were honest and shared personal experiences: the first time they became aware of people with white skin, times they had had to prove themselves in the school yard, times when they had been scared. The book ends with Richard leaving the South, heading North, which held so much promise for him. They then watched "Native Son". Even after seeing this, discussing Wright's decision to join the communist party and live in France, they had been so horrified by the racism of the South that they felt that racism was a thing of the past. This bothered me. There is a delicate balance between naivete and the mentality of a victim.

The next book they read as a class was another autobiography Coming of Age in Mississippi by Anne Moody. They needed historical background of the 1950's and 60's. The Southern Poverty Law Center's Klan Watch Project has developed some excellent educational materials. They read biographies of civil rights workers and learned a brief historical overview of the times in which she lived. They liked the book. They admired her courage.

When the South Africa Government decided to free Mandela and other ANC members, we discussed that. Some of them had heard of the name because KRS-1 raps about him. I shared with them what I knew. We compared South Africa to the South in the first half of this century. I dutifully let them know

that Mandela would be stopping in Detroit as part of his USA tour. I tried to impress on them the historic importance of such a visit. I was being a "good" teacher by including current events. More focused on them, that they should feel Mandela's visit to be an event in their lives, I had distanced myself from my own words. A great leader was coming to "Motor Town", as Mandela referred to Detroit. I began to buy the weekday edition of the New York Times and followed his travels. He felt that he could actually work with de Klerk. What delicate work lay before those two. How to begin to socialize industries that have been privately owned? I could not find blame with his refusal to renounce the use of violence. Did anyone expect that the government make the same proclamation? Mandela emerged from his long incarceration as a diplomat without public display of anger or bitterness. His name, a household word, he had the world's love and he rose to the task of fulfilling his dharma. Though seventy, he did what he had to do. He traveled and talked to people and people listened. Leaders like that are not common. I decided I wanted to go to Tiger Stadium to hear Nelson Mandela.

Mandela in Detroit. Detroit is a very violent city. He was taking a risk by coming here. I feared more for his safety than my own.

Tiger Stadium was full of a festive ambiance: t-shirts and hawkers, food and protesters, politicians and spectators. It felt good to feel the city alive with an air of purposefulness. I bought myself a t-shirt and memorabilia for the Kids' dorms, and then we found our seats. A huge stage had been built in center field. On either side were bleachers for a 1000 member choir. Aretha Franklin, "Steve" Wonder, as Mandela referred to him, and others gathered to celebrate Detroit and welcome Nelson and Winnie Mandela. I had worked all day. I was tired, but I felt good to be surrounded by 50,000 people who had gathered for something larger than a ball game.

I have been living in A2 for the past 14 years. For the past 5 years I have been teaching English in a school for juvenile delinquents. I bought a house 2 1/2 years ago and live there with 2 cats. I've maintained my interest in "alternative" education and taught in a "free school" for 2 1/2 years--but that's another story. I can't really begin to tell all what I've done these past 14 years, so I'll just add that I planted some blackberry bushes this year, am looking forward to the Nelson Mandela rally in Detroit and often wish that I had more time to write. It seems like a good idea to have a TJC Reunion.

P.S. I am seriously considering finding a teaching position in the public schools (something I've always shunned) so if anyone knows of one within a 40 mile radius of A2 let me know.

Catherine A. Grossman
2672 Elm Wood
Ann Arbor, MI 48104

Dear GVSU (TJC) Alumni Association,

6/10/90

I'm happy to see your plans for an Advance but terribly disappointed that I cannot attend. Your announcement has come too late. I think you should scrap plans for this year and try for next summer. I have already spoken with two other TJCers who feel the same way. Many of us are in far corners of the country now and need to make long range plans for an event like this. I would definitely attend were it to occur next summer.

Thanks for your efforts.

BIO, last 10 years:

Education: B.A. in Computer Science, WSU, 1983
Laid off from Ford Motor Co. during '81 recession in Detroit, prompted me to finish computer science degree had started.
Worked for small software firm, Computer Methods, 2 years, til graduated. Hired by IBM, moved to Binghamton, NY, 4 yrs. Moved to San Diego, '87. Working for software firm, SAIC, (Science Applications International Corp.)
Presently considering leaving commercial software world to teach high school. Working on a teaching certif. nights.
Single, never married. Still play piano. In touch regularly with several TJCers. Formed many of my most valuable friendships at TJC. Hard to meet that quality of people elsewhere.

Pat Todd is living in Brooklyn, N.Y. I will pass on info. Looking for Chuck Heath...class of circa '75.

Hope to see you summer of '91.

Daniel MacInnis
3679 Landis Street
San Diego, CA 92104

Hi Dan A.!

After TJC, did a MA in Anthropology at University of Montana--went to Brazil and studied Family Conflict in Rio do Janeiro.

Lived in Madison, Wisconsin; Rochester, New York; now near Harrisburg, PA. In Rochester, worked to start a neighborhood backed Conflict Resolution Program like Community Boards of San Francisco, a Victim Offender Reconciliation Program, and an Alternative to Violence (Quaker Prison) Project. Did youth work in the Puerto Rican community at the School District of Lancaster coordinating a Homeless Student Project.

Still into Zen.

Don Williams, '75

my people/thoughts of the daughter

after her brother was born

the daughter came out

and said tell me what people we are

before i decide to live here

(they said the babys not breathing make her breathe

and they made her breathe and didnt answer her)

daddy what people are you

the daughter asked

(and he said ask my mother she knows

and she has a book about her family)

the book was full of basses thorntons chiltons and

mayflower names and john smith and pocahontas

(but thats all right she said because she was

royalty and besides its so far removed)

my ancestor the daughter thought

and granddaddy she asked

(grandmother crawford wove that rug on the stairway

and her mother was from alsace-lorraine)

pocahontas the great how many times grand

young daughter thought

and momma what people are you

the daughter asked

(and her mother sighed and looked sad
my mother and her whole family
are german she said and didnt say anything else)

one time the daughter asked her mothers mother
who are my grandfathers people
(and her mothers mother started to cry
so she didnt ask her anymore)

when the daughter was almost grown up
her mother told her about that
(my father loved me but he had to leave
and find a job and never got to come back
and he was indian and from texas
i dont know what tribe
it would be nice to find him talk to him
show him how his baby grew
but he might have a family by now grandchildren)

a whole quarter of my people are gone from me
the daughter thought
grandfather she said
what people am i

10/14/77
sb

Okay, check the date on my people/thoughts of the daughter. I finished and typed it at the TJC office - then Cam Wilson came in and I asked him to read it (how many of us did that to each other?)

There we were, in the office standing between desks - I have no idea where he's been or where he was headed, but I thank Cam permanently for stopping - and he read as if it mattered. Personally mattered to him. Then he went through again with comments something like this:

"Did she really say that about Pocahontas?"

"Yeah, it's pretty straight autobiography."

"That's so racist!" Really?

Then later:

"Wow, can you prove it?"

"No, we've never found him."

"You don't need this line. It's already obvious to someone who's read this far that she loves him too much to hurt him."

I cut it.

Thanks, Cam.

I hope you read this.

Sharon Bush '78

Cultural Notes

Call out the guards! Call out the guards!

Whatever happened to the TJC Dream Book?

The Dream Book was last seen (by me) in the Resource Center in 1978.

There is a dream in there about my daughter - before she was conceived. That's my major contribution, but there were others just as precious to us.

Did anyone manage to preserve it?

Dick and Sue Filemyr? Rosemary Weronka?

To Bill Macklin:

Can anyone tell me what "Diddy-Wa-Diddy" means? (Anyone else remember Bill's guitar case)

I have a taped interview I did with Edie Harrison on the Navaho people. She's beautiful (lots better than my equipment at the time, sad to say...) and audible. Copies?

Sharon Bush, '78

It's been the best of times and the worst of times!

I hope you folks thrive. I guess I do, but I don't admit it often. Have been "kicking around" here and there, mostly in Chicago. Have pretty well got on top of things; had a real boost from one of the country's top research-types in May.

Spent two months in Asia, one month with Mary (daughter in the Peace Corps) in a very poor Thai village. Also whirlwind visit to Nepal, Vietnam, China. Many Vietnam vets go to Vietnam and experience a catharsis--I experienced a sense of shame (we must remove trade barriers with the devastated country). Now I want to go to N. India and Pakistan for 4 months.

I'm seriously considering a major volunteer commitment of a year or more living in community. There are several possibilities in various locations: Mennonites, Jesuits, Lutherans and others.

Am reading like crazy and widely. Recently: String theory (physics), chaos theory (math), the Autobiography (confession) of Pu Yi (the last emperor).

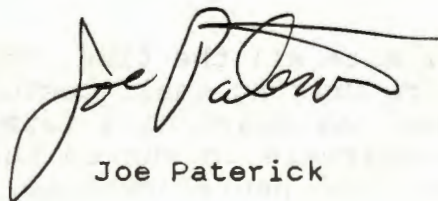
All the girls thrive. Would enjoy hearing from people.

