



# The Cooper Point Journal: GRADUATION EDITION!

VOL. 51, Iss. 9

SWIMMING AGAINST THE STREAM SINCE 1971...

JUNE 16, 2023

# THE C P J



## The Last Supper by Natalie "Lee Arneson

"Perhaps the world will end at the kitchen table, while we are laughing and crying, eating of the last sweet bite."

— "Perhaps the World Ends Here" from *The Woman Who Fell From the Sky* by Joy Harjo

Every celebration in my life has begun and ended at a table. Kitchen and restaurant tabletops have seen the stages of my life pass by, surrounded by food, family, and friends. In my family, as I'm sure is the same for many, no celebration is complete without food.

For birthdays, we would go out to eat or get takeout at a restaurant of the birthday person's choosing. My choices would bounce around, though for my 22nd birthday I chose Namaste, an Indian restaurant on Sandy Blvd in Portland. My brother is partial to Frank's Noodle house on NE Broadway, having chosen that restaurant for the last handful of years. Their hand pulled noodles are always excellent. My sister, though, has preferred to cook her birthday dinner herself the past couple of years. There she'd be in the kitchen on her birthday, preparing an elaborate dish to celebrate an ending and a beginning, something to share with her family.

Christmas Day was marked by dining out at Chinese restaurants, often the only places open that day. When I was still a

little kid, our party would be made up of myself, my siblings, and my parents, as well as aunts, uncles, cousins, and close family friends. It was a boisterous affair, fitting us all around a circular table, food steaming in the middle of it all. Conversation would spring up, jokes traded back and forth. For some reason, I vividly remember my Uncle Bobby, my mom's second youngest brother, teasing Mom about how she doesn't like her food to touch on her plate. I also remember hurling in the same restaurant bathroom two years in a row because of cross contamination with peanuts. Years later there would still be jokes of how my sister and I almost died in a Chinese restaurant from peanut poisoning. Then my world really would've ended at some food-laden table.

One of the times I'm at my happiest is when surrounded by good food and beloved company, never quite minding if the table isn't quite large enough to house every person. There's always an extra chair to squeeze around the table, a couch to perch upon, or a wall to lean against, plate in hand. All those milestones and major life events passed around a table, I have seen the beginning and end of years and people. What I remember most from my grandpa's wake is the large serving bowl full of spaghetti and an equally massive con-

tainer of homemade meatballs, his ending commemorated around my aunt's kitchen table.

How many moments, worlds all their own, have found ending at a kitchen table? I anticipate the next dinner I'll have with my family when another stage of my life meets its end. I am grateful these joyous affairs, these happy endings seated next to my loved ones. If I am to say goodbye to another moment of time, I'm glad I get to do it by their side.

This is my last "Feeding the Diaspora" article with the Cooper Point Journal. As of June 16th, I am an Evergreen graduate. Another four years of my life gone by, ones that will also find their celebration joined with food. I'm thankful to all who've read my column this past year. It's been a joy to write about what I

find passion in; the ways in which food has sustained me, has connected me with those I hold dear and those who've passed. I hope you will read this final installment at your kitchen table, with food or drink by your side, and we can call it our last supper.

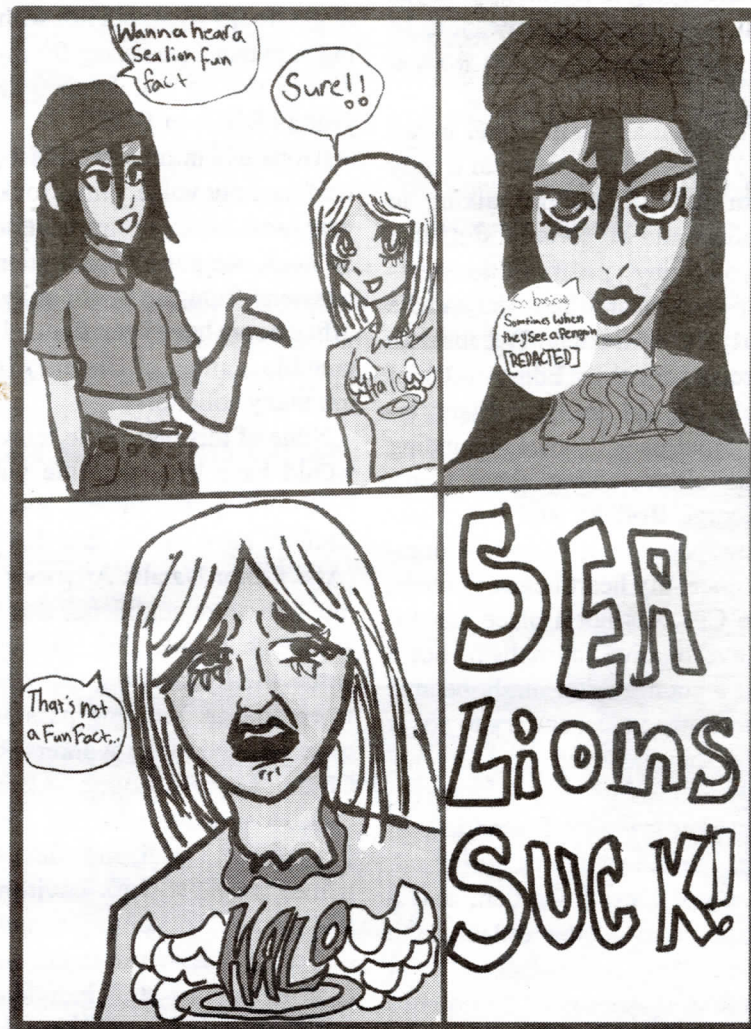
.....

*Feeding the Diaspora* is a column created by Natalie "Lee" Arneson in March 2022 to share stories on multicultural identity and how food plays a large role in continuing and reclaiming cultural ties.

Defining 'Diaspora'; a diaspora is formed when people belonging to a cultural and/or ethnic group are living in a place that is not their or their ancestor's country of origin.

To check out more of Natalie's work, go to her website [wordpress.evergreen.edu/foodag-portfolio-sp23-arneson/](http://wordpress.evergreen.edu/foodag-portfolio-sp23-arneson/)

Comic by Kavon King @j0ga2k



# Community

## AN EPITAPH

For my final piece for the CPJ, I have been sitting up for days wondering how to expose something great about the horrible dysfunctionality in our administration and their complete lack of attention to basically anything that the students have put their voice towards changing. But instead, I'm going to leave it at that angsty first sentence that might piss off some people that are already pissed off at the CPJ for reasons we do not understand, and spend the last allotted words in my tenure trying to tell all of you, yes all of you, how much it has meant to be a part of this community, and to work at The CPJ.

When I started as a staff writer in fall of 2021, I expected to come into a busy newsroom full of students talking to sports ballers and all sorts of stuff that was beyond my poetry-fiction-writing-never-written-an-article-self and die in a whirlwind of anxiety. But instead, I was greeted by then Editor-in-Chief Alex McIntyre and her triumphant, articulate, rapid-paced voice bounding across the office talking about Cum-Town, George Bridges, and the power of the newspaper as a collective organizer. At once, my heart began to settle. I saw the CPJ was not a place just for intense investigative journalism, but a place that a young writer might be able to find their own voice, and try to cover things that they believed were important.

My first year started off interviewing (with Alex) President John Carmichael, Vice President Dexter Gordon, and a whole team from Media Relations to keep things "Fair and balanced." Not much came of it. Alex got a few quotes for her extensive series on cameras in smoke alarms and public records requests (All on the CPJ website and in our office, her stuff is all worth a read, check it out) but, as usual, our efforts were impeded by an irritational fear by our administration of any inquiry put forward by the press. After this, the rest of my year was spent mostly in the editing and formatting rooms. The long days spent alongside Alex listening to midwest emo music, having long conversations about unionization, Walter Benjamin, and general weird shit will always hold a special place in my heart.

After finding out that I kinda liked it around here, I was a bit shocked when Alex said that she thought I could take on the roll of Editor-in-Chief for the 22-23 school year. It wasn't until I heard that my favorite artist on staff, Sako

FROM MJ RICHARDS

Chapman, was going to be taking the roll of Creative Director, that I knew I wanted to take the job. Sako and I spent last summer on Zoom calls plotting out a dream-team staff, reformatting the structure a bit to promote more in-house illustration, being horrified at the scale of the task we felt was before us, and establishing a camaraderie that I will cherish throughout my lifetime. Sako holds a depth of knowledge about the history of this school that sinks deeper than any Geoduck should ever go. He pushes me to get things right, but not without making sure that I am caring for myself, and I know that he will do great things next year as Editor-in-Chief.

It took us a minute to settle in, but once we found our voice, things took off. This year most of our issues went totally out of stock, we got a huge amount of submissions from the community, and our office hours have been flooded by an incredible number of Greeners (alongside too many solicitors).

None of this incredible reinvigoration would have been possible without the hardworking, fun-loving, and dedicated staff we have had around this year. Lee (Arts Editor Natalie Arneson) provided me with more confidence this year than anyone has given me throughout my entire life by showing true care for my work and an inspiring passion for her own. My fellow co-workers Ryan, Jae, Chase, Grace, Kaylee, Akemi, Alec, Isak, Hero, Kavon, Melisa, Elise, Dave, Caroline, L, Hazel, and Alex; all of you helped create a work environment for me that I will never forget, and though I do not have the words in this issue to tell each of you on staff individually how much you have meant, know that I carry this time with you closely, and hope to stay in touch as I move on. Also, a big thank you to my very good friend Parker Wong for both submitting such joyous, well-made, content. And for stopping by the office just to hang out with us on busy layout days.

As I write these final few words, I am brought to one of my favorite quotes from a way-to-cliche source; Gandalf the Grey. He says to Frodo, as Frodo questions the point of his journey, "All we have to decide... is what to do with the time that is given to us."

I'm glad to have spent my time here, at The CPJ, with You.

