

# · COOPER POINT JOURNAL ·

February 29, 1996

The Evergreen State College

International women's week coming soon

BY JENNIFER KOOGLER

Volume 26 • Issue 18

March 4 through the 8 Evergreen will celebrate International Women's Week. The festivities include lectures, workshops and films sponsored by the Women's Resource Center and other student groups on campus

The week kicks off noon on Monday in the Library lobby with a lecture entitled "Politics of Division" by National Organization for Women Vice President of Action Rosemary Dempsey. She has been active in contesting the conservative right wing's political agenda, connecting the oppression of women and discrimination against gays and lesbians, immigrants, people of color, and poor people. Recently, she has worked against the anti-lesbian and gay initiatives in Colorado, Maine, and California.

Dempsey has been Action Vice President since 1990, and as traveled to numerous campuses around the country, attracting students to attend NOW's various national rallies and marches, along with building support for political campaigns. Her current endeavors included working on NOW's Field Organizing campaign to

Women's Week leaps to page 4

# **Health services** provides free shots for students

BY REYNOR PADILLA

The Health Center was set up to give free measle and tetanus shots Wednesday.

The free shot booth is part of an effort by the Health Center to immunize more college aged students.

According to Janet Bartlow, college-aged adults are more likely to contract measles. Before 1957 everyone got measles at some point, and so everyone born before then is immune, Bartlow said. After that cases of measles went down, Bartlow said. In the 60s and 70s a measles vaccine was created, but it wasn't that good, Bartlow said. So twenty to thirty year olds are particularly in danger.

People weren't exactly excited about getting shots. "If it was free chocolate they might be." Bartlow said.

**Shots** leaps to page 3



K Records' recording artists the Halo Benders (from left, Steve Fisk, Calvin Johnson, and Doug Martsch) performed at Cellophane Square in the Unversity District of Seattle on Saturday. The Halo Benders played two other shows this weekend, the first at the University of Washington, also on Saturday, and the other at Olympia's Capitol Theater on Sunday. For a review of the Halo Benders show see the Arts and Entertainment section.

# Evergreen men's rugby scores first league championship

BY MIKE STEENHOUT

assorted names by their rugby peers in the past, but now year's team." across the tri-state region they are hailed as the 1995-96 Pacific Northwest Rugby Football Club (PNRFU) Division

Gangrene played a tough match against the University of Oregon Ducks in Eugene, Oregon last weekend that resulted in a 17-17 tie, raising Gangrene's record to 6-0-1. The Ducks were beaten by Southern Oregon College in October, a team that Gangrene defeated earlier this year, thus putting the championship in the bag. The tri-state championship is a first of its kind for Gangrene.

**TESC Olympia, WA** 

"Intensity was key to this years championship," noted Evergreen's men's rugby club, the infamous Gangrene, Tony Nelson, a first year player and starting hooker. "I feel' have been called hippies, tree-huggers, dopeheads, and other I have gained a lot of valuable experience playing with this

> John L. Berare, the top points scorer for Gangrene this season, felt that "friendship and unity amongst the team members led to strong teamwork on the field, helping us to win games this year."

> Club President Mike Steenhout stated that "the experience of returning players in key positions gave the team the needed push to reach championship status. Financial support from the student body, which allowed us to pay union dues, buy needed equipment, and make our away matche's were key as well."

Gangrene Rugby has a standing invitation to anyone interested in playing rugby. Evergreen student status and playing experience are not needed to join, but dedication is a must. The team will continue playing matches throughout February, March, and April, and may be attending the May 4-5 Maggot-Fest tournament in Missuola, Montana, and the May 11-12 Golden Gate International tournament in San Francisco, California. Practice is currently held on field 5. Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday from 4 p.m. till dark (you would be expected to attended one or two practices weekly). Call Mike at 357-6770 or Chris at 866-0371 for more

information Mike Steenhout is a member of Evergreen's Gangrene rugby team.

## •News•

NEUSBRIEFS

# Olympia Yard Waste

The yard waste drop-off sit at the city of Olympia Maintenance Center will reopen on Saturday, March 2. The site will be open from 9:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m. every Saturady at least until December. Fee is \$1 per bag or can, \$7 for a small truck load, and \$10 for a large truck load. These can be filled with leaves, grass clippings, limbs up to six inches in diameter, and clean untreated wood (without nails). All Olympia residents will receive preparation instructions and a coupon calendar via mail near the end of February if they have not already received it. This is good for \$1 off each Saturday that the site is open in 1996.

### KAOS get Greeners in cheap

KAOS is supporting Washington Center for the Performing Arts' presentations. Present your current KAOS Subscriber Card at any of these presentations and recieve 10% off on the admission.

\*ALTAN is a traditional sounding Irish traditional band. Performance held tomorrow at 7:30 pm.

\* The Cuban National Folkloric Dance Ensemble will be presenting for their first U.S. tour in 15 years. Come Tuesday, March 26, at 7:30 pm.

\*Rick Eckert: "the Idiot Variations" is a one man music and commentary held Wed. March 7 through March 26 at 8 pm on Stage II

There is a \$2 discount for senior citizens and students. This does not include the discount for being a KOAS subscriber. All you have to do to become a subscriber is make a pledge to the radio station with a \$35 fee. You can stop by KAOS office on the third floor of the CAB at any time to pledge.

Tickets cost \$14-\$26 without any of the discounts.Call The Washington Center Box Office at 753-8586 for any inquiries of the performances.

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### SECURITY BLOTTER by Thursday, February 15 0921: Lights maliciously broken outside a Lab 1 lobby door. 1031: Scale swiped from lab stores during the night. 1603: Fence cut at covered rec pavilion 2338: Eviction notice served in housing. 2341: EF student takes ill. Friday, February 16 1247: Wallet stolen from P-dorm 1600: Fire alarm energized by burnt food in S-dorm. 1609: Student transported to St. Peter's hospital for mental evaluation. Saturday, February 17 0931: Scorched food stimulates fire alarm in F-dorm. 1854: Fire alarm in the old davcare is activated. Unknown cause. 2228: Prankster pulls fire alarm in Pdorm. Sunday, February 18 0615: Bike spirited away from its rightful owner in the Mods. Monday, February 19 0907: \$2735 worth of items stolen from a vehicle in C-lot. 1539: Wallet stolen from CRC men's room. Tuesday, February 20 1050: President's office receives a bomb threat. Campus is forced to be evacuated, causing mass higgledy-piggledy. 2318: Graffiti painted on the outside wall of A-dorm.

Wednesday, February 21

0953 and 1033: Animals impounded for violation of the pet policy. Animals names withheld to protect the innocent. 1102: Graffiti in and around A-dorm. 1423: Graffiti on the outside door of Lecture Hall 3

# **Puppet Troupe in Olympia**

The Magic Mushroom Puppet Troupe will be presenting its debut performance of "Life, a Melted Perspective" on Saturday, March 2, at the Evergreen State College. The performance will be held at the Recital Hall of the communications building room 212 at 7:00 pm. Admission is free.



### THE COOPER POINT JOURNAL •2• FEBRUARY 29, 1996

# campiled and Pre- faculty Evals

Don't you deserve to know a little something about faculty before you register for their program? Help create a student run library of student evaluations of the faculty. Student Michael Benson needs donations of your evals of the faculty. He also needs interested and creative students to join him in a learning contract for the creation of the student run library. If you have inquiries, call Mike at 866-8356. Remember, if you have any problems with the concept of faculty's evals before registration, some hard to get into programs have faculty members who decide which students to let in based on other faculty members' evals on them.

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# International Women's Week

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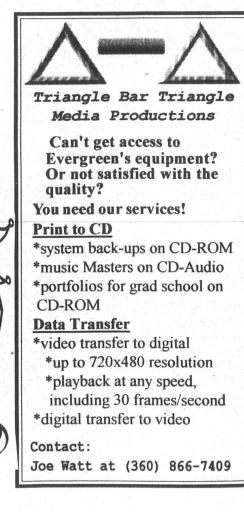
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International Women's Week is March 4-8. The entire week is "highlighting the contributions of women around the world and in our own community." It starts off Monday at noon with a lecture from NOW's vice president Rosemary Dempsey. A week of events will follow surrounding the themes of women filmmakers, women's health care, women's body image, and women's social justice and labor in this country and others. The week will be closed with an open mic and potluckFriday night at 6 in CAB 110. Call the Women's Resource Center extension 6162 to sign up for the open mic or if you have any additional questions.

ERRATA: The photo on the cover on Feb. 15 of the Board of Trustees was taken by Christian Miller On Feb 22 the Japan-a-rama review neglected to nention that the Center on Contempory Arts is located n Seattle; we're all so ashamed of the evacutation on the front page; I'm sorry Valentine's Day was cut out on the Security Blotter. But nothing really happened. Everybody loved each other instead. Damn!



# Services and Activities Board looks Vietnamese community at wages of student coordinators

BY CARSON STREGE-FLORA The Service and Activities Board ( or S&A Board) plans to analyze the way student group coordinators are paid for their work. This issue has not been explored for several years and the S&A Board believes that this is an ideal year to study pay issues. With your help, the S&A Board intends to initiate a survey and community forum in order to examine the compensation structure for student coordinators. The S&A Board allocates student fees

collected each quarter to different student activity groups and other student related activities. The student groups, like the Native Student Alliance or Union of Students with Disabilities, have coordinators who receive limited pay. Often times the coordinators of student groups are not compensated for all of the hours worked. The S&A Board is concerned that this structure inhibits interest in the student group coordinator positions. The S&A Board wants to initiate a

social justice.

Marta currently lives in Chihuahua, Mexico where she is actively involved in searching and freeing political prisoners by pressuring the government to recognize these injustices. She organizes groups to search the jails for political prisoners. In addition, she works to gather economic and legal resources to support the claims of people's whose relatives and friends have tisappeared.'

Nonetheless twenty people went Bartlow said behind the portable hospital curtain to receive the prick of protection, Wednesday. Bartlow says they usually immunize about said Amy Hinchcliffe, student health care 30 people at their free shot sites. People usually get shots because they are going to third world countries to study abroad,

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# •NEWS•

process that studies compensation for coordinators. To this end, the Board will be distributing surveys to coordinators requesting information about the number of hours actually worked versus the number of hours paid. In addition, the Board will be asking for community input on compensating student group coordinators. The forum will be an opportunity for community members and coordinators to offer suggestions and share ideas about the compensation system.

The Board intends for this to be an inclusive process. If you are a student coordinator, please respond to the survey as quickly and accurately as possible. All interested community members are encouraged to give their opinions at the forum. The S&A Board hopes that we can all work together to find an appropriate solution for student coordinators.

Carson Strege-Flora is a member of the S & A Board.

# Mexican political activist to visit Evergreen

### BY YOLANDA CRUZ

On March 5, Marta de los Rios will be in the Library Lobby at noon sponsored by the Latin American Students Organization (L.A.S.O.). Rios, a Mexican political activist who will be speaking on the role of Mexican women in the current struggle for

Marta de los Rios was born in Chihauhua in 1945. Her grandfather was a published poet who actively participated with the Ricardo Flores Magon (a wellknown anarchist) group and was imprisoned because of his activities and writings. Marta studied special education in Mexico City

and completed a Masters degree.

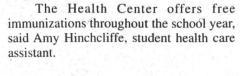
became an active member of the Communist Youth Party. In 1966, she obtained a scholarship to study pedagogy in Moscow at the Lumbuba institute. She returned to Mexico in 1968 and joined the underground armed movement called Liga 23 de Septiembre. In 1972 because of her involvement in this group, she was imprisoned in Ciudad Juarez, Chihuahua, where she worked.

Due to the protest of supporters and fellow teachers she was released in only eight days. In 1978 her sister was kidnapped and to this day she has not been found. During this year Marta became an active participant in the committee for the defense of political prisoners. She is currently working for social justice and for the defense of human dignity. In addition, she is actively involved with the Zapatista movement in Chiapas and also works to improve the living conditions of the Tarahumara Indians in Chihuahua.