Daniel Clock
1103 S. Stewart
Freeport, IL 61032

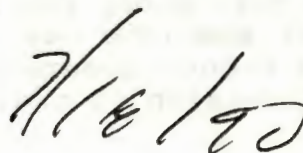
I once heard someone at Thomas Jefferson say, "TJC is like an island in the sea of madness." I think it was Irv Bode. Irv, where are you?

It has been over sixteen years since I graduated from TJC and I still think of TJC and also cherish the freedom of education I received from TJC. And even today I talk of TJC in honor, and when I try to describe it, I say it was like a school on another planet. TJC was loaded with creative people everywhere and it seemed like every one had a common goal and dream to make this planet better in some sort of way.

I have to praise Mary T. Pastte again for bringing all of us who can attend, together, as she did at Johnson Park, back in 1972. Thank you so much again Mary. I am really looking forward in attending this get together.



Joe Paterick



Dear TJCers, Mary T., T. Dan, and all--

Best of wishes on the great reunion weekend! I only wish distance did not make it impossible to get there myself.

My year at TJC was about the happiest of my life. I'll never forget it and will always be trying to recapture it. I take hope that there will be more TJC Advances and that perhaps I can join you in the future.

Paul Corneil

Hi! Just a brief note to let you know what I'm doing professionally now because I'm so excited by it.

This summer (July 1989) I was invited to join a group at TRW doing research into the nature and uses of computers designed like an animal's nervous system. This kind of computer is designed to learn, rather than just be programmed, and should be more useful than conventional computers for processing real-world phenomena (visual images, voices, etc.). So we get to think about and to model learning in small nervous systems. (How small? About like a fly, for now.)

I first heard about this field of research a few years ago. The combination of mathematics, computers, learning, chemistry-like dynamics, and even a kind of "psychology" really captured my imagination and spanned an amazing collection of my interests.

In 1986, I was excited to discover that TRW in San Diego county had built some neural network computers, as they are called. I phoned the leader of that work, requested and read his reports, and used a day of my own vacation time to visit his lab. I talked to the few other company people in the field, but the work, funded by TRW money, was limited, and there were no openings.

I kept in touch by my usual tactic of sending copies of potentially interesting articles and by attending neuralcomputing seminars, courses, and lectures (again, usually on my own time). Meanwhile, in February 1988, following a major contract loss, I had to scramble to get another TRW job which would still use my background. I'd been in this new department about a year and a half, doing work which was even more remote from neuralcomputing than before and thinking I would be there quite a while longer, when the Redondo Beach neuralcomputing manager called and asked if I was still interested.

Neural network computing is showing more promise all the time, and there is gradually more money for it. We are writing small custom programs to try out specific new ideas (such as sharpening fuzzy visual images) and bigger general-purpose software to run on the Mark V, the latest version of that TRW San Diego neuralcomputer.

The people I work with are fun, and the work is the most rewarding to me since Jefferson College closed in 1980. I hope I can keep doing it a long time. My immediate goals are to keep learning everything I can about this new field and to contribute as much as possible myself. Finally, I didn't have to move and still get to bicycle to work!

Susan and I managed also to take trips to Washington, D.C., Virginia, and North Carolina, to Southwestern Colorado, to the Amazon (on a cruise which began at Manaus and ended at San Juan, Puerto Rico), and to family in Kansas City and Dallas areas. In other recent news, all we coastal area-code 213 communities have been tapped to be in a new area-code 310 (but not until early 1992; phone stays the same).

I would love to hear of your news. Meanwhile, we are very happy together and, given the about and everything else in our lives, have much to be thankful for.

Paul Corneil
210 The Village #304
Redondo Beach, CA 90277

Joyce Jenkins
5488 Taft Avenue
Oakland, California 94618
(415) 428-9197

Poetry Flash
1454 Sixth Street
Berkeley, CA 94710
(415) 548-6871

Editor and Published of Poetry Flash, the Bay Area's Poetry Review & Literary Calendar, a complete literary calendar for Northern California, with significant coverage for Southern California, the West Coast, and the New York area.

Circulation: 15,000. Poetry Flash is a 16 to 24 page newsprint tab, with photographs, submission and trade information for poets and writers, interviews, reviews, poems, essays. Currently operating at a \$75,000 annual budget, with all grant writing and fundraising conducted by the Editor/Publisher, as well as all general management of editorial content, distribution, public relations. Successful grants have been written to the San Francisco Foundation, the California Arts Council, the City of Berkeley Arts Fund, the L.C. and Mary Skaggs Foundation, and the Fleishhacker Foundation. (since 1978, an editor, since 1980, Editor/Publisher)

Greetings to all who shared the TJC experience.

I enjoyed my time at TJC (Fall 1973 to Spring 1975) and I am proud of the B.Ph. degree.

I would like to attend the get-together in August but I have already used up my vacation.

Since graduation I worked in sales for a year, social work for 2 years and the aircraft industry for 10 years. Before I left Escanaba I earned my pilot's license and decided to get a job related to aviation. I went to a trade school (Spartan School of Aero) in Tulsa to learn non-destructive inspection and then to work as an inspector at Cessna Aircraft. I worked there 8 years and was a member of their flying club. I hired on during a boom in general aviation and managed to hold on while thousands were laid off. My number was up in December, 1987, when I was asked to leave during their last layoff.

However, the good news is I was hired by Boeing Aircraft here in Wichita a month later and now have another interesting job in inspection. Boeing Wichita is a big company with about 25,000 employees. I am working on getting a better position using my degree and I hope to do some grad work in Industrial Psy.

I am married to a woman from Dodge City who has been a school teacher and an Eng. Assistant. I have a 17 year old stepson and 3 daughters: 3, 7 and 8. I also have a stepdaughter who is now married.

I often reflect on times past and have many fond memories of TJC. I wish I could attend to re-establish some long lost friendships. I often wonder about many I knew at TJC. How they are doing? What they are up to?

I wish you all a great weekend. If anyone would like to write or call, please do.

A fellow TJCer,
Dale E. Johnson

Enclosed is a little piece I wrote a few years ago. If you put it in the Bull Frog that would be nice. I am still playing guitar and love Spanish and Brazillian music and Latin/Jazz.

Some of my fondest memories were "song writing workshops" with Bobby Schectman--please mention this.

I look forward to getting a copy of this Bull Frog since I will not be at the TJC reunion.

P.S. I have a cassette tape I thought of sending, but don't know how you would fit it into the "B.F.!"

P.P.S. If you need to reduce this--fine!!

Julian M.B. Catford
411 N.W. 56th
Seattle, WA 98107

Completed 9-86 3 Variations with a Spanish Flavor ©Julian Catford 1987

Handwritten musical score for guitar, featuring three variations with a Spanish flavor. The score includes guitar and bass lines, drum notation, and chord progressions.

Drums: Rhythm guitar (Rhythm Gtr) and Bass lines are provided for the first variation. Chords: Emi, D, Emi, B7.

First Variation: Chords: Ami, Emi, B7, Emi, E7.

Second Variation: Chords: Ami, Emi, B7, Emi, B7.

Third Variation: Chords: Emi, D, Emi. Marked "P. fine".

Rubato: Chords: Ami, Emi, B7, Emi, E7^{b9}.

Presto Solos: Chords: Ami, Emi, B7, Emi, E7, E7. Includes a section marked "(Actually...) etc".

Additional markings: "P. fine", "Rubato", "Presto Solos", "DC. for Solos".

One of the Things I've Learned About Myself...

One of the things I've learned about myself since graduating from TJC is that I have a pretty decent bullshit detector. Up to that point in my life I was never very sure of myself in that area, but through the unfolding of world events, my work in the mental health field and the development of my own writing, I have become more confident in my ability to be able to tell if someone, or a group of someones, is being honest with me. I also have come to understand that I've had this ability for longer than I've been confident in its accuracy.

I wanted to talk about this because being a student at Thomas Jefferson was a catharsis in the development and acceptance of my bullshit detector. I wanted to talk about this because, of all the memories I have of TJC, the ones that are the clearest and strongest are memories regarding how the school was closed.

It was then that I began to recognize that I needed to trust my bullshit radar or else I would proceed through the remainder of my days painfully ambivalent because I would be unable to decide which was truth: what I experienced and saw with my own eyes, or what I was being told I was experiencing and seeing, which was often in complete opposition to the information I was processing first hand. From my graduation day onward, I think, I decided that it was a matter of survival to trust my own instincts, rather than the words of others that contradicted what I knew by heart, instinct, and then mind. I learned this by being lied to. I learned this by being lied to by the people responsible for closing TJC. It is a lesson I won't forget.

