

1995

Bullfrog Pond, 1995 Edition

Grand Valley State College. Thomas Jefferson College

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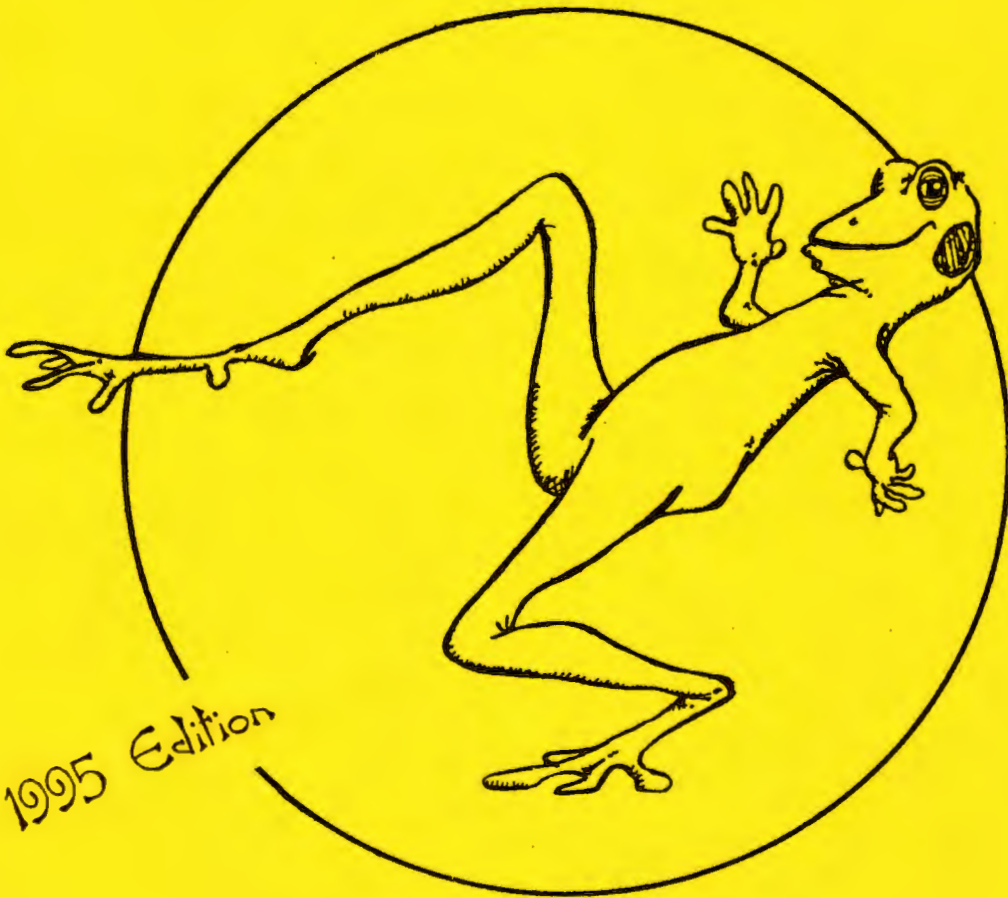
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Bullfrog Pond



1995 Edition

Thomas Jefferson College
Alumni

TJC

TJC



"The future just ain't what it used to be,
But then again, in never was . . ."

--Lee Hayes
The Weavers



Bullfrog Pond



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Thomas Jefferson College
of General Studies



GRAND VALLEY
STATE COLLEGE

NOBODY CAN TELL ME TJC ISN'T ALIVE!!

Those who attended the TJC Advance this past summer can attest to the fact that TJC is very much alive in our hearts and minds. Words cannot adequately describe the warmth, the joy, the feeling of togetherness, the sharing of memories, thoughts, ideas and experiences mostly related to our TJC experiences.

Our heartfelt and most sincere thanks to President Lubbers and the Alumni Relations Office for making the event possible and a success.

The TJC Advance resounded with hugs, happy exclamations, etc. We exchanged memories and thoughts on so many aspects of our lives, experiences and issues facing us today. It was wonderful to see how you have grown and to meet your beautiful families.

TJC students, I believe, have distinguished characteristics; they tend to be analytical, able to separate the "pseudo people and things" from the "genuine," and have a unique, subtle, often quirky wit and humor that can be piercing and yet most refreshing. I DO LOVE YOU!

Let's do it again in the year 2000 (less than five years away) and PLAN TO BE HERE IN FULL FORCE. Your "TJC Mom," Mary T., will be there to greet you warmly and HEAR YOU!

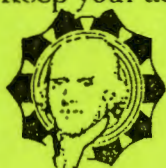
*Love,
Mary T.*

WAS THE '95 ADVANCE A SUCCESS?

Well...Golly! Gee!

There were a lot of people I had hoped to see but didn't -- I wanted to see Bruce and Mark and Dave and Robin and about 400 others! But I did see Michael and Belle and Max and Roger and Ginny and about 150 others! And we had a great time with songs and hugs and remembering and sharing. Yes, it was a success!

Now we look to the year 2000. Perhaps then we'll see a lot of the ones we missed in '95. Keep your addresses up to date so we can keep in touch...

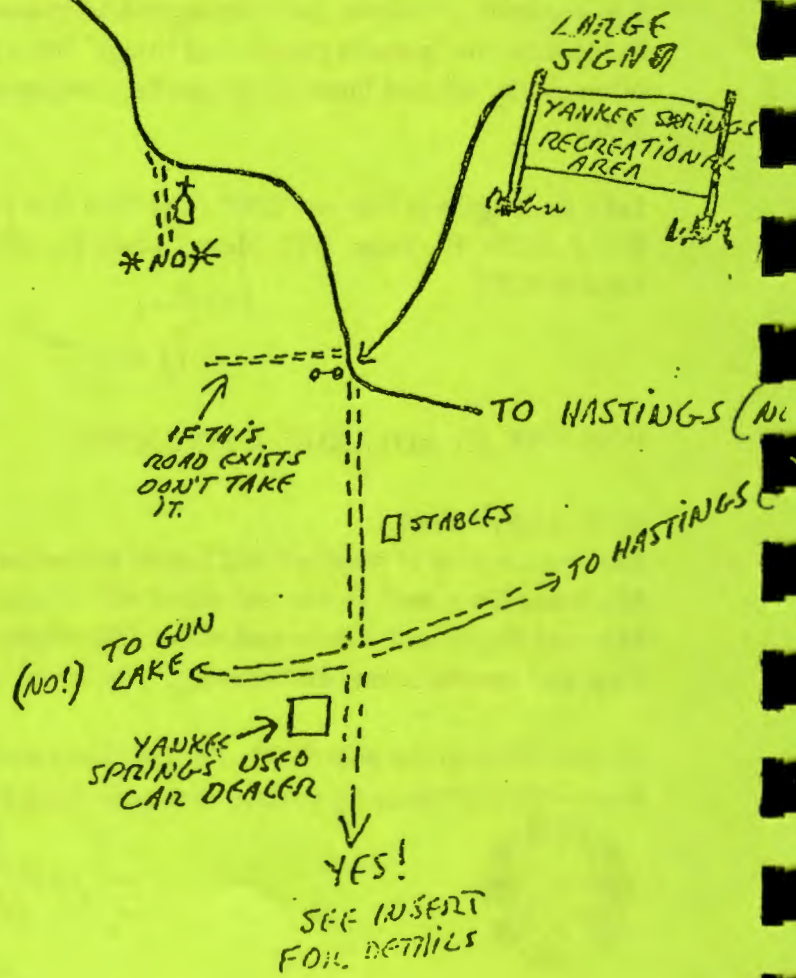
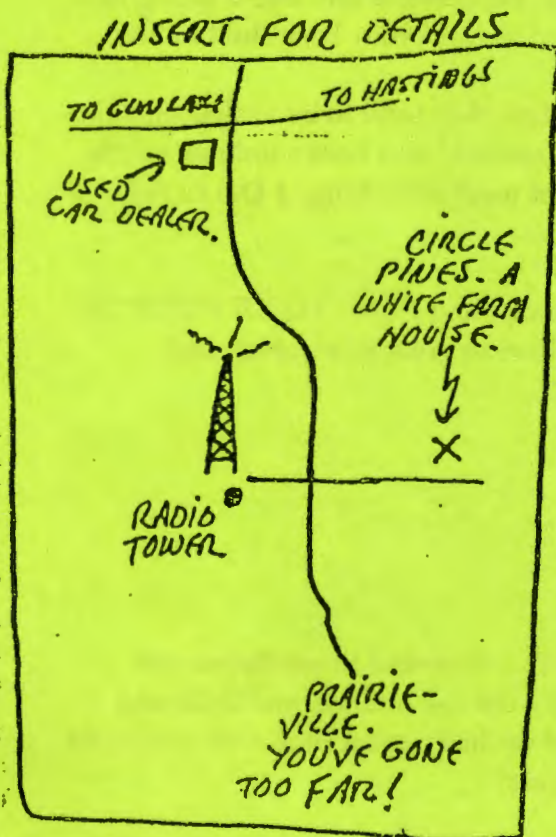
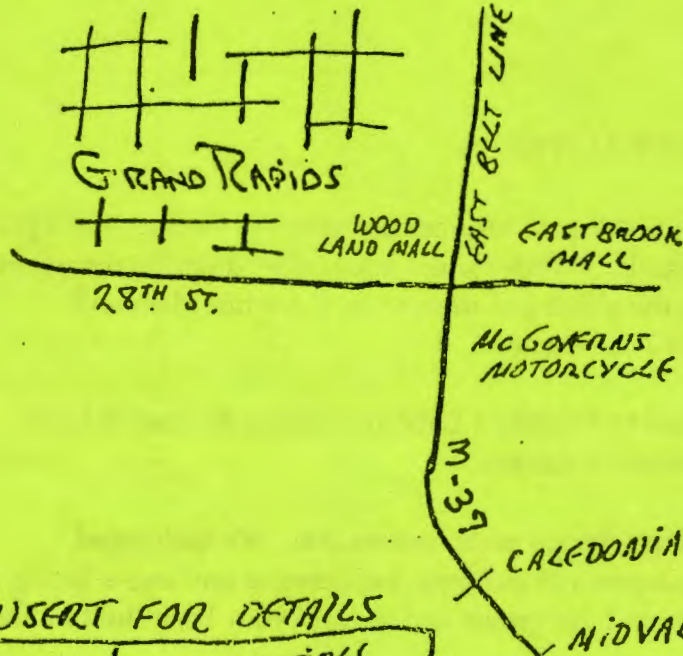


*Love to all,
Dan*

YE MARVEL MAPPE TO: THE ADVANCE



CIRCLE PINES
PHONE #
623-9991



COURTESY OF
FRED + CAMERON
MAPPE MAKERS.

THOMAS JEFFERSON COLLEGE

REVISITING A PLACE I'VE NEVER BEEN

As coordinator of the 1995 TJC Advance for GVSU's Alumni Relations Office, I was subjected to a vast number of critical suggestions on how to deal with and entertain "those people," a common reference for TJCers from some who claimed to have been around the GVSU scene when "they" were undergraduates. My mental image of the garden-variety TJCer developed, as a result of all the help I received, into a colorful one.

I am a former member of GVSU's Class of 1968, the second class to be admitted. As Dan Andersen describes fully elsewhere in this edition of the "Bull Frog Pond," the curriculum of those days was modeled after an archetypal British university with considerable emphasis placed on the "foundation" or general education courses. The system also was centered on a Socratic process of lecture, followed by smaller group discussions and resolving into one- or two-on-one tutorial sessions with the professor. I cannot describe a more terrifying experience than arriving for a tutorial with the esteemed and venerable Professor Hoozis, unprepared for an enforced confrontation in the hostile environs of his or her star chamber.

But I digress. As I prepared to work with a committee of former TJC administrators, faculty and alumni, I couldn't escape the thought that I would be dealing with a group of heretics - individuals who had the audacity to challenge the traditional and formal system of higher education in this country, with the support of Grand Valley itself, and enjoy themselves at the same time. I heard all the stories, tales of windmills, pine circles, car horn honking symphonies, mystic rock bands, indelible tie-dye stains and the wonderful cultural soup that TJC stirred up on this campus. All of which were forbidden by the convention of my undergraduate times.

You see, we early baby boomers were drilled with the proposition that we would go to college, earn degrees and be successful in ways that our parents could not. This was largely due to the Second World War and the enormous changes it created. That was good enough for me, I suppose. Go the way my forebears had, matriculate, and, as the "Whiffenpoof Song" prescribes, pass and be forgotten with the rest.

So, armed with apprehensions about revolutionary and aggressively liberated alumni of a freewheeling, freestyle supernova that flared, blazed, then faded into the corporate memory of Grand Valley, I began to meet the TJC alumni and make plans. What I found as I worked with them was a most pleasant surprise.

I learned that within the climate of academic freedom that must have existed between 1968 and 1980 was a fierce pride in the organization that afforded that freedom. The popular misconception of TJC days seems to be that students were free to do nothing - and nothing could be further from the truth, in my view. Although a more permissive atmosphere was in effect, I found that those who traveled through TJC possess a curiosity and dedication to fullness of thought that is rarely seen lately.

I was also impressed by the lasting nature of the fellowship generated by attendance at TJC. Old college ties are not new, to be sure. However, the depth of relationships established while at TJC seems to be much greater than in traditional college settings. While I was not sufficiently close to any TJCer to discuss interpersonal relationships in those days, it was quite obvious that a sense of belonging, common identity and sharing pervaded the group. What they had was very special; they knew it then and cherish it now.

I'm aware that some TJC alumni resent the present-day GVSU because of the directions the University has taken since the demise of TJC. I looked for hostility and bitterness, but found little. What I perceived in larger measure was a resignation that what once was known as Thomas Jefferson College was good and true, but cannot exist in that form any longer. They are dedicated to keeping the memory and the spirit of TJC alive. They are doing a good job of it.

The Advance was a success by several measurements, and I found myself in awe of the people who attended. A more articulate, sensitive and, yes, "colorful" group of people would be hard to find on any '90s campus, it is certain. I'm also gratified that my existence during the Jurassic Era of Grand Valley history prompted curious questions from TJCers about my experiences, both then and now.

Thomas Wolfe was correct when he postulated that "You Can't Go Home Again." My GVSC is a thing of the past, a foundation for that which constitutes the present GVSU. I can never satisfactorily revisit it. Thomas Jefferson College, an academic generation later, is gone, yet it lives on in the recollections of students who were TJC. Grand Valley is stronger for it having been alive for 12 years. How I wish I had had the opportunity to be a part of it then!

Kent Fisher

Between Kyoto and Madeleine Island

This is my scrap
of sand-colored soil
covering jointed bone,
and mined from the dark vein
in my mother's womb
these, my two
blue sapphire stones
shot through with light;

Here's the notched stick of my spine,
and shoulder blades
like snubbed-off wings,
like a grounded bird
I hop and stretch;

Here's the ready mouth:
flashing bone pearls
wet lips, clay tongue
a sighing bowl
a snake coil
a pinched pot before the tantrum wail
binding me to hunger
and to history
with its chiselled alphabet;

And there
swinging down my back
one long sweetgrass braid
made by my sister's hands,
and between these
sturdy legs of cedar
the quivering bog
with its tiny peak
roiling up like a volcano
in a rice paddy
sudden, urgent, palpable power -

Ann Filemyr
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PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY DAYS AT GVSU

Daniel Andersen

Among the key policy makers and early administrators for the new Grand Valley State College were such persons as William Seidman, Philip Buchen, James Zumberge, and George Potter. Harry Jellema, a retired philosophy professor from Calvin College, certainly played an important role, perhaps the most important, in setting the direction of the college. (Apologies to any that have been overlooked!) These persons committed themselves and the faculty to search for ways that would make this new college something unique, something different from typical liberal arts colleges, something that would make it stand out.

Certainly GVSC was to be a liberal arts college, or a college where the liberal arts and sciences were to be stressed and majors only in the liberal arts and sciences were to be offered. There was no thought in those days of expanding to include professional schools. Though the planning for higher education by the State of Michigan indicated that the new college would focus upon teacher preparation and business administration, the policy makers emphasized that these would be based on a central core of the liberal arts. All students enrolled for the B.A. degree and were required to complete a foreign language requirement. (The B.S. degree, which omitted the foreign language requirement, was not introduced until years later.) All students completed the "Foundation Program," a set of nine courses in the arts and humanities, the social studies, the sciences and mathematics. The ideal was to take three Foundation Program courses each term for the three terms of the freshman year, deferring work on one's own major program until the sophomore year. GVSC was then on the quarter system, with three ten-week terms or quarters, plus a summer quarter, constituting the school year. All courses were for five term credits, in which one term credit was equal to 2/3 semester credit. Three courses for fifteen such term credits constituted a normal full-time academic load.

But such features alone would not make GVSC significantly unique. These were simply variations on the theme of the liberal arts and a general education program that were found in many colleges. In its early and formative years, the faculty and administration committed itself to some form of decentralization of the college as a way of expressing its own uniqueness. Just what form this would take and how it would be administered were issues that would be hammered out as time went on. One of the first ideas to be considered was that of organizing separate collegiate societies of roughly 1,500 students each. The Great Lakes complex of buildings—Lake Michigan Hall, Lake Superior Hall, and Lake Huron Hall—was envisioned as housing one such collegiate society. Perhaps an Islands complex—Manitou Hall, Mackinac Hall—would house another. I remember questioning in a faculty meeting whether

separate collegiate societies should require totally separate buildings in order to have a sense of individual identity. Some courses common to each such society might be taken in a common facility, especially in the sciences.

