



**SORRY IT'S LATE. IT WAS KINDA DARK..**

# COOPER POINT JOURNAL

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The Evergreen State College

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## Wooo-hooo! It's dark!

BY REYNOR PADILLA

Greeners, who usually have very little to party about, took to the darkness to celebrate the freedom of not seeing so well, when the power went out yesterday just after midnight.

Instantly an emergency drum circle formed in front of A-Dorm. While drummers pounded and dancers flailed, other less exuberent Greeners looked anxious. They huddled in groups, either annoyed or confused. Some people had nothing better to do than smoke. The cherries from their cigarettes created red lights that drifted outside the loose mass of candles and flashlights of the drum circle.

Inside A-Dorm the perpetual motion of the pool balls continued. Meanwhile, the 2nd floor's more harried than normal spectators shined flashlights onto the darkened green felt below.

On a floor above, Orion Olson, Naomi Mittet and Danny Oxman collected in the hall around a glowing, flickering candle. "We should have emergency back-up generators," Olson said.

"It's pretty scary that they're not working," Mittet added.

"I think it's fun," Oxman said as he poked at a portable keyboard, "what do you expect—my favorite holiday is Halloween!"

Suzi Ummel, Bryan Theiss, Edward Gibbs and Michael Harris made their way up the staircase to begin a power outage tradition. They climbed the pitch black stairwell to scare themselves, but Harris frequently used his flashlight and ruined the effect. More than once Theiss had to scold him for it.

Once on the roof they could hear the drums and see the swirling tangle of candles below. On the ground a procession of housing stewards struggled with a huge steel barbeque. "They're bringing out a hibachi?!" Gibbs wondered.

Suddenly the A-Dorm lights flickered. There was an audible "Boo!" at the foot of the building as it was flooded by light.

"Well that's that," said Harris, as he strutted toward rooftop door. Before he could get to it the lights trembled, quit, flashed briefly back to life and with a yawning rattle, died.

"Oh, never mind," Harris laughed. Back on the ground in front B-Dorm, the stewards lit the portable barbeque. As the flame roared to life people turned their attention away from the shiny, happy drum circle and toward the primal source of light.

"You got any meat?" asked A.R.M. David Scheer, holding a package of garden burgers. "This is all we've got so far." Later Greeners brought ground beef, tofu, and even a couple



Photo by Reynor Padilla

It was so dark that the only way we could take a picture of Michael Harris and Edward Gibbs was if they shined flashlights on their faces. They sure were scary!

chicken breasts to barbeque the night away.

But alas, it all had to end. With a whirl and a hum the power punched back on again at 1:34 a.m. As for what caused the mysterious and beautiful black-out, neither Public Safety nor Facilities knows.

What caused it really doesn't matter. What it taught us does.

It taught us when everybody's in the dark

suddenly we become one—and a magical drum circle forms. In the future, when we need to feel like a community, we should turn off the lights and bring out the candles and the drums.

And howl. Never forget to howl.

Reynor Padilla is the CPJ Editor In Chief. He likes to play in the dark.

CPJ

## The real Halloween

BY LUKE UNGER

Well, that special time of the year is here again and I can't help reflecting on the holiday that brings friends and family together in a lovely celebration of all that is dead and spooky: Halloween. My earliest memories of Halloween (oddly enough) all center around the Catholic school and church which I attended during grade school in my hometown. At these celebrations I always dressed as a superhero like Superman, a pirate, or in some other crazy costume my mom would make for me. I remember as I started getting a little older superheroes seemed less interesting and the real heroes of Halloween seemed more interesting: the ghosts, demons, devils, and vampires. Yet, when I told my mom I wanted to be something a little scarier she said: "No way". She felt that all those spooks were satanic or part of the occult. I didn't understand, but I was young and had no choice to obey. So I continued to be boring non scary things for Halloween. I told my mom this the other day and she just laughed and said: "I was weird then." So, apparently she has gotten over her fear of Halloween. Yet, many Christians haven't. Last night on the news I heard a story about a public school who was not letting any Halloween paraphernalia into the school because Christian groups claimed that Halloween items were part of the occult. And they're scared of the left wing dogma in schools...

It turns out that to assert that the Halloween is some part of the occult or Satanic is not just bizarre but dead wrong. After all Halloween is just part of a Christian Holiday. Not that it was originally a Christian Holiday, but it was actually co-opted from the ancient Celtic religion. In the Celtic religion October 31st was the annual meat harvest and because it was the time of the slaughter it was also a festival of the dead. According to my contact James Staples, one of the owners of Five Corners (a pagan bookstore downtown), the Christians didn't like the idea of a festival of the dead, with all these spirits running around. So, in order to purify themselves after this night of what they believed to be 'evil' spirits; they decided to have a day dedicated

to the saints, angels and all that is holy the very next day. It was named All Hallows Day by the Church, meaning all that is holy. Even though the Christians didn't make it up, they gave us the name we use for our secular celebration (or christened it). Just drop the all and add eve and there you have Hallows eve; the night before All Hallows became known as Halloween.

Another curious thing about the argument that Halloween is a celebration of evil is the fact that, once again, the evil part of Halloween was most probably created by the Christians. Before the Christians tried to take over Halloween it was called Samhain (pronounced sow'-in). Samhain was one of the major holidays of the Celtic Religion; it was the last of the harvest festivals and the marking of the beginning of the new year. The last harvest was the Harvest of the Meat because the longer they kept the animals alive the better chance they had at keeping it from going bad. Apparently the killing of the animals inspired a ritualistic festival of the dead. Like all harvest festivals the people had a huge feast, but the one difference that made this a festival of the dead is they invited the entire clan living and dead. This itself does not seem particularly evil. But as Mr. Staples observed: "Christians saw Samhain as a threatening, scary time. Christians tend to see death as something bad." It seems as though this reaction probably intensified Hallows Eve as being identified with evil. The Celts simply invited all their ancestors good and bad. Unfortunately the Christians saw all death and therefore all spirits as bad entities. The biggest irony is that the Christians decided to copy the Celts and talk to their ancestors the very next day. They just happened to call their ancestors saints. The similarities are suspicious.

James Staples informed me that all major Christian Holidays are centered around pagan holidays, but what makes Halloween unique is that most all of the traditions that have survived to our current holiday of Halloween are directly descended from the Celtic festival; they have not been watered down as much of the others. For example, the carving of the

Con't as HALLOWEEN pg. 2

## President reminds us all to be nice

BY JENNIFER KOGLER

On October 18, the Office of the President released a memorandum discussing the issue of civility towards members of the Evergreen community. The memo, drafted by the President and other key members of the Administration, was posted as a reminder to students and staff of the ideals stated in the Evergreen Social Contract.

The letter comes in response to several anonymous flyers displayed around campus making derogatory personal attacks towards Evergreen faculty and staff who provide services for the college.

Administrators Steve Trotter, Budget Officer; Barbara Leigh Smith, Academic Vice President and Provost; Nancy McKinney, Special Assistant to the Vice President; Art Constantino, Vice President for Student Affairs; and Jane Jervis, President, with help from Executive Associate to the President Lee Hoemann, decided to answer these statements with a reaffirmation of the Social Contract's position on freedom and civility regarding speech and grievances. Such action has been the case in the past when the administrators have dealt with incidents similar to this where an denunciation towards a member of the community has occurred.

The memo denounces the use of anonymous, slanderous statements as an effective and fair way of conveying problems to the public. "Fundamental to Evergreen is our belief that all of us should develop our own voices, our own beliefs, and act courageously on our convictions." Because the flyers were posted without a group or individual taking responsibility for them, it denies those mentioned the opportunity to respond to the accusations.

As stated in the Evergreen Social Contract, "The Evergreen community will support the right of its members,

Con't as CIVILITY pg. 2

**HALLOWEEN from cover**

pumpkins is directly descended from a tradition where the Celts would carve effigies of their ancestors in squash and place a candle in the hallowed out chamber; this carving provided the spirit a physical manifestation during the feast and the candle helped the spirit find his/her way home. Even trick or treating has evolved from the ancient feast of Samhain. This simply used to be a practical way for the farmers to trade goods, so they might have a little of everything that the clan had to offer. Every farmer specialized in a different crop and each family would send out their children to go door to door to get a little of everything. Finally dressing up in costumes served two purposes in ancient times. First of all people dressed as their ancestors to honor them. Secondly, they wore disguises to trick any uninvited spirits that might be lingering about.

After James Staples filled me in on all this great history and evolution about Halloween, I just had one more question. How do people, who keep the Celtic beliefs alive, celebrate Halloween? Since the Celtic Samhain and the evolved Halloween are so intertwined there really isn't that much difference in how they get celebrated. Halloween is a bigger feast for Celtic based groups, but an outsider would probably not notice a real difference in its celebration. I guess the moral of the story for me is that we should recognize our common roots, instead of being quick to judge things that we don't understand as being evil. And maybe all of us could take hint from the Celts and realize that death isn't something to be hated and dreaded, but it is as essential as life in nature's cycles.

Luke Unger is a new member of the CPJ family.

CPJ

**CIVILITY from cover**

individually or in groups, to express ideas, judgements, and opinions in speech or writing. The members of the community, however, are obligated to make statements in their own names and not as expressions on behalf of the college.

Jervis sees the memorandum as a "statement of faith" in the concepts conceived in the contract, which proclaims that "[c]ivility

is not just a word; it must be present in all our interactions. She discourages those who are tempted to "act out in an ugly way" at those issues they find fault with.

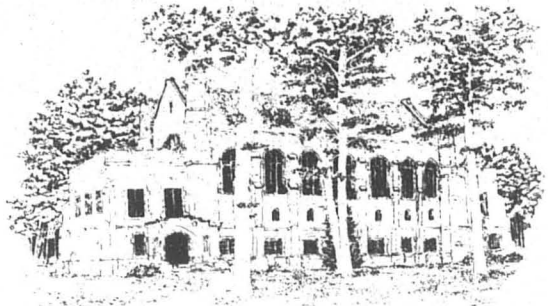
Constantino reminds students that the Social Contract is not strictly enforceable, meaning that it is not a technical set of rules that require disciplinary action if broken. He sees it as an "affirmation of [the] values of how we want to relate to each other." When he read over some of the flyers, he was troubled by their "personal and anonymous" nature.

In order to voice grievances in a manner that is beneficial and fair to both those with the concern and those receptive to it, Constantino suggests the Mediation Center. Not only can they bring conflicting individuals together to work out problems, but they also teach interpersonal skills that can aid people in talking with others about potentially difficult situations. It is his opinion that it is the responsibility of everyone to uphold the fundamental objectives of the Social Contract, to maintain "conditions under which learning can flourish-conditions characterized by openness, honesty, civility and fairness."

Besides being the Assistant Managing Editor News Briefs Editor, the Real Life News Editor and a CPJ staff columnist, Jennifer Koogler is also pretty cool.