It is also a lesson that has resulted in my own informal, personal quest to find as much concrete information as I can that will back up what I know by instinct; things I feel I have been lied to about. One only needs to have lived through the eighties to understand the kind of lies I am speaking of. The kind of lies (perhaps calling them "public relations campaigns" would be the right use of doublespeak) that we are asked to believe about American involvement in Central and South America and the rest of the world, the lie that the government is actually interested in stopping the flow of drugs into our cities, the lie that American justice is blind to race and spiritual values, the lie that college education can be affordable to anyone who wants to work hard enough for it (Apparently, if the looks of the 1990 commencement exercises at GVSU are any indication, the only people who are willing to work hard enough are white kids. I could have counted the number of people of color among the graduates on my fingers.) These were the same kind of lies that were told to us concerning the closing of TJC.

I have been able, in many instances, to find information through my ongoing, self-directed education regarding these lies. Lies perpetrated on the citizens of this nation and the world. I do not have sources beyond memory and my feelings about why TJC was closed. My life has gone on; there seem to be larger issues at stake. I learned a valuable lesson that I can apply to the world as it is beyond the very small world of what is now GVSU.

Or are there larger issues? Perhaps the closing of TJC was only a small part of a whole series of events that have occurred in this country that are funneling us toward greater restrictions, less personal freedom, and censorship.

Soon after graduation I sought out a graduate program similar in structure (or lack of structure) to my undergraduate program. I was convinced, and still am, that most graduate programs give you the degree if you have enough money to pay for it; not that real learning isn't available, it's just hard to find. I landed at Goddard College in Vermont, but then happened upon someone who informed me that it too was on the brink of its own end. I did not enroll and, for a time, stopped looking. These schools, whether young or old, seemed to be disappearing. How many of these kinds of schools. I wonder, actually did close during those years, the years immediately prior to and during the early Reagan era? I juxtapose Reagan's ascendancy and the closing of alternative schools on purpose. It does not seem to me to be a coincidence, any more than the fact that during the Reagan era, the ranks of the desperately poor grew horribly large and in direct proportion to the overwhelming growth of that segment of the populace known as millionaires.

Perhaps I should apologize. I realize the organizers of this reunion want it to be joyful, and, honestly speaking, I am not out to ruin anyone's fun. But I do refuse, even if the organizers might not, to censor my feelings on this, and I wonder why, ten years ago, I did not see how the closing of TJC (and then WJC) was actually a kind of censorship. How by reducing the choices available for the type of education I can purchase (and that my step-son and his friends can purchase) that I am, in fact, being censored, silenced. How by channeling that basic and necessary urge to know something about the world and our place in it into rigid, formulaic, non-personalized, and resource-narrow methods of learning, we are all being censored. Certainly those who thrive in the kind of educational atmosphere TJC offered are being censored, deprived; and almost as certainly those who might benefit from having people in the world who have had access to that kind of atmosphere are the victims of censorship. Let's face it: this world needs as many creative, self-directed, and original minds as it can get at this point.

I resent this. I resent that the bright and talented teenagers I see wasting away in our test-choked high schools will have no brighter prospects in their post high school educations to find out what learning can be; what it can feel like.

And I blame. I blame any and all of the men and women who administered that closing off of options ten years ago, the ones who sponsored this censorship. I blame any of those people who lied and knew they lied and denied it in the same way any alcoholic with a weaving walk, thick tongue, red-veined face and nose denies the number of whiskeys he has at lunch. I blame those who get so used to lying in this manner that they believe the lie themselves.

So I apologize for this particularly unjoyful stance even though, I admit, I did experience some joyful moments at TJC.

Perhaps the greatest, most joyful, memory is of graduation 1980. We were told it was the largest TJC graduation ever, if the last. I felt joy that a huge and violent electrical storm prevented us from having to graduate outside in the brand new, state of the art, Arend Lubbers stadium. I felt joy as I handed out black arm bands to each TJC graduate to wear in protest and mourning. I felt joy watching most of us walk across the stage with "AMWAY IS NOT OUR WAY" stickers on our backs in addition to the arm bands. We were loud; we were joyful; and, to those who had lied to us, I suppose we were sometimes obnoxious.

I will not be at this joyful reunion. My small family and I will be on a long-planned vacation. I'm not sure I could bring myself to attend even if that were not the case. At least I couldn't attend the parts of the reunion on the campus itself. And I certainly could never bring myself to sign a check for any amount to Grand Valley State University. At least not to a Grand Valley that does not include a living, exploring, creative, sometimes silent and sometimes obnoxious Thomas Jefferson College.

Bob Vance
413 Crescent NE
Grand Rapids, Mich 49503

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11 June, 1990

John Benser
421 Hoover, NE
Grand Rapids, MI 49505

Dear TJC,

Catherine R. Connors
Richard D'Adamo
Annette E. Bowler
Peppi Golden
Eugene F. Hooper
KATHY L. JOHNSON
Sandra Merrill
Robert C. S. Morris
Susan E. Shuler
Sandra J. Shaw
Peter Taber
Thomas W. White

For several years now all of my friends have been taking off for 20th reunions and such, I figured it was just another passing phase (post everybody's-getting-married and everybody's-having-babies; before everybody-can-only-discuss-their-diseases). "Wouldn't you even be curious about what all those people you knew are doing?" I've been asked it seems hundreds of times. "Sure," I'd answer. "But you don't understand about the college I went to - it's been out of business for years and nobody who went there is ever going to go to all the trouble of trying to get that batch of wackos back together again."

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Artistic Director

So I couldn't have been more surprised and astonished when your letter appeared in my mailbox. Another TJC Advance! I got all nostalgic thinking about the FIRST TJC Advance, at that Socialist camp somewhere full of mosquitos. Approaching my first term at what I knew would be an unusual institution, I was still surprised to arrive at the advance to find my faculty advisor (Lee Kaufman) parading around with a bottle of Boone's Farm in one hand and a six pack of Bud dangling from his belt. The weekend deteriorated from there. I can't really recall much after the news arrived that just the day before Jimi Hendrix had overdosed...

Well, congratulations, and I hope you can pull it off in the proper style (I'm dubious about the prospects for doing so right on campus, but...). Of course I'd love to come, but unfortunately the encumbrances of job and family do not permit my attendance.

I have been living in Maine since 1976 and working as a musician and arts administrator. My bands have been successful in a small way, releasing five albums and touring extensively through the Eastern US, Canada and Europe a couple of times. Recently I have not been performing very much, but have been composing. A piece which I wrote last year was commissioned by the Walker Arts Center in Minneapolis (a collaborative work with choreographer/director Ann Carlson). I just got a grant a few weeks ago from the Rockefeller Foundation to produce a multicultural radio series. Maybe if it ever goes onto satellite you can pick me up in Allendale.

2.

I also am currently the Artistic Director for the Portland Performing Arts Center. We sponsor an annual concert series which focusses mostly on traditional and ethnic performers from around the world and avant-garde jazz and performance artists. Wearing my administrator's hat, I serve on numerous panels for state and regional arts agencies and foundations.

I am married to another artist/administrator, who sits on the Maine Arts Commission and creates ceramic sculptural objects. We have two children, Hannah (1 year) and Guthrie (1 month), so are currently rather busy.

I have sometimes had occasion to wonder about the ultimate value of the years I spent at TJC - I've been chipping away at advanced degrees sporadically for awhile and so have had to grapple with "real" academic institutions. I was quite fearful the first time I had to write an original research paper for a doctoral level anthropology class, not having ever done that sort of thing as an undergraduate. The great thing about TJC, though, is that it was whatever YOU wanted it to be. I had the experience which I wanted/needed while I was there, and if it didn't exactly prepare me for graduate school, it did a reasonable job of setting me up to take care of my professional life on the lam for almost two decades. Artistic endeavor and public sector organization are jobs in the trenches, done for love not money. That is an attitude which received plenty of sunshine and water at TJC and I suspect still travels well with most of us.

The future? A race between them that can embrace some kind of decency and fairness in their lives and the greedheads, with the latter way out in front.

Have a great time. Thanks for stirring up the nostalgia crank.

Still yours,



Bau Graves

PS - I can't believe how many of my favorite people are on your don't-know-where-they-are list. It's hard to imagine a trip to TJC land without John Uris or Ed Robertson or Tiny Reinhardt.

Patrick Brennan is leading a jazz band in Philadelphia and can be contacted through the Painted Bride; Pat Todd lives in NYC.

TJC. . .Baby What It Means to Me

Learning without pretention
Angel wings in the snow outside Lake Huron Hall
Office chair races in the halls with Terry Moore
Picking up animal droppings to present to Cam Wilson
for "Scatology" Class ("Winter Ravine" gone haywire)
Living out a fantasy of foraging food in the wilderness;
End up eating. . .very little. . .never seen snow
At Thanksgiving. . .covers up all the food
Found out life's hard for those who forage
Found out cow corn missed by the harvesting machine
Ain't so bad compared to nothing.

