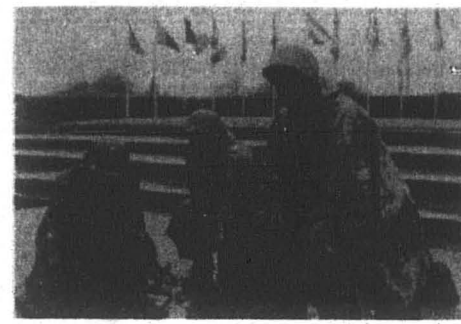


Interview with Jacky Blacque from My Life With The Thrill Kill Kult
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Greener vets write their experiences as Veterans Day is celebrated at Evergreen for the first time
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November 9, 1995

The Evergreen State College

Volume 26, Issue 8

Labor Center interviews for new director

BY DAWN HANSON

Hidden in the depths of the Library, tucked behind administrative offices and classrooms, lies the Labor Center.

Quietly, the Center has provided a place for those involved and interested in issues of the labor movement to learn and discuss them for the past ten years.

For the past year, the center has been operating without a permanent director. Instead, Helen Lee has filed the role on an interim basis since September 1994.

Gilman says that Provost Barbara Smith "decided it was time" to open the application process for a permanent director.

Gilman feels the future of the Labor Center and its staff is "pretty uncertain." This is since the work that the Center does is decided upon by the staff and the people they've "been in collaboration with...from around the state."

In order to insure that the interests of the center's contacts are still met under a new director, a hiring DTF was created. The DTF is comprised of members of various unions from the Puget Sound Area and headed by academic dean Masao Sugiyama. The group reviewed all of the applications and came up with three finalists.

These finalists- Robert Standing Soldier, Jeff Johnson and Lee- were all on campus this past week for their interviews.

Sugiyama says that the hiring committee will meet Wednesday afternoon to make a recommendation to the Provost.

Public Safety catches housing burglar

Thief also broke into GIL, Admissions

BY MATTHEW KWESKIN

It started on Monday, October 30, a break-in was reported in the Library to Public Safety.

According to Public Safety's Larry Savage the intruder entered the Graphics Imaging Lab (GIL), the Admissions Office and attempted to enter the Cashier's office by removing ceiling tiles and climbing on top of the suspended ceiling.

According to Steve Davis, co-manager of the GIL, they noticed that the tiles had been "moved and damaged...as if a body" had attempted to squeeze through.

Nothing was taken from the GIL and the Cashier's office. Money, keys and a Sony Walkman™ were taken from Admissions.

Later that week on Friday, November 3, Housing Assistance Residence Manager David Scheer woke up at 8:20 am to find an intruder lurking in his living room. The invader said that he thought his friend "Joe" was there.

Sheer is an informed resident and Housing employee and he knew that a thief had been breaking into Housing for the past several weeks, saying he was looking for his friend "Joe."

Prior to the "Joe" reports, the same person was claiming that they were from Housing Maintenance if they were discovered in an apartment.

On this occasion, the fellow quickly left after being confronted. Public Safety didn't have enough time to respond to the ARM's call.

But an idiotic move landed this man in the Public Safety office. On the way to his class that morning, Sheer spotted the intruder at the Library loop bus stop. A quick call to Public Safety, and Sergeant Larry Savage nabbed his man.

When Savage reported on the scene, he found "Joe's" friend. And, it seemed that he had the stolen items from the Admissions burglary on his person!

Unfortunately, Public Safety wasn't able to hold him.

But now they have a warrant, so they're going to catch him again. Savage knows what he looks like now. He always gets his man.



Public Safety believes that the thief broke into the GIL and Admissions through panels in the ceiling. Photo by Joie Kistler

Womens' Resource Center and Queer Alliance both active, helpful

BY JENNIFER KOOGLER

Evergreen's student groups exist for a variety of reasons: to educate, to socialize, or to provide services. One thing they all have in common is that they bring people together to form a stronger sense of community, purpose, and direction. Two such groups, the Evergreen Queer Alliance, and the Women's Resource Center, have started out this school year doing exactly that.

Co-coordinators Jen Williams, Jeffrey Wasson, and Shawna Rae of the EQA have been exceptionally busy this year in getting the queer community active, mainly due to the organization's weekly discussion groups. The Queer Rap Group on Monday, and the Queer Men's Group and the Bi Women's Groups on Thursdays have brought individuals together, especially the men's group, which according to Wasson, has "energized the men on campus." This communal spirit is very important to the EQA considering the increase in homophobic and harassing comments in the area. The only way to counteract such behavior is through involvement, to show the community that they will not be ignored or silenced. Mobilization also sends out the message to

young gay, lesbian, or bi prospective students that Evergreen harbors a safe, comfortable environment. As Wasson stated, Evergreen needs to set an example as a liberal, tolerant place, and show the outside world that we really are the diverse group we idealize ourselves to be. In order to make this a more hospitable place for everyone, we must act on our beliefs. Williams is also networking with other gay/lesbian/bi groups in the area and at other colleges in the state to carry this message beyond the walls of Evergreen.

From this strong foundation of volunteers and community members, the EQA has many exciting upcoming events in the works. On November 12 and 19 (both are Sundays) there will be a confidential safe sex workshop open to everyone, but is designed for gay men. The idea is to promote a more causal attitude towards the discussion of sexual issues. Speaker Jeffrey Gould will be presiding over the event, complete with complementary refreshments, from noon to 4:30 pm. in the 3rd floor Conference Room. The EQA is also working to bring lecturers to the campus, and is currently throwing around such names as Urvasi Vaid, former director of the Lesbian/Gay Task Force, or playwright/actor Harvey

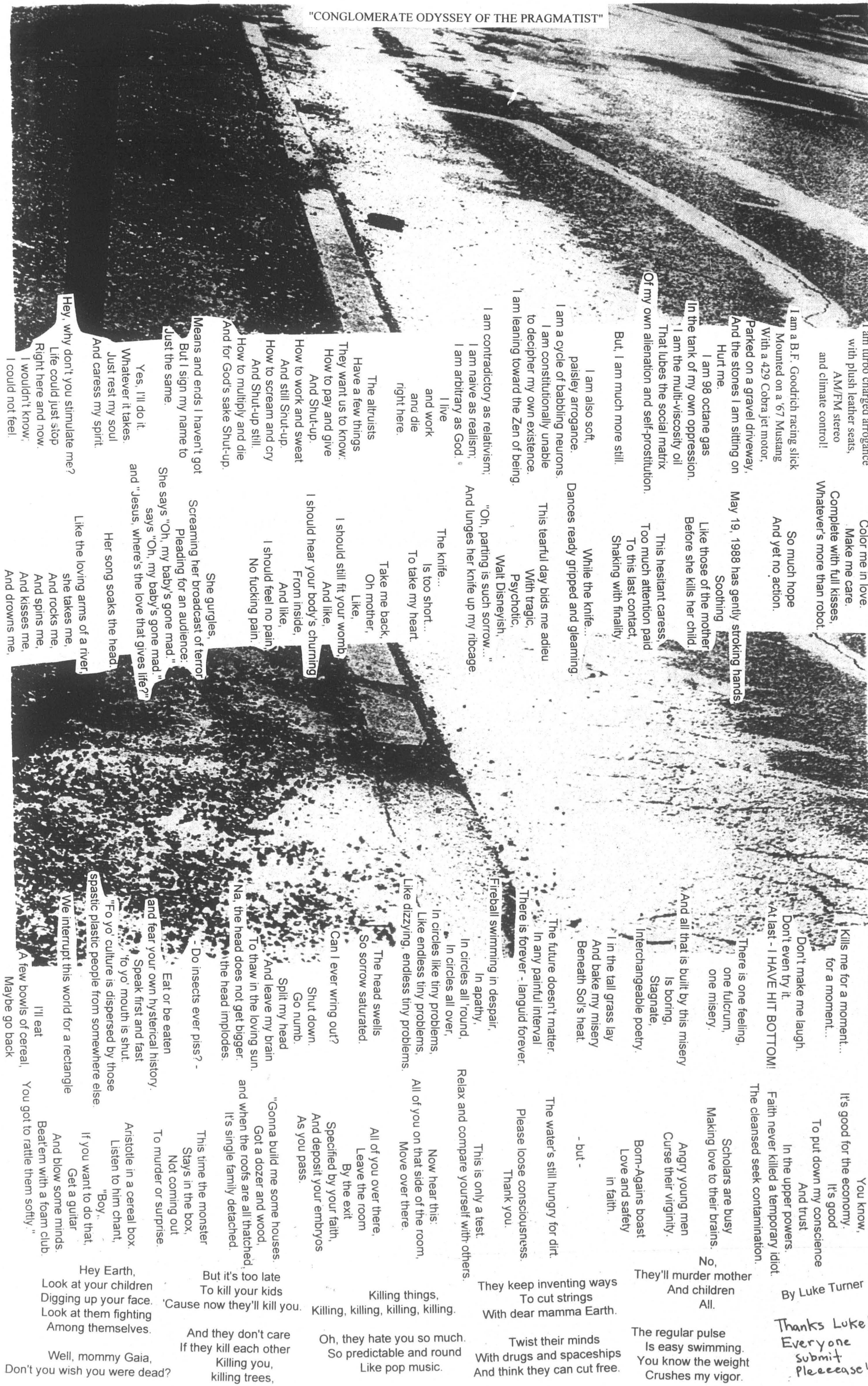
Firestein. The EQA newsletter, *The Pink Poodle*, informs the community on upcoming events, political actions, and other fun stuff. Depending on submissions, the newsletter will be published quarterly. Students are encouraged to write to Fifi with any sort of sex related questions. Wasson claims that Fifi "knows all, tells all." In the spring, look for the EQA, in collaboration with the Spring Arts Festival, to host a talent show, complete with actors, musicians, and drag queens from all over the Northwest. Look for a "major educational event" that will make resources to the queer community in the future as well.

The Women's Resource Center added its middle name this year in order to better define the role of the center on campus. The WRC has also been extremely active this year, largely due to the dedication and commitment of its coordinators and volunteers. Co-coordinators Cindy Sousa and Carson Stregre-Flora have organized the WRC into several different committees that focus on women's issues and needs both on and off campus. The Political Action Committee plans educational events and operates the alert phone network. The network is activated when an issue pertaining to women's issues or other concerns is voted

on by the state or national congress. The members then contact the appropriate Senator or Representative and two others who will do the same. This way, the voice of the women on the Evergreen campus is heard and delivered directly to those in charge. The Office Staff keep the doors to the WRC open and answer questions for those who come in, as well as making the place a cool, comfy place to hang out. The Events committee plans social and educational activities for the campus. The Art Gallery, a new addition to the WRC since last spring, features a new female artist each month and recruits artist from around the community to show their works. The WRC newsletter, entitled *The Women's Word*, informs the community on what's going on in the different groups and also features women's art and poetry. In addition to all this, the office also houses an extensive library full of resources on women's issues, recently refurbished with new donations by staff members and students and a great deal of referral information for issues such as sexual harassment, health care, and support groups. All of this helps to further the strength of the women's community on campus.

Please see **GROUPS** pg. 2

"CONGLOMERATE ODYSSEY OF THE PRAGMATIST"



I am turbo charged arrogance
with plush leather seats,
AM/FM stereo
and climate control!

I am a B.F. Goodrich racing slick
Mounted on a '67 Mustang
With a 429 Cobra jet motor,
Parked on a gravel driveway,
And the stones I am sitting on
Hurt me.

I am 98 octane gas
In the tank of my own oppression,
I am the multi-viscosity oil
That lubes the social matrix
Of my own alienation and self-prostitution.

But, I am much more still.

I am also soft,
palsied arrogance,
I am a cycle of babbling neurons
I am constitutionally unable
to decipher my own existence,
I am leaning toward the Zen of being.

I am contradictory as relativism,
I am naive as realism,
I am arbitrary as God.

I live
and work
and die
right here.

The altruists
Have a few things
They want us to know:
How to pay and give
And Shut-up.
How to work and sweat
And still Shut-up.
How to scream and cry
And Shut-up still.
How to multiply and die
And for God's sake Shut-up.

Means and ends I haven't got
But I sign my name to
Just the same.

Yes, I'll do it,
Whatever it takes,
Just rest my soul
And caress my spirit.

Hey, why don't you stimulate me?
Life could just stop
Right here and now,
I wouldn't know,
I could not feel!

Color me in love,
Make me care,
Complete with full kisses,
Whatever's more than robot.

So much hope
And yet no action.

May 19, 1988 has gently stroking hands
Soothing
Like those of the mother
Before she kills her child.