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**Burritos out, dog food in**

Fezdak Water, inventor of the highly popular Free Burrito Tuesday, was barred from a food handler's license.



"We are here for the kids and their pets. The two have a connection that is to be found in our social activism."

--Fezdak and Godzilla photo by Joie Kistler

allowing one to serve food on public property and a food handler's license. Dog food seemed like the next logical step. Fezdak claims to "have a keen interest in dog food" stemming from his grandfather's tradition of something for nothing hospitality. Fezdak introduced Free Dog Food Tuesday which keeps dogs and their owners happy while steering clear of sanitation laws.

Last year, students and staff alike were greeted on Red Square by colorful chalkings

pronouncing "FREE BURRITOS, MORE NEXT WEEK", and received yummy vegetarian burritos from Fezdak and company, who only asked for an optional donation in return. According to Fezdak, the group made close to 50% of what they spent for the ingredients back form the offerings. This year, however, Public Safety discontinued the practice due to their lack of a permit that

a lot of dogs, so we'll just give it out." There are no laws to his knowledge that ban humans from feeding dogs without charge. Free dog food also helps out low income pet owners due to the fact that pet foods are not purchasable with food stamps. His vision is that the campus will be overrun by dogs with full stomachs. This principle of providing services for free and showing that the community can work together to solve problems goes along with the foundation of Fezdak's philosophy: "do something". Take advantage of this service Tuesdays at noon on Red Square. Remember to keep your dog on a leash.

In related news, Fezdak is currently working on a contract to recreate his car into "Noah's Ark". His goal is to reasonably represent the story of Noah's Ark on the outside of his automobile. So far, he has covered the sides in wood paneling, placed two elephants on them that squirt water out of their trunks via the pump located by the steering wheel, and perched two lovely plastic geese atop the vehicle. Fezdak needs help in finishing his masterpiece, so if you have any plastic animal replicas (two, preferably, but anything is welcome) to donate, you can bring them down to the basement of the CAB, or contact Fezdak himself at 357-2833.

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**A steward loses his bike, then finds it**

A funny thing happened to Housing steward Craig St. Clair on his way home from a random tour of the tunnels that run from the Steam Plant to the Library Building. He completely forgot that his bicycle, which he had hastily jumped on in order to arrive on time, remained at the Steam Plant while he was strolling home from the Library.

According to fellow steward Sal Occhino, who heard the story at a private meeting of the Housing elite, St. Clair realized the fact later on that weekend. Considering that his bike was not properly secured to a post or railing, he assumed the worst and presumed his two wheeler lost. In a noble effort to ward off complete cynicism, he printed up flyers describing the appearance of his bike. Just as he was about to plaster the campus with leaflets, fate stepped in and urged him to check with Public Safety, just in case something had

come up. Indeed, just as St. Clair was lamenting over the supposed loss of his bike, Public Safety Officer Darwin Eddy had driven by the Steam Plant and seen the lone bicycle unattended. He proceeded to load the bike into the Public Safetymobile and return it to headquarters. Luckily, the bicycle was found before random hooligans could get their hands on it.

Had it not been for St. Clair's psychic connection to the Public Safety office, his bike may have remained in its custody. Since the bike was not registered, the staff would never have known it was his. When roommate Jonny Fink asked St. Clair if it was registered, he replied, "It is now."

Please let this be a reminder for those of you who haven't yet checked in your bike with Public Safety. The bike you save may be your own.

**Underwear sightings abound in housing**

Within the past month, several Housing residents have reported over seven separate incidents of underwear on campus. This disturbing fact has led to speculation of how the garments came to be there in the first place.

Concerned resident Cristin Carr first became aware of the abundance of underwear when she and a few friends noticed a pair of striped men's boxer shorts lying on the bricks outside A dorm. Since then, Carr has seen everything from bikini briefs to athletic supporters lying in different spots around Housing. They are sometimes accompanied by an equally random amount of socks. The Housing Community Center has the highest concentration of underwear around it.

When asked how she believed the undergarments got there, Carr speculated that it might be a silent protest against the TV's new home in the Community Center. Student Marlyn Prashad, witness to some of the incidents, thought it may have some connection to the free love movement. The predominant theory students have centers around the fact that people returning from laundering their clothes may lose some on the trip home. At press time, however, none of these theories can be confirmed.

Housing maintenance staff member Chance Koehnen, who has never seen the offending items but would have to remove them if he did, stated that such incidents "remind me of clogged toilets."

**SECURITY BLOTTER**  
Compiled by Matthew Kveskin

- Friday, October 13**  
1458: The pins holding the hinges on the door to access the clock tower were found to have been removed.  
2340: An E.F. party in the dorms got too loud. Public Safety had to stop by three times.  
2350: A minor was seen drinking during a dance in the Library.
- Tuesday, October 17**  
0107: A locked bicycle was stolen from K-Dorm.  
0218: A car was impounded from the Dorm Loop.
- Wednesday, October 18**  
1045: A protection order was served to an Evergreen student. The student didn't want to receive it but finally did.
- Saturday, October 14**  
0029: A female in A dorm reported being stung by a yellow jacket. The merciless insect was executed by the victim by the time Public Safety responded.
- Thursday, October 19**  
0833: Media Loan equipment was recovered from a car that was impounded off campus.  
1700: Eviction from Housing.  
1729: Fire alarm in the Longhouse. They forgot to open the flue before lighting the fireplace.  
1743: Fire alarm in P-Dorm.  
1756: Narcotics found in P-Dorm.  
1824: Fire alarm in N-Dorm.  
1827: Narcotics found in N-Dorm.  
2033: Sick female at the Library Loop.
- Sunday, October 15**  
0640: An intoxicated person in the dorms called 911. The person was talking about suicide, but it was determined that they were not suicidal, just depressed.  
0811: Four tires were stolen from a car in F-Lot.  
0901: Tools were stolen from the basement of the Library building.  
1534: Theft of a backpack from the Community Center.  
1936: A recreator at the CRC had his wallet stolen.
- Monday, October 16**  
0457: Disturbance in S-Dorm. The first and third floor folks still are not getting along.  
0811: Four tires were stolen from a car in F-Lot.  
0901: Tools were stolen from the basement of the Library building.  
1534: Theft of a backpack from the Community Center.  
1936: A recreator at the CRC had his wallet stolen.

Hint of the week: When you know Johnny Law is coming to visit your abode: Hide Your Stash!

## Lee Lambert keeps Civil Rights

By Jesus "Xui" Garcia

The Evergreen State College provides a wide range of resources to students to make college life as hassle-free as possible. In an effort to disseminate information about these resources, this article is the first in a series focusing on the President's Office and its role in the TESC universe.

The President's Office provides the college with a number of services, one such service is the resolution of discrimination concerns. Lee Lambert is the person responsible to provide this service. He is the Special Assistant to the President for Civil Rights. This week's article centers on an interview I conducted with Lee, in which he talked about his background and also addressed the issue of sexual harassment.

Lee began his present position in June of 1994, but his history with TESC and issues of civil rights began much earlier. His childhood was characterized by a lot of moving around, living in such places as Germany, Okinawa and Korea as well as Virginia, Pennsylvania, Oklahoma and finally Washington.

After attending a local high school, Timberline, Lee spent a year at UPS. He then enlisted in the military for two. He served as a legal clerk handling disciplinary issues. Upon leaving the military-Lee came to Evergreen. His personal interests led him to pursue course work in social change and political economy. After spending a quarter studying the Civil Rights Movement, Lee knew he wanted to make civil rights issues his life's work.

Lee attended Law School at what is now Seattle University. His emphasis was on employment discrimination and criminal law. He has worked for such places as the Washington State Attorney General's Office, the King County Prosecutor, and the Washington State Department of Transportation. For the Dept. of Transportation,

Lee was employed with the Ferry Division conducting investigative work into allegations of discrimination as well as presenting training

workshops on sexual harassment and diversity. He returned to TESC in June 1994 to take his current position.

As Special Assistant to the President for Civil Rights, Lee's primary focus is investigating claims of discrimination on campus based on race, gender, sexual orientation, disability, and other underrepresented minorities as defined by the law. This includes students, staff and faculty, as well as people who use the school's services. Lee is also responsible for handling requests for public records.

Lee investigates claims of sexual harassment, a form of sex discrimination, as well as trying to educate the campus about the issue. The law breaks down sexual harassment into two types: quid pro quo and hostile environment. Quid pro quo literally means "this for that" in Latin. It describes an exchange between parties of either employment or educational benefits for sexual favor(s).

A typical scenario involves a supervisor conditioning someone's ability to keep a job or receive a pay raise, promotion or other benefit in exchange for a sexual favor. A power differential is most often in place, such as in a faculty to student relationship. But it also extends to administrator to student, or administrator to staff or staff to student. The harasser is usually in a position or perceived to be in a position to grant or retract educational or employment benefits. Quid pro quo cases are the most clear cut, but are not the most common.

Most cases of sexual harassment involve hostile environment. This means that the complainant's work or school setting was so disrupted by the harasser or harassing behavior that they were no longer able to function productively. Lee examines conduct when dealing with hostile environment, which includes everything from jokes (of a sexual nature), statements, looks, touching, groping, to sexual assault and rape. It's a broad spectrum, but Lee looks for three key elements:



Lee Lambert is President Jervis' special assistant for Civil Rights.

Photo by Joie Kistler.

1. Was the behavior unwelcome?
2. Was it based on gender?
3. Was it severe or pervasive?

A couple of jokes or statements, although inappropriate, are probably not going to rise to the level of sexual harassment. On the other extreme, a one time incident, for example sexual assault, can be severe enough to constitute sexual harassment. Lee uses the three part test to determine whether sexual harassment has occurred.

Having said that, Lee is always available to talk to students if they believe they have been the victims of discrimination, be it sexual harassment or any other type of discrimination.

Lee suggests that if you have any concerns about a situation or person(s) that are inhibiting your learning process, to voice these

concerns. There are many people on campus available to talk to students. You can come talk to Lee in Library 3101 or your faculty or supervisor.

You can also speak to an Ombudsperson, there are three available on campus: Judy Huntley (X6180), Stacia Lewis (X6189) and Beverly Peterson (X6655).

Lee concludes that coming to talk to him doesn't mean that an investigation will be conducted. He is available to listen and provide students with options for proceeding with their concerns. He is not going to force a student to do something they are uncomfortable with.

Lee says, "It's your choice to make," and he wants you to be aware of your rights so that you can make the best choice possible.

## The Mists of Evergreen

by Dave Melorsky

### Part 1: Yonique

Being the first installment of "The Mists of Evergreen," a cliff-hanging serial with steamy romance and dangerous hijinks, the perfect thing for a dull lecture; but come now, don't let me distract you...