The first step in the implementation of the idea of a "decentralization" of the college was to organize the faculty into two study committees (fall, 1966, I believe). It was decided that one committee would design a new unit or "society" while the other would concern itself with maintaining the "regular" or "main" college as an effective academic institution. Each faculty member chose the committee of personal preference. I remember myself with such people as Daniel Clock, Gil Davis, Tom Goss, Margaret Crawford, Tom Bulthuis, Lee Kaufman, Bill Baum, and on the "Second Society" committee, which was significantly smaller than the other. Some of us had been meeting informally at Win Schuler's Restaurant in Grand Haven for some time, discussing various ideas for a new school. George Potter, Grand Valley's academic vice-president, appointed Don Hall to chair this group, but Daniel Clock took on this responsibility when Don went on to the position of Grand Valley's Dean of Students. The Grand Valley faculty continued to meet as a whole to take care of the ongoing business of the college.

In one of these faculty-as-a-whole meetings a most crucial issue was brought up and voted on. I missed this meeting. I think it was on the day I drove back home along Lake Michigan Drive at 80 mph to take Doris to the hospital for the birth of our youngest son. As it was described to me later, my colleague and chairman of the physics department, John Baker, brought up the issue of governance for any new unit that might be formed. Was governance to be by the GVSC faculty as a whole? Or would a new unit have its own separate faculty meetings and be independent to govern itself? Professor Baker suggested that it would hardly make sense to design a new unit for the college and not allow it to govern itself. It could be out-voted on any problem or issue that came up if the entire GVSC faculty were involved. It was moved, seconded, and passed that any new unit or branch would enjoy autonomy. This carried the implication of separate faculty, administration, and admissions process. This crucial decision affected the course of GVSC for the next fifteen years.

The Second Society Committee designed just that: a new unit or branch at GVSC. It was given the name School of General Studies (SGS). The main college was named the College of Arts and Sciences (CAS). SGS was designed after a British academic model. It had a Common Program of required courses beginning with the New Student Problem Series (NSPS) in the freshman (or new student) year. NSPS included a term each of courses: Man and Society (social studies), Man and the World (the sciences), and Man as an Individual (arts and humanities). A weekly forum (lecture and discussion) to be attended by the entire SGS community was integrated into the topics of NSPS. The Common Program went on to include a Sophomore Common Seminar, a Junior Seminar, a Field Study off campus for a full term, with both a field supervisor and a campus faculty supervisor, and a Senior Project followed by a Senior Seminar in which the individual projects were discussed and critiqued.

The Common Program occupied about a third of every student's academic program. Most of the elective courses offered by SGS were called Examinations.

Students could register for such a course and not show up until a formal examination at the end of the term. Each faculty member offering such examination courses listed specific weekly days and times when students could make contact to discuss their progress in pursuing the examination goals, which were clearly spelled out by course syllabi. These discussion times quickly became discussion classes, attended by most students enrolled for these courses. The idea of being totally absent from the first day until the final examination, a common practice in European schools, was somewhat frightening to our students.

Students were encouraged to design and undertake independent studies, with appropriate faculty supervision, varying from five to fifteen credits. Course grades were either S (Satisfactory) or I (Incomplete). The S grade was to be assumed as equivalent to grade C or better in the regular grading system. The I grade carried the implication that the course could yet be satisfactorily completed at some time in the future. I do not recall that SGS required students to undertake a "major" program. They could assemble a minimum number of credits in an area of study and describe it as a "concentration" on their graduation logs if they wished.

The person who was to lead or direct SGS would have the title Chairman of the School of General Studies. Later on, this office was distinguished by the title of Dean. A crucial policy was worked out in regard to the issue of self-governance. There would be three votes on all decisions to be made, with two votes sufficient to carry a matter. The Chairman had one vote, the collective faculty had one vote (determined by simple majority of the faculty), and the Town Meeting had one vote (determined by simple majority of the entire SGS community, if my memory is correct).

In fall, 1968, SGS was opened. It had a student body of eighty. Daniel Clock as Chairman, Gil Davis, and Tom Goss were its full-time faculty. Its course offerings were rounded out with several dual appointments between CAS and SGS and the offering of several of the Examination courses by various CAS professors. As a member of the CAS physics department, I taught two of these exam courses that first year: Modern Astronomy and the Revolution of 20th Century Physics. In the spring, 1969, term, Daniel Clock asked me to be his administrative assistant on a half-time appointment, remaining with CAS physics for the other half. In fall, 1969, I was appointed full-time to the SGS faculty.

It is my recollection that growth of SGS was to be kept rather slow and deliberate. I think that plans for the second year called for a student body of 120 and the equivalent of six full-time faculty (to have a twenty-to-one ratio). But an event took place that altered these plans and would soon change the character of SGS dramatically. Unknown to us, Nason College, a liberal arts college in Springvale, Maine, had also embarked upon a venture into experimental higher education. They created what they called "Unit II." It was a unit fully immersed in the wave of experimental education that swept through higher education in the 1960s and gradually died out in the 1970s. It was designed more in the style of Bensalem College at Fordham University, Old Westbury on Long Island, New York, and Antioch College in Yellow Springs, Ohio, than in the style of the British model that inspired SGS. There was no "Common Program." There were no required courses. Every last credit earned by a student was

by that student's personal choice. Most courses were of a seminar nature, with free discussion and interaction by all members. The lecture format was shunned. Independent (individual) studies and off-campus studies, under faculty supervision, were encouraged. Grading in such institutions was probably similar to that at SGS.

Experimental education as a whole and Unit II in particular attracted independent-minded, creative, self-motivated students and, undoubtedly, some "dead-beats" looking for an easy ride. They were students who saw an opportunity to take full control over factors in their lives that were of intimate personal concern. There certainly were many personality types, but perhaps, as a whole, students could be described as noisy, eager to sound off, quick to express themselves in various ways, even rambunctious. One needed to live in the decades of the '60s and '70s to appreciate the turmoil in our nation, politically, socially, and educationally. It was a time of "radicalization," of opposing "the system," of anti-war vigils and demonstrations. Experimental higher education was an expression of the times, of the national mood. But there was little evidence of it in higher education in conservative West Michigan. Experimental units were established elsewhere in Michigan: Justin Morrill College at Michigan State University and Monteith College at Wayne State University, perhaps, and to some extent, at the Residential College at the University of Michigan.

But Unit II at Nasson College was not autonomous. Governance at Nasson College was by the faculty as a whole, not by separate units. The more conservative and traditional faculty reached the point where they could no longer tolerate the influx of these expressive and radicalized young people. They felt that the academic integrity of the entire institution was being compromised. So, sometime during the '68-'69 school year, they voted to dissolve Unit II. It would no longer exist after that school year. Somehow Unit II became aware of the existence of SGS and the potential it had for being a truly experimental unit as they understood it. Unit II wanted to move en masse to GVSC and be incorporated into SGS. During the summer of 1969, Academic Vice-President George Potter and one or two SGS faculty (and perhaps a student or two) went to Springvale armed with GVSC catalogs, SGS information, and application forms. They personally interviewed Unit II students interested in making the move to West Michigan. I don't remember just how many of these students were admitted to SGS, but the fall, '69 term opened with 169 students. Three Unit II faculty members—Ben Beck (psychology), Hugh Haggard (philosophy and religion studies), and Don Klein (English literature)—obtained full-time positions at SGS.

During the 1969-70 academic year, the SGS program remained intact, with its Common Program and Exam courses. But change was in the wind! The influx of Unit II students and faculty carried the full impact of the wave of experimental education into GVSC. The die had been cast. The faculty and students could outvote the chairman. One can anticipate what was to transpire. The policy of giving no grades remained intact, but the Common Program—all required courses—was eliminated. Exam courses simply disappeared, being replaced by seminars. Independent studies proliferated. New, innovative pedagogical approaches were introduced, such as the "Floating seminar," in which the final description was produced at the end of the term rather than at the beginning. In due time professional internships were introduced. The

Chairman of SGS, Daniel Clock, resigned. He was replaced by T. Dan Gilmore, whose charismatic personality was instrumental in uniting the faculty and students. A "retreat" (never!) at the commencement of the school year was renamed an "advance." Such "advances" became popular; the school reunions held ever since are called "advances."

Grand Valley State College itself continued its course of decentralization. Because each new unit was autonomous, it was decided to call them "colleges" rather than "societies" and each was to be headed by a dean. Bill Baum continued through the second year of SGS on a dual appointment between SGS and CAS. Confronted with the need to decide upon one or the other of the units, he chose to remain full-time in the CAS Political Science Department. But before he left he was instrumental in having SGS change its name to Thomas Jefferson College (TJC), and Thomas Jefferson became the pedagogical hero of this unit all its days. GVSC went on to establish William James College and College IV, later renamed Kirkhof College. During the days of this federation of colleges, GVSC took the name of Grand Valley State Colleges. Each college had its unique philosophy, pedagogy, and personality. A student in any of the colleges could cross-register for courses in the other colleges to an extent determined by the student's own college. The course requirements and grading practices of the college offering the courses were to be observed.

TJC reached its maximum size in the fall, '74 term, with over 500 students. They were typical of the students described above, for TJC was now fully immersed in the wave of experimental education. The use of a testing instrument with national norms indicated a mean score of 75th percentile on academic potential and a mean score of 90th percentile on creative potential. Over one in every three TJC students went on to graduate school. Informal discussion at the 1995 Advance indicated that eventually one in every two TJC graduates may attend graduate school. The only students at Grand Valley ever to win Danforth Foundation Graduate Fellowships were enrolled in TJC.

As the '70s passed, the political turmoil of the country subsided, career orientation became the focus of higher education, involvement with and commitment to a "cause" of some kind faded away. In its early years, TJC students were rather broadly distributed across the spectrum of arts and sciences, but especially psychology, social studies of various kinds, elementary education, and the arts as a whole. In the later '70s, TJC became more a school of the expressive arts: theater, mime, dance, music, visual art. Its student enrollment declined gradually through the late '70s. It was finally terminated in spring, 1980, as part of a drastic austerity measure at GVSC. It had outlived many of its counterparts in experimental education, and it still lives on in the lives of many persons scattered around the world. The most visible physical evidence on the GVSU campus of the existence of Thomas Jefferson College is a cozy little nook with an appropriate memorial plaque along the north wall of Lake Huron Hall.

Overheard at the Advance . . .

" . . . Doris Andersen . . . more energy than a dozen teenagers!"

--unknown

"Oh, Ranjani, you look wonderful! But what would Ayyangar say?!"

--Doris Andersen

"So what made you decide to wear that dress?"

-- Gina Schuchman

"When I was getting ready to come here tonight a thought came to me, and it was 'romance!'"

-- Ellen McNaughton

"You know, Mary TePastte has really always been the cruz of the whole thing."

-- Belle Bailey

"My aren't we being polite!"

*-- Eric Bledsoe,
my old boyfriend*

"Wouldn't you just love to be sitting at the bar at the Moss Beach Distillery right now, watching the sun set over the Pacific?"

-- Norm DeVries

"Can you believe it? Mary tePastte hasn't aged a bit. She's ageless."

-- general consensus

☺ compiled by Ranjani

THE AUCTION (1976)

It is Election Day...
The Nation gathers round
to hear the auctioneer
sell off our souls.

The past,
the future
our hopes
our dreams
the God of our fathers
the prayers we learned at mother's knee

and our MONEY
our lives
our land, our streams, our waters,
And the lives of little children
in the ghettos,
in the vineyards and the lettuce fields
on the reservations,
in sharecroppers' shacks
in mountain cabins

in the prisons and the youth houses
on the streets, in the schools

They have piled our goods together
for sale to the highest bidder.

Is there still a chance to buy back the old homestead?
Or has the nation already been foreclosed
by the moneylenders?
Are we free?
Or were we ever free?

Listen to the Auctioneer:
Our votes are our pennies....
Poor spectators, we stand around
and watch the sale of our souls
uneasy, fascinated, unbelieving.

Yet all those pennies speak of millions!
We COULD buy it back
together

But we have been promised
forty acres and a mule
or a tax break
or an airforce base
or an arms factory...
Our individual soul may be bought
and so we think we can save it.

LET the others go down to the pit,
so long as our household is saved.

It is Election Day!
GOING ONCE
GOING TWICE
SOLD. TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER!

✂ Dorothy Hoogterp

Random Reflections on the Reunion

When Mary ^{Te Pastie} ~~Tepestie~~ called and asked that I write an article for the "Bullfrog Pond" about my reflections on last year's reunion, I hesitated to commit. (Writing has never been one of my strong points, as you will see when you read this article.) But, I never could turn down a request from Mary T., especially when she ruined my "typical excuse" by giving me almost two months to complete it. (Normally I am too busy and do not have the time.)

So, I have been reflecting on the reunion and thinking about writing this article for over seven weeks now. (You can guess which part was very enjoyable and which one was not enjoyable at all.) However, one of my dominate traits, procrastination, prevailed as usual, and I am now writing this article during the "eleventh hour".

My "reflections" may appear to be disjointed, and not cohesive, but I prefer to think of them as "random" or of a brainstorming nature. Here they are:

- I was amazed how many TJC'ers I did not know. Many were from the same era as I.
- It was very easy to meet and talk with people I had not previously known. That TJC bond is very special and amazing.
- Being on the planning committee was great. I made new acquaintances, deepened others and had a chance to talk with many friends that could not attend the reunion.
- I talked with some friends I had not spoken with in over 20 years. What an enjoyable experience!
- TJC will always be special to me.
- The institution may be dead, but TJC's spirit lives on through its people.
- Good friendships:
 - Are like a fine wine, they get better with age
 - Make the years since last contact seem like days
 - Transcend time
- I thought I had changed so much since my TJC days, but upon reflection, have I?
- The values and philosophies I developed at TJC appear to have changed very little.
- It was fun to be with old friends and remember "old times".
- It was (and is) fun to reflect on one's college days.

Sorry for all of the clichés I used, but what they hell, they seem to express my feelings.

My best wishes to all and hope to see you at the next TJC reunion.

Steve Peterson

Apache Junction
March 3, 1995 9 PM

I am seduced by affluence here - although I guess the seductive aspects aren't working. I don't want to be here. I feel like "Adam's Off Ox". These are remarkable women, who have influenced me & broadened my insights etc. etc.

My entire sense now is "I don't belong here. It is wasting my life-time - & there are things of my own: that I am not doing.

Its not that they are not nice to me, but just that I can't connect.

Here I don't even feel I connect with Barbara - BUT I know (because she has said so) that she values me as a roommate because I don't have to talk (in the "chatting" sense) & I don't want to watch TV. Thus I free her to be with herself - and she likewise frees me.

I tried (be my witness - I have not been either hostile or critical - so far!) to enter into a couple conversations - about our personal stories - especially as related to "class" - it went over like a lead balloon. Another entry resulted in Shevy grabbing the conversational ball and running with it the rest of the game.

This is no poem -

but at least it is a reflection.

I need to think, meditate, plan - to best use these unusually "free" days.

If I throw them away, its my loss AMEN

. I was going to try to draw some of this conflict but I wrote instead.
Now I'll try the colors.

#139
Apache Junction
March 5, 1995 7:20 PM

Just returned from a rather tentative "walk" Now it sounds like its raining hard. It was warn and faintly sprinkling when I was walking . . .

. . . When I told them I was sick (at about noon) they were kind and helpful. I lounged by the pool in the sun - but I didn't dare try swimming. and then spent most of the afternoon resting in bed, or sleeping, or reading.

I phoned Dorthy - to the happy (not!) news that Cindy has quit.

I tried to visit D. Hoffman this morning but she had invited me for Monday breakfast not today.

Tomorrow I want to talk to her - briefly - do my laundry including my sheets and the stuff I soaped and soaked and wrung out waiting for the wash machine.

Then I'm going to Phoenix and stay in a motel overnight. Vera will drive me to Phoenix when I'm ready.

(Shevy) Got a nice warm E-mail about me from Ruth Mountaingrove. I think I've found a friend there.

The "accident" was a blessing indeed, as it dramatically demonstrated that I DO need to cut back and take care of myself. I do. Maybe it convinced me too.

Also of course that Dorthy has a life of her own. there's more dimensions to this than I have been paying attention to.

My body is screaming at me.

I guess I should try listening.

Well I'll play with my colors again - but "the glory has departed" - for the moment.

I need a couple days to re-group for when I get home.

And include the possibility (option) of leaving Lansing.

AMEN

✂ Dorothy Hoogterp

THE PICKLE FACTORY

Well, it ain't for my enjoyment
It's to keep from unemployment
but I work at a pickle factory.

Yes, and you may think it's cute,
But I stuff a phallic fruit
into a jar down at the pickle factory.

Where the men that they call foremen
get a lot of money more than
the forewomen at the pickle factory.

And I still think it ain't fair
cause they deserve a bigger share
cause they work harder, and their work is plain to see.

Why they give me a promotion
just to give me a demotion
is a problem that must be explained to me.

But once I went from a can-stacker
to a lowly pickle packer
in a week down at the pickle factory.

Well, it's a privilege to dump glass
cause you can sit upon your ass
a half an hour at the pickle factory

But as for now, I keep on jerkin'
that little baby gherkin
in a jar I call a deli-yuk-acy.

So my thumb begin to swell
and Mary Lou begins to yell
and I begin to lose my sanity

But how can I politely tell
Mary Lou to go to hell
and still keep workin' at the pickle factory?

And the same thing goes for Bob,
but of course I'd lose my job,
and resort to going back to poverty

So instead I say, "It's fickle!
It's just too damn big a pickle!
and I shove it in the pickle factory.

Well, my friends they all must fear me
because they just won't come near me
'cause I smell just like a pickle factory.

So I spend all my free time
making jokes into a rhyme
about the folks down at the pickle factory.

I got a message for Lu Ann,
If you want to find a man
you won't find one at the pickle factory.

But if you want someone to marry,
go ahead and try for Larry.
College trained you for the elementary.

And I hate to hurt you, Joe,
but I think you ought to know
that Trouble don't mix with a pickle factory.