This hesitant caress
Too much attention paid
To this last contact,
Shaking with finality.

While the knife...
Dances ready gripped and gleaming

This tearful day bids me adieu
With tragic,
Psychotic,
Wait Disneyish,
"Oh, parting is such sorrow..."
And lunges her knife up my ribcage.

The knife...
Is too short...
To take my heart.

Take me back,
Oh mother,
Like,
I should still fit your womb,
And like,
I should hear your body's churning
From inside,
And like,
I should feel no pain,
No fucking pain.

She gurgles,
Screaming her broadcast of terror
Pleading for an audience
She says "Oh, my baby's gone mad"
and "Jesus, where's the love that gives life?"

Like the loving arms of a river,
she takes me,
And rocks me,
And spins me,
And kisses me,
And drowns me.

Kills me for a moment...
You know,
It's good for the economy,
To put down my conscience
And trust

Don't make me laugh,
Don't even try it
At last - I HAVE HIT BOTTOM!

There is one feeling,
one fulcrum,
one misery.

And all that is built by this misery
Is boring,
Stagnate,
Interchangeable poetry.

I in the tall grass lay
And bask my misery
Beneath Sol's heat.

The future doesn't matter,
In any painful interval
There is forever - languid forever.

In circles all round,
In circles all over,
In circles like tiny problems,
Like endless tiny problems,
Like dizzying, endless tiny problems.

Fireball swimming in despair,
In apathy,

Relax and compare yourself with others.

This is only a test.

Now hear this:
All of you on that side of the room,
Move over there.

The water's still hungry for dirt.
Please loose consciousness
Thank you.

Scholars are busy
Making love to their brains.

Angry young men
Curse their virginity.

Born-Against boast
Love and safety
In faith.

No,

They'll murder mother
And children
All.

By Luke Turner

Thanks Luke!
Everyone
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Pleaseeease!

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Pleaseeease!

And buy more,
You know,
It's good for the economy,
It's good
To put down my conscience
And trust

In the upper powers,
Faith never killed a temporary idiot.
The cleansed seek contamination.

Making love to their brains.

Angry young men
Curse their virginity.

Born-Against boast
Love and safety
In faith.

No,

They'll murder mother
And children
All.

By Luke Turner

Thanks Luke!
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Angry young

con't from **GROUPS** pg. 1

Office staff volunteer Marcia Bjerrum came to the WRC because she wanted a social group of "supportive, nurturing women" and an opportunity to "use my voice" in the political arenas. She enjoys the sense of community she gets from those around her and notes that "the people here seem really dedicated." Volunteer Ami Arnold shared Marcia's sentiments and added that she came because "the spirit called me." It said, "Get in that Women's Center and go, girl!" Part of the reason she enjoys working in the office is that it is fun to "watch interesting people walk by."

Strega-Flora is pleased that participation in the WRC is up from last year, especially since Evergreen doesn't have an institutionally funded women's center like other colleges in Washington State. That fact makes it all the more important that the women on campus speak out. In the future, the WRC will be doing clinic defense outside of the Eastside Women's Health Clinic on Thursdays and hopes to form a coalition with other groups on campus like the EQA, the Rape Response Coalition, and the Women of Color Coalition. It is her hope that

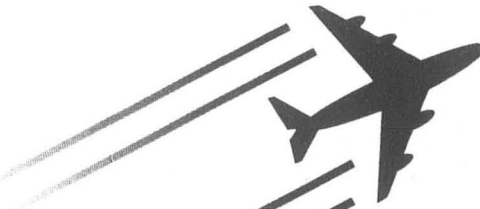
these groups will be able to work together to further their goals for women's rights.

One of the big misconceptions about the EQA and the WRC is that you have to need a reason or a problem to go and take advantage of the services available. This is not the case. You never need a specific reason to go, you can always just hang out, eat, or chat with the people around. The EQA has office hours on Mondays 12:15-1:15 with all the coordinators specifically so people can talk and eat lunch. The WRC office is usually open from 10:00-

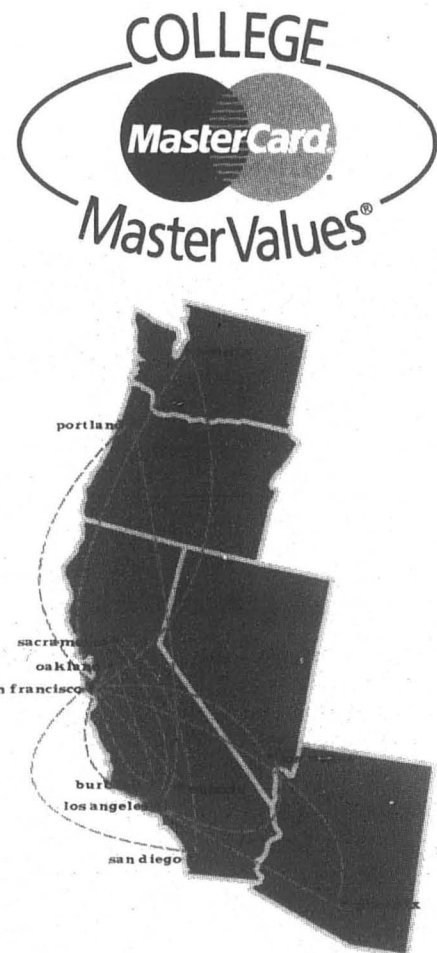
5:00 Mon.-Thurs., and is always staffed with friendly people who are always ready to chat. Whether or not you want to volunteer for a certain event, make a poster, or just chill, the members are always ready and willing to talk.

It should be noted that all of the student groups, not just the EQA and the WRC operate in this friendly, open fashion. It is their goal to strengthen their sense of community and increase awareness on campus. Even if you just stop by a meeting, you are still helping to achieve this. Don't hesitate to join in.

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d. NOT VALID AFTER - May 15, 1996 or fare expiration date whichever is earlier
e. FORM OF PAYMENT - Actual form of payment.
f. FARE/TAX/TOTAL - Subtract \$9.09 from base fare. Add applicable surcharges/taxes/fees and compute total.
g. APOLLO AGENCIES - Enter HB DLD. Minor keystroke variations may exist depending on your CRS, so please check.
3. Draw a diagonal line. Write EXCHANGED across Certificate face. Enter ticket number. Attach auditor's coupon to certificate and report to ARC.
4. Standard commission on amount actually collected.
5. Valid travel period: through May 31, 1996.

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NEWS BRIEFS / REAL LIFE NEWS

Edited by Jennifer Koogler

Art scholarship available

The Juno Scholarship is a newly formed award that will be awarded to a continuing Evergreen student who shows promise in drawing, painting, or printmaking. The student needs to demonstrate financial need and be a full-time student for the 95-96 school year.

Part one of the application process consists of a statement of purpose (not exceeding three pages) for the applicant's pursuit of their art, a list of successfully completed Evergreen programs, including faculty names, and a copy of the current FAFSA. This packet is due to the Enrollment Services Office by 5 on Friday, November 17. Part two should consist of a recent series of five or ten works and turned into the Arts Annex Drawing Studio by 9am on Saturday, December 2. The scholarship will be awarded in two payments of \$1,500 at the beginning of Winter and Spring Quarters. For more information, call Enrollment Services at x6310.

CRC needs your help

The College Recreation Center is in need of volunteers to serve on the this year's Advisory Board. The board acts as an advisory capacity on matters related to CRC facility operations. Applications are available in the Recreation Center Office (CRC 210) between 8:30 and 5:30 and are due November 15 at 5pm. Call x6770 for more information.

Radical Women unite

Radical Women, a feminist socialist organization, will review the anthology *Listen*

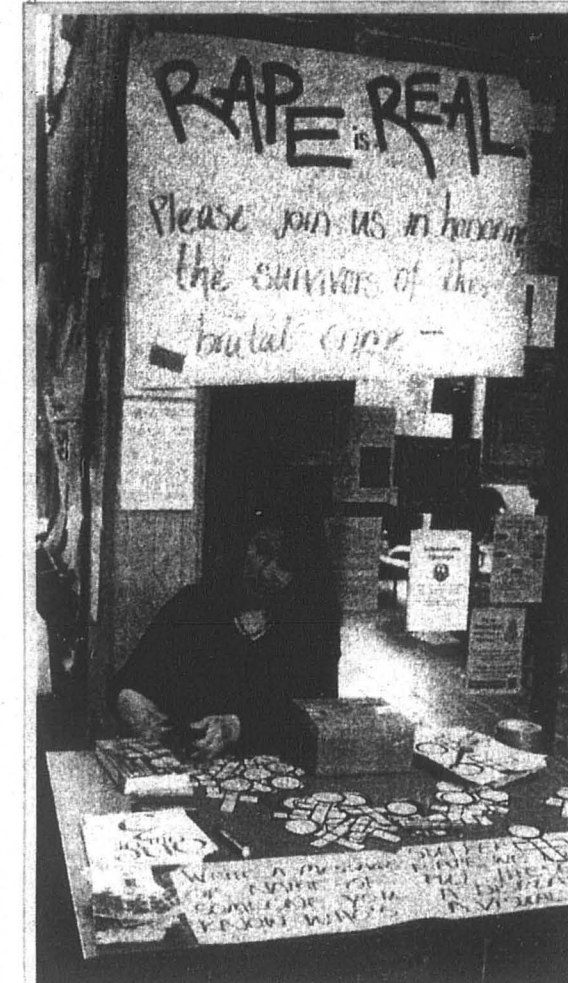
Up: *Voices From The Next Feminist Generation* at their November 16 meeting. The anthology consists of writings by a diverse group of twenty something women. The collection is a response to anti-feminist sentimentality and shows the strength of today's young women who are dedicated to furthering women's rights. The meeting will take place in Seattle at New Freeaway Hall located at 5018 Rainier Ave. S. Dinner will start at 6:30 for a \$6 donation. All are welcome to attend.

KAOS sets a record

KAOS would like to thank all those who showed their support in this year's pledge drive. In a little less than two weeks, the fall membership drive raised more than \$20,000, making it the most successful membership drive to date. Tom Freeman, KAOS Development Director, states that in addition to setting a new record, KAOS has also succeeded in educating the public about the services and programs the radio station has to offer. He commented that "...community broadcasting is a vital part of our community's quality of life." Tune in to 89.3 KAOS to take advantage of this year's success, and just to enjoy the eclectic variety of news, music, and other services. Congratulations, KAOS!!!

Island Voices, Island Foods

November 10 and 11 (that's Friday and Saturday), the Pacific Islander Association will be hosting Island Voices, Island Foods, a forum concerning the cuisine and customs of Hawaii. Friday from 6:30 to 8pm there will be a panel discussion concerning sovereignty, the economy, and what it is like to really grow up in Hawaii. The Po'okela Street Band will



Rape Response Coalition Speaks Out

The Rape Response Coalition has been collecting messages to rape victims and other statements concerning rape from the Evergreen community. The messages are copied onto paper "♀" symbols and will be displayed on a banner in the CAB building. The banner will serve as a visual reminder to the community as to the issue of rape and its victims. Pictured is Lisa Meyers, co-coordinator of the RRC.

PHOTO BY JOIE KISTLER

be playing from 8:30 to midnight in LIB 4300. Tickets are \$3 at the door. Saturday, there will be a food workshop from 10 to noon in the Longhouse, featuring samples and demonstrations of foods enjoyed in Hawaii. Call the PIA at x6583 for more information.

Assertiveness Training

The Women of Color Coalition will be conducting an assertiveness training and boundary setting workshop Wednesday, November 15 from 7 to 8:30pm in room 100b of the Longhouse.

The workshop, presented by First People's Peer Support Staff, will help women of color gain skills in assertiveness and setting boundaries in their lives. Refreshments will be served. If you would like more information, call the Women of Color Coalition at x6284.

Hunger Forum

The Peace Center and WASHpurg will be holding a forum on Tuesday, November 14 about homelessness in the Olympia area. They will also be sponsoring a fast and collecting donations such as canned food, clothing, and money. For more information about Hunger and Homelessness Week and the events, call x6098.

ARSON, THEFT, VANDALISM, AND HARASSMENT...

IN THE SECURITY BLOTTER

Compiled by Matthew Kweskin

Friday, October 27

- 0119: Theft of a boom box from A-Dorm.
- 1445: A vehicle was maliciously damaged in F-Lot.
- 1539: A fake human skull was found at a garden plot at the Organic Farm.
- 1600: Theft of another boom box from A-Dorm.
- 1719: Pot pipes were confiscated from N dorm. They were found on a table after a fire alarm. [If these people had read the Security Blotter two weeks ago instead of smoking dope, they would have their paraphernalia now.]
- 1617, 2300: A person Housing does not like was cited for criminally trespassing.