Found out love transcends even the struggle of young parenthood
As an undergrad. The love given and received
By the youngest classmate at TJC. . .at a few weeks old. . .
Heather Megan Mars or "Gerby" or "Beaners". . .
How many places can the imponderables of philosophy
Scatology and a month-old baby be combined in a college setting?
I think of TJC as a saving grace in my life
The place where life began. . .There was B.TJC. . .
Then, there was A.TJC! There we learned to live
Our curiosity into form; to believe that dreams
Come to life. . .better yet. . .to allow them to be born.

Christine Loizeaux came from New York to the Cornfields
With a dream of a farmhouse and a barn
She kindled the dreams of young embodied spirits.
Her classes were like "Scheduled events." They created a heat
In us - and burned through the barrier of our "I don't knowness"
Until we choreographed our souls: young, rebellious, shy,
soaring;
Ambivalent, certain; awkward, inspired and graceful.
Cam Wilson came from the science world, Dan Andersen too,
Inspired with a vision of a different kind of world, they came
Not to teach that vision, but to share in developing one.

"Hair of the Moose," the piece of theatre that came from. . .
hardly anywhere. . .with hardly a budget. . .and people
Reminiscid about it for years for its outrageous originality.
Pantomimed circuses in the Common Room at lunch time,
A professor at the keyboards, thumbtacks in the felt hammers
(For the perfect honkey tonk effect). The quiet poets in
Snow-Blown farmhouse rooms with bad wells and low rents,
We challenged our limits and the limits of others along the way
Dan Gilmore brought a little Esalen and a lot of expectations
To "Junior Seminar," a Psychology extravaganze that traveled
The distance from a book by a guy named "Boring,"
To one by old "Fritzzy," and a tape loop from "Cage"
That would drive anybody mad. We thrived.

Thanks to all who showed up and gave their presence at TJC
From all over--from Nasson out East--and everywhere between--We
formed a culture that lives on today in each of our lives
And wherever we go and whatever we create.

David Mars

Why I Went to TJC

I want to tell you what was important about being at TJC. I didn't know why I was there. There were a lot of things I didn't know back then.

I needed to be at TJC because it was a place where I could be my eccentric self and no one would bother me about it. I didn't know it at the time, but while I was a student at TJC I was being physically and sexually abused by my parents. It had been going on for over 15 years and it got worse as I got older. I was not consciously aware of it when it was happening. I was 34 years old before I remembered any of it, 14 years after I graduated from TJC.

I was under extreme stress all of my life, trying to live with people who were trying to kill me, and trying not to notice what was going on. TJC was a good safe place where people didn't put pressure on me to perform and where nobody was hurting me. It was the first safe place I'd ever been in my whole life.

After I went to TJC, I went to graduate school. I have one advanced degree and am working on another. I teach classes at a university and I am amazed at the 19 and 20 year-old kids I see there. They are so together. They know what they want to be when they grow up, and they work to get what they want. When I was their age I could barely tie my shoes. I knew there was something different about me. I just didn't know what. I didn't realize I had been living my life in a combat zone or that I was in shock from it.

I got a lot from TJC. Protection and safety were the most basic. It was the first place I'd ever been where I wasn't constantly being watched and evaluated. I also got a whole lot of book learning from TJC. I spent a lot of good time in the library by myself. I made some great friends, friends for life at TJC. It was the first place where I could feel safe enough to make friends.

I won't be with you at the Advance. I don't want to get that close to where my parents live. I can't sign my name to this because I'm afraid to--my family might find out.

Going to TJC was a way to get some breathing space, some room to just be myself. It was wonderful. I wish people could still have the opportunity to go to a place like TJC. Lots of us need to be there.

Anonymous

Dear TJC,

I'm sorry that I won't be able to come to the next TJC Advance, and I'm sorry for waiting so long to tell you. At any rate, the enclosed will tell you what I'm up to. You won't know the people, and you might not know the terminology, but you will recognize the passion.

I have Norman Lerchen's address. He couldn't come either.

Norman Lerchen
Omega Institute
RR#2 Lake Drive
Rhinebeck, NY

Love,
John Warren

Preliminary Dance Tests

The best moment was at the start of the Swing Dance. I stood with Kristina at the far end of the ice and remembered the first time I had stood so. It was the same rink, even the same end of the rink. I had stood with Joan, at the Greenfield show, the first year we were in it. I looked at all that great expanse of ice that I was expected to fill, and I panicked. I turned fearfully to Joan and saw the same panic in her face.

Now, I gazed at that same expanse and realized that it was all mine, and I smiled eagerly.

The second best moment occurred halfway through the same dance. Kristina said, softly, "You're doing fine." I broke into a happy grin that lasted through the rest of the dance. The judge wrote, "Good expression." I don't think the judge was referring to the look on my face, but it makes a cute joke to say she was.

I liked all the comments on the judge's sheet. Most pleased me, some surprised me, and some spurred me to more effort. I am especially proud of the comments that suggest gracefulness:

Dutch Waltz: "Nice rolls; good flow."

Canasta Tango: "Good flow and expression."

Swing Dance: "Good flow and expression," again.

The things that Kristina pushed me on, repeated, demanded, drilled -- the things I had the most trouble with when I was learning the dances -- drew praise:

Dutch Waltz: "Good pattern."

Canasta Tango: "Nice unison and tracking; nice cross rolls."

The things Kristina told me that I promptly forgot, also showed up:

Swing Dance: "Some wide stepping of chassés; close to partner."

And one thing that Kristina has pushed repeatedly that I still haven't got:

Canasta Tango: "Rushed a couple of times."

Swing Dance: "Swinging through early on rolls."

The Swing Dance felt the best to me and yet drew the heaviest criticism. Kristina said it was because it has the most to it, the greatest number of things to pick at. The Dutch Waltz, which Kristina had been raving about in our last few practices, with an edge of incredulity in her voice when she searched for things to criticize and couldn't find any, also drew unqualified praise from the judge.

I am thrilled with the praise I received; I am about to burst with joy, and tears appear in my eyes even three days later. I appreciate the criticism from an impartial and objective source almost as much. I am now in contact with the national standard for figure skating. Maybe, between the incentive of the national standard and Kristina's insistence on perfection, I can go far.

I was out the next morning, trying to get my feet together on the chassés.

I am thrilled with the mere fact of having taken a figure skating test and passed. It is a thing I had dreamed of for a long time, almost from the moment I discovered there was such a thing. When I began seriously to pursue the dream last summer, it still seemed impossibly far away, especially under Kristina's critical eye. Even when the date was set and became increasingly firm (first it was March, then March 21, then 6:00 PM on March 21), I still wasn't sure it was ever going to happen. The air of fantasy surrounding the event may have helped to keep me calm as the day moved toward reality.

But the main thing that kept me calm was that I am skating at a Bronze level but was to be tested at a Preliminary level. I knew I could do it: I had done the dances many times, even once or twice to Kristina's satisfaction, and now I just had to do it in this one particular setting. Whenever I felt anxiety begin to rise, I told myself this, that I was testing well within my limits. If I were to be tested on the Bronze dances right now, panic would be fully justified, because I don't know them well enough to pass the test.

It is really important to me, to be in contact with the national standard. I don't want to be tested by my peers; they don't know any more than I do. I don't want to be tested by my teachers; they know me too well. I wanted to be tested by a stranger. I wanted to be tested by a person who knows the national standard, who knows how well you are expected to skate to pass the test, and who has judged lots of other skaters.

I wanted to demonstrate that I could do these dances on demand, at a particular moment when I am asked to do them, when a person is watching and evaluating. I knew that I knew the dances, for I had done them many times, but those times didn't matter if I couldn't do them on the test. I wanted to show that I could do the dances when it was a test.

One thing that I have often done, when I accomplished something that meant a lot to me, was that I didn't go further with it. I got a Ph.D. and had a blast doing it, but never published the results of my research and never did significant research again. I competed in a Triathlon as a part of a team and we did very well -- won our division -- and I had a great time, but I never competed again. I wondered if this same thing would happen after this test. But right after the test, I was out there with Boots, working (she calls it "playing") on the next dance, the Rhythm Blues, and next day, I was trying to get my feet together on the chassés and practicing the Ten-Fox with Judy.

Those other experiences seemed like culminations; this test seems like a beginning. This is the lowest level. I want more; I want to pass as many of these tests as I can. As Malcolm remarked with a wry smile, I have reached the bottom.

When I stood with Kristina, waiting for the music to start for the Swing Dance, there wasn't anybody else there. Just for that moment, not even Kristina was there. It was just me and the ice, and the ice beckoned. It sparkled, clear and white and vast. It seemed to extend to the end of my vision. Sparkling and vast, and mine. Mine to fill.

I smiled, took the first step, and Kristina was there. Halfway through, she said, "You're doing fine." I felt a rush of pleasure and smiled again, and continued smiling until the judge signalled to stop the music.