You look great and I'll miss you dearly,

Mj Richards

Editor-in-Chief - The CPJ Vol. 51

## As Time Goes By

an Arts Editor's Farewell

from Natalie "Lee" Arneson

As my time as a student at The Evergreen State College reaches its end, it is now also time for me to say goodbye to the Cooper Point Journal. My time at the paper began in spring of 2020 when I was hired as a Staff Writer, and I'm very thankful to be ending my time here as the Arts Editor as of fall 2021. I had the joy of interviewing so many wonderful artists, sharing many laughs in our meetings, and getting to find out just what type of journalism I truly want to write. Stepping away after nearly four years at the Cooper Point Journal I now know myself and my writing better; I am a community journalist through and through. My greatest passion at the paper has been writing about diasporic foodways and community gatherings, work I plan on continuing in the future. I'm especially grateful to the 2022-2023 school year's staff. You've all been so wonderful to work and create community with. The office is always overflowing with talent, from our incredible writers to our remarkable in-house artists. You all brought so much vibrancy to our meetings and to our issues. It is all of you who made the paper amazing this year.

Thank you to all the artists who shared their stories with me. I'm grateful to have had the chance to connect with so many people over what they're passionate about. One of the greatest joys of being Arts Editor was seeing my interviewees light up when talking about their art.

A huge thank you to Sako and Michael for seeing us through this year. You two worked so hard and made sure everyone at the paper—guests and staff—had a chance to try out new things, felt supported, and kept me from stressing myself out too much. You both brought so much joy to our meetings, thank you for everything!

I can't properly write this article without a sincere thank you to my friends. You have all shown me so much love, care, and support in the time that we've known each other—you've given me a home here that I

didn't expect to find. You showed me what it is to have healthy friendships and to show up for each other in meaningful ways. I'm grateful for all our nights out and in, the late night drives, the quiet afternoons, all our laughs, and everything in between. I never felt anything less than loved with you. I will always be grateful for the serendipity that brought us all here. I will always be grateful to The Mural Project for bringing us all together. In this part of my life, you all became the loves of my life.

This paper has allowed me to express myself in many ways, from running my own column to submitting my poetry. Being given a chance to explore your interests in such a supportive environment is one I will always treasure, and something I hope everyone gets to be a part of at least once. I'm sad that I can't continue as a staff member for the Cooper Point Journal, but I'm excited to see what else I'll be able to do in the future, and I look forward to seeing what next year's CPJ staff creates together.

For this last time, I turn back once more to my childhood and those days spent watching an old show in my parents' bed. One song rings in my head as the nostalgia of saying goodbye to this part of my life draws increasingly near; "You must remember this / A kiss is just a kiss / A sigh is just a sigh / The fundamental things apply / As time goes by." When you read this, I'll have graduated with a Bachelor of Arts, so time has already gone by, and with I leave you this final farewell. Thank you for these wild and wonderful times. I'll see you around.

With love,  
Natalie "Lee" Arneson



## HOT SUMMER TIPS FOR SWEATY SWEATY STUDENTS

How to stay cool when you feel like a soupy mess  
by Hero Winsor

You survived finals, great job! Or you didn't, and are a ghost spending your afterlife reading our paper. Either way, the air conditioning is non-existent, and it's just going to keep being hot. Here's our top ten best tips for being less of a sweaty mess this summer.

### #1 Head Empty, No Think

Thinking makes your computer overheat, the same will happen if you try it you silly goose. What are you trying to think about? Evaluations? Pfft, fat chance, it's too damn hot. Stop it, stop thinking, who needs it? All you need is to lie on the floor and not think about anything at all. But wait, what's this? You still can't stop thinking about how hot it is? Uh oh.

### #2 Shave Off All your Hair

Maybe your hair is making you hot? Those clippers on the bathroom counter are looking very tempting right now. You don't know if you'd look good with a buzz cut, but at this point, do you really care?

### #3 Eat Many Grapes

Hedonism is in this summer, lie back luxuriously and eat grapes. Grapes are juicy and juice is what you need. Grapes can be substituted for any fruit you can get your hands on. Oh god, the juice is just making you feel sticky, compounding on the sweatiness.

### #4 Wear Silly Little Booty Shorts

That's it, you need different pants.

You need short-shorts. Not just shorts, you need short-shorts. Shorter short-shorts. The shorter the shorts the better. You need the shortest short-shorts that ever short-ed. Booty shorts, wear booty shorts. Pair with a crop top and ask yourself, why can't I just be naked? It's too hot for clothes.

### #5 Gaslight Yourself Into Thinking You're Having a Hot Girl Summer

Regardless of your gender, everyone wants to have a hot girl summer. Fake it until you make it. Keep telling yourself the following: "I am having a hot girl summer. I'm not sweaty, I'm having a hot girl summer. This summer is a hot girl summer."

### #6 Acceptance

No matter how hard you try, you can't get yourself to feel less sweaty. The only thing left to do is accept that this is forever now, you're going to be sweaty forever.

### #7 Freeze Yourself with Cryogenesis

Why accept the inevitable when you can just freeze yourself! Tell them to thaw you out when it's colder. Heck,

you can just stay frozen if you want, be an ice cube forever!

### #8 Beat the Heat

We recommend a crowbar, or if you're feeling particularly funky and/or fresh, a baseball bat. Really tell thermodynamics who's boss, not by consuming a popsicle or only wearing booty shorts, but by going toe to toe with the sun. Take out the rage you feel from having to write five papers and present on something you only got a week to research. Go for it, beat up the sun, do it, we dare you.

### #9 Embrace the Void

Woah there cowboy, fighting the sun get too hot for you? Sorry about that partner, how about just leaving for the vast expanse of space? No atmosphere, no worries. What's colder than space huh? Embrace the void, swing by Pluto and console it on its lack of planetary status. But maybe 2.7 Kelvin is too chilly, we think not.

### #10 It's Raining Now, Isn't It

We are now being told that it's raining. Well, you can just stand in the rain now. Go do that maybe?

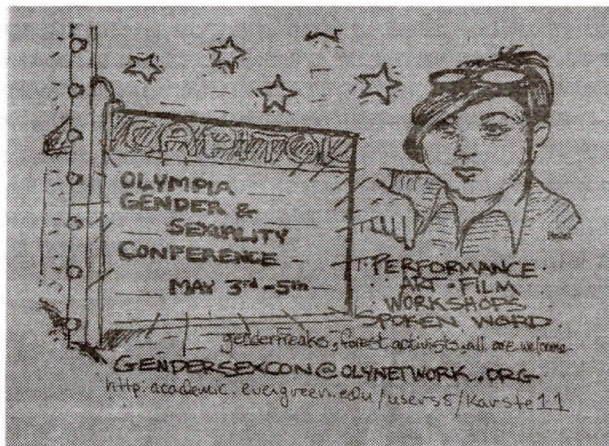
## ARCHIVE SPOTLIGHT: Olympia Gender and Sexuality Conference

The following documents were slipped under the CPJ door in an envelope labeled "OLYSEXCON." Signed by our Chief Archives Correspondent Brock Holes two months ago, the letter read:

Hi

So I'm crashing real hard on no sleep but here are some of the images and text from the program for Olympia Gender and Sexuality conference that took place at evergreen, along with some flyer scans. The art is credited to Mel Heywood, unsure what relationship they had to evergreen, but they are one of the conference's founders. Also, the website is viewable on the wayback machine at [olynetwork.org/gendersexcon](http://olynetwork.org/gendersexcon)

Book an appointment in the archives to view more old student activities ephemera using [evergreen.edu/archives](http://evergreen.edu/archives) and their microsoft bookings page. Archival materials courtesy of the Evergreen State College Archives.



The First Annual  
**OLYMPIA GENDER  
and SEXUALITY  
CONFERENCE**  
May 3-5th

Taking place at the Evergreen State College  
and other locales around beautiful Olympia, WA

An Evening with  
**Alix Olson**, NYC Slam Poet

An Afternoon with  
**Carol Queen**, SF writer,  
performance artist and sex educator

A special showing of  
**Third Antenna: A documentary**  
about the radical nature of drag

Film Shorts, Yoni Prints,  
Firedancing and more...

**WORKSHOPS**  
SM101, DIY Porn, Fat Sex,  
How to Latex Yr Lover, Trans Allyship,  
Poly101, Tops and bottoms, drag make up,  
anal sex, queer youth, whore revolution,  
anti oppression workshops  
and much much more.

**ALL ARE WELCOME**

[www.olynetwork.org/gendersexcon](http://www.olynetwork.org/gendersexcon)

For more information contact  
[gendersexcon@olynetwork.org](mailto:gendersexcon@olynetwork.org)