Saturday, October 28

- 0540: A fire alarm was maliciously pulled in A-Dorm.
- 1115: A person reported that their roommates were being too loud. (This is the person who gets harassed by their roommates on November 2.)
- 1323: Auto theft from F-Lot.
- 1645: A bike was stolen from the CAB.
- 2220: Plants stolen from the CAB were recovered.

Sunday, October 29

- 0731: Fire alarm in A-dorm.

Monday, October 30

- 0849: Attempted burglary at the Cashiers Office. Someone tried entering through the ceiling panels the previous night.
- 2147: A person was cited for criminal trespassing after being warned against habitation violations.

Tuesday, October 31

- 1313: A vehicle was reported to have been broken into on Monday, October 30.
- 1412: Theft of a bike from the Organic Farm.
- 1713: A car in the dorm loop was vandalized.
- 2210: Someone stole money out of the Tampon™ machines in the Lecture Hall and Art Annex Women's rooms.
- 2220: A plastic bag was set on fire by the exterior stairwell between the CAB and the Library.

Wednesday, November 1

- 0235: The contents of a paper recycling Dumpster™ in the Library were set on fire.
- 0720: A window was broken on the Library 4th floor.
- 0940: Ink was thrown on the lockers in the Arts Annex.
- 1136: Public Safety cut off a bike lock for a person in C-Dorm.
- 1321: The exterior information board in front of A-Dorm was vandalized.
- 1321: A top loading balance was stolen from

- the T-4 lab in the Lab 1 building. It is valued at \$700.
- 1405: Theft of a bike from S-Dorm.
- 1739: Car broken into in F-Lot.

Thursday, November 2

- 0104: A Lab II ceiling tile was found removed.
- 0235: Two cars were impounded. One from the Dorm loop, and one that was abandoned near the Weaving Studio.
- 0915: A fellow was causing a disturbance in Lecture Hall 4.
- 0957: A fellow was caught masturbating in the CRC pool. ["Thank god there's chlorine in that pool!" - Tom Freeman]
- 1400: A bike was found on Red Square.
- 1404: Theft of money from a Tampon machine in the second of the Library's Women's room.
- 1210: The thief who goes around Housing asking for "Joe" was seen again.
- 1433: Residential burglary in A-Dorm.
- 1614: A Housing resident reports that her roommates are harassing her. They were spitting on her and calling her bad names.
- 1651: A student was served papers informing them that they are no longer a student at Evergreen.
- 1818: Ceiling tile activity was reported in the CAB.
- 1825: Theft of ninety dollars from D-Dorm.
- 1827: Ceiling tile activity was reported in the fourth floor of the Library.

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It's that wacky midseason NFL report

BY JOHN EVANS

The 1995 National Football League season has reached the halfway mark and now the critical second leg begins with each team having 8 games in the books and 8 to play. The action on the gridiron has been as fierce as ever this year, with the result of all this mayhem was some exciting games and a long casualty list.

There have been 17 overtime games so far, just 2 short of the record for an entire season (19, set in 1983). That's a lot of suspense at the end of games.

Certain things have gone according to form, but some unexpected twists have setup an intriguing stretch run.

Everyone had the San Francisco 49ers and Dallas Cowboys figured as league superpowers, but who knew Kansas City and Oakland would look so good? The expansion teams are exceeding all expectations and predicted powerhouse Miami and Pittsburgh have stumbled.

The San Francisco juggernaut that pummeled San Diego in Super Bowl XXIV seems to have thrown a gear. Explosive running back Ricky Waters defected to Philly and the best replacement the 49ers could find was journeyman Derek Loville. Deion Sanders, the best cover man of the '90s, chose to take his services to (horrors!) archival Dallas. Injuries to Steve Young, Brent Jones and William Floyd haven't made things easier for the world champs. The result is a very mortal 5-3 record in a division expected to offer little resistance.

It can't sit well with the 49ers that their nemesis, the Dallas Cowboys, have stormed out to an NFL best 7-1 mark (tied with Kansas City), cruising along behind godlike efforts from Emmitt Smith.

The Cowboys have only defeated one winning team (Green Bay) but Denver and San Diego are better than 4-4 marks indicate. Besides, it's the ease and grace with which Dallas wins that make them the NFL's most powerful force.

The Cowboys also have an intangible going for them that adds to their aura of invincibility. America's Team is so nationally beloved that in most arenas they have as loud a cheering section as the home team. Facilities that are usually half-full sell out when Dallas is in town. It's almost like the 'Boys play 16 home games!

The only dark clouds on this team's horizon are the looming suspensions of Leon Lett and Clayton Holmes, losses that would undermine a defense already considered average.

Can anyone from the AFC win the Super Bowl? This question is raised every year and the answer always seems to be the same. In '95 the early returns are inconclusive, but a quick response might be "dream on." There are, however, a pair of hungry AFC West teams that are eager to supply a different answer.

The Silver and Black are back in Oakland and they are armed with devastating weapons on either side of the ball. The Raiders would be 7-1 if not for a freak interception (the referee mistakenly blocked Tim Brown) against Kansas City that was run back for a TD in overtime.

This is a franchise that has consistently underachieved of late, but now they've assembled the best coaching staff in the league and may finally put all that talent to best use.

The ambitious Raiders would be unwise to overlook a certain Midwestern rival, however. They have a recent history of subservience to Kansas City, and this year a Chiefs team expected to fold without Joe Montana has put together the best record in football. Montana's successor, Steve Bono, has been sensational. A new scheme has helped their defensive stars Derrick Thomas and Neil Smith, play to their strengths.

Kansas City has a tough schedule the rest of the way and are infamous for late-season slides; it will be interesting to see if they can continue to surprise in '95.

With the decline of the 'Niners, the second best team in the NFC through 8 games has been

the Chicago Bears. Quietly compiling a 6-2 mark (good for sole possession of 1st place in the Central), Chicago has been carried by breakout years for QB Erik Kramer and WR Curtis Conway. The improbable return of "Air Bears" has made them the highest scoring team in the NFL. This is a superbly coached team that is just starting to accumulate the kind of talent most successful franchises are working with.

The biggest surprise thus far has been the collapse of the New England Patriots. Parcell's Pats were predicted by some to make a Super Bowl run, but their last defeat (to the expansion Panthers) dropped them to 2-6 and dashed all hopes of playoff contention.

As usual with these stories, injuries have been a major factor in the Patriots' struggles. Drew Bledsoe and Ben Coates, the All-Pro passing combo that lit up the NFL last season, have been banged up all year.

Not all of New England's problems can be solved by doctors. The organization got cocky this off-season, suffering more in free agency than Parcells would like to admit. It's hard enough to even tread water in the NFL, and to make a jump to Super Bowl quality a team must make some serious improvements. The Patriots lost several of Bledsoe's favorite targets and did nothing to shore up a suspect defensive unit.

Say what you want about coaches and systems, it's PLAYERS that win championships. Simple as it sounds, the trick is finding as many good players as you can, and keeping them. It's all about talent acquisition.

San Francisco basically bought a championship last season, importing Deion Sanders, Ken Norton Jr., William Floyd, Rickey Jackson, Gary Plummer and MORE in one off-season.

This year Dallas has Erik Williams, perhaps the best right tackle in the sport, back in action. They've resigned or replaced their own free agents and stolen Deion from the 49ers. The Cowboys are poised to dethrone a San Francisco team all but crippled by personnel moves and injuries.

If the season ended today, who would be the league MVP? That's a no-brainer. Emmitt Smith. Emmitt is on pace to rush for 2000 yards and 30 touchdowns. That would be unreal, but he probably won't be able to sustain this kind of excellence through the harsh winter months. That shouldn't stop him from being the NFL's leading rusher and scorer of touchdowns!

If I had to choose a Comeback Player of the Year, it would be Jim Harbaugh of the Indianapolis Colts. I went to two Bears games (Harbaugh's old team) in '92 and '93. I'll never forget hearing, live and in person, the derision heaped upon the poor quarterback by Chicago fans.

A few years free of Mike Ditka's mindgames and Harbaugh has found the kind of poise and confidence that Rick Mirer appears to have lost. Harbaugh doesn't have a third of Mirer's athleticism, but when he goes out on the field he knows that whatever the odds he can find ways to lead his team to victory. And most of the time, Harbaugh has found those ways this season. He was the NFL's highest rated quarterback for several weeks.

That brings me to the year's biggest pleasant surprise, the Colts. Indy is like a modern day David knocking off Goliaths just about every week. Sparked by "Captain Comeback," Jim Harbaugh, they've upset tough customers like St. Louis, Miami and San Francisco en route to their best record since 1977 (5-3). The scrappy Colts are contending for the AFC East title.

The expansion teams have been far from pushovers. The Carolina Panthers may be 3-5, but those three victories have come in a row (an NFL record for expansion teams). What's more, Carolina has hung tough all season. Not bad for a team in its inaugural season.

The Jacksonville Jaguars' proudest of 3 wins were stunners against Pittsburgh and Cleveland. Two weeks ago they were a half-

game out of first place in the AFC Central. Though they've cooled off after a shocking 4-0 start, the rejuvenated, relocated St. Louis Rams are 5-3 and who could have guessed it?

On the other end of the spectrum, some vaunted ballclubs have staggered out of the gate and dug holes for themselves early. Two foremost examples are the Miami Dolphins and Pittsburgh Steelers.

Miami was the preseason popular choice to go to Tempe in January. The injury of Dan Marino left the Fish without their heart and soul for three games, and Miami dropped all three with immobile Bernie Kosar at the controls.

The Steelers came agonizingly close to facing San Francisco in Super Bowl 29. They probably would have made a better showing than San Diego, whose mediocre defense was picked apart by Steve Young. But it was a typical listless off season for Pittsburgh's front office, with more good players walking out the door than coming in. Throw in the season ending knee injury to Rod Woodson and the Steelers have obvious declines at three major

positions. Our local heroes, the SeaShlocks, have been practically unwatchable through 8 games. Highly touted new coach Dennis Erickson has only been able to steal 2 wins, and since the last has endured a 4 game losing streak.

It seems easy to blame Seattle's miseries on Rick Mirer. After all, he has thrown 14 interceptions in 8 games. It's sad to see a quarterback's confidence shattered, because when that happens even the most routine plays become filled with anxiety for him. Anxiety leads to disaster, as in Mirer's 2 passes for 2 interceptions against Arizona. Still, the Seahawks have really had a consistent team effort. Everyone's made their share of crucial mistakes in order to ensure each defeat.

Every team has had its ups and downs this year, but that's life, isn't it? Parity is alive and well in the NFL and on every given Sunday you have a good shot at seeing a close, entertaining game. The fun is in seeing who's left standing when the dust settles at the end of the year. There will undoubtedly be ample drama before the final game is played.

FISH OBITUARIES

Mr. Orange and Mr. Dreeg

Orange bought: April 4, 1995
Orange died: October 20, 1995
Cause of death: Falling out of a 3rd Story Building

Orange was a very large goldfish that was overdue for flight.

He will rest in soggy chill in front of J Dorm.

Dreeg bought: October 18, 1995

Dreeg died: October 21, 1995

Cause of death: Some weird white spot thing

Dreeg was a cool black molly.

I didn't know Dreeg long enough to care.

Mr. Fish

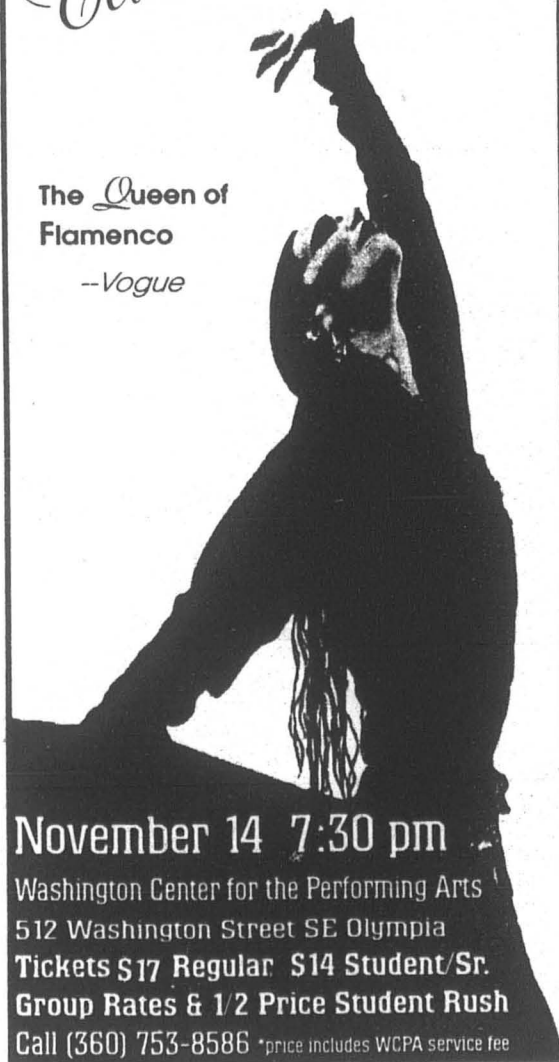
A fish worthy of the name.
Bought: July 1995 Andover, Massachusetts.
Died: 12:25am October 25, 1995 Olympia, WA
He will be deeply missed.
Rest in Peace Mr. Fish
Survived by Brian Treitman.
Condolence visits can be made to:
Brian Treitman TESC C403c

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Maria Benitez

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Two miles to Tumwater Is the land of "throbbing water" fun?

