

The Cooper Point Journal

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Evans Meets Us

College president-select Dan Evans met with students in a question and answer session for an hour and a half during yesterday afternoon, January 19, in the library lobby.

For both the students and Evans the meeting was the first real chance they had to size each other up. The questions and answers were largely repeats of the questions asked in an interview with the COOPER POINT JOURNAL and KAOS-FM on Friday, January 14 (see page 6), but the mood was different.

Evans no doubt learned that Evergreen students are often hostile towards the school administration, and not overly respectful of traditional social status. In the first question Evans was informed that the president of Franconia college had a method of keeping in touch with students: he works once a week in the school cafeteria. Would Evans, the student wondered, be willing to do the same? Evans was humorous and noncommittal in his reply.

A large number of questions concerned the governance system at Evergreen. Two complaints were heard: students don't have decision-making power; and students that are involved in Governance don't represent the students which aren't involved.

EVANS

For students trying to draw an impression of the future president a few things became clear:

— Evans is a clear and intelligent speaker.

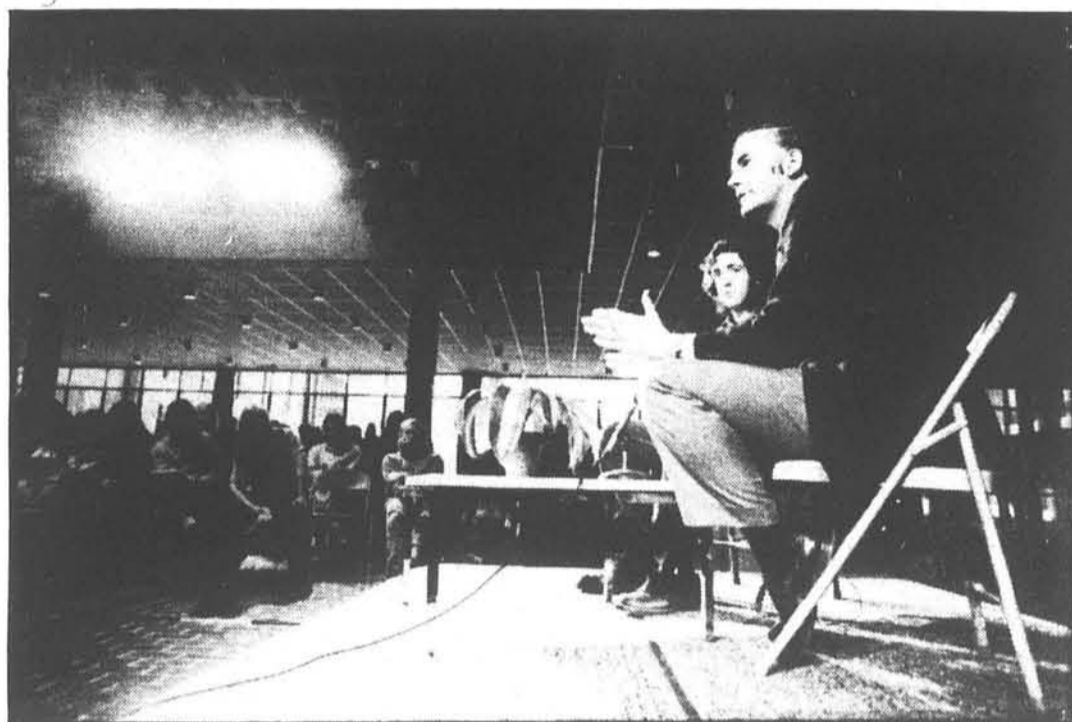
— Evans has no answers to student governance or curriculum.

— Evans draws often on his experience as governor as a model to give depth to his understanding of college problems.

Evans also tended to view problems in terms of two conflicting needs: that curriculum must be flexible enough to keep Evergreen an "alternative," as opposed to the idea that curriculum must be standardized enough to allow students security in planning their college goals. He also mentioned the conflict between Evergreen as an "alternative school" for the whole state and as a local school for southwestern Washington. But he affirmed, "If Evergreen becomes very much like the other institutions of education then there would be little reason to continue its existence . . ."

COLLECTIVE BARGAINING

In response to a question about faculty collective bargaining, Evans stated, "I would hope we would be able to work on a higher level than just collective bargaining . . . The strength of collective bargain-



Brad Pokorny

ing is the ability to finally strike . . . if collective bargaining takes you to a strike then there has to be the potential for penalties. Here at Evergreen, I would hope we're better and smarter than that and could find some system that isn't as gross as collective bargaining."