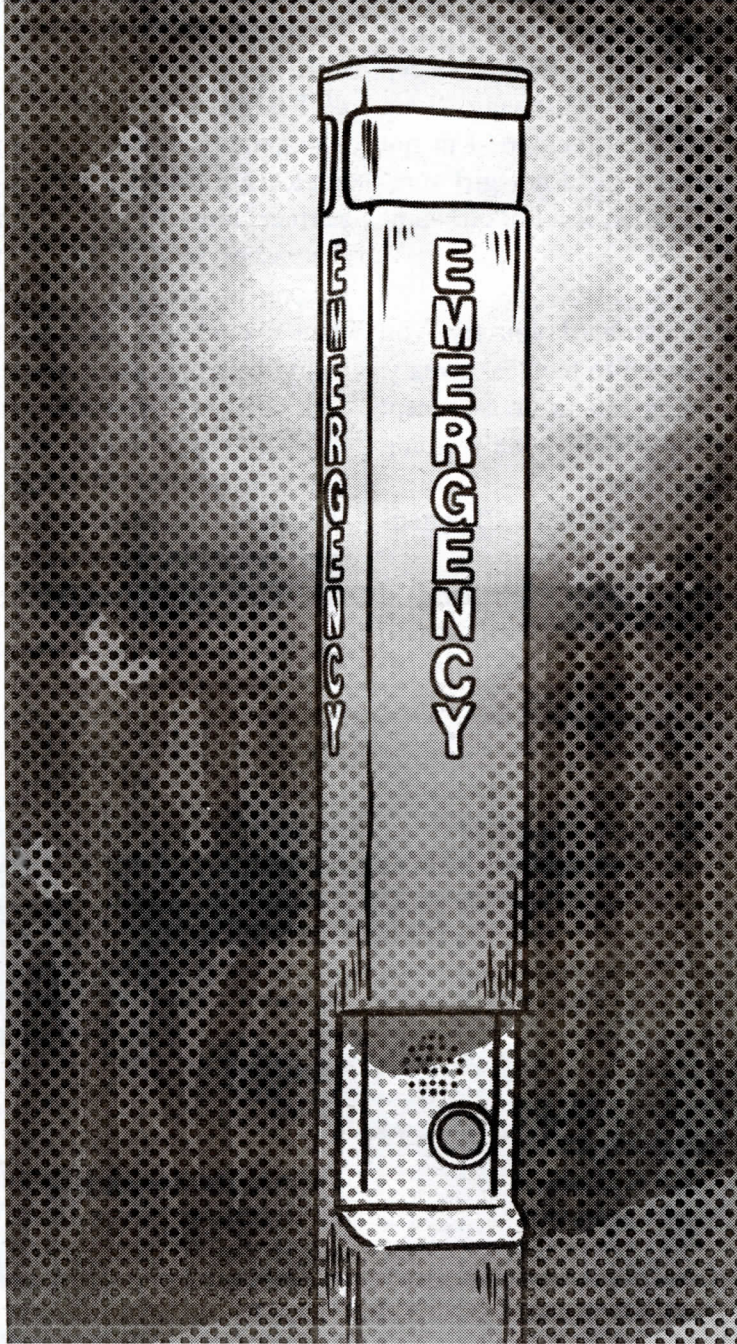
A weekend filled with art,  
sex, music and performance

?????????

# EVERGREEN HORRORS: EMERGENCY PHONE F

submitted by L

[A thing bound to a humming blue beacon of false hope, that beckons the troubled with its blue glare. Its purpose and pain speculative, its groans and huffs defining undeniable agony. It calls to an empty night when its task is to be called on. Endlessly seeking help from the helpless, only its self-torture quiets its struggle.]



**MONIKERS:** The Authority, Night Caller, The Anglerbox, The Man in the Blue Box

**DIET:** Cognitiovore

**SIZE:** 9.5ft

There were originally 11 Talkaphones (ETP-ETE-72) installed sometime before the 2000s. In recent times they have installed 2 more resulting in 13 of these blue obelisks being scattered across the campus. One Talkaphone installed by F lot has gained recognition as the host of paranormal activity. Physically it is identical to the other Talkaphones with the exception of seemingly normal graffiti; one stating "cops are not friends", while the other spelled "noos" but uses the o's as eyes to create a warped face resembling a bucktoothed duck. "noos" could be in reference to "nous" as they are sometimes interchanged. Nous is a

Greek word for intellect within living things, the basic understanding that allows living beings to perceive existence.

While speculations could be washed away by claims of damage to the machine, the nature of its call has left many thinking a stranger force is at play. Beyond its wild sputtering, it will sporadically turn on its calling light as if inviting whatever is there to converse, a silent call that shines ruby red. It has been noted to talk unprompted, but its words are clearly not for us; leaving some to speculate there may be another listener that stands there, beyond our perception.

## AN INVESTIGATORS ACCOUNT:

24/05/2023

I was looking into Talkaphone rumors like you told me to. Honestly, I wasn't expecting much. It's a machine they make weird noises when they get old, not too different in that respect to the living.

First few nights were silent. you know I am not afraid of the dark, but the unknown is a whole other matter, the sheer probability of horror that lies in the unseen. The box is located in what most would call a generous passageway, but I am not most people. Surrounded by trees and the noises of life just behind them the path felt like a tight rope, shaken by the probability that stirred beyond its dark bounds.

Once underneath the eerie blue light my fears evaporated, lingering in the form of a salty mist. At first it did not strike me as odd, but as the hours passed and something stirred beyond the tree line I began to ponder what happened to my fear. Giving it proper thought, I realized I was instinctually alleviated by the feeling of not being alone, as if in a small crowd where few evils would dare reveal themselves. I mention it only because you ask I leave nothing out but I would not call it admissible evidence of anything paranormal.

It was on the third night when it spoke to me, well perhaps not at me particularly. The prior nights were silent with negligible stirring but in a single moment it burst to life with a low foggy masculine voice. I could tell it was spouting words but my mind was too weak to assemble them as it leapt through its speech with a strange calm urgency. Its voice felt like it traveled past me and to some unseen recipient just beyond the shadowy trees. Its speech so stunned me, I am regretful to say I did not think to record it with my phone, seeing as this could have been a pivotal step in the investigation I acknowledge this was a real blunder on my part. I vow to be more prepared in future investigations L, hopefully the new equipment helps with that.

-Sincerely sorry I

## EVERGREEN POLICE SERVICES RESPONSE

*(Evergreen campus police response)*

Police services staff we talked to dismissed any possibility of a supernatural element. They claim it started having issues earlier in the year and simply are not equipped with the staff to fix it. While they do not know what the problem is they suspect that an underground cable that connects the F lot Talkaphone to campus security may have been damaged. They said they are expecting to get to fixing it sometime next year and assuming they keep to this the mystery may be soon put to rest. In addition, when questioning the evergreen police if there were any incidents of note near the F lot Talkaphone they claimed non came to mind.

When dealing with electronics the paranormal can become blurred as it can easily be attributed to a malfunction, but a stranger's interference is not out of the question; what better vessel than one that was made to speak. The Talkaphone seems to pose no danger, and should it hold life I suspect we may have been the ones that gifted it. It would seem the next best course of action is to sit back, and let the story develop as a simple attempt at repair could very well unravel the narratives that have begun to coil around the beacon and render it inert and unremarkable.

Got horrors of your own to share?

Submit them to @evergreen\_horrors over on instagram!

Pole illustration by Alec Phipps.

# Cut Daisies Behind Closed Doors: America's State of Grieving

## by Melisa Ferati

(Originally published in the November Issue)

In August, I lost a childhood friend and an uncle within the same week. The news of the two happened within four days of each other. It turned out that my friend had actually passed almost 3 weeks earlier, but my friends from back home wanted to wait until we were together to tell me – we spent the night comforting each other, recharging, reminiscing; but they left at 3 am and I was left to reconcile with the contradiction of loss an hour and a half away from everyone back home. Several days later, the Saturday evening I found out about my uncle, a lover was over and we spoke shortly about the thread of grief I found so swiftly weaving itself into every decision of mine. Over the time I was seeing this person, I spoke with them at long about different kinds of shared mourning - the grieving of fragmented community, of childhood deprivation, of lost potential. In that moment, I couldn't help but to lament and their eyes betrayed an unexpected indifference. I felt the impulse to privatize my pain. An expiring tryst, they stayed over for 5 hours that night, "too tired to sleep over"; leaving after a quick spat and shared smoke. A recurring theme, I wondered just what was it about the acknowledgement of grief that created distance between people? I opened up my phone to see the news - just earlier that same night, I had lit a candle at my altar in prayer with both my friend's passing and uncle's declining health in mind, calling for safe passage and relief from pain - my mother's text revealed that it was right around the time I set it that he passed.

There quickly arose the acute awareness of the irreversible effects of my family's displacement halfway across the globe due to the Balkan War, of the loss of childhood, of the illusion of safety brought on by dreaming, in looking to a hypothetical future. I didn't know what to do with myself, but I could at least light a fucking candle. In the Victorian era, grieving was comprised of layered rituals. Clothing was particu-

larly integral to their practice. Children would wear black for a year. A widow would be expected to actively grieve for two years, wearing black for the first 18 months and introducing gray and lavender in the final 6. Manuals on how to dress based on who it was you had lost were the norm, and some clothing shops exclusively made their money from selling outfits to mourn in, speaking volumes about their take on the etiquette of loss. Myself growing up Bosnian Muslim, the tradition was for men to handle and attend the burial while the women and children gather at the home of those grieving. After, when everyone had arrived, we'd all pray together en masse, led by an Imam. Every person in the community would bring food to take the responsibility off those mourning and continue to do so in the following weeks so that no meal would be missed. People of varying backgrounds surrect altars and memorials in honor of those who've passed. My own altar now consists of a candle (never blown out, always left to burn to the end), water, rose water, rotating spirits (usually vodka), incense, varying herbs, money, 3 cigarettes (from my aforementioned inamorata), and other personal affects.

I ended up not eating for two weeks, on and off a bender, having wild dreams through broken sleep that I'm sure were my subconscious trying to make sense of anything I was internalizing. I pushed myself to be transparent about the reason for my shift in demeanor with the people I connected with most regularly but was generally met with nervous looks and empty, though well-meaning sentiments. The people I love know I'm not one to ask for help. Offers along the lines of "reach out if you need me" and "let me know how you're doing" echoed across the board - and I knew we all knew I wouldn't. Was it really too much to send a quick text? If I was the one everyone came to in a crisis? If I was always deemed "capable" of handling whatever came my way? If I now couldn't bring myself to eat, how was I supposed to muster up enough in me to call someone and say, "can you just

sit with me while I'm falling apart?" It didn't seem worth it. No, with that, there would be the distraction of the guilt of feeling like a burden. With everyone so constantly burnt out navigating the ongoing pandemic and the government's failure to adequately address it, grinding to survive, and on top of it all grappling with varying personal tragedies, "space" becomes Western culture's currency of loss.