Your favorite band is playing in Seattle. You're psyched. You're ready. You're goin'. You're in your car...you're drivin' up the 101 out of campus...music's jammin'...and you're thinking about life. "Life's great," you realize. "This is what it's all about." Just then, at this pivotal moment in your existence, you hear a loud "CLANK!" Not just any clank... this is the clank of doom. You know this because you've had \$400 cars before. As you begin feverishly bargaining with the god of car problems you pull off at the nearest exit ramp. Your car is pronounced dead on arrival. You're in Tumwater. (By the way, all the buses are on strike, there's no way to reach any of your friends, your mother told you never to hitchhike, and the concert starts in 45 minutes. You are truly stuck. Sorry.)

"But fear not," I say. Tumwater is fun! Well, OK, not exactly fun, but, well... there's some stuff to do. Unlike you, I actually planned to go to Tumwater and managed to get a friend to come with me. "Why? Why would you do that?" You ask - clutching a suicide note written on the back of your concert ticket as you beat your head against the hood of your car. I answer you truthfully. It was close and they make beer.

The Brewery I actually enticed my friend Kerin to go

on the premise of the Olympia Brewery. A beer tour sounded fun... even if the beer is, well, Olympia Beer. (Don't let the name fool you, either. Olympia Beer, or affectionately revered to as "Oly," is located in the town of Tumwater.) Excitedly we approached the giant barley-colored factory. But as we walked past the garden of Olympic patinating goddesses we were stopped by a sign that said, "Tours: April-September." In disbelief, we entered the building despite the sign. We didn't come all 2 miles to Tumwater not to take the beer tour! I attempted to use my clout as an investigating journalist to be given the tour they wanted to deny us. But Geary, the beer guide, with his spaghetti-western good looks, remained firm. He said the reason they discontinued the winter tours is because the management considers year-round tours "advertising," and their company doesn't believe in advertising. This was a confusing concept to me at first, but Geary had a good argument. Because companies spend so much money on advertising, the price of their product reflects that. "Olympia Beer is cheap," he said, "that allows a poor man to buy a beer if he wants." We went with that logic.

Geary did (with my valid ID) give me some samples, though. After three of those, I

Middle of Somewhere
BY LAUREL NICOLE SPELLMAN

didn't really care if we took the tour or not. If you are dying to go to the factory before next spring, there is still stuff to see. Geary, himself a wealth of Olympia Beer facts, will set you up with a pretty cheesy, yet informative pseudo-tour video about the making of beer. You can visit the small beer museum that includes the life and times of the father of Olympia Beer, Leopold F. Schmidt. There you'll also learn the history of other great Olympia Brewing Company products made after the company was purchased by Pabst in 1983. While in the Hospitality Room you can have free beer samples and then stagger downstairs to the impressive stein mug collection. Afterwards you can patronize the extensive brewery gift shop, which Kerin and I found to be pretty cool. When we went, they had a great selection of sale items that included: Olympia Beer frisbees for \$1, old-time Olympia Beer posters for .50 cents, a cardboard Olympia Beer truck filled with logo matchies for a buck, beer jewelry, patches, logo wear and a whole lot more. I think we hit upon our holiday gift source!

Town Center
Optimistic after the excitement of the brewery, Kerin and I decided to explore the rest of town. We set out for the town center. We drove... and drove. After passing the standard smattering of fast food fare we quickly found ourselves in farmland. We drove back. We drove and drove. We ended up back in Olympia. We drove around again - convinced we had missed it. Little did we know... we didn't.

Frustrated and seeking direction, we parked and wandered into the Goodwill Store. (Which, by the way, is a really good one. Kerin bought a cool, cheap, baby blue desk lamp.) "There is no town center," the woman behind the register told me. "Is there?" she asked the next person in line. "Nope," she said. "I guess the closest thing to a town center would be the corner of Custer and Capitol... you know, where they're tearing up the road?" I found this rather depressing considering we had passed that corner with it's South Pacific karaoke bar 3 times already. I wondered if I should give up on Tumwater... do a joint article on Lacey... or, just jump into the Deschutes River rendering this trip and my column a complete and utter failure. "No!" Kerin urged me. "The Deschutes River! That's what we're missing! It's The Water," remember!?"

Of course, she was right. That water put the "water" in Tum! That water also put the

water in Olympia Beer. So off we went.

Unfortunately, we found the Tumwater Historical Park (the designated spot to see the river), somewhat depressing as well. Expecting to glimpse this great majestic river made famous by the beer slogan, all we saw was a damn in the shadow of a towering beer factory. I don't know why dams are so revered in our world as some great monolithic attribution to the ingenuity of humankind. I realize they have a purpose, but to build parks surrounding them and to consider them "cultural" tourist sites is very egocentric. It's a disrupted river, there's nothing cultural about that. What's even worse is that next to this damn, is the the Deschutes Pond and Fishway Salmon Hatchery. If we didn't damn up all these rivers, the poor salmon would be able to swim their natural course and live a good life... of course until we ate them. At least they wouldn't have to be confined to these fish internment camps we call "progress."

I found it ironic as well that in this park designed to revere the contributions of western dominance they had one tiny patio dedicated to Native-American culture. One totem pole and a petroglyph chiseled boulder from Hartstene Island are tucked away in a dark corner as some token symbol of yesteryear.

Tumwater also claims to be "The first American community established on the Puget Sound," and yet when the "first Americans" got to this most southernly Puget Sound point, it was already a Native-American community called *Spa-Kwatl*. The pioneers that settled there in 1846, including the legendary African-American pioneer, George Bush, renamed the town. New Market. The town was latter renamed for the third time, "Tumwata" or Tumwater as it's now known, meaning "Throbbing Water" in Chinook Jargon.

Fascinating, isn't it? But I guess it still doesn't mask the fact that there's not a whole lot to do in Tumwater. Did I mention the two museums here which Kerin and I conveniently missed? If you're interested... one is The Henderson house, built in 1905 and displaying a buncha old pictures and stuff. The other is the Crosby House built in 1854. No, it's not Bill's (oh, wait, that's Cosby)... Well it's not David's either. It's Bing! Bing Crosby's grandfather's house and he was a Tumwater pioneer! Wow! (Really, it's true.)

So now you're probably saying "Gee, Laurel, if I didn't want to go to Tumwater before, I sure don't want to go now! Thanks." I say, if you do find yourself stuck in Tumwater, remember the beer, and if you don't drink, you can always walk back to Olympia.

Of course, she was right. That water put the "water" in Tum! That water also put the

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so i am just tired of this shit. i'm tired of people suddenly finding they have blood "other than" european pounding through their delicate veins. with their new self-recovery intact, now it's okay for my grandmother and i to speak with native tongues in the grocery store, now it's cool to "have" culture, and now you don't stare when we pass the ethnic foods section where you're so busy stocking up. tell me again how it's so easy for you to claim something that is not yours; something you pick out and wear as a bright synthetic wrap to distinguish

by Marlyn Prashad

yourself from the masses, something you wear as a badge glinting in the sunlight blinding us as we try to speak up. we had no choice in choosing what evening gown we would wear this night. our's doesn't come off nor can we pass as a betsy johnson when we're really a jessica mcclintock.

when are you going to get it? this is not a passing fad. too many of us grew up with "you know english is the national language, why don't you use it?" or "why don't you go back to wherever it is you came from?" society never let us forget we were "other than" white. now that we accept and have pride in that fact, suddenly the whole world is not white and ONCE AGAIN, we are not as special as we thought.

i'm tired of hearing about your cherokee grandma back in the time, tired of hearing about how you went to india once, tired of using my rehearsed lines which almost slip out without any pain when you ask, "WHAT are you?"

i will not be your "oriental princess" any longer. i will not make it easy for you to attempt to crawl into my skin and imagine what i go through everyday. i will not tell you WHAT i am. it makes no difference what i label my blood, you still look at me with the same eyes you cast on all of us. i leave it up to you to figure out WHO i am.

What's happening on the 3rd Floor?

You've read the book. You've seen the movie. You've bought the cereal. You've bought the action figures. Now is the time to check out the REAL third floor activities and see what's going on. For all you know, this week's meeting may be next week's TV movie.

The Evergreen Native Student Alliance will be welcoming the renowned activist and poet John Trudell to the campus on Friday, November 17. Trudell was active in keeping Native American issues prevalent in political circles during the 70's and appeared at many protests striving for fair and equal treatment for all indigenous peoples. He was national chairman of the American Indian Movement, and his work with the organization led him to be featured in the movie "Thunderheart" and the documentary "Incident at Ogala" about the trial of Leonard Peltier. In the 80's Trudell focused on music, releasing three albums and working with such artists as Jackson Browne and Kris Kristofferson. Here at Evergreen, Trudell will focus on his poems and spoken word performances, using words because he sees them as an essential part of helping the world find peace with itself. The event takes place in the Longhouse, tickets will be \$7 dollars at the door. Call x6105 for more information.

The Wilderness Awareness Group, a student volunteer organization which explores Earth survival skills and living outside the world of The Clapper and Craftmatic adjustable beds, holds meetings every Wednesday at 2 pm in the Longhouse meadow. This is a perfect opportunity to learn more about nature, edible plants, shelter construction, and other primitive survival skills. Future activities may include a discussion by a representative of the John Young Wilderness Awareness School, so call x6636 and ask "What's Up?"

The Irish American Student Organization (I.A.S.O.) holds their meetings Wednesdays at noon up on the lovely third floor. Anyone interested in attending a Ceili in Portland on Friday, November 17 should contact X6749 for info on the event and carpool stuff. November will also feature a song and dance circle, but times and places haven't been set, but keep your eyes and ears open. The I.A.S.O. is also featuring political action meetings Wednesdays at 7 pm,

interested folks should call them at the aforementioned extension number.

For those of you who work on campus, the Student Workers Organization is working to secure better work conditions (this includes pay) and more input concerning work issues. In order to secure these goals, a strong display of solidarity between the workers. To find out more about the group and their goals, contact them in their office up on the third floor. More information will be available where you pick up your paycheck, so stay tuned. Remember, the law requires the college to negotiate with workers if there is a large student interest.

The East Timor Action Network, in collaboration with the Liberation Cafe, will be

showing "Manufacturing Consent", a film featuring recent Evergreen speaker Noam Chomsky, Thursday, November 9, at 6:30 in Lecture Hall 3. The E.T.A.N. will also show "In Cold Blood", a documentary about the genocide in East Timor. The event is free to everyone.

A last few soundbites: Umoja has their meetings every Thursday at 5 and can be reached at x6781. SPAZ (Student Produced Art Zone), who win my vote for the most creative posters on campus, also meets Thursdays at 5. Call x6412 for more info. ASIA (Asian Students in Alliance), has all kinds of ideas bubbling, so stop by their meetings Tuesdays at noon, or call x6033. Anyone interested in the third floor lunch box or board game should leave a note in my box up at the CPJ. Over and out everyone.



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What is cultural appropriation?

It was troubling to note a particular recurrent theme in last week's "Voices of Color" column regarding the Dias de los Muertos festivities (or lack of same). The theme I refer to is that of exhaustion with the process of educating an apparently unreceptive community. Yes, it's true: education is tiring! I recall my mixed emotions when, as a staff person here at the college, I realized that I, too, was called upon to be an educator, a responsibility that I strongly believe does not expire when the clock strikes 5:00. Veronica's statements, "We just don't have the time or patience to be educators...it's so exhausting," and Xui's "Why go through that?" seem indicative of deep burn-out. Therefore, although I certainly support your efforts to take care of yourselves by skipping a big community-wide Dias de los Muertos extravaganza this year, I must also ask: Is it time to reassess your involvement with Evergreen, an educational institution? We are here to educate, whether it tires us out or not. When we are tired, we must regroup, recharge... and then educate some more. It seems a shame and a waste that you both feel so defeated by this process.