In fact, most of the time through all the dances, there wasn't anybody but the two of us. The only times I was aware of being judged were when I stumbled the first time around on both the Dutch Waltz and Canasta Tango, at the far corner of the end pattern. The rest of the time, we were just skating, with the ice to ourselves. The judge never mentioned the stumbles.

I was surprised when the small group of spectators applauded, the first time because I didn't know such a thing was going to happen, but again after each dance, having forgotten that anybody else was there.

I must have felt the same solitude in each dance, because I find it in my memory, but I was aware of it at the time only in the Swing Dance. There was something special about doing the Swing Dance. It may have something to do with the dance itself, and the way I have learned to do it. It is danced in the waltz position, face-to-face with my partner, and I have learned to give my full attention to her. Even on the end pattern where we open to a side-by-side position, I gaze at her. The result of this training I gave myself is that I dance this dance for my partner, and the rest of the world fades away.

Partly, it's the way this dance starts, with a clear view all the way down the ice. The other two start facing across the ice, so I don't see the full expanse available to me. Part of the excitement of this time was the change in the way I saw that view: What had once been a space too large for me had become a space large enough for me, even as it had expanded. The judge could not know that that change had occurred; she criticized the things she could see, and I am happy to have the criticisms because they will help, but I am absolutely thrilled with the change that happened in my heart.

Those things are part of it, but there was something additional. It's that we had the ice to ourselves. There was something wonderful about being out there on the ice, the pair of us, the only two on the ice, the only ones there because that was the way it had been planned. We were alone on the ice not by some happy accident where all who had been there had left and those who were to come had not yet arrived, as sometimes happens for a few magical moments at public sessions. We were alone on the ice because that was the schedule. We had the ice by design, by pre-arrangement. I had come to the beginning of the levels where I am given the ice and the opportunity to show what I can do with it.

I was so happy when Kristina said, "You're doing fine." It's not just pleasure at being praised, even praised by a hard task-master whose judgment I trust without question and whom I hold up as the ideal of what I am trying to achieve. When she said, "You're doing fine," it seemed that she was saying, "John, the ice is yours."

And it seemed as if it went on forever, without limit in possibility.

John Warren
March 24, 1990

Going home again after the
TJC Reunion

The faces burn comfortably in memory
As I sit in the airport
While passengers collect to fly West ...

How to express the experience ...
Of seeing loved Ones from 18 years ago,
All assembled again to recall
Our collective experience of freedom!

(Think of how rare, precious that is: Freedom!
All over the world, people die
For that stuff -
And from the lack of it!)

Trust. Experimentation. Faith in the process
Of Living. The soaring heart of all of us.
The living memory: Time passed and left
Our uniquenesses intact.

I feel so validated in my hopes that we'd maintained
An energy field, and that we could reassemble
Into our whole again on a day's notice.
We did. And we keep on doing it.

The sweetest surprise was to see lovely
Jill, Robin and Barbara, Diane and Ellen
And all the other luscious and clear women.
I had grown up believing that the beauty
And attraction of women would diminish for me
With the fading of the pinkness of their youth.

Not so - The subtle heat produced by having babies,
Maturing, letting go of some of the selfishness
And settling into selfhood
Just enhances the glow of beingness

Somebody at home
More than ever

August 12, 1990
Grand Rapids, Michigan

Dear TJC:

My life is a little crazy at the moment, so I have had to limit the amount of travel I do. I had planned to go to California for Christmas but took on work that will mean I have to stay here through the holidays. I'm co-chairing the plans and programs committee for the 1991 Great Lakes Regional Conference, Division 17 of the American Psychological Association, and will be spending Christmas reading program proposals. I hope the convention goes well. I'm really anxious as this is the first time I have done anything like this. If you have any suggestions I would love to hear them!

Well, guess I should get on with the information you requested for the Profile Sheet. My name and address are: Sherri I. Terrell (nee Barlow), 55751 Giddings Ct., Mattawan, MI 49071. Remember, I'm divorced. Phone # (616) 668-4791. I received my MA in Counseling with endorsements in Community Agency and School Counseling from Central Michigan University. I am presently working on an Ed.D. in Counseling Psychology at Western Michigan University. I am not employed at the moment.

My hobbies have narrowed since I've returned to school and became a poor struggling student again. Previously I enjoyed extensive travel through Europe, Africa, North America and Mexico, Middle East and the Pacific. While I was living in the Marshall Islands, I took up scuba diving and loved it. Since I've returned to the U.S., I've completed my solo airplane flight. However, I can't afford school and flying so I have willingly given up flying. My interests now seem to center around school and developing a professional identity.

If you do end up putting any of this stuff in the Bull Frog, I'd like you to include something about how significant TJC has been in my life. No one ever diagnosed my dyslexia until I was well through my Masters at Central. If it hadn't been for TJC, I'm sure I would have never completed my undergraduate work. TJC was a supportive and academically nurturing environment that stimulated my interest in book-learning. Even though school had always been a struggle for me, at TJC it was interesting enough to be a challenge instead of pure drudgery. I graduated with a better theoretical base in my field than many of my colleagues were afforded in their undergraduate work and the experimental component of my studies at TJC remains a valuable influence in my education and work, indeed, in my life. TJC has been a blessing in my life and it saddens me to think of TJC no longer existing. What a great loss!

Hope to hear from you soon,
Sherri Terrell

1. To Marge Piercy

Maybe you don't remember me
I'm the tall gangly one
With the soft voice
You were the small one with hair of night
lights, eyes of dreaming
incision, voice of firemurmur.

I elbowed my way to your side and gawked
while you lifted your wings and soared.

2. I can't seem to forget
what color were your eyes?
how straight were your teeth?
oh the memories for which we would
gladly die
the untruths for which we would
rather die.

Beth Sanders
1129 Lyon, NE, #4
Grand Rapids, MI 49505

Faith

As you come out from inside
yourself--toward me--
I wonder who you are.
I wonder why you travel
So alone, along those trails and
Why you stand under the trees
Just out of sight.
If I said you didn't need to fear
You'd vanish.
Yes, I know.
I know the sky is a guillotine.
I know the earth is a grave.
I know that hillsides are the
Heaped-up ashes of mutilated armies.
I know the air is full of
Flames, and that the smell of burning
Bodies hurts your eyes.
I know, I know those ribbons
Wilting in your hair
Your sticky hands, your face--
Your filthy face--and yet
Somewhere yet in the gravel pit
Where you sit and look for spiders
There, somehow I know
Into your hands
Will come a pearl.

--Bobbie Hill Monroe
RR#6 Box 7
Carbondale, IL 62901

At The Beach

There are posts in the water
They go out and out
Some of them side by side.
They go out looking like
Rotted-out teeth in the water.
And I walk beside you
Talking, offering a handful
Of pebbles, offering a talk
About the pebbles, about how I
Know the life of the pebbles,
About how I know the origin
Of the pebbles, about how I
Can see the spines of fish
Becoming pebbles, about how I
Can hear the volcanos hissing
How I can feel the fire
That made the pebbles in my hand.

And you listen. You listen to me
Saying nothing. Behind your eyes
Is peace. You see that life is
As it should be. You see the
Justice of fossils and the perfection
Of quartz. You are convinced that
Fresh-water sponges once were happy
You believe in glaciers.
You believe in sedimentation.
You think about eternity.
But, then again, there are the posts
In the water, rotting.
They go out and out,
Some of them side by side.

--Bobbie Hill Monroe

TJC vs CAS

They keep to the sidewalks, single-file,
Clutching meager lecture notes,
While I stride across fobidden lawns
Alone to love the savage green.

--Bobbie Hill Monroe

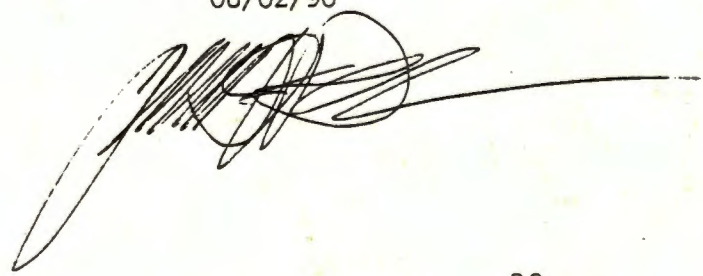
ASPHALT, BUTYLENE, 10W-50, GASOLINE, and POLYCARBONATE

The Harley was purring between my legs
The road was clear
The day
Beautiful
Blue sky
Puffy white clouds
I had no idea where I was riding
I didn't care
I didn't have a phone pressed to my ear
There was no tie choking me
I wasn't sweating on the couch in front of the TV
Listening to Kelly exploding his space ships
Zapping his space warriors
The only sounds were the V-twin engine
The tires on the road
The wind rushing past my helmet
This had to be why God created oil

AGHHHHHH!!!!!!