With the learned apathy of late capitalism, the isolationist attitude developed in the U.S towards grieving has likened the inner process to that which falls under the branches of "productivity culture" – compartmentalizing everything that happens and finding a way to stomach it, somehow using it as fuel and keeping on in the perpetual grind. Particularly in the case of living low income, taking time to stop and process the trauma of loss runs the risk of threatening your ability to maintain your basic needs. It seems then that in this context, the provision of space is an attempt to at least afford you some of that time – though really, what you need is a village. If everyone is at capacity and forced to swallow their own pain in order to keep up with the financial demands of the modern day, this space serves as temporary absolution from social expectation; and you are at least left with a little time to fall apart. Through the 2010s to now, I noticed the new default response to grief boiling down to a state of privatization followed by an overlapping romanticization. The grief becomes a thing assigned to you; something you manage while alone. It belongs to you exclusively. It becomes a part of your identity. Vi Khi Nao reflects this sentiment in her book *Fish in Exile*: "You want pain to coexist with you after death. You think how painful it would be if your pain were taken from you. And in this imaginative state, you feel it's absolutely too wonderful. After all, it's the kind of pain you like. The pain that you feel can truly exist with you. You feel this is the proper place to be."

Owning your pain, you develop this fluctuating attachment to it; it becomes a badge, a coat, a wall. Grief then becomes a pathway to the self-help pipeline or varying escapist habits marketed to us as we are subjected to moving in downloads with the unnatural pace of the digital age; evident from the renaissance of disordered eating culture to normalized substance abuse (i.e social alcoholism). America's economic agenda relies on nostalgia, emotionally binding us to brands by establishing sentimental value or "a place at our dinner table"; keeping us bound in a suspended state of looking back at what was. If nostalgia is a product, grief is a tool. It carves into the weary working class and the well-off alike. It is a naturally occurring resource, and stranger to none. The era of the sad girl reigns supreme. Grief has as many faces as a Saturnian mold that remains malleable, constantly subject to the manipulation of its expression. Grief is a reflection of love lost, and love does not exist in isolation. To reject the isolationist model of grief and collectively, purposefully shift back to the natural state of working through loss as a communal process as much as an internal experience is a form of political resistance in and of itself. Hand in loving hand.



THE CPJ LISTENS TO

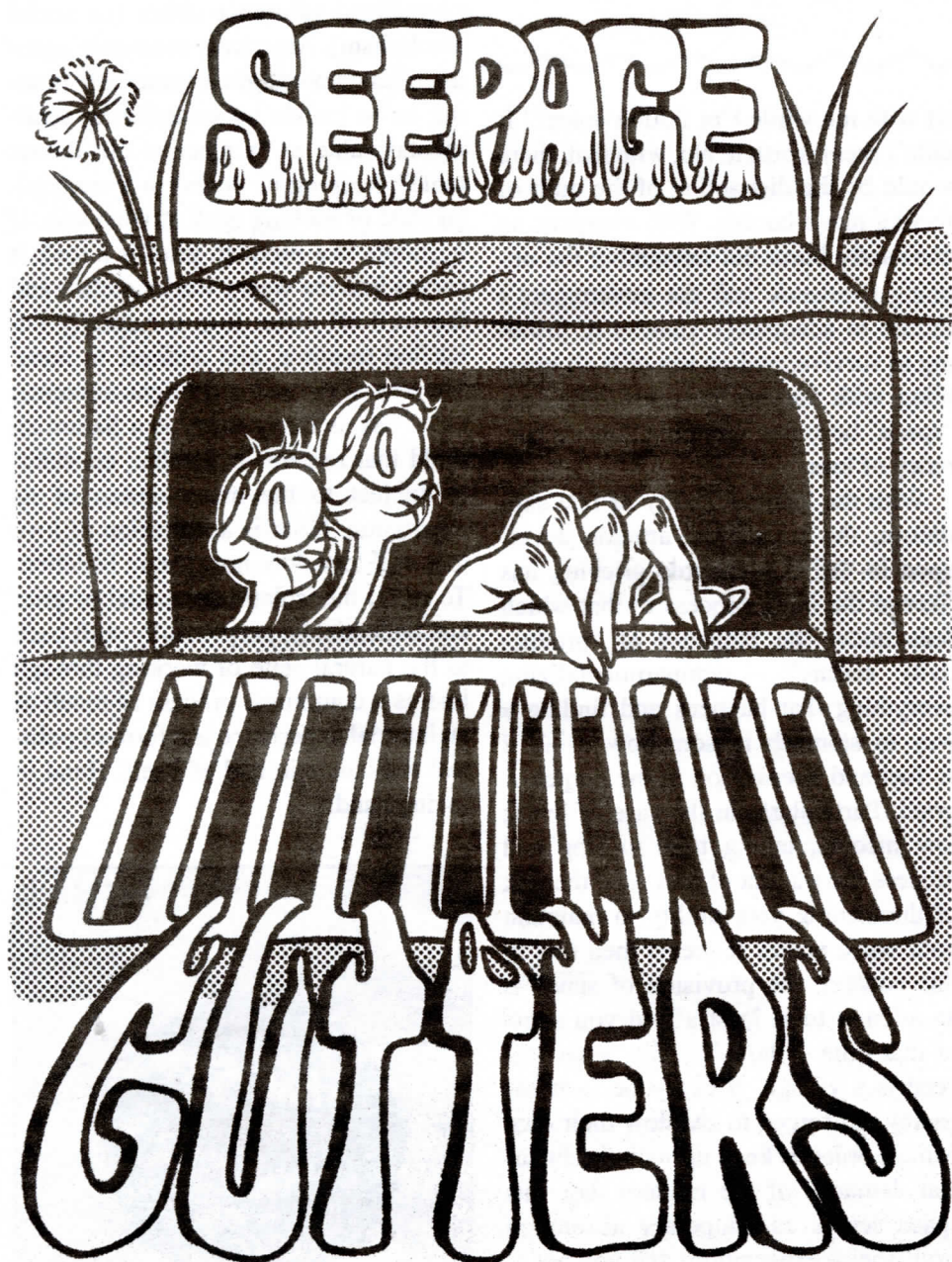
**KAOS**

YOU SHOULD TOO.

tune in: 89.3FM  
streaming live @  
RadioFX & TuneIn!  
kaosradio.org

# SEEPAGE

Regrettably, due to 'the circumstances,' Volume 2, Issue 2 of the Cooper Point Journal's literature and art zine SEEPAGE: GUTTERS did not make it to print. Instead, please enjoy the selection of submissions here!



## VOLUME 2, ISSUE 2

What lies in our Gutters? What can we pull from the leakage of the stink and grime of a sappy mush of leaves left there to gather in a Wet City winter? For this edition of Seepage, we asked for the stuff you thought was too moist for the world to hear. The stuff you made and then put in a drawer. The stuff that had been sitting in the back of your mind collecting the Seepage of your conscious creation, yet to be put into material form. From this rich soil, we hope feed the creative Garden that flourishes in these dark and mysterious woods and create a Party of flora and fauna dancing with their roots planted deep in our Gutters.

cover by Alec Phipps

### *Retroactivity*

*I was the blush in Mina's complexion  
ghost of Johnny's past  
spit in Amalie's mouth  
it all reflects the same in the rearview*

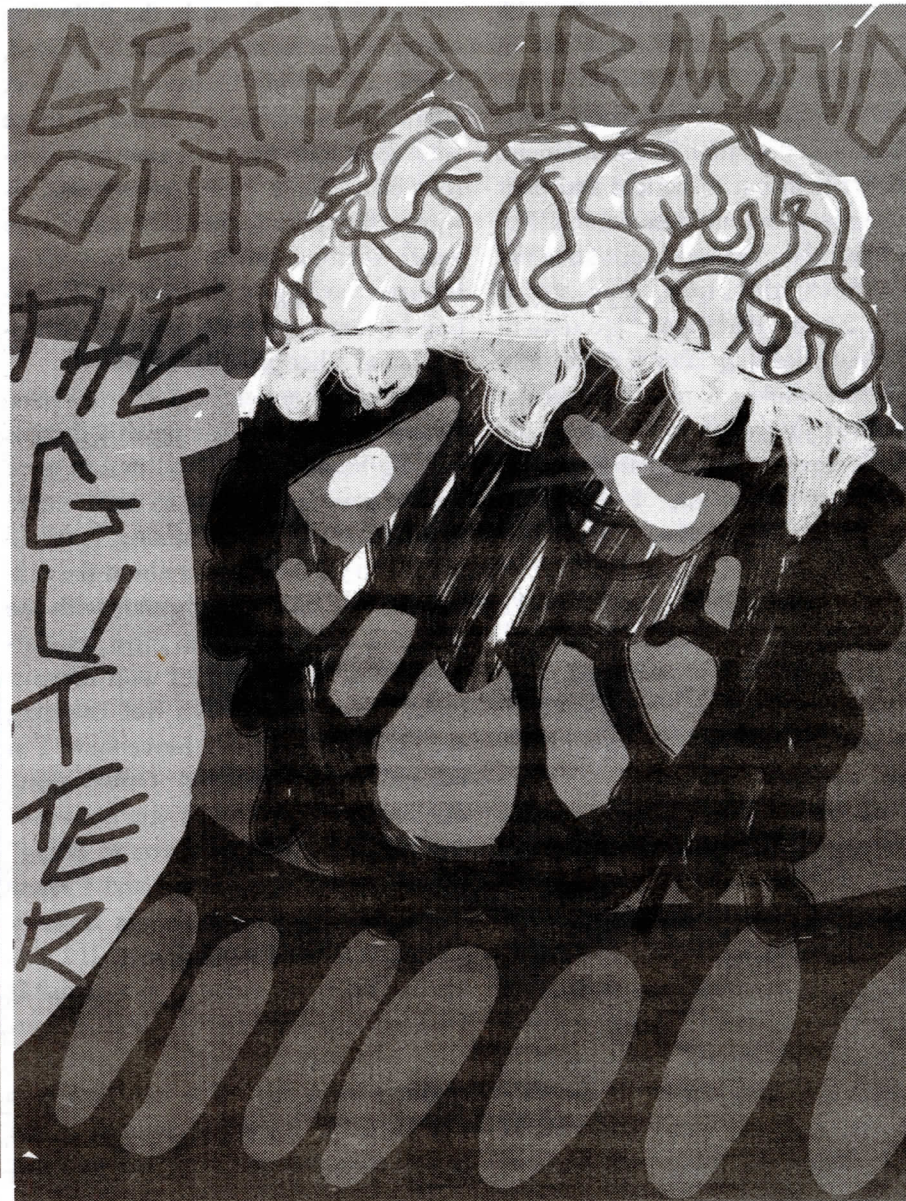
*summer season sound offs and mistakes that used to be fun strung up in  
kerosene saturation*