You won't have to live alone
if you'll just change your cologne
Ask Mary Lou for something like Sweet Honesty.

the way the hi-lo drivers drive
you have to fight to stay alive
if you're running round the pickle factory.

This one driver that I know
is prob'ly high more than he's low
He rescues damsels in the name of chivalry.

Our electrician ain't so large
but he can still give you a charge
if you're bored down at the pickle factory

And if you're really in a panic
he will send for a mechanic who can do it without electricity.

Well, just where they get the power
to make me work forty-eight hours
without overtime is far beyond me.

But they tell me the main reason
is because I work green season
I get ripped off from the pickle factory.

But just think of poor ole Neil
Try imagine how he feels
for all these years spent at a pickle factory

Between him and Mary Lou
I think they're gonna pull it through
and get their pensions from the pickle factory.

And remember Mr. Gilliam
Well, I think it's gonna kill him
When we leave this rotten pickle factory

Because he won't get the thrills
that he gets from college girls
when they go back up to the university.

Well, I'll get down on my knee
I'll even call you my daddy
But I can't stay at this pickle factory

But I wrote this song to show ya
I'm still glad I got to know ya
and I leave you all my deepest sympathy.

Yeah, for sure it was a bummer,
but I made it through the summer
and I just gotta leave this pickle factory.

I am taking a vacation
'fore I get my education
and recuperate from all my misery.

I really hate to pester
but, Pam won't you marry Lester
before I leave this censored pickle factory?

I know you got a hot romance
That ain't no pickle in his pants
It comes from tickles from the pickle factory.

I'm gonna spend all of my earnings
going back to school and learning
how to stay away from pickle factories.

Y para todo los Latinos
Este es sobre los pempinos
que trabajamos con al pickle factory.

© Belle Bailey
Similar to the tune of
"Don't Bury Me Down in that Cold Cold Ground"
by John Prine

Hey
You don't know whatchyerdoin
Hey man
I don't think you know what I'm doin
That's what's got you nervous

Twenty six years of doin the same thing
I better know what I'm doin
I've refined the art
Some things I did I don't do any more
Some things I hadn't tried then
I've incorporated

That's right bidnitz is bidnitz and by God I got it goin
You don't know what I'm doin
That's what's got you nervous

The big high
I don't need that crap anymore
Using the four letter to shock-n-rock you
That's kid's stuff like puttin grease in your hair
Carryin a blade to look bad
What's the point
Where's the beret
The moths ate it
What else you need to know

Republican Democrat
Give me the Constitution
I like all ten points of the program
But there is more
Read on

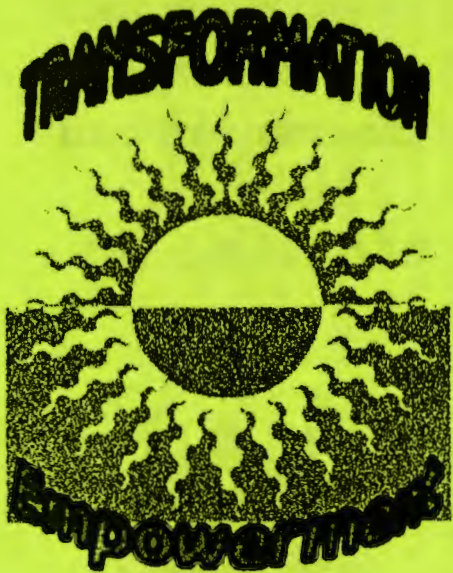
In the Way Back
Lyin bleeding with my lower jaw in my brain
I met me goin the other way
Times get tough when you can't buy oxygen
Things you thought were real turn into smoke
The real grins at you and says
Man I thought you'd never get here

I put my hand on what used to be my arm just now
Only nine years ago that became steel and brass
And what was bone
Steal away
Steal away

Never knew life could go on so long
But centuries later here I am
Almost forty-five
A little secret

In German the word for almost is fast
Fast bin ich fumpfundvierzig
Same sentence as above but the words form better
In Arabic I'm just learning
But the Quran is my Bible now
And the stories Pi-Pa-Kwa told me when I wasn't even ten yet
Are now my Quran
People always get things backwards
Hear me now - learn and live - that's real

✂ James F. (Rick) Dunn



25



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4322 N. Lakeshore Dr.
Ludington MI 49431
July 29, 1995

Dear TJC/ Mary TePasste,

Mary, "Mom" of TJC, it was wonderful to see you! With the rest of us scattered to the four winds, it's nice to see you still at the center. My experience of our recent reunion was a mixture of feelings, and I want to pass some of them on to you. There were memories of times almost forgotten, the hope of seeing friends from long ago, disappointment at not seeing many people I knew, and the joy of talking at length with the few I DID find, especially Bob Giddis.

Why I saw so few people I knew at the reunion became evident as I was explaining TJC's significance to my husband, Dave. I was surprised to realize that I'd only taken TJC classes on campus for less than a year. I arrived in July '70 after it got too hot in New Orleans, where I was living and working in the French Quarter and taking classes at Tulane U. While visiting my sister, a GVSC/CAS student, I discovered TJC and met Gordie Averill, who later became my first husband. I took classes as a visiting student the second half of summer, then when fall rolled around, I transferred from Tulane to TJC.

I realized too that, though I was on campus for classes, town meetings, and to work as records and research secretary for Lee Kaufmann that next semester, my time was spent mostly in class, working, or with Gordie and the friends we shared. Having already spent a couple years at Albion College and Tulane University, and now being more or less married, I missed the bonding with other students that I'd have had as a younger, on-campus student. In retrospect, I surrendered a lot of my former independence in my relationship with Gordie, including spending time with friends of my own.

In April '71, Gordie and I moved north to run a private fishing club from April to October near Baldwin, which ended my on-campus experience at TJC. After that my classes were all either independent studies or CAS classes, since I chose to get a B.A. with a teaching certificate in Biology and German, from CAS. So, despite the "larger than life" quality of my TJC days, it was unrealistic to expect that I'd see many familiar faces at the reunion.

However, as I perused the TJC directory, looking for old friends and wondering what their lives are like now, I became disappointed at how few had told anything about themselves. With my life as full as it is, my interest was partly curiosity, and partly to find out who has interests that would lead me to make the effort of re-establishing a friendship. Since I'm one of those who gave only an address, I thought about why. The only letter I received about the reunion, if I remember right, asked for name, address, phone number and occupation. If there was more, I missed it. How I occupy my time doesn't lend itself to a simple answer, and not having had contact with my former classmates in years, I didn't feel motivated to invest the time to do an answer justice.

However, my formerly dormant interest in TJC is somewhat renewed, and I have suggestions that might make the reunion in 2000 more interesting, and increase attendance. It could also fulfill my desire to know more about former classmates before 2000. I hope you'll print some sort of follow up to the reunion, soliciting more information from alumni. I hope that many will respond, which in turn should inspire another directory that tells us more about each other. Perhaps the first letter could ask for a nominal sum from anyone wishing to participate, to cover anticipated costs.

I'd like to see people contribute short essays, about what I call "Life Matters." That deliberately nebulous phrase comes from a Unitarian Universalist minister friend of mine to describe a topic he challenged church members/friends to prepare and deliver a short speech on in church. It caused the participant to really think about what is significant in one's life. You might ask alumni things like: What do you do with your time that YOU think is important?

What have you accomplished either over the years, or recently, that tells WHO you are and what is important to you? What wisdom can you share about making the most of one's life? What would you do differently, if you could? What do you want us to know about you? What issues or causes are you involved in?

Now, I'll tell you about myself, in hopes that some of my classmates may eventually tell about themselves. After about seven years of marriage, Gordie and I split, perhaps an act of love itself, because of some very different basic goals and attitudes that seemed to be hurting both of us. Love couldn't overcome my frustration at working seven days a week on his family dairy farm, yet never coming closer to solvency. I learned lots in that marriage, but suppressed much of my own identity. After that, I had a variety of jobs, moving eventually from poverty, having left the farm with almost nothing, to one of my life's goals, a pilot's license and membership in a flying club. I married David Hall, with whom I share a love of scuba diving, flying, camping and sailing. Together we raised his three kids, and I enjoyed being a pharmaceutical rep during most of the years we were living through the joys and crises of parenting. Our three kids are becoming interesting, self-sufficient adults: two are still in college, and one is about to return for three more years at M.I.T. to earn a Ph.D.

We now live among woods, fields and an orchard on Hamlin Lake, north of Ludington (Michigan), in David's childhood home. Our enjoyment of our living space is greatly enhanced by Dave's mom's training in landscape architecture. Having some financial independence, we concentrate on community service and enjoying life. I serve on the boards of our community foundation and our college foundation, and help with other local projects. I helped start a women's health task force, got Christmas tree recycling started here, and most important, organized a group that started a Unitarian Universalist church a year and a half ago. I serve as its board vice-president, and am very pleased to have helped create an "intentional community" of liberal religious thinkers here. Our congregation is rapidly becoming full-service and we've just hired our first part-time minister.

After living in large cities and other parts of the country, David and I find this size town perfect for us. Long-time residents say the community is conservative: I begin to think that's only a problem if you let it be one. There are lots of great, energetic people here, with good ideas. One example is the rapid growth of the Unitarian Universalist church. Another is that our suggestion a couple of years ago of recycled plastic park benches (from milk jugs) in the Ludington State Park, has led a progressive park manager and donors to obtain 22 of them, plus several bike racks, and there's a plan to eventually replace the wood picnic tables with recycled plastic. They require no maintenance, are almost vandal-proof, and it's a great way to help make recycling profitable.

David designed a canoe trail in the wild end of our park, and chairs both the Friends of the Park board and our lake association. We make regular use of our community college (where he teaches a bit) for both academic and enrichment classes. I find both joy and therapy in swimming, yoga and the community choir there. Recently, we took a semester of Spanish before trips to Mexico (one of them to Cozumel for great scuba diving!) which enhanced our visits immeasurably. For variety we've spent time in some of the Caribbean islands, Alaska, Spain, England, France and camping in Ontario. We spent two weeks sailing off Vancouver last August and ~~are~~ will be doing the same in the North Channel of Lake Huron shortly.

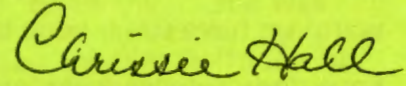
What matters? Integrity. Friends and family. Being open to new ways of thinking and doing. Commitment, which leads to investing oneself, which leads to lasting satisfaction. Wealth and toys don't satisfy; service to others and to ideals does. Accepting that life isn't fair, that change takes time, and it starts with me. Preserving wilderness, and getting out in it. Respect for the inter-connected web of life. Knowing that attitude affects everything from health to how we perceive reality, and how the world responds to us. Freedom involves responsibility; people

who don't use freedom responsibly are tearing our country apart. Every child born must be nurtured, and taught self-dicipline and responsibility, or a great injustice has been done to it and the society it will live in.

What am I working on? Delegating more. Making fewer, but better comittments. Valuing myself more for being, and less for doing. Spending more time with special people. Having goals and keeping on-track, but slowing down to enjoy the road I'm travelling more.

Mary, thanks for listening, to me and to all of us. You're a peach!

Love,



Chrissie Hall (formerly Christine
Buekers, Chrissie Averill)

THE SECRET LIFE OF PLANTS REVISITED

I shall attempt to keep people abreast of developments in what I warned years ago was a possible conspiracy of vegetable plants to transmogrify themselves in such ways as to be inedible and remove themselves from human consumption. My warnings have so far gone unheeded and I shall need input from those of you who have done extensive gardening to verify my observations and experiences. The point I am trying to make is that it just might be that certain plants have moved from the level of self-consciousness (as originally documented in the book The Secret Life of Plants) to a level of downright conspiracy. I noted how carrot plants seem to interchange themselves with such weeds as lambs quarters and/or red root, how string beans and cucumbers have developed the uncanny ability to make a quantum leap from the ripening stage to the inedible tough or bitter-rotten stage.

I cannot add much this year to the "interchange" and "quantum leap" activities. We had a bad year for cucumbers so we have no further documentation concerning them. And the "jump" by beans was for pole beans which we simply haven't grown for a couple years but certainly noted their conspiratorial acts when we did. What I really fear is the uniting of quackgrass rhizomes into a vast planet-wide network. No, I didn't actually trace any connections beneath roads to the Grand River, but I tried painstakingly to trace some in my garden to find if they had any ends. I couldn't find a single end! They always broke off after I traced them a certain distance, so no ends were found, My conclusion is that they have succeeded in networking themselves together in the vicinity of my garden!

I urge any of you who have noticed anything in these regards to let me know your experiences. Perhaps if we think the right thoughts and display the right attitudes in regard to our veggies, we can keep them growing favorably for the benefit of us humans.

I urge every TJC alumna/us to make the pilgrimage, if they haven't already done so, to the Jefferson Memorial in Washington, DC or to Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson, near Charlottesville, VA. Doris and I have been to both places, the visit to Monticello being in April of this year (1995). We also drove to the University of Virginia and got to walk around the beautiful "quadrangle" that was designed by Thomas Jefferson himself. Also, this year we saw the film "Jefferson in Paris" but realize that it contains incidents and events and portrayals that historians are divided on. Nothing he studied and inquired and planned and counseled and constructed and invented and wrote. The home of James Madison is nearby, where Jefferson persuaded Madison to live. It is worth the little side trip.

There is no experience like that of being in the rotunda of the Jefferson Memorial in Washington. It is a deep, moving, emotional, spiritual, experience, even more so (to me) than the Lincoln Memorial, which is certainly all of this. The somber, thoughtful statue of the seated Lincoln is wonderful and the sight will haunt my memory forever. But there was something so especially moving about standing in the middle of the Jefferson Memorial, gazing at his words printed just beneath that grand dome, those words that are forever etched in my memory. That experience cannot be adequately described.

☺ Dan Andersen

*I have sworn upon the altar of God eternal hostility
against every form of tyranny over the mind of man.*

--Thomas Jefferson

Thomas Jefferson College

For me, it was about four years after the "summer of love". I guess I had been searching for " it " in everything I did. I tried writting stuff and singing stuff and acting and psychotherapy and probably a million other things. Like so many things in life I had a vision of what it was I was looking for, but had no idea what it really was.

T.J.C. , it was place I heard about. I couldn't stomach the bullshit that was passing for education at the place I was at. I decided that if this was college I couldn't take it. So off to Allendale I drove. I don't know what I expected to see. The campus seemed pretty suburban. I wandered over to Lake Huron and took a look around. Saw a bunch of people dressed in bright colors and sporting beards and jewelry and lots of hair. There were kids and dogs and guitars and lots of exciting talk going down. I had no idea what was going on. (as I discovered later niether did anybody else, but that was the point)

My first contact was with Dan Anderson. He helped me make the transition from where I was coming from, on all sorts of levels, although I don't know if he knew it at the time. Bud Haggard was next, and I guess you could say he was the one who opened up my "self" for the first time. Pretty scary stuff actually. But, he was there with that calm self assured way, helping me to accept what I found. After Bud there were about twenty or thirty people who took me along on this journey. It was like stepping onto a Starship and being whisked away to another galaxy.

I was accepted for who I was, and I learned to do the same. This more then anything else sums up my current vision of this incredible experience. This feeling is almost impossible to find and once found is nearly impossible to hold on to.

I could tell you some great stories: group showers with T Dan and Cam in Lincoln, Jack and Jeannie's wedding at Inisfree, Building Stage III out of old shoe shelves, Tiny's eyes and what he could get with them, videos with Bob and Kieth, and class after class each of which was an exploration of a subject, the people in the class and the educational process that was happening while we were all there. We always paid as much attention to the process of learning something as we did the subject itself.

I miss all of that. People's unconditional positive regard, and concern for HOW things were happening, not just that they were happening.

So this past summer some of us got together again. Rekindled some of those feelings. It's always hard to go home, but you folks do it better then anyone I can think of. Of course you/we do. I enjoyed the quiet conversations and close harmonys we can still create. I had an excellent time. Let's find away to bottle this stuff and take a dose or two every once in awhile.

Love ya,

J.P. Brown

Reasons (?)

~~WHY I AM A FEMINIST~~

people are always asking me
WHY
why are you a feminist,
an old lady like you
in good health
with wonderful children
& grand children
and your own home
and all that?
There must be some reason.

Indeed
there must be MANY reasons

And a lot of them were men:
men who never figured out
there was any problem at all
with them doin all the gettin
and me doin all the givin.
I'm not just talkin about a husband
or a lover-man

~~though they were of that paradigm~~

But the bosses who thought
working overtime for them
was pure pleasure

the doctors who thought

I was made of money and also

that it was (totally inappropriate) clearly heretical (?)

for me to question their godlike judgement,

and the priests and the preachers

who co-opted me into

self sacrifice

and let me die of it

And the great charities of the nation

who stuff my mailbox with begging letters

and pitiful pleas for money

till my very oatmeal chokes me.

While ~~but~~ ~~they~~ ~~can~~ lean back ^{husbands & doctors, priests + bosses,}
and drink their Seven Crown

~~and~~ drive big cars

or cruise in the Caribbean

Feminism - -

and be promoted higher and higher
on the shoulders of secretaries
nurses, daughters, sisters,
mothers, girlfriends, wives
who don't shine very much
in their exhaustion and loneliness
from the cold light of male
reflected glory.

~~And the politicians
and the bankers
and the money lenders
and the business men
and many tentacled
military-industrial complex
and the police
and the armies in every nation
who destroy the dissidents:
the old, the children,
the women, the poor.~~

~~But do not call me a man-hater~~

~~I am only a feminist~~

I have loved men, so many men,
I have seen ~~so~~ much of their goodness
but it is NOT enough

The balance of the patriarchy
is skewed

Libra cannot endure without balance

~~With all I have~~

~~I will tip~~ the scales must tip
towards the goddess

~~towards~~ the earth spirits

the sky, the water

towards the mending

of the bloodied broken

web of life.