For more information on this event please contact L.A.S.O. at x6583.

Yolanda Cruz is a coordinator of the While studying in Mexico City, she Latin American Student Organization.

# Shots from cover



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celebrates the New Year

BY YEN PHAN TRIMBLE

More then 200 Vietnamese people

athered at St. Michael's Catholic Church

unday to honor Tet Nguyen Dan,

Vietnamese New Year to mark the change

from the old to the new and to bring in the

ath yellow and pink flower trees filled with

money envelopes called lixi to wish

children luck and fortune. The yellow

flowers were called bong mai and the pink

flowers were called dao. The stage was

do not like the word 'rat' so I like to say

ILLERFILLERFILLE

overed with baskets of oranges and treats

"This is the Year of the Rat, but people

St. Michael's Church was decorated

birth of spring.

honoring the dead.

Later, everyone ate delicious food such as chicken, rice and sweets like "muc bua" is coconut candy and "keo me" is sour candy. Priests thanked contributions made from organizations, businesses, and church members who had helped made this event possible.

Then children lined up to receive their lucky money and in respect, they gave their elders gift baskets. Also young ladies an au doi dresses sang cheerful songs.

"This is a time to change whatever you did last year and to forgive by starting a new beginning," Liem Nguyen, a member of the St. Michael's Church.

Yen Phan Trimble is a new contributor this is the Year of the Mouse," Priest Buan to the Cooper Point Journal.

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THE COOPER POINT JOURNAL •3• FEBRUARY 29, 1996

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# •NEWS•

# Once Upon a Whine Columnist finally chooses name for her column

### BY ARIEL BURNETT

It came to my attention recently, that very few people have even realized that I write a column for the CPJ. After determining, for the curious, which thinking of someone else, my mom would have a heart attack if I didn't use proper punctuation.") I usually have to explain that mine is the one without a title. I was reluctant to give myself a title because I didn't want to pick a stupid one, a realistic fear to be sure. A bad name is something that's hard to shake off. Consider the sad but true story of a man in my home town named Richard Hedd. If his parents had shown a little foresight (or if he had simply gotten an unlisted number) he would not have been the favorite victim for generations of pre-teen phone pranksters.

Anyway, as an attempt to limit confusion and quell some embarrassment on my part, I have finally ridden out the bucking bronco of my indecision and reined it in enough to give my little piece here some identity. Granted, it may still make me squirm at some later date, but I

accepted in order for me to achieve some level carelessly down the highway in my bright of concreteness in my life, let alone in my writing. I have also given this title a "test run" through my friends and none of them laughed at it outright, so I think it may be columns I do not write, ("No, you're okay. On the other hand, my friends may be slightly biased. I know I tend to exhibit rather loose judgment on their projects myself, ("A giant neon sign that says 'tasty meat dish?' 1 think that's just what the world needs!") so there is the chance that they're just being kind.

I don't know, it's so hard for me to tell what is going on anymore; the line between reality and my fantasy life has become so blurred these days. Part of the problem is this seemingly endless winter, part of it is my own propensity towards letting my imagination carry me away. Over the last few weeks my new life goal has gone from becoming a hedonistic housewife to beginning a pirate colony in the South Seas. Writing a definitive piece of modern literature and winning the Pulitzer Prize figure in there somewhere, I'm just not sure where.

As I ride the bus to school, I stare dreamily out the window, envisioning the day when I can simply beam myself to the desired feel that particular possibility must be location; or perhaps the day when I speed

purple, convertible Cadillac (that's ppening-just as soon as I learn how to drive). I walk around in a haze; conducting interviews with imaginary press, tracking abominable snowmen and fighting off invisible, yet surprisingly aggressive, terrorists. A stroll across Red Square is easily converted to a trek through the Sahara in my mind (though the temperature difference does result in a temporary reality check-"...perhaps I'm traveling at night?").

There are obvious drawbacks to this kind of behavior. Occasionally it becomes difficult for me to discern what is considered normal, human behavior. I forget that othersare not privy to my secret worlds and that they will no doubt become confused if I assume elsewise ("Look, camels!"). Also, I suppose in a creative writing program this would not be a problem, but in most programs it is difficult to succeed if you exist on a separate plane from where the class is actually being held. Working outside of the regularly scheduled activities is nigh impossible due to extensive conflicting engagements ("Let's see, I'm meeting with an alien race at three, and then I'm supposed

to be in Spain...I guess that paper's not getting done tonight.") and concentration during the day is just not a possibility.

The truth is, I'm fed up with school and I'm fed up with my own mundane existence. I could spend a lot of time figuring out why this is the case, but I could also spend a lot of time making it more bearable, which is what I've chosen to do. I'm hungry for adventure; for a less sublimated life. I've spent my whole educated time on this earth looking at things in the abstract, and now I guess I'm just taking that abstraction to the extreme. I'm looking forward to taking a break from school and finding a reality that puts my fantasy life to shame. That's my new life goal (Of course, that could very well change next week when I decide to become an astronaut).

Oh, if you decide you really hate my new title ... don't tell me, I don't need any more confusion right now.

Ariel Burnett's column appears in the Cooper Point Journal ever other week. Well, at least it's supposed to.

#### Health center looking into raising fee BY REYNOR PADILLA 'We haven't raised it for ... two or three The Health Center wants to know what years," Judy Bartlow, a physician assistant people think about a potential raise in from the Health Center said.

quarterly health fees. The Health Center's current fee is \$32.00 per quarter. On a pink flyer for expanded services. The extra five and distributed at the Health Center's free immunization booth Wednesday, the Health Center asked if students would be willing to pay an additional three dollars for each quarter's health fees.

"Health costs are rising nationwide." the flyer said, "In order to maintain the present level of services at the Student Health and Counseling Center it will be necessary to raise the mandatory fee to \$35 per quarter from \$32 per quarter."

The flyer also asked whether students

would be willing to pay \$37.50 per quarter half dollars per quarter would enable the Health Center to pay a physician for an extra day of work each week. The Health Center physician currently works two days a week, the flyer said. It would allow room in the Health Center's budget for a full time receptionist for the Counseling Center.

Reynor Padilla is the editor of the paper that you are now reading.

# Women's Week from cover

prohibit affirmative action and recruit support for feminist candidates in the 96 elections. Dempsey will also be at 3 p.m. in CAB 315. Space is limited, CAB 320.

Other highlights of the week include a lecture by Mexican political activist Marta de los Rios Tuesday at noon in the Library lobby on the role of women in the struggle for social justice, a panel on women with AIDS from the Olympia AIDS Task Force on about their struggle for justice in Argentina. Madres de la Plaza de Mayo were 1980 Nobel Peace Prize nominees.

Marcia Bjerrum, co-coordinator of the Women's Resource Center, noted the Center wanted to continue the tradition of celebrating International Women's Week at Evergreen while trying to incorporate as many different events and viewpoints as possible. The WRC planned the events with a focus on women here at Evergreen as well as internationally. "We wanted to tap into local faculty and people here" stated diverse resources. Events like folk/ punk musician and Evergreen student Reva performing in the Longhouse at 7p.m. on Monday and brown bag lunch discussion "Madwomen Throughout

combat California's ballot measure to History" with faculty Alice Nelson are a result of the WRC's commitment to women and the Olympia community as well as the concerns facing females hosting a workshop for student leaders around the world. The WRC and Bjerrum, with help from co-coordinators so you should sign up in the S&A desk, Cindy Sousa and Carson Strege-Flora and many active volunteers and committee members, balanced the events to convey this message.

Bjerrum also commented that International Women's Week is not for women alone. The number of events scheduled at different times throughout the week was purposefully done to allow Wednesday at 3 in CAB 108, and a for as much participation as possible by lecture with Human Rights activists community members. Men and women Madres de la Plaza de Mayo speaking alike are invited to take part in the festivities.

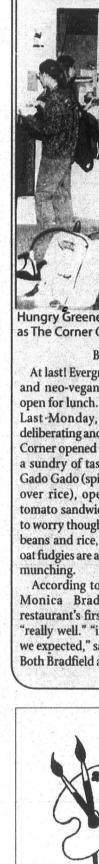
> Other students groups who were instrumental in planning and executing this year's celebration include the Latin American Student Organization, the Evergreen Queer Alliance, the Women of Color Coalition, and the Evergreen Political Information Center.

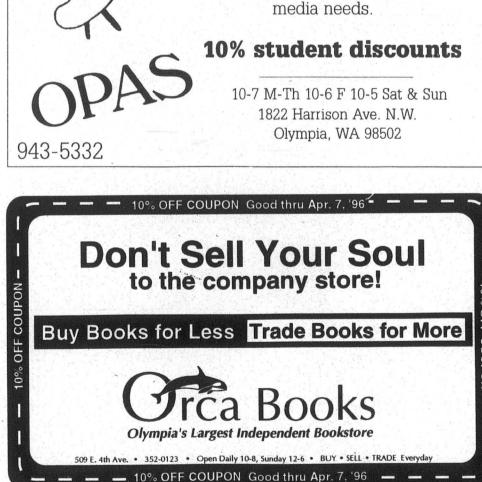
There are a great deal of activities scheduled during International Women's week, and most of them are free. For the complete listing of events, see the Calendar on page 13, or stop by the Women's Resource Center in CAB 206 Bjerrum, and support Evergreen's for a program of events. If you have any questions, contact the WRC at x6162.

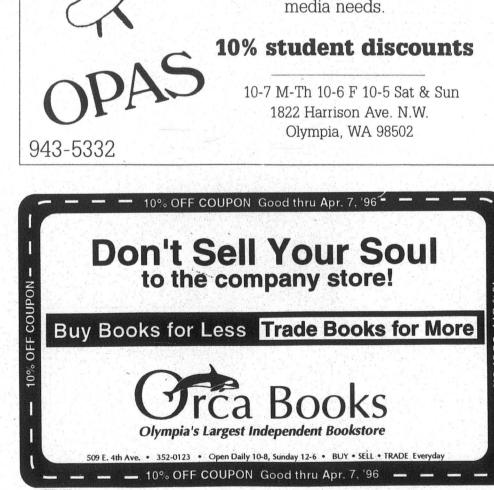
Jennifer Koogler is the assistant managing editor of the Cooper Point Journal.



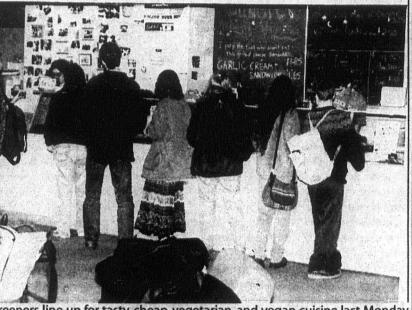
From your friends at the Cooper Point Journal.







# Woo Hoo! Lunch is served at The Corner



Hungry Greeners line up for tasty, cheap, vegetarian, and vegan cuisine last Monday as The Corner Cafe served lunch for the first time. Photo by Oscar Johnson

By Oscar Johnson At last! Evergreen's hip, groovy, vegetarian and neo-vegan, student-run restaurant is

Last-Monday, after weeks of consensus Corner opened for lunch. The menu sported a sundry of tasty new lunch items such as Gado Gado (spicy Indonesian vegis and tofu over rice), open-face, grilled cheese and tomato sandwiches, and herbal ice tea. Not to worry though, classic corner favorites like beans and rice, mac and cheese, salads and oat fudgies are also available for your mid-day

According to Corner collective member, Monica Bradfield, business for the restaurant's first day of serving lunch went "really well." "it was a larger turn out than we expected," said Bradfield.

and coworker, Molly Burgdorf agree that the fate of the nearly two decade old collective depends on the success of its new lunch business. "The rest of this year is a deliberating and working out of logistics, The big determining factor in whether [or not] we are open next year" said Bradfield. "It's going to make or break us," Burgdorf added.