*expecting nothing always comes with consequences  
and seeing it coming doesn't make it hurt any less  
I meet with the god of prescription once a month  
write a Manifesto of No Shame*

*get together on occasion with the Magician and the Moon  
and forgive myself a little more with each new ache*

*-Melisa Ferati*

### Vulgar Thoughts - Kavon King



## MY LOVE LIFE IS MY MUSIC CULTURE

Mj Richards

on't feel as though it should be too difficult to explain.  
 on't feel as though it should be ridiculous for me  
 have to be doing something in some way for it  
 be so good for somebody  
 make some sense in some mind  
 e some asshole that thinks he's somebody arrogant.  
 on't feel as though it should be a request for me.  
 on't feel as though this is really the best for me.  
 eems like a whole new dream to be awake and hope  
 escape from it all but its all right here  
 ough yes. It's all right here though.  
 ese pieces the best I can do to decrease  
 own use of assonance like its anaphora.  
 ssive aggression towards my back after a  
 ys hard work I'm just a passenger  
 d this is all how I go.  
 hat I am is how it is.  
 ere is nothing else here that  
 uld really spur the interests  
 any that are uninterested.  
 any that mean anything  
 outwit what which is  
 ething.  
 ery word I've let out goes rotten the second I start  
 reasing it past just a phrase, or a sentence.  
 at the idea is reading it. Reading it  
 nd seeing how it goes.  
 eading it. Reading- Reading it.  
 cause fuck it we're reading.  
 eading it. Reading it. Reading it.  
 nd reading is cool because it doesn't seem like other  
 imals can really do it.  
 ut really.  
 rds don't get the chance to read the Sunday paper.  
 orms don't get the chance to study up on dirt.  
 nd maybe I'm getting crass  
 ut hell I consider the act of us able and doing as we are  
 be one cool as shit thing and I'm not going to say we should  
  
 op it.  
 ou're starting to sound like a croon.  
 op it.  
 s like there's a cliff off the side of me.  
 atch.  
 ou're reading.  
 feels like maybe  
 omething harder than  
 ust a look at paper.  
 aybe we write to be abstract.  
 aybe my prose isn't perfect;  
 ecause who the hell needs it  
 hen I can fly off the tongue  
 nd just give it all  
 ut on the pages.  
 Maybe I put a crypt in here.  
 Maybe the spaces all go into themselves  
 nd form the words that you  
 re hoping to find beneath the ones  
 at I am saying.  
 o words were written for you personally.  
 ll words were written for you to personally  
 ke the time to read them.  
 ore than once.  
 adly.  
 es more than once. Because it seems like an age.  
 nd those poorjack-motherfucking-wishyouwaits  
 re just pushing to get you to  
 top it.

## CATHY-JANE'S INVASION

by Maxine Howser

*Author's note: Cathy-Jane's Invasion makes explicit reference to home invasions/breaking and entering, police, blood/gore, and implied intent of sexual assault, and as the author, I cannot recommend in good conscience that you engage with this story if these are difficult subjects for you.*

It had been twenty-eight years, fifty-five days, six hours, and ten minutes since Cathy-Jane Brennan was born to Martha and Terry Brennan at University of Colorado Hospital.

"Cathy? Cathy, are you still on the line?"

The operator's voice was left to ring in its stolid way through the room. Cathy-Jane was still there in the corner, and she could hear the phone's drawl clearly.

It had been twenty-two minutes since she first heard the glass shatter.

Having just gotten upstairs from her mission to the kitchen for herbal tea, she thought for certain it had been something smashed by accident - a glass left close to the edge of the counter, maybe. There was no cat in the house, but cats were not the only danger to things placed precariously. Coming down the carpeted stairs, she then noticed the small window in the center of the front door, and in it, blown inward was a protrusion shaped like a larger fist - the door itself slightly ajar - and she could feel her beating heart making its dislike known by receding as deep into her chest cavity as was possible, perhaps even below into her stomach. It had been sixteen minutes since she made the call to nine-one-one.

"Cathy, I want you to lock yourself in the bedroom and stay on the line until the police arrive. Can you do that?"

It had been fourteen minutes since, on the way to her bedroom, a tall, hulking figure crossed the hall in front of her, devoid of features and made by the hall's darkness into a balking shadowman who was emblematic to fears of all, with close views of whom all nightmares began and ended.

Fuck, fuck, fuck - tumbling down the stairs - if he didn't see her then he sure as shit heard her gasp - did she scream? - and go barreling backward. The bathroom would have to do. Bathroom downstairs. When she imagined her own bedroom, it now appeared a place reddened, once her little slumbering terrarium entered in by an invasive species, an opposing force in the most primal sense.

It had been nine minutes since the doorknob started shaking. She lay in wait, thinking to herself, how far back was he? Was he waiting for her to peak? Where was the baseball bat?

Was it in the bedroom? DID HE HAVE THE BAT???

It had been point-twelve minutes since the locked doorknob of the bathroom door finally crumpled off - it, of course, felt longer than that for Cathy-Jane - and the door swung open.

The man walked over Cathy-Jane, ambivalent to her protest, which had mostly been done with the handling end of a toilet plunger. She had made a good few pokes here and here that may have even been a bit painful, but she suspected it wasn't persuasive, and knew it had been a sad display.

Then, the floor's steady rumble - which Cathy-Jane had thought to be some hierophant of the mortal sentencing she was about to receive - death by a thousand sexual indignities - gave way to an appreciable quake, causing even the shadowy assailant to lose his footing.

In the span of a second, the wide windows of Cathy-Jane's living room - which were glad to remind her of the existence of the Flatirons in better moments - filled with deep, neon green light, which she was forced to blot out with her hand by a sharp pain in her eyes. What she could see in front of her before her hand blackened everything was the newfound outward tilt in her assailant's eye placement.

It had been exactly zero minutes since Cathy-Jane shifted where she sat on the floor, making note of a red stickiness beneath her, coagulating on the linoleum, already staining deep the gray threads of her lounge pants. There was a shape of red and off-white colors that wasn't unlike a spilled enchilada wrapped in findings of the Goodwill men's section and the floor sweepings of a barber shop, but Cathy-Jane focused her eyes instead on the night sky beyond the fallen lunch meat litany that was still eeking out the last breath it had drawn in. Watch the skies, she conjured from her memories of The Thing From Another World, her favorite of her old VHS tapes from her teenage years. She would go on to watch the skies for a great duration of the rest of her life, nights of sleep stolen away into distant blackness. "Cathy? Cathy, are you still there?"



## Community Dinner Welcomes Students, Tribes, and a Name By Natalie "Lee" Arneson and Sako Chapman

(Orig. Published November 2023)

On Oct. 21, the Evergreen Longhouse took back a name, s'g'wi g'wi ? altx<sup>w</sup>, given in ceremony by tribal elders more than 20 years ago, with songs from the Puyallup Canoe Family.

"We are wrapping this house in this name to show her we love her," said Connie McCoud, Cultural Department Director for the Puyallup Tribe.

The name s'g'wi g'wi ? altx<sup>w</sup>: House of Welcome was named in the Lushootseed language of the Coast Salish tribes in a ceremony two years after the building was opened. The first cultural longhouse building on a U.S. College campus was also among the first longhouse structure built in the Northwest, a century after most of the historic longhouse throughout our region were destroyed in the era of U.S. expansion.

"For the tribal elders saw many cultural practices coming back and being expressed in the longhouse at Evergreen in the first two years it was opened," said Kara Briggs, Vice President for Tribal Relations, Arts and Cultures. "They came together and identified this name as the purpose and vision of this building."

Over the 27 years since the House of Welcome opened, other universities and colleges have building their own longhouses inspired at least in part by the one at Evergreen. These include longhouses and plans for longhouses on campuses across Washington, Oregon and other states as far away as Wisconsin.

Briggs explained that the Evergreen State College Board of Trustees recently approved a request to align the building name with the college's name for the building. In recent years the College has similarly aligned the names of buildings with the college's name for it. It may take a year or more, but signs that use the old name will begin to be replaced.

As the community dinner began to conclude, Briggs talked about the public service center's tribal facing arts pro-

gram, now renamed the House of Welcome Cultural Arts Program.

"From when we began to now, many years later, we see such an increase of mastery and it's not that we did it; it's that the tribes did it and we were among those who were able to support with artist grants, with funding for art workshops in reservation communities, and in this house. And, simply as we come together to reclaim this space, s'g'wi g'wi ? altx<sup>w</sup> : House of Welcome, I wanted to share for a moment the great import of what we do, and what we all continue to do, and I'm reminded the children present, babies present, that if we continue with our regrowth and reclaiming of these cultural arts and the continuation of it, then the world will be a better place for them. When they come of age, they will be that much farther along because we continued."

The Cooper Point Journal approached Briggs with some clarifying questions recently.

**CPJ:** We wanted to know how did the building come to be named?

**Kara Briggs:** In 1997, two years after this building was completed, the 12 pillars of the longhouse which are and were tribal, cultural leaders from around the Salish Sea, and across the region. After a couple years of functioning, it was realized that this was such an important place, they wanted to give it a name. A naming ceremony was held and the name was given, specifically by the Upper Skagit ancestor Vi Hilbert: s'g'wi g'wi ? altx<sup>w</sup> and the assembled elders of the time said, "Well, how do we translate that? What does that mean?" and so they said, "the House of Welcome." It has to do with hospitality and welcoming--because the words don't directly translate---they determined the name to be The House of Welcome.