I wonder why it is that you feel that the general community appropriates, disrespects and doesn't honor your traditions. I was at last year's Dias de los Muertos celebration; I brought my children with me. Although gringos, we did not come with the intention of "sucking energy" from the celebrants — in fact, we actually saw ourselves as celebrants, and came to contribute our energy to the evening's events.

So, I'm confused: was what we did cultural appropriation? If so, please accept my family's apologies. But I offer the following in our defense. I have thought a good deal about the symbolism that suffuses Los Dias de los Muertos, and one thing stands out for me: the message of the Calavera (skull) is that, although my skin may be paler than yours, and my Spanish bad, and although I was born north of the Rio Grande, the Calavera is Me. Those are my bones, that is my skull — underneath, I am just like you. When Death comes for us all, we will be indistinguishable one from the other. Los Dias de los Muertos is, for this reason, the ultimate inclusive holiday. It has taught Mexicans throughout the centuries that, from dueño to campesino, Death regards us all with the same hollow eye.

You both express much concern about "survival", by which I presume you mean cultural survival, collectively and individually. In a way, I share this concern, since you perceive so much hostility in this community, and seem unaware that, truly, there is also much support and admiration. You are not exactly in the belly of the beast, here at Evergreen! And it worries me to know that you do have an enemy, a bad one, that would see Indigenous and Hispanic cultures eradicated from this country. How will it be when you encounter this enemy? I'm not sure I see the point in fretting about students looking for "another reason to get drunk", when this enemy awaits you.

If the energies and resources of Evergreen's Hispano-American community are indeed as depleted as you make them sound, it is clearly time to reach beyond the community itself. Please look for your allies where you may find them — perhaps sometimes in unexpected places. And I hope you accept what I have written as a gesture of support and solidarity — for thus it was intended.

—Juli Kelen

WRITE BACK— OKAY?
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The homeless are the hunted

Last spring, when I started here, I overheard one young woman who lived on campus complain that there had been some doors kicked in during a party she and her roommates were having, but that she and her roommates should not be charged for the damage because security had not stopped the party, and therefore the school was liable, not the roommates. She said that she had been in the living room dancing - and too drunk to notice - when the doors to the bedrooms got kicked in.

A week later, an article appeared in the CPJ reporting the incident, but with a headline implying that homeless people who had crashed the party were responsible, although no one seems to have seen them do it. The article left one with the impression that homeless people in general were a problem on campus.

There are a couple problems with this. No one was named as the perpetrator, just "some homeless people". "Homeless people" is a rather large and rather vague category, kind of like "stranger" and other such scary words. As it is used, though, it is a category that is given much blame for things for which no one else wants to take responsibility.

It is a rather bourgeois game, this passing of blame to those who aren't. It is rather easy to do, and it is rather a common thing in America to do it. Homeless people have no address, therefore they have no identity, therefore they are, *ipso facto*, dangerous.

But I am homeless. I wasn't anywhere near the party. I didn't do it. Similar statements could be made by most - if not all - of the other homeless people living on campus at that time. And yet we are hunted by the society around us as if we were criminals. In Olympia, sleeping in your vehicle is now illegal. As is sleeping in parks, or on sidewalks, or on others' property. Has it occurred to anyone that it had become illegal for homeless people to sleep at all? Welcome to Gingrich's America.

Of course, at enlightened, flexible Evergreen, things might be different. But they are not. The other night, peacefully asleep in my van out in Lot C, I was rudely awakened by a security officer, and threatened with having my van towed if I didn't move immediately. I left. My van is all the home I have. If it were towed, I would not be able to afford to get it back, and I would have none.

Two nights later, having become exhausted searching for an alternative, and beginning to fall asleep at the wheel, I pulled into C lot - after all, I have a sticker for C lot - thinking that surely they would not begrudge me a couple hours sleep, anyway. I was wrong. The security officer did not bother to warn me first, she merely called the tow truck and had him hook my van and lifted it off the ground. I awoke immediately and was told that I would have to pay a \$50 fee to the towman before he would unhook my van.

I talked to the officer awhile. I asked her where her sense of ethics was in all this matter. She said, "We have different priorities." I said that I didn't think it was a matter of priorities, that it was a matter of ethics. She said that she was merely doing her job.

I asked her if she put any limits on what kinds of things she would do for a job, things such as causing a person who is homeless to be also vehicle-less. She said, "No, as long as I get what's mine, I don't care." It amazed me that she said it thus boldly, though I appreciated her candor. Rush would be proud. I asked if I could quote her, and she said yes.

So I have. Now I am being called up before a grievance officer. Odd. It seems the grievance is mainly the other way around. But at least it is a little more appropriate than hooking a person's vehicle and then extorting money from them before you will unhook it.

Perhaps some of you will recall Noam Chomsky's visit here a few weeks ago, and his assertion that things in this world of ours are run by the richest people in the richest countries for their own benefit. That the terms of bank loans, the interest owed, the "reforms" in the economic systems required, and the terms of

trade to countries of the South are all designed to keep them in perpetual subjugation.

And that the same is true within the richest of countries: we have our own third world here. The unemployment rate and the problem of homelessness are both designed to keep the work force hungry and pliable. Amenable to the needs of richest people in the richest country on earth.

Chomsky also mentioned the use of torture as a teacher of the lesson of perpetual subjugation.

Homelessness is torture. Try it. Homelessness is the threat that is held over every working person's head so that they will be more amenable on the job, so that they will keep quiet when illegal things are done, so that they will bend their ethics enough to do the dirty work for the richest people in the richest country on this planet.

The homeless are the hunted at Evergreen, too. They are hunted partly as a warning to you: so that you also will tow the line, do what you're told, cut your hair, get a job, and, most of all, bend your ethics for the richest people of the richest country on this blissful earth.

Remember that as well as charity when you celebrate "Hunger and Homelessness Week."

—Don Lowe, homeless student

Free East Timor!

Since the end of World War II in 1945, the nations of the world have co-existed in an increasingly global world. The framework of international trade that has developed in the wake of the defeat of Nazism, as well as its corollaries of international cooperation, global intellectual discussion, and an awareness of current events taking place on the opposite side of the globe on a nearly instantaneous basis have dramatically changed our civilization and has laid the framework for the manner in which human beings will develop over the course of the next millennium. One key development over this period has been a concern for human rights without regard to borders and nationality.

The signing of the Geneva Convention on human rights and other universal declarations have driven this point home repeatedly since the end of W.W.II. As residents of the United States of America, I generally have the ability to exercise all of our universal rights. But what about people abroad who do not?

There is a place, about 170 kilometers north of Australia, where human rights are absent. Not only do the people lack their basic human rights, but they do so largely because of the efforts of the United States. This place is called East Timor. Now, as a resident of the U.S. yourself, you may wonder what direct effect you have had on East Timor. The answer (of course), is that you have had none. But, to better understand the indirect effects of your actions, perhaps a little background on East Timor would help.

Until 1975, East Timor was a Portuguese colony. At this time the population of East Timor consisted of approximately 750,000 indigenous people speaking about fourteen distinct language groups. They were a people living in virtual self-sufficiency outside the global economic system.

On December 5, 1975, President Gerald Ford and Henry Kissinger visited Jakarta, Indonesia in support of the Indonesian dictator, Raden Suharto. On December 7, 1975, Indonesia invaded the tiny state, lying on the eastern half of the island of Timor (Indonesia already owned the western half). Between 1975 and 1979, about 200,000 East Timorese vanished. Many were slaughtered by the Indonesian army. The rest were starved to death by the "total war" policies of the invading force, which included burning villages, destroying crops, and razing forests (to eliminate any places to hide). The reprehensible actions of the Indonesian force still predominate. The most heinous of the recent crimes that have leaked out of East Timor involved a peaceful protest to mourn those murdered.

On November 12, 1991, more than 270 peaceful mourners marching at the Santa

Cruz cemetery in Dili, the capital of East Timor, were attacked and killed by Indonesian soldiers using U.S. supplied guns. According to General Herman Mantiri, New Regional Commander for East Timor, "Such people must be shot and we will shoot them. They were opposing us demonstrating, even yelling things against the government." This massacre is one of many which the Indonesian government has subjected the people of East Timor to over the past twenty years. U.S. support of Indonesia has played a key role in allowing the genocide to continue. Since the 1991 massacre the State Department licensed 250+ military sales to Indonesia.

On the invasion of East Timor, a CIA operation officer stationed in the U.S. embassy in Jakarta, C. Philip Liechty stated, "Without continued heavy support the Indonesians might not have been able to pull it off. [Instead] they were able to stay there at no real cost to them; it didn't put any pressure on their economy and on the military forces because American taxpayers were footing the bill for the killing of that territory, to which they had no right whatsoever."

In 1977, the U.S. Congress began an inquiry into East Timor. On March 17, 1977, Lieutenant General Howard Fisk of the U.S. Air Force testified that U.S. military equipment was used in the invasion of East Timor. On November 28, 1977 the U.N. General Assembly (of which Indonesia is a member, and East Timor is not) rejected integration of East Timor with Indonesia and called for an act of self-determination for the tiny state. In 1978, the Indonesian military was beginning to run out of arms due to the rapid pace of its killing plan. President Jimmy Carter signed a bill to replenish arms to the Indonesian government so that their invasion would not lose step. According to the memoirs of U.S. senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, former ambassador to the U.N., "the United States wished things to turn out as they did... the department of state, desired that the United Nations prove utterly ineffective. That task was given to me and I carried it out with no inconsiderable success."

To bring things up to the current date, a recent article in The New York Times, of Tuesday, October 30, 1995, titled "Real Politics: Why Suharto Is In and Castro Is Out," demonstrates the greater significance of international trade to leaders in the U.S. than supposedly sacrosanct beliefs, such as human rights. The article discusses an October 27 meeting in which President Clinton, Vice President Al Gore, and much of the Presidential cabinet warmly welcomed Raden Suharto to the White House. According to the Times, "So Mr. Clinton made the requisite complaints about Indonesia's repressive tactics in East Timor, where anti-Government protests continue, and moved right on to business, getting Mr. Suharto's support for market-opening progress during the annual APEC meeting in Osaka in mid-November." Compare this to 'campaign Clinton,' who stated during the 1992 campaign that "We have ignored it [East Timor] so far in ways that I think are unconscionable."

So, back to those indistinct indirect effects you as a U.S. citizen have had on East Timor. The odds are, prior to this article, that you had never heard of East Timor, and didn't even know where it is. By voting (or not voting) for different Presidents and then not holding them to their campaign promises, you allow U.S. tax-dollars to aid the Indonesians in their "repressive tactics" which include pillaging, murder, and rape. So, the time has come to stop having indirect effects and start having direct effects. Ways in which to have direct effects are to first inform other residents of this country that their tax-dollars are helping to kill thousands of people. So, tell your friends! Also, write your elected officials and encourage them to take action on the Timor issue. Most of all, **USE YOUR HEAD**, don't support genocide. To paraphrase Noam Chomsky, it's not hard to sit down for two minutes and think of ten things you can do to work against the slaughter of helpless East Timorese. East Timor Action Network meets every Monday at 4:30 on the third floor of the CAB (at TESC).

—By Cherish Morrison Price and Lowell Brady

What does it mean to be an Evergreen vet?

BY DAN RALPH

What is the essence of the word "Veteran?" In the post-Vietnam era, especially with the advent of movies and books about the relentless horrors of combat, *Veteran* seems to have come to denote someone who has suffered greatly and has therefore earned the respect and admiration of the community. Most of all, however, the term seems rooted in the production of sympathy for the veteran, who is seen alternatively as a helpless pawn of the government or as a person so unenlightened that the individual is incapable of making sound moral decisions. This generation of sympathy is to me a misguided and inappropriate activity, and it is the very type of activity that seems to be at the center of the affirmative action style approach to observing Veterans Day 1995 which has been adopted by the Evergreen Veterans community. Does the Evergreen Veteran desire respect? Surely. But does that same Veteran want sympathy? I don't think so, although I recognize that in this community, as in many others, there are those people who will confuse the two and who will seek sympathy as a substitute for respect—thereby preventing a realistic sense of respect from emerging.

The basic sense of the word Veteran denotes a very simple meaning. A veteran is someone who has served: Someone

they occurred and regardless of their particular character, will take on new meanings for the individual. This shift of meaning is not reliant on combat trauma or any of the other militarily related or associated traumas. Even a perfectly innocuous tour of duty will deeply affect the individual who has not experienced military life before. Therefore we come to the deeper meaning of veteran, the central meaning which binds all veterans together—the commonality of being a service person who no longer serves, yet who has been fundamentally affected by the experience of having done so.