Monica Villarreal, another of the collectives 16 members, says that "we're not here to make money." According to Villarreal, The Corner charges just enough for its meals to cover the cost of buying and preparing them.

Villareal encourages Greeners to support their restaurant and to "bring your own dishes." Villarreal asserts that "this is everybody's lunch.'

The Corner is open for your lunching Both Bradfield and fellow collective member pleasure Weekdays 11:00 am to 1:00 pm.

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Carlota Ribs (left) and Samantha Miller (right) grube down for lunch while soaking in the sunshine at The Corner Cafe. Photo by Joie Kistler

### By Jennifer Koogler

FEATURES

Tuesday I decided to go for the usual mid meal eating choices and trekked across the curvy path from campus down to the Corner Cafe. Their much publicized move into the lunch business caught my attention. The sun beckoned me out from the fluorescent lasers cornering themselves into my brain. A selfconfessed fan of the Corner's dinner menu, I was eager to find out what transitional steps would be taken. To my delight, the Corner's food holds up to the early arrival.

It was a little strange to be going to the Housing Community Center so early in the afternoon. I'm never usually there until three, when the Branch opens. But when I arrived, the Center was bustling with activity, with folks lounging about the couches and tables and shielding their eyes from the weak sunlight streaming in through the windows. I lined up with other hungry Corner-goers, many of whom were commenting on the aesthetically pleasing dishes, and scanned the colorful chalk menu for nutritional and flavorful options.

The Corner features many of the same types of yummy selections as for the dinner hours, along with special lunch meals. The particular day I found myself there, they had cauliflower curry over rice for \$2.50, eggplant extraodinaire for \$2.85, garden veggie soup for \$1.75, and tamari-ginger pasta for \$2.25. Of course, there are still beans with rice and the famous tossed green salad. I must add that the Corner is known for its generous portions, so you definitely get your money's worth. Lunch options included a garlic cream cheese or humus-wich, and my choice, "I pity the fool who doesn't eat this grilled cheese sandwich", each for \$1.85. Along with half of a green salad, my total came to \$3.45. The desserts looked tempting, but unfortunately, I was out of money. If I'd thought to bring a cup, I cold have partaken of something called herbal koolaid. I'm dying to try this out.

Although I brought my own plate and cutlery

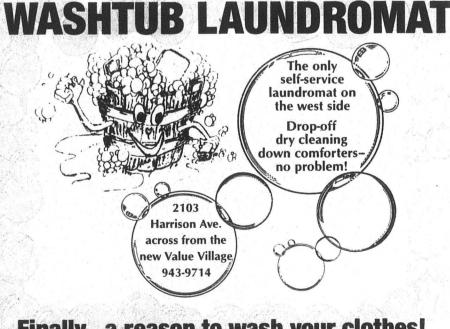
(this is greatly encouraged for everyone who frequents the Corner), you have the option of getting things to go. They have paper plates and plastic silverware, but if you stay close to the Community Center, you can recycle them.

So, I returned to the CPJ office (time constraints did not allow me to enjoy my food in its natural habitat), I sat down to my Mr. T. inspired sandwich, an open-faced monstrosity of melted cheese, herbed tomatoes, and mealy Corner bread. The crusts were a little crispy, but the bread was properly mushy with gooey cheese and some kind of butter or margarine. The flavors in my mouth brought to mind my favorite foods to eat when I'm sick, tomato soup and grilled cheese, and since I've been inflicted with an illness for some time now, the taste was nothing but comforting.

My salad was the usual crispy lettuce, carrot shreds, and nest of sprouts, so much in fact that you could almost eat them like spaghetti (wrap them around your fork). One complaint I did have was with the enormous amount of dressing applied to my salad. I enjoy creamy dill as much as the next person, but just a dab would be enough. The Corner also has lemon tahini and herb vinaigrette dressing for your vegetable pleasure.

I digested my meal with a happy stomach, and definite plans to return to the Corner for another eating expedition. I know it's a little far to walk from upper campus, but spring is coming soon and the sunshine will most likely urge people outside. The Community Center is also a less crowded and less noisy place to hang out and chat, with a lot shorter of a line.

Lunch is served at the Corner from 11 a.m. to 1:30 p.m. and dinner is still from 5 p.m. to 9 p.m. There are nice paper bags on the tables for you to put your suggestions. Leap down there today and try it out.



Finally...a reason to wash your clothes!

### FEATURES

# The Rogue Niggah 📣

#### By Vaun Monroe

I know it's no longer February-Black History month. It struck me though, that February, being the shortest month, was too small to contain the achievements of Black America: so I'm taking an extra day. With this act I pay homage to the rogue niggah in me.

a slave who stood up for himself, escaped slavery, or attempted to overthrow the slave owner. According to Funk and Wagnall's rogue is defined as; "a dishonest and unprincipled person: trickster; rascal 2. one who is innocently mischievous or playful 3. A fierce and dangerous animal separated from the herd 4.biology-a variation from the standard." It was an astonishingly versatile word managing to convey the chameleon-like quality necessary for blacks to survive slavery in a democratic society. Let us trace the evolution of the "rogue niggah" to his surroundings by examining the definition of rogue.

#1. A dishonest and unprincipled person: trickster : rascal-this definition was the favorite of slaveowners and is presently the favorite of sym-pathetic pseudo-liberals who truly believe black people to be inferior. " the blacks have to be taken care of by us or else what would happen to them?" Yeah. Right. Next! Black people can take care of themselves. All we want is equal opportunity.

#2. One who is innocently mischievous or playful. Another aspect adopted by the south. It was used to dehumanize blacks, to make them childlike thus reinforcing the "Great White Patriarch " image the slaveowner adopted to help ease white guilt. It was a mask the slave was forced to wear to safeguard his life. Rogue niggahs were not tolerated. They threatened the social order. It is the image of choice of young Hollywood (Amos and Andy) and continues to exist today (martin). The image consists of blacks who mug, strut, and shuffle for the camera. It reconfirms preexisting racist beliefs of the viewing audience.

#3. A fierce and dangerous animal separated

from the herd. This definition is the one that generates fear of blacks in America. It was exacerbated by slave owners and is presently the rallying cry of conservatives.

The slaveowner knew he was exploiting blacks and was fearful of the anger he knew to In the antebellum south a "rogue nigga" was be there. That anger is now packaged and sold as "gangsta rap". Primary buyers are suburban kids who continue the American tradition of appropriating black culture while ingoring black people

The operative word in definition three is separated. Separated from society, separated and unequal. The most salient inequality stems from lack of jobs. Not because blacks are unequal. Because we are separated from society. Dangerous. Fierce.

Unemployment in the black community hovers around 18%. When white people were unemployed at that rate it made history. "The Great Depression", it was called. Black people living under these conditions is routine. Welfare, it is called.

Unemployment destroys black men. Unemployment means able bodied men cannot support black families, leading to the destruction of black families. Unemployment makes fathers desert families, worsening the preexisting crisis and increasing the potential or dysfunction. Unemployment creates alcoholics and drug addicts who seek substances as an ego defense mechanism- a temporary escape from a life rendered meaningles by economic imprisonment. Unemployment is genocide.

Crime is a survival mechanism in such a society. Crime puts food on the table and pays the rent. Crime provides the illusion of emancipation and power. Crime is as addictive as drugs and alcohol and just as destructive. Crime in the black community is as American as apple pie. You got to survive to thrive and black people, ever the survivors, took crime and turned it into an art. As long as we were segregated, meaning white America could ignore it, it was alright.



#### By Vaun Monroe

Recently a titanic battle between human and artificial intelligence was waged.

The opponents were Gary Kasparov and a computer created by IBM called "Deep Blue".

The battlefield was the game of chess. Chessplayers engage in a battle of tactics, skills and wills on the sixty-four squares of the chessboard.

After learning the fundamentals of the game players develop a chess "personality". Your chess "personality" usually mirrors your own personality. Some players are skilled analysts, carefully considering moves and squares. Others play a swashbuckling style of chess as though they were Robin Hood. In world class match-play Gary Kasparov is the undisputed champion.

At this level as many mind games as moves are played and Kasparov, winning begins to look at his watch impatiently. I wonder how many of his opponents got frazzled and blew games after Kasparov glanced at his watch. The problem was there is no frazzling Deep

Deep Blue is a fifty million dollar computer with thirty-two microprocessors. It is capable of calculating 200 milion moves in one second. The match was to be six games with

\$400,000 going to the winner. A win is one

point, a draw 1/2 a point and a loss 0 points. Kasparov lost the first game and the chessworld gasped.

I went to Java Flow, the local chess club, to commiserate with other chessplayers. We talked big but we were worried. No chessplayer wants chess to be reduced to mere mathmatical processes. That would take the creativity out of the game. Furthermore, no one wanted the computer to win because we want human intelligence to defeat computer intelligence.

The next two games were draws. Then Kasparov won a brilliant fourth game. After the fourth game Kasparov announced he had discovered his opponents weakness. Kasparov won the fifth game convicingly. In the sixth game after thirty-eight moves Kasparov began looking at his watch. Deep Blue resigned after move forty-three.

I quickly drove down to Java Flow to share the good news.

We were quiet a moment and the then joyous celebration ensued. We clinked styrofoam cups together and drank espresso until closing. And we played chess, smug in the feeling that creativity still counts for something in an increasingly tecnological world.

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# Smarter, simpler lifestyles point the way

Appropriate

technology is an

attempt to lessen

the impact of

ignorant human

activity on the

Earth's finite

resources ... by living

simpler, smarter

lifestyles ...

### By Jeff Gould

Okay, what's so appropriate about 'Appropriate Technology" anyway? This is a question frequently posed to members of the Washington House of Appropriate Technology" (WHAT). It's a good question that needs a lot of attention, and answers don't always come easily.

Appropriate technology is an attempt to lessen the impact of ignorant human activity on the Earth's finite resources. The attempt is made by living simpler, smarter lifestyles that focus more on being rather than consuming, at least in theory. For example, instead of connecting to the electrical power grid, many people are interested in using the sun to create electricity

by means of solar panels and batteries. To be successful at this requires vast changes in lifestyle away from electricity consuming practices. Use a hand grinder for your coffee; throw away (better yet, recycle or donate) your TV; air-dry your clothes and your hair; use a solar cooker to heat your water. This concept sounds great until we realize that it takes enormous quantities of energy to

manufacture silicon solar panels, and the current technology in batteries relies on toxic materials, such as lead. Still, if operated carefully, solar electric systems can have lifespans of many years, up to two decades or more, making them reasonable choices.

Similarly, constructing a shelter is going to be consumptive, no matter what we build from. Afterall, the most ecologically-friendly house would be no house at all. But until we can wean ourselves from the senseless urge to procreate, and thus the need for millions of new houses every year, we need to find some alternatives to the sterile timber-framed boxes we've become accustomed to. Strawbales, for example, are as low-impact a building material as one can find, especially if the farmer that produced them farmed organically. They are available nearly everywhere in the country, are extremely easy

to build with, are highly insulative, inexpensive, and virtually fire and insect proof. Additionally, they provide farmers with a cash crop for a material they would have otherwise burned. Still, even strawbale homes need some kind of roof structure, and materials need to be chosen carefully. Asphalt shingles taint the rainwater you want to collect and store for later use; steel roofing, even though most of it is made from reclaimed automobile hulks, still consumes huge quantities of energy to make and transport. A wiser, less energy intensive solution might be to use clay roof tiles. Some people have used "living roofs", where the roof is actually soil that supports

dense mats of vegetation. Reducing the amount of water we consume may be the single most environmentally correct move we can make. Learning to use less is a good start. Better still, we can install some extra plumbing in the house. and collect all the water from laundry, kitchen and bathroom sinks, showers, and any other water besides what we would normally flush and store it for re-use irrigating gardens and

landscaping. And why flush what we can convert to garden food? With the advances in composting toilets, there is no good reason to have a flush toilet.

