

Kate Gray: campus poet

English Instructor Kate Gray [right] read a collection of her poems yesterday in the Gregory Forum. Below is a sample of Gray's work from her book *Where She Goes*.



MIKE POLLOCK/Clackamas Print

Beginning with a Bang

(response to a contest to rename "The Big Bang" because it is now considered sexually suggestive.)

Science has made much ado about sex but reduced the mystery to "the union of gametes producing zygotic cells." Still, practice made theories, and Freud and Kinsey agreed on the bottom line that bodies and minds intertwine. On larger scales some might say the universe began with physical attraction: some celestial body drew in masses of molecules, and KABLOOEY—we banged into space. But the 1990s erupt in a different fashion. Researchers try to unravel science from sex. They want The Big Bang renamed. Without adventure they try titles like "Early Gas Altering Development" (EGAD), or without accuracy, "Wild Oscillation of Worlds" (WOW),

or without anything, the First Explosion. They believe they can keep mystery out of language, their new name staying put like a planet, but words walk through time unsteadily carrying their meanings, dropping suggestive pieces and holding others tight.

So, no matter what we name it, what you and I began was big. It happened with a shift not a bang. When we met, my molecules fused, and I experienced evolution: my lungs filled with air, not water, and instead of slithering, I now stand. Our words, like nebulae condensing and separating, form worlds. With hands passing from breasts to hearts, we try to hold what we cannot grasp.

Clackamas sculptures explained

ANGIE DASCHEL
A&E Editor

A bright, sunny sky created the backdrop for the Artist Walkabout last Wednesday, when a crowd of about 50 people gathered to learn more about the sculptures gracing the grounds of Clackamas. Art Dept. Chair Rick True led the campus tour, while artists offered insight and background information about their individual sculptures.

A few artists spoke about their ideas coming to fruition as sculptures, and where these ideas came from. Lee Imonen, creator of "The Difficulty in Arriving at the Same Place," commented that the form of his wood and metal structure came from things he had encountered in nature. The natural world seemed to play a big role in many of the sculptures, as shown by the Harold Hoy's "Erector Black Bear" and Stuart Jacobson's "Eclipse."

"[Eclipse] was inspired by the full lunar eclipse of this past January," said Jacobson. "I wanted to honor what I was witnessing." Rick True's "Paleontologist's Nightmare" kept with the nature theme; its cartoonlike bones were the artistic product of a dig True went on last year.

Other sculptures involved complex themes of ambitions, religious ideas and the silence that stems from rape.



MEGAN OLDENSTADT/Clackamas Print

Gilles Foisy explains his sculpture "Before and After the Camel."

Gilles Foisy's "Before and After the Camel" was modeled after some "theological concerns" that he had. The needle-shaped sculpture was the last to be added to the invitational because of the emotional difficulty Foisy had in creating the piece.

"I am Become Silence" was Carolyn Mills' addition to the campus showing, and she explained the sculpture represented the silence that victims of violent crimes and combat veterans experience. Roger Williams, creator of "Burden of One's Ambition," talked mostly about the technical as-

pects of his copper house and wire mesh man, but he also commented on the ways people hold onto their ambitions and passions and how he chose to portray that idea through sculpture.

All of the sculptures on campus are for sale, but their meanings are buried deep within each artist. Those attending the Walkabout gleaned some answers from the artists about the sculptures, but answers are not necessarily what it is all about.

"Art is a question," commented True.

McConaughey stars in seaworthy thriller *U-571*

ANGIE DASCHEL
A&E Editor

For over fifty years, Hollywood has been cranking out movies covering the events of World War II, and I thought that no new movie could possibly show an angle that hadn't already been tackled ten thousand times. I was proved wrong when *U-571* blasted the frightful stories of a brave submarine crew onto the big screen with suffocating tension and a fresh approach.