*I am a Libra &
cannot endure
without balance.*

~~Are those reasons enough?~~

~~But~~ Some of the reasons ^{for feminism} are women;

~~I knew a woman once~~

with broken teeth

and scraggly hair

and desperate eyes

~~She~~ had seven children under seven

and she was twenty four years old

For her too I am a feminist

For proud spinsters scorned

for their non-need of a husband

FEMINISM-- -

For glad girl-teens broken
for the sport of ~~their~~ fathers and brothers
For broken hearts
and broken dreams
and broken minds and bodies
of my sisters
(whatever the causes may have been)
I can only be a feminist.

~~For every day living~~
For our stumbling days
and angry nights
locked in old ways
made sacred by men
proclaiming the "Will of God"
I can only seek
a gentler way
~~and in the myths~~
and folk tales
~~we~~ learned from our mothers
find a way home
~~to the ancestral gods,~~
~~the totem spirits of the animals~~
~~who may guide us~~
to the lives before lives
to the dreams beyond dreams
to the Goddess and all her daughters
in the temples which do not demand
~~human~~ sacrifice, ~~war~~
~~war~~, and idols of bronze and gold.

To the earth whose breasts are the hills
To the kiss of the winds
To the embrace of the waters
To the power of the sacred fire
to the ritual of the singing sacred circle

~~will return~~

~~longing for the living together~~
of bird and insect
creatures of the sea
and all that walks or crawls

~~do not believe~~
~~that man (generic)~~
~~as ever intended~~
~~to be the center of the earth.~~

For this too
I am a feminist.

And beyond that of course
I love women
and that is feminist too.

Any more questions?

David McGraw Schuchman ('72, TJC)
5327 Emerson Avenue South
Minneapolis, MN 55419-1112
Home: (612) 824-7551

Current Employment: Mental Health Supervision at Community-University Health Care Center (CUHCC) in inner-city Minneapolis. CUHCC is a free-standing clinic of the University of Minnesota Hospital and Clinic that serves a diverse population of low-income clients, including Southeast Asian, African-American, Native American, Gay, Lesbian, Bisexual and Transgender and Caucasian. I also supervise an equally diverse staff of mental health professionals. I have a Master's Degree in Social Work from Arizona State University (1977). My work address s CUHCC, 2001 Bloomington Ave. So., Minneapolis, MN 55404. Phone: (612) 627-6888, extension 257. Internet address: mcgra009@maroon.tc.umn.edu

I enjoy my family, running working on our new house and sailing. Spouse: Kathryn McGraw Schuchman; Children: Noah (18), Daniel (14), Samantha (5) and Peter (3).

From a letter from Edie . . .

. . . The spring semester was a very difficult one as Fred Starr played out his end-game before moving on to a new position as head of the Aspen Institute. I was told I was on his expendable list, I was ordered not to teach my class, and I was given special tasks so that it could be argued that faculty-related activities were not diverting my energies. Perhaps all of that counter-strategy worked because I am still here. maybe the most astounding wrinkle of all was that in June I was made chair of the Women's Studies Program (WSP) for three years. As you can imagine, it's rather unusual in these parts for an administrator to become head of an academic department. It was a wearing spring as people left and it wasn't clear how all of this would work out in the end. So much, then, for a curious case of mutational logic and survival.

♫ Edie Kaufman Swan

November 17, 1994
Izmir, Turkey

Dear Mary,

I don't know if the letter is really apropos to anything, but last night, when I opened the mail from "home", I decided to drop you a line. I suppose more than anything else, people who went to TJC were the type of people who wanted to "do things...". As we get "on" in years, our ideas shift and change with families and jobs and responsibilities. But that little kernel of *otherness* never really goes away.

After 25 years of marriage and three kids, (and one granddaughter with another grand"something" due any day now), I found myself in a job I loved but separated from my husband by the exigencies of his job which included a lot of travel (which started in 1977, when I had decided to go back to school and finish at TJC). We faced a crossroads of sorts and I decided that quitting my job and going with him was an appealing fork in the road. I had always been fascinated by the Near East and I had taken a trip in the mid 80's to Egypt and fallen in love with the people.

When the opportunity came for him to relocate to Turkey, and become the General Manager, I decided that it was an opportunity not to be missed. Being a librarian, I read everything I could get my hands on about the country. Of course, none of it actually came close to the reality.

Tom moved to Izmir in January 1994 and I packed up the house, and shipped it over. I lived with orange crates and Salvation Army stuff from January to May, while I finished up the details of my job as Special Services Librarian and Volunteer Coordinator at the Grand Rapids Public Library. The day after Mother's Day, I bid goodbye to my children, my friends, and my life as I knew it, and got on a plane with Tom, to go to Izmir.

I had studied some Turkish before coming over, but of course, "some" Turkish is a lot like no Turkish when you live in a small village outside of the city, and no one speaks English. I have noticed that nationals of all countries tend to speak louder to foreigners in hopes that volume will make up for content!?

Food was another exciting adventure. The food while incredible and fresh, is not packaged and comes with no directions. Now, you may scoff and say that that's the way it should be, but after 25 years of cooking up meals for 5, one tends to develop a fondness for certain shortcuts. There is nothing remotely familiar in grocery stores (which are really like 7-11's and about the same size).

Substitutions for familiar foods can be disconcerting. For instance, the

16 oz can (except it's in liters) of tomatoes I was going to use for spaghetti sauce, turned out to be tomato paste! Spices do not come in small jars clearly marked- they come in 40 lb bags with names that don't translate and everyone thinks I'm insane for wanting 3 tablespoons! The oven is marked in Celsius- not fahrenheit-making for interestingly charred baked goods. Also large sea fish that stare at you can be disconcerting.

I love the Mediterranean, which I can see from one of my bedroom windows, in spite of the sea urchins, eels and, of course, SHARK. The water is warm and beautiful, and every time I see it I think of Homer (who's birthplace was Izmir- known as Smyrna back in his day.) I can visualize ancient sailors battling fear and loneliness and telling marvelous stories to keep the fear at bay and their imagination alive. Old gods and goddesses still live in these hills. Alexander and the Romans walked on these roads and on these beaches.

I am getting used to the earthquakes, which are really only little tremors. It's a little like a large truck driving by and everything shakes and rattles for a minute or so and then it stops. It is such a non-event here that they don't even mention it on the news.

Living in the country is an advantage. All the major cities of Turkey have a lot of pollution and a lot of people. Izmir is the smallest of the major cities, with a population of only 3 million. There are 10 million people in Istanbul and attempting to drive there would be insane.

I have started driving in Izmir. I have even parked the car, both parallel parking and in parking ramps. From what I can gather, there are no real rules. Guidelines, maybe; that some people follow sometimes, sort of. A guideline would be, say, *driving on the right side of the road.*

Speed limits are another interesting item. They are marked here and there, but people usually don't see them because they are driving too fast. (I did get a speeding ticket the other day. It's a real civilized procedure. There is a speed trap set up and they flag you down. You park your car on the highway and walk past 20 other cars stopped for the same reason. Then you wait in line next to one of the 3 police cars that write up the ticket and take your 100,000 Turkish lira. (about \$3.20) They hand you a receipt and you're free to go.)

Remarkable thing...parking. There is no place that is really not a place to park. Except perhaps inside a store. Although there are exceptions. People generally park on the sidewalk, on corners, on the expressway, and in doorways. Usually, they manage to avoid parking in places where air conditioners drip from 7 th story apartments. That's where pedestrians are allowed to walk.

Parking ramps are a much safer bet, since finding a spot on the street is

seven from street one, it is important to merge (by stopping traffic, as stated before) and then to continue around the circle to get to street seven.

A certain attitude must be cultivated. First, never look in the rear view mirror- it is the person behind you who is responsible for all accidents from behind. Since you are following someone with the same philosophy, you must be constantly alert. Second, in the movie Raiders of the Lost Ark, Indy says at one point "Truck, what truck!" This is an excellent video to watch, to refresh your memory on how to drive in the city.

Since there have been six or seven streets "merging" as you have gone the circumference of the square (suspend mathematical logic, please), by the time you come to "your" street you are on one of the inside lanes and somehow must edge to the outside or you will be doomed to continue around and around like the poor man on the MTA. (your fate will be unknown... and you'll never return)

This is where Indy's raffish grin, and a slight turn of the steering wheel, gradually get you to the outside edge and down your favorite street.

A word about traffic police: These men have the unenviable task of trying to make it appear that there is order in the chaos. Their efforts are hampered at every turn. For example, there is a traffic policeman at most traffic lights, to direct traffic in spite of the light color. Therefore when a traffic policeman is standing in the middle of the road with his white gloved hand up, and the traffic light is green, cars will, on occasion, attempt to drive over him. (Foreigners, it goes without saying, should never attempt this when driving with a recognizable "foreigner's" license plate.)

I will share a small anecdote that happened only last Friday: Driving into Izmir, to meet with some friends and do some grocery shopping, I had the occasion to find myself at a dead stop for about 5 minutes 10 blocks from my destination. Traffic policemen were directing traffic and trying to contain the discontent.

I assumed there was an accident further up the street and so I waited patiently. Eventually the cars began to move, only to stop at the next traffic policeman/light.

Since there is a light at every block, it took almost an hour to go 10 blocks. As I came to the large square/circle from Hell, I expected to see a lot of blood and gore. Instead, I noticed that there were empty bleachers set up under the statue, and a military band was rehearsing.

The reason, I had time to notice all this was because just as I was about to move into the round-a-bout, the policeman and several military types carrying guns, suddenly stopped directing traffic, saluted and stood at attention.

I, of course could not move, since it would have meant driving over

almost impossible. But they too have their little quirks.

The Hilton parking ramp bears an amazing similarity to the introduction in the movie "Batman". Since I have yet to discover the proper vantage point, I am not certain that the shape of the ramp is actually that of the bat symbol, but the drive into the stygian darkness spirals long enough to run the credits through at least once, with appropriate music. Eventually, you reach light, a kind of metaphysical thing, until you see the other cars and then you are reminded of the rings of Hell from Dante's Inferno.

Cars are parked neatly, about seven or eight deep. There is usually an attendant to help you park, since in order to maximize the available space, your car must be negotiated into one of the third or fourth layers. (I am certain, that many people look on ramps as a sort of practice for street parking). All parking ramps are the same. Several were attempted to balance the results of the survey.

For the most part, there are no hard and fast rules when it comes to merging from a side street into a main thoroughfare. It is simply a matter of slowly inching into the traffic lane until the next speeding car is forced to stop, so that it becomes possible to make a right hand (with the flow of traffic) turn. Left turns are equally simple, although they take a little longer, since the driver is forced to stop two lanes of traffic.

There is also that amazing European convenience known as a round-about. This is sort of a traffic circle where in seven or eight main streets merge into a circular square (usually containing a large bronze statue, some grass and lots of terrified pedestrians.) The flow is usually counter clock wise, which means that if you merge into the chaos at say street number one and are trying to get to street number seven (which is unfortunately in plain sight just to your left,) you must turn and merge right, thereby being swept into the maelstrom.

There are lines painted on the street. Three lines, meaning, in our culture, four lanes of traffic. But remember, here in Turkey these are merely guidelines. In actual fact, There are between 6 and 8 lanes of traffic, depending on who is double-parked, whether a bus is stopped or a cab driver is taking his lunch break.

There is the added human interest touch of pedestrians stopped at intervals in the different "lanes" with either the jaunty look of a person ready to meet his maker, or the more usual "deer in the headlights" look of foreign travellers. Usually though, it's a safe bet if you are a pedestrian, that stepping in front of a bus is the wrong choice, and stepping in front of a horse or donkey cart is safer. (these animals are instinctively adverse to stepping on things laying on the ground, as it could be their offspring)

To get back to the original thrust of our simple story of getting to street

someone carrying an M-16. I rolled down the window to ask why we were stopped, when suddenly, I heard the band start playing the Turkish National Anthem.

They played for about 3 minutes and then stopped when the horns went a little sour. Quickly, the traffic policeman waved me ahead, and I merged into traffic, only to be stopped as I tried to turn down my street. The band had started to play again.

This little story is really apropos to nothing, but I found it amusing. (If I didn't find a lot of this stuff amusing, Tom could probably have mailed me home for a vacation at Pine Rest.)

There are many more stories to tell, but I will close now and you can share as much or as little of this letter as you want to with the other TJC ers. The only people I see with any regularity from TJC is Earl Heuer (and his wife Berys) I am sure you have that address, so I won't include it.

If anyone wants to write to me, I promise to write back. Sometimes it does feel like I have dropped off the edge of the known world. We have been assimilated by our neighbors and Turkish friends, but once they adopted us, they assumed that this is the only life we know. Total immersion in a culture has its good points, but contact with your home culture is sometime necessary for sanity! The only contact I have with life in the United States is letters from friends and family (and of course hideous phone bills.)

I won't be back in the States for the Advance, I get one trip a year home and I am using it in December to meet my new grandchild and have Christmas with my kids. If anyone does want to write, they can write to:

Jessica Schafer
308 Morris S.E.
Grand Rapids, Mi.
49503

U.S. Fax # 616-456-0370
(ATT. JESSICA)

All our mail is forwarded by courier pouch, since the postal system in Turkey can take up to two months to deliver a letter from the States. (Its only 6 weeks if you mail it inside the country!) If you mail it to the address in the States, I will get it a week later.

If anyone is planning on a visit to Turkey, let me know! There are countless things to see and do around Izmir, but for the first time visitor to Turkey, if you don't see Istanbul, everyone will blankly ask you why you went to Turkey. Ever the thoughtful hosts, we will try to plan around your time constraints and schedule a visit to Istanbul. We have found that unless you are a real glutton for museums and mosques, you can pretty much do the city in a good day of energetic walking. Two days and a night gives you a leisurely visit and CHARM. Every time we go, we try to take a new thing in for variety and also for people who have already seen the main things and want a little

more off the wall visit. (Tom and I can truly say we have visited many off the wall things.)

When our son, Andy, a very recent graduate of U of M, came for a visit, Tom and I decided we had become jaded after staying (for business purposes, of course) in your typical hotel gigantic, with hot and cold running everything. We thought, "Well, we're still the simple, cope with anything people we always have been, let's stay in someplace a little more colorful and interesting. Something with charm."

As we drifted off to sleep, listening to the mosquitos zoom into the stifling hot Bosphorus view room, romantically glued together in the middle of the sagging bed, I reminded Tom that there was a charming mosque, just across the street catty corner from our window. As any good Moslem knows (and those of us who have become accustomed to other lifestyles) the call to prayer to begin the day, is an hour before sunrise. The last words I whispered to Tom were, "Charm, dear. Remember we went for charm."

At exactly 4:38 AM the mosque went off. Unfortunately, it does not sound like Gregorian Chant, but rather like large fierce cats tied together in a bag. And, with the invention of technology, it is amplified at, oh, 2000 decibels. Tom, dreaming dog dreams, jumped up in bed shouting "WHA! Whaa!" Ever the protective spouse, and even in his sleep thinking of me, he flung his arm and covers towards me. As I rolled off my side of the bed (no I did not hit the floor. The bed was almost on the floor anyway, so all I had to do was stick out my arm...) I yelled back to him " Charm, sweetheart, charm! They're praying!"

Tom sat back on the bed, mumbling nasty sounding things while grabbing back the covers. He went back to sleep after saying that he wished they knew how to pray humbly in silence.

The trip was eventful and even though we got lost while trying to find the restaurant for dinner (With Tom saying "It's just up a little further. No that's not it. Honestly, just a little further. I remember that bridge. Funny, I thought it was on this side. Nope. I remember now, just up there on the left. Well, OK, but we're really close...") Eventually, we did find the restaurant, and indeed it was everything Tom remembered.

If anyone does come for a visit to Turkey, we can guarantee you too will have stories to tell...

Anyway, I have rambled enough. Take care and drop me a note to update me on what is or is not going on.

Thinking of TJC,

Jessica Schaffer

If you talk to Earl, he'll
Vouch that I'm not real
crazy - Tell him to write! Thanks. Jess.

song about FEAR

I dont know how to deal with fear:
I cant get out of the walls
I am afraid to be free
To walk in a fearsome world!

So I have groped half blind
in strangely lighted places--
fleeing down corridors
where fog blocks the end of the tunnel:

a small velvety rat

(now getting wrinkled, saggy,
old, tired)

lost in an electric maze---
tired of the lights
the shocks
the turns
the bumped noses
tired of the bait
sick to the death of food
which only lures me to new
intricacies
of maze unending
to what purpose?

I am lonely
I am afraid
I am trapped so tight in myself
I can hardly find room
to turn around any more

(this way is no longer
to Madness
but to despair.
And the body falling apart
from the ~~body~~ spirit not trying
any more.

Even from self-love
I must break through
the walls
into the real world
of pain and danger
and real (not fancied)
rejection
And the scudding cloud shadows
across the green fields
the shadows of death

HERE I am already
unshrouded
all made up
to be laid out
for cancer, senility, depression
death lying down

Not from the broken bones
of a LEAP INTO life.

SONT ABOUT FEAR ---.

Part 2

I have been afraid all my life
and afraid to say so

I write to exorcise the fear
TO THE FOUR WINDS
To the North
That I may accept the knowledge of my fear
of struggle

To the South
that I may acknowledge and go forth
against my fear of luxury and joy

To the East
that I may greet the dawn
tasting the salt of my fear of the unknown

To the West
that I may take hold
of Thanatopsis
and wrap myself proudly
in the totem blankets of the
fear of death

for all men fear death
It is a proud, wise, humble fear

O Ancestors from the house of the dead
Call me to live!
to walk strong
to be worthy
some day
to enter into the Hall of my fathers
the temple of the tribes and the clans
Back to the dawn days
to the clan of the Cave Bear
to the dance of the Tiger
to the Source
to Siddhartha and the Lady of the Lotus
to the Ramayana
to Joan of Arc
and Francis
and Martin
and all the saints
to the household gods
of these my children

Turn back my screwed-shut eyes
to look quietly at life
which is striped with death

To taste my fears
so to chew through the
tight cocoon
of my life--so far

SONG ABOUT FEAR ---

part 2 continued

and find my
 wet and crumpled-together
 wings

and fly at last----

Dragonfly
 over the pondlilies

free to see

free to be

free to live

before I die.