**CPJ:** How did this renaming occur?

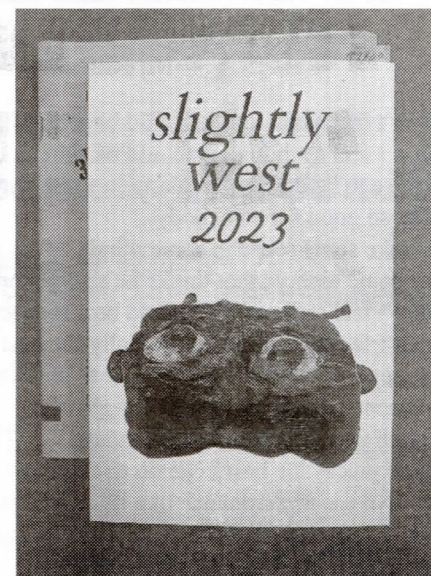
**Briggs:** The College had its own name for the building: The Evergreen Longhouse. But since 1997, the build-

ing has also had this cultural name. Last year after the Longhouse celebrated its 25 +1 anniversary, we met with the Longhouse Advisory Board and other supporters and said what do we need to take forward into the next 25 years. We agreed it was the name s'g'wi g'wi ? altx<sup>w</sup>: the House of Welcome. This name has a transformational type of power. This is what tribal cultural artists are doing, transforming ancient cultural arts into contemporary art forms.

**CPJ:** Tell us about the new art collection in the small conference room of the House of Welcome.

**Briggs:** What you see here is a collection that was donated to us of art primarily from southern British Columbia. The way I like to think we're working in the ancient cultural arts, but what's being produced is the front edge of contemporary Native arts. And if you notice, the artist is even using the circles of the tree that the wood is taken from to form a design in the art. In the Coast Salish tradition everything is alive and contributing to our present. This is some of what can make tribal cultural art so expressive and exciting.

**CPJ:** Since the beginning of The Evergreen State College students, who were not so different from us, dreamed of establishing this longhouse, this House of Welcome on this campus. With the recent sad account on King 5 about the vandalism to some of our tribal art pieces on campus, it is time for students like us to step up and learn about this art and these cultural arts buildings so we can help to protect and preserve them for future generations of students. We are inspired to look for ways to partner with the House of Welcome. One immediate step we can take is learning how to say this Lushootseed name. Let's protect what previous students dreamed up for us. And let's commit to dream up something good for the students 25 years in the future.



Congratulations the club members of Slightly West for compiling and editing an enormous collection of magnificent Greener work. We are so excited to see a return of more student publications at Evergreen. Also cheers to Rob at Last Word Press for piecing it all together and putting it into the press. To pick up a copy, contact Slightly West via their instagram @testslightlywest. Cover Image by Reid Cruzan.

### Attention!!!

The CPJ will be looking to fill our staff for the coming 2023-2024 school year! If you are interested in writing, journalism, and possibly becoming a part of the student newspaper next year, please keep an eye on [handshake.com](http://handshake.com) with your evergreen email in the coming months!

### ADDITIONALLY!

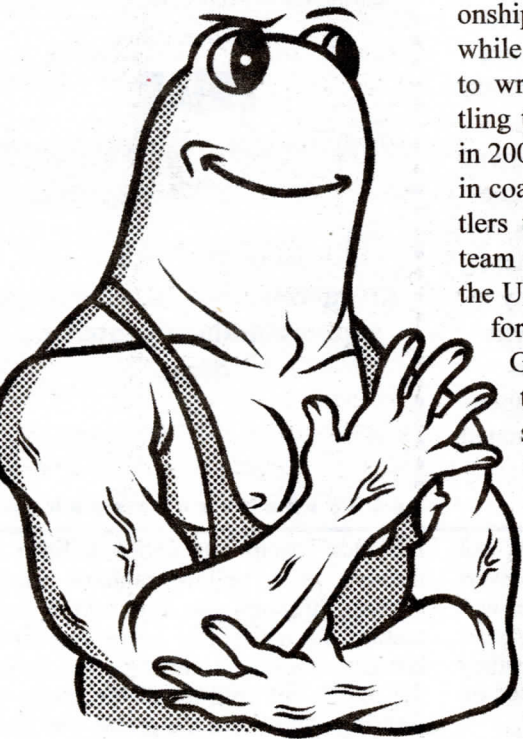
Get prepped for October issue next fall. Send your submissions in now over the summer!

[cooperpointjournal@gmail.com](mailto:cooperpointjournal@gmail.com)



## THE EVERGREEN STATE COLLEGE:

# "GET READY TO RUMBLE?"



Coverage by  
**Kaylee Padilla**

(Orig. Published February 2023)

In late December of 2022, The Evergreen State College introduced their first Men and Women's wrestling teams. Along with the newly installed team also came new coaches Fan Zhang, head coach of the Women's team, and Greg Ford, head coach of the Men's team. Both Zhang and Ford share a longstanding career in wrestling, beginning in their youth; Zhang began at 12 years old, following family tradition, and would acquire 7 national champi-

onships in each division he wrestled in while in China. He eventually went on to wrestle for China's national wrestling team for a decade before retiring in 2004. Afterwards, in 2006, his career in coaching began, training other wrestlers to compete for China's national team until 2008, when he moved to the U.S. He eventually became a coach for the women's wrestling team at Grays Harbor College in Washington, earning 2 national championships. Before he was able to make another successful venture as a coach in California, plans were unfortunately disrupted by the Coronavirus pandemic, leading to his recent recruitment here at Evergreen this past December. What brought Zhang to Evergreen was not only his career as a coach, but also his personal pursuit of bringing more awareness to women's wrestling, bringing to fruition a women's wrestling program that is offered to students from states that do not have a women's wrestling team for any college in their area. While he aims for athletic success for the team, Zhang also wants his wrestlers to not lose sight of their academic success. "We want to build the students not just a successful wrestling career, we want them to achieve more academic goals too."

For Coach Greg Ford, his athletic skills spanned over many fields, but found most success through wrestling,

going on to win national championships and even competing internationally. He would later take on the role of head coach of his high school wrestling team, being able to earn a state title with his students. As far as what brought him to Evergreen, he feels that the college "has always been a very unique school with endless opportunities given the platform to work." What makes this upcoming team exciting to both Coach Zhang and Coach Ford is that, not only is this the first intercollegiate sport coming to Evergreen, but this addition favors student athletes as well, with Evergreen becoming the first college in Washington state to be a 4 year college that offers wrestling as a sport. Coach Zhang and Coach Ford hold the same passion to lead their teams to championship wins and to build towards winning a national championship in the future.

Zeb Hoffman, assistant director of Evergreen's athletic department and head coach of the track and field team, elaborated on Evergreen's decision as to why the college specifically chose wrestling as a new sport to bring in, "Our department had been annihilated by the pandemic, and budget cuts, and the idea of adding another team, or two teams, and more students to serve when the track and field team were really underdeveloped, it'd typically make sense to me." He also emphasized being a representative for the student athletes, a role that he felt was overshadowed during his time at the college being a student athlete. "I remember being a student athlete here and feeling pretty underrepresented, and so part of my job is to advocate for student athletes, and I feel that student athletics bring a lot to the table, so it was kind of this perfect opportunity to bring in wrestling." While bringing in this sport helps benefit student athletes who are already enrolled, and students out of state who

wish to continue wrestling during their college years, it also provides a wider opportunity for students in-state who are closer to Evergreen. Evergreen's placement in the Southwest side of Washington, which is the more rural side of the state, and wrestling usually tending to be "very popular in rural communities", as Hoffman explained, provides more opportunity for student enrollment. This benefits students' ability to stay in state instead of having to go out of state to gain both academic and athletic success, and benefits their families as well, allowing them to show up and support students at nearby matches. Hoffman also explained that this helps the school gain a better reputation as an athletic school, adding that, "Evergreen will always be the funky liberal arts college in the woods, that'll never change. I just want us to be the funky liberal arts college in the woods with a solid athletic program that the South Sound can be proud of."

The Evergreen State College's Wrestling season begins in October of 2023.

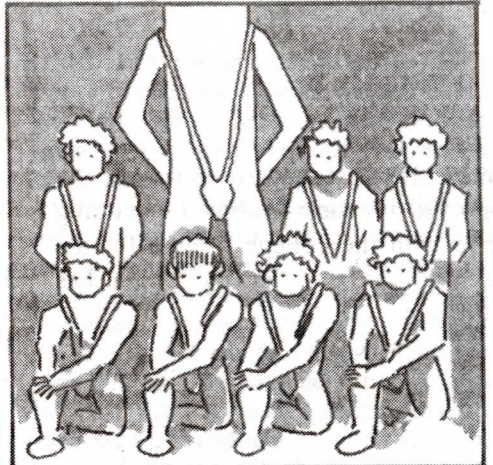
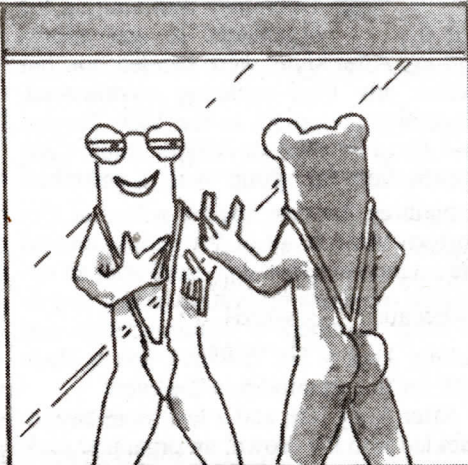
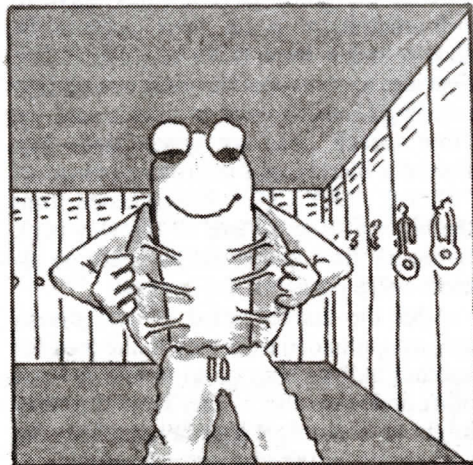
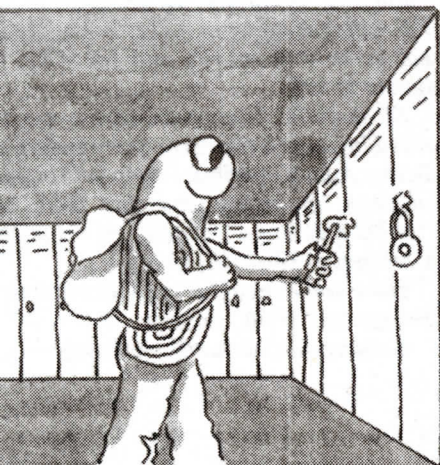
Got thoughts or insights into TESC's influx of sports investments?