When you really want to just relax
Maybe take a nap
Or just stare blankly at some goo on the tube
When you want to disengage your mind
Leave all action reaction and thought
When you don't want to talk
Or read
Not even meditate
Just shut the biocomputer down and not use even one circuit
That's just when you start thinking about your bills
Or your wife asks you who you want to see that night
Or your son asks you to repair the very expensive toy you just bought him
Or even worse yet
The most tortuous thing you can imagine
Your mother calls to invite you and your family to dinner

James F. Dunn
08/02/90



Hi folks !

TJC seems so far away now- not only in terms of time and distance, but also in terms of my present reality. Certainly my education there had a profound effect on my philosophy and personal growth- my vision of the world. It was a ripe and nurturing place to explore, to be open.

Since then my work has included (semi-chronologically): archeological field survey, Hispanic Services, and programs for developmentally disabled adults. I lived in unromantic poverty for a few years doing odd jobs (TJC's virtues did not include preparing me for a career and I came on the social services job market just as the bottom dropped out of Michigan's economy). Those long years prodded me to go back to school and pursue a career in chiropractic. It took 5 years on a part-time basis just to complete the necessary science prerequisites, for meanwhile I landed a job as manager of a food co-op in Grand Rapids (at the time \$8,000/year, no benefits, represented relative prosperity). Then came my first truly professional position as program coordinator at Ferris State University's department of lifelong learning- financial security at last, temporarily.

Three years later, in 1988, I entered Western States Chiropractic College. So here I am on the west coast. Chiropractic college has been the biggest challenge of my life. Not only is the credit load heavy (36 per term), and the tuition steep, but the process of becoming a physician forces one to confront one's deepest personal and professional issues as well. Some of that process is good and necessary, but I do believe we can learn to be healers in a less unhealthy (less patriarchal) way. Meanwhile, I balance the best I can.

Certainly my education here seems 180 degree turnabout from my experience at TJC- all science, no poetry. I'm halfway through- it's a four-year program- and my education is now becoming more clinically oriented. I plan to graduate in 1992. Perhaps there is still a place for healers who are also myth-makers and poets. Certainly there is the need for us. I like the Navajo concept of healing which requires a balancing of not only the whole person, but also the tribe, the earth, the universe.

Thanks for coming back into my life again, TJC. I need your vision and your hope. The earth needs our vision and our hope.

Love,

Suzette Tree Song

Suzette TreeSong

Dream

by Suzette Tree Song

I dreamt that
 all of a sudden
the stars revealed a message, a pattern,
unmistakeable
 even to astronomers:
the earth is close to its death
 (a supernova, a comet, were the symbols of my dream)
For the stars revealed a chain of events set in motion
 which could only logically lead to the end of the world
The stars also revealed the one possible salvation
 which would allow us to avoid annihilation
 if only we acted in time
A change of the pattern could prevent it
Not a direct counter- that would only amplify the effects
Only a subtle integration of the pattern, a gentle modification,
 can alter the destiny the stars foretell
This subtle change of energy
 only womyn can bring about
The stars reveal this also, plainly,
 that the ancient forgotten dances of the womyn
 kept the earth vibrating in harmony with the rest of the
 universe for millenia
And unless they are danced again
 the pattern of our existence will shatter
And so the wanderers carry the message from tribe to tribe,
 city to city,
 gathering a trail, a line-dance of womyn
 as they go
The men also- wise men, elders and leaders-
 encourage the womyn to join the dance
 seeing it is their only hope
The womyn gather
The womyn dance their sacred dance
 dancing the harmony back into the universal pattern
 saving the earth by reclaiming their personal power
The womyn dance, changing so subtly...
 Everything

Hey TJC'rs,

It was surprising to me how "the same" our recent gathering was. It almost felt like we hadn't left each other and this was just another Advance after a summer off. A few times, as my eyes fell on people my heart just exploded. It was all very sweet.

I want to offer myself as a contact for Siddha Yoga and Swami Anantananda (Cam Wilson) for those of you who have no other way. I also have weekly chants in my house on the northwest side of Grand Rapids. I'm in the book. Everyone is welcome.

I'll leave you with one of the few poems I've ever written as a rare poetic wave blew over me a few years back. I wish you all the best in your lives.

Hither, Thither and Whither

Hither, Thither and Whither
Three sister Fair and True.
The steadfast daughters of the King,
Lament we now their late passing,
And wonder where their voices sing
To warm good hearts anew.

We used to love their gay brocade
Near evening fire, lowered shade
As tales wove our thoughts in braid,
'Neath distant skies of grey and blue.

And now they make appearance rare,
No lissome foot upon the stair.
Though I've heard rumour of just where
These three have gone. 'Tis true.

For Hither's come to live with me,
And Thither dwells now by the sea.
Where Whither's gone I'm not privy,
Perhaps she lives with you.

Jim White



University of Guam

LEARNING RESOURCES

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PHONES: (671) 734-2482 / 734-3598
• ROBERT F. KENNEDY MEMORIAL LIBRARY

FAX: (671) 734-6882
• INSTRUCTIONAL MEDIA SERVICES

June 12, 1990

John Benser
421 Hoover, N.E.
Grand Rapids, MI 49505

Dear John,

I received all the info on the TJC Advance. I won't be able to make it, but I wanted to write and say hello to all my old TJC friends.

An enclosing photocopies of several recent articles which you may or may not be able to use in any Bull Frog Pond update. Feel free as you see fit.

After 17 years in Alaska, I moved to Guam in fall 1988 to take a reference librarian position here at the University of Guam. The tropical Western Pacific is quite a change from the polar North, but I had no problem adjusting. The first thing I did was get certified as an open water scuba diver.

Am using Guam as my base from which to explore the islands of Micronesia and other countries of Southeast Asia. It's wonderful!

Best wishes to all TJCers!

Cordially,

Mark Goniwiecha
Instructor of Library Science
RFK Library

THAILAND & BANGKOK, WILD AND WONDERFUL

Mark C. Goniwiecha, a reference librarian at RPK Library at the University of Guam, recently visited Thailand. It was a delightful and rigorous three-day wilderness trek via foot, elephant and bamboo raft through sparsely populated forest and hill country northwest of Chiang Mai, near the border of Burma. The following are excerpts of his story Is There a Doctor in the House?: Serving as Paramedic for the night in a Lisu Hill-tribe Village in Northwestern Thailand

...My forehead wound, still oozing and scabbing over, required attention. I removed my toilet kit from my backpack and went to work with my antiseptic and bandage. Curious townspeople took it all in.

A man stepped up to me and pointed out a cut on his foot, speaking to Dinu. Dinu asked if I would put some medicine on it. I replied that I'd gladly help, but the cut was dirty and needed to be washed up first. Dinu relayed the message and the man moistened a towel with water from the simmering kettle, and cleaned and dried his foot wound. I applied a few drops from the plastic container and a bandage, and Dinu conveyed the man's appreciation.

Next, a mother approached with her son, about six or eight years of age, and showed me a large abrasion on his knee. I did not have a large enough bandage, but the Symonds retrieved a large square plaster patch from their bags. The child squirmed from the sting of the cleanser. Once cleaned with water and antiseptic, the wound was covered with the patch and the child, with obvious glee, scampered off to his buddies, proudly displaying his bandage. Another child had cuts and sores behind the ear, and he too was treated and released.

I never travel without my trusty toilet bag, stocked with Pepto-Bismol, aspirin, Tylenol, and Alka-Seltzer Plus. In addition, my rummaging uncovered another container of disinfectant. I may have had in my possession more medicine than all village residences combined! Realizing I was serving *de facto* as village paramedic for the night, I dispensed these remedies to the afflicted, a small container to each one, with Dinu relaying

usage instructions. Assuming all went according to schedule, I would return in two days to Chiang Mai where I could restock my personal dispensary.

...Roosters rudely awakened us before the crack of dawn. By sun's first light, we were eating a fine breakfast of spicy scrambled eggs and toast, drinking coffee and tea, and watching villagers go about their appointed rounds. Men with shotguns headed out for bird hunting and other tasks. We packed our sleeping rolls and backpacks and were on our way quickly. We hiked all morning and stopped briefly to relax in a clearing where several houses stood. We were surprised to find cold soft drinks and bottled water for sale at a reasonable price. Onward we hiked, stopping for a hot lunch in another village. While Dinu, Fung and Cha prepared lunch, trekkers snoozed and checked out the village action.