Dotohy Hoogterp 8-30-82 (excerpt from my journal in San Diego)

1-23-96

DEAR FOLKS AT "BULLFROG POND,"

I WAS READING THE ALUMNI NEWSLETTER ONE DAY IN AUGUST 1994 WHEN I SAW THE NEWS ABOUT WILLIAM EDWARD STRICKLAND'S DEATH. IT WAS ALMOST SIX MONTHS AFTER THE FACT! I WAS SO SHOCKED THAT I FELT LIKE I WAS HIT IN THE CHEST. HE WAS A GOOD FRIEND AND A GREAT HUMAN BEING. TWO DAYS LATER THIS SONG CAME TO ME!

BILLY'S SONG

CAPO AT 3RD FRET, PLAY IN WALTZ TIME!

CHORUS ⇒ ^G BILLY, ^C BILLY, ^{Em} BILLY ^D EDDY 2x

^G YOU HAD TO GO, ^C ON THE 9TH OF MARCH, ^{Em} NINETEEN HUNDRED NINETY FOUR. ^D
^G WE'LL MISS YOU, ^C ONLY 48, ^{Em} WHEN YOU RETURNED TO HEAVEN'S GATE. ^D
^G OUR PRAYERS GO OUT TO YOU, ^C AND YOUR FAMILY TOO, ^D
^{Em} HOPE YOUR WIFE AND CHILD DON'T SUFFER MUCH.

CHORUS ⇒ ^G BILLY ^C BILLY ^{Em} BILLY ^D EDDY

^G YOU WERE SO WISE, ^C OF THE EARTH, ^{Em} LIKE THE CLAY YOU GAVE FORM TO. ^D
^G YOU TAUGHT SO MANY, ^C WITH A SMILE, ^{Em} AND ^{WITH} THE LIFE YOU SHARED SO EASILY. ^D
^G SOME WHO, ^C WERE NO YOUNGER THAN YOU, ^{Em} YOU TOUCHED IN WAYS YOU NEVER KNEW. ^D

CHORUS ⇒ ^G BILLY, ^C BILLY, ^{Em} BILLY ^D EDDY 2x

^G I WISH I'D KNOWN, ^C YOUR TIME WAS CLOSE AT HAND, ^{Em} NEVER SAID
^D GOOD-BYE MY FRIEND.

^G SO THAT'S, ^{JUST} WHAT I'LL DO, ^C IN THIS SONG TO YOU, ^{Em} UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN. ^D
^G NOW YOUR SUFFERING'S THROUGH, ^C MY LOVE GOES OUT TO YOU, ^{Em} AS YOU REST
^D IN GOD'S ARMS TONIGHT.

CHORUS ⇒ ^G BILLY, ^C BILLY ^{Em} BILLY ^D EDDY STRICKLAND
^G BILLY, ^C BILLY ^{Em} BILLY ^D EDDY. [REPEAT 2 TO 3 TIMES AND FADEOUT.]

THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR PRINTING THIS.
MY LOVE TO BILLY AND TJ'S

KELLY MURPHY 79'
2617 NW 98TH
SEA. WA. 98117

by Mary Ellen (Melville) Psaltis

1978 Graduate

Last summer as I was flying across the continental United States en route to Grand Rapids International Airport, I was wondering what would come up for me at the reunion? who would I see? who would recognize me? what had everyone become these past years?, and more importantly, who and what had I become? I hoped I would find a cosmic yardstick to do my measuring.

I saw Steve Blessman as soon as I got to campus. His friendly face compressed twenty years quickly. Throughout the weekend I saw some vaguely familiar faces, some definitely unfamiliar faces, people looked older (was that really Arend Lubbers at the pizza party?), some remarkably unchanged. What seemed most familiar to me was the hippie-esque, counter culture, slightly worn, let's do our own thing attitude that filled the air. It's a combination of hair do, earthy shoes, thick sox, unusual hats, body hair, psyche, glowing auras, organioness and music blended together to create a genuine TJC experience. It was fun to be in the same room with all that energy, but I wasn't finding my measuring stick. When I was going to TJC people used to say to me, "but you don't look like a TJC'er." I wore cotton shirts tucked into cords. Many of my friends went to CAS. In fact, I was staying with my college room mate and still dearest friend in Grand Rapids (a CAS grad). It was still true. Politically correct outside with a TJC inside.

I didn't feel especially connected to anyone there. It was more like walking through a dream. A lot of my life has happened these past twenty years, and no one there knew a minute about it. The TJC energy brought back great college memories. I especially

enjoyed a walk across the campus. I was impressed with the expansion of buildings, art, and grounds keeping. The campus felt older but up-to-date, still open and airy and quietly dignified. It was a pleasant surprise. Thomas Jefferson College was an experience not a place. It was an integration of trials and errors, wisdom and challenge, experimenting and participating. It was practice for the rest of my life. Therefore, it's not something I was able to "go back to." Attending the reunion was visiting the launch site, not taking the trip.

Alas, no prefabricated (or someone else's) measuring stick will work. Traditional measures - how much money I make, how many children I have, where I work, what I do for work, or marital status - may not work for me. It wasn't who or how many remembered me at the reunion. My measuring stick is, of course, within myself - my own definition of success and what is important to me, what my own values are and how I incorporate them into my everyday experience. Am I doing what is right for me? TJC helped teach me that it is my responsibility to figure it out for myself!

My years at Thomas Jefferson are carried within my heart. For me it is a way to look at the myself and the world, see things from a bigger picture, and be willing to made a difference. I enjoy my husband and my marriage, my children, my home; I am a German student, world traveller, reader, thinker and writer. I plan to keep enjoying my life of adventures, intensity and contentment. Doing that is the greatest testament to the value: I created attending TJC.

Mark Lewison
89 Meadow Drive
Zeeland, Mich. 49464
1-772-9143
222-5626

Hi, Mary.

1/15/96

FTER ALL THESE YEARS: STAYING CLOSE TO TJC HOME

By Mark Lewison
6 TJC graduate

It's with a lot of pride and yet a little prejudice that I reflect on setting down roots here in West Michigan since my first semester at Thomas Jefferson College in 1971.

Some points of pride:

-- Witnessing over the years the great good that Thomas Jefferson College alumni and friends have done right here in the Grand Rapids area.

They're a wonderful, diverse crowd of humanists who have made a difference in many ways. As volunteers, entrepreneurs, artists, musicians, leaders and followers. It's always a nice surprise to run into a fellow TJC'er around Grand Rapids and catch up on what he or she has been doing. A truly unpredictable, unconventional lot, we are.

-- Sticking to the program.

In other words, sticking up for what Thomas Jefferson College was trying to accomplish as an experimental school. It's a small pleasure of being one of those who stuck around West Michigan (except a spell in Ann Arbor for my master's degree) to be able to remind local people that they had a history-making college right in their midst.

American higher education is a better place today for the experiments in learning that we helped pioneer at TJC. Too many here in West Michigan have lost sight of Grand Valley's contribution through TJC, William James, and College IV, and it's fun to point it out now and then.

-- Hoping for the future.

I am confident that the progressive, cooperative spirit of Thomas Jefferson College will be rekindled in new and unexpected ways in the years ahead, and Lord knows West Michigan needs it.

Our children, in particular, benefit every day from the wider, more welcoming world view that we learned so much about as Thomas Jefferson College students. I believe they're carriers of the message in a bottle that Grand Valley corked when it closed the doors of TJC. Someday, in ways we can't even imagine, our children will get that message and act on it.

And some prejudice

For those of you of the TJC diaspora, who moved on to careers and families and futures elsewhere, it's probably been easy to recall the good times and focus on the fun of those college years.

Those of you who left this bastion of conservatism, this New Republican right stronghold, simply can't imagine the perennial trashing that the former TJC has suffered over the years. Especially during the Reagan Years of

(MORE)

ID: TJC

rewriting the past to rationalize the present, our experimental college was a West Michigan whipping boy at the hands of everyone from local elected officials to young reactionaries. Particularly irritating were the newly converted ultra-conservatives who had gone to TJC but later seemed embarrassed to admit it. The same crowd, for example, who voted for Jimmy Carter only to vilify him later -- and then turn around recently and praise him...

So, my prejudice enters the picture in having kept the faith over the years in what Thomas Jefferson College was trying to accomplish.

In being proud of how it encouraged me to be a free-thinking individual rather than a thoughtless joiner and excluder.

In speaking up about TJC's successes when locals try to portray it as a failed educational experiment.

In maintaining that Grand Valley would be a better institution today had it retained more of its intellectual diversity.

And in wishing the best to all of you who have stood by Thomas Jefferson College over the years.

Happy trails, TJC-faithful...

(END)

HOROSCOPE---October 21 1916

The Hour that I was born
stars stopped in their courses.
The tides stood still while the great winds
circled above my head.
....I lay wide-eyed in the center of storm.

The Star of Bethlehem leaped from God's heart again
singing across the skies.

The hour that I was born!
My mother did not tell me
(for she feared for my soul lest Pride
expose me to the Devil, from whom
the Fairies could not save me!)

She did not tell me
But I remember it well.

The mountains trembled as they spoke
"Look not here for the Sea!"

The tides breathed, in that instant before the turning:
"There is no shore."

The hurricane in the eye of perfect stillness
whispered: "There is no resting Place."

And the arching sky (split back past galaxies
to welcome back its Star)
sang low in my ears: "there is no Time."

That hour that I was born the universe stood still
(as it does each time a child enters
this world brand-new)
The Song wrapped me in a Dream from the Star of Stars:
"Go now and find the CHILD."

My mother did not tell me
(for her voices then were her own)
But now that she is gone
beyond the Pacific sunset
beyond the singing stars,
sometimes I hear her voice:
"REMEMBER THE HOUR YOU WERE BORN"

10-1-83

DARK VISION--(LOVE SONG FROM AN ANARCHIST SISTER)

Love can be an oppressive system too"
(my anarchist medium told me
on a night in the dark of the moon)

I had fled Systems.
I had fought the wars
and gone down bleeding,
broken, stripped of life
and glory.
Flayed by injustice,
crippled by "official" lies,
been starved and thirsted
by indifference;
Oppressive systems controlling
the necessities of life:
the shelter, the water,
the heat, the light..

ALL I HAD LEFT WAS LOVE!

In spite of the old despair
I stumbled toward the light.
At last I knew
One road leads out of madness!

All I had left was love
My road to freedom:
...but there were chains
"love" throned as tyrant,
"love" bound as slave.
Love telling lies
for love's own sake
 betraying
 deceiving
 sucking out life:
 both corpse
 and vampire.

This I cannot bear
That Love can be
An oppressive system too.

✂ Dorothy Hoogterp

"Island Mama"

I am an island
in a sea of dreaming.
Octopus tentacles
cup my round surfaces
As a sea serpent
explores crevices below
Snaking through the kelp.

The baby finds a nipple
in her sleep
Anchors to load up on milk
And sails off again
without waking.

Ranjani 1988

I read this tonight at the Naked Poets
Society of Sarasota, which I recently joined.
(Don't worry, we don't really go naked!)

RI

You took the flower of my youth
and ate it for breakfast.

When lunchtime came, you said
"I'm eating out."

Don't you come home for supper, man...
this cafe's closed.

Ranjani

Wind and Rain

We said hard things
to each other tonight
defining the end of our love.
Afterwards, my tears.

The sound of rolling thunder
is followed by whispering rain.

I remember coming to you at midnight,
outrunning a hurricane...

You lit candles for me

We danced in your living room
and together we listened
to the wind and rain.

My tears that night
mingled with cries of joy.

Uncle Sam's lost children

Although the Vietnam War finished 19 years ago, children fathered by American GIs and Thai women are still living out the legacy. Mark C Gonwiecha tells the story of a new generation of Americans.

Narong Young is a good-natured, 24-year-old American Thai "Amerasian" nicknamed Junior, after his father, a US Army officer stationed in northeastern Thailand during the Vietnam War.

Born in the 1969 at Warin Chamrap District in Ubon Ratchathani province, near the Mekong River border with Laos, Junior was abandoned by his GI dad, along with his younger sisters, Patti and Sadi, when the war ended in 1975. Their father returned to Florida and remarried.

Their mother moved across the country and remarried at Sattahip, near Pattaya, leaving the Young children with her sister.

The children grew up in different homes. For a few years, Junior stayed with his grandmother, until she died, and later lived with an uncle and aunt. After attending 10 different schools, Junior finished high school in 1985 when he was 16. Considering his childhood years and adolescent experiences in the school of "hard knocks", completing high school was a major achievement.

With minimal support from his family, Junior attended school only with the generous sponsorship of the Pearl S Buck Foundation, which provided him with his dormitory room, meals, books, uniforms and other benefits.

During the Vietnam War, the US operated seven military bases in Thailand, mostly in Isaan, the underdeveloped, rural, agricultural north-east region. Near each of these bases, thousands of babies were born to Thai women and American soldiers. The lucky ones were adopted by fathers who married their mothers and introduced them to new lives in America.

"Others were adopted later by their real fathers or other adoptive fam-

ilies. But Junior Young, and thousands like him, were left to fend for themselves when Uncle Sam packed up and left the country in a hurry.

Junior remembers he was six when his father left him. The awareness of being an expendable, discarded child inflicted psychological and emotional trauma on him.

While Junior has steered clear of the legal system so far, it hasn't been easy. Not only did his parents reject him, America also forgot him. And life as an outcast — a "black sheep", a stranger in his own land, living on the fringes of Thai society has been challenging, to say the least. Junior recently applied for a hotel bellboy job but was turned down.

During a holiday visit, I met Junior in Bangkok and hired him for a week as my guide on a tour of southern Thailand. He was thrilled to board the plane for his first flight on the 60-minute Thai Airlines domestic route southward. Though he had never visited Hat Yai, Krabi, Pee Pee Islands or Phuket, Junior was a more than adequate tour guide.

He served as a good companion and carried luggage eagerly. In addition, he translated, asked questions and directions, and haggled prices quite skilfully, probably saving me more than the lavish wages (by Thai standards) which I paid him — US\$20 (Bt500) daily. He taught me to appreciate Thai food, and provided an entry into Thai places I would not have seen as a *farang*.

Together on the road, we were often taken for American tourists. People would approach Junior speaking English. He would explain in pidgin English that he was Thai, to their astonishment or disbelief. Amerasians tend to look like their American fathers. And so, I came to comprehend Junior's lifelong predicament — what he faces every day.

All things considered, Junior has

Thailand's Independent Newspaper

THE NATION

12 BART

BANGKOK

Nation (Bangkok, Thailand), Saturday, February 5, 1994, page C3



After the war: Junior Young, second from right and his sisters Sandi and Patti, second and third from left.

turned out to be a relatively well-adjusted young man.

He has an insatiable curiosity about America and things American. He wants to learn English; he wants to discover his American and African-American heritage. He had learned some English in school, and continues learning by listening to and singing along with rock and rap recordings, and watching video hits, when he has a chance, to learn break dancing.



Narong Young

Junior and I returned to Bangkok after a week touring southern Thailand's resorts. My moment of truth arrived when I overheard Junior responding to another orphan's inquiry if I was his father. When I smiled, amused, Junior explained that I was like a father to him, paying attention to him, and spending my time and money taking him places. I was so touched, I cried. That's when I decided — yes, I would do what I could, I could make a difference.

After hearing Junior's story, I decided to find out how I could help him. I learned that the US Congress approved, and President Reagan signed, the Amerasian Immigration Act of 1982 (US Public Law 97-359, 96 Stat 1716), designed specifically

for Amerasian children abandoned since 1950 in Thailand, Vietnam, Laos, Kampuchea and Korea.

The law states that any adult American may file a petition to sponsor an Amerasian orphan. Unfortunately, during the last decade, only a few thousand cases have been approved using this little-known act and a companion 1987 law.

One of the problems is that, since the law's enactment more than 11 years ago, the US Government's Department of Justice and the INS have done little to inform the American people about the law's existence and provisions, nor have they designed a programme to assist Americans who might want to apply to sponsor someone.

INS approved my petition to sponsor Junior under its "first preference" category, reserved for unmarried children of American citizens, and he is now waiting for his interview and medical exam authorization from consular services at the US Embassy in Bangkok.

It's taken a year to learn the rules, locate the needed documents, obtain the translations, and file and process the application. There have been numerous correspondence and phone calls.

Though the Pearl S Buck Foundation would have done the detective work for me, for a fee, I preferred to spend my next holiday travelling with Junior to his village in Isaan to gather the documents myself. At Phibun Mangsahan, I met his uncle and aunt, who extended gracious hospitality and provided a local sightseeing tour.

From the wall in their home, several framed photographs from the early 1970s — good evidence — were taken to a photo shop to be copied. His uncle found his original

1969 birth certificate, signed by the midwife, tattered and decomposing. This was copied and certified at the Warin Chamrap District Recorder's office, which also had on file the 1973 marriage certificate.

Junior is lucky because his father and mother married — and even after having been shuttled around as a child, he has good documentation and photos — more than enough evidence to prove his father is American.

Sponsorship means providing financial support for three to five years for expenses such as travel, room and board, clothing, tuition and books, and spending money during the acculturation process.

It means patience and understanding. English-language tutoring, answering questions about American culture and learning about Thai ways. And it means sharing the American dream with another person who is seeking it. Junior Young has found a sponsor, but thousands more are still hoping.