Send them to us!

cooperpointjournal@gmail.com

"Speedy Cena" Illustration by Alec Phipps.

going Pro - Parker Wong @stealth\_camo



# BREAKING BARRIERS TO ACCESS:

**SUPPORTING EVERGREENS UNDOCUMENTED,  
UNDERSERVED, AND DACA-MENTED COMMUNITY  
BY GRACE SELVIG**

**UPDATE:** In the March 2023 issue we published an interview with Evergreen's Undocumented/Underserved Student Support Specialist Diego Lopez Vega by Grace Selvig. The article (available on our website) examined the importance of an advocacy role for undocumented, underserved, and DACA-mented students at Evergreen navigating both higher education and immigration systems, and how this role developed at the college. As he states in the interview, "...what we realize is that in speaking to these issues we are bringing awareness to broader

immigration issues, student advocacy, [and] student involvement with local politics." The article was concerned with the position's contract expiring at the end of 2022-2023 fiscal year. We are ecstatic to update our readers with the announcement that Diego's position has been made full time. With biennial legislative funding approved, the position has been made far more stable and has been extended for at least a full two years before funding will be approved again.

*Fragment from "Breaking Barriers to Access"*

**Grace:** Is there anything that you want the student community to know about your position?

**Diego:** That while the title is "undocumented/underserved" and I spend a lot of time making sure that that group of students feels empowered to access services on campus and feels the agency to exist on campus, that I am happy to engage with any student regarding immigration, local politics, and that kind of stuff. There are mixed families out there where a student might not themselves be undocumented/underserved or DACAmented but they might have a family member who is and informing them helps the broader community. Individuals might have friends, individuals in the future might run into someone who is, so more information is always better. Again, something that I would like the broader student body to know, that I am happy to engage with them and connect with them just as much as I am here to serve the undocumented/underserved and DACAmented population.

## UNDOCUMENTED/ UNDERSERVED STUDENT SUPPORT

Hollistic support is available for all students at Evergreen regardless of documentation status.

Get resources and support from our Undocumented/Underserved support specialist Diego Lopez Vega by contacting him via email or visiting him during his office hours in the Student Activities office.

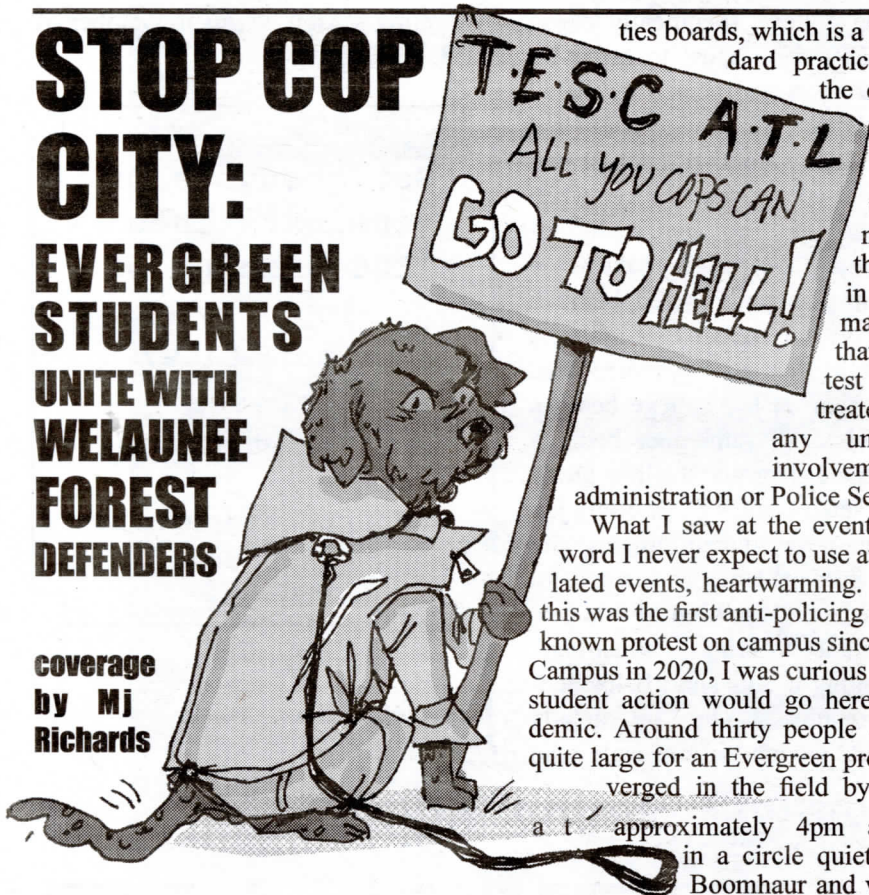
### EMAIL

diego.u.lopez\_vega@evergreen.edu

For more information visit [evergreen.edu/undocumented-support-undocumented-students](http://evergreen.edu/undocumented-support-undocumented-students)

## STOP COP CITY: EVERGREEN STUDENTS UNITE WITH WELAUNEE FOREST DEFENDERS

coverage by Mj Richards



ties boards, which is a fairly standard practice, and on the day before the event I decided to attend as a member of the press, in order to make sure that the protest was not treated with any unnecessary involvement from administration or Police Services.

What I saw at the event was, in a word I never expect to use at police-related events, heartwarming. Being that this was the first anti-policing and widely known protest on campus since Cops Off Campus in 2020, I was curious to see how student action would go here post-pandemic. Around thirty people - which is quite large for an Evergreen protest - converged in the field by the HCC

at approximately 4pm and stood in a circle quietly playing Boomhaur and waiting for the organizers to get things rolling. After signs were handed out, but before any loud speaking commenced, Executive Associate to the Vice Provost and Head of Student Affairs Andy Corn approached the group with a pamphlet explaining the free speech policy at Evergreen. Almost all of the people around me seemed to take a copy, and after an exchange of pleasantries Andy and a couple of other members of administration and faculty kept a fair distance, but a close eye, for the remainder of the event.

After Andy left, and a few more people trickled into the crowd, an organizer took to the middle of the circle and explained that they were here in solidarity with the

larger movement against Cop City, but also here to protest against police on Evergreen's campus. While this organizer was talking, another handed out small pieces of paper with the words to the chants they caught the rhythm and then proceeded on their planned march.

As the group marched they chanted things like "EVERYWHERE IS COP CITY, EVERGREEN IS COP CITY STOP COP CITY" and "T-E-S-C! A-T-L! All you cops can go to hell!" While walking at a brisk pace past the CRC, behind the Greenery, and onto Red Square. Once the group was there, they paused for a brief moment in front of Evans Hall and administration before continuing forward for a loop by Police Services, by the Lab buildings, and back to Red Square.

Once the group finished their march, they stopped in front of Evan's Hall again for a few of the organizers and anyone who felt like sharing their voices on the subject to stand up and say something. A total of five people gave impassioned speeches about either personal or political experiences with Police Violence. While the speeches took place, a few other folks from around the area came in and listened along.

After the group gave a quick wave to Administration to let their opinion be shown and a loud BOO towards Police Services to show that the presence of their building looming over an area meant for "free speech" was not appreciated, they started a blaring and improvised chant of "FIRE EVERY COP" Which lasted from the heart of Red Square all the way back to the rec field and could be heard on almost every corner of the campus.

After the march ended, almost everyone who attended remained in the area for another half an hour or so to talk to each other and learn about other ways that they might be able to get together and help the anti-police movement move forward.

As the crowd started to trickle away,

I couldn't help but notice a little dressed in a yellow raincoat ha weaving through the legs of the c making its anti-police voice known bringing a smile to the faces under the masks the entirety of the group wearing. And when the group was fi gone and I was walking back to the office to drop off my high-visibility jacket it hit me that despite search wide area around the march myself having multiple on-campus eyes to what they were up to, Evergreen P Services was nowhere to be seen d the entire event.

Whether they sent Andy Corn the do the dirty work or went to the track instead of the rec field or maybe ju cided today they didn't want to fight battle, the complete lack of police ser at the event made it feel unlike any pr that I have ever attended; safe.

**UPDATE:** The efforts are ongoing to prevent COPCITY from being built in with large scale resistance both local and nationally. Bail funds have been specifically targeted, with their leaders rested, and the organizations classified "domestic terrorists" in an effort to the national effort in ATL. To stay updated, go to [stopcop.city](http://stopcop.city) and see what can do to help.

Meanwhile, Evergreen seems uninterested in student concerns surrounding policing. Admin continues their avid support of them, including centering them "lights and sirens" display on Bring Children to Work day in May.