#### DISCRETION ADVISED!

In this episode, Yonique Huffington escapes his Siberian hole in Minneapolis and hops a Dog Pound bus to Olympia. He forsakes an enterprising career as a telemarketer for the wilds of Olympia.

"I'm going to Olympia," he tells his co-workers.

There's silence in the phone room. Craggy Mchintock speaks up first. "You can't be serious Yonique, Minneapolis made you. Darling Dial Phone Marketers made you. Are you... ready for a new paradigm?"

"I'm as ready as sauce!" he bellows. His voice resounds through the room. The telemarketers fall silent. Several furrow their brows, put down their scripts and stare wild-eyed at him. This time Yonique is serious.

"So Yonique thinks he can get out of our work-loop does he?" says the boss, approaching. Her hair is lavishly moussed, her nose retrouse her figure petite. "Surely you haven't forgotten that you flunked your urinalysis test? There was enough THC in your blood stream to stone a heard of yaks. Oh, how you begged, weeped at my skirts to be hired here," she laughs, turning to the other workers.

"Ha! Ha! Right?!" she motions for the others to laugh also. Forced laughter echoes throughout the room. "Don't look at me like that Yonique! I represent one of the most powerful telemarketing firms in the country. You can't get away from us out there in Olympia...amid the wild apples and thirty species of edible mushrooms."

"I don't care," says Yonique, putting on his frayed yellow earmuffs. "I'll never call another little old lady during her dinner time again."

"How dare you infer that telemarketing is a nuisance! Is it a nuisance?!" she screams with rage to the forty odd workers in the phone room. "Oh no, Ms. Flatbush!" They all yell in unison.

"That's it!" she rants, clenching her fists. "Because of Yonique's brazenness I can sense that enthusiasm levels are low! Everyone stand and give me forty jumping jacks. That means you too Yonique!" The workers all stand and commence the jacks.

Yonique turns and stares at them all. He slants his earmuffs rakishly. Craggy Mchintock puffs with the rest. "Do the huh, Jacks huh, Yonique. Forget about huh, Olympia, Ms. Flatbush huh, is right huh, you can't huh, escape your past huh, out there in Olympia huh, think about huh, your urinalysis huh, test. Darling Dial Phone Marketers huh, has more power huh, than you or I ever will huh, you can't huh, escape huh, what Ms. Flatbush huh, said huh, your urinalysis results huh, the urinalysis tests huh were conclusive huh..."

"You've got to undo yourself man," Yonique motions for the door. "Don't leave us Yonique!" roars the pack of workers. Their

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### Greeners Unite!!!



This archaic work of right-wing propaganda has been seen from I-5 near Chehalis for over a decade. Rumor has it that somebody, "bought the farm." Now's our chance! Lets pull our resources, buy the billboard, and move it near TESC. For ages to come we can subject the masses to leftist propaganda. Photo by Joie Kistler.

desperate, plangent plea rattles the window panes, shaking his body with hideous resonance. He exits and slams the door shut. Ms. Flatbush runs after him. "Our telemarketing agents are out there too young man... Amid the fourteen varieties of conifers and Bikini Kill fans... Come back here Yonique Huffington! Yonique!!!!..."

In a flash, Yonique wakes up on a parked Dog Pound Bus. The large green sign out the window says "Welcome to Billingsgate Montana."

He checks his wallet, twenty dollars left and a hazy future ahead. A few more days on this cramped bus and he'll be in Washington. "Ha! Ha! Ha!" comes shrill laughter in back of him. He cranes his neck to see where this new disturbance is coming from. An asian woman seated behind him meets his eyes with her own fierce, bottomless orbs. Her hair is braided in a Manchurian twist. She cradles a Fortean Times magazine in between data processing manuals. Her face is beautiful but...unforgiving.

"What a naughty boy you are! The things you say in your sleep!"

"What'd I say?"

"The fantasies, the bondage fantasies..."

"That's unusual I, I usually don't have that many, I mean sure, I like it but... who doesn't?... I'm not a fetishist! I've tried on skirts! I've tried on skirts!" he splutters losing his cool.

"Keep your pants on, I was just kidding! Ha! Ha! There's a message for you in the bathroom."

"The bathroom?"

"In the back of the bus!" She juts a long fatidic finger towards the metal bathroom door.

He walks back to the door. A small child grabs for his earmuffs but Yonique is too quick for the dwarfish digits. He opens the door and is barraged by odor-killing chemicals. Was this woman telling him the truth? He scans for a note but sees nothing. Lifts the toilet seat and decides to go back. Was this woman insane? He glances at the handwipe dispenser. Each handwipe is individually wrapped. He opens one and his stomach contracts from astonishment. His name is printed in dark red letters on it: "InRe: Yonique Huffington!" He unfolds the handwipe and holds it up to the light. There's more typing on it. The bus starts to rumble, he's thrown from one side of the bathroom to another. He grabs a handrail and reads...

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# "Tacoma - An All American City"

BY LAUREL NICOLE SPELLMAN

Although I grew up in California and Hawaii, I always thought that if I were a state I would be Washington. It's diverse, yet mellow - interesting, yet cool, without having to be overly hip. At times, it borders on backwards and yet it's international enough to be sophisticated. It's a good state. I actually had never even been to Washington before this year, but I knew someday I would live here. So, here I am, and in effort to celebrate this self-proclaimed state of "me," I have chosen to take on the great freeways of the Pacific Northwest and ride. Windows down, music blasting, maybe I'll even get a dog. Just me and the dog. With my hair and his ears flapping in the wind we will traverse the country side in search of new lands! Having spent the past decade on the tiny island of Kauai, the thought of open roads and endless highways is pretty darn exciting. My mission will be to explore cool places for day and weekend trips from Olympia with one common theme - What's fun, and what's cheap.

"TACOMA - AN ALL AMERICAN CITY" Beautiful downtown Tacoma, is not a phrase often used unless in jest. In fact, for as long as I've been in this fair state I have heard nothing but bad things about the city. Crime, gangs, big hair, an overabundance of malls and a distinct smell were all things I was warned to expect if I dare go near. So I didn't. But curiosity finally got the better of me, and I decided to see for myself. Of course with campus housing's recent denial for my dog, I thought it would be best to take a friend. You know, I never had a shortage of travel partner offers before I wanted to go to Tacoma. Six people I asked were all suddenly busy or unavailable and one would have gone had he bought the bullet proof vest he considered purchasing the day before. I went alone.

Getting off at the city center exit lead me right into newly refurbished downtown Tacoma. With some good editing and a fairly ignorant audience, the old brick buildings could easily lend themselves to a low budget film needing a New York City background. Simultaneously, another production company could be filming a San Francisco scene just a few blocks away. Yep, bricks and Victorian architecture abound in this town and it was actually quite charming.

My first stop was 9th Street. Slightly artsy, this area boasts some more great buildings and is home to the Rialto and Pantagous theaters and Antique Row. This area has a lot of character and what looked like some good restaurants. I chanced one that looked inviting despite its silly name - "Grounds for Coffee - A

legal brew." It turned out to be a real find. Big fluffy chairs and couches make for cozy corners in this Seattle-esque coffee house with its own tarot card reader. Although many people in here had noticeably big hair, they were all really friendly. They have a great bakery, coffee,

beautiful old homes and buildings like the Historical Society and Museum. Nearby Ruston Way is lined by a waterfront boardwalk. Lots of happy, shiny people can be seen jogging, bike riding and strolling past the clusters of restaurants, parks and landmarks along this road. This is also a great place to view Northeast Tacoma, Vashon Island and the gray "Lorax-like" industrialism of the port. I was definitely gaining an affinity for Tacoma although I couldn't help but be a little nervous there too. I still couldn't put out of my mind the stories I had heard or the fact that the local radio station kept giving hourly updated crime reports. I felt as though I was missing something. I had found the Yin, but where was the Yang? As I stood at the water's edge I remembered my friend telling me about when he was growing

up on Vashon. His parents made him stay away from the side of the island facing Tacoma. As I looked past the sailboats toward the island, a car backfired behind me. Absolutely believing it was a gunshot, I nearly jumped into the sound.

Division Street is just that - a division. I

coffee paraphernalia and a small lunch menu. I had a big half a sandwich, soup, and chips for under 4 bucks and it was very good.

There's actually lots of fun to be had in this part of town. After lunch, I went shopping at some fairly funky antique stores on St. Helens Avenue. The Tacoma Art Museum is also nearby on Pacific Avenue. This month they feature the works of Rodin & Goya and admission is only \$2 for students. Also in the neighborhood, The Antique Sandwich Company has an open mike on Tuesday evenings. A pretty impressive amount of stuff to do for a place that's supposedly devoid of culture. Getting back in my car I noticed KAOS had faded out but "Tacoma's Music Source 1-95" was coming in loud and clear. Alone and bouncing to Coolio, I really began to enjoy Tacoma.

Driving along I passed a beautiful French chateau...huh? Compelled to know what this was I parked again and explored. Oddly to me, it turned out to be a high school. This gorgeous public school started construction in 1891 originally to become a "grand tourist hotel," for the passengers on the North Pacific Railroad. Interior work on the hotel was abandoned when economic times went bad so it was used as a storage facility until it was gutted by fire in 1898. The Tacoma School Board then bought what remained of the building and opened it as Tacoma High School in 1906. When the adjacent Stadium was built in 1913, the board proudly changed the name to Stadium High.

That was actually a pretty long story for something that can only be admired from the outside, but it gives some insight to the history of the area. Old Tacoma/The Stadium District is the sight of most of Tacoma's finer moments. The wealth of this area is apparent by the



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Division & Harrison, across from Hollywood Video

# An awfully bad day for Ariel

BY ARIEL BURNETT

I have my good days and my bad ones. On good days I proceed as if I were an average productive member of society, capable of intelligibly expressing my thoughts and completing even complicated tasks. On bad days I behave entirely different.

On those mornings I wake up and find that I am afraid to get out of bed. What's the point of screwing up this day as badly as I screwed up yesterday?

Even the simplest decisions seem herculean, getting dressed can take hours. In the end, I simply don the same clothes I wore the previous day, because it's either that or go naked.

The situation doesn't brighten after my early morning brain fog burns off. In fact, as the day progresses I begin to feel as if some sort of alien life-form has invaded my body, rendering me incapable of navigating the world around me. Everyday conversations seem difficult at best; maliciously confusing at worst.

Suddenly forget 90% of everything I ever learned and my conversations become twisted games of charades as I rack my brain feverishly for the word "baga!" ("...You know, I mean that bad thing. With the hole in it? Damn it, what

is that called?") With each continuing screw up I become more unsure of myself, until I am no longer confident that I ever knew how to tie my shoes.

My brain, which a few moments earlier had been unable to recall my own phone number, suddenly dredges up the memories of every bad choice I ever made in my life.

Guilt overwhelms me and...ha! ha! I feel much better. Whatever forces in the universe that were conspiring against me forgot one thing, I thrive on guilt.