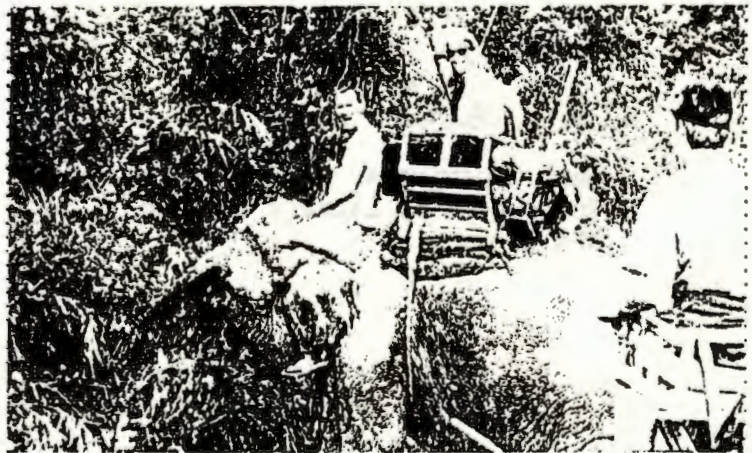
Following the lunch break, we continued on a few minutes until we reached a clearing on a creek, where the elephants were being fed and watered. The three elephants, we were told, were fifteen, 25 and 35 years of age. Their keepers — "mahouts" — shouted commands which the giant animals obeyed. The only training equipment evident included slender bamboo whips which the mahouts used sparingly. The trainers tied wooden seats atop the elephants with hemp twine and proceeded to seat the passengers. Wary, being first-time riders, we followed the mahouts' and guides' instructions. The Aussies, Brits and their children were seated two to an elephant. Two guides

and I seated ourselves, one per elephant, on a blanket on the elephants' necks, in front of the other riders. Mahouts walked the trail fore and aft. As the elephants started moving, I needed to grip with my legs to hold on. The elephant helped by pinning my legs back with his ears! I'm sure we were quite an amusing sight, terrified as the elephants lumbered along, up and down the uneven trail.

We followed the trail across dry rice paddies where water buffaloes grazed, crossed slow-running creeks, traversed lush, tropical jungle. From time to time, our elephant left the trail, attracted by a tender bamboo salad. Our initial concern that the pachyderm would slip off the trail's steep bank proved unfounded as the animal was very sure-footed. A kick behind the ear was the signal to move along.

After almost four hours, apprehension had metamorphosed into delight, as we pulled into a Karen hill-tribe village in late afternoon. We were disappointed to have to dismount. Getting down off the elephant was an adventure in itself. Mahouts walked the animals to a deck on elevated posts and we jumped over.

While daylight permitted, we took in the sights. Children splashed and bathed in a fork of the upper Mae Ping River. A real doctor and an aide, making their rounds on a circuit, had set up shop next door and were pricking fingers to check for malaria. About a dozen villagers were diagnosed positive and were given medication. ■



Mark C. Goniwiecha and friends in his recent trip to Thailand.

Ketchikan Daily News

Ketchikan Daily News, Ketchikan, Alaska, Tues., Sept. 13, 1988, page 4

Point of view

Celebrate your freedom to read

By MARK C. GONIWIECHA

Would you call Huck Finn a racist? Would you call Mother Goose a bigot? Would you whitewash *The Color Purple*?

It's shocking - but children's and young adults' classics are among the books challenged or banned in U.S. schools, public libraries and bookstores recently.

Mark Twain's *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* is questioned frequently as a racist novel. Recent complaints about *Huck Finn* were filed in libraries in Springfield, Ill. in 1984; the State College, Pa. Area School District in 1983; Houston, Texas in 1982; and other locations.

Mother Goose: Old Nursery Rhymes was challenged at the Dade County, Fla. Public Library in 1983 because of an alleged anti-Semitic verse.

Because of its "sexual and social explicitness," *The Color Purple* by Alice Walker was moved in 1987 to the school's professional library accessible only to teachers at Ferguson High School, Newport News, Va. Walker's novel was questioned in a Palmer, Alaska high school elective literature class in 1986; in Hayward, Calif. schools in

1985; and in an Oakland, Calif. honors class in 1984.

The Sisters Impossible by James D. Landis was challenged unsuccessfully at Pennell Elementary School Library, Eielson Air Force Base, Alaska in 1988. Because it uses the word "hell" seven times, the children's book was first removed from, then returned to the shelves at a Sillisaw, Okla. elementary school library in 1985-86.

"Open Books for Open Minds" is the theme for Banned Books Week '88, which is being observed during the week of September 24-October 1. Banned Books Week is co-sponsored by the American Library Association, the Association of American Publishers, the American Booksellers Association, the American Society of Journalists and Authors, and the National Association of College Stores. Members of these organizations believe that information restraints on a free people pose far more danger than the ideas expressed in books and magazines. This year, the event highlights the importance of access to ideas and information for young people. Censorship of young minds cripples the ability to think critically and creatively.

Open books lead to open minds. But a large and vocal group of Americans wants to restrict what others may read or view. Not able to trust their own children, would-be censors feel the need to limit access to information and ideas to other people's children, too, and to other adults, when possible.

Arguments that attempt to rationalize restricting access to some materials to minors miss the point. The point is that ideas found in books and other media need not validate the greater social system. It is in books - in the school, the library and the bookstore - that young people and other readers can discover knowledge previously unknown. Surely it is an overly broad generalization for the law to treat everyone under the age of 18 as too immature to deal with the realities of life today. A book which some people might consider harmful to minors might be exactly what some troubled 15-year-old needs to help make some sense out of life.

When books, movies or music recordings are banned, the result is always the same - everyone's right to read, view or listen is abridged or denied. Book challenges are the

result of intolerance - objections related to religious fundamentalism, objections based on socio-sexual references, and other arguments stemming from ignorance and fear.

Some legislators, district attorneys, and judges, even some U.S. Supreme Court judges, would limit minors' access to some materials deemed as harmful. Were it not for our First Amendment rights, booksellers, librarians and teachers might be considered potential peddlers of smut to minors.

But the First Amendment gives special protection to the freedom of speech and freedom of the press. In a democratic republic, the ability to think critically and creatively is crucial in individual and societal development. This ability requires the right to read, access to a wide variety of ideas and exposure to other points of view and values.

Today and every day, celebrate your freedom to read - open a book and open your mind!

(Mark Goniwiecha is assistant professor of library science at Rasmuson Library, University of Alaska Fairbanks and serves as president of the Alaska Library Association.)

Hello! Oh, how late I am--you are going to finalize the Bull Frog Pond Saturday morning, aren't you!

Here is my time line:

graduation 6/77
bridesmaid in sister's wedding 9/77
a violent attack on my life 11/23/77

Good grief!

The wonderful medical experts strapped me down to a bed-naked, hooked me up to machines, stuck me with I.V.'s--and waited for me to die.

I experienced a pre-death experience (how incredible!!!!) and I came back fighting! Yes! I'm told that my healing was so dynamic, the doctor couldn't keep up with me. For that reason, I was flown by air ambulance to Mayo Clinic.

Statistically speaking, I am dead. So much for statistics. My scar tissue is deep though I usually maintain reasonable control.

You see, I feel so incredibly betrayed. Let me set the scene. My back was broken and my face was crushed. I come from bright people, still, one sibling insisted that "you were crazy seven days a week, man." Whatever happened to my being a victim, one brutally abused, subjected to massive head swelling?

My father, a state law enforcement officer, and I have the same blood type. I remember since I was a child, Dad would get a call in the middle of the night and would fly off to the town where the injured officer was and would give direct blood transfusion. Not me. Oh, no. In our time of AIDS, I was repeatedly given blood from different donor sources--never from my father.

I was in a Michigan hospital for three weeks. I regularly got into the bathtub, crawled in and out of bed, navigated stairways and kept telling the I.C.U. nurses that "it hurts." Massive, tormenting pain. St. Luke's never found my broken back.

Mayo Clinic. More of our "medical experts." I was in their I.C.U. for two weeks before my broken back was found--five weeks after the initial break.

Five years of reconstructive surgery at Mayo Clinic and I am left with missing hip bone, and my large, wide and deepset eyes squished up against my nose and accompanied with visual distresses and a clear imbalance of systemic harmony.

This information is limited as I am not at legal liberty to discuss other factors.

Ah, the T.J.C. education. One of the few times I have ever had a reasonable amount of acceptance. That alone gave me a bit of space, a bit of relief from those societal burdens that I

frequently find being placed on my shoulders.

"Just what is a B.Ph., anyway?"

Here's a kicker! This person, declared by Mayo Clinic to be totally and permanently disabled, continues to score 90 and higher on state civil service exams.

Not being contacted for a job, I called them. Their brilliant little gem tells me that there are few work positions with the State of Michigan for people who majored in Philosophy.

What is she talking about, I ask. I only took one Philosophy course. She says, more or less, well, you have a Bachelor's Degree in Philosophy.

You know, all pertinent and required information had been provided. I did qualify for the position for which I applied. Period.

In the end, I am still on a disability income. I find that people are frightened of/by my space. My manifestation of above par work skills seems to carry no weight.