In response to a question about a proposed addition to the Social Contract forbidding discrimination because of "sexual orientation," Evans stated that although he opposed discrimination against homosexuals, he did not want to "add to the

laundry list delineating which groups cannot be discriminated against." Instead, he suggested that the Social Contracts already forbids such discrimination in other clauses.

Evans also fielded questions about Native American demands, the presidential search committee, the Board of Trustees, and President Charles McCann's paid sabbatical.

He concluded by hoping that he and students could gather again to discuss college issues in the future.



Brad Pokorny

Oil-Black Tuxes and Slick Gowns

by Brad Pokorny
Society Editor

Editor's note: COOPER POINT JOURNAL Society Editor Brad Pokorny attended the gala Inaugural Ball in Lacey on Wednesday, January 12. Pokorny returned with the following report.

Men in oil-black tuxedos and bare-backed women in slick strapless gowns crowded around the ten-foot-high wooden model of the Capitol dome. The newly-elected governor leaned against the white enameled mock-up and penned out autographs. She laughed and listened and made asides to her escort, David Jenkins, an old Atomic Energy Commission aide. She fielded the swarm like a queen bee.

This was inaugural balling. We'd arrived late, missing the pageant of flags and the other military operations staged by the Army. It was a champagne toast, and 2,300 persons stood around in the Capital Pavilion in Lacey, holding high gold-plated plastic champagne glasses, the kind with the stems that come apart for easy storage.

Nothing is really formal any more. Sure, there were a lot of neat-fitting rental jobs with tasteful red roses pinned to satin lapels, and cummerbunds, even, but there were some slobos too. Guys in jeans and gravy-stained corduroy jackets, with square-bottomed knit ties dangling over dark moire button-down sports shirts. Many of the younger women came in high school prom retreats. You can get by with anything these days. Dixy Lee Ray wore an emerald green synthetic potato sack. It had embroidery on the wide collars, and the design slyly streamlined her potbelly so that it was hardly noticeable. Only the Army officers from Fort Lewis looked really sharp. Decked out in spiffy waistcoats with gold braid epaulets, they sported proud chests plastered with shiny Christmas decorations.

Nobody knows how to dance any more either. Or maybe everyone was just smashed. People tried, though. Dowdy state workers, trying to dance out their money's worth on the \$35-a-pair tickets, did things that looked vaguely like the twist, to the orchestra's version of Tuxedo Junction. Couples flopped around on the

ersatz dance floor like hydrocarbon-soaked seagulls, trying to hold drinks in their hands at the same time. Plastic Collins glasses smashed into splintery pieces if you waltzed into some clumsy oaf.

Only the older couples really knew what they were doing. With wispy grey hair, they graced the dance floor as little oases of Arthur Murray confidence, blissfully lost in reminiscence of an ancient veterans' ball.

But what can you expect from an Inaugural held in a basketball gymnasium? The Capital Pavilion is the Saint Martin's College sports arena. They tried to hide the place by hanging spruce boughs from the backboards and lining left-over yule trees along the cold cement walls. Something like the fig-leaf effect — you pray there isn't a strong wind. A few touches showed some foresight. Someone sprinkled dance wax on the court, covering the free throw lines and all, ready to lubricate the flashing feet of the ball-goers.

Max Pillar and his Orchestra listlessly whacked out all the old favorites. In a blue show tux, Max played Lawrence Welk, announcing the tunes into a micro-

phone on a stand which he fondled nicely. The band played competently, but the female singer, who looked 40 with a face-lift, tried to harmonize with her own pentatonic versions of the songs.

The real high point of the evening was when Max came on with a cha-cha. Dixy had already left, waltzing across the floor to a sneaky back-door exit. Her aides had clustered tightly around her, whisking her away to a night of mystery . . . But by the time the band broke into its cheap Latin beat, the plastic glasses were piled high on the crepe-draped corners of the bandstand, and the Olympians were feeling rowdy enough to line up in a hip-clutching centipede, and cha-cha-cha their way across the dance floor.

We left after that, speeding back to our cloister in the woods. Another excursion into the bizarre Olympia social scene, and we'd come back alive. God, only four more years until the next inaugural.