Guilt is a comfortable emotion. Guilt I am familiar with, when I feel a twinge in my stomach I know I'm alive. ("I still have to read that book, I'm being completely irresponsible...good, everything's normal.")

If I have absolutely nothing to feel guilty about, I'll invent something. I can't feel good unless I feel a little bad about it.

It's sort of a sick thought process, I'll admit it. Self blame should be a deterrent, not a motivator.

However, a little bit of masochism never hurt anyone (no pun intended) and sometimes it's the shock treatment needed to snap me out of a bad day.

**"...You know, I mean that bad thing. With the hole in it? Damn it, what is that called?!"**

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# What Is Yet To Come

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He rides fast and hard, his disciples follow their journey is a long one the Lakota must hear the songs of the prophet they will realize the vision

Sitting Bull's Hunk Papa, Crazy Horse's O g l a l a , Lakota unite!

the song is spreading the truth to be known

Wavoka reaches, the people listen. they gaze and see the vision in his black rimmed hat they will dance, they will sing and the Earth shall be reborn

Hoka Hey, dance together as one stepping lightly into the spirit's world bringing the old ones home leaving seed of the scared tree in the ground to sprout and grow

Power Sing strong sing loud Power let our voice raise like thunder We are the People

We are the People Have pity on us

Power Dance strong dance long Power Whirling we dance create what is to be what was in the beginning.

The Earth she begins to rumble she has heard her children seen the Ghost Dancers and opens up the land out of her watery womb comes the rebirth

Buffalo like stars dance from her center and the old ones the ones that were killed

by the Washicu who follow their black robed men Hoka Hey, for they come now, today is their new day!

The Great Spirit works in mysterious ways

The ones who came to conquer, they are no more. They have been taken away Hoka Hey Wakan Tanka Hoka Hey Unci Maka Whopela Tanka The sacred tree grows strong!

This is not of what has happened it is that which is yet to come.

We will dance it into being. Hoka Hey Mitaki Oyasin



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*Constitution of the State of Washington Article 1 § 5 FREEDOM OF SPEECH Every person may freely speak, write and publish on all subjects, being responsible for the abuse of that right.*

## Dear Evergreen community:

If you are a registered voter, this week you should have received a voter mail-in ballot for the election on November 7. While there are many important issues to address in this year's elections, I want to focus on one particular race in this letter.

An attorney named John Turner is running for the position of Judge, State Court of Appeals, Division 2, District 2, Position 2. The State Court of Appeals has review over appeals of decisions made in the Superior County Courts, in this instance over much of western and southwestern Washington, including the Olympic Peninsula. As with any judging, it is vitally important to have a person on the bench who is fair, honest, hard-working, and who listens. In my estimation, John Turner is more than qualified.

John Turner was my attorney when I was arrested trying to help protect the forest behind Cooper's Glen, so I know he works very hard for his clients. He spent countless hours working for broke Greeners, simply because he believed we were legally right, and that we were trying to do the right thing morally. His performance in the courtroom was outstanding. On a more personal level, he is a caring individual who is deeply committed to the community at large. The bottom line is, he's a good attorney, and a good person, and I think he will make an excellent Appeals Court judge.

Please, please take the time to vote when your ballot comes in the mail for all of the issues that are important to you and your community. And please remember to vote for John Turner in the very important race of Appeals Court judge. Thank you.

Sincerely,  
Sarah Levy

## You can keep Jesus

I was reading the last issue of the CPJ and I came across this article "Jesus not just for Euro-Americans." The title indicated to me that it is okay for me to accept Jesus, even if I am a native woman. It said to me that even though I am a person of color, I am allowed to enter the great and wondrous faith of Christianity. Perhaps what you should have taken into consideration is the fact that I don't want Jesus. Why do Christians feel it is absolutely necessary that we all conform to their ideas of God? On one hand, Christians preach love and acceptance, but they don't practice what they preach. I simply do not believe in a God that is jealous of other gods, nor do I want to. My people do not have a hell, a place where macabre demons torture souls with fire and brimstone simply for being born. I can't even fathom that concept. To burn in hell for all eternity because of some mistake made by two people I never met? That's a long time to pay for other people's mistakes. If your God would allow that to happen, then, yes, that's what I call an angry God.

Throughout my own readings of the bible, I found some of what Jesus said, although I do not know all of his teachings because I am not and have never been a Christian. I think that what he taught was wonderful and that people should have listened to him. However, they didn't and instead they used his name to massacre millions of people. They still don't listen to his teachings today. I find myself feeling sorry for Jesus a lot.

From my perspective as on Native woman, Indigenous Peoples' Day says to a white

Christian America that we are still here, that we have survived for five hundred years and that we are thriving and we are strong. Indigenous Peoples' Day speaks to the Christian missionaries who took our children away from us as babies. It speaks to us the settlers who thought killing the "heathen Indian" was justified because God had mandated that it was the settlers' right to take this land. You say, "Who can own Jesus?" I say "Who can own land? Who can own a mountain, a river or a tree?" Yeah, I think it's ironic that these two events coincide [Indigenous Peoples' Day and Christ Awareness Week]. But more than that, I think it's a little offensive. The Christian church had a major part in the near-genocide of my people. Finally, we get one day, you can imagine that, ONE day to celebrate the thousands of different peoples that lived on this continent since time immemorial, and the Christians are right there in our faces trying to save our poor pagan souls. I say give me a break. Quit trying to save me and worry about yourself and culture for awhile. Native people are survivors, we have survived the Christian church, and Christopher Columbus. And we will survive a hell of a lot more.

Rachel Landon

## Lecture series

so, we are a couple of seniors who were sitting around talking about all the classes we didn't get to take and all the lectures we didn't get to hear, and we decided to put together a faculty lecture series. We could do this tailored to our own interests, but then we would just be listening to Larry Mosqueda's "Intro to marxism" lecture over and over again, and well, we already have that one memorized (thanks Larry), so...that is why we want to hear from you!

do you know how to use "post-structural post modern post colonial" in an intelligent debate? have you wondered about the origins of the doomsdayers claims of overpopulation? what do you know about the connections between Jungian psychology and religion? do you know what the longest epic poem ever written is? are you up to date with the latest research on A.L.D.S.? inquiring minds what to know...

so, we'll book the lecture hall and contact the faculty if you'll get back to us with your suggestions. think about it and look for us in the CAB on Halloween afternoon. if you can't find us there you can leave a message at extension 6006 on campus. Evergreen's faculty is rich in a broad range of experiences and knowledge and wouldn't it be nice to hear what they have to say before your senior year crisis?

—kathy doiron and mona chopra

(Editor's note: This letter was printed in the style it was received.)

## Why I Watch TV

I've heard it said that the average citizen of late 20th-century America is more hermitic, self-sufficient, independently entertained...lonely. We are watching more TV than our parents and grandparents did, back in the day, before it was invented. The new TV addicts are the reinforced cement foundations of the economy, which is the jellylike foundation of the government. We even spend money on fashion mags that are about 99% advertisement, incontrovertible proof of our devotion to the commercial gods.

I have lately, to my dismay, been seeing myself as more and more of an average, typical American. Perhaps it is the subversive air on the campus, that heady scent of Fireweed,

evergreen trees and unwashed, pure anti-capitalism. It makes me want to rip off my societal mask and meet with these wonderful people on a deeper cosmic level, to share the innards of my soul, to really feel connected and happy and maybe fight back those beasts of anguish and solitude knocking at the door.

I just wanted to tell the world, here in the voice of the world that is the Cooper Point Journal, that I am one of the masses, that I buy free cream cheese, that I bow to the commercial Gods. I watch "Friends," because, quite simply, I don't have any myself. (maybe because of snotty phrases like "quite simply?") I watch "Friends," at the peak of prime time, brought to me by the National Broadcasting Company and Kellogg's (new) Sunflower Blueberry Morning cereal and, in my immersion, find myself a beautiful sexy twentysomething whiling away my fun-filled life in a lavish New York apartment with my crowd of equally beautiful and sexy friends. In my real world, I find myself back in my own cheap and bleak apartment, alone with my roommate's forgotten and moldy pot of mac & cheese. I'm too lazy to wash the pot, too depressed to amuse myself with creative and constructive activities, and way, way, way too shy to drop in on the raging party thumping through the ceiling from my neighbor's beery floor. I'm a product of the TV generation. I'm a TV-aholic. It has gripped me like a giant mental King Kong, as I scream and cry pathetically, "let me go, TV!" and it just cackles evilly, like a psychotic fascist dictator with a huge army and Goebbels himself heading an expert team of propagandists/network executives/Disney.

I'd also like to include a testament of my faith in the TV religion to my ex-colleagues from my summer job as a lifeguard. I'd like to tell them all, unabashedly that I do like to watch "Baywatch," and that I tuned and tune into the show so unconsciously and yet so religiously because, let's be honest, I wished and dreamed to make those heroic dives off the bow of a huge yellow superpowered speedboat to save helpless drowning victims. I wanted members of the opposite sex to swoon at my lean tan thighs in a red microswimsuit, as I casually toyed with the rescue tube atop the lifeguard tower. In my lifeguarding reality, I never saved anyone all summer. I never even took my T-shirt off, and I still have my same old pale and chunky lumps of body. So I watch "Baywatch," and dream.

—Robin Alayna Dudley

It's a pretty harmless fantasy. Until the commercial for diet colas come on, and some TV-controlled neuron deep in my psyche suddenly clicks, and I immediately, mystically believe that if I buy brand A, B or C, I will eventually look like Pamela Anderson. It's a primal urge, to want to feel beautiful, to want to be perfect, and the urge is strong enough to overcome rational thought and informed intellectual snobbishness. TV fools the brain into thinking that all humans look like those people on the screen; after all, when most of my human interaction is between me and those pixelated dots of light-people, I begin to think I'm abnormal because I don't look like them. Let's face it: propaganda, especially that well-funded and well-researched, really works.

I have sold out, I have succumbed my personal will over my self-esteem to the overwhelming gods of the Hollywood aristocracy and the masters of our motivation, the cosmetics industry and the home fitness industry and the low fat food industry. I turn my back on my logic and my freedom; I believe that if I wash my face with a \$5 gel cleanser specially formulated for my skin type I will transform my physical appearance from that of Kathy Bates to Cindy Crawford. I have obviously reconciled my irrational TV fantasies with (my version of) reality; otherwise, I wouldn't be able to write this. Besides, I'm not just into the babe-a-rific shows like "Baywatch" and "Friends". Some TV is even worth watching for the non-fantasiatic content. The occasional brilliantly quirky episode of Star Trek, the unexplainable and compelling X-Files. And the Simpsons, of course, are consistently rewarding.

I try hard each day, when I am forced out of my apartment and into contact with my seminar group, to reconcile my secret religion of TV and conspicuous consumption with my external world of Evergreen societal norms. I often feel unable to spiritually and intellectually connect with the prudish TV-repressed people around here, because of the pressure to be above all that, to just think it's really stupid, to stay cynical and aloof at every moment. I sense that you all buy into it too, and just pretend not to. So many people say, "oh, I don't watch TV." As if it was just TV, and not music, movies, magazines as well. It's like they're shutting themselves off from me by their self-denial. It makes me feel lonely. I think I'll just go home and watch "Friends".

# SPOOKY ARTS & CREEPY ENTERTAINMENT

## CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING TO DO FOR HALLOWEEN? HOW ABOUT SITTING IN FRONT OF THE TV WATCHING ONE OF THESE 31 FILMS?

*Sometimes at Evergreen October 31st just doesn't seem like Halloween. Sure, there are the mandatory miniature jack o'lanterns, and plenty of dorms full of costumed drunk people dancing to mainstream disco. But without a neighborhood you don't get trick or treaters, and without cable you don't get inundated with horror movies. If this last tragedy is particularly bothersome to you, you're going to have to go out and get yourself some Grade-A Halloween flicks. And if you can't think of any yourself, here are 31 suggestions.*

**The Addams Family/Addams Family Values** – Both of these death-obsessed comedies are based almost as much on the wonderfully morbid Charles Addams New Yorker cartoons as they are on the sitcom. Christina Ricci steals the show as the ultra-deadpan little-girl-from-hell, Wednesday. Director Barry Sonnenfeld (*Get Shorty*) was a director of photography on Coen Bros. films and it shows – the camera flies about maniacally and adds a lot to the feel of the film. The first is probably more appropriate for Halloween, but the sequel is significantly funnier and more satirical.

**The Blob (1988)** – Director Chuck Russell (*The Mask*) goes a long way with this gory remake of the movie about killer Jell-o from space. The new blob is practically hypnotic; it's an enormous, crawling mass of tentacles and textured protoplasm that likes to suck up people. If the movie were made today, the blob would be done with bad computer animation. But it wasn't, so it looks like a solid object and is actually pretty frightening.

**The Evil Dead/Evil Dead 2** – Sam Raimi was only 19 when he directed the original teenagers-in-a-cabin-attacked-by-demons drive-in classic. If you can appreciate an innovative, low budget gore flick then this one's for you. More accessible – and much better – is the remake/sequel. *Evil Dead 2* utilized a slightly higher budget along with a unique brand of humor and earned Raimi his reputation as a cult movie icon. Bruce Campbell plays Ash, the Mr. Bill of horror movies. It's amazing how much the guy can go through in a single very, very, very bad day. This is also one of the few modern horror movies that is comedic but not at the expense of the horror.

**The Fall of the House of Usher (1960)** – Roger Corman directed this excellent extension of the classic Edgar Allan Poe story. Vincent Price is perfect playing Roderick Usher, and so is the set that plays the slowly crumbling house.

**The Fly (1986)** – While the 1958 original with Vincent Price is always fun, David Cronenberg's loose remake is a modern horror classic. Jeff Goldblum plays Seth Brundle, an entirely believable modern day mad scientist who accidentally combines his DNA with that of a fly. His slow, grotesque transformation is a powerful metaphor for AIDS. The film is legendary for its gruesome makeup-effects but it is not a gorefest at all – really it is a very effective tragedy.

**Frankenstein (1931)** – For those who didn't like the recent Kenneth Branagh take on the Mary Shelley *EVIL DEAD 2*, James Whale's definitive interpretation. Who cares if it's not like the book? It's a great story about a gentle monster created only to be tormented. There's a reason why everyone in America has images of the flat headed monster permanently etched in their brain.

**Frankenweenie** – Tim Burton's first foray into live action was this 30 minute, black and white home video to *Frankenstein*. Although it was never released, it won a lot of awards and impressed Paul Reubens enough to hire Burton for *Peewee's Big Adventure*. It also plays like an

early version of *Edward Scissorhands*. Barrett Oliver (*Never Ending Story*) plays young Victor Frankenstein, who resurrects his dead dog Sparky despite the protestations of his parents (played by Shelley Duvall and Daniel Stern). If you enjoy Burton's trademark visual style and ability to treat the absurd with utter seriousness, you shouldn't miss this one.

**Freaks** – Tod Browning (director of the Bela Lugosi version of *Dracula*) ruined his career by making this strange tale of exploited circus freaks who exact a bizarre revenge.

**The Funhouse** – Tobe Hooper (The Texas Chainsaw Massacre, *Poltergeist*) directed this interesting film about teenagers who witness a murder while trespassing in a carnival funhouse after hours. The killer is a confused, mute carnival worker who wears an oversized mask of Frankenstein's monster. His cruel father promises him a fishing trip if he kills off the hapless witnesses.

**Gary Larson's Tales From the Far Side** – Directed by Marv Newland (of *Bambi Meets Godzilla* fame), this half-hour animated special originally aired last Halloween and, unfortunately, is not available on video. Larson's strip never had characters or storylines, so it is surprising how well this adaptation works. It's basically a series of vignettes about bugs in airplanes, exploding kids, eggs making out in cars and busloads of decaying zombies. With it's eerie soundtrack and complete lack of dialogue, it is probably one of the creepiest and most bizarre cartoons ever on television. If it is not aired on television this year, boycott all television.

**Hellraiser** – After two of his scripts were turned into crap, Clive Barker decided to raise a million dollars and direct his own movie. Based on his short story *The Hellbound Heart*, *Hellraiser* is the story of a sleazy man named Frank who's always searching for new experiences. He comes across a metal puzzle box which

summons the Cenobites – unemotional, ashen faced demons who meld people's flesh as if they're just doing their job. When Frank decides that he doesn't like this particular lifestyle and tries to escape from Hell, his niece Kirsty gets caught in the fray. It's a great good vs. evil vs. evil clash.

**House of Wax** – Vincent Price plays a purist wax sculptor who, much to the dismay of his business partner, refuses to sell out and make a chamber of horrors. So his partner decides to burn down the wax museum and collect the insurance money. Price loses the use of his hands in the fire and goes on a vengeful killing spree, covering his victims in wax and using them as sculptures. It just goes to show, you can't tell an artist what to do.

**It's the Great Pumpkin, Charlie Brown** – If you want to go the nostalgia route, chances are this one's for you. Perhaps the most interesting thing in the special is that it invented its own Halloween mythology (the Great Pumpkin) which is still prevalent nearly 30 years later.

**Near Dark** – This low budget vampire flick by Kathryn Bigelow (*Strange Days*) is a stylish and original take on the tired genre. A band of

vampires drives around in an RV with aluminum foil on the windshields, looking for victims. Although it loses credibility in the finale, it's worth watching the movie just to see Bill Paxton (who plays Hudson, the whiny guy in *Aliens*) as a vampire. There is also an amazing hotel room shoot-out in which the vamps must dodge light beams emitting from bullet holes in the walls.

**Night of the Living Dead/Dawn of the Dead/Day of the Dead** – You may have seen *Night of the Living Dead*, George Romero's low budget classic that embedded zombies into the American consciousness. But have you seen the whole trilogy? *Dawn of the Dead* takes place shortly after the original film. Zombies continue to overrun the world, and a group of survivors decide to hold out in a shopping mall. These people live out every fantasy you've ever had about spending the night in a shopping mall, while casually slaughtering the undead who want to eat their brains. This is one of the most intensely entertaining horror movies of all time, packed with enormous quantities of chills, gore, black humor, satire, and naturalistic drama.

**Day of the Dead** doesn't hold a candle to either of its predecessors, but it's a very different movie with a great premise – scientists capture some zombies on an island and study them.

**Nightbreed** – In some ways writer-director Clive Barker's *Nightbreed* is like a classic '50s monster movie – people discover monsters in a graveyard, and the good ol' boy cops try to blow them away. But this time the monsters are the main characters and the police are the villains. The amount of care put into this epic horror-fantasy is phenomenal. Barker wrote biographies for all 200+ of the monsters in the film, even though most of them are extras. During production, 20th Century Fox was touting it as "the *Star Wars* of horror," but when it was finished they for some reason decided to market it as a slasher film.

**Nightmare Before Christmas** – If you don't own it, you probably know someone who does. Henry Selick's incredible collaboration with Tim Burton and Danny Elfman was intended as a tribute to Rankin-Bass stop motion holiday specials like *Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer* and *Mad Monster Party*. It's perfectly appropriate for Halloween and Christmas viewing, and in a lot of ways is what the Dr. Seuss Halloween special *Halloween is Grinch Night* should have been.

**A Nightmare On Elm Street** – Pretend it is 1985 and you have never heard of Freddy Krueger. There have not been a slew of formulaic sequels, and nobody thinks that horror villains should crack wacky one-liners. It may require this frame of mind to enjoy Wes Craven's influential original, but it's worth it. This is the story of vigilante justice coming back to haunt a suburban neighborhood in its sleep. It's also notable as the film debut of Johnny Depp.

**Parents** – Though generally considered a black comedy, this tale of a 1950's boy who suspects his parents of cannibalism is a hell of a horror film. Bryan Madorsky is unbelievably good as the creepy little boy who is much easier to relate to than the average horror protagonist. Randy Quaid is also superb as the superficially friendly dad who calls his son "sport" and "soldier" but doesn't usually talk to him in a non-threatening manner. There's also a great mambo score by Angelo Badalamenti and some horrifying visuals.


**People Under the Stairs** – Though it does not entirely succeed as a horror film, Wes Craven made a great allegory about class and race boundaries with this tale of an inner city kid and his older acquaintance (played by Ving Rhames, *Old Fiction's* Marcellus Wallace) getting trapped in the house of two demented slumlords. The slumlords, who look and talk suspiciously like Ron and Nancy Reagan, have been keeping the working class locked beneath their floors and pacifying them by making them watch CNN coverage of Operation Desert Storm.

**Plan 9 From Outer Space/Ed Wood** – Yeah yeah yeah... "worst movie of all time, blah blah blah." *Plan 9's* not-so-subtle ineptitude makes it a comedy classic, but there's something to be said for the atmosphere Edward D. Wood, Jr. created for his magnum opus. All of that switching back and forth between day and night gives it a dreamlike quality that's actually pretty spooky. As for *Ed Wood*, Tim Burton's touching tribute to the schlockmeister and his pal, Bela Lugosi, it is an outstanding drama about making bad horror movies. It's on this list because it has a great trick or treating scene.

**Psycho** – Pretend you don't know what the deal is with his mother.

**The Shining** – Jack Nicholson is terrifying even before his character snaps. The plot develops at a snail's pace, which gives it a naturalistic, real-time feel. And there's something terrifying about a huge, empty hotel.

**Suspiria** – Italian horror legend Dario Argento's most famous film is the weird and somewhat incomprehensible story of an American girl in a strict European ballet academy run by a coven of witches. It's a strange art film full of disturbing images and a bizarre soundtrack by the Gobblins.

**The Texas Chainsaw Massacre/Texas Chainsaw Massacre Part 2** – Don't think of them as slasher movies, and maybe you'll enjoy them. Both tell stories about innocents crossing paths with an All-American clan that kills trespassers so that they can make chili and have dinner together as a family. The first is creepy and gritty and despite its reputation, has very little gore. The second is very gory, but loaded with hilarious black humor and social satire. This one features Dennis Hopper as a psychotic cop who tries to destroy the family's pro-war amusement park, Texas Battle Land. 



PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE'S VAMPIRA AND TOR JOHNSON MADE HALLOWEEN HISTORY AS (RESPECTIVELY) INSPIRATION FOR ELVIRA AND A POPULAR MASK.



DEMONIC POSSESSION IS ONLY THE BEGINNING OF ASH'S BAD DAY IN THE MARY SHELLEY EVIL DEAD 2.

DIE HARD FANS WATCH MOVIES ALL FREAKIN NIGHT

by John Evans

A horde of nocturnal creatures descended upon the Capitol Theatre on Saturday night, intent on staying up *All Freakin' Night* together.

The Olympia Film Society put on a slew of flicks from the fringe as part of their 12th Annual Film Festival. This celebration of high camp boasted the first theatrical screening of *Jaws 3-D* since 1983 and filmmaker Ulli Lommel presented a restored print of his 1980 cult classic *Boogeyman*.

It was a night to bring a blanket, some munchies and a yen for humanity's darker side. The Capitol was full of believers on this night, many of whom weren't afraid to make the screenings an interactive experience. I've never heard so many amateur comedians in my life, outside of Mystery Science Theater 3000.

The raucous, enthusiastic crowd also came equipped with patience. Scheduled to kick off at midnight, the festivities were delayed until almost 1:00 a.m. by a mishap in the projection of a film earlier that day. Our throng of rabid B-movie fans showed a lot of patience and good naturedness while waiting in lines that streamed around the block.

Excitement was at a peak for the 3-D experience of *Jaws 3*. The traditional ticket stub raffle became impossible in light of the size of the crowd and the din they generated. OFS staffers resorted to hurling rubber sharks and the other prizes into this unruly sea of night's children.

The film itself is quintessential '80s bad taste. Set at Sea World (why the family waterpark gave this project the green light escapes me), this third installment of a beloved horror franchise unleashes an even bigger shark to tear up the unsuspecting.

We are treated to, courtesy of 3-D magic, a number of shocking effects that seemed to float right off the screen. Worthy of mention: a severed head up close and personal, worms crawling in and out of a corpse's eyes and a 35 foot great white shark projecting into our laps.

Some of the F/X, like the blue screen backgrounds of the underwater park, are so fake they brought big laughs every time they appeared.

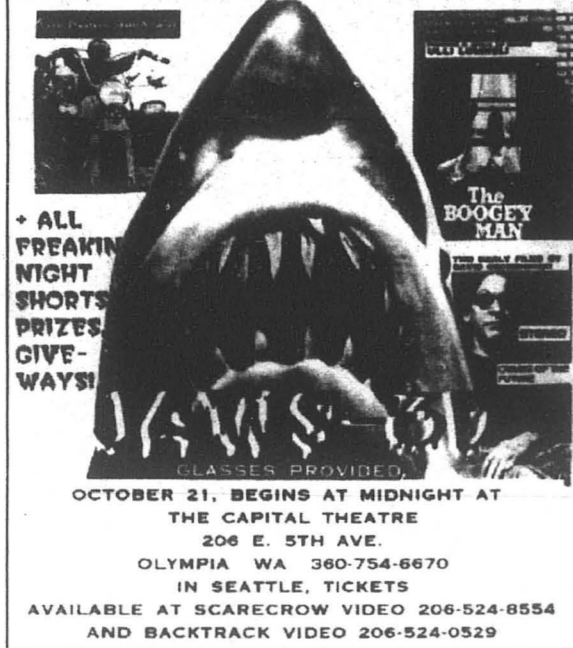
The movie is laden with tacky '80s wardrobe, some of the decade's worst pick-up lines and plenty of the signature bimbos in bikinis that marked this sorry period.

One wonders how a wooden Dennis Quaid ever lived down his starring role in *Jaws 3-D*. Louis Gossett Jr. offers a less than subtle rendering of the greedy park owner who struggles with the P.R. implications of each and every story development.

The film's real star is, of course, the title character. As the packed house watched victim after victim chewed into Hamburger Helper by the eternally hungry shark they roared with glee. The Sea World dolphins were the only characters we didn't want to see devoured, largely because they had the best performances of the film.

Overall it was a rollicking experience,

OLYMPIA FILM FESTIVAL PROUDLY PRESENTS ALL FREAKIN NIGHT



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filled with cheap thrills and material that begged to be mocked. A particularly hilarious sequence has the killer fish munching on Leah Thompson (who achieved immortality in *Howard the Duck*) after she falls out of a bumper boat. There is a huge cloud of blood in the water, but when Leah is pulled to safety she has a cut that looks like all it needs is a Band-Aid.

The crowd thinned out quite a bit for our second feature, *Boogeyman*. The emphasis here is on the eerie as Lommel uses lots of weird lighting tricks, nightmares and twisted bits of dementia to create a truly unique chiller. In a real change of pace the mayhem is done not by massive beasts from the deep- instead, little pieces of glass cause most of *Boogeyman's* carnage. They invoke one victim to stab herself in the throat with barber's scissors and cause a young couple, in the film's most memorable sequence, to be impaled through a kiss. By the way, these unfortunates were the sort of horny teenagers that are obligatory components of the genre. We all knew the second they appeared on screen that they were, as the saying goes, dead meat.

The possessed shards originate in a mirror that once reflected a grisly murder. The killing is committed by a pair of traumatized children who off their mother's abusive husband, a charming fellow who considers tying the boy to his bed effective parenting.

Not only are the tykes psychologically scarred for life, the spirit of the dead guy goes on a rampage twenty years later when the mirror is shattered.

There's plenty of hilarious cheese and a dose of standard B-movie exploitation, but the occasionally brilliant visual effects and bizarre premises make the film stand out from its peers. That's not to say Lommel didn't give the OFS faithful plenty to laugh at!

Between films we were treated to a number of strange short films, most notably a disturbing Charles Bukowski adaptation.

I wanted to stay for the two early David Cronenberg movies, but my final picture

turned out to be *Even Dwarves Started Small*, which started at five a.m.

After this hideously tedious Werner Herzog disaster I wasn't able to sit in that theater for another minute. The film is 96 minutes of little people running amok once they assume control of their desert treatment compound. I may never erase from my memory the amazingly static image of a truck going around and around in circles for what felt like an eternity. The scene is a perfect metaphor for the entire film.

Equally done to death is the endless cacklings of Hombre, a maniacal dwarf who will haunt my dreams for some time to come. The poor guy chuckles raspy until he just about coughs up a lung.

During the movie I looked back (we were front row center) and saw that only the diehards were left.

I don't know how many brave souls survived *All Freakin' Night*, but I know the mob had dwindled to a handful of hardy survivors by the halfway point of *Even Dwarves*...

Despite the grueling tedium of that Herzog flick, I have to say I had a blast. The fun in the air was contagious and whether you love these kind of movies or not it was impossible not to get in the wacky spirit of the occasion.

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SWAMP MONSTER TAKES TO CITY

by Danny Oxman

At the 31st of October, the dead shall rise and the darkness fallen will bring the supernatural to an earthly state. Blood spilling as if to call out to he who gives us Halloween. This night alone has the power to frighten the brave and strong as well as the weak. Vampires, witches, ghosts and goblins can roam with monsters of all sorts without being detected. Even the werewolf, who chats with a spirit from beyond creeps out from the shadowy mist to celebrate the time of "All Hallow's Eve". It is clear to the swamp monster, who takes to the city, that it has come.

Only after the clock strikes 12, will the creatures be gone. For midnight, as you well know, brings the day back from, what seems on that night, eternal darkness. Pumpkins, carved, did their job, just as their potato ancestors had done for so many years before. Except for that house, where evil still lurks, the jack-o-lantern has rotted away, to be no more. So, beware, my children, family, and friends. When darkness falls, evil rises.

Remember that night, that night if any. The demon of Halloween walks among us, haunting us where ever we go. That is the night of Halloween!

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JOHN TRAVOLTA IS NOT THE ONLY GREAT THING ABOUT GET SHORTY

by Bryan Frankenseuss Theiss

To our generation, John Travolta used to be known as that silly guy from *Saturday Night Fever*. "John Travolta! Ah-ah-ah stayin' alive! Stayin' alive! Get it?"

Never mind that *Saturday Night Fever* was actually a really good drama, or that John Travolta actually was legitimately good in it. The important thing, to people of the We're Not Generation X generation, was disco and the Bee Gees. Get it? They dance funny!

Then along came 1994 and *Pulp Fiction*. This was no *Look Who's Talking* (which was considered a big comeback for Travolta) - it was an original, entertaining movie which somehow managed to connect with huge audiences. A movie which made such an impression on people that it was discussed, debated, and dissected so god damned much that right now in October 1995, I can honestly say that I will personally slap the next person who won-

ders what's in the briefcase. There was nothing in the briefcase, except maybe a slip of paper that says, "*Pulp Fiction* was a cool movie, guys. But now it's time to move on."

So it is unfortunate that a lot of these people just won't understand Travolta's first post-*Pulp Fiction* film, a very funny comedy called *Get Shorty*. The problem is that the film, which is based on the novel by Elmore Leonard, has a lot of superficial similarities with *Pulp*. Travolta plays a cocky thug who happens to talk a lot about movies. There's a lot of witty dialogue which could conceivably be mimicked ad infinitum by annoying individuals too eager to prove that they enjoyed the movie more than you did. There's even a loose connection in that Danny DeVito, who was an executive producer on *Pulp Fiction*, is a co-star in *Get Shorty* (it's his third film with Travolta if you count *Look Who's Talking Now*).

Therefore, it is very likely that a lot of people will walk into, and even out of, *Get Shorty* with the inane idea that it is a rip off of

*Pulp Fiction*, or that it's disappointing because it's not a rip off of *Pulp Fiction*. But the truth is that it's something completely different - and it's proof that Travolta really has escaped the clutches of mediocrity.

Travolta plays Chili Palmer, a loan shark from Miami who is sent to Las Vegas to retrieve some money for his boss. Along the trail he winds up in Hollywood, where he threatens dim-witted horror producer Harry Zimm (Gene Hackman) and then pitches a story idea to him. Suddenly he finds himself producing a movie in a partnership with Harry.

The implication, of course, is that Chili's criminal background has prepared him to be a Hollywood big shot. But there are obstacles in his way, including his boss Ray "Bones" Barboni (Dennis Farina), who's not too pleased that he hasn't received his money, and Bo Catlett (Delroy Lindo), a rival thug-turned-aspiring-movie-producer who's moving in on his territory.

Chili is the most likable criminal to hit the

screen in quite some time. His talent for out-smarting, out-talking, and out-staring his foes is phenomenal. Travolta is perfect with his visible confidence and occasional cocky strut. Even when Chili is teaching low-talent movie star Martin Weir (Danny DeVito) how to act like a bad ass, you forget that Travolta himself is putting on an act.

Hackman's Harry is a direct contrast to the cunning Chili. He's not very smart and his talent is for screwing up situations that Chili is capable of taking care of. After having been so intimidating in recent films like *The Quick and the Dead* and *Crimson Tide*, it's hard to believe that it's actually Hackman playing this goof ball. That makes the character even funnier.

Unsurprisingly, Lindo often steals the spotlight. After excellent performances in *Crooklyn* and *Clockers* (and soon to join Travolta in John Woo's *Broken Arrow*), it's nice to see him do equally well in a comedy, even if he is the straight man. James Gandalfino is also good as the stuntman sidekick, Bear.

Equally important is the intricate script by Scott Frank. The plot - which is built around the escalating war for Chili's movie and two different stashes of money - is complex enough that once it wraps up you might find yourself retracing your steps and trying to figure out exactly what went down when. It's a clever, satisfying story that never gets dull and never fails to surprise.

Director Barry Sonnenfeld (*The Addams Family*) handles the material with style. There's also a great, organ-heavy soundtrack with Booker T & the MGs, Medeski Martin & Wood, and US3.

But in the end *Get Shorty* will be remembered for John Travolta. So lose that image of the young, polyester-clad Travolta in that weird pose on the *Saturday Night Fever* poster, and quit repeating those *Pulp Fiction* lines about hamburgers. John Travolta is a talented actor and *Get Shorty* is a very entertaining movie.

DEMENTIA - SCOPES

Hours of chills and thrills provided by Nolan Lattjak

ARIES (March 21-April 19) The grey cat is your friend, feed her. The best place to find some spice for your life is probably the kitchen.

TAURUS (April 20-May 20) Come visit the happy room. If you don't know what to do, do nothing.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21) Astroturf is your friend, but my dear, it does not make a good blanket.

CANCER (June 22-July 22) Have you been composting your garbage? Try traveling to a strange foreign land like Aberdeen or Kent. Bring jerky treats.

LEO (July 23-August 22) Drink your coffee black. Mr. T says "hi." To become one with the earth, start eating dirt.

VIRGO (August 23-September 22) If you cover all your clothes in duct tape and your ceiling in aluminum foil you'll have more friends.

LIBRA (September 23-October 23) Your plants can talk. Carve a watermelon for Halloween. (There should be one in your freezer.)

SCORPIO (October 24-November 21) You will meet somebody named 'secret'. You will definitely, at some point, do something this week.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22-December 21) You need to get a haircut like Banacheck. Read a good book.

CAPRICORN (December 22-January 19) Do you want to make more money? Sure, we all do. Enroll in an exciting course in TV/VCR repair.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 18) Vegetarian spring rolls and Ginger Brew is the breakfast of champions. Find out why.

PISCES (February 19-March 20) Four is the magic number. Yes it is. It's the magic number. You need a '69 Chevelle and a velvet Elvis painting.

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Events 1996 Volunteer Opportunities  
Wed., Nov. 8, Noon-1PM, CAB Room 315  
Thurs., Nov. 9, 4-5:30 PM, CAB Room 315

Interviews To be considered for Volunteer openings scheduled to depart next summer, you should submit a Peace Corps application to the Seattle Peace Corps Office by Nov. 30. For an application and more information, call 1-800-424-8580 (press 1 at the first menu for the Seattle office).

Peace Corps Seattle Office, 2001 Sixth Ave. #1776  
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# CALENDAR

by Andy Schoenstern

**Friday, Oct. 27th**  
**JAZZDANCE** with Danny Buraczeski at the Washington Center 7:30pm - Tickets \$15-\$18, call 753-

**Seattle on Film.** During Film Festival Week, you can enjoy listening to the authors of this unique book about films featuring Seattle. Free at Four Seasons Books, 7th & Franklin, Olympia, 7pm.

**Saturday, Oct. 28th**  
 Evergreen Expressions presents **SEATTLE**  
**THEATRE:**  
**An Evening in America.** Three gifted performers perform this high-energy, mime-based dance and improvisation piece based on the writings of American authors Raymond Carver, James Thurber, and Joyce Carol Oates. 8pm in the Experimental Theatre of TESC's Communications Building. Tickets: \$10/general, \$8/KAOS subscribers, students, senior citizens, \$5/Evergreen students.

**SEXUAL KILL**  
**and**  
**WAVOUND.**  
 If you have never seen these bands, well welcome to Olympia. Only \$5 at the Capitol Theater. Starts at midnight.

**FREE SHOW!** *The Schidt, Richmond Fontaine, and Slow Children.* at the TESC Housing Community Center, 8:30pm, come in your wacky-ass costume!

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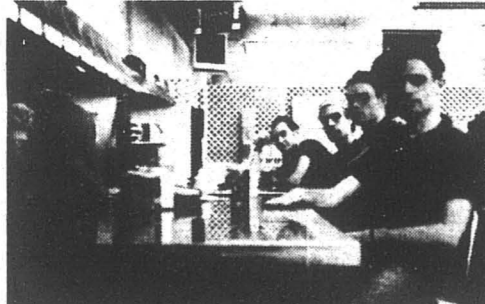
Halloween Party at

**THEKLA.** Dance and sweat 'til your clown makeup starts melting off your face. MUST be 21. \$3 w/ costume, \$4 without. \$50 of door proceeds Olympia Aids Task Force.

**Value Village People** (former Life of Riley members), with special guests Ballet Sangomar and drummer/dancer from Senegal, Aliou Diouf. Wear a costume or don't. At The Giggling Goose starting at 9:30, \$5.

**Concordia Chamber Trio** at Four Seasons Books, 7th & Franklin, 4:30-6pm, FREE!

**SUNDAY, OCT. 29TH**  
**PHILIP GLASS**  
**"LA BELLE ET LA BETE"** PHILIP GLASS AND HIS ENSEMBLE PERFORM AN ORIGINAL OPERA SCORE TO JEAN COCTEAU'S CLASSIC 1946 BLACK AND WHITE FILM "LA BELLE ET LA BETE" (THE BEAUTY AND THE BEAST) WHICH WILL APPEAR ON A 15' X 20' SCREEN. THIS IS GUARANTEED TO BE INTERESTING. AT THE WASHINGTON CENTER FOR THE PERFORMING ARTS. TICKETS ARE \$21-24. CALL 753-8586.



**FUGAZI AND DUB NARCOTIC SOUND SYSTEM.** STARTS AT 9PM, CAPITOL THEATER.

**Monday, Oct. 30th**  
 I think there's an Internship Fair for social services and environmental stuff today in the library building, but check the bis

banner outside to make sure. I love you.

**Tuesday, Oct. 31th**  
**Halloween Halloween Party at The Midnight Sun** @ 9:30pm after the free open mic. Featuring Dan Bern, and Mr. Jones and the Previous. Dress up, do your walk. \$3-5, call 786-0783 for info.

**Halloween Housing Dance!** Have your halloween fun in the safety of your own Housing Community Center. Prizes for best costume, and all types of music will be played. 9pm-midnight. BOO!

**Internship Orientations.** Everything you need to know to plan an internship. Required of all students pursuing their first internship. No signup needed. 12-1pm L2126. There's more to come if you miss this one, stay tuned.

**Wednesday, Nov. 1st**  
**Native American linguist William Demmert** will address linguistic, policy and educational issues related to Native Americans and their languages. In the Lounge from 10am-Noon. Call x6434.

**Affirmative Action: Its Failure & Why We Shouldn't Junk It.** Les Wong examines the affirmative action debate and why we shouldn't abandon this controversial policy. Noon at First United Methodist Church, 1224 Legion Way SE, Olympia. Call x6128.

**THURSDAY NOV 2**  
 MEET THE PRESIDENT TESC PRESIDENT JANE TERVIS MEETS WITH COMMUNITY MEMBERS TO GET ACQUAINTED SHARE CONCERNS AND ASK QUESTIONS 8AM IN THE CAB NEAR THE DELI CALL X6100

EQA SPONSORS A DISCUSSION ABOUT HOMOPHOBIA IN WASHINGTON STATE LIB 2000 1030AM 2PM

## STUDENT ACTIVITIES CALENDAR

**Mondays**  
 • Queer Rap Group, 7-8:30, CAB 3rd floor Conference Room.  
 • Irish Dance Class sponsored by IASO, 7-8:30pm in CRC 116/117.  
 • ASIA meets this Monday, the 23rd @ 5pm in CAB 320.  
 • TESC A.A. meets in LIB 2116 from 4:30-6pm.  
 • Badminton 6:30-8pm in CRC Gym Bay 2.

**Tuesdays**  
 • Women of Color Coalition meet at 5:00pm by the WCC office in the Student Activities area, 3rd floor CAB.  
 • Students for Christ meet 7-9pm in LIB 2130.  
 • The Gaming Guild meets @ 4pm in CAB 320.

**Wednesdays**  
 • Rape Response Coalition meets 1:30-3pm in CAB 315.  
 • Women's Resource Center meeting from 1:30-2:30pm in CAB 206.  
 • Irish American Student Organization meets at Noon in CAB 320.  
 • Disability Support Group meets at noon, 1st floor of the CAB, in the Faculty and Staff Lounge.  
 • International Student Group meets from 2-4pm in LIB 2116.  
 • Basketball league play - Sign up in CRC 210. Women: 5-6:30pm, Men: 6:30-8pm.

**Thursdays**  
 • Men's Group, 5-6:30, CAB 3rd floor Conference Room.  
 • Bi Women's Group meets from 4-5:30pm in the Women's Center, 2nd Floor CAB.  
 • Basketball Open Play in CRC Gym-Women: 5-6:30pm, Men: 6:30-8pm.  
 • Fencing 7-8:30pm, CRC 117.