This definition of veteran does not necessarily include the generation of sympathy. Nor do I find it necessarily appropriate. Without any attempt to do so, the Veteran community exists as a group of people who have a similar set of experiences which bind them together. Most of all, they share the common experience of *having served*. They have had the opportunity and burden of transcending their personal self-

in the team directed development of order and discipline, requires an adjustment away from self interest which I have often noted young people find very difficult, often excruciating. There is no sudden magic world of teamwork in the military: The service demands that the individual sacrifice personal interest in deference to the needs of the team, and it requires the person to learn to do so quickly. This can only be accomplished through a painful process which generally succeeds to a greater or lesser extent based on the quality of training provided and the mental state of the recruits who are involved. There are some career service members who succeed in transcending their own self interest in only the most superficial of ways. But the fact remains that the core experience of having *served* is that of having *sacrificed*. They have sacrificed their own self interests, an indefinite period of their freedom, and willingly participated in a set of experiences which will permanently change their lives.

It is this sacrifice that is the glue that binds them together, and it is this sacrifice which requests not sympathy but respect from the community. Are veterans to be compared with rape victims or victims of other calamities? Of course not. Sympathy is not what veterans require, or solicit as a community. What they want is respect; respect and a sense that their sacrifice has been recognized.

So the question remains, what does the Evergreen Veteran want from the community? Is it feasible that a veteran can expect to solicit "special respect" from a community of people who for the most part have not yet reached the stage of responsibility in their lives that would include the sacrifice of self interest and freedom to a greater cause (whatever it may be)? Is it even truly reasonable to expect someone who has not shared your experiences to automatically respect them? The answer to both questions, I believe, is no.

The respect that Evergreen Veterans, as a community, should expect to receive, is the same respect which is promised to all Evergreen Students in the Social Contract. The right to expect that your voice will be heard and that you will be listened to respectfully is a profound gesture of respect which should not be underestimated.

By the same token, we should not be surprised if efforts to secure sympathy from the community, particularly efforts which amount to a litany of war stories or gory accounts of personal tragedy, are rejected by the community or resented by those who feel that participation in war is unethical or immoral.

interests in order to bring about a series of results *as a team*. Whether that team was guarding the Fulda Gap, patrolling the DMZ in Korea, or maintaining combat readiness in Kansas or Oklahoma, the opportunity to transcend personal interest in the service of a greater purpose was available.

This opportunity, and duty, manifested

Honoring a falling comrade...

BY FREDRICK A. WIGGINS

I personally would like to honor a fallen comrade whom I served with in combat. I considered him my son. I took him under my wing, realizing it was his first time away from home. I taught him how to manage his checkbook, and most of all, I taught him patience. He was always the first to volunteer for something whether he knew how to do it or not.

I was the Scout Platoon Sergeant of 4/66 Armor. Clarence Allen Cash—Johnny Cash to those of us who knew the big 6'1" cowboy so well—was the driver of my Bradley Cavalry Fighting vehicle. During our fire fight with Iraqi troops, Johnny was killed. He was 22 years old, and died February 27, 1991 while we were supporting offensive operations against the Republican Guard's Medina Division in Southern Iraq. During the final

phases of the Southern Iraq offensive, my Reconnaissance Platoon encountered intense small arms and anti-armor fire from an ammunition storage area. My platoon's lead vehicle was struck by tank fire, and my entire platoon was in danger of being destroyed. Without hesitation, Cash drove our Bradley into the direct line of fire to provide support and rescue our troops from the burning vehicle. While in the line of fire, the vehicle was hit by direct tank fire and destroyed.

Cash was my Soldier, my friend, my son, and a hero in my eyes. His memory makes Vet-



PHOTO BY JOIE KISTLER

erans Day very special to me, and is the reason I take time to honor Specialist Cash and others like him, who have served and given their all for America's peace and freedom.

Saturday
February 13th
1993

BY JOHN ELLIS CROSBY

Yesterday Paul up from Portland wanting to Xerox a rare book about typography Dennis and Claire over from Montana, on vacation, staying with Rudy and Gail. In the studio I have Dennis edit a friend's lovely poem, just to see. My studio full of energy and emotions, almost visible thoughts zipping around the place coming off the walls

At dusk Dennis comes by the house to drink a couple of beers and give me the rest of the case of Heinekens. Down payment for a commission and I give him a small painting I did while I waited and a pint of oatmeal ale.

We walk about the acre and down to the creek to pee on a cedar and watch our reflections in the black pool of the creek ripple and flow by.

Still later, about ten, he comes back and we go outward, on a journey of memories for me, driving toward the roadhouse we are surrounded by his things in the pickup truck.

Socks, a couple of boxes of crackers, oil cans on the floor, Montana dust on the dash, the two of us encapsulated in tin and plastic, his cigarette softly glowing in the night, headlights illuminating an empty road.

Dark pints of bitter ale watching the motions and movements of the roadhouse inhabitants, darts, pool, a ball game on the big screen TV.

A couple of young men ask us to shoot a foursome of pool, all those years since I shot pool in a wooden floored bar.

So I tell Dennis about Steve The Ranger, the Pool Shark who hated hustlers, five back-to-back tours in Viet Nam and was made to come home to R&R (R&R as he called it: intercourse & intoxication) he grew up in the smoky apartment over his dad's pool hall, down in Texas, learning to run nine ball and make five-bank shots.

How Steve and I would drift into the Saturday nights of Steinbeck's lettuce fields, strawberry patches and garlic plots of the Salinas Valley to Gilroy or Greenfield or King City, Los Molinos, a couple of

Bit-part characters from the middle of Cannery Row or Tortilla Flat, into the dingy and drab bracer bars shooting pool

With the shy sweat-stained men, their hands callused from short handled hoes and hook-nosed lettuce knives, teaching them how not to get conned by greedy Anglos, us buying the beers and feeding the juke box for loud brass mariachi and sweet maudlin Loma Lindas.

Telling stories in broken Spanish and then in broken English, passing faded and folded photographs, all of us laughing at our antics and high-jinks and later Steve and I

Eating our ritual breakfast of Chinese hot and sour soup and pork fried rice and a beer in a paper bag under the table.

Dennis and I leave the roadhouse (old Spud 'n' Elma's) and head downtown to the 4th Ave Taw for some conversation with old and new friends, and when he takes me home quietly asks "Whatever happened to your friend Steve?"

He went back for a fifth tour and we corresponded a while, then I lost track of him until I found his name carved into polished black marble one tear-stained day.

I did a rubbing on a crumpled air-mail envelope with blue pool-cue chalk and

Left the chalk and a old battered Blitz-weinhard beer cap at the base of the wall for him, for Steve...

Greener camouflage doesn't hide anti-vet discrimination

BY SHELLY O'CONNOR

This story is based on information I gathered through conversations with vets and the answers they wrote on their questionnaires. All of the names and situations are fictitious. The words in italics were taken directly from the answers on the questionnaires. I appreciate the time and effort people put into their answers, and do not want to usurp creative credit for their contributions.

Stacey is staring out the city bus window, looking at the fall leaves, and hoping that the cute guy in her science program will be interested in discussing their lab project over lattes, tonight, at her house, in front of the fire. Skip the lattes and open a bottle of wine...

"Hey, don't you work in the Vets Office at school?" A man her dad's age slides into the seat next to her. "I'm not filling out any more of those attendance forms you guys send me. I asked my instructor to sign mine the other day, and he made some comment about the money wasted on defense. Then some bleeding heart got in my face yelling about all the innocent civilians who suffered in Hiroshima and all the women and babies 'you animals' killed in Vietnam. I don't need to hear this crap. I didn't want to go to Vietnam. I was drafted. Do you hear me? Drafted! And these punks have the nerve to give me a hard time!"

Stacey sinks down into the seat, wishing she could disappear. Her brother died in service during Desert Storm. She doesn't like to think about war, partly because she feels guilty that she remained stateside while her brother got blown away. It was luck of some sort that her unit was not deployed. Her parents could not have handled losing them both.

"You do work in the Vets Office, don't ya? My name is Chuck." He thrusts forward his right hand for her to shake.

"Yes, I am a work study student at the Office of Veteran Affairs at school. My name is Stacey," she says as she tries to firmly shake Chuck's hand. "I'm sorry that you were given such a bad time, but you have to get those forms signed if you want to collect your educational benefits."

"I guess you didn't understand me. I'm not doing it. That G.I. Bill money is mine! I paid into it, I earned it, and I shouldn't have to take a bunch of crap to get it!"

"Please don't get angry with me, Chuck. I agree with you, and I'll ask my boss to call your instructor and see if they can work something out. You're here to get an education, not to get upset. Write his name, the name of your program and your name on a piece of paper for me and I'll take care of it."

"Thanks, Stacey. I didn't mean to yell at you. I just can't understand why people don't realize that vets are entitled to the same amount of respect as everyone else. I appreciate you helping me out."

Later that day in the OVA Stacey tells Bill, another work study student/vet about her conversation with Chuck. "I feel so bad for him, Bill. Those guys who went to Vietnam got spit on when they came home. He didn't even want to go. He was just a kid when they drafted him."

"You know, Stace, he doesn't want you to feel sorry for him. The only thing any of the vets want from society is respect. We're not bad people. We're the ones who have preserved the freedoms that allow them to say and do and believe what they choose."

"Sorry to interrupt, but I just want to turn in my attendance form. I couldn't help overhearing what you were saying. During my

tours in Vietnam, I was part of the most vivid display of human behavior. The best and worst scenes of people replay in my mind. You know, there is a fine line that divides the humanitarian and the horrible, and there were days when I crossed that line several times. I

don't want sympathy for the nightmares that haunt me, and I don't want praise for my service. I only want respect. The ugly face of war is one that those of us who have seen it will never forget and one that those who have never seen will never understand."

"This is Stacey, and I'm Bill. You're Dave, right?" Dave nods. "Veteran's Day is coming up and we have been mulling over some ideas about recognizing it for the first time here at Evergreen. What do you think?"

"Well, I think that it would be nice to do something to recognize the vets and to let the campus know that we're not just a bunch of war mongers," suggests Dave.

"Is there really a problem on campus?" asks Stacey. "I mean, I have never had anyone accuse me of being a war monger or giving me a bad time for serving in the Marines."

"First of all, Stace, you're a woman. Everybody knows that women don't do the killing. Second, people are impressed with you and interested in your stories because most of them think you're too pretty to be a Marine." Bill and Dave both giggle.

"That's not fair, Bill. I had to go through the same training that male Marines go through and I can shoot better than most of 'em! I was a good Marine, just as willing to die for my country as the rest of them!"

"Calm down, Stacey. I didn't mean to upset you. I know you were a good Marine. There are lots of women who serve and do a better job than the men. However, they still are not on the front lines, and therefore are not seen by the rest of society as killers like we are. I never even saw combat, Stace, but I've been called a killer."

"Apology accepted. I'm going to the bookstore."

At the bookstore, Stacey runs into an instructor she had freshman year.

"So, Stacey, what are you doing this year?"

"I'm in a pretty intense science program and I have a job in the Veterans Office. Did you have a nice summer, Jack?"

"I did, thank you. So, what did you think of the flag burned downtown last week?"

"I think that if people don't like our flag and America, they can move to another country. Doesn't it make you mad?"

Jack laughs. "I served in the military so that people can burn the flag if they want to. It was my contribution to peace and freedom." Throughout the day, Stacey and Bill asked the vets who came by what Veterans Day and being a veteran means to them, particularly here at Evergreen.

"I am extremely proud to be a veteran. It means capability, leadership, humanity, honor, and pride. Not necessarily because I believed in what we were fighting for, because truthfully, I have no idea as to the real reason we fought in Iraq. However, I still believe in the people who fought alongside me," volunteered Ted.