Encased in an ancient tin can of a vessel, the Allied crew of an American submarine, headed by Bill Paxton (*Titanic*), is sent to recover the Enigma coding system from a disabled Nazi U-

boat, U-571, in enemy waters off the coast of England. The Allies are sent to pose as a rescue squad from Germany. Once they reach the crippled U-boat, they are to retrieve the encoding machine, which the Allies need to crack the German's encryption and turn the war around.

The crew gains access to the boat, where they capture the Nazi crew and secure the Enigma machine. Just as things seem to be going according to plan, the original rescue boat appears on the horizon, and literally blows the American ship out of the water. This forces the shattered crew to board and navigate U-571, while fighting desperately for their lives. Matthew

McConaughey (*EdTV*) is forced to take over as captain of the ship, where every decision could be his last.

This movie has got to be the most nerve-racking theater experience of the year. Just when you think the crew is out of danger, a pipe busts, a foreign ship appears or a depth charge plummets deathly close to the boat. Their situation alone is enough to make even the most cool cat squirm in their seats. I can't count the times I covered my face and said 'I can't watch this movie, this is too much.' There was an audible collective sigh by the audience after every terror-filled moment in the movie, as well as relieved applause.

McConaughey and Harvey Keitel,

(*Pulp Fiction*) chief of the sub, were excellent in their portrayals of the immense fear of being trapped in enemy waters inside a foreign U-boat. Also, most war movies end up showing the German army as a bunch of little Hitlers, when most of the boys were just like the Allies: scared to death. *U-571* took the higher road and showed the armies as being closer to equal, in that respect, which was a pleasant change from the norm.

There have been other great submarine movies such as *The Hunt for Red October* and *Das Boot*, but *U-571* shines on its own with a blend of talented actors and intensely emotional scenes.



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Matthew McConaughey in *U-571*.

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Flintstones, meet the Flintstones

JASON LINGEL
Staff Writer

Travel back in time to before Fred and Wilma were happily married, before Dino was hatched, and before Pebbles was a glimmer in her parents' eyes. Travel back for *The Flintstones in Viva Rock Vegas*.

After the last Flintstones movie, I wasn't going in expecting much. I wasn't expecting them to stick to the original Flintstones story line.

Once again the story line was trashed all to heck. Wilma Slaghoople, played by *Third Rock From the Sun*'s Kristen Johnston, is a poor little rich heiress, who is unhappy with her snobby friends, gold-digging mother, boyfriend and lifestyle all together. Wilma then runs away to Bedrock to deal with her unhappiness, where she meets Betty O'Shale, played by *Ally McBeal*'s Jane Krakowski, at the Bedrock Bronto King where Betty worked as a roller skating waitress.

Another major discrepancy is the alien, The Great Gazoo, played by Allan Cumming (who also plays the part of

Mick Jagged) who is sent to earth way before his time in the cartoon, to study the mating habits of humans, not to help them out. No magic spells, but still plenty of poking fun at the two dum-dums, which was somewhat redeeming.

Next onto the casting. In this I was very surprised, and actually impressed. The filmmakers couldn't have cast a better actor than Steven Baldwin for the part of the young Barney Rubble. The voice, the quizzical expressions, even the script for Barney was better than in the last movie. Granted, Rick Moranis plays a good idiot, Baldwin just plays a better one. And Betty—don't get me wrong, Rosie O'Donnell had the Betty laugh down pat—but Krakowski has the looks, the voice and the personality which more than made up for the laugh. I was quite impressed with Cumming as Gazoo and the lead singer of the oldest rock & roll band The Rolling Stones, Mick Jagged.

My favorite character of all, even though animated, was Dino. Although he didn't have any real lines, other than



PHOTO COURTESY OF UNIVERSAL PICTURES

his tenacious bark, the lovable Dino was the most convincing actor of the whole movie.

The movie is much improved over its predecessor, making it one of the few movies where the sequel, or prequel, is actually better than the original. It has plenty of the old-fashioned Flintstones slapstick humor mixed with adult jokes, making it great for parents to take their kids to, for both to get a laugh. On a Fred Flintstone scale I give *The Flintstones in Viva Rock Vegas* a Yabba-Dabba but not quite a do.