All I wanna know is: Was it always like this, or were there really huge gala ballrooms with plaster cherubs on the ceiling?

Kaos Critics Pick the Hits

by Nathaniel Koch

"Best of . . ." lists often lapse into dreariness exercises in egomania. In 1976, the observer (critic) had to have been able to differentiate between and transcend his/her personal taste for trash (I have a perverse attraction to even the most vacuous L.A. Rock), a favorite artist's Inferior Work (Dylan's *Hard Rain*, Wonder's *Songs In The Key Of Life*, Taylor's *In The Pocket*) and the Significant-But-Disturbing (The Ramones, Jonathan Richman and the Modern Lovers). You had to have been aware of your own limits in musical taste (I am partial to singer/songwriters and know very little about Jazz.) The task is further complicated when you consider that over a hundred albums are released each month, and the writer probably had the opportunity to seriously listen to a small fraction of that amount (I managed about four or five a month).

So why bother with a Best of 1976 list? Basically for two reasons: People who listen to a lot of music usually discover a few obscure but important albums that will never receive the exposure they deserve. These seemingly contrived lists are a way of sharing these discoveries and possibly generating interest in an unfamiliar artist or recording. They were also a lot of fun to do. It is in this spirit that the various KAOS staffers and I compiled our Best of 1976 choices.

Joni Mitchell: Hejira (Asylum) This is Mitchell's most mature introspective work to date and a refreshing change from the detached topical stories on *The Hissing of Summer Lawns* (1975). Flight and travel are the central themes throughout the album. Mitchell is an artist constantly in the process of redefining herself through love and music. Her lyrics reveal the inner dialogue of a woman gradually discarding the concept of eternal love juxtaposed with the struggle for self-



JOHN S. FOSTER — N.Y. Punk Rock Critic

1. The Ramones (Sire)
2. The Modern Lovers (Beserkley)
3. Burning Spear: *Man In The Hills* (Island)
4. Nick Drake: *Five Leaves Left* (Antilles)
5. Eno: *Another Green World* (Island)

KIM MCCARTNEY — KAOS Veteran

1. Gene Ammons & Sonny Stitt: *Together Again For The Last Time* (Fantasy)
2. Anthony Braxton: *Creative Orchestra Music 1976* (Arista)
3. Gary Burton: *Dreams So Real* (ECM)

STEPHEN CHARAK — KAOS Business Manager

1. Ray Charles & Cleo Laine: *Porgy & Bess* (RCA)
2. Eric Dolphy: *Jitterbug Waltz* (Douglas)
3. Bill Evans & Eddie Gomez: *Montreux III* (Fantasy)
4. Keith Jarrett: *Arbour Zena* (EMC)
5. Flora Purim: *500 Miles High, Live At Montreux* (Fantasy)
6. John McLaughlin: *Shakti* (Columbia)
7. Eberhard Weber: *Yellow Fields* (EMC)

CARLA KNOPER — KAOS Program Director

1. Joan Armatrading (A&M)
2. *Sweet Honey In The Rock* (Fly-

ing Fish)

3. Fania All-Stars (Fania)
4. Marian McPartland: *Concert At Haverford* (Halcyon)
5. Don Thompson: *Country Place* (PM Records)
6. Bach: *Leipzig Sonatas* (1250 Arch)
7. Laura Nyro: *Smile* (Columbia)
8. Paco De Lucia: *Paco* (Island)
9. *Virtuoso Oboe* (Monitor)
10. Ray Charles & Cleo Laine: *Porgy & Bess* (RCA)

DALE CROUSE — KAOS Engineering Staff

1. National Association of Broadcasters Test Record (NAB)

STEPHEN CHARAK — KAOS Business Manager

1. Jackson Browne: *The Pretender* (Asylum)
2. The Rose Hips String Band (*Flying Fish*)
3. Charlie Haden: *Closeness* (A&M)
4. Queen: *A Night At The Opera* (Elektra)
5. Greg Kihn (Beserkley)
6. Blue Oyster Cult: *Agents Of Fortune* (Columbia)
7. McCoy Tyner: *Focal Point* (Milestone)
8. Bernstein / Horowitz / Stern: *Concert Of The Century — 85 Years of Carnegie Hall* (Columbia)