Have some thoughts on policing at Evergreen? Write to us at [cooperpointjournal@gmail.com](mailto:cooperpointjournal@gmail.com)

New Student Programs is

# Now Hiring Students




SCAN ME

**Orientation Coordinators**  
(Job #7707456)

- Starting June 2023
- Support Orientation event planning with staff
- Plan and host events for new students each quarter
- Coordinate Orientation Leaders and staff support
- \$17.25/hour for 15-20 hours a week

**Orientation Leaders**  
(Job #7707507)


- September 2023
- Welcome new students to Evergreen
- Set-up and take down event sites
- \$16.75/hour for 15-20 per week

**New Student Programs**  
CAB 3rd Floor | orientation@evergreen.edu  
All job descriptions are posted on Handshake







evergreen

# ORCA BOOKS



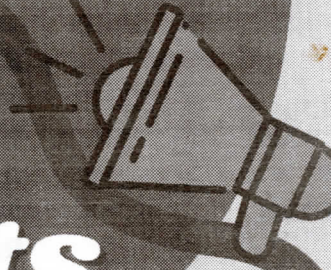
315 5th Ave  
SE Olympia  
WA 98501  
(360)352-0123  
www.orcabooks.com  
@Orcabooksoly

OPEN EVERYDAY 12-6

Student Governance is

# Now Hiring Students




**Clean Energy Committee**  
(Job #7769516, 7769468)  
Decide how to use the Clean Energy fee for projects, research, and events at the college

**S&A Board**  
(Job #5905659, 7241333)  
Make recommendations on how to use the services and activities fees on student services

**Geoduck Student Union**  
(Job #various)  
Advocate for Evergreen student body, represent student voice in important issues and initiatives

**Student Trustee**  
(Job #4831247)  
Serve on the college Board of Trustees to represent student voice in college leadership

**Student Activities**  
CAB 3rd Floor | studentactivities@evergreen.edu  
All job descriptions are posted on Handshake



evergreen

# WRITING CENTER

OPEN IN-PERSON/VIRTUAL MON-THURS 12-7PM  
VIRTUAL FRI+SUN 12-4PM

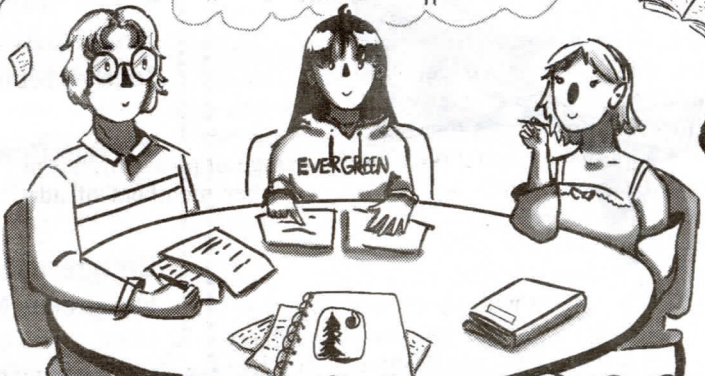





Need help with your academic statement? The writing center knows the ins and outs of an Evergreen transcript and will help you craft the statement of your dreams!

~ HOSTING THE ~

## WRITERS CIRCLE

WEDNESDAY 5-7PM  
EVANS HALL, LIB 2310

Go To  
<https://www.evergreen.edu/writingcenter/tutoring-schedule>  
To Self-schedule an appointment

# FAREWELL TIL NEXT FALL...

**With Love,  
Your CPJ**

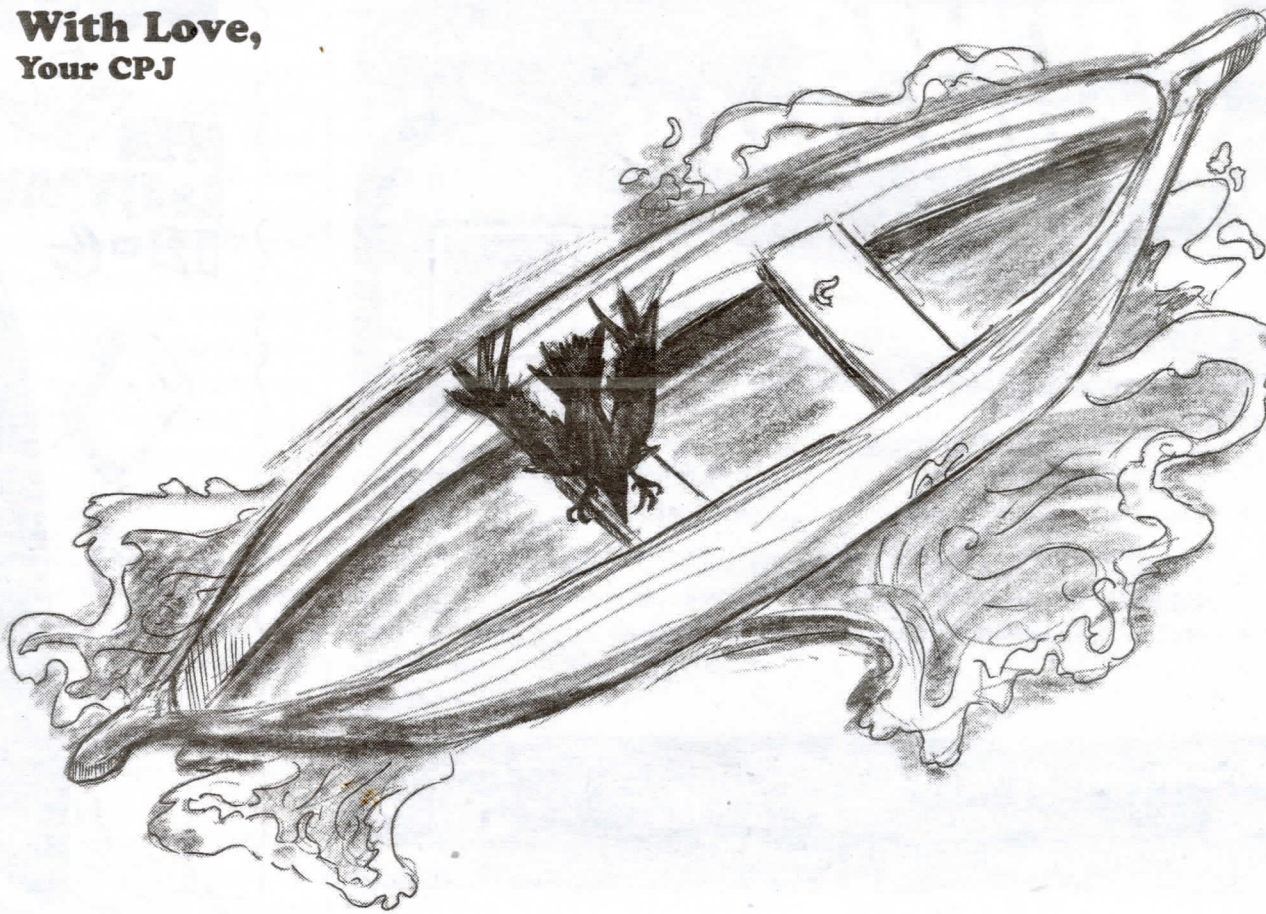


illustration by Akemi Nakagawara

## STAFF:

### Editor-in-Chief

Mj Richards

### Creative Director

Sako Chapman

### Business Manager

Jae Andersen

### News Editor

Hero Winsor

### Arts Editor

Natalie "Lee" Arneson

### Copy Editor

Grace Selvig

### Distribution Manager

Chase Patton

### Graphics Artists

Akemi Nakagawara

Alec Phipps

### Staff Writers

Melisa Ferati

Brock Holes

Kaylee Padilla

Isak L. Urrego Bailén

### Web Master

Kavon King

## CONTACT:

### Office

TESC CAB 332

2700 Evergreen Pkwy NW,

Olympia, WA

### Email

cooperpointjournal

@gmail.com

### Social Media

FB/INSTA: @yourCPJ

### Office Hours

Mondays 1-3pm

Wednesdays 3-4pm

3rd floor of the CAB

## THIS ISSUE:

### Cover Art

Sako Chapman

### Layout & Design

Sako Chapman

Mj Richards

## HOW WE WORK:

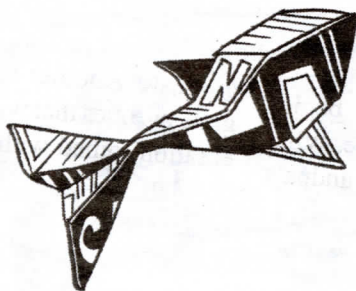
The Cooper Point Journal is run by students attending The Evergreen State College in Olympia, Washington. We are funded by a combination of subscriptions, local advertisements, and student fees. We aim to provide information on public art, events, and culture both for Evergreen and the larger Thurston County and Olympia communities.

## WORK WITH US!

The Cooper Point Journal thrives on community submissions. We think YOU can provide the best stories and content for our local community, because YOU are a part of it. Specific affiliation to the Evergreen State College is not required. Send article, art, and letter to the editor submissions to:

***cooperpointjournal@gmail.com***

The Cooper Point Journal maintains editorial control over submissions, therefore publication is NOT guaranteed upon submission of material.



## Special Thanks this Year to:

### THE HOUSE OF WELCOME

Laura Vermuelen

Kara Briggs

Lyn Dennis

### EVERGREEN STUDENT ACTIVITIES

Kayla Mahnke

Greg Porter

Tyrone Cawston

Anthony Arriola

### FRIENDS OF THE PAPER

Maxine Howser

Alex Kawaguchi

Fern Roush

Blake Stephens

Aux

Shirley Urman

Parker Wong

Anahi Garcia

Jocelyn Moreno

### PACIFIC PUBLISHING

Christina Frasier

Evergreen's Student Workers

Evergreen's Non-student Workers

### 2023 ARTIST FEATURES

Yarely Torres

Kavon King

Sage Sorensen

Mackenna Ramey

Alec Phipps

Noquisi Christian-Smith

Rue Muro-Hearn

Grace Selvig

Anna Hughes

### La Familia

Chibi-Chibi Con

The Evergreen State College Wrestling Team

The Basic Needs Center

The Clean Energy Committee

The Arcade Projects

The Bike Shop

Slightly West

The Writing Center

Orca Books

Olympia Food Co-op

KAOS

Burial Grounds Coffee Collective

Chile Woke

IPP (Indigenous Peoples Productions)

Safe Place Olympia