Information about the I-360 petition requirements can be obtained at any INS office or from an attorney specializing in immigration law. For more information, contact: Pearl S Buck Foundation, PO Box 181, Perkasi, Pennsylvania 18944 USA. Phone 215-249-1516 or 800-220-BUCK. In Thailand contact 43 Soi Phetchaburi 15, New Phetchaburi Rd, Bangkok 10400, Thailand. Phone 251-7259.

Another organization involved in the placement of Amerasians is: Americans for International Aid, 435 Wavetree, Roswell, Georgia 30075, Phone 404-552-0129.

The writer is a librarian at the University of Guam and an assistant professor of library science of the same university.

ISLANDSTYLE



FOUNDATION MONEY — Shell Guam General Manager Tony Nicholson presented \$500 Feb. 26 to the Make-A-Wish Foundation from Shell's third-place winnings of the Soroptimist International of the Marianas 1994 Battle of the Executives-Bedrock Bonanza. At the presentation were, from left, Conchita Taitano of the Soroptimist International of the Marianas, Nicholson, Lt. Gov. Frank Blas, and Joanne Siguenza, executive director of Make-A-Wish Foundation.



GENEROSITY — The Naval Air Station Morale, Welfare and Recreation Department donated 1,600 hard bingo cards and 1,600 throw-away bingo cards May 19 to the Servicio Para I Man Amko or SPIMA, a local organization providing services to Guam's elderly. SPIMA will distribute the cards to its 16 senior citizens' centers. Gathered at the donation ceremony were, seated, from left, Josephine Palomo; Romana Mendiola, SPIMA Center coordinator; Susan Meyers Rodgers, MWR services director; Thomas J. Keaveny, MWR director; Segundo Aguon, SPIMA director; and Flo Fejerang, MWR administrative secretary; second row, from left, Pete Aguon, Rosa Murphy, Dolores Lizama, Ana Nangauta, Isabel Benavente, Anita Naputi, Sister Celeste Fejerang, Carmen Taitano, Juanita Quiambao, and Carmen Padua; third row, from left, Darlene Castro, Maria Aguon, and Joe Blas.



FACILITY TOUR — Mobil Oil Guam Inc.'s Cabras Terminal personnel gave the Tiger Cubs Pack #39 a tour of their operations facility Feb. 3. The scouts were briefed by Mobil operation's personnel on how petroleum products are handled and distributed and the importance of safety. Present were, top row, from left, Derek Gersonde, Danny Lenon, Alisa Terada and Chelsea Manchester; center, from left, Sonny Lacson, Mobil Terminal manager; Zachary Manchester; Ken Terada; Anne Browne; Grace Browne; and Marty Anderson, Mobil delivery supervisor; bottom row, from left, Nicolas Browne, Brittney Macheater and Julie Lenon. Not shown was Joe Pereda, Mobil Terminal supervisor.



NEW OFFICERS — New Guam Library Association officers for 1994-95 were announced at its May 21 meeting at the Red Carpet Restaurant. At the first board meeting May 27 were from left, Rick Castro, treasurer; Harry Uyehara, vice president for membership; Beth McClure, secretary; Sheryl Nixt, vice president for programs; and Mark Goniweicha, president and American Library Association counselor.

OBSERVATION POST

Editor's note: Clubs and self-help groups will appear in the Observation Post for two days. The week's events will be published on Sunday. Items will also be published on the day of the event. Deadline is 11 a.m. Friday for publication Saturday, Sunday and Monday, and 11 a.m. Monday-Thursday for next day publication. In the event of a local holiday, deadline will be 11 a.m. on the previous weekday. Forms are available at the Pacific Daily News, or fax to 477-3075. Compiled by CATRINA S. MELVAN

TODAY'S EVENTS

- **CLUBS & ASSOCIATIONS**
- A.S. (ORDER OF THE EASTERN STAR): Reg mtg 7:30 p.m., Scottish Rite Temple, Agaña Hts. All OES members welcome.
- JAM LEGAL SERVICES CORP.: 2nd quarterly mtg, noon, c/o 113 Bradley Pl., Agaña
- HOMESPLIN CRAFTS ASSN.: Craft workshop 7:9 p.m. McDonald's party rm. Tamuning. Free charged. Country cross stitch RSVP: Brenda Schiess, 653-3500
- WHS CLASS OF '74: 20th yr. reunion, 7:30 p.m. for upcoming event, 7:30 p.m. Guam Energy c/o. Maste. All interested persons welcome. Info: Marlene, 477-0557, 475-2610, Dot 794-5839. Chaf. 632-7747
- AM PTA CONGRESS: Special mtg. 6 p.m. Weng. 7:30 p.m. 794-5839. Special mtg. 6 p.m. Weng. 7:30 p.m. 794-5839. Special mtg. 6 p.m. Weng. 7:30 p.m. 794-5839.

- ofers./ mtg. June 25. Attendance mandatory for ofers. & bd. of dr. All schools' PTA/PTO/PAC/PTAC/PTSA ofers./reps. & interested parents, teachers, students, administrators welcome. Info: Mary Gutierrez, 637-5835, 649-7955/7.
- GMH VOLUNTEERS ASSN.: Special membership mtg. noon. GMH bd. rm. Info: Betsie Teehan, 646-5801, exts. 104/105
- GUAHAN LAND OWNERS UNITED: Special mtg. 7 p.m., Guma Trankidat
- INDIAN TEMPLE OF GUAM: Mtg. 7 p.m. Spc. Swamy, Sanza Nanda. Dinner to be served
- ISLANDWIDE BREASTFEEDING COALITION: Monthly mtg. 3 p.m. each 2nd Tuesday, through Dec. 13. GMH-cafeteria's conf. rm. Multi-agency task force promoting & encouraging breastfeeding through education & advocacy. Info: Linda DeNorroy, 734-7117
- HAWAIIAN KIWANIS CLUB: Bd. mtg. 6:30 p.m. each 1st Tuesday, membership mtg. 7:30 p.m. each 1st Tuesday, Hotel Nikko's Tan Maria Rm., 2nd fl.
- GUAM DIABETES ASSN.: Mtg. 5:30 p.m. each 2nd Tuesday. Elks Lodge, Agaña Hts. Info: Lynne, 734-7312
- GUAM SYMPHONY CHORALE: Rehearsals on hiatus. Summer Resume Sept. Info: 477-1959
- SPADES CLUB: Mtg. 6 p.m. each Tuesday. USO Pt. U.S.C.G. AUX.: Monthly mtg. 7:30 p.m. each 2nd Tuesday. Governor's multi-purpose rm., Adeuc
- GUAM WRITERS ASSN.: Mtg. 6 p.m. each 2nd Tuesday.

- UOG Manne Lab
- UNIVERSITY BAND: Rehearsals 4:55-5:50 p.m. each Tuesday & Thursday, UOG Fine Arts Bldg., Rm. 127, beg. Aug. 31. All instrumentalists invited. Info.: 477-1959
- **SELF-HELP GROUPS:**
- ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS: One-step-up mtg. 8 p.m. each Tuesday, Astumbo comm. ctr., Dededo
- SIMON SANCHEZ HIGH TAE-KWON DO CLINIC: 4th/5th lunch each Tuesday new PE Bldg. Also 5th lunch each Wednesday, 106, 2:30-3:30 p.m. each Friday
- JOY, HEALING & MIRACLES SEMINAR: 6:30-9 p.m. each 1st Friday, Yona. Info.: 789-HEAL
- HAWAIIAN GROUP OF ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS: Open mtg. 8 p.m. each Tuesday, Maina church social hall
- UNITY GROUP OF ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS: Open mtg. 8:30 p.m. each Tuesday, Our Lady of Lourdes Church, Yigo
- CO-DEPENDENTS ANONYMOUS (CODA): 12-step program mtg. 6:30 p.m. each Tuesday, Christian Science Church Naval Hospital Rd. Info.: 646-0752
- MOONERS GROUP (ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS): Open mtg. noon each Tuesday. AAEP Info: 364-5111
- ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS GROUP OF AFS: Open mtg. 8 p.m. each Tuesday, Fausch, 477-1959

ISLANDSTYLE POLICY

The Islandstyle feature is a free public service and features outstanding Guam residents on- or off-island, weddings, christenings, birthday celebrations, anniversaries and news about local clubs and organizations.

Please provide complete information concerning the event, club or person (Who, What, Why, When, Where) and the name of a contact person and phone number.

All persons shown in photos must be identified clearly on the back of the photograph or on a piece of paper attached to the photograph.

Submissions must be turned in no later than 30 days after the event.

12-8-94

Hi Mary!

Good to hear from you and Dan Andersen about the plans for TJC Advance. Don't know yet if I'll make it, but thought I'd say hello anyway!

At work, was promoted to associate professor and am still library faculty chair, Am pres. of the Guam Library Assoc. this year and re-elected Guam's councilor to ALA for another four years. Guam hosted PIALA, a regional library conference in Nov., in which I played several roles.

At home, Jimius, the Thai Amerasian orphan of the Vietnam War I sponsored for immigration, has come and gone - he's happy living and working in Louisiana with two Thai Amerasian boyhood buddies - and his English sounds great on the phone!

Returned to Thailand Nov. 8-24 to gather the documents for David, Jimius' friend, and met David's adoptive family. He'll be arriving in a few months - my second "son". All best wishes!

Fondly,

Mark

Reflections on an intimate conversation

Hey what's going on here? I'm listening--
You're hollering at me
 "Play ball, play ball, play ball--"
"Don't just stand there staring into space"
all the coaches & spectators agree--
"Woman, you're holding up the game."

In deference to the majority
 I wander to the box
 & warm up
 & let it go--
 "Stee-Rike!"

You look at me - your brave body & face
 convulsed with tears

 "You threw me a curve!"
 tones of utter anguished reproach.
"What the hell's goin' on here?" I repeat
 "Was I supposed to throw a nice
 slow easy one
so you could knock it out of the park?
It was a perfect strike
Down & across the middle
 true as true as true.

What kind of game is this?
 You're batting. I'm pitching. I'm pitching.
Play ball.
I am of so many minds
Sometimes I think
I must be one of those multiple personalities
which rattle around in one head
& share one soul--

but in separate study-carrels
(each with desk & books & head phones
with appropriate tapes, & clay & all
the materials for every art--)
to make pottery & statues & quilts
& log cabins & a hermitage-- &
castles & cathedrals & A raft like Kon tiki
so I can leave those books &
lie face down in my life connecting only
with the sun & the sea.

 But sometimes I would be covered
With babies & little ones
& sometimes I would be invisible
listening to the heartbeat of the teens
 & sometimes only a black hearted witch
with my own black cat
 flying across the moon
 or a peasant farmer tilling my own field
 or a voyageur singing in the wild river
riding the rapids & howling with the wolves
for the joy of it, for the work of it
for to stretch my eyes & my ears
& my shoulders
To stretch me to hold all of my live
& all my loves
& all my dreams

 "My name is legion
 for we are many" - here -
crammed tight together in one small life
 8 decades long
 & only five feet wide.
"My Lord, what a morning!"
 This day & every day.

© Dorothy Hoogterp

27 JULY 1995

DEAR MARY -

... I CERTAINLY DIDNT GET TO TALK TO EVERYONE AS MUCH AS I WOULD HAVE LIKED TO, BUT AT LEAST TOUCHED BASE W/ MOST OF THE PEOPLE I KNEW ~ AND A FEW I DIDNT, BUT HAPPILY DO NOW.

THE MORE TIME PASSES I REALIZE HOW FORTUNATE I FEEL HAVING BEEN ABLE TO PARTICIPATE IN THE CONCEPT THAT WAS TJC. I LOVE ALL THOSE PEOPLE IN MY OWN (E THEIR) CRAZY WAY!

THOUGH I HAD A WONDERFUL TIME IT WAS AT THE SAME TIME QUITE DISTRESSING FOR ME TO HEAR ABOUT BILL STRICKLAND. IT MADE ME FEEL SICK ... AND SO VERY, VERY SAD. JEFF BROWN WAS KIND ENOUGH TO WALK OUT TO THE STUDIO WITH ME ... TO HELP ME DEAL WITH THE IDEA. HE IS SUCH A GREAT GUY (JEFF) ~ I CAN SEE WHY YOUVE ALWAYS SPOKEN SO HIGHLY OF HIM. HE'S ONE-OF-A-KIND! ANYHOW, I HOPE THAT BILL IS SOMEWHERE WONDERFUL ... I DONT KNOW HOW ELSE TO THINK ABOUT IT. HE HAD SO MUCH LIFE LEFT. I TRIED TO CALL HIM IN CINCINNATI THIS SPRING TO SEE IF HE WAS COMING TO THE REUNION. I FELT LIKE AN IDIOT.

ANYHOW, I LOVE YOU MARY - IT WAS GOOD TO SEE YOU AND GERRIT. ILL WRITE FROM KC. THANKS FOR ALWAYS BEING THERE!

8XX ADRIENNE



CENTER FOR
EDUCATIONAL STUDIES
AND SERVICES

101 Broad Street
Plattsburgh, New York 12901-2691
(518) 564-2122/3170

MEMORANDUM

TO: THE THOMAS JEFFERSON COLLEGE COMMUNITY
FROM: VIRGINIA E. HINES, ED.D.
RE: CONTINUED SEARCH FOR THE TRUE MEANING OF A B.PH.
DATE: JULY 21, 1995

In 1993, I began research delving into the mystery, mythology, and the historical truth about the experience we called TJC. The result of that search was a doctoral dissertation entitled Thomas Jefferson College: The rise and fall of the ultral-liberal arts at Grand Valley State Colleges. The task of writing the "big book report" was an extremely enjoyable learning experience, and it is my intent to continue in the delight of learning about TJC by publishing a book. The working title at this point is When the Wind was Singing Freedom: Reflections on Thomas Jefferson College. To that end, I continue to solicit participants in continued study about our shared educational experience.

I am constantly amused by current critical pedagogical and curriculum theorists' proposals calling for more liberating curriculum, empowering instructional styles, affirmation of the learner's voice, and democratic learning communities which facilitate the construction of knowledge by teachers and learners. The theories often refer to the dismantling of traditional hierarchical power structures in the educational community and placing the learner and the student on even ground in the learning process. Does this sound familiar? I truly believe that Thomas Jefferson College was a forerunner in the current "critical literacy" movement. We can provide valuable lessons to the global community of educators by once again making our voices heard.

I am interested in gathering more stories and reflections which detail experiences of personal liberation and empowerment in the learning community known as TJC. Should you be interested in having your voice heard, please contact me at the Advance, the address above, or via e-mail:

HINESV@SPLAVA.CC.PLATTSBURGH.EDU

Thank you for your continued desire to keep our collective memories alive.



Strawberries Remembered

Actual Size: 2½" x 2¼"

miniature tapestry using assorted sock thread

by Ray Materson

You are cordially invited to the Citation
Special Olympics Airlift Opening Ceremonies

Come! "Catch the Spirit, Make a Memory
of Your Own"

Date: Friday, June 30, 1995

Time: 9:30 a.m.

Place: Aetna/Cigna Hangar

Bradley International Airport

VIP Parking/Shuttle: At AMR Combs

Directions: – Route 91 N/S, Exit 40 (is Rt. 20)

– Follow Rt. 20 to Rt. 75N Exit, Go Right

– Follow Rt. 75N to Spring Street

– Left on Spring Street & follow signs to
VIP Parking/Shuttle at AMR Combs

Ray Materson creates images sewn with the threads of unraveled socks. Earlier this year, Ray "Caught the Spirit" and was inspired to design three works for the 1995 Special Olympics World Games. One of the three scenes of the Citation Special Olympics Airlift is depicted.

Dear Fellow TJC'ers;

It just made me beam when I got the TJC Advance announcing the reunion. I can't tell you how many times I received GVSU's alumni stuff and said to myself "I did not go to Grand Valley State University, I went to Thomas Jefferson College". And I felt like the ubiquitous 'they' killed it, and I think 'they' made a mistake and I don't like 'them' for doing it. TJC was a great experience, I learned things there that I doubt I would have learned in a straight academic environment, like how to teach myself. My wife of 10 years, Christine, is always amazed by how I can simply teach myself something. Granted we were a little wild and a little crazy back then. But I don't think any more so than any other college kids in the 60's and '70s, maybe we were more up front about it.

TJC worked. The education was lasting. Bobby Shectman taught me traditional music theory and how to write a song. Denny Maroney gave me piano chops and showed me a lot about modern and avante garde music, too. Sri Ayengar's Carnatic music studies stuck with me and vestiges of it permeate my guitar playing. I started my career as a choreographer and dancer with Andrea Verier, Bonita Rose and Christine Loizeaux (sp?), which I later pursued at CalArts (I received an MFA from CalArts dance program in '81) and here in New York City. And then there was all the improvisational story theater and Marat Sade with Bob Moyer. I learned about technical theater. And that lead me to teaching myself about computers, which lead to where I am now, a computer systems manager at a high tech law firm here in New York. My staff was dumbfounded when I explained my educational pedigree. No formal training. But an innate ability, fostered at TJC, to solve problems and absorb information. At TJC I learned that regardless of what I may have to do to feed my family and pay the bills, I am and always will be, an artist. At TJC I learned that life should be fun.

But I lost track of the friends I made. I remember the faces but some of the names are missing. And that kinda hurts. I would love to hear from people, where are you, how are you, what have you been up to. I'm sorry I can't be at the reunion (bad timing). But please know that my spirit will be there this weekend.

Love,



Robert "beeno" Banta

45-38 44th Street
Sunnyside, NY 11104
(718) 392-8732
email: bno@bno.com

A NOTE FROM . . .