ROB MACHT — KAOS Public Affairs Director

1. Miles Davis: *Agharta* (Columbia)
2. Jaco Pastorius/Pat Metheny/Bruce Dittmas (Improvising Artists)
3. Jackson Browne: *The Pretender* (Asylum)
4. McCoy Tyner: *Fly With The Wind* (Milestone)
5. Charlie Parker: *The Savoy Sessions* (Savoy)
6. Jack De Johnette Directions: *Untitled* (ECM)
7. Laura Nyro: *Smile* (Columbia)
8. Aretha Franklin: *Sparkle* (Atlantic)
9. Bob Marley and the Wailers: *Live* (Island)
10. Stevie Wonder: *Songs In The Key Of Life* (Tamla)

KARRIE JACOBS — KAOS News Director

1. E.L.O.: *A New World Record* (United Artists)
2. Thin Lizzy: *Jailbreak* (Mercury)
3. Ry Cooder: *Chicken Skin Music* (Warner Brothers)
4. David Bromberg: *How Late'll You Play Till* (Fantasy)
5. Southside Johnny & the Ashbury Jukes: *I Don't Want To Go Home* (Epic)
6. Bonnie Koloc: *Close Up* (Epic)

fulfillment vs. her dependence on men. Musically, she has abandoned the piano to play electric guitar tastefully. The jazz/folk-like quality of the melodies are nearly spellbinding when accompanied by Jaco Pastorius on bass and Larry Carlton on lead guitar. Joni Mitchell is one of our great artists.

Kate & Anna McGarrigle (Warner Brothers) It will be a disgrace if this album continues to go unnoticed. The McGarrigle

sisters have created a collection of songs that exude a fragile intensity. The lyrics are compellingly intelligent and the McGarrigles draw on a variety of musical forms (blues, Canadian folk, gospel, rock) to establish a melodic, uncluttered sound.

Eno: *Another Green World* (Island) I consider this little collection of 14 songs an absolute masterpiece, although I admit my enthusiasm is a bit twisted. Beneath the arty packaging is a

series of short, engaging pieces (longest 4:03) played with the aid of synthesizers. The album's strength is enhanced with repeated listenings as the strange tunes separate and establish identities of their own. Play this album when you're bored with the current state of Rock music.

Martha Velez: *Escape From Babylon* (Sire) What started as a decidedly commercial project to save a faltering career gave birth to one of the most satisfying (if

underrated) reggae albums of the year. Although produced by Bob Marley, this is clearly Martha Velez's album. An American, she uses reggae music in her own writing in much the same way white kids like Mike Bloomfield and Bob Dylan used the blues. What results is a valid use of a musical form to define a personal style. "Wild Bird" is my favorite Velez tune. For those who believe reggae is by definition political, listen to her sing the Wailers' "Get up, stand up/stand up for your rights!" The song takes on a whole new dimension.

Ry Cooder: *Chicken Skin Music* (Reprise) Although my enthusiasm for this album has diminished slightly in the months since its release, I still consider it an important recording. If nothing else, Cooder is still one of the best guitar players in the business. His combination of Norteno, gospel, and Hawaiian music on *Chicken Skin* may not be exciting, but you have to admire his taste in material and the finely-crafted arrangements.

Bob Seger: *Night Moves* (Capitol) Bob Seger has been playing professionally for close to 12 years now in virtual obscurity. This album should gain him a wider audience. Seger's songs are short little stories in which he lyrically recreates his past using some of the most satisfying metaphorical images found in current rock music. These are stock rock 'n' roll riffs that everyone has heard before, but I'm not going to complain. Sometimes the basics are good enough.

The Wild Tchoupitoulas (Island) What can you say about six black men that dress up like Indians for Mardi Gras? Accompanied instrumentally by the Meters, the Wild Tchoupitoulas are primarily a vocal group. Their music is an engaging mixture of gospel, jazz, reggae and funk. I play this record when I start to take rock music too seriously. Their chant-like rhythms are soothing to frazzled nerves.

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CHOSEN ONE OF THE TEN BEST FILMS OF 1976
BY JOHN HARTL, SEATTLE TIMES

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—Vincent Canby,
New York Times

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feather and as
spry as a
squirrel and
sometimes just
as nutty."

—Stewart Klein,
WNEW-TV



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UTOPIAN COMEDY...
about the seventies
lunatic fringe of
people in their
twenties and
thirties. This
film stays
suspended
in the air,
spinning—A
MARVELOUS
TOY."

—Pauline Kael,
The New Yorker

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