As simple as some of this sounds, the fact is that we have all been raised with a strong ethic of consumption and breaking free of those habits is hard work for some; a lot of people are not up to the task. It's time for those who are to start living lives approaching sustainability, and that's exactly the goal behind WHAT. If you want to be in on planning this exceptional project, call Gabriel at 866-9332, or drop by Lab II, room 2242 most any Thursday at 5:00 for the WHAT meetings. The next meeting is March 7, and will feature Ted Butchart, former Greener and founder of The GreenFire Institute of Seattle, a strawbale advocacy organization. Ted's the man. Check it out.



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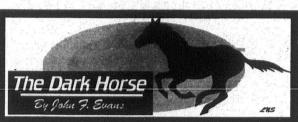
TV signal.

area. I had to do something. Who could tell when, if ever, the cable would come back? By what cruel twist of fate could this happen in the middle of the biggest NBA game of the regular season? Without a cloud in the sky, or any fairly reasonable meteorological explanation, a total loss of service! How, Sunday at noon during such a ratings bonanza, can they screw up so royally? Feeling cheated, dying to know what was going on in the game, I decided to find the nearest TV that worked. So I concealed my bedhead with a ballcap, jumped in my car and raced out to Future Shop, about a block away

from my apartment complex.

All their TVs were on some other channel, and it was the kind of place where they come after you with, "Can I help you?" every thirty seconds. I didn't think they'd dig it if I switched one of their fancy TVs to a Bulls game and just watched it in their store. They seemed a little too uptight

# ·SPORTS· THE GAME OF THE YEAR THAT WASN'T: LITERALLY



If you've ever read this column before, you know I wasn't going to miss Sunday's NBA Game of the Week: Orlando at Chicago. Game of the week? Try game of the YEAR, at least until the

It was advertised as "Superman, Batman and Rodman" vs. Shaq and Penny, Comparisons to the 49ers and the Cowboys were thrown around. The cream of the crop, the NBA superpowers, in a battle for supremacy. What more could you ask for?

Despite the fact that I stayed out WAY too late the night before, and really would have savored some bonus sleep on a Sunday morning, I rolled out of bed at 10 AM sharp

It was worth losing a few Zs to get to see the clash of the titans LIVE. That's not to say I didn't roll the old VCR, of course. This could be history, after all.

Everything went fine until about halfway through the third quarter. I was fully absorbed in a hard-fought, well-played struggle of wills. Then, with the Bulls clinging to a small lead, my picture turned to snow.

It wasn't a weather report. The cable just tweaked out on me. I couldn't even get a standard

Annoyance became agitation after about five minutes. I knew that halfway across the country, on the floor of the United Center in Chicago, an epic duel was playing out.

I called TCI, my wonderful cable company. Busy signal. Redial. Redial. Busy. Busy. That went on for awhile, until I called the general number and got myself transferred to customer service after a short wait.

Trying to remain calm, I explained the problem and the operator took my information. She didn't make any promises, saying cryptically, "Yeah, we've been getting some calls from that

So I went over to Target, about another

Readings: Stephanie Coontz

block away. Target's a pretty mellow place, right? What's some adolescent in a smock going to care if I switch some crummy fourteen inch TV

over to a ballgame? Well, the guy in the smock seemed pretty disinterested, but they had their TVs rigged so you couldn't change the channel. Strike two.

Being so close to home, I sped back to the apartment and checked the situation. The

situation was not good. Static city on the damn TV. No messages on the machine from the cable company. I started the VCR again, just in case, and dashed out again. Starting to feel frustrated and even a little ridiculous, I went into the mall. Yeah, you read that right. I WENT INTO THE MALL. I was that desperate. But I'd already missed fifteen, twenty

minutes of the GAME OF THE YEAR! J.C. Penny's had about three lousy TVs that weren't even turned on. So much for that idea. Man, I remember whenever the Mariners were playing you could watch them in any store in

you either. It seemed like I 📹 passed five or six screens throughout the mall, and they all had dog shows or MTV or something on

town. Nobody got mad at

Finally. Some sports store, a Footlocker knockoff or something, had the game on. Elated, rushed over to the

"Can I help you?" A omewhat dull-eyed looking employee asked me.

"My cable's out, and I've been all over town trying to find this game," I explained, hopeful as could be. The salesperson nodded, apparently resigned to the fact that I wanted to stand in her store and watch the game without buying anything. Sweet! Mission accomplished.

There were two minutes left in the game. Chicago had a comfortable lead and was just playing out the string. For all intents and ourposes, it was over.

I was happy, of course, that the Bulls were going to win. I was less than happy to have missed very meaningful play that got them that win, and apparently there were plenty. Toni Kukoc went wild from three point range and blew the game open in the fourth quarter. All this went on while I was driving around town like a crazed senior citizen looking for the perfect buffet joint.

The cable was still on the blink when I got nome. About fifteen minutes into the doubleheader's pedestrian second game, it came back. Hooray.

The phone rang ten minutes later. It was a ICI guy who sounded like he was on the bad side

"Got yer' cable back?" he asked after introducing himself.

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"Yeah, it was out on a couple of streets

"Do you have any idea what went wrong?" "No. we don't." A little irritable, leaving no

room for further inquiry. Then, with only the briefest of pauses, "Well, thank you then."

"Thank you." Click. Who could tell when, if ever, the cable No explanation.

No apologies. And this from the worst damn cable company I've ever had the misfortune

of giving my business. No WGN from Chicago (a national superstation, that, coincidentally, carries EVERY Bulls game). No Comedy Central. No Sci Fi Channel. No ESPN2 or Sportschannel. No VH1. Well, I guess I don't lose much sleep over VH1, but you get the idea.

I have the "extended cable" plan, too. Not "basic", "extended". I think "basic" is FOX and

that moronic fundamentalist Tammy Faye Bakker lookalike is always bawling through a haze of running mascara. I've never understood that. Why do some folks figure that the more make-up you wear, the more spiritual you must be? mean, you can find an answer for just about anything in the Bible, if you take the right attitude.

But I digress. The bottom line is, most of Olympia, probably the whole state and 95% of the USA (accounting for a few cable screwups by other crummy companies nationwide) got to see this game in its entirety while I missed out. I'm just glad there isn't another cable company that I could get (I

checked). Then all the children of the TCI people would go hungry because no one in their right mind would give them DIME NUMBER 1!

### Oh yeah, the game

While I was stumbling around town like a decapitated chicken, Toni Kukoc went berserk. "Europe's Magic Johnson" has looked like a lost child since Jordan donned the red and black again. I remember in Kukoc's rookie season, Michael's first in retirement, he was a bright new star in a sky left dark by the setting of its great sun. Kukoc hit three or four big game-winners that year. His late game heroics got so commonplace that in a critical playoff game against the Knicks, Phil Jackson drew up the final play to go to Kukoc and not Scottie Pippen. Pippen had his much documented sulk, refusing to go into the game. His team-mates were strong enough to ignore this distraction, went back onto the court, and Kukoc nailed a jumper to win the damn thing

Since then the spotlight has seldom fallen on the boyish Croatian.

"I was playing 40 minutes (in Europe). I came here and my role changed," said Kukoc. "Here is M.J. Here is Pip. I've really got to wait for

Kathiyn Galbraith

my chance.

Overshadowed by two players treated by fans, media and team-mates as far more important, Kukoc has found himself in a new role; window dressing. It must be difficult to go from a big star to just another skill player coming off the bench.

> Somewhere, perhaps not in Chicago, Kukoc will hit those miracle shots again. If only

this Bulls team let him have a single ray of limelight, they might realize their leviathan of a team is even more invulnerable than they though

His 6 deadly treys killed an Orlando team that came determined to hand Chicago it's first home L

"When Kukoc came in and started dropping threes on us, I felt maybe we got a little scouraged," Magic coach Brian Hill said after the defeat

"Kukoc really hurt us in the first half when he hit those threes," said Anfernee Hardaway. "Then he did it in the second, and that's what killed us

The philosophy of keeping Kukoc on the second team seems a sound one. Ron Harper's confidence gets a boost by starting, he gets to play with the superstars and he doesn't have to force anything. Kukoc is a better player, but having such a weapon coming off the pines lets Jackson rest Jordan or Pippen without losing much spark. If Kukoc replaced Harper in the starting line-up, it would unbalance the team and put a precipitous drop-off between the front-line and the back-ups.

Nonetheless, it has hurt Kukoc's pride, and obviously stunted his development. It's bad enough to go from "The Man" to "Some Guy", without being "Some Guy on the Bench".

"I think he feels threatened by me being here," Jordan said. "Some of the offense and some of the contributions come through Scottie and myself, not through him, and that's something he can't be worried about.'

This season has been like the Beatles' American tour for the Bulls.

"Everyone wants a piece of us," Longley said. "I mean, it gets so crazy that when we go on the road now, they really do sneak us through kitchens and back entrances to our hotel rooms.

While his team-mates enjoy the fanfare, Kukoc has felt excluded. From the beginning Jordan and Pippen were frosty to him, leery of the big salary management would pay the freshfaced European. At the 1992 Olympics Pippen targeted Kukoc and began a strange rivalry with him that may never have ended. Pippen has been openly resentful of Kukoc's bigger contract in years past and may have finally cowed him.

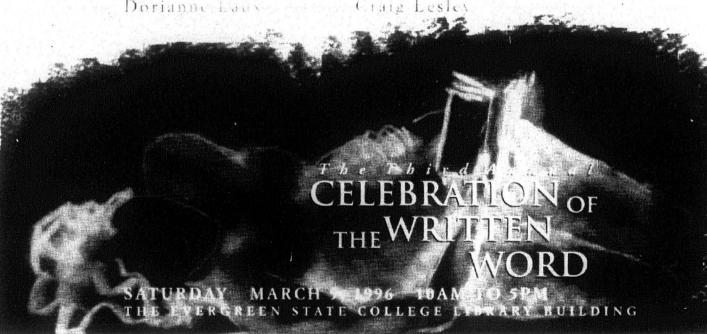
It's sad, because I've never read or seen any statement from Kukoc that wasn't full of respect and admiration for Jordan and Pippen. In fact, I've never heard him say something impolite about anyone, friend or foe. Obviously I'm not in the locker room with these guys, but it sure seems that Toni Kukoc is a good-hearted kid and deserves a break. For one thing, he just won them e "game of the year".

"There is no doubt in my mind he was the difference," the Orlando coach said. John Evans is the CPJ Sports Editor.

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channel, 8, where some

would come back?

## Reader contests lack of consideration for people in travel column

Laurel Nicole Spellmen described her mission in the "In the Middle of Somewhere," column as to explore, "What's fun and what's cheap." While I think that it's awesome that you want to see more of Washington and to see places different from where you are from. remember that you're not going to a tourist attraction but someone else's home. Leave your narrow perceptions of the word home behind. When I read you latest column. "Depressed in Aberdeen," I felt trampled on, and then I felt angry. I feel that your latest column as well as your Oct. 27 column, "Tacoma - All American City," are disrespectful to the people who live in Aberdeen and in the Hilltop area of Tacoma. You asked if there was anything that readers knew that was good about Aberdeen. I am about to answer that question and even more important, discuss why I think you can't see

If you lived in Aberdeen you might think that one good thing about the town was that it is home to a lot of people. I was born in what looks and often feels like a depressing community: Anaconda, Montana. Anaconda as well as nearby Butte would probably inspire about five "Ughs" from Laurel because those towns used to depend on the mining and smelting industries. The devastation from the environmental pollution of the companies is

Sometimes I think to myself "Jason, why do you get so fed up with so many people at Evergreen, and the attitude they carry with them" All my questions were answered when I picked up the last issue of the CPJ and opened that puppy up to page six and found a story titled "Depressed in Aberdeen." If you haven't read it I strongly urge you to do so NOW! In it you will find material that makes me want to scream, jump up and down, kick the crap out of somebody, and drop out of school all at the same time. This one article is able to make me so pissed off that I am able to understand why a lot of people build animosity towards Greeners. If I picked up a copy of that paper, read the article, and assumed that the author's viewpoint was prevalent at Evergreen, I might feel the same

The author has obviously lead a sheltered life devoid of the realities that make the world go around. She is obviously not from a town that is so economically depressed that every other building is vacant because no one can afford the products those stores would sell. She has been so sheltered that she thinks the people of Aberdeen are out painting murals on the buildings "depicting logging life in old Aberdeen" to make their town more "palatable" for people like her. She says "Great, a history of depressed people" not depressed babe, try PROUD, Proud to be just as bad as the economic effects of the capital flight. When I go to Anaconda I see all of this, which is probably what Laurel saw in Aberdeen, but I see the people too. I see all of my family and some friendships that are decades old. I feel everything that the word home means. I know that me and my cousins ran across every patch of asphalt and climbed all the trees in town. I know that all of us were born in the old community hospital.

