

art by Nicholas Stanislowski

Cooper Point Journal

a weekly compilation of student work

volume 31 • issue 30 • june 5, 2003

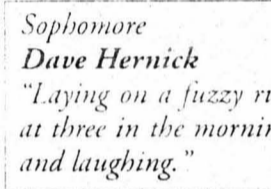
VOX populi

by Jon McAllister

Tell me, what was your favorite Evergreen moment from this year?



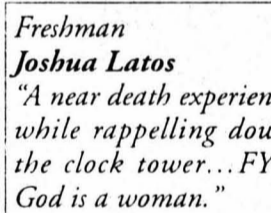
Senior
Daniel Landin
"When the sun came out this morning!"



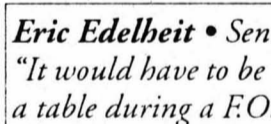
Sophomore
Dave Hernick
"Laying on a fuzzy rug at three in the morning and laughing."



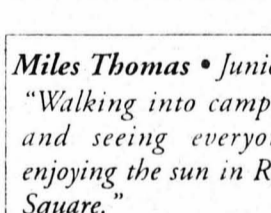
Junior
Emily Dilling
"Urban Hitchhiking."



Freshman
Joshua Latos
"A near death experience while rappelling down the clock tower... FYI, God is a woman."



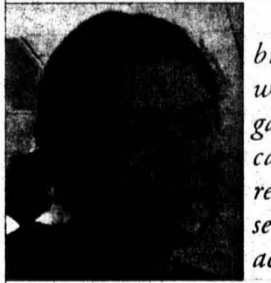
Senior
Eric Edelheit
"It would have to be riding my bike into a table during a F.O.P.A. performance."



Junior
Miles Thomas
"Walking into campus and seeing everyone enjoying the sun in Red Square."



(Writing Center's) **Cookie!**
"Girl Scouts coming to campus & the gumball poetry machine!"



"I had a really good birthday and everywhere I went people gave me balloons and cake. It made me really feel a strong sense of belonging and acceptance."
Amanda Jenkins • Alumni

Hundreds of marchers protest the LEIU (Law Enforcement Intelligence Unit) in downtown Seattle Monday night. The permitted rally was in front of the Red Lion Inn, between Union, 5th, and Washington where the LEIU meeting was taking place. Protesters say that the LEIU is secretive and a threat to our civil rights. (right) Evergreen student Mike Wunderlich holds his head in pain after being pepper sprayed. (below)

Photos by Jesse Foster



Ex-Greener Faces Open Letter Death Penalty

by Marc Stiffler

Andrew Mickel or McCrae, a former Evergreen student recently began the pre-trial procedures for his charges of murder of police officer Dave Mobilio. The prosecution made it clear that they'll be seeking the death penalty in this case. The judge also ruled that there is significant evidence for Andy to stand trial. During the hearing the prosecution revealed many details and evidence of the case that had previously not been released to the public.

From the recent evidence, here is how the story pieces together. At some time on November 19th, 2002 Mickel shot officer Mobilio while he was refueling his cruiser at a gas station. Mobilio was shot three times, twice in the side and once in the head. The forensics pathologist suggested the last shot (to the head) was taken 3 or 4 ft. above Mobilio as he lay on the ground. Apparently there was a 20 X 26 ft. flag with a snake painted on it and a caption of "Don't Tread on Us, This was a political action." Later on in the evening of November 19th, Mickel crashed his car in Harney County, Oregon where a Deputy detained him for awhile. The deputy noted that Mickel had possession of a Sig Saur P229 pