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the student newspaper of the evergreen state college
swimming against the stream since '71

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Black History Month

Hello, and thank you for picking up the February edition of the Cooper Point Journal!

February is Black History Month. As a result, several of our writers and contributors chose to focus on writing on and about the points-of-view and histories of black people, especially as it relates to being in Olympia and the Pacific Northwest. Apart from that, our writers have grappled with their perception of life-changing events in political action as well as in the arts.

I hope you find the perspectives enlightening. -Jacob

HOW WE WORK

The Cooper Point Journal is produced by students at The Evergreen State College, with funding from student fees, subscriptions from our readers, and advertising from local businesses. The Journal is published for free every month during the school year and distributed throughout the Olympia area.

Our content is also available online at www.cooperpointjournal.com.

Our mission is to provide an outlet for student voices, to inform and entertain the Evergreen community and the Olympia-area more broadly, as well as to provide a platform for students to learn about operating a news publication.

SUBSCRIBE

The Cooper Point Journal is funded by subscriptions from our readers. Our website, cooperpointjournal.com, has a link to a place to subscribe. In return for \$20, you will be delivered the remainder of the copies of the Cooper Point Journal for the rest of the school year as they are published. This is a key way to keep us afloat during the pandemic, and also a convenience to anyone who does not wish to or cannot access the public places we distribute to in the Olympia area.

WORK FOR US

We accept submissions from any student at The Evergreen State College, and also from former students, faculty, and staff. We also hire some students onto our staff, who write articles for each issue and receive a learning stipend.

Have an exciting news topic? Know about some weird community happening? Enjoy that new hardcore band? Come talk to us and write about it.

We will also consider submissions from non-Evergreen people, particularly if they have special knowledge on the topic. We prioritize current student content first, followed by former students, faculty and staff, and then general community submissions. Within that, we prioritize content related to Evergreen first, followed by Olympia, the state of Washington, the Pacific Northwest, etc.

To submit an article, reach us at cooperpointjournal@gmail.com.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

We want to hear from you! If you have an opinion on anything we've reported in the paper, or goings-on in Olympia or at Evergreen, drop us a line with a paragraph or two (100 - 300 words) for us to publish in the paper. Make sure to include your full name, and your relationship to the college—are you a student, staff, graduate, community member, etc. We reserve the right to edit anything submitted to us before publishing, but we'll do our best to consult with you about any major changes.

On Oly Housing Now at the Red Lion Hotel

by Miguel Louis



Editor's Note: The following is the personal perspective of the author, who was directly involved with the action mentioned in the article.

On Jan. 30, a small group of activists visited the Red Lion Hotel and Suites. The leftist activists with Oly Housing Now had booked 17 rooms online at the downtown staple a couple of days before. That night, they led 33 houseless people from the encampments to the rooms that had been booked, and helped move their belongings into the rooms.

The next day, Jan. 31, they held a rally at 11 a.m. Their speakers exclaimed a common message: Housing is a Human Right. This call originates from Article 25 of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, which proclaims that adequate shelter is a basic tenet of universal human rights.

The activists stated their aim of housing people at the Hotel across the street, they demanded that these people not be evicted into the cold, and made calls for the City of Olympia to guarantee housing in the midst of the wintertime and pandemic.

Over the course of six hours, this protest would turn from a peaceful rally calling for the City of Olympia to provide shelter for the houseless in the midst of winter, to what OPD called a "hostage situation" so intense they would call in SWAT, the Thurston County Sheriff, and

over 100 officers combined.

The morning had begun like normal. Activists with Oly Housing Now spent time setting up a rally and called for more people to show up. They were prepared with printed-off lists of demands for the City, and a clear message and purpose. A few activists came forward to announce the plan of the protest. There were people inside the paid-for hotel rooms who were supposed to check out by noon that day, but the protest would demand they not be forced out until the city agreed to work with them for a solution.

Those in attendance then moved across the street to the Red Lion raising signs and chanting "Housing is a Human Right." At the protest, there was a sign making area and a stand with coffee and food, along with more copies of the demands. Overall, the event had an atmosphere of camaraderie and protest, as folks lined the front of the hotel with signs and their presence in support of the houseless community.

It was then, as they entered the building, that the situation began to turn. Activists had previously interacted with James Grimm, the assistant manager, the day before. It was during that interaction that organizers had been able to discern the fact that the protestors' position might not be met with friendly reception. On the day of the event, as protesters attempted to enter the hotel, the two sliding glass doors in the lobby slid shut.

A few protesters suddenly found themselves trapped in the space between them.

Video evidence from that day shows the assistant manager pushing an emergency button that locked the lobby doors, before walking over to the glass pane that separated the protestors from the interior of the building. People involved stated that he then proceeded to insult and taunt the activists trapped between the doors and brandished a whip-club throughout the confrontation. He screamed foul slurs and hate speech, and referred to them as "Anqueefa," a specific term used by far-right extremists against their perceived enemy, the Antifascist Movement, that has risen in response to fascist and white supremacist violence and the election chaos.

Other hotel staff members, curious about the scene, wandered into the lobby. It was then that Grimm yelled at them to run to the basement and barricade themselves inside. At this point, those inside the hotel consisted of staff, guests, and some of the houseless whose rooms were, at the time of the protest, still legally booked. All the while, protesters were trapped between the lobby doors as everyone else in attendance stood outside the front of the hotel.

About ten minutes into the standoff, the assistant manager yelled through the doors, stating that the reason he was uncomfortable was that one of the

people in the lobby had a tactical knife attached to their belt. An eyewitness account confirmed that the person, one of those arrested later, offered to take off their belt and hand it out the door if it made him more comfortable. They turned to those recording the scene through the sliding glass doors, with their hands up, to make their intentions clear.

Grimm refused and continued to insult the stuck protestors. After about 15 minutes, the door malfunctioned and slid open. Those who had been stuck in the doorway, moved into the lobby quickly, in panic from the tight space. It was then, after engaging in a physical and verbal confrontation with the incoming activists that Grimm fled, down the lit-up hallway as the protest began to move into the building.

There were staff members still there when the protestors entered, who talked to them directly. Activists informed them of their demands that the houseless would not be leaving their rooms and asked the Hotel to work with them. The Hotel staff refused and argued with the activists. The activists asked if they could get a later checkout, they were denied.

At one point, as they would explain to the police later, several people offered to pay for another night of rooms and showed off the contents of their wallets to reveal that they scrounged what they could to afford the cost of 17 rooms. They hoped to keep the people (continued on next page)

Housing, cont.

housed for another day and to speak to the city about the days after. They were denied.

At 12:11 p.m., the staff left their posts and walked to the back of the hotel. Another manager of the Red Lion called the police. Manager Lori Hines claimed that there were people bound in the basement. As did Grimm when he talked to them. This was during the time that the activists were trying to talk to the staff so as to work out a deal with the hotel. Instead, staff called the police and claimed that they were overrun by antifa.

At this point, Grimm and Hines were spotted sitting in and next to a Mazda in the parking lot, as activists tried to talk with them. Grimm drove the vehicle to the parking lot across the street, next to the abandoned Greyhound station. Soon the police arrived and parked next to him and Lori, where they sat and conversed for 30 to 45 minutes.

Some staff members wandered over as well, to discuss. They ducked their heads, avoiding the activists out front trying to wave them down to compromise. One activist alleged of Grimm talking to the police, "He was over there for quite a while. It means the cops told him exactly what to say to warrant the police response we would get later. They were coaching him and the other manager on the phone,

asking them to make stuff up so they could justify what happened later."

For a few hours, the activists and houseless sat in the lobby as the police watched in their vehicles. Activists who worked with the houseless in the rooms roamed the hallways, working to meet basic needs and check on people. One activist and Olympia resident, Nolan Hibbard-Pelly, said, "The entire time I was there, it was really peaceful. People held signs, and sang, and chanted. There was a medic stand, and food and coffee."

Several guests entered the hotel to try to book a room and talked to the activists. They explained the scenario, their protest, and that the staff had left their posts but were in the hotel, as the activists wanted to bargain with them. One man sat down with the protesters and conversed with them while he ate the pizza they had brought for everyone.

At 6 p.m. we received word that OPD and the City had decided to treat the protest at the hotel as a "hostage situation". SWAT was on its way. There was no official word from the city as to how the situation developed. Instead, this warning came in the form of a text message from a sitting member of the city council. This was the only warning activists received for what to expect next.

It was also the only communication from members of the city government. The city had made no attempts to work with activists.

Just before this, a housing activist requested their friends to bring a karaoke machine and beer, as everyone was in a good mood on the ground, and the event was entirely peaceful. The protest had thinned out, as protesters had set up shifts for eviction defense and there was a lapse in numbers.

The police response was immediate and intense. Over 100 officers surrounded the hotel, front, side, back. All roads in the vicinity were blocked, a line of police cars flooded the back street towards Heritage Park with flashing lights.

SWAT teams entered through the basement and the lobby of the hotel. They moved in, detained those in the lobby, and sent a team to raid all the rooms booked by activists. As police moved from door to door, those of us in attendance could see them searching, through the windows. They threw several flashbangs inside the hotel rooms and forced the houseless folks to abandon their things as they were forcibly kicked out.

The police used a taser on a houseless person until he went into a seizure. He was wheeled out on a stretcher and was taken to Thurston County Jail, where he remains behind bars, and underwent a mental health crisis due to the horror of the response. One of those forcibly removed spoke out after she witnessed what happened to her friend, and then she was forced out of the hotel without being allowed to grab her shoes or a coat, as the rain poured and the temperature dropped.

In the next two apartment buildings over, above the Olympia Tattoo Company, tenants called out about being stuck inside their building amidst all the chaos outside. One person claimed they were nearly arrested for trying to go to their partner's place. A man shouted "Hey cops, are you done

here? I'd really like to leave. My dog needs to pee. You're keeping US trapped in here!"

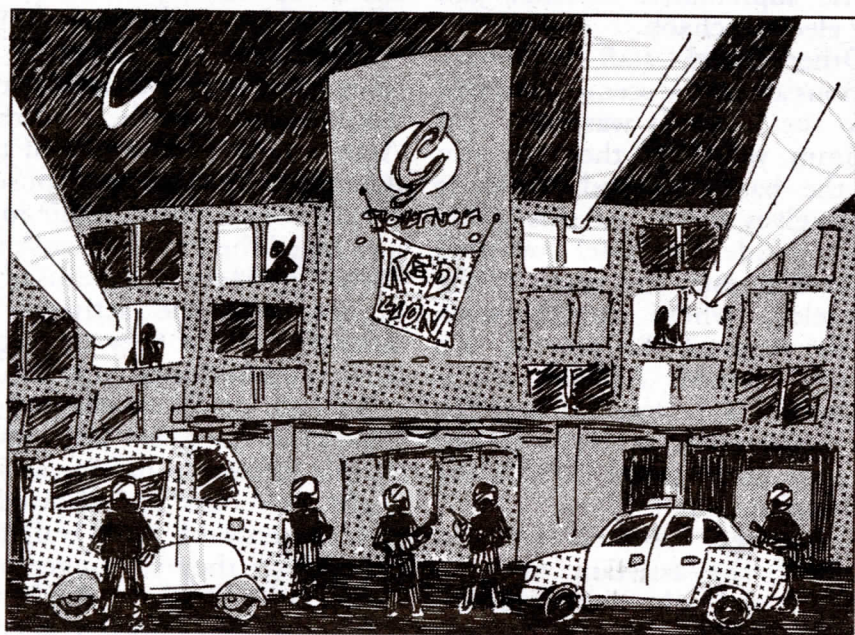
In the end, the police made 5 arrests. None related to the notion of a "hostage situation". Instead, houseless activists and the houseless were charged with burglary and assault, for a protest in the hotel.

Since then the city has responded by denouncing the protesters. Mayor Selby called activists "domestic terrorists" in a city council meeting, the third time she has used this term in response to left-wing protesters in Olympia. City council members warned that the city was already leading the way in houseless response, that they were doing all they could do, and made personal denunciations of the activists and organizers involved.

The city claimed in a press release early the next day that they had connected the houseless affected with services and that all of them had fled to local shelters in panic. This was false. Four people connected with the events went to the closest Interfaith shelter. Two were allowed a bed. The rest returned to their camps, without their things, in the rain, and right back where they started.

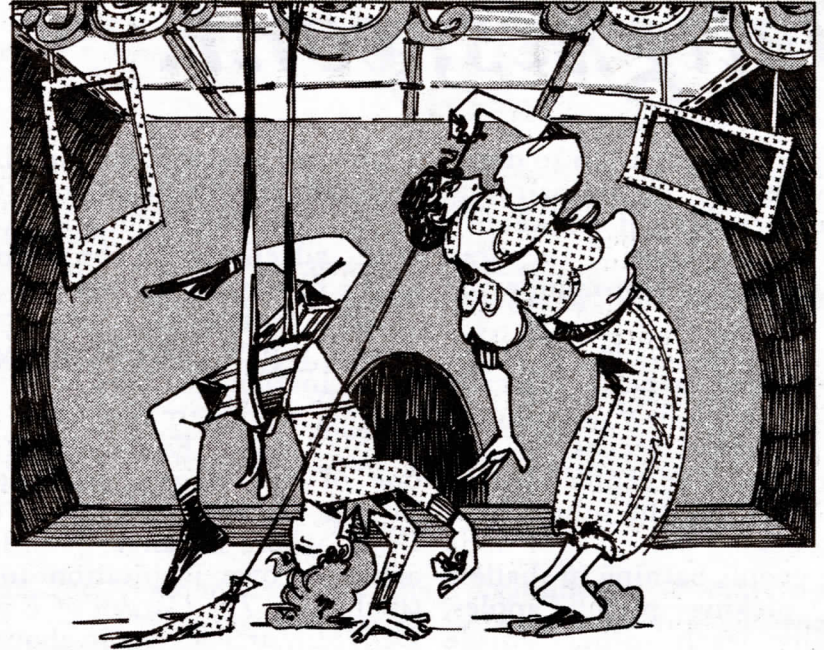
Activists have since been there to support the people at the camps, as they worked to replace what OPD has stolen from the houseless. There were requests that could be matched: phones, batteries, sleeping bags, backpacks. And there were things that have not yet been replaced. All as the area descended into a snowstorm and freezing temperatures.

The police put out a random notice four days after the protest, only on Twitter, to inform those involved that they could get their things back from the hotel. Activists eventually saw the Tweet and went to the police station to gather what they returned. In the end, wallets, cash, and stimulus cards and checks were not returned to the houseless living in the camps.



The Garbage of Earthly Delights

by Jack Stroud



As for looking like you're 'bouta squeeze butterflies out of your solar plexus; lolloping cave-man-like around a box TV framed in brightly painted polygons of cardboard; playing tug of war with your intestines when you're an amorphous blob; twirling gracefully on an aerial swing amidst the chaos; running in stationary slo-mo towards your death induced by an ineluctable and penetrating scream; terminally reorganizing a shelf with jars full of Rage, Indifference, Back to School, Ex Best Friend, Faceless Lover, Lost Luggage, and Naked in Public; trying to eat fruit hanging from monofilament without using your hands; getting stomped on by your puppet boyfriend, then flirting with him to a saprogenic extent; curling up under a blanket of trash; being resurrected by the soft touch of a woman with beads hanging parabolic from temple to third eye to temple; struggling futile against giant rubber bands that strap your body to the wall; and countless other ineffable and unaparent movements, La Compagnie du DUMP RUN's Valentines weekend performance, *The Garbage of Earthly Delights*, was a success.

Conceived of in December, completed on a budget of <\$200, and put on in a garage in the alley behind Doo's Donuts, the show lassoed crowds of 15-30 people each three PMs of its running. The performance as self-contained went about 40 minutes but lent itself with

unsettling ease towards looping. Adding to the discomfoting aspects were a distinct lack of dialogue and discernable plot; giving unique attention to their bodies' potential configurations, the performers moved zombie-eyed around the stage from station to station, scantily aware of each other's (or the crowd's) existence. There was definitely some kind of fishbowl element in effect. Audience members were confounded by attempts to derive "what it meant." The three main performers as well as originators of the concept—Francis Laird, Piper Josephine, and Sophie—admitted an affinity for misuse of common objects, citing the abundance of waste in ours, *The Trash Civilization*, but were otherwise unkeen on foisting any kind of overarching message they had in mind, allowing, benevolently, the performance speak for itself.

Laird, resident butoh dancer, explained that holding a live performance now, as things are, is an act of resistance. "The online stuff is lonely," she continued, "And a livestream can't replace a live performance," which, to Laird as well as her cohort members, is a form of healing. The three of them spoke also on the difficulties of being a performer right now. In-person exhibitions worldwide have all but ceased over the past year as a result of the pandemic, leaving countless artists out of work and without an outlet. Release dates and concerts get shuffled down the calendar ever further. Streaming services

are swallowing the market how a boa constrictor does a mongoose—whole. Maybe jaded, I'd pretty much forgot that live performances were even a thing.

But DUMP RUN struggled with the pecuniary aspect of performance even before the last year. "We don't know how to ask for money," said Josephine, "And we don't want to have to. Because sometimes we can't afford to pay for shows too." Over on the edge of the viewing area, a lambent gumball machine apprised itself of oncoming or outgoing showgoers, and of the opportunity to donate. "But even if we didn't even break even," Josephine continued, "we'd still do it. Because we have to, you know."

The flyer for the show advertised "a 2 hour exhibition designed for transient viewing" and included a couple reminders to please adhere to standard COVID conventions. Which, readers may be assuaged in knowing, achieved its intent. Plus, DUMP RUN devised for the show's bouncer to have a thermometer for the viewing public's optional use. The practicality or plausibility of holding a show in these times, I'm saying, was not lost on DUMP RUN amidst romantic reveries of Art, or something. Oh, that it could be... but persist as the situation does, they would still not have it that there be no pathologically prudent avenues (or alleyways) to this shared form of movement and expression in which they

charter, and whereby they must discover new and old ways of being, potentialities only ever realized in and of themselves: toes pointed skyward, hair brushing ground, breasts hanging weightless, luminosity outpouring.

Friday Feb. 12, opening night, showed that it was all possible; something that was only a mustard seed of an idea a couple months prior bloomed into the full deal on that night, despite the few inches of snow already on the ground and nice fat sparkly flakes coming down still. There was something spellbinding in it: the scenes of domestic life on set at once absorbingly pointless and all that much more eerily familiar; the menagerie of torn textiles; the ludicrous costumes; the lush soundtrack; the colors, forgiving and practical; the hazy light seeping in from nowhere; the pleasing effluvium of it all?

Talking with the members of DUMP RUN a couple days later, after Sunday's matinee showing, Laird sliced a horizontal arch through the air with an open palm, indicating to the scattering audience, "That's community," she said, almost laughing at the self-evidence of her statement.

... They got the name for the show from Heironymous Bosch's 1510 triptych, *The Garden of Earthly Delights*. It is a certifiably religious opus made by a man who was himself godly. Considering (continued on next page)

Delights, cont.

his avaricious attention to detail and symbolism in the painting, it'd be surprising if he weren't. But if he was pious at the altar, he was a flaming non-conformist at the easel.

A triptych (made of three, often-hinged panels) typically features religiously significant figures and/or scenes in the center panel. The center panel of *The Garden*, on the other hand, is a rollicking portrayal of nude young people bathing in shallow pools, picking plump apples, caressing each other inside giant bubbles, riding mythical creatures around in a big merry circle, getting fed baby-bird style by actual birds, sticking bouquets of flowers in each other's butts, and a bunch of other despicably free stuff. In context, the left hand panel features the same pastoral/mythical vibes but is way less busy, God presenting Eve to Adam being the salient interaction here; the right hand panel is a dark and twisted hellscape from whence no person would return OK; and the outer panels hinge closed to display a gray, gray snowglobe-type world full of so much water: and this is said to represent either the third day of Genesis or the flood that, if it didn't teach us anything, at least earned Noah his stripes.

Taking the triptych from left to right, then, with the outer panel coming either first or last, it's kinda hard not to read it as a warning against earthly indulgence and sin, lust and gluttony especially, all the merry-makers in the center panel blissfully unaware of the literal hell upcoming in the 2-D progression of their lives, until it was too late, long after they shoulda known better. But this painting is also notoriously mysterious, escaping the theoretical grasp of many an art historian. It's just so abundant. A preliminary Google search or two brought up interpretations as far spread as, "What concerned Bosch was the essentially comic ephemerality of human life," to, "It's the best metaphor for Darwin's theory of evolution," to "We may infer that there is

a mirror phenomena implied between the painting and the viewers," to "We should see these erotic adventures in the context of the history of the world."

But whichever way you wanna flip it, *The Garden* was a fascination to 14th century viewers and remains one for people today. Evidence: it is one of the biggest attractions in the Museo Nacional del Prado where it hangs; countless artworks owe inspiration to it (including *The Garden of Emoji Delights*), articles on it abound; and the shelves of online markets overflow with Bosch themed merch. You could order yourself a fullprint tank top with *The Garden* on it today, if that kind of thing suits you.

No doubt, it's just a bizarre and fun thing to look at; you could spend hours dazed and confused in the breezeways of its towering architecture reminiscent a wormhole experiment gone wrong, everyday objects mashed together between which no intermediates are supposed to exist: cauliflower, glass beakers, erns, pink granite, twigs, cheese wheel, conch shell? More hours cataloguing a new genus of Bosch's hybrid creatures. And yet more silently gawking at every absurd configuration of body, each secretive facial expression—detachment? oblivion? bliss?

But there is also something freakishly plaintive about it. Standing large and central in the right hand hell panel, there is a pallid, half tree stump, half cracked eggshell being with the solemn face of a man. Humans and human sized creatures simultaneously occupy the inside of his eggshell torso, tromp around the disk on top of his head, and generally treat his body like a jungle gym. He is scarred and old. Surrounded only by suffering and chaos, he is turning over his shoulder to look back at you: and many suppose this to be a self-portrait of Bosch.

Of the dozens upon dozens of human figures in the triptych, he is the only one that seems

to be aware that real people will be viewing it. Whether in that paradisiacal garden or the infernal pit, everyone else is perfectly engaged in what is before them. However depraved or silly their actions may be, they make whatever they are doing count. In their being as such, there is not a bashful face to be seen.

And this is how it was in *The Garbage of Earthly Delights* as well; the performers harbored a fierce ambivalence towards the crowd as well as each other. In the world of that trash filled set, standard and tacit social conventions no longer applied. Here they could writhe and wriggle and roll and scream, cry and laugh and crumble and titter; they could be stupidly fascinated by the littlest things, or they could caress trash like a lover and devote themselves to Darkness. Said another way: beholden to no preconceived notions of what is *comme il faut*, they could conduct bold experiments with movement and body and coexistence.

For both *The Garden*, as well as *The Garbage of Earthly Delights*, the sets/settings were/are sheer pleasure to the senses. Whimsical and precise, each world is the result of imaginations that take the dreary refuse of everyday life and combine it into something tortured and fantastic and delightful and haunting. But what is also present in both pieces is that subversion of social norms, that lack of apprehension on the part of the actors. In full faith, they exist. They explore the limits of their being, because why shouldn't they.

Both pieces are an ode to us before we thought we knew what was right and wrong, before we were daily disabled by over-analysis, derivative contingencies, likeability indices, and so on. At the same time, both pieces are a reminder of what is possible, a reminder that there are at least as many ways of being as there are forms of movement. And a movement is always potential, until it is not—at the inversion of its own

body, at the point of its own toe, at the arch of its own back, at the effusion of its own light. Because if there is no moving apart from the mover, then what are we?

This is the same kind of thinking it takes, I suppose, to put on a show when there aren't any shows, or to paint a triptych that isn't really a triptych. The recognition of potential in a physical world stuffed only with what is already actual. It means foregoing, in some ways, what is expected of you.

Friday night, watching *The Garbage* for its third run through, I stood beside my roommate, toes numbing through my shoes. Off to the side was a table on which sat two dispensers of ginger tea and hot cocoa and a sleeve of styrofoam cups. Roommate dissolved over to it and came back a few minutes later with an empty cup. They nodded towards the show which was ongoing, one of the performers up front and center, cloaked in that blanket of trash, picking at it absently.

"Should I toss it up there?" they asked.

"Nah man, I don't know, probably not."

"Why not?" they shrugged, "Doesn't even matter."

"Nah, nah. Don't do it. It will mess with their whole thing."

"What's the difference? Look."

The show was at a slow point. The audience was half what it'd been on the first run through. I looked around at the masked faces of my peers, embarrassed already. But who knew that it would result in a comedic high point of the show, she in the trash blanket picking up the cup as if it had been there all along, chewing on it like a cow would grass, then proceeding to make a phone call on it. Roommate nudged at me one more time before going up.

"Do it and I'm leaving without you," I said.

George Washington Bush: an Abridged Biography

by Patrick Hamilton

In 1844 the first Americans to settle on the Puget Sound in what is now Washington State were led through the frontier by George Washington Bush, a man of African and Irish descent. Bush, along with his wife (b.) Isabella James, established a farm named Bush Prairie in what is now Tumwater. Accounts of Bush's personality emphasize his generosity, diligence, warmth and charity. This cooperative spirit is cited by many historians as an element of why his settlement was so successful.

While little is known about his early life, it's widely accepted that George was born in Pennsylvania around 1789 to his father Matthew Bush, a sailor of African descent born in India, and his mother, whose name has been lost to history but was a maid born in Ireland. Some of the only things that can be known for certain about his parents is that they were employed by a wealthy English merchant named Stevenson for most of their lives, and that they married in 1778. The fact that they were married two years before anti-miscegenation laws were repealed in Pennsylvania has led some historians to speculate that they may have been married in secret at a Quaker meeting, a claim reinforced by George's Quaker education and upbringing. After Stevenson's death, due to his lack of living relatives, his estate was inherited by Matthew and George's mother before their own death, at which point it passed on to George.

When he came of age, he traveled first to Tennessee and then to Illinois, where he became involved in a rapidly expanding cattle industry, leading him to grow his own wealth substantially. It was around this time that he served under Andrew Jackson in the war of 1812 where he fought in the 1815 battle of New Orleans. Since the US army didn't allow black soldiers until 1863, it's likely that he served in the Tennessee State Militia. Likely sometime after his time in the army, he traveled west and became one of the first "mountain men" fur trappers in Oregon territory. As

an independent trapper working for the Hudson's Bay Company, it is said that he worked his way as far south as the Santa Fe trail, where he met Kit Carson, and as far north as Vancouver Island.

He returned from the frontier sometime before 1828, because that year he purchased 80 acres in Missouri with cash, as homesteading and land grants were not open to black people until during Reconstruction after the Civil War. In 1830, in spite of the anti-miscegenation laws in Missouri, he married a white woman named Isabella James, the daughter of a Methodist preacher. One theory is that George Bush was able to get married by making a deal with the newly appointed Justice of the Peace who married them, while others have said that the laws weren't seen to have applied to him because he was independently wealthy and had never been a slave.

George and Isabella would go on to have nine sons, five of whom would survive and eventually come along on their journey westward. Most accounts say that their greatest reason for moving west was, as another pioneer who knew Bush said, "George Bush doubtless left Missouri because of the virulent prejudices against his race in the community where he lived". Merchants would refuse to accept his money, and his children had to be educated by tutors, as they were not permitted to attend the public local schools which the other children did. Some historical accounts remark on how while in Missouri he was injured while serving in the state militia during the Black Hawk Indian War in Missouri.

In 1844, the Bush family and some of their good family friends decided to make the trek west. Bush assembled and provisioned 6 Conestoga wagons for his family, and according to Bush family legend, in one wagon he built a false bottom where he hid thousands of dollars in precious metals. He also helped two other families, the Kindreds and the Joneses, secure adequate supplies. With his dear friend Micheal Simmons and other families they

knew in Missouri and Tennessee they formed the Bush-Simmons party, and joined Col. Cornelius Gilliam's wagon caravan about 30 miles west of St. Joseph. While the trek was laborious and elements of the caravan slowly broke off for different locations, it remained uneventful given the circumstances until their arrival in Oregon territory.

While the Bush-Simmons party was moving west from Missouri, another settler from Missouri, a white man by the name of Peter Burnett, was serving in the Oregon Territorial legislature and sought to solve the problem of increasing racial tensions by banning black people from the territory entirely. "Punishment for violation of this act was 39 lashes, delivered in a public whipping, repeatable every six months until the person departed." Facing this reality, Bush was left with a choice that he pondered while wintering at The Dalles: Would he proceed north of the Columbia, which while formally considered part of Oregon territory by the US, was under de facto jurisdiction of the UK and the Hudson's Bay Company? Or would he turn south to California, at that time still part of Mexico?

When spring came around, they found passage across the Columbia. Until then, the UK had denied American settlers access to the region, with the aim of consolidating their own control over the region. It is speculated that one possible reason the Bush-Simmons party was allowed passage was because of Bush's previous employment by the Hudson's Bay Company as a trapper decades earlier. Nonetheless, at a pace of 100 miles in 35 days, the Bush-Simmons party grudgingly expanded the small foot paths through the dense Pacific Northwest forest to make them wide enough for their wagons to pass through.

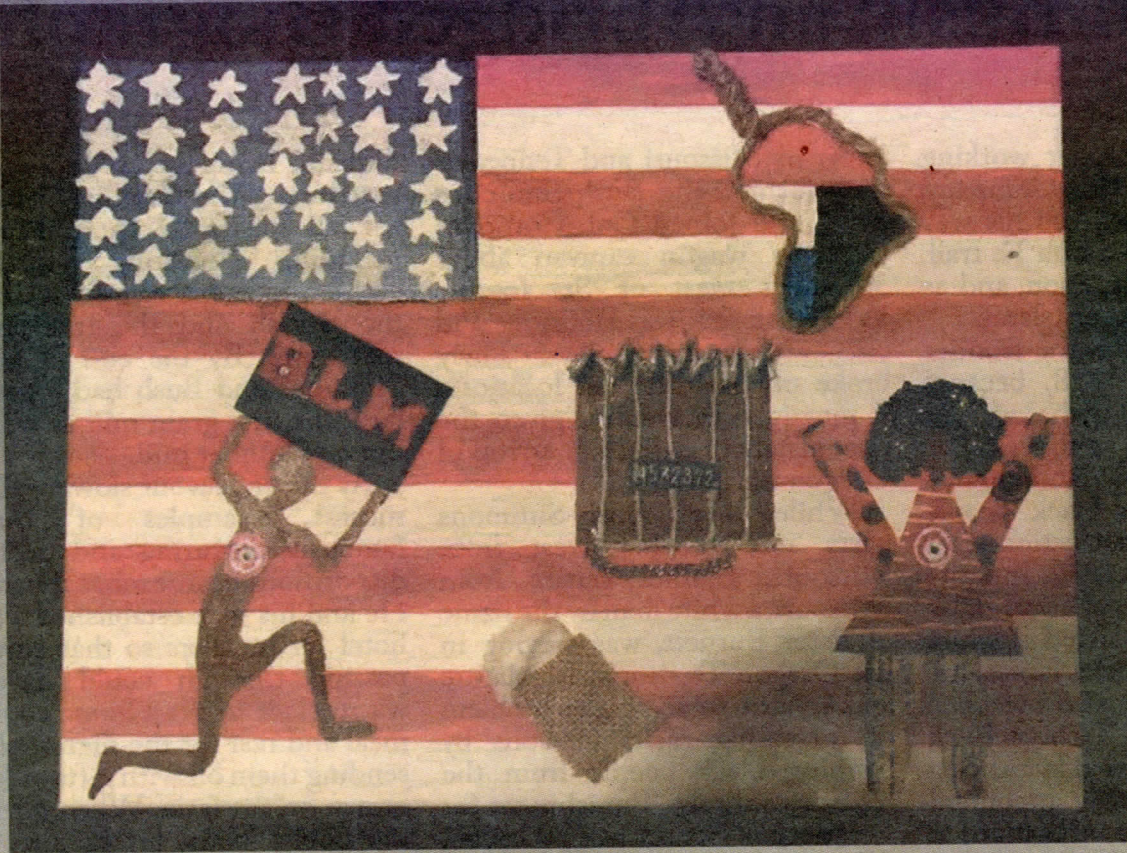
Upon reaching the southernmost tip of Puget Sound in what is now Tumwater, the six families of the Bush-Simmons party founded Bush Prairie. The first couple years and particularly the first winter were incredibly

difficult, living in crude wooden structures. The families had to use all means at their disposal including hunting, fishing, gathering, and trading with both the British and the indigenous to survive. By the end of 1845, Simmons and Bush had together built the first grain mill as well as the first lumber mill.

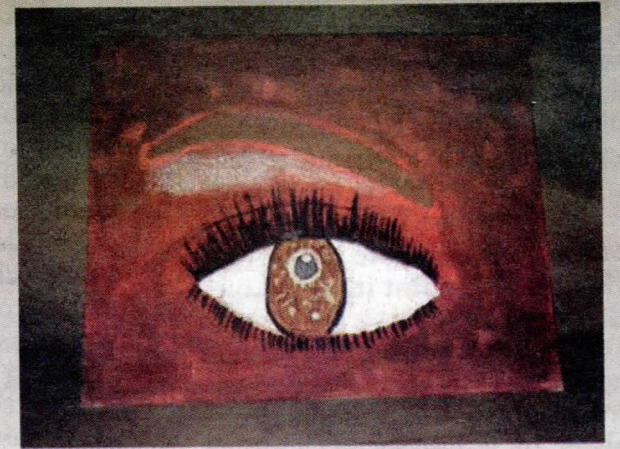
As the endeavour slowly gained success, examples of Bush's famously nurturing and positive disposition became more apparent. He and his wife established a free hotel for travelers so that anyone passing through could have a warm place to get a home cooked meal and rest for the night before sending them off with gifts of food grown on the farm. When offered incredibly high prices for his grain by a speculator, he replied, "I'll just keep my grain to let my neighbors who have had failures have enough to live on and for seeding their fields in the spring. They have no money to pay your fancy prices and I don't intend to see them want for anything in my power to provide them with." The settlement also maintained excellent relations with the surrounding indigenous people as George and Isabella helped nurse many of them through the epidemic which was spreading through their population.

Bush would die in 1863 in Tumwater, but despite attempts in the 20th century to white-wash him out of history, the impact of his life is still felt today. Some historians credit the Bush-Simmons party "as having been in large part responsible for bringing the land north of the Columbia River — the present-day state of Washington — into the United States," especially if it was true that he was only allowed to settle North of the Columbia due to his connections with the Hudson's Bay Company. His eldest son William Owen Bush would go on to serve in the Washington State Legislature for two terms. The legacy of his trek west is memorialized today with a butternut tree, descendant of a seed brought over in his wagon, which is planted on the Washington State Capitol Campus.

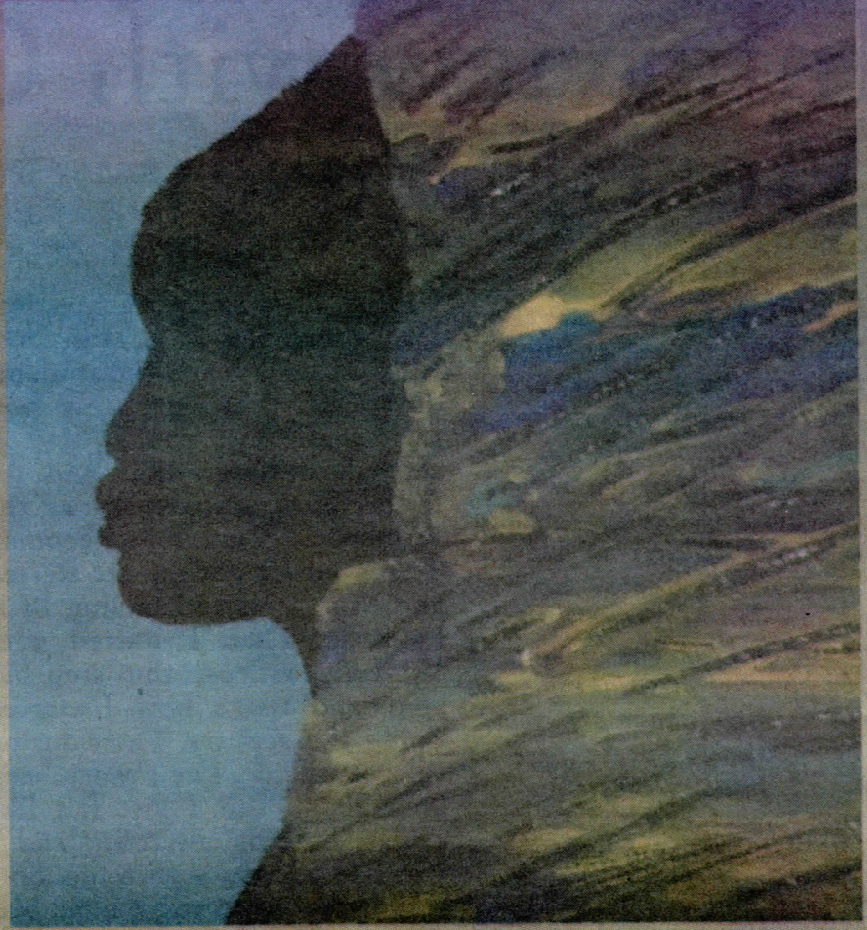
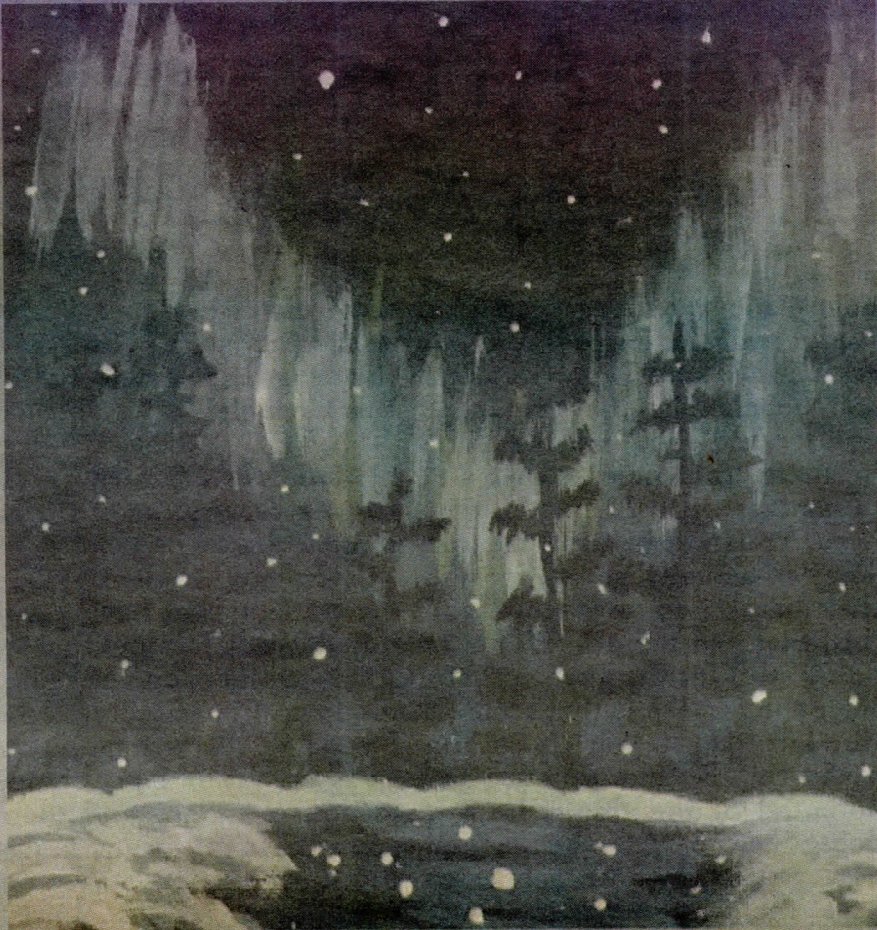
Artist Feature



Interview with Merrill Pusey, page 10



"I always have to watch. I always have to watch because there's a target on me so I have to watch to see who's watching me."



"I wouldn't be where I'm at if there weren't people there to help. . . If I could get where I'm at because somebody shed that light to me or showed their kindness, their empathy and helped me, why can't I do it for the next person?"

"...during this pandemic, I've always been an activist, and I just felt like I wasn't doing anything and I just had all this within me. So I just started painting what I was feeling."

Interview with Cover Artist Merrill Pusey

by Avery Quinn

Merrill Pusey is Evergreen's Multicultural Initiatives Coordinator and has been in that role for two years. Merrill is an incredible advocate for justice, bringing that passion to us through her work with students every day. She is also a painter of vibrant and evocative works ranging from scenic landscapes to abstract interpretations of our nation. I had the pleasure of speaking with Merrill recently about art, work, and her thoughts on Evergreen's approach to multiculturalism.

What is your work and what brought you to it?

I help bring cultural training programming and advocate for students. From racial to gender [issues], it might be that a student's homesick or not knowing how to navigate college. We're a one-stop there.

When I started school I was fifty. I was getting out of my addiction, a twenty year addiction and had just gotten out of a domestic violence situation. I relocated from Thurston county to Tacoma and it was just people helping. I wouldn't be where I'm at if there weren't people there to help. So I enjoy doing that. If I could get where I'm at because somebody shed that light to me or showed their kindness, their empathy and helped me, why can't I do it for the next person? Just to see how somebody smiles, to see how they might come to you all sunken in and after you help them you just see them rise up and elevate. It's the best feeling in the world, you know?

How did you get started with art?

I always dabbled in stuff. I did Sip 'N' Paint with my daughter-in-law and her mother. It was okay. How *did* I start? I was living with one of my colleagues and I don't know how I got even

started. That really is a question. I'm wondering if it was from being at my job and the students doing art, that's probably how I started. Yes, that's how it started. Between that and my friend Tara who works at the Rainbow Center (Tacoma). That's how I got my art started and then I started buying little by little. Then I started with YouTube videos, the step-by-step, and that's how I started doing the scenery. Then during this pandemic, I've always been an activist, and I just felt like I wasn't doing anything and I just had all this within me. So I just started painting what I was feeling. My first painting was the eye. I was like, you know, I always have to watch. I always have to watch because there's a target on me so I have to watch to see who's watching me.

What has been inspiring recently?

The last one I did was the flag. The street that I live on, we had the 'Blue Lives Matter', across the street we had the 'Black Lives Matter', and then we have 'BLM', 'Biden Loves Minorities', 'Biden Loves Miners', and here I was—I had 'George Floyd' in my yard and I took the sign out because during the inauguration, during the election, I didn't feel safe. So I put on canvas how I was feeling. Here I live in America, I am totally American. If you want to put the Afro-American or whatever on it but I am American, I was born here on this soil. And this is how I live, this is how people that look like me live. Especially the one in the center. I've been in correspondence with somebody who has been incarcerated for the last four years in Ohio. Even though they are incarcerated they uplift me. It's sad, you hear about the sentences that are handed down to these people,

unjust and egregious sentences. And it really is. There is so much talent and knowledge in there and the sentences they give are so unjust. And they're using them in there, this person that I'm in contact with, Armando, they have Armando being a mentor. They've actually got shirts and they have their own cells and this, that and the other. They're doing stuff for the guys in there, since the pandemic that's ended. But I'm like, so you chose him to do this because you see the potential of the things he was doing before. All the sudden now you grab these people to have them as mentors. Don't you think he would be doing a better service out there on the street? But you want to give him a sentence. And when I leave my house, I don't know who doesn't like me because of the color of my skin. And who might want to do me harm just for that reason. The top is supposed to be red, white, and blue and then red, black and green around the continent of Africa. I had the noose, so it's like, you brought us over here, to help build—or not help, to build this that we're on now—and this is how you treat us. People go over and fight in the wars and they come back to what? Nothing. Because of the color of their skin. So yeah, that's why I drew targets on people because that's how I feel.

How have you been impacted by your work with Evergreen?

So, Evergreen. There was that statement at the beginning of the pandemic where they said they're gonna give space for Black people. And now we're asking for space just to have affinity groups and that's not able to happen. Why can't we say this space is for people of color or Black people? We have to say that all are welcome? I'm like,

that's not what your statement said. Your statement says that you're gonna make space for Black people.

Would the affinity groups be for the faculty, administration students?

Even for students. One of my students was having a thing called 'Black Joy' and that wasn't able to happen because of funding, they're saying. So what I need to do, is it going to be an issue, say if I get somebody to donate money and then I'm gonna have this program just for Black people. Is it still gonna be a problem?

So there's a lack of clarity around what the issue is with these events?

Evergreen is trying to hide and shelter. They don't want to shake anything up. And who's suffering? Because I feel like I'm suffering, always having to worry about somebody else being offended or whether they feel left out. What about me? I always have to worry about everyone else but no one is worrying about how I feel about not being able to have space to do what I need. We had a retreat and it was asked at the last moment to have affinity groups. It's necessary to be able to feel comfortable to speak. It's hard to compare, being Black experiencing oppression and microaggressions. I wouldn't feel comfortable talking in a group where somebody who's white is talking and not understanding. It minimizes or ends up in me having to explain because you'll never understand. Or you might understand but you wouldn't be able to feel. Sometimes you need to let it out and just talk, no even have anybody give you any feedback, just know that there's somebody listening.



by Alice McIntyre

As a child I was, like many others, enthralled by Tolkien's classic novel *The Hobbit*. To this day when I recall my father sitting on my bedside and delivering his personal rendition of Bilbo Baggins' journey to the Lonely Mountain and back, a part of me becomes wide-eyed and giddy—I fall prey to an eager longing for adventure that usually feels long dead.

The three-part Peter Jackson adaptation of *The Hobbit*, released 2012-2014, stirred no such feelings in me. They were visually striking and well-produced, and yet my inner child never quite connected to them beyond the simple enjoyment anyone derives from a big-budget action movie. Needless to say I was struck by curiosity when I learned of

Of Wizards and Workers: "Hóbbit"

"Hóbbit" (1985), a Soviet teleplay based on Tolkien's book. Running just a hair above an hour in length, this adaptation was made for the children's television series "Skazka za skazkoj" (*Tale after Tale*), and is missing a few elements, namely the trolls towards the story's beginning and the elves of Mirkwood.

Despite these missing pieces, I've quickly come to adore "Hóbbit". The colorful costumes, set design, synth-inflected score, and delightfully 80s effects set the viewer in a place not unlike the many PBS shows they may have watched during their childhood. The Soviet rendition also retains a sense of whimsy—particularly during the arrival of the dwarves and later the encounter with Gollum. This, plus the inclusion of a visible narrator, retains the myth-like, fairy tale quality of *The Hobbit* that remained absent in Peter Jackson's version, which mistakenly attempted to recreate the epic scale of his prior adaptations of *The Lord of the Rings*.

The Hobbit is, above all, the story of how ordinary people can take

part in, even shape, extraordinary things. This is what "Hóbbit" gets right in spades.

As a habitual overthinker, generally to my detriment, I feel compelled to think about the teleplay in the context of the place and time which birthed it. "Hóbbit" aired during the onset of *perestroika* ("restructuring"), a set of economic reforms under Mikhail Gorbachev's administration which presaged the later doctrine of "shock therapy" under Russian President Boris Yeltsin. The dreams of a socialist future expressed in old time capsules were swiftly strangled alongside the Soviet Union itself. One can easily compare that strangulation and the cluster of oligarchs it produced to a vile dragon coming along, burning everything that isn't useful to them, and hoarding what remains under threat of violence.

Much like Thorin's band of dwarves, Russian workers remember a time when things were better, with a recent poll of 1600 by the independent Levada Center indicating that roughly 3 out of 4 Russians believe the

Soviet period was the best in the country's history. While only 28% of respondents expressed an explicit desire to return to the Soviet system (likely in no small part to the problems of bureaucratic mismanagement and repression), one might recall Thorin Oakenshield's words in "Hóbbit," in which he exclaims, "We dwarves never forgot what was stolen from us...And we are still determined to get it back! And take vengeance on the dragon Smaug, if we can!"

I cannot help but hope our world's unexpected heroes are soon cajoled into their own quests to take vengeance on wealth-hoarding monsters who maintain their social position through fear and violence.

Verdict: Fried Pickles/10. Something I thought I'd like, and was pleasantly surprised to have liked more than anticipated.

Have a movie or other piece of media you'd like to see reviewed? Email us with your suggestions at cooperpointjournal@gmail.com!

Saint Pete

Content Warning: This story contains mentions of self-harm and suicide.

I've spent nine whole years of my life wanting to kill myself and by god, I did it.

"Finally! Suck my dick, corporeal being! You don't mean a goddamn thing to me."

Or so I thought. Funny thing: I was entirely prepared for there to be no afterlife. I cried out for the void, to be swallowed by it, to once and forever escape the drudgery of life.

The slight complication here is that Hell is not only real but just another psych ward. Guess who's been involuntarily committed! Yours truly. Can you hear the Curb Your Enthusiasm theme yet?

I swear to you: it's a picture-perfect replica. You've got the puzzle crew, Dennis and James, assembling endless fruit baskets. Amelia and Deborah just got supervised knitting privileges. Old George is in the quiet corner,

Part III of "Oedipus Complex," by Fiore Amore

reading a donated Don Quixote. Plenty of black coffee and peach yogurt for everyone's troubles, too. It's snowing outside.

I can repeat the schedule to you again, verbatim. 6:00am, the nurse comes in for my vitals check, and I promptly fall back asleep. 9:00am, I wake up and have breakfast. Oatmeal, I always get the oatmeal. 10:00am, morning check-in. My depression's 4, anxiety's 4, dietary restriction 2, suicidal ideation 1, self-harm 1... you know the drill. 11:00am free time, followed by lunch at noon: the prime reading hour, Tolkien lives in fear of me. Yoga. Group therapy. More reading. Dinner. Evening meds, still not a single xanax this side of the Mississippi. They're showing a movie tonight—oh look, *The Birdcage*! And then to bed. Rinse and repeat. I've never stopped sleeping.

The devil himself is a 5'5" psychiatrist by the name of Andrew Slater. Every check-in is more vapid than the last, one long process of mutual incomprehension.

"How are you feeling today?"

"Like a raging dumpster fire, same as yesterday and every day from here 'til the end of time."

"How's the Lamictal treating you?"

"I'm covered in rashes and feel like a castaway leper, dying beside a Venetian canal."

"We'll get you off that then."

My diagnosis is the same as ever: major depression, severe. Never mind everything else, one SSRI after another trying and failing to correct the uncorrectable. No hope in hell for my ilk, the perennial patients and designated dysfunctionals.

When was Christmas?

My best friends here are the trains, screaming endlessly into the night outside my window. How I long to be like them—always on track, no time to brood, just point A to point B all over the great expanse of North America.

One day I want to snake through the Rockies and across the plains, down along Appalachia and up again past Moosehead Lake before finally settling for a nice break in Montréal, musing over a smoke and the world's second-most-famous bagel before tomorrow sends me off again.

In my dreams live the voices of angels and demons (what's the difference?) racing as if to give Dale a run for his money on those left turns, consulting on everything and nothing. I am met with a barrage of infinite meaning I cannot parse and will not remember.

The cycle continues. 6:00am, vitals check, fall back asleep. 9:00am, I have breakfast. Oatmeal, always oatmeal, cinnamon spice. 10:00am, my depression's 4, anxiety's 4, dietary restriction 2, suicidal ideation 1, self-harm 1...

Wait, what do you mean I'm getting out after lunch?

I need a drink.

How Contemporary Black Poets are Shaping Society

by Natalie "Lee" Arneson

These past couple weeks I have had the pleasure to interview three local Black poets in the Pacific Northwest. During Black History Month, it's important to celebrate Black history as well as look to those in the Black community currently making history. It could be said that poets are some of the most important historians in our world, putting events and experiences in new perspectives needed to reflect on realities that are often difficult to take in.

Rylee "Luc" Conn, she/her, age 21

Where in the PNW do you live/did you grow up in:

I live in West Olympia on the Evergreen campus, but grew up in Eatonville, WA, a small town at the base of Mt. Rainier, and moved out at 19.

What does it mean to you to be a poet?

It means I can finally express my thoughts—I'm also a visual artist and found it extremely difficult to convey emotions through my art. Once I started writing poetry, it was like a lightbulb flipped on in my head.

What inspires your work? How has the PNW & your community inspired your work?

A major part of my work is inspired by 2000s–2010s emo music, strange as that sounds. The band La Dispute is a major part of what inspires my poetry, specifically their unique word-usage and prose. I've spent hours listening to La Dispute songs trying to gain inspiration for my poetry.

The dramatic contrasts between the casual racism and performative activism in PNW cities (Seattle, PDX, Oly) and the in-your-face racism in the PNW's rural areas have had a major effect on my upbringing and identity. My hometown was extremely racist, and as a queer black woman, but a black woman first, it SUCKED. My family

was the first black people in my town for 30yrs, and it truly, truly showed.

In what ways does your identity influence your work as a poet?

Poetry felt like a place where I could finally pour all of these awful experiences into a single place. My struggles in life became less daunting but at the same time more credible on paper. It also feels nice to be in the same group as Maya Angelou and one of my favorite black poets – Mereba.

How has your poetry influenced your community?

I haven't publicly shared my poetry long enough to truly say, but I genuinely hope I've influenced some of my own kinfolk – suppressed rural kiddos, queer kids, black kids, abused kids, mentally ill kiddos – to have a safe coping mechanism for those scary emotions they feel being in those situations.

Why do you believe poetry to be important, not just in your own life, but in the lives of others?

For all the reasons I say above: poetry, and art as a whole, gives my kinfolk better ways to express their emotions and fears, emotional outlets that aren't substances. I went through many trials and tribulations, as far as bad coping mechanisms go, before I got to poetry, and writing poetry second, and I'll always adore the art of poetry.

Ellie G., she/her, age 28

Where in the PNW do you live/did you grow up in:

I live in Eugene, OR

What does it mean to you to be a poet?

Poetry's an outlet for me. I have a lot of stress and bad luck. Poetry helps me get that frustration out and see if anyone else understands how I feel. I could also say it's a form of

communication. When people understand what I'm saying it's like a weight lifted off my chest.

What inspires your work? How has the PNW & your community inspired your work?

Life inspires my work. A lot led up to me living in the PNW. I honestly hadn't taken my Poetry seriously for years until I got here. I entered this community alone. I didn't know what to do and I fell on really hard times. Then, Roxy Allen convinced me to sign up for the slam at Spectrum Eugene. Suddenly I had my outlet back. It made starting over feel a little less daunting and a little less lonely.

In what ways does your identity influence your work as a poet?

Being black, neurodivergent, and queer has always left me to search for an understanding [or] intersection of those communities. When I write I try to explain how lonely I feel; while simultaneously calling out to my community. If you don't fit somewhere in that intersection there's no guarantee you will even understand my work. I'd say that's more than a big influence.

How has your poetry influenced your community?

I don't think my poetry's influenced anyone ever. The best I could say is that I was a performer for the Eugene/Springfield bail fund. We raised money to help people in need. So I'm proud to have been invited to participate.

Why do you believe poetry to be important, not just in your own life, but in the lives of others?

I think most of us seek understanding. That's why we have different genres of music, TV shows, art, games, sports. It's everywhere. I think it's important for us to fill our lives with the things that feel right to our souls or consciousness.

Poetry's just one of those things. It's culture, it's a form of communication.

Any last comments you wish to say?

This probably goes without saying but I can't wait to go out to a slam again!

Mahkyra Adoina Gaines, no pronouns, age 21

Where in the PNW do you live/did you grow up in:

I was born in Tacoma Washington, and graduated high school at Stadium. However I was raised for most of my childhood in Citrus Springs Florida.

What does it mean to you to be a poet?

Being a poet is multidimensional! Poetry has so many layers, rules, forms and flows! Which is why, in my opinion, it's a popular art form. To be a poet, for me, is to be able to unveil the invisible. As a trauma-informed artist, poetry can be a therapeutic process that can direct me towards acceptance, forgiveness, and a pure healthy outlet for RAGE. I manifest a space in my mind that's become so consumed by tempting siren calls beckoning me towards self-destruction and transform that ringing, with the power of poetry, to a soothing creek that has the power to heal all wounds. Poetry is my own fountain of youth to put it simply. It reminds me of my humanity and others' humanity. It helps me compact a giant complex work into a few small sentences full of delicate and subtle details. As a poet, I regain the power to construct narrative and nothing's more valuable than being able to tell stories.

What inspires your work? How has the PNW & your community inspired your work?

My professor María Isabe Morales has inspired my

Poets, cont.

work to a great degree. She implements *Historias* (a combination of history and storytelling) into the classroom and transforms the academic space to one that advances the art of writing beyond western colonial traditions. I began to see writing, poetry, and art as a way to re-connect with my ancestors and cultural heritage lost due to the horrible systemic act of slavery. The PNW as a single entity has inspired my work because of the easy access to nature and water. Whenever I'm at my most explosive with emotions, feeling as if I might combust with the weight of overwhelming thoughts and memories, I take a walk through the woods and sit with myself for a while. I root myself next to a flowing creek and find peace, if only for a temporary moment.

This process of exploding, unraveling, and creation of new narrative is influenced by scenes I've witnessed in the wilderness here in the PNW.

In what ways does your identity influence your poetry?

My identities as a Queer-Trans Black Indigenous Person of Color (QT-BIPOC) are inherently interwoven within my writing and art. I see the world through this lens and there is no separating my identity from my work. To strip away my identities is equivalent to hearing the sides of your newly bought car being attacked by your driveways' pointy hedges and branches. Not only does it decrease the car in value automatically, but you had to listen as the horrendous act happened and could do nothing as it happened. It's traumatizing.

Because of my identities, I have a very unique, unheard, and undervalued perspective of the world that NEEDS to be voiced.

How has your poetry influenced your community?

I'm not sure. I don't perform publicly often. However, in classes where I'm able to share in an intimate setting, I receive common feedback that it's relatable to the other BIPOC in class. Hearing that makes me feel connected and that what I'm writing matters.

Why do you believe poetry to be important, not just in your own life, but in the lives of others?

It's one of the most accessible forms of art and writing. All you need for poetry is your mind and perhaps a pencil/paper to document your craft. Various

incarcerated folks use poetry as a way to either economically liberate themselves, mentally or both. If they've access to the "outside world," incarcerated people are able to use their voice as a way to share testimony of their lives. Poetry, and its very popular cousin rapping, have served to create opportunities for low-income black youth in a society that assumed them of deviation and stupidity. Either way, the access to poetry and its importance lie in liberation.

Any last comments you wish to say?

Thanks for including me in this! I don't get to speak or reflect on how/why poetry is so important to me! I appreciate the time to do so!

Poetry from the interviewed poets (standalone copy on the back cover):

ode to hometown by Rylee "Luc" Conn

a bound loyalty to a hometown that welcomes you and only you,
a bound loyalty to threadbare flags baring those stars and bars,
a bound loyalty to bikini-clad girls with their perfect ivory skin,
and royal blue graduation caps thrown haphazardly in the air without a care

My mantra this morning is please don't complain today. by Ellie G.

It's got to be called a mantra or it's real identity, which is begging, is more likely to be revealed. Unfortunately this identity is just more to complain about. Mostly because I remember a time where there wasn't anything that made me complain like this. There wasn't anything tearing me down and making me wish the next morning would never come. Maybe tomorrow morning's mantra will be "one day I'll get back to that time." The sun will be shining
My bills will be paid
And no one will try me
I'll sip a cocktail with someone who makes me laugh.
And I'll think to myself.
My mantra this morning is thank goodness I have nothing to complain about today.

No one knows a Negro by Mahkyra Adoina Gaines

I am a divine melanated being
Brought to you by a strike of lightning
Opening up a new gushy portal
Birthing a new cosmology
A new way of thought
A new way of life
No one can know this world like a negro knows this world
No one can see this world like a negro sees this world
No one can speak into this world like a negro can speak into this world
No one can touch this world like a negro can touch this world

An Interview With Harrison Hannon

by Brooke Lynch

The following is an interview with Harrison Hannon, a black artist who has performed music in Olympia for several years.

Pre-Covid 19, what do you think the state of Olympia music was and what was your experience in it like?

It was ranging from all these different types of people playing music: different genres, different subcultures, different sub genres being shown. It was kind of cliquish. There is that mentality that sometimes you would go to some shows and other people there would be like, 'oh, welcome to my house,' which is great. It builds a lot of relationships around town, and if you stay here for a while, you notice it. But I think the community here was loving, and caring. I will say, as a black artist, it was kind of interesting to make music around a lot of white artists, being in that community and wanting to do something that was black in a way. I feel like it was hard to find a community for that; it was kind of hard to see that

here.

My family's from Louisiana, so we have family in New Orleans, Gonzales, and Baton Rouge. When I was younger, I would be able to spend time down there for a couple months and come back up here. So, my exposure to music, when I first got it, was down there, and then coming up here was pretty interesting in how to be involved with it. I would say you would have to dig your own way to get involved with this whole community. No one's gonna go up to you, sit down and stare or appreciate it, you have to get out there and push your own music without any help besides your friends. That community has a thing that's kind of tight knit. And if you want to go anywhere besides that tight knit space, you have to figure out your own way. For example, there was an event that I did in 2018; I held a Black History Month series of shows, around 10 shows, called Black History Presents American Music, and it was all these different shows that were exhibiting black



photo: Lindsey Dalthrop

music and where the roots of all music comes from. And I had different artists come up there and play with me and all that stuff. But the interesting thing about that is that the majority of the time I was the only black player up there and it would be mostly white players around me. So I think this community is nice, once you're able to get into a certain pocket of it. And if you get to know some of the main organizers around town, you get gig spots. Other than that it's kind of rough to be out here and do music and to get gigs and to be accepted by the people that are playing music out there. Because if you want to do a genre that is not native

to this area, it's not going to be accepted as much, or it might be accepted by the wrong crowd. But yeah, I wish there was more of it; I wish we had more space to do stuff in. And I wish we had more support from the city, especially when they say that we're an arts community. I wish to have more support to local venues and spaces to hold for people to play music, which is really tough for people of all ages. And that's one big thing for me too, is I want to be able to show the music and all my art and all that stuff to young cats too. And to give them a little hope, honestly, cause I didn't have that as much. We're going to get there, but I just wish

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Hannon, cont.

at there were more spaces for playing music, and more spaces for artists to say, 'do their thing' besides homes or studios.

How have you functioned and survived as an artist during the pandemic?

Well, I was doing some work with K records for Calvin, and that sort of stopped because I'm thinking he had all these ideas but didn't have enough time or money. But I did gigs every Sunday, and probably four to five gigs a week downtown before COVID, but now I'm not getting that. But I've been practicing more and I've been focusing on learning instruments. Also, during the summer, I was able to do outdoor jams with my friends. My friend has a house and we did some jams in his backyard, outside in the heat, which is okay, but we had our masks on, so we were sweating and being burned by the sun. But I think mentally, I've been in a hole where... I'm here, and I want to do these things. So, I have a lot of projects that I've created to keep my creative flow going to help me get through the stagnant time of not being able to do work with other musicians. That's the biggest

thing, the community of playing with other artists, that those venues gave to us like Rhythm & Rye. It was just a healthy gigging situation. I will say financially, it wasn't the best, but it did give me something, even though I would do it for free. But the idea of trying to be a musician nowadays with how we make money, it's kind of hard to do that. And we're losing venues like Rhythm & Rye, which is hard to think about, because that was the venue that I spent years playing at. You probably won't see many venues around here, and any ones that are able to do it, won't be a venue specifically. It will be like "Oh, yeah, we're a bar and we have a venue." I don't think it's gonna be, "We're just a venue" for a while. And the funny thing is, I worked there as a sound engineer, so I'm not expecting to do gigs for maybe a while.

I'm probably gonna resort to playing on the streets now, which I'm fine with, but we have the Downtown Alliance, which is a little security team that runs around sometimes. There is a little space that usually has art right next to an abandoned building, and so

during Juneteenth, I set up with my friend to play some jazz, and so we did that for a little bit, and then a security person came out and was like, "We need you to leave the premises," and we ended up getting kicked off the space. But I think that might be the next space for artists to be doing more things: downtown, and in the streets.

What do you think the Olympia music scene will look like after COVID-19?

It's gonna be an intense sensory overload. I think people want to do things, and might be very hyperactive. It'll either be really intense, or it might be really slow. It might be really slow, with people starting to feel comfortable coming out doing things, because I feel like the one of the first venues that will be open will probably honestly be the Farmers Market. They might do shows, but I'm experiencing the way that people are still scared to come out. Even with the vaccines, and the numbers going down, the cafe I work at is still slow most of the time. I feel like the shows might be a really slow build to where people are doing gigs maybe once a month. I

feel like you might see a piano player at a piano bar or like Batdorf & Bronson, you might see a few players there, or the Farmers Market, you might see a few players. I think that's the majority of places you'll see people play at, since the city f----- up the watering hole where they used to be places to do gigs outside. I did a couple gigs there and it was great, but I don't think they're gonna let us do that anymore. I probably won't get a gig until after the first couple of months of gigs happening. I'm also worried that people are gonna want to go really hard, want to go out a lot, and want to do a lot of shows. And that is an indicator of mass spread, which I don't like. So, hopefully the gigs will start coming, and hopefully they come in a graceful way of not harming other people.

You can find Harrison's music on thundr.bandcamp.com, where he is planning to put up future works.

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ode to hometown by Rylee "Luc" Conn

a bound loyalty to a hometown that welcomes you and only you,
a bound loyalty to threadbare flags baring those stars and bars,
a bound loyalty to bikini-clad girls with their perfect ivory skin,
and royal blue graduation caps thrown haphazardly in the air without a care

My mantra this morning is please don't complain today. by Ellie G.

It's got to be called a mantra or it's real identity, which is begging, is more likely to be revealed.
Unfortunately this identity is just more to complain about.
Mostly because I remember a time where there wasn't anything that made me complain like this.
There wasn't anything tearing me down and making me wish the next morning would never come.
Maybe tomorrow morning's mantra will be "one day I'll get back to that time." The sun will be shining
My bills will be paid
And no one will try me
I'll sip a cocktail with someone who makes me laugh.
And I'll think to myself.
My mantra this morning is thank goodness I have nothing to complain about today.

No one knows a Negro by Mahkyra Adoina Gaines

I am a divine melanated being
Brought to you by a strike of lightning
Opening up a new gushy portal
Birthing a new cosmology
A new way of thought
A new way of life
No one can know this world like a negro knows this world
No one can see this world like a negro sees this world
No one can speak into this world like a negro can speak into this world
No one can touch this world like a negro can touch this world