TJCers-

I am an Associate Professor of Journalism/Communications and Environmental Studies at Antioch College, still writing poetry and nonfiction. Still dedicated to innovative education, creative expression, and social change. Would love to hear from Ariel, Lori, & any of the other TJC poets.

☺ Ann Filemyr

Bullfrog Pond-

We are compiling a list of E-mail addresses. If you want on it send a note to George Robb, gmrobb@astro.ocis.temple.edu or to Kent Fisher fisherk@gvsu.edu

☺ George Robb

Greetings from Katy Fox-Smith, husband Earnie, and children Kenton and Branden.

3820 Wagonwheel Ct.
Plano, TX 75023
(214) 423-5201

☺ Katy Fox Smith

Hey Nubby Yankee and Teresa Daniels! If you get Bullfrog Pond, please write me. Also, to Mary TePastte—Great Raisin Pie Recipe!

☺ Crystal Conn-Sainz

SOME TJC ADDRESSES . . .

Mary Ellen Psaltis
5925 Sleepy Hollow Lane NE
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Fax: 360-459-7115

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Roseburg, OR 97470

Crystal Conn-Sainz
1608 Apt B Carlisle NE
Albuquerque, NM 87110

Phone: 505-265-5298

in jazz history class(january 19, 1973, one p.m.)

'Round one o'clock, 'Round Midnight,
with Miles Davis, John Coltrane, Red Garland, et al.

If thirdstream jazz is classical music/jazz combinations,
what are first and second stream.

A cool horn in a dimly-lit room...
people sitting, wondering, thinking...
nodding in time, tapping toes, feet, legs.
Early John Coltrane takes a sax solo...
Joel comments on the style.

Yesterday night, watching George C. Scott as a suicidal hospital
administrator in Hospital. A sordid pseudo-documentary of forty-
eight hours in the big-city hospital...a cliché confrontation
between an overfed, middle-class, white, hospital administrator
and hundreds of hungry black radicals...Back in class with Bye
Bye Blackbird, nice bass line, with muted trumpet solo...three
doctors and a nurse die while under the hospital's care. Instant
characters, no characters at all. No characters, no empathy.

...Ladies and gentlemen, the fragmented style, full-bodied tenor
sax sound of Mr. Sonny Rollins. Sonny makes Mr. Purple Hat
laugh, a little, makes my knee move, a little, my body sway, a
little...a fine drummer has he Sonny Rollins...One sleeping, one
nodding, one writing, one bobbing, his head, many listening...
'at's some nice twelve-bar blues (whatever that is, it's nice).

How does one punctuate song titles? A Sunny Moon for Two in
November of 1957, doubletime and regular time. For four
different times at the same time, see Toads of the Short Forest
as recorded in 1970 by Frank Zappa and the Mothers.

Horace Silver and Art Blakely go back to the roots and on into
the mainstream. The incredible concentration of an improvising
jazz ensemble. Oscar Peterson, one of jazz's finest pianists.
Beyutiefull!

Take one grand piano, depress silently the keys of the chord you
want to play, reach into the piano and strum. Beyutiefull! The
piano when strummed is not unlike a not-very-portable autoharp.

I'm just driftin' and driftin', like a ship out on the sea. And
then the phone rang, inside the secret briefcase. "Yeah, yeah,
hello already! I'm in class right now, why don't you call me
back"....

Charlie Cump

1995

Sisyphus with Vultures -to Nan

I wrote of Sisyphus before
and of our share in stealing divine fire
to the anger of the gods
who owned it all.

Why do I think of you
these long years after?
I tried to understand
those days you "had to "leave me

I have survived
grown to walk other roads
seek other fires
and grown old seeking
stumbling on my way.

Why is this shadow?
Can I not be free?
The damn rock, love,
I shouldered willingly
to let you go
And on these stony heights
all I can see:
how can I do to her
what you had done to me?!

⌘ Dorothy Hoogterp

(for the picture for Walter Simmons) 3-31-95

He asked me - (in our poetry program). After looking at the pictures of my soul (which I drew for our yoga Class having been "Assigned " to draw my feelings every day). Walter said: "but how does it happen all of your pictures are drawn with curved lines?"

And I didn't know

I remember now a tee-shirt at the Gay Pride March in 1993

"I can't even think STRAIGHT"

Amusing - but hardly credible in right brain thinking. And I remember a very wise psychiatrist who told me - more that 50 years ago - (when I was a patient in a mental hospital)

"You are going to have some trouble with your radical straight-line thinking"

"You don't want to be turned by obstacles You want to plow right through them not going to left or right. Not taking any circuitous route"

"You will have a hard time with that--but it will get you where you want to go"

⌘ Dorothy Hoogterp

(Waiting for Amtrak) 3-31-95

Accordion-time

You stood so still
drawn out - to stretch each interstitial web-
I waiter, mesmerized
by the slow hypnotic beat
of time not moving.

Midnight to two AM
endless & oh so still
No light - no sound of bird
(nor truck on a quiet street)
immobile - crawling time 0
sheet pulled above my head
against the mocking jerking
digital time by seconds

Somewhere at last sliding the sandman dune
accordion time squeezed tight
deep with a lullaby time
then sunshine, crashing the blends
And noise of cawing birds
And cars - and roller skates -
and garbage trucks - and words
drumming my waxy ears
no reason and no rhyme
The great gettin-up morning
Instant accordion time

§ Dorothy Hoogterp

Elegy for Lee

Happiness is none the less true happiness because it must come to an end, nor do thought and love lose their value because they are not everlasting.... The great spaces have a splendour of their own.

Bertrand Russell

I.

Your friends write of your life
to your life-long
love as if it matters
as well to you
who are beyond all words.

My card to Pam is Monet's garden
because you loved
how his brushstrokes gave shape to light.
But I can't see from word to word
as I write--something about your "heart," your
"mind," words I walk

to the church on East 88th,
through its unlikely country garden
into the sanctuary's
Gothic darkness. Enter,
rest. This is your body, this
cool ribbed vault--no pulse,
no breath, no sound but

birds in the light outside
threading the air with their splintered cries,
bits of string or straw
they carry upward
or let fall. No full songs. How well

can I remember? In your last
photograph--leaning shirtless
against a French Quarter balcony,
your torso bandaged
after the latest operation--
you wore a Mardi Gras mask.

I heard your days there only second-hand, from
Maureen, best friend
you hadn't seen in years. You'd call her
at sunrise, or 4 p.m. when heat was a hand
at your throat, North Carolina's air for her
as thick with pine and dust. But talking

made you both
never older than at school. Each call promised
visits, slides of your
works in glass. Fragile, glittering:
She could almost see them.

Physical pain defined you:
It was the room you entered every day
for sixteen years. Every day the door
clicked shut, the room
grew smaller. Years ago, one cure you tried was self-

hypnosis. Your friends sat on a velvet couch
under what Ven said was an actual Picasso
listening to his uncle's friendship
with Gertrude and Alice, "the ideal marriage,"
while in the bedroom

with what words did you
remove yourself
from yourself, or ask for reconciliation?
Was it in silence
you followed mind and pain
to the one solution
you would find for your life?

II.

*A man who died at thirty-five will appear to remembrance at every
point in his life as a man who dies at the age of thirty-five.*
Walter Benjamin

At twenty, who of us thought of dying? Ven
wanted Faure's *Requiem* sung
at his funeral, but as though
he intended to listen. He planned

a garden party among monuments
of Victorian grief, limbless
granite tree trunks and weaselly lambs,

and lounged on the crisp grass,
tapping a stick on the flat
faces of his lumber-baron ancestors
while you and Maureen leaned together, talking.

You flirted with words--

when we met by chance one afternoon at Kroger's
you brought me home to see
your Japanese brush paintings, the books
on Zen. Did I play chess? The framed photograph
of Bertrand Russell was a joke, but
you'd read the Principia Mathematica
as if it had been written for you,
and believed with him in peace, reason, kindness--

this was how you stayed alive.

I was loveless, you played me
a record, the girl
in the famous blue raincoat
going clear.

In the first pain
you'd painted landscapes
with black suns: You dug them out of a closet
to show me, even though their melodrama
embarrassed you. Pain by then was nothing

new, yet despite everything
done to you, every doctor, every next
cure, you still believed in healing.

And if mind and heart had been enough,
there would be no need
to say a word more.

Only now do I understand
how you meant
to save what you could, and leave
what you could not save. It was your champagne

we all drank
on the observation deck
the day I flew out of Michigan.
I walked down the corridor facing you
whose life
I'd never again enter as easily.

Manhattans in the Palm Court
the one visit you and Pam afforded to New York
made the city real for you.
You'd walked for blocks to find
the chess club
was not ease and leather, but a room
lit like a cafeteria.
Ven led you through halls of art until
you had to rest in his uncle's room

but the afternoon sun
faceting the green fronds
revived you; so, too,
the amber in the glass you raised
to each of us.

Pernod on ice, the color of bile,
was your absinthe in Florida. It made me ill.
Did you do this every day?
Yet your conversation was still generous.
The sun set, flat pink, into the Gulf.

In New Orleans you lived
on Burgundy, you lived despite drugs,
surgery,

until your stomach bloated like a starving child's,
and you said to Pam
you must stop drinking. The next day

in the hospital, she held
to your 1% chance.
By phone, Maureen asked her to say
our names to you, words sung
against the wind.

Liver and kidneys shut down,
all the usual procedures made difficult--
how could the doctors enter
a body already so scarred?
The promise of a transplant
broken
because of your history--

here is your body, your solution
made public. Yet as you died
you were lucid, filled with a kind of light
I want to name

forgiveness. What can you forgive?
The words that are your only body now
like all words
fail you. You are beyond them.

§ Nancy Nowak

TERRY MOHRE
435 13th Street
Brooklyn New York 11215
718-832-4872

Terry Mohre

Exhibitions:

- 1994 911 Galerey Indinapolis Ind
Recent Digital Works
- 1993 Franklin Musem Philiadelphia Pa
The Artist's Responsiblity with Technology
- 1990 BONN VIDEONALE, Bonn W.Germany. Jurors Award for
"Brief Under Mode" Computer video animation. Co-produced
with Pam Payne.
- 1990 TV90, Max Fish, NYC. Interactive computer video
installation using VIPER (visual interactive performer)
with MIDI music riffs triggered by live video
interaction. Co-produced with co-author of software,
Patrick Todd.
- 1990 SCAN -Small Computers in the Arts, Phili, PA.
"GOD" 3D computer animaton, lecture & presentation.
- 1989 VIDEOKUNST, Traveling European Video Exhibition. "B4U",
a video-love-blues-song.
- 1989 VIDEO IS, Rotunda Gallery, Brooklyn, NY "B4U"
- 1988 BONN VIDEONALE, Bonn W.Germany. "B4U"
- 1988 SCAN- Small Computers in the Arts, Phili, PA.
"Image and Audio". Exhibited a collection of works from 1978 to present
demonstrating a direct relationship with images and sound.
- 1988 VIDEO JAMBOREE, Locus/MWF Video Club, NYC
- 1987 COLAB Exposition
- 1987 RYO EVTV, East Village TV
- 1986 BONN VIDEONALE, Bonn W.Germany.
"I Sing Thy Bulk Eltra" computer animation and digital music.
Jurors Award
- 1986 Chicago Books "Window Machine",
month long mechoanimated window installation
- 1986 RYO Gallery "Lucky Accidents" Photo Stills from computer
- 1985 City College of NY, Personal Visions: The Artist and the Computer.
"Studio Melee", mechanized, animated interactive sculptural video installation,
supported by NYS Council on the Arts
- 1985 TOUR DE TOUR traveling show Italy, Switzerland, Philippines, Japan.
"Body Rocker" computer digested film, with kinetic sculptor Tom Butsch.
- 1985 VISUAL COMMUNICATION CONFERENCE, NYC
"Net Face Tongue" Computer Animation exploring facial gestures & expressions
- 1985 MWF VIDEO CLUB, NYC "Metal Model Romance"
Computer Animation of rotational set (Model for Studio Melee).
- 1984 Concord Gallery, NYC "The Jungle"
Interactive coin-operated video installation
- 1984 City College of NY, The Artist and the Computer
Computer controlled interactive video device Day 147"
computer animation of postural/kinetic study of a woman in pregnancy
- 1983 Museum of Modern Art, NYC, The History of Video Art:
A chronology listing video installations.

- "Ersatz TV: A Studio Melee"
- 1983 Moore College of Art, Philadelphia, PA, Group Show.
Slide show of multi-layer video images
- 1983 SCAN, Small Computers in the Arts, Phila, PA.
Exhibited computer graphics system and menu driven software
- 1982 Hallwalls, Buffalo, NY. "Ersatz TV: A Studio Melee"
Gallery installation of six mechanical TV "sets"
used in simulcast live productions on cable television with video screenings.
- 1982 Whitney Museum, NYC. Reconstruction of "TV Cello"
for Nam June Paik and Charlotte Moorman for Ms. Moorman's use and display
during retrospective of Nam June's video work.

Grants/Awards

- 1990 New York State Council on the Arts
Video Presentation Grant, Max Fish
- 1984 New York State Council on the Arts video art grant
- 1982-83 National Endowment for the Arts Video
Production grant for "Artist Cable Television:PotatoWolf"
- 1982 New York State Council on the Arts video art grant
Production grant for "Artist Cable Television:PotatoWolf"
- 1979-80 Experimental Television Center, Owego, NY, Artist in Residence
- 1972 Dier Ives Foundation, Sculpture Grant
- 1969 Jr. AAU Michigan Pole Vault Champion

Lectures/Presentations

- Small Computers in the Arts Network (SCAN) Philadelphia, PA
1982,1984, 1987, 1989, 1990 1992 1993
- Siggraph, International Computer Graphics Convention, 1990 1994

Due to my diverse background and interests I have more difficulty describing myself than I do in solving technical or aesthetic problems.

Originally a musician by trade and a sculptor by training. I became knowledgeable of electronics, working with musical gear and engineering in recording studios. As sculptor I first encountered video tape in 1971 and began employing it to record art events soon the tapes themselves became the event.

After working a number of years as a musician I decided (in 1978) to study television, integrate picture and sound. Walter Wright encouraged me to explore the "stuff" of video. Soon I was reverse engineering cameras, vtrs, color encoders and production switchers (this tended to make the engineers at the local tv station nervous). I began to design and build video synthesizer modules (waveform generators, keyers, voltage controlled mixers) and to use microprocessors (KIM-SCI, Apple II) to develop control programs for the synthesizer, and working in APL on the Sigma 7.

Moving to upstate New York in 1979 for a residency at the Experimental Television Center. Here I encountered my first framebuffer the CAT. Using S-100 micro's 8080 assembly and Basic, I worked to develop a control system for the framebuffer and integrated control of the analog audio and video synthesizers. This system was used by artists in the production of art works.

In 1980 I moved to New York City seeking work as a video design engineer and to pursue art interests. First finding work there designing video security systems then as head engineer at Adwar Video. Adwar was attempting to produce a video-scan converter for the Apple II. I solved design flaws and supervised the manufacturing of the NTSC converter, designed and manufactured a portable special effects generator, and wrote graphics software for animation and font work. At Adwar I supervised the maintenance for the CMX editing suite, devising a CMX interface to production switchers and writing a film edgenumber to SMPTE timecode program. At this point I had become familiar with video circuit, phase lock loop, genlock, digital clocking, and micro computer buss device design along with 8080 and 6502 assembly, pascal, and fourth programming (some pdp 11xx).

I became a freelance engineer working corporate and commercial video "shoots", calibrating and maintaining the equipment, and designed and constructed production and post production facilities (American Express, Rutt Video, International Paper...).

Through my interest in digital video I became a "expert" with framestores, framesynchronizers, and timebase corrector. I did repair and modifications and custom interfaces of these devices to edit controllers. Along with my 16 year old high school apprentice I constructed video framebuffers triggered by SMPTE Time code that would perform posterization, framegrabbing and temporal effects (rock videos).

Although corporate and commercial video was steady and available this work was on the fringe of my interests. I was interested in developing video and computers and advancing them as tools of expression! Toward this end I involved myself with various artists, producing a live cable show Potato Wolf funded by the National Endowment for the Arts, exhibiting my own works here and in europe, and building computer/video devices for artists such as Nam June Paik, Charlotte Morman Don helpian, Ralph Hocking, Jack Smith and others.

For seven years I was the Chairman of the Computer Graphics Department at the Center for Media Arts in New York City. I developed this department which teaches 2D, 3D design, animation, video editing to graphic artists.

My focus in recent years has shifted from hardware to software systems development and integration (I still touch and understand the machines but no longer wirewrap protoboards). I have worked as system analyst developing a networked display system for public transit, developed a computer interface system for a quadriplegic artist, and become a proficient coder using C and 80x86 assembly languages.

In the last 2 years I have developed AcuWeather's on-air software and digital TV system that acquires, composes, and plays the weather on TV news and other fun.

I am a Truevision and Pixar software developer and have written software for Truevision graphics adapters for the last 10 years. I have written C callable lowlevel graphics libraries for Truevision Targa+. Used this library to develop video production software along with an animation previewer for Renderman animation sequences. I have become familiar with the Renderman Shading Language and have written numerous shaders. sometimes a member of the RenderMan Advisory Council. (I think I've come to understand NURBS).

I have still maintained my interest in music. My songs are performed in clubs and on the radio here in New York and have been recorded by various musical groups. I have had a hand in the design and construction of three MIDI audio recording studios. And have written software that interfaces videographics to trigger MIDI musical events. This program VIPER has been used in museums and clubs for performance.