I don't pretend that these roots make my visits totally happy ones. I have mixed feelings everytime I go to see family in Anaconda. I have an intense flood of love for the people and a sense of sadness and anger about what they and I have had to experience there. We gave everything we had including our health and future to keep the smelter open. In turn we got a closed smelter and a welfare check. "Why didn't people move to find another job?" I have heard people ask. Move where? What job? Leave my home, my family? My mom and I left Anaconda. We left a violent, alcoholic husband/step-father behind. We also left our family. I know that I am never more free than when I can speak my mind with my family in Anaconda. My opinions are much different than everyone else's in the family, but they always accept me. That's what is good about Anaconda to me. I'm sure the people in Aberdeen would have something to

say about their town that was good to them, too.

I have spent a lot of time thinking about these two articles. You dismissed Aberdeen immediately by looking around and saying, "Ugh." You called the Hilltop the "source of the Tacoma rumors," about crime and danger. What are these judgements founded on? It doesn't sound like you stopped and talked to the people who lived in these communities. You merely described the people in Aberdeen as aimless and hopeless, and treated the people in Tacoma as completely invisible because you neglected to even mention them.

Oscar Johnson's opinon piece on Jan. 18 about Evergreen's monocultural perspective critiqued Laurel's piece about Tacoma. About a conversation he had with Laurel about the article. Oscar wrote, "..she seemed totally unaware of any discrepancy between her (perhaps lack of) knowledge and experience of urban African-Americans and the stereotypes of them that her article both subscribed to and perpetuated." I don't think Laurel has any knowledge of and experience of urban African-Americans or of unemployed timber workers in Aberdeen. I wish she did, but my point is that she judged and dismissed all the people in these communities without knowing anything about them. I think she did it because they and their homes were different

than her and her home. I'm not saying that Laurel's descriptions of the Hilltop and Aberdeen are the same, but I think that they both reveal the frame of reference she is working with. Laurel has written negative depictions of an urban environment, the Hilltop, and a more rural one, Aberdeen. My question is, "What else does the world look like?" The suburbs. The world is not made up of suburban, mall-like communities. Laurel's articles define anything other than suburban as different and dismisses anything different as depressing or scary.

It happens all the time: Laurel is not the first. People are dismissed because of their language, their color, their religion, their food, their accent, who they love, how much money they have, and the list goes on. All by an ugh, a cringe, a yuck, and a roll of the eyes that says you are different than me and that's all I see, hear, smell, and feel. I'm not saying that you have to like everyone and everything or pretend that Aberdeen and Tacoma don't have problems in their communities. I am saying that I don't think you can even discuss likes/dislikes or assets/problems in a community until you learn and see what a community is about, and you can't do that if you just say "Ugh" and drive through

# Columnist ignores pride and population of timber towns

frontiersman. proud to establish a new territory in a hostile environment, proud to be Northwesterners. This is their culture. and even if you don't agree with it or like it, it is what it is. You should be intelligent enough to understand why this culture is important to the people of Aberdeen, and why they will hold onto it for dear life. This is their home, and the next time you go there, or anywhere outside of your sheltered bubble, you need to remember that. These people have lived here all their lives, they have families here, and have raised families of their own. And that in its self is something "good about this town" so I hope you're still open to hearing about it."

If it weren't for people like the ones who live in Aberdeen who, sometime in the past made the decision to sacrifice family ties, and make the move out West, you probably wouldn't even have the privilege of attending a liberal arts college of the caliber of Evergreen, let alone being able to take a weekend trip to the coast in order to enjoy some of the beauty the Northwest has to offer. That's right babe there would be about 50 miles of thick underbrush between here and there, and I'm pretty sure even your gas guzzling car would have a hard time fording some of those rivers on the way. The friendly people of Aberdeen, and other local timber towns, are put in a situation of wanting to retain their heritage.

and wanting to feed their families at the same time. The society we all are a part of demands forest products, so we can all wipe our ass in the morning, and write to each other in articles printed on these very products. These "logging factories" as you have so elegantly named them, seem to be some novelty you have never really conceived of before, providing "tables and stuff." But they are real, I used to pass them every day in the town where I grew up, on my way to may favorite fishing hole, or my favorite park. I used to love to hear the whistle at noon, somehow I knew it meant something important. I would stand by the side of the road and try and get the log truck drivers to blow their horns as they flew past, and they were proud to do it. Instead of gawking at people's homes and job site's like they are somehow separated from your fragile : existence, try actually doing something productive, like wiping with your hand, or even stop writing crappy articles for the CPJ just because you feel obligated to fill space with your "In the Middle of Somewhere" column

The next time you're in Aberdeen, or any town for that matter, go to a coffee shop, sit down, talk with some people, find out they're not really depressed freaks, and you might even find out you're not either. We're all stuck on this planet together, so we better start

figuring out how to get along. Some of us have been born into economically depressed situations with family and local heritages that run deep in our veins. Others have been fortunate enough to have families who are able to give us the money to go to school, and for the gas in our cars, so we can take neat trips to the "BEACH," this same money pays for the food we eat, so we don't have to ingest any chemicals or animal products, it even pays for the electricity which runs the lights so we can leave them on all day when we come to school. So the next time you head for Aberdeen, don't feel depressed because you chose to drive your sorry ass to the Washington coast, feel depressed because you have been sheltered all your life from some of the harsh realities that make the world go around. Maybe next time you should take the bus to Aberdeen, (it's only a couple of bucks) or ride your bike, (I'm sure you could use the exercise) or even walk, it's not dense underbrush anymore, but it's still a two day trek, and I bet those dry and warm "fast food restaurants" would look a little more appealing after 48 hours of walking in a torrential downpour.

Jason Davis Proud, native resident of Bend and Prineville Oregon, and almost a Greener Grad.

Natalie Cartwright

### 11 6 Reader calls for action and cooperation against guns on campus

### Editor of the CPJ,

After the Board of Trustee's decision to arm security officers I felt the same despair as many other members of our community. After all, the recommendations by Art Constantino and Jane Jervis, which strongly influenced the final vote, were devoid of any discussion of alternatives to arms, despite such information existing and being put into practice at universities such as Brown. Additionally, much of the data used to justify their positions was highly questionable and taken directly from Sherriff Neil McClanahan's biased "report." And finally, the whole process once again makes it abundantly clear that, while there is an awful lot of talk about community at this school. we as students have zero power in actual decision making.

But instead of letting despair get us down, approximately 75 of us decided to take it to the streets, literally. The ensuing traffic blockade was designed to let everyone know that Evergreen is a lot less safe now. The potential for the use of "deadly force" is a hundred times greater now, and the likelihood that others (i.e., people breaking into cars in F-lot) will start carrying guns in response is greater too.

What was great about this spontaneous demonstation was how much fun it was. Getting together with a bunch of your fellow students to cause creative and inspired trouble (peaceful, of course) is something everyone should try.

The decision to arm Evergreen security is part of the nationwide trend that is putting

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more police on the street, giving them more homeless a crime. And at Evergreen we will diminishing everyone else's civil rights and decision to arm security. protection from police abuse. We are The possibilities for resistance (guerrilla entranced with uniforms, weapons, and limited only by our imaginations. punishment: witness the popularity of shows like "Cops" and "America's Most Wanted."

But resistance is also growing. Squatters in New York City remained in their reclaimed buildings even when the police tried to storm them out with tear gas and a 50 ton tank (a possible sign of what's to come across the country-a 50 ton tank is considered a basic police "tool" in New York.) Here in Olympia a grassroots group of people is actively resisting the efforts of some downtown business owners and the police to make being

power and more weapons, and conversely continue to resist the hasty and misinformed

becoming a country more and more theater, chalk art, tuition strikes, etc.) are Alice Zillah

# Hardiman sets record straight about Tacoma campus

someone's eye out.

Editorial **Business** 

### **LETTERS AND OPINIONS**

Please permit me to take this opportunity to thank the Cooper Point Journal and Mr. Oscar Johnson for the last week's article, "Evergreen's Tacoma Campus Actually Exists". While I applaud Mr. Johnson's enthusiastic support for our campus and am grateful for the exposure, I must take a few minutes to clarify some misconceptions that have arisen as a result of the article. More specifically, I need to set the record straight about the relationship between the Tacoma and Olympia campuses, our curriculum, and our student population.

First of all, the relationship between the two campuses has never been better. Support from Olympia is not on the decline; but on the upswing. The Tacoma campus was founded by Dr. Maxine Mimms with major support from Merv Calenwalder, the designer of Evergreen's learning communities concept, several deans and most of the College's faculty. Since that time, the two campuses have worked steadily to make her noble experiment a success. The Tacoma campus, Olympia deans, staff, and senior administrators are currently working on fully integrating this campus into its operational structure by the year 2000. The Board of Trustees enthusiastically received our presentation and vision for full integration at its annual meeting here two weeks ago. A detailed integration plan will be presented in May. We expect full support.

The article mistakenly reports that we offer four programs. We offer one upper division interdisciplinary coordinated program each year. Several courses are offered within the program, all keeping with the year's general theme. We also have a lower division program, the TCC-TESC Bridge Program, which is conducted in partnership with the Tacoma Community College. The Masters in Teaching program is completing its final year of a two year pilot TESC urban teaching program, here at the Tacoma campus. This year's theme is "Beyond Dichotomies-Studies in Community Health." Next year's theme will be "Paradigm Shifts-Studies in Community Advocacy.

I was particularly concerned with your portrayal of this campus as essentially an Afro-Centric campus. We are a world-centric campus that focuses on and emphasizes cultural pluralism and the unique

contributions persons from both genders and many cultures bring to a common learning environment. It is true that the campus incorporates many African-American values and learning approaches; but, if one was to look closely, he/she would discover that these approaches are not endemic to the African-American community, but to many World cultures. We characterize our learning approach as "Reality-Based", meaning that we start with each student's life experiences (or reality) and use these as the basis for theoretical and conceptual exploration of the finer and deeper aspects of higher education. We are proud of the tradition we are building here in Tacoma. We invite everyone to visit. We are truly a rich learning community. Our classes are truly multicultural and, consequently, rich in learning. Our students are enthusiastic and highly motivated. Anyone who is interested in learning is welcome. Please come, join us and experience the Tacoma experience. One visit and your notion of education will not be the same. Dr. Joyce Hardiman

# **Responses** to **CPJ** decisions

To the CPJ. In the February 15th edition of the CPJ you ran an "article" in the News section of your paper called, "Environmentalists set their sights on the Rock Timber Sale". While this is news, it should have carried the banner of propaganda and/or editorial. This piece was clearly biased to show only one side of an engaging argument.

In this "article", Mr. Wheelan refers to government personnel and loggers as "agents of destruction", and "Vampires". While these terms may not be far from the fact, they are terms that cast negative light on the subjects which in turn creates bias. Silly me, I thought the point of journalism was to report the truth as unbiased as possible. In the future I hope the CPJ will take batter responsibility as to what they consider articles and editorials, as well as the professionalism of it's writers.

To make matters even worse, I turned to the comics page to hopefully find something to smile about. OH THE HORROR! My favorite comic, "Snuggle" by Jonah E R Loeb was pulled. This comic, no matter how offensive always brought a smile to my face. I think it's largely because it lightens up the day. Please, oh please, I'm begging you, please put "Snuggle" back in the CPJ.

of a riot. They are locked away and only used when

the officer's undergo retraining

Sincerely, jon cavin

### Cartoonist condemns reactionaries when you sleep in class, you only hear half of

So things have gotten crazy on campus, everyone is scared about guns .... Big f\*\*\*in' deal. I'm going to let you all in on a little secret.....Public Safety already has guns, they've had them for years. They keep them locked away in case of a riot or Armageddon or something. At least this is how it was described to me by officer Bob McBride as I and fellow reverends attempted to faith-heal a car door open. I was intrigued by the concept so he continued to describe to me the splendor of our anti-riot guns and of the tears shed by students who didn't want to believe that they existed. "Yep." He said, "We've had them for as many years as I've been here." Our adventure continued into the Security Office where I was able to play with their portable "Bazooka" [for lack of a better word, the official name escapes me]. I chose not to take it off of the wall however on the basis that I would probably take

I was sitting in the library the other day, minding my own business and I overheard a poorly argued claim that once guns hit campus the minorities will become target practice. I can only assume that this is what happens the information and never learn how to develop a logical argument. I suppose that it is possible that some strange oils may rub off of the guns and into the bloodstream of the mild mannered security officers that we know and love, and transform them into murder driven racists with licenses to kill (Then it would follow that the officers of color and female gender would hunt down white males, leaving no one alive). But I think that would be improbable. Our officers have carried pepper spray and telescoping batons and we haven't had one case of a blinded or crippled student yet. In short, there is no evidence that the peace of our community will be threatened.

To those people starving themselves over this issue: Get off it, assuming that my sources are correct and guns have always been with us, fighting it is as pointless as disputing the name of the school, or the color of the buildings. One more skinny student on campus doesn't really make a difference; get active.

The way I see it is: If they want to hold onto a gun, or a hand, or a lucky rabbit's foot, when they approach a suspicious vehicle with the license plate RAPIST, then so be it. Let's face it, some people's first language is Smith and Wesson, that's the way the world is. Let's put it this way, drinks are on me if any student is shot Editor's note: Only two Public Saftey Officer's have for drinking in public or streaking or any nonguns, which they do not carry around or keep in case violent activity.

Love, Jonah E. R. Loeb

### Economics and emotions should have been taken into account in travel column

Offensive? Yes, the article by Laurel Nicole Spellman entitled "Depressed in Aberdeen" was offensive to anyone silly enough to have been born or raised in a town like Aberdeen, Washington. Needless to say, we were incensed by what Miss Spellman had to say about her little foray into reality.

She said she realized that we need to "make tables and stuff". Not only do we to make tables, but toilet paper, notebook paper, ALL paper, most homes and furniture, (list all plastics and "unknown" wood products here), and even the wonderful publication we like to call the CPJ for which Miss Spellman is a columnist is printed on paper in Shelton. Paper made from trees cut down by the likes of those horrible, decrepit, "aimless" individuals in Aberdeen. Processed in the "logging factories" that she couldn't bear to look at.

We like to take pride in our "alternative education" at The Evergreen State College. We take pride in our school, and the way we learn to be free thinkers. At times we act as though we are somehow separate and apart from all the less enlightened souls "out there" who just don't get it. This is an absolute farce.

Our school, bastion of protesters that it is, receives \$ 60,000 ? a year in timber subsidies. Subsidies generated by towns like Aberdeen. We would not be here, reaping the benefits of an affordable education without loggers. If an Evergreen student really wanted to protest logging in the state without being hypocritical, they shouldn't go to school in Washington. They would drop out and plant trees. The timber industry is the main source of income for the region, and has been for 150 years. We aren't saying that is good, but it is reality, and we are all accepting the benefits of that by simply living here and attending this

We encourage Miss Spellman to ask herself whether or not she is absolutely unconnected with those people of Aberdeen. She is taking advantage of money and resources given to us by the timber industry, but can't bear to muddy her hands by looking upon the horror of a timber town. What kind of privileged upbringing generates such utter ignorance and removal from the moral/economic struggles of the working families which produce for the rest of society?

Three tears ago, a man from Hoquium told Sarah and Stacey that he felt bitter, hated and confused because there is so much demand for quality paper products, and quality lumber for homes and craftsmen, and yet it came with a message than he was horrible for giving those products. The hypocrisy was killing him. Who else receives these messages in our society? Veterans returning from a lost war. Prostitutes. We seem to objectify and denounce those who suffer and do the dirty work to give us products or services which would dirty our conscience if we had to do them ourselves. As Sor Juana asks, "who is better, she who sins for money, or those who pay her to sin?"

Kurt Cobain killed himself because he was a manic depressive with a history of psychosis and severe drug addiction, not BECAUSE he was from Aberdeen. This implies that living in an "ugly" town will kill you, and that only a "beautiful" (looking) place will make life worth living. If Miss Spellman's rationale held true, Stacey would have been dead long ago, because as several eye-witnesses can tell you, Camas is even uglier than Aberdeen.

Stacey Shaw of Camas, Washington

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All submissions must have the author's real name and valid telephone number

THE COOPER POINT JOURNAL .9. FEBRUARY 29, 1996

**ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT** In this exciting issue: The Posies, Keith Carter, Jachie Chan in Rumble in the Bronx Irisk Ceili dance, and the earth skattering conclusion to the Hala Benders mini-series.

# Posies fill Capitol with gooey pop goodness

### by Jen Koogler

The Posies appearance at the Capitol Theater backstage on Thursday, February 22 was a) my fourth Posies show, b) my second Posies show where a scientific calculator was involved, c) a never ending onslaught of percolating pop perfection, or d) a cozy affair where a rockin time was had by all. If you bothered to pick an answer from the above choices, you have a pretty good idea of what occured that evening. The Posies, headed by founders and master guitarists Jon Auer and Ken Stringfellow, delivered a slice of pure rock bliss to the gathered adoring crowd of loyal fans and curious onlookers.

Ken Stringfellow, his hair a dastardly shade of pink reminiscent of Crayola's razzle dazzle rose, strode haphazardly onto the tiny stage, guitar hanging from his verging-on-wiry frame. His ensemble was completed with smeared lipstick and a faded pink leopard print sleeveless shirt, causing bassist Joe

Howard (former Sky Cries Mary member who was known that evening as Heather) to dub him "Ken Benetar". He was followed by his partner in crime Jon Auer, whose hair gleamed purple when the makeshift lighting hit it just right but otherwise inspired rumblings of a possible Antonio Banderas resemblance (this has since been disputed), being of the appropriate length and wave, not to mention the fact that he was dressed in all blackesque clothing. The two adjusted various technical doodads and consulted Howard and drummer Brian Young before beginning the evening's melodic festivities.

The amazing guitar crunches of "Definite Door" from 1993's Frosting on the Beater aroused the crowd from their opening band daze and incited much cajoling from apparent die hard fans. After the initial fury subsided, Stringfellow and Auer orchestrated their guitar fuzz into a few newer songs, including the impromptu "Ontario", which Stringfellow took upon himself

G. Gibson gallery in Seattle is worth a look. The

show displays an eclectic group of photographs

taken from Carter's books The Blue Man and

Mojo. The photographs portray the mystic and

gothic energies that pervade the South. Accord-

ing to the article "Got the Mojo Workin" by

Stephen Perloff, Carter derived the title Mojo

from the African Kikongo word Mooyo. Mooyo

in Kikongo means "Spiritual Spark," "force" and

"soul." Through his photography Carter attempts

to describe his own visionary interpretation of

the elements of Mooyo that are pervasive

throughout the South. In The Blue Man Carter

gives an explanation concerning the mystic and

very important to our lives. It goes far beyond

simple nostalgia. Things like sitting around tell-

ing stories, help to center you as a human being.

Stories help you find your place within your so-

ciety, within your culture. Photography is about

ideas. I view photography as perhaps the only

universal language, for me, the role of the photo-

and provoke, enrage and heal. Photography does

all these things particularly well. It's a great sto-

between chastity and lust, the tension between

spiritual purity and the dark rich experience of

coming to knowledge. The photo captures a full

grown oak in the rich dark color. The svelte

boughs curve and twist, standing out dark and

austere as the leaves and thin branches recede

into a religious shimmer of white light in the

fuses well with the high detailed realism of the

foreground. One can see the oak's scaly bark in

perfect detail. The bark takes on the appearance

of a snake skin. This adds a seductive element to

lure of the tree is a birdhouse as a vestal white

pastoral church that hangs beneath the oak. The

cross that stands on top of the bird house acts as

a crucifix against the sinister and provocative

The mystic, hazy background of the photo

In stark contrast to the enigmatic dark al-

In "Oak Tree," Carter expresses a balance

ryteller." (p. 126)

background.

of the boughs.

"Yes, I think stories and memory are

mythological philosophy that is within his art:

by Chris Miller



to add to the set list and demonstrated a continuance of the move towards harder, more driving rhythms that the Posies have shown throughout their musical career

Despite the peek into upcoming Posie material, the show was dominated by familiar favorites from the Posies' last two albums, 1990's much heralded Dear 23 and the aforementioned Frosting on the Beater. When Joe Howard experienced technical difficulty with one of his bass strings. Auer and Stringfellow performed a rhythm section free version of "You Avoid Parties", which highlighted not only their excellent melodic abilities, but the amazing harmonic qualities of their combined voices. Auer's is more centered, while Stringfellow's wavers around, and the two together are nothing but ear candy, and a large part of the Posies' acclaim.

A personal highlight for me came when Auer inaugurated the introductory chords of "Any Other Way", my favorite from the Posie cata-

Keith Carter captures the mythic, surreal South in photo exhibit and the birdhouse our attempt to dive within our own inner purity in order to derive meaning from our experiences. Keith Carter's photography exhibit at the

In "Cathedral" Carter combines mystic symbolism to achieve a humorous ironic tone. In fine focus in the foreground is a corpulent hand. We can only see the wrist, the palm and the stubby fingers, open and grasping in empty space. In the background we can make out the fuzzy innards of a domed cathedral that tilts at a slight oblique angle. At the top of the dome are three arching windows through which light explodes, taking on the amorphous form of hovering angels.

The hand is attempting to reach out to the divine light that is flooding through, but like attempting to grasp the rays of the sun, the hand will never grasp the angelic clouds of light. The divine light just hangs there, within sight, but forever out of grasp.

Unlike "Cathedral," in which the divine is forever unattainable, "Jack Witt" expresses the divinity that lies within the human soul. In the foreground is a gentle old hermit with a venerable pepper gray Whitmanesque beard. He is sit- own advice, and tried to get to the U-district Celloting on a chair in front of a low white picket fence graph and much of modern art is to illuminate that surrounds his small yard alongside his modest rural shack. In his hands are two young brown ent ways. But all was well in the end because I got a does with white speckles. His simple contemplative expression, his kind eyes and compassionate weathered wrinkles lend Jack a saintly beatific spirit. Carter embodies a mythological archetype meant for concerts and looking at the world's smallbrilliantly in this photo. Jack's appearance takes est stage, for some reason add up to a wonderful on the beatific quality of Jesus, Buddha or even concert. The lack of se-Santa-Claus. He is the eternal loving father. Jack's spiritual dignity and pure gaze give him a quality of eternal life.

Some other images in Carter photographs include: dogs, horses, children, birds, swans, and ghosts. Carter weaves these images with south- Ave. singing and dancern folklore, superstition, and the surreal. All of ing as he meandered these abstract themes combine with his realistic through the passing subjects in order to create a serpentine psychic twist that compels the viewer to broaden their was, this was one of the the photo that complements the sinuous curves own internal mythological awareness.

Keith Carter's photographs are currently on display until March 30. The gallery is open Tuesday to Saturday, 11 - 5:30 and is free. Also - markable aspect about all the Pioneer Square art galleries have an "Art that evening's concert, Walk" the first Tuesday afternoon of every at the University of month. They usually have free food and wine which is reason enough to go.

log and I think demonstrative of their showed no signs of slowing. He continued to aslyrical strengths. Lines like "So came the day when she had had enough, she kept home and I wasn't asked to stay, she said 'you don't have to blame yourself you know', but I wouldn't have it any other way", and other heartfelt scripts are a Posie asset as well as a downfall. Some people just don't groove on the sometimes abstract way Stringfellow and Auer talk about things. But I must admit that throughout the whole song, as I gazed at Stringfellow sifting those lovely words into the meshing of the microphone and into my ears, my head swayed back and forth as my feet tapped. I must have looked like a fourteen year old teeny bopper. Another song high point came

in the form of "I may hate you sometimes", a song from 1989's PopLlama release Failure, (and The Rocket's number 18 Northwest album of all time) the first Posies release when Jon and Ken were still teens. It was nice to see them acknowledging earlier works, unlike some bands (I'll never see R.E.M. sing "Flowers

of Guatemala"), and to be swept back to a time when both wore leather jackets and Auer had Robert Smith hair was either a treat or a trip. depending on the frame of mind of the individual.

Before ending the prescribed set with "Burn and Shine", Stringfellow announced a contest. Lifting his arms above his head, he offered two free tickets to the next Capitol show to the person who could correctly count the number of armpit hairs he had. Shouts from the crowd resonated, and although the amount was never revealed to the general public, a lucky sideburned audience member was given tickets courtesy of Stringfellow. Once they had finished, the crowd became as lively as they had been when they first started in an effort to get them back. Their enthusiasm must have worked, for the encore lasted at least a half an hour.

Stringfellow, who apparently must have been inspired by the hue of his hair's resemblance to the Energizer bunny's fur, showed no signs of slowing as he and a somewhat bewildered and tired Auer entered into "Fucking Liar", a crowd favorite for obvious reasons. Despite Auer's attempts to "snap, crackle, pop, goodbye", Stringfellow, dye running down his forehead,

### A weekend with the Halo Benders

I had a busy weekend. I saw four concerts over four days. The Posies once, and the Halo Benders an amazing three times. To anyone not familiar with the Benders, this might seem a little excessive. However once you've seen Calvin Johnson in action, you'll understand. Normally a fairly quiet and mild mannered fellow, on stage he turns into a dancing, whirling daiblo. A true Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde transformation. His dance moves alone are worth the price of admission.

My music adventure started on Thursday with the Posies concert (See Jen's article above for more info on that). All I'm going to say about it is that Jon Auer does NOT look like Antonio Banderas.

I played "birthday fun" on Friday. Then I rolled out of town early on Saturday, heeding my phane Square before everyone else. Of course I ended up getting delayed in about a million differgood spot in the store. Of the three shows that I saw, this one was the best. Being squashed together with too many other people in a place that was never

curity walls and a real stage allowed Calvin to wander as far as his mic cord would allow, even out onto University cars. Short though it best concerts I have ever seen

The most re-Washington's West Ballroom, was that it

sault his guitar with such familiar tunes as "Golden Blunders" and "Flavor of the Month". The closing song "Flood of Sunshine" (also the last song on Dear 23), which is usually an eight minute and 22 second epic in itself, clearly lasted over ten, as each of the Posies squeezed the last drops of energy out of themselves and their instruments, much to the joy of the crowd which continued to call for more. And so, the show came to a close, with

encouragement from Stringfellow to buy a stylin T-Shirt (I did, and shook his hand!! Gasp!! Wow!!), Auer strode outside to have a cigarette and talk to friends and a few fans who wanted to share their feelings with the violet-haired guitarist. I have been out of the Posie loop for awhile, and I don't know when a new album will surface from them. According to my handy June 14-28 1995 issue of The Rocket (yes, I keep these things around), The Posies were supposed to have recorded an album for release last October, yet the experts at my local record store haven't seen a thing. Hmm. . . I know that these record labels are warped, but I wish I knew what was going on. Let the CPJ know if you have any Posies information (x6213).

The show would not have been complete without the opening acts Genepool Lifeguard and Slow Children, both of whom delivered stellar performances. Unfortunately, I don't really know enough about these bands to deliver a full in depth analysis. Genepool Lifeguard did a kind of funk thing with great harmonizing by the female singer and male bass player, while Slow Children's joint bass player/guitar player antics entertained the crowd. Unfortunately, the crowd was a little unreceptive, but that happens to a lot of opening acts. Pay attention to them, ok?

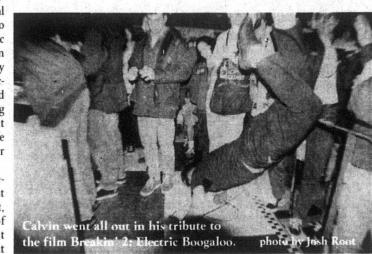
There must be a reason that I have seen the Posies four times, except from just being in the right place at the right time. It was nice to experience their musical gifts in an intimate environment (if you haven't been to the Capitol Theater backstage, it kind of looks like the place where Kermit and Fozzie met in The Muppet Movie) instead of the mob scene I first saw them in (Endfest '92, if you were there; you know). It was truly a divine evening of musical enthusiasm and exuberance, and even though I was coughing and sniffing throughout the whole thing, I wouldn't have it any other way.

by Josh Root was the first show in a long time that non-students were allowed to attend without being a UW student's guest. Joining the Benders this time were

Modest Mouse, Love as Laughter (who played at Cellophane also) and Lois. Modest Mouse put on a rocking set with their happy brand of pop/punk. Billed as "The Love As Laughter Space Program" Sam Jayne weaves a strange tapestry of melody and feedback. It was a cool sound, but one that I think would have been better served with at least drums and bass to fill out the sound. Lois, in a rare performance, was joined on bass by Ryan Baldoz and by her steady drummer Heather Dunn. And like usual, they played an outstanding set. Part music, part storytelling, part treehouse club, it was all good. Then, we all rocked out to the Halo Benders and their crazy dancing boy. It may have been just because the earlier show was so good, or I might have been getting burned out. But this performance just didn't have the same fire as the show at Cellophan

So back home I went. After refueling with food and a good night's rest, I grabbed my analog counterpart (read as: good friend Jenn Nash) and headed to the Capitol Theater. It felt really weird to be getting psyched up for a concert in the middle of a quiet and sunny Sunday. But off we went. Today's

kindly see HALO on the next page





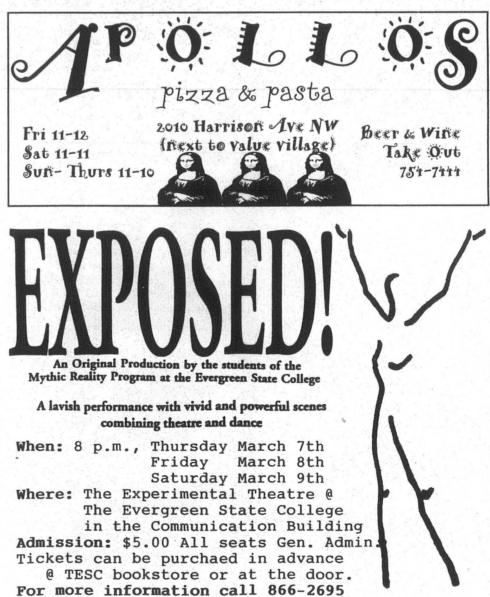
haven't already.

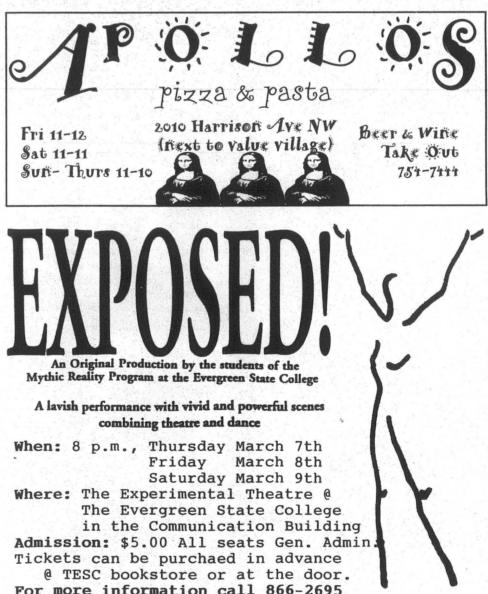
world.

Chan has made more than 35 films and is considered the world's biggest movie star outside of Hollywood. Rumble in the Bronx is his attempt to conquer Hollywood as well. Although it was filmed in Canada, it was deliberately set in New York in hopes of ap-2 pealing to American audiences. This is actually the film's weakness - punk rock biker gangs might be intimidating in some countries but here they just remind people of Police Academy 2. Had the film been set in Hong Kong but filmed in English, it probably would have had a wider appeal here. Fortunately, Chan is easily good enough to make such concerns irrelevant. This may not be Chan's finest film, but it's still his film so it's humorous, upbeat and in many ways astounding

So let me explain to you the concept of Jackie Chan: he's a spectacular athlete who, for some reason, is not afraid to do anything. He performs all of his own stunts, including ones that are completely unneccessary. He doesn't care much for American action stars like Jean Claude Van-Damme and Steven Seagal, not so much because he is a superior martial artist but because their movies aren't real enough. American movies use blue screens, models and computer effects sometimes instead of risking the lives of their stars. Chan just goes ahead and risks his life. In Rumble he even jumps from a bridge onto a moving vehicle and from a parking garage to a balcony across the street. This guy is the closest any mortal can come to being super-human; if Batman were a real person, my guess at his true identity would have to be Jackie Chan

Chan's numerous injuries are legendary. He's been known to fail at a stunt and break a limb. then go back and try it again as soon as the bone has healed. Many of his accidents can be seen in outtakes on the closing credits; Rumble in fact shows him trying to disguise an ankle cast while continuing to perform stunts.





### **ART & ENTERTAINMENTS**

# Jackie to the people Rumble in the Bronx introduces America to the world's biggest movie star

#### by Bryan Frankenseuss Theiss

If you've seen a Jackie Chan movie before, you don't need to read this. You already know that Chan is perhaps the greatest stuntman who ever lived, and the most entertaining martial arts actor in cinematic history. And chances are you will go see Rumble in the Bronx right away if you

But if you're not familiar with Chan, allow me a few minutes to chance to plunge yourself into his J

But stunts aren't all you get in a Jackie Chan film. The martial arts scenes are some of the most kinetic and beautifully choreographed slapstick you'll ever see. Early in his career, Chan decided to include comedy in his fight scenes in order to distinguish himself from Bruce Lee. Instead of punching a guy and then giving him a menacing stare, he'd punch a guy and then groan in pain because he hurt his hand. The fights in Rumble are vintage Chan. He incorporates

props like bottles, refrigera-

tor

doors

a n d

shopping

carts in hilari-

ous and surprising ways. At one point he even kicks a

guy's ass using a jacket like it's some sort of improve-

ment over nunchakus. Seeing these sorts of scenes on

So yeah, Chan can beat the crap out of eight

a big screen at the local multiplex seems unusual, and

guys at the same time and make it seem convincing.

But please realize that he is not a badass in the classi-

cal sense of the term. Because unlike Seagal, Van-

Damme, Arnold Schwarzenegger, or even Bruce Lee,

he is not macho or cocky. He always comes across as

the nicest guy you've ever met, the guy you could never

think a mean thought about. He almost seems

embarassed to fight. When the bad guys have taken

hostages and he goes in and starts kicking ass, he

doesn't do it out of some macho male duty or patrio-

tism. You can imagine him thinking, "Aw, man. No-

body else can handle this, so I guess I'm going to have

situation. Here Chan plays Keung, a standard Chan

The slim plot of Rumble involves such a

at the same time it seems so right.

to do it again.

character who comes to New York for his uncle's seems like Chan is the only one doing his own voice; wedding. He ends up staying to help out at his his uncle and new aunt sound particularly ridicuuncle's recently sold mini-mart. But this is the big screen Bronx, so of course he finds himself getting on the bad side of some troublesome bikers. He damages their pride by thwarting their attempt to shoplift, and they just won't let it go. They just won't leave him alone. But after repeatedly proving that 25 biker chumps are no match for him, both Keung and the bikers find themselves mixed up with some know about, but that's their problem. The fact is, more dangerous criminals who, like TESC Public Safety, carry guns.

In most movies, it would be a big problem that the villains don't look very tough. Angelo, the goofy-looking leader of the biker gang, wouldn't even cut it as an entry level thug in a Die Hard movie. The best he should hope for is a high school drug ally good fighter." It warmed my heart - if any acdealer role on a mid-'80s sitcom. The well-dressed gangsters don't fare much better - they look like the skinny guys who hang out with the sitcom drug dealers. But it really doesn't matter, because they all make good dancing partners for Chan. He flips them, spins them, crashes them into poles and basically just does his job of making jaws drop in the Drunken Master 2 at the end of the year. New Line audience.

If anything would turn mainstream American audiences away from the film, it would probably be the dubbing. The dialogue was filmed for mass consumption? It's enough to make your in both Cantonese and English, but even though the mouths fit a lot of the voices don't. For a while it

Choices, choices – Irish Ceili vs. Valentine's Swing steps for when our feet betraved us. We weren't very

eyes get a little misty.

by Michael C Benson

I hear the Valentine's Swing Dance, sponsored by Evergreen Queer Alliance, was a blast! I can't tell you from my own experience because, like everyone else, I was forced to choose between it and the Ceili (pronounced KAY-lee) put on by the Irish-American Student Organization (IASO) and SODA POP. This scheduling conflict for Saturday night, February 17, was a misfortune for the clubs who competed for dancers, but it was a disaster for students forced to choose between two great events.

Shannon Leigh Collins was getting out the vote early on Wednesday evening by calling everyone on the sign-up list IASO generated in the Cab last month. She persuaded me that I couldn't afford to miss this dance (which, by the way, was free to TESC students)

An Irish Ceili is a great deal like a square dance. That's no mystery as American square dancing is the direct descendent of this and other forms of European folk dancing. No background was needed to have a great time. Everything we needed to know was demonstrated and practiced before each dance, including all-important "cheating"



line up included the Benders and Love As Laughter along with the local punk/angst trio, Mocket. Had the show been anywhere other than here I think that there would have been a hard-core pit going during see a show like this, just minutes from your door, I Mocket's set. But, as this is mellow Olympia, everybody just sat and nodded along with the beat. Not that I'm complaining, I'm so sick of dumbshit jocks using concerts as an excuse to beat on everybody, and cop a cheap feel on any girls that look like they won't fight back. And don't even get me started talking about crowd surfers, I've taken to trying to swipe the wallet of anyone who kicks me in the head while 'surfing" at a concert.

shows. The bands always seem to have a good time. of K Records, go see Dub Narcotic Sound System This stokes the crowd, which in turn stokes the at their upcoming show, where else, at the Capitol band, round and around in a big circle. With no Theater. other band is this more apparent than the Halo

good by traditional standards, but we were good enough to make every dance a joy!

lous. But all this improves as the movie goes on,

was made to introduce Chan to a new audience, and

it seems to be working. I'm sure that a few laser-

disc hounds somewhere are crying "sellout" and

scrambling for a new movie genre that only they

even a substandard Chan film like this raises the

in a packed Saturday matinee for an action film,

where excited parents have brought their kids along

for their first taste of Chan. Waiting in line, I heard

a kid tell his friend, "I'll be Jackie Chan. He's a re-

tion hero is going to be a bad influence on kids, it

can have in a theater right now - it's certainly good

enough to keep people happy until Miramax re-

leases Police Story theatrically this August, and

Cinema deserves credit for bringing Jackie to the

American masses, because what kind of "free coun-

try" doesn't have Jackie Chan films readily available

Rumble in the Bronx is the most fun you

ought to be the best action hero.

stakes for American action movies. It is a joy to sit

What's exciting about this film is that it

and it grows on you anyway.

There was a live band with four players on a wide range of strange and beautiful acoustic instruments: odd drums and tambourines, a mandolin, guitars, a fiddle, something like a wooden flute, and other instruments I can't even begin to identify. The band was outstanding. Throughout the evening they were in complete sympathy with the dances, sometimes setting the pace, at other times letting the dancers dictate to them. It was really breathtaking.

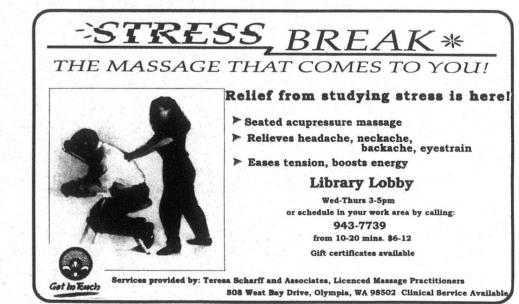
Breathtaking is a good word to describe the dances, too. It was quite a workout. I danced, almost non-stop, from 8:30 to 11:00. I found a metaphor for Evergreen's community ideals in the Ceili. Everyone was welcomed and involved. Traditional wall-flowers like me were pulled in easily and happily. Never once was anyone made to feel clumsy or foolish, mostly because, miraculously, the dances made us graceful. It was a true community event.

The IASO is hoping to host a Ceili each quarter. No Irish ancestry is required to have a great time! Check it out.

### continued from previous page

Benders. In front of a hometown crowd, Doug, Calvin, Wayne, Ralph, and Steve put on a supernova of a show. If you wouldn't get off your butt to don't think that dynamite could make you move. It was a lot of fun. With Calvin leading the way, we all (those of us who aren't photo geeks tied to our cameras, anyway) grooved until our legs were jelly. And the joint rocked until early in the morning. Or at least that's what it felt like until we stepped outside into the waning sunlight of a spring-like day.

If you missed all three of these concerts, too bad. You'll have to wait until probably this sum-I have no problem with saying that the Capi- mer to experience the Halo Benders again. But if is one of, if not the best place in the state to see you just can't wait to see the crazy dancing owner



# Editor Chieł

Ya wanna know, ya wanna know, ya wanna know what, know ya wanna know what is required, is required of an Editor-In-Chief?

### Monday 3 pm - Intense Anxiety

A demonstration's brewing on Red Square and you can't find anyone willing to find out what's going on and write about it.

### **Tuesday 5 pm - Intense Soul Searching**

Should you print a letter that says something offensive even though it's her Constitutional right to say it? Have a cup of Joe and think it over.

### **Wednesday Midnight - Intense Deliberation**

If you put that illustration next to that opinion piece, will the writer feel the illustration devalues that message? Make another batch of coffee.

### **Thursday 2 am - Intense Debate**

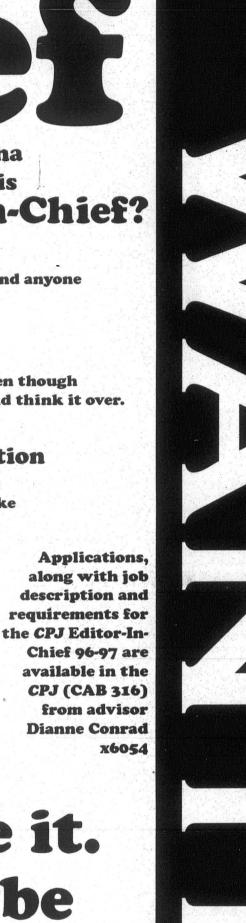
Should you really have used that word in that headline? Pop 2 aspirin and remind yourself that whatever happens, this looks great on a resumé.

### Friday

Intense attempts to explain why in the world you decided the things you decided on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday.

You Gotta Love it. If you do, maybe you're the next CPJ editor.

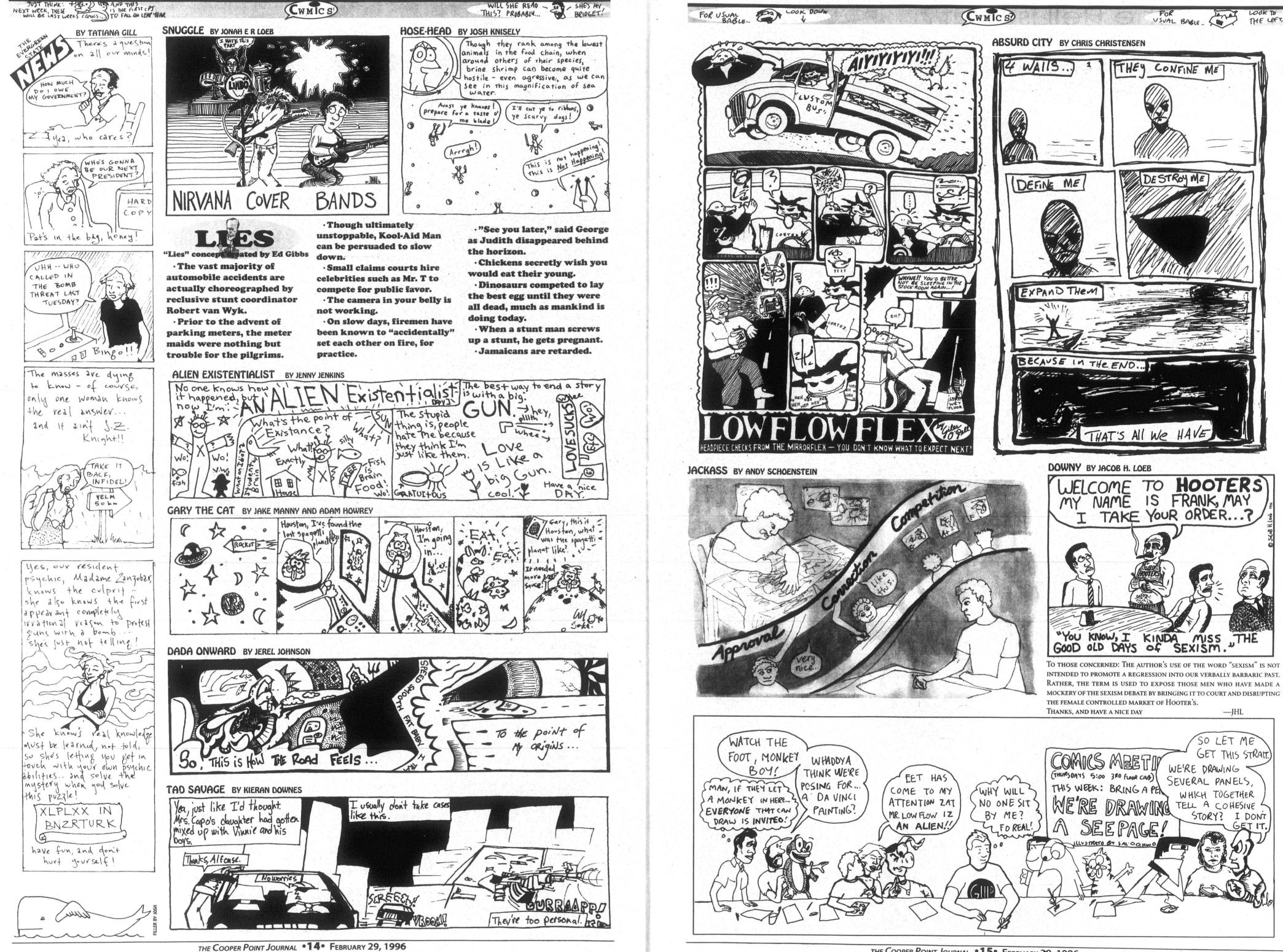
# **APPLICATION DEADLINE:** 1 p.m. Friday, March 8





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