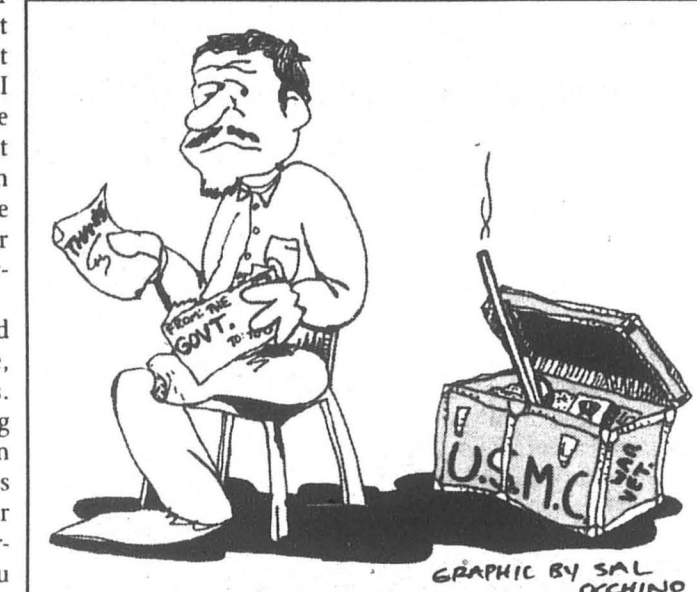
"Humanity?" asks Stacey. "Yes, humanity," responds Ted, "because in the face of fear and adversity, we found the benevolence to feed the elderly, women, and children of our enemy."

"What does Veterans Day mean to you, Patty? Your husband was in the Navy, wasn't he?" asks Bill. "Until the day he died," answers Patty, "and damn proud of it. His being a veteran in a sense means that I'm a veteran, too. Every time he got orders, the kids and I moved, or were left at home while he went out on a boat for six months. With all the moving around, I never got to finish my education or have a career. I had to start over at every base, and so did the kids. They saw the world and learned things that they can't learn in school, but don't have the kind of roots that most civilian kids have. Now that he's gone, I can find

"Here I am, turning in my attendance form. Have you missed me?"

"What do you think about Veterans Day, Josh?" asks Bill. "I think it is an important reminder to current citizens that America may pay a high price when contemplating military action," answers Josh. "Why do you ask?"

"We're talking about getting something together to celebrate Veterans Day for the first time on campus. You know, it's funny," Bill laughs, "but my friend Theresa, a staff member here made a really good point when I saw her at lunch. She is in the Reserves and has experienced sneers and dirty looks when she has been on campus in uniform. She said, 'This seems odd to me, given the number of non military people who wear army boots and camouflage pants on campus.' Don't you think that's kind of funny?"



my education, but I'd still give anything in the world to have him back. Despite the difficulties military life causes, he was a great father, husband and friend. No education or career could ever take his place. Veterans Day is one of many days throughout the year when I reflect back on the sacrifices made by those who serve and their families."

"Veterans Day doesn't mean anything to me. I think that people who serve in the military should be remembered everyday. Veterans don't agree with the choices made in D.C. but are the ones who fought when the politicians were afraid to," states John who just got out of the Air Force two months ago.

"No one pays Veteran's Day any mind," adds Al. "No one cared about vets until Desert Storm. Now if I get stopped by the police, all I have to say is that I served in Vietnam and I don't get a ticket, just a handshake."

Here, Stacey, says Mike as he hands her a hot cup. "I thought you might like a latte."

"Thanks, Mike, I need it. I'm so stressed out with my science project and trying to get something together for Veteran's Day here on campus."

"That stresses you out? My military experience gave me a different way of looking at daily stress. None of them compare to the crap I went through on a submarine."

"Thanks anyway for the latte. Have you seen Josh lately? I haven't seen him in a while and I wonder how he's doing."

"Speak of the devil! Hi Josh. Stacey was just asking about you."

"Here I am, turning in my attendance form. Have you missed me?"

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Arts and Entertainment

SPECIAL WALLOWING IN DEATH EDITION FEATURING THE THRILL KILL KULT, EDDIE MURPHY AS A VAMPIRE AND COPYCAT. (Peaceful types can read about Flamenco on p. 11.)

If I could have one wish, it would be to live my life with the Thrill Kill Kult

An interview with Jacky Blacque of My Life With the Thrill Kill Kult

by Nolan Lattyak

So there I was at DV8, a little dance club/venue in downtown Seattle. I had arranged an interview with the My Life With the Thrill Kill Kult at 5:00, after their soundcheck. I walked in to hear "There are thousands of people being crucified..." the sampled background of one of their songs. As I was walking around, Jacky Blacque, one of the original Bomb Gang Girls who are the female singers of the Thrill Kill Kult, walked up to me and said, "Press?" I nodded accordingly and she led me downstairs to the backstage area where she offered me coffee and we did the interview.

How did you get to know Lydia Lydia Lunch?

Lydia stormed into Groovie's (Groovie Mann) life back in eighty something or rather. I don't know how they met, but it was Groovie and she were friends. They were friends. And, when they did "(A)Daisy Chain (For Satan)", they had this idea for another song, "Cause It's Hot." And at the time the other Bomb Gang Girls who were around, all had that kind of edge on it that was needed, ya know so she volunteered her services and she also did a couple songs, uh, she also did a song on, uh *13 Above the Night*.

Who started My Life With the Thrill Kill Kult?

Buzz (McCo) and Groovie. Buzz, he does the music, Groovie writes the lyrics. But we all kinda put in our two cents. (laughs) And then, of course, you know I sing, and Cinderella (Pussie) sings, and Levi (Levi) plays the bass.

Do you know what made them want to start the Thrill Kill Kult?

It was supposed to be a movie, but the movie never came about. So, the instead of doing the movie, we did the soundtrack for the movie. And Wax Trax, at the time, because Buzz and Groovie met through Ministry. You see, Buzz used to play guitar for Ministry. Groovie used to do production. So that's how they met, and they hit it off, and they were going to do a movie, but they didn't have enough money for the movie, but they did have enough instruments, you know, couple of DAT's laying around, some old crap to put together you know, some samples, and uh Wax Trax liked it. What they heard of what little of it they heard and sent them to Belgium to hook up with Luc... Van Acker. And, that's it. I answered your question didn't I?

Yeah. OK good (laughs). What was your question? (laughs) Anyway.

Are you working on another album?

No! (laughs) God no! No! We really want to do a movie, we keep saying we're going to it. We were supposed to do a movie for *Sexplosion!* We did do a short video.

Really? Yeah, it's available. Oh God, yeah. But I think they're going to spend time trying to make *Hit and Run Holiday* a film. 'Cause it's about two chickie-babies that run away from home and, you know. Do all the things that chickie-babies do... to survive on the road... ectecetra.

What's the relation to The Electric Hellfire Club?

None. And Pigface. And what? Pigface.

Pigface? I know Levi plays with Pigface, the bass player, he goes out with Pigface every now and again, but I don't think there's a relationship between the Electric Hellfire

Club and anybody.

How do you write your songs?

Usually an idea comes to mind. Like let's say, "Cuz It's Hot", cause it was hot one day. When we were touring last time, we were in Europe or something, and we were like, "This is like some cheap holiday." We were like, wouldn't that be a great concept for an album. And then, you know, things come like that. It's usually one line that's overheard, and then we build around that.

What music were you all influenced by? If any.

There was no influence. Is that why you're so hard to define?

Yeah. I think that's basically it because you know, the band ranges from four to as many as nine or ten members and we're all completely different people from completely different backgrounds. We listen to totally different music. I mean it's very rare that you can get anybody that has two or three of the same tapes in their col-



They don't make 'em much more stylish than the Thrill Kill Kult.

lection. So, with all that diversity, I guess everybody put in their little input that's why it's so unique and fabulous! (sarcastically) Just like me. (laughs)

How did you all meet each other?

In a bar, of course. A long time ago?

We met in bars literally. That's how Buzz, one day saw me in a bar, and I guess, he was talking to some chick, and I said something to him, and he said, "Wanna join a band?" And I said, "Sure!" I thought he was kidding, and he wasn't, and I got a call, like four months later to come out on tour. And that's how, you know Levi was met. Back in Wax Trax! days, everybody was in Chicago at that time, so everybody would hang out at the bar. Al (Jourgensen) would be there. Chris. Chris Connelly. Everybody was always out. Regardless of what type of music it was. So we would pick up and go see a band, "Oh wow, he's a good bass player." That's how we picked up Levi. Because he was the bass player for Shawn Christopher doing lots of vocals for *Sexplosion!* Of course we go through drummers like that movie. What was that movie? *Spinal Tap!* I think we've had about four or five so far... You know. Drummers and keyboarders, man. Once you start playing the keyboard, you know you're out. Next step is out. (laughs)

Isn't Cinderella new?

Cinderella Pussie? She's new touring, but she's always been a character. She's always been a Bomb Gang Girl. But as the Bomb Gang Girls have changed, except for me, I'm pretty much the only original one. But there are Bomb Gang Girls that we've met that are just the way you are, the way you act, your personality, you know. She always was, but she could never come out because she was busy doing this or that. He (Groovie) grabbed her one time when we did *Hit*

and *Run (Holiday)* and found out that she could really... She was one of those... Who did that "I don't give a damn about my bad reputation." One of those run-away chickie babies? You know, she's real little with a big voice. So I was like "That's cool." Plus, you know, she's got that little girl slut-next-door look. The little cute slut-next-door. (laughs)

Do any of you own a '69 Chevelle?

As a matter of fact, we just bought one. Did you?

Yeah! Good deal! We had to!

The one on the cover?

Yeah! It's not that one, but we had to! We had to buy it, and we're going to pick it up soon and drive it, just drive it along. 'Cause it's cool. Personally, I'm a '67 Cadillac drop-top myself.

So, do you all hang out a lot together when you're not doing anything?

No. (laughs) No. We fly as far as possible from each other. I think the last day of the show is the 25th. On the 26th, everybody's on the plane out. (laughs)

But you all get together to write the albums?

Well, we do a lot of that well we're touring—There's a lot of writing being done, not with any particular thing in mind. Groovie just takes what little stuff I've, etc, etc. And then they put it all together. And when we record, it's just a matter of. We used to record at Starlust studio in Malibu, but that's been changed. The drummer would come out.

Whatever drummer.

Yeah, thank you. Or Mr. Drum Machine (laughs). And then Groovie would come out. And then the Bomb Gang Girls would come out together or separately or whatever jobs we had that would allow us to come out. At times it was kind of difficult because you were singing lines over the telephone. (laughs)

Do you have a favorite album?

Actually, it's not an album, it's an EP. (A) *Daisy Chain (4 Satan)* / *Cause it's Hot*. I like *Confessions of a Knife* actually because it's kinda like disco and stuff, cause that's the stuff we're doing now, but it's (*Confessions of a Knife*) kinda dark. I love "Rivers of Blood" Yes. That's one of my favorites. And actually, "The Remains" on *I See Good Spirits* is another one of my favorite songs. I tend to like the slower groovy songs like "Martini (Built for 2)", was one of my favorite songs on *Sexplosion!* And I like "Portrait of the Damned" on this one, cause it's kinda scary. That's a really creepy song, if you listen to the words.

Definitely. It's kind of our stalker song. (laughs)

After the interview, I grabbed some food and went upstairs to see the concert. I had three hours to kill before it started, so I proceeded to eat and smoke. As I was smoking, I saw Levi walking around. I had met him last time, and hung out with him for a bit, but I didn't think he'd remember me, so I didn't want to bother him. Amazingly enough, he walked over and we talked for awhile. This just reaffirmed the fact that this group is unlike other bands.

It was a great show, with Big Stick playing first. Their theatrical act was probably highlight of their show. Eve's Plum came on second and played a fabulous set.

Then, the headliners, the Thrill Kill Kult, came on. Without a doubt, they are the most suave-looking band around. They played about six or seven songs from their new album *Hit and Run Holiday* first. They also played old favorites like *Sex on Wheelz* and *after the Flesh*. It was an excellent show as all their shows are. The strong sexual tension combined with masterful playing and striking lyrics, great samples and dazzling dancing make this band one of the best ever in concert or on album.

Unoriginal Vampire will not be immortal film

by John Evans

I'm a big fan of vampire movies. Love 'em, actually. When I heard Eddie Murphy was going to play one of the nosferatu, I admit it sounded intriguing. Throw the great Angela Bassett in there, have the man who created *A Nightmare On Elm Street* direct (Wes Craven). hey what could go wrong?

A lot. *Vampire in Brooklyn* is shamelessly unoriginal, stealing every bit of vampire cliché not nailed down and tiredly trotting it out.

Conspicuously absent is the charming, quirky irreverence of Murphy's better films, all of which had clever scripts. This film, like most of his recent efforts, manages only hollow echoes of that wit.

Maximilian (Murphy), the last vampire in the world, comes to Brooklyn to find his race's salvation, a half vampire whom he must convince to willingly accept her nature. This half vampire is a tough cop (Bassett) who may be in love with Justice, her partner. That's right, a cop named Justice. How subtle.

While the charismatic Max can make the dark side very seductive, Justice recognizes his threat and strives to interfere with the vampire's mission.

Craven stretches this premise pretty thin, spending a lot of time on Bassett's struggle with temptation and Murphy trying to discredit Justice. We've seen it all before.