75
Zen Mohr

TJC ADVANCE 1995

Such comradery! Such a familiar, "at home" feeling--T.J.C. might be gone, but it's effects can never be eliminated! Names did not always come as easily as the recognizable faces, but it was great seeing people with a common bond, all together, in one spot. "New" friends were made, as well as old ones renewed. Saturday was, in many ways, just an appetizer for the Grand Sunday Picnic. The park, the shelter the people, and the food and spirits, all contributed to the splendor of the day. We walked the familiar paths; played and listened to familiar music..it was so sad to see it end. I, myself, had to be removed from the premises. It was painful leaving, but for that brief moment, it was the 1970's again, and all was peaceful and right, in the land...to all those that could't be there--hope to see you in the year 2000! (along with all those that did).

Bethany Rozel Chos

THE POWER OF BEING AND THE ART OF ORGANIZATIONAL SUCCESS

by Christian R. Komor, Psy.D.

In today's market place, organizational success depends largely upon the creativity, innovation, spontaneity, and enthusiasm of each team member. Our North American culture teaches us well how to DO and produce but often neglects our BEING side which alone can give us access to the cutting edge of business. To DO better we need to rediscover our innate ability to BE!

"You must learn to be still in the midst of activity and to be vibrantly alive in repose."

- Indira Gandhi

Do you have the patience to wait until your mud settles and your water is clear? Can you remain unmoving till the right action arises by itself?

- Lao Tsu (5th Century B.C.)

In our growth towards higher personal and organizational achievement and increased individual and team productivity it is easy to overlook that the most important resources we have at our disposal are those within us. These inner personal abilities are often best found when BEING, as opposed to rushing, forcing, or DOING. Like the tortoise from the famous children's story we need to transcend our hare-like tendencies towards agitated, goal oriented activity in order to allow our truly innovative and creative side to emerge.

The recovery of our ability to BE has, in turn, direct benefits for our work and workplace. When we look at the available outcome studies concerning individual and organizational excellence at least 12 factors tend to stand out:

- Clear decision making abilities
- Spontaneous and uninhibited creativity
- Effective communication skills
- Investment in quality as well as quantity
- Enjoyment of process as well as goal attainment
- Proactive (versus reactive) self-management
- Healthy utilization, rather than avoidance of, fear
- Resource conservation and reduction of errors
- Balanced time management including down-time
- Interpersonal cooperation
- Patience and perseverance
- Physical health and wellness

All of the above factors are primarily expression, or direct products of personal growth, or what can be thought of as our BEING side. Collectively they represent what we will be referring to in this article as our POWER OF BEING.

In other cultures the abilities which can be realized through the cultivation of active BEING are familiar and well understood. Indeed, in China the term Wu Wei is used to describe the state of actionless action which proceeds true innovation and creativity. On the other hand, in North America our approach to goal-oriented productivity has successfully placed a high value on DOING through control, achievement, efficiency and production. Our standard of living is, of course a testament to our success in this style of productivity.

Unfortunately, our DOING oriented approach to business has had some dangerous byproducts. Most of the major illnesses of our time have now been linked directly, or indirectly to the escalation in our cultural stress

level. Our biggest killer, heart attacks, occur most frequently on Monday mornings, the start of our work week. Our natural environment also is giving us warning signs that we are pushing too hard. Experts suggest that we are running out of time to correct the trend towards over utilization of natural resources and toxification of the planet.

What is required today is a healthy balance between the DOING and BEING aspects of our approach to the marketplace. Only by joining these two elements can we both increase our productivity and avoid the collapse of our personal and environmental systems. Too, it is through balancing the BEING and the DOING elements of our work that we are able to travel even beyond expected levels of performance and venture into the realm of true excellence.

In order to do this we need to begin to develop a new technology of BEING including specific strategies for accessing a state of inner BEING. It is not enough to acknowledge the importance of perspective in today's business climate. We must guide our development towards a attitudinal approach which will increase our productivity through inner balance. With that as our goal let us look closer at just what this BEING state involves and specific methods for learning to appreciate and maximize our BEING abilities.

Healthy BEING can be understood as an experiential way of perceiving and relating to the world characterized by a centered, choiceful self-ownership. Many of us come closest to experiencing this BEING state when we are first awakening in the morning, in moments of quiet meditation, or even when we are engaged in a repetitive activity of some type. For example, many of us are confronted by the power of our BEING when we realize we have been driving our car successfully even though our attention has wandered for seconds, or even minutes.

During such BEING times we, in effect, allow the churning mud of our awareness to settle enough that the person that we truly are is able to emerge. We find that there is life beyond, or more accurately beneath all of our roles and expectations and pressures and lists and control and goals.

As you will note, however, BEING is not something that we DO, or achieve, but rather something that we allow to happen. Like sleep, sexual intimacy, playfulness, or other more subtle human activities BEING happens when we LET GO. BEING is like the butterfly which, when pursued, eludes our grasp, but if you sit quietly long enough alights on our finger.

Of course, BEING has played a significant role in most philosophic and religious traditions. What is more recent is the discovery that cultivating our POWER OF BEING can have a dramatic impact on our performance and the performance of the organizations and systems within which we work. For example, Albert Einstein, well known for his creative use of leisure time, revealed that many of his most significant ideas arose naturally and unbidden while he was lost between the wind and the water on his sailboat. When we are skilled in listening to our BEING side creative solutions often arise without conscious effort.

Learning to activate and appreciate our BEING nature is not as easy as it may sound. Perhaps that is why this elusive ability has remained on the cutting edge of organizational growth for so long. We are not used to thinking in terms of less being more and the idea of cultivating periods of stillness in our demanding schedule can be daunting.

Therein, however, lies the paradoxical nature of BEING. In order to access BEING we first need to be willing to confront the twin roadblocks of fear and paradox. Many of us in the business community are naturally uncomfortable with the leap of faith needed to quietly and proactively center oneself when a forceful reaction to a problem seems the quick and easy solution. It is difficult to see the immediate pay-off. But, like investing time in the growth of a long-term relationship, developing a relationship with our BEING side yields a power that transcends more forceful and goal-oriented approaches to productivity.

As we move beyond our fear and look towards developing a technology of BEING seven general principles can serve as trusty guides:

- Approaching all situations and relationships from a CENTERED mind-body state rather than from fight/flight reactivity.

- Making decisions and choices out of SELF-OWNERSHIP rather than an externalized ideal of how things "should" look
- ACCEPTING everything, even "negative" experiences, that enter our field of experience as holding the potential for personal and organizational growth and enhancement.
- Carrying with us an inner resolve to RELAX COMPLETELY in all situations - even when it seems we should be tense
- Focusing our attention on the PRESENT MOMENT rather than on our fears about the past, or future
- Listening to our SPONTANEITY and learning to tolerate and creatively use a DISINHIBITED state
- Being committed to honest TRANSPARENCY and openness in all of our relationships and interactions

Using these principles in our daily life assists us in cultivating our BEING. It is also particularly important to allow time each week for "non-doing" practice. As opposed to doing nothing (which is still doing something), non-doing is the art of reducing our outside stimuli (no radio, television, mail, or telephone) for a period of time so that we can learn to listen to our self. As we practice this discipline our thoughts and worries will generally begin to still. Eventually, we make that critical internal shift from the feeling of reactivity that our environment seeks to impose upon us to the proactive sense of choicefulness and spontaneity.

Many of us have been exposed to the concepts of stress and time management. While helpful, these ideas and exercises can be elusive given the demands of our present marketplace environment. What we require, and what the BEING state provides, is an orienting principle which we can carry with us into all situations and relationships.

When we are operating from our BEING nature our reactions are naturally centered and appropriate. We naturally pace ourselves and are more flexible in our choices. We work smarter instead of harder with increased output and decreased use of material resources. Our joy and self-esteem increase, bringing with them a more relaxed relational manner. Amidst those changes we become increasingly capable and successful while having more enjoyment in the process.

This article is reprinted from Association Trends Magazine.

*I can't draw brokenness--
because I can't conceive unbroken.
I can't delineate diversity
although I see it*

*moment by moment
without
within.*

*all I can see is the tides
or the river's path
through canyons
crossing deserts
sinking, sinking out of sight
to the underground stream.*

*Dali! El Greco! Picasso!
seeing the pieces
scattering them on the page
like lego's to build with
Where is your school
to teach broken pieces?
for building new pictures
and new dreams!*

✂ Dorothy Hoogterp

**I don't feel like poetry tonight
But at least I have crossed another bridge.
I have held back, hesitating
coming very slow
but movin on
in the direction I had set my feet
Now I am in this place
of rendezvous
now with what fear or grace
Do what I came to do**

✂ Dorothy Hoogterp

January 20, 1996

Dear Mary T,

I promised you a story, and now I read that my deadline hasn't passed. I have two stories, so edit carefully and keep what you don't use for further discussion just between the two of us.

The Advance Romance

I almost didn't go to the TJC Advance. No one knew where I was, so I only found out about it because Bill Macklin was at Meijer one evening and I ran into him. I called Ellen Smith, who is a co-worker, and asked her to leave any information she had on my desk (she was working nights at home at the time). So I had the goods on the reunion advance, and still had no idea whether or not to go. (Hi, guys, yep, single mother of two, fightin' like hell for what I can, clues: you know who you are. . .) Even as I was getting ready to go, I told myself I could blow it off; why would I go anyway, did anyone really want to see me that much? All these years and changes.

Then Ellen called: she needed a ride, was I going? Uh, yeah. . . Okay. I forgot she had moved and got lost in Eastown (now you know).

We got there and it was TJC all over again; all those beautiful faces, who is that dude with the multicolored long hair I've always wanted to admire to his face, Barbara Gibson as lovely and strong as ever and really showing more now who she is and what she's made of herself (oh, Barbara, I wish as much for my face as you have there in yours!)

And then, this laughter.

And what laughter it was, a waterfall of it that could be heard above anything else in front of you.

Who is that?

Who is THAT?

I don't know who this is, but I know who this is.

This is literally the man of my dreams. The dream I had when I was 21 years old. I never forgot it; you don't. This will only make sense to the ones who remember my writing about a girl named Persephone in the TJC dreambook. I also talked to a few skeptics about that one. . .

I spotted him, and found some way to end up at the same picnic table. How many TJCers were shocked when we left at about the same time, and came back the next day for the Johnson Park gig in the same car? (Right, how many of you are still TJCers?)

Three years and two days later, on August 12, 1993, we got married.

Still a good idea.

We went to Ireland in September, for three weeks. Go, if you can. The people are wonderful, civilized. Westport, County Mayo is the coolest place on earth. Pirate queen Grace O'Malley lived there (and our hostess is a descendant and current O'Malley chieftain). We have a poetry anthology project there, with some Irish poets and ourselves. I'm doing the typesetting on my little word processor, so I get to see everyone's poetry before it's printed. Life became much more fun when Rob and I got together.

Okay, Mary T, one for you. Chop and edit the above as you like, and send it to the typesetter. This stuff is not necessarily for publication, but I had to tell you that you've been corroborated.

I've been in counseling for over a year, since the time when Rob's mother was here to recover from a fall. She stayed for five months and left in better shape than she'd been in at the time of her accident. (And she's kept a lot of that strength since.) But the responsibility was a stress for me, as lovely as it was to spend time together. Girl talk with someone in her nineties is a treasure most my age will never have!

This person I talk to seems to know everyone I respect. My community college prof that I still write to, the lawyer who fought for me and sent me a wonderful letter on final payment of a bill too large for one with my income; and an associate has a family relationship to the place where I work. It did not surprise me when he said that the closing of TJC was the end of a personal dream for Arend Lubbers, but he spoke with an authority I cannot question even without details. My gut feelings in '95 were that you knew this also. I've been told that I was the kind of student Dr. Lubbers thought of as a poster child for the whole idea of TJC--I transferred in with a 3.75 from CAS, because I was getting As for things I considered incomplete. I talked to him after his speech, as you know, and caught some flack from people who haven't thought it through for that. Too bad, but that is also why this part of my letter is for you only, if you think this is wise. I would like to see Arend Lubbers vindicated. It's so very easy to take a stand when you don't have a whole college at stake; you can go down in glory for your ideals and someone somewhere will remember you for it. The ones who would have come later will have to go elsewhere, however, or not go at all. Those who criticize are no higher on the food chain than the Republican budget-busters (and they don't pay my bills, so I'll say that, yes), and if they haven't had to find a job lately, maybe they haven't faced reality. I think the Santa Ana winds of change hit TJC a little sooner but no different than is widespread in the working world today.

Wish we'd survived. For all of us. Now, there are others who let us watch them eat cake. Nothing seems to promote a civil way any more; if you have a job, you are almost required to neglect what you are trying to support with that very job. I'm pissed off, and I don't want to die homeless. That's stress enough in this new corporate feeding-frenzy. Profits are up, but no one is happy. I wonder.

Mary, I'm still glad we're here.

With love to all,

Sharon Horton

I have not said
what I came to say
Even the hedge of thorns
Will not hide the awful sleep
Earth colors are not in the box
How do I paint the black hole--
Nor is there silver for a moon
Nor dark for water for reflection
no color for storm
No northern lights in the sky
No melting green bowl above
houses a& trees & creatures of the night
No wind, no water, no nest of bird or song
no strong rock under foot
No dune, no sand, no wave
 What it is - at the core -
I cannot say nor draw
Perhaps I fail
 or - yet -
Perhaps it cannot be said.

✿ Dorothy Hoogterp

But I don't think
 "Peace"
 or
 "Bliss"
 or
 "Oneness"
 or
 "Harmony"
 is where its at--
There are crashing waves &
cliffs & coves
glaciers & rocks
 & shooting stars
And fire in the mountain
 Mine is the dragon year
 incomprehensible

✿ Dorothy Hoogterp

FAMILY THOUGHTS ---1982

I don't know if we were DIFFERENT:
Isn't a Family the most fun in the world?
And the most work
And the most worry
And the most heartache
And the most sorrow....?

But it is so full of surprises:
so much laughter
so much learning
so much unlearning

For a family HE must have said:
"Behold I make all things NEW."
Every day, every way
Nothing is ever the same.
Nothing is boring.

Each child is a thousand children
Each parent-team a hundred tugs-of-war!
New visions
new songs
new tastes
new fragrances....new odors...
and still the beauty of the wheel of life.

The pregnant womb with the mother curling round:
protecting, carrying, dreaming, worrying.
The labor, the welcoming newborn cry.
The tiny fingers clutching a larger finger.
The rosebud mouth: rooting, grabbing, sucking.
The miracle of growing-away-from-babyhood
to a questing roaming child.
All the world through a little one's eyes:
the underneath of tables and chairs
the bottoms of cupboards
the mystery of steps to climb.

And all the world seen NEW:
to touch, to tear apart, to put in your mouth,
and, later, to climb on, to jump off of, to hide behind,
to hide things inside of, to take apart (as of clocks and radios)
and to try to put back together again .., "anybody can do it!"

FAMILY THOUGHTS ---2

Learning to talk...picking up "bad words" before
you even can guess their meaning.
learning to read, to print, to do "cursive"..
From flash cards of two plus two...to long division...
and algebra...and calculus.

The INFANT BRAIN growing and growing and growing
and nobody knows how or why...
Two children together...or many..
same home, same parents, same school..
moving in different directions.

Into books, into baseball,
into bugs, rocks, snakes, stars;
into cats and kittens and dogs and puppies
and little birds that fall out of their nests.

Building tree houses
learning to swim
making snow forts
falling out of windows.

Hating boys, hating girls...
into first love.
Running towards music
running away from home.
Rebelling against parents, school, church, police....
Dreaming great dreams.
Looking down on the "other"
(whoever the "other" may be
in that neighborhood,
that town, that time, that peer-group)

Friendships, Rumbles, quarrels between "best friends"
Dreams of growing up.

Chores, and first jobs
and first paychecks.
and learning to drive
and first tickets
and first accidents

(cont)

FAMILY THOUGHTS---3

and second loves...
and third loves....
and on and on and on.

And then
that unexpected adulthood.
ALWAYS a surprise!

Is there anything like a family...
EVER?

by Dorothy Hoogterp 2-8-81

NOBODY KNOWS YOUR NAME

Nobody knows your name. We make up our words to address
you: Goddess and God and Spirit---the little names and the big ones:
Saviour and King and Allah and Prophet and Buddha
Diana and Isis, Astarte and Ba'al, Ceriwide and Freya
and Mary the goddess
Kali and Demeter, Gaia and Pele.

And what is your NAME? We know not.

They say that you said "I AM WHO I AM"
and that is all.

But nameless, how can we salute you?

With our arms upraised: Sister Sun, Sister Moon.
North wind South wind. East wind. and West.
Earthquake and fire. Crashing wave. Flying spray.
The Holy Mountain. and the clouds that part not.
Sunset and dawn and midnight
and the day.

We call you, see you, hear you

in the loon's cry, in the howl of coyote;
flash of bright wing, soaring gull, geese in our sky;
sequoia and violet, eidelweiss; and the loud shouting
flowers of Hawaii;
coral and kelp; dolphin and shark and seal.

We see and hear and touch
Your nameless Wheel.

And I am old and tired of crying and reaching
for the secret connecting web of the sky and the sea
and all that was and is and ever will be;

and all within me, storming to be free.

And more than praying or praising, I am needing to seek.
And more than eating and drinking, I am needing to find.

Beyond the sages words
beyond the pages
of all the holy books.

Beyond the wind
that comes from whence we know not
and goes over...and no one sees or knoweth where it goes.

The cradle of the universe rocks and holds me
and sings the lullabies no language knows:

"Hush, little fledgling,

Rest, little drifting seed

Your sisters are sea flowers whispering on the rocks
your brothers the crablets skittering through the weeds.

Hush, little daughter
close your eyes and rest.

I am the Mother of all
Sleep on my breast.

Others have called you down in tongues of flame
I cried in anguish still to know your name
Until I called you MOTHERand you came.

Dorothy Hoogterp 1-6-89



For Lo! The Winter is Past
The Rain is Over and Gone
The Flowers Appear on the
Earth
The Time of the Singing of
Birds is Come
And the Voice of the Bullfrog
is Heard in our Land.





Keep on Truckin'