**Saturdays**  
 • Society for Creative Anachronism, Archery 1-5pm, Field 5.

**Sundays**  
 • Ultimate Frisbee 2-4pm, Field 5.  
 • Volleyball 3-5pm, CRC Gym Bay 2.

**Rainy Day RECORDS**

**Music**  
 CD's, vinyl, tapes, independent releases

**Movies**  
 from around the world!

**Zines**  
 tons of independents! Major Magazines

**Skate Gear**  
 Hook-Ups, Powell, Alien Workshop special orders welcome

357-4755  
 WESTSIDE CENTER  
 DIVISION & HARRISON

\*NEW HOURS\*  
 MON. - WED. 10AM-8PM  
 THUR. - SAT. 10AM-9PM  
 SUN. 12AM-5PM

**Help Wanted**  
 • STUDENTS NEEDED! - National Parks are now hiring seasonal & fulltime. Forestry workers, park rangers, firefighters, lifeguards, + more. Excellent benefits + bonuses! Call 1-206-545-4804 ext. N60911.  
 • VOLUNTEER in Africa & Latin America: One year posts in democratization, human rights, refugees, journalism, health, etc. Call 202-625-7403.  
 • JOIN THE COOPER POINT JOURNAL! Story meetings Mondays @ 5:00 p.m., Writing Seminar Tuesdays @ 5:00 p.m. Ethics Seminar Friday @ 12:15 p.m. CAB 315 - Come to any meeting, drop by ALL ARE WELCOME!

**For Sale**  
 • BICYCLES! Shogun 21in Touring 18 speeds Shimano Fuji Thrill Mtn Bike 16in Shimano 2006S 21 speeds. \$300 ea Ext 6742 Les  
 • FREE TRIPS & CASH! - Find out how hundreds of students are already earning FREE TRIPS and LOTS OF CASH with America's #1 Spring Break Company! Sell only 15 trips and travel free! Choose Cancun, Bahamas, Mazatlan, or Florida! CALL NOW! TAKE A BREAK STUDENT TRAVEL (800) 95-BREAK!  
 • ATTENTION ALL STUDENTS! Over \$6 billion in private sector grants & scholarships is now available. All students are eligible. Let us help. For more info. call: 1-800-263-6495 ext. F60911

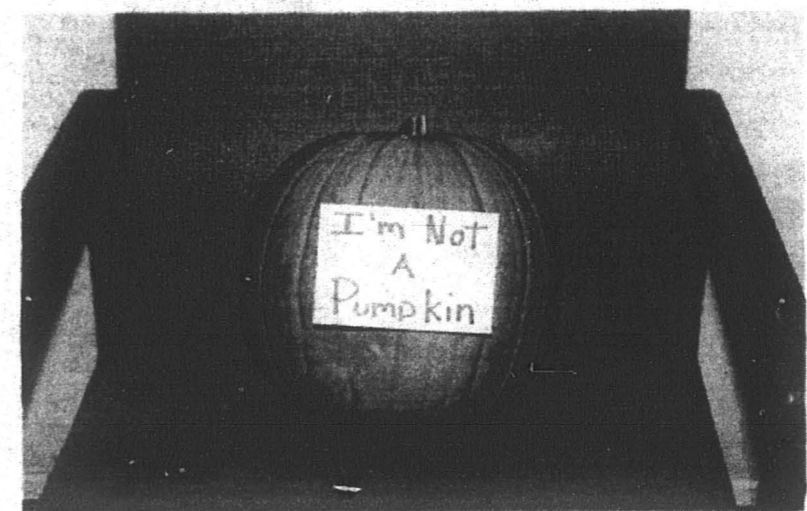
**Wanted**  
 • WANTED - A soft, squishy Lisa for life long companionship. Call 866-7663.  
 • REAL LIFE NEWS - Call the CPJ with real life news. 866-6000 ext. 6213, ask to speak with "Jen".

**Classified Rates** 30 words or less:  
 \$3.00, Student Rate: \$2.00, Business Rate: \$6.00, PRE-PAYMENT REQUIRED Classified  
 Deadline 5 pm Monday  
 Contact: Graham White  
 Phone 866-6000 x6054  
 or stop by the CPJ CAB 316, Olympia, WA 98505

# PHOTOS

## The Not So Great Pumpkin

By Scott Tom



I don't want to be stereotyped



I know I have rights

I'm Trying To be an individual

BUT I don't think I can take the pressure anymore

Don't let social pressure squash you

**CPJ Classifieds**

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**YEAR ONE**  
BY LUYWEIN C. GROENE

WOW I CAN'T BELIEVE I FOUND THE HIDDEN HOT TUBS OF EVERGREEN!!

AND WITH YOU I FEEL SO LUCKY THANKS FOR LETTING ME SHARE IT WITH YOU!

NO PROBLEM

**GNUS**  
BY TATIANA GILL

This just in! Jerry Garcia has been spotted in the computer center, using the new World Wide Web connection to hook up with...

Bub Packwood! Apparently Packwood's 90-thousand-smackers-a-year pension isn't enough for the old hog, and has supporting his edible underwear habit by selling Grateful Dead bootlegs on the streets of Washington!

But, you ask, isn't Jerry Dead? Well, technically, yes, but he's jump-started the old ticker with the new drug, Afterlife!

Just in time for Halloween, Jerry leaves his happy home in the Abyss to join the ranks of the undead! Reports have been coming in from all over campus, mostly the med.

He's rattling his hemp ropes!

But not to worry, faint-of-hearts! Our resident psychic, Madame Zanzibar, has lifetimes of experience dealing with souls from the beyond, and has agreed to take care of the zombie!

Everybody, hold hands...

NEW! NOT \$169.95, NOT \$199.95, BUT NOW, FOR ONLY \$19.95 YOU CAN BE THE FIRST ON YOUR BULK TO TAKE AFTERLIFE, THE NEW DRUG THAT RAISES YOU BACK FROM THE DEAD, DESTROYS CELLULITE AND MAKES YOUR HAIR GROW 3 INCHES A MONTH!

ACT TODAY!!!

...BEFORE THERE'S NO TOMORROW!

**THAT SAUCY VELASCO PART FIVE: ON THE LAM WITH THE FAUX HOBOS** BY CHRISTIAN COGAN

OUR BOYS DITCH PAULY NEPESINE AND CONCLUDE THAT THE BEST POSSIBLE GETAWAY IS TO DISGUISE AS THE BENEFICENT VAGABOND, DRINKING THE SILENT, PLEASANT SOCIETY THAT IS OUR NATION'S CHOICE IN THIS STYLE BY PREGNANT!

IF YOU KILT SUMBODDY OR WHAT, MAN, I DON' CARE, WE JUS' SAVOR THIS WINDY TRIP LOW!

IT'S GOOD I HAD FRIENDS LIKE YOU! I CAN BELIEVE YOU'D BE A FAUX HOB!

ALRIGHT, MEN...

GET SOMETHING FOR ME!

NEXT: SAVED?

**JACKASS** BY ANDY SCHOENSTEIN

Dude, I've been totally obsessed with this one concept for the longest time - you know how when sometimes you're like really on the ball... you can just say exactly what you mean, or like in pool when you just can't miss a shot, or when you write, it's totally clear and you're in control, or when sex is just super good or when you're making stir-fry or something and your timing for cooking all the stuff is just perfect... or whatever, but as soon as you start thinking about it, it's like all your magical powers just disappear and you're back to being a regular, incompetent, inadequate dork who's just bumbling and babbling along. Oh, and then once you realize this, you can't stop thinking about it, you know, like: "don't think about a purple elephant"...

Oh, you mean "analysis paralysis"?

Damn!

BY MIKE HARRIS

COME ON, TAD, ONLY ONE MORE HOUSE TO HIT

BUT ISN'T THAT PLACE SUPPOSED TO BE HAUNTED?

AW, DON'T BE A BABY!

SHUFF, PUFFE... WHAT A LONG WAY UP. THIS BETTER BE WORTH IT!

IT'LL ONLY TAKE A MINUTE

BLARGH!

SEEK! TREAT!

WHY YOU'RE JUST IN TIME FOR THE PARTY, COME ON IN!

WOW! CANDY!

HELP YOURSELF!

THESE MONSTERS SURE KNOW HOW TO BOOGY!

YOU SAID IT!

WELL, THAT SURE WAS FUN!

YEAH, I GUES HAUNTED HOUSES AND MONSTERS AREN'T SO BAD AFTER ALL.

THAT'S RIGHT, KIDS! MONSTERS ARE YOUR FRIENDS! DON'T BE SHY ABOUT TAKING CANDY FROM MONSTERS - THEY ARE TRUSTWORTHY AND WILL NOT POISON YOU. FEEL FREE TO CLIMB INTO A MONSTER'S MOUTH, IF YOU SEE WHAT APPEARS TO BE A TRAP SET BY A MONSTER, DO NOT BE FOOLED! IT IS ACTUALLY A PORTAL TO A MAGICAL, HAPPY DIMENSION!

WELL, THAT SURE WAS FUN!

YEAH, I GUES HAUNTED HOUSES AND MONSTERS AREN'T SO BAD AFTER ALL.

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**HOSE-HEAD** BY JOSH KNISELY

COMMENTS? RANTINGS? OR FOR A BITCHIN' CHILE RECIPE, WRITE KNISELY@ELWHALEVERGREEN.EDU

Have you ever noticed how parking meters look like they stare at you? they've always reminded me of, like, these aliens here by undermining the Earth's economy by stealing all of our loose change...

If you think about it, it's true... go to any heavily populated area and they're on every corner! Standing there, smiling, all the while plotting the overthrow of our primitive little planet...

now I'm all, like, freaked out...

**TWISTED-FICTION** BY PATRICK WARNER

HEY, RUSH... GOT SOME GREAT SUGGESTIONS FOR YA... YOU WILL VOTE DEMOCRAT... NO, NO... BETTER YET... THE INDEPENDENT PARTY... NAH, BETTER STICK WITH THE "LOW-LIFE" LIBERALS... YOU SUPPORT HIGHER EDUCATION, SOLAR POWER, TAX THE UPPER CLASS...

MY BUDDY BILL AND I WILL HAVE A WHOLE BUNCH OF WHOPPERS TO GO, PLEASE

**DADA ONWARD** BY JEREL JOHNSON

IT WAS 10:15 AND WE WERE AT THE PLACE. (My Study Group AND ME, ELONGATED FINGER AND ALL.)

I'M SURE YOU'VE BEEN THERE BEFORE...

I CAN GIVE U UNIVERSAL TRUTH, FOR SOME SPARE CHANGE.

To the Strip Within the Strip. (Toilet Humor)

AND HE REACHED INTO HIS BAG TO EXCHANGE THE CHANGE.

I GAVE

LIKE A POSTMODERN

SUPERHERO...

**SNUGGLE** BY JONAH E R LOEB

"MR. NEEDLEMAN, PERHAPS YOU MISUNDERSTOOD MY DIRECTIONS TO DRINK PLENTY OF FLUIDS."

**Ed Gill's LIES**

- Rudolph's nose was red due to massive steroid abuse.
- Children come from the sun.
- The miniature wagon of Chuck Wagon brand dog food is just a special effect
- Baywatch is the most popular show on Earth for a reason.
- On the full moon, the frozen corpse of Walt Disney comes to life and haunts Space Mountain.
- The adventure has just begun.
- In the future, astronauts will serve your children virtual waffles for breakfast
- You are already at every place you will ever go to.
- The Aztecs invented the automobile centuries before discovery by the Spanish, but it was only ever used as a children's toy.