Admittedly, Eddie makes an obvious attempt to become the character. In so many of his films he isn't acting, he's performing, and while he may be entertaining, he's not exactly creating different people on screen. Here he leaves the usual act behind and plays his role of manipulative vampire to the hilt.

Julius Jones (Kadeem Hardison) is the unfortunate chosen by Max to become his "ghoul," a position his undead master promises has its perks but really only seems to make Julius decompose.

There is some humor to be found in that subplot, and when Max poses as a preacher he delivers a hilarious sermon about evil being good to a gullible congregation. "If there was nothing but sunny days, what would be a sunny day?" He asks. Hey, we can relate to that up here.

A heavily made-up Murphy also plays a loud-mouthed Italian thug, and his over-the-top stream of consciousness rantings work well in that scene.

It was interesting to see the suave Maximilian working his dark magic, and I have to commend Craven for successfully making his protagonist an essentially evil character. Murphy isn't some looming bad guy basically in the background; we see him establishing a place to live, planning his attack and carrying out his schemes. These were the strongest parts of the film.

Unfortunately, I always knew where the storyline was heading and a lot of the humor seemed really sophomoric.

Bassett seems surprisingly uncomfortable in the film, has admitted in interviews she doesn't like horror movies (too scary) and has no experience with them. Whether it was the script or her acting, she makes none of the impact of her great performances in *What's Love Got to Do With It* and *Strange Days*.

While a nice touch here and there are worthy of appreciation, *Vampire in Brooklyn* is ultimately an uninspired chapter in Wes Craven's declining career.

THE A&E EDITOR WOULD LIKE TO APOLOGIZE FOR ALL OF THE FILTH AND EVIL INFESTING THIS WEEK'S EDITION. NEXT WEEK: KITTEN REVIEWS!

Excellent acting and interesting plot make Copycat worth seeing

by Teri Tada

Academy award nominee Sigourney Weaver and Holly Hunter star in *Copycat*, Jon Amiel's thriller about the exploits of a notorious serial killer. Weaver plays Helen Hudson, a world renowned criminal psychologist and expert on serial killers. As the movie opens, she's giving a lecture on mass murderers to a large audience in her hometown of San Francisco.

Little does she know that a redneck psychopath named Daryll Lee Cullum (played by jazz crooner Harry Connick, Jr.) is lurking in the crowd, planning to take her life. He ambushes her in the ladies restroom, killing a police officer in the process. Fortunately for Hudson, security guards arrive and arrest Cullum before he can do her harm.

The film then fast forwards to thirteen months later. Hudson has suffered a nervous breakdown and acquired a serious case of agoraphobia. She has become a recluse in her upscale apartment, drinking heavily, popping pills and suffering traumatic flashbacks. When a series of fresh murders begins to plague the San Francisco area, Hudson becomes obsessed

with the case, following it closely through the media and calling the police department with anonymous and rather frantic tips and observations.

When homicide detective M.J. Monahan (Hunter) tracks the calls back to Hudson, she goes to Hudson's apartment and asks for her help in unraveling these new crimes. Hudson initially refuses, but eventually she is drawn back into the work that was once her passion. Hudson and Monahan soon deduce that the murders are indeed linked, and the killer is

pattern- ing his crimes after the most famous serial killers in recent history: Ted Bundy, The Boston Strangler, Jeffrey Dahmer, et al.

Hudson initially suspects Cullum, but a quick check reveals that he is still safely tucked away in prison. And so the search for the new "Copycat" killer is on.

Copycat is sharp, edgy, intense and fast paced, a kind of fusion of *Cagney and Lacey* and *Silence of the Lambs*. The strongest per-

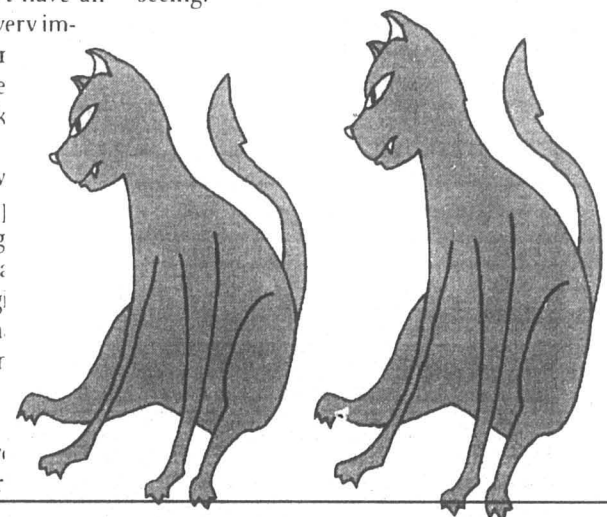
formance in the film definitely comes from Weaver. She must have done her homework on how victims of serious assault deal with their pain, because her portrayal of Hudson resounds with a gritty, desperate and fierce realism. Amiel also does a great job of using the camera to show how large, open spaces appear to agoraphobics.

Hunter is good but not outstanding as the coolly intelligent Detective Monahan. Her character isn't as interesting as Weaver's but Hunter is able to find ways to show the emotions and drives under Monahan's calm, unruffled exterior. While he doesn't have an overly large role in the movie, I was very impressed by Harry Connick, Jr.'s portrayal of a delusional killer. As an actor he nitely has potential and I would like to see his future acting efforts.

With excellent acting, a well-written screenplay and an interesting plot, *Copycat* is a hard to criticize. One thing the movie was lacking was more character interaction. A kind of friendship develops between Hunter and Monahan the course of the movie but Amiel does more than gloss over it. He was probably trying to keep the film's pace flowing, but he could have slowed it down a little for more char-

acter development. Both women lose people close to them over the course of the movie, and it would have been interesting to see them lean on one another for support as they deal with their grief.

There's been so many serial killer movies lately that I'm beginning to wonder if this genre is going reach critical mass soon. If they all handled their subject matter as well as this one, my answer would be a resounding "no." Though not as eerie or scary as some of its predecessors, *Copycat* is a great film, and, if you're not put off by the violence, it's definitely worth seeing.



Maria Benitez Teatro Flamenco

Washington Center hosts United States' leading Spanish dance company

by Barbara Zelano

We often dig around for something to break up our regular routine of work, school, sleep, work, school...for anything that can get our blood stirred. Very often live music is the force that can rip us out of our heads and allow us to forget the routine. It gets our hearts pounding, like rock climbing, or racing a horse across a field. We sweat, we get rained on, we're connected and we feel alive.

Some of us build giant bonfires so we can see sparks fly and feel the intense heat. Maybe we need to do this because our parents told us never to play with fire, or maybe we simply need a connection to the wild, the primitive. Ah yes, that primal force.

It has been said, Maria Benitez captures the force and throws it back at you.

She and her company, Teatro Flamenco, will perform at the Washington Center on November 14 at 7:30pm. This event, presented by the Institute for Spanish Arts, includes musicians who are internationally acclaimed artists in their own right. In fact, flamenco

must be dependent on live music for it's very existence.

The word *flamenco* in Spanish means flamigo. Some believe it evolved from the Arabic words *felah-mengu*, or "nomadic peasant." The gypsies came to southern Spain 500 years ago, and their songs were influenced by the Moors. During it's heyday in the late 19th and 20th centuries, flamenco was integrated into Spanish dance, music and poetry. But during Francisco Franco's repressive regime (1939 to 1975), authorities outlawed it. Since Franco's death, flamenco has flourished.

Maria Benitez Teatro Flamenco boasts a national and international reputation as the leading company of Spanish dance in this country. While drawing on traditional rhythms and themes, Ms. Benitez has created works which are truly contemporary. She has created a powerfully diverse and demanding repertory for music and dance. This experimentation is as much a part of flamenco as it's rich traditional vocabulary.

"I'm no hidebound traditionalist, and I'm not your typical flamenco dancer," Benitez says. "I take liberty with the style. It doesn't

matter to me whether or not I make a beautiful pose: I've never had a problem with naked expression."

Naked expression is exactly what Benitez believes is crucial to flamenco.

"Too often dancers play it safe," she says. "What to look for in a performance is how the experience affects you, the sensuality of the movement, and if the dance looks fresh. Mystery is very, very important."

For tickets to Teatro Flamenco's November 14th event, call the Washington Center box office at 753-8586.

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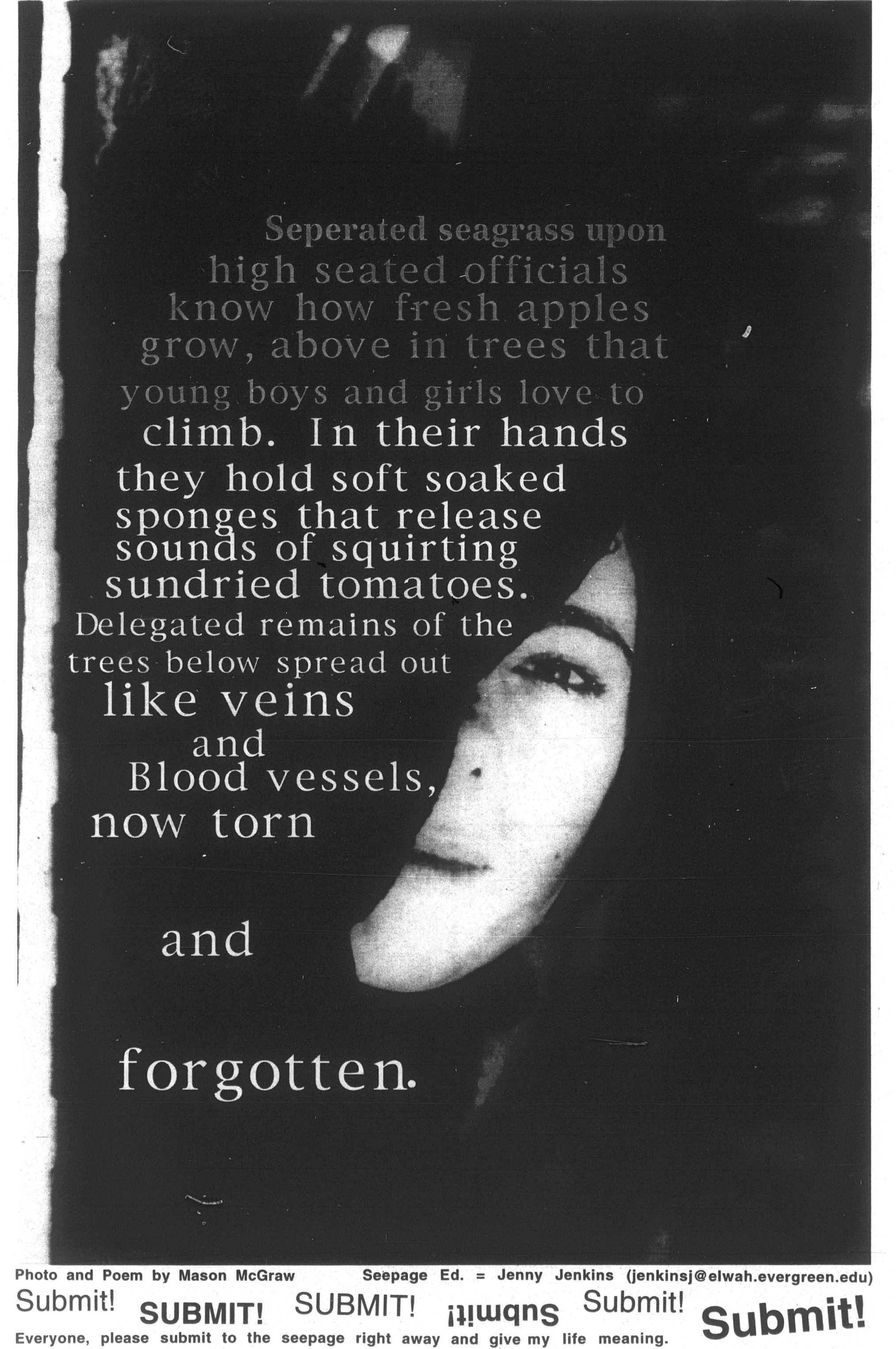
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high seated officials
know how fresh apples
grow, above in trees that
young boys and girls love to
climb. In their hands
they hold soft soaked
sponges that release
sounds of squirting
sundried tomatoes.

Delegated remains of the
trees below spread out

like veins

and

Blood vessels,
now torn

and

forgotten.

Photo and Poem by Mason McGraw

Seepage Ed. = Jenny Jenkins (jenkinsj@elwah.evergreen.edu)

Submit!

SUBMIT!

SUBMIT!

Submit!

Submit!

Submit!

Everyone, please submit to the seepage right away and give my life meaning.