I continue to grow most of my food organically and plead with the powers that be to let me win the Lotto 47. That way I may finally go home and involve myself in self-sufficient homesteading. I may settle in with oodles and oodles of animals, lots of love and serenity.

Will it happen? I refuse to give up until it is my reality.

Smile. Do your best. Believe in yourself.

DelRae Finnerty

My time since our TJC Advance has been so dizzy. As I'm writing late, I'm hoping you were flooded with responses for our Bull Frog Pond. If not--the wastebasket will be fitting.

On the bus to our TJC Advance there was a woman who was also on my return bus. Out of Detroit, she attended a college of Wayne State University which was an offshoot of the M_____ college (mentioned by Dan Andersen). She too was on a campus event very similar to our own.

Her daughter had gone with a TJC student.

She read through our TJC booklet, became warm and smiled. She said she couldn't find anyone saying how "rich" or "successful" they had become. She said our comments matched her impression (a good one) of we TJCers.

My return was great--starting with Linda (Aube) Molter and family who picked me up at the bus station.

We all fit, with all of our differences--we have many warm, touching, wholesome common threads. What a delight! Laughter! Smiles! Hugs! Touching! Warmth! Reaching out! What a beauty!

On our future, I choose to follow the TJC mode. I don't believe that TJC "gave" us "characteristics". I believe that the TJC environment lowered resistances, allowed walls to fall down and doors to open so that we could spontaneously touch our own inner resources.

I will not be the one to set off the global explosion. As long as no one else does, I will strive to do my best, to live in harmony with my values; without being invasive, I wish to set an example that others choose to follow.

At 42, I still desire to bare another child (maybe 2!) and nurture both common sense and survival elements.

A very special man in my life was unable to gain free time to come with me. He is a gentle man. Without knowing my wounds, he has helped me heal a lot. He is American Indian. Like TJC, his presence has eased walls down, doors to open, hurdles to disappear. He is a gentle man, holistically oriented. He eases unrest away. Mike's influence is strong and positive. He passes on to this organic gardener good Indian growing techniques.

My dream is for many of us to reach toward, and to attain harmony with our environment. That, as our goal, must be a "given." It will take work, but we TJCers know that "work" need not be unpleasant.

"You are a child of the universe, no less than the trees and the stars; you have a right to be here. And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should. Therefore be at peace with God, whatever you conceive him to be, and whatever your labors and aspirations, in the noisy confusion of life keep peace with your soul. With all its shame, drudgery and broken dreams it is still a beautiful world. Be cheerful.

Strive to be happy".

The "powers that be" know how deeply I was moved via our TJC Advance--all inclusive.

Due to my injury symptoms, I often need to write things down to be able to recall clearly--especially when my emotions are in overdrive. I don't choose to leave anyone out; all were and are important to me.

Did you see Anson Ward's little one? He looks so much like papa! What a joy!

And David Mars. . . When he chooses to become involved, his eyes sparkle, they dance, they sing beautiful songs and they are so full of life.

Bruce Goldfarb. As you talked with me, more barriers went down. Yes, yes, I remember. You talked the same statements with me when we were students!--your work with Lubbers, etc. Thank you. My memory did need that boost.

We were great, weren't we?! I have not had as many warm hugs and touches in my past six years! Adrienne Alm, my roommate, we were a good match. Mary TePastte let me "wind down" in her home for an hour or two before returning me to the bus station and, the Jewish miss from out east--who's name I never did get--stroked my work impetus well. I am on an incline again.

The very best to all of us!

DelRae Finnerty
112 N. Foster Avenue
Lansing, MI 48912

Although I'm a TJC graduate, I must not be on the alumni list. I heard about the Advance through Lucy Gibson and Cindy Roemer. For the record, here is my name and address:

Ann Michael
3884 Lanark Rd.
Coopersburg, PA 18036

I imagine quite a few TJCers will slip through the cracks if graduates are the only ones you have lists for. I graduated in '79 and many of my classmates transferred out of TJC, instead of graduating, just before the school closed. I don't even know if most of my friends ever graduated! Do you have whereabouts of Ariel Dawson, Dan Chichester, Jim Gilfix, Karen Hoag? Robert Radcliffe is, I believe, now a lawyer in Seattle. The last address I have for him is 123 Bellevue Ave. E, Apt. A, Seattle WA 98102 - he had transferred to Antioch College.

Getting to the Advance would be pretty tough for me this year, although I'd love to see the campus' ravines again. I haven't been back to Michigan - and it's so beautiful - one year I will. But this year I have two very young children and my husband is going to be in California the weekend of August 12. I won't be up to making the trip by myself. Too bad!! I think the reunion aspect would be very interesting and being a new mom is a little isolating...I do crave being around adult company, much as my two little ones fascinate me.

You can let anyone who is interested know that I'm married to David Sloan and our two children are Michael Sloan (who'll be 21 months old in August) and Alice Sloan (who'll be 3 months old in August). I'm home with the babies; occasionally I do freelance writing, editing or typography jobs. I still love to read, to garden, to write a little poetry, to write letters, to travel and to dance. In some ways not much has changed since 1979. I don't even look very different - still wear my hair long. And I hate working 9 to 5 as much as I ever did. Of course, with two kids I work from 6 a.m. until midnight, nonstop. (It's not hard work I mind so much as confined schedules!)

As for how things have changed in ten years, well - yes I'm computer literate now and I drive a station wagon and we own a house in a semi-rural suburb of Allentown, PA. I finally have paid off both of my college student loans and I've lived in the same place for over three years - a record! As I write this I realize it all seems pretty mundane, but I have found some small peace in my life at last and am actually kind of grateful to have a few years which are only "eventful" in the usual way.

So I don't have anything witty or creative to add to whatever you may be publishing to commemorate the TJC years. Just let me know of future happenings, as perhaps I can eventually attend one. It would do my heart good to see a few old friends - and to see the woods of Michigan, and the lake, again.

Sincerely,
Ann E. Michael

The 1990 TJC Uprising - An overview of some aging hippies from the point of view of an antique beatnik.

First of all I was pleased to see you are all aging so nicely. I did that rather well about 25 years ago. The shock was worn off but the pangs remain.

Since I never attended TJC I was sort of like a bastard at the family reunion. I looked familiar but nobody had my face in their album.

However--I did have the strange feeling that I had come home. You people have the feel of the beat generation--I noticed all the hugging, kissing and patting going on. I assume there is more but you very politely did not do it in public.

1945 in San Francisco was a warm up for what you have really put together--a real sense of tribal belonging. Truly a family.

I can't remember when I received so much intimate touching from total strangers--the last time I met a pickpocket, I would guess.

I fell in love with all of you. When Kate told me later (and I heard from others), "I did not realize how much I missed these people," I could really feel what she meant.

I would suggest you had best hang together for you have a precious thing that can never be replaced.

Thanks for your warm hospitality and your giving spirit.
Peace.

Robert Lawrence Hoiton

The Last Word...and ...The Next Steps

The Advance was a magical time for me: seeing old friends, heroes from the past, teachers, and mentors (and all those hippies!). I felt the community and a strong sense of belonging once again. I remembered the acceptance I was granted twenty years ago and encouraged in the journey along my own path. I want more of those feelings; I want our special community to continue.

We had wonderful ideas at the Advance. Karle want to memorialize TJC with a frog sculpture at Grand Valley; Curt wants to make tee shirts from the "Keep on Truckin" poster; Mary is interested in a Bud Haggard scholarship for alternative education; Clinton wants to make a videotape from the video archives (Remember the Faculty's yurt project, the windmill, or "American TiaChe: MT"); Mary Sunshine looks to build temporary communities at Circle Pines; I want to continue the "Bull Frog Pond"; and many, many people want another Advance.

We owe many thanks to the Alumni Office (thank you, Nancy! Thank you Mary!), the University, and President Lubbers. The Advance and this issue of BFP would not have happened without their support and leadership. But, I think our dreams and desires are different than theirs and we must not depend on the University to help us attain our goals.

Our College was disbanded, our Faculty and staff scattered, and we have spread out across the planet. Although we lack a geographical base and an institutional home, our Thomas Jefferson college still exists within each of us. But to make it more than a meeting-of-our minds we must begin to plan now.

Will the next Advance be in '92 or '95? Where will it be held? Who wants a Tee shirt? Where is alternative education available and who shall we sponsor? A ten foot truckin frog beside LHM? (How perfect! but how do we pay for any of it?)

It is time to call the Town Meeting. It is time to exchange ideas, to prepare to set dates, to begin the fundraising.

I am appointing myself as corresponding secretary. Send me your address. Send your friends' addresses. Send your ideas and articles for the next "Bull Frog Pond" (to be published in July 1991). Send pledges of financial support (for mailings, advertisements, etc.) to be paid when the Town Meeting has established a vehicle and chosen the treasurer.

Next Town Meeting? late May 1991 in Grand Rapids (?).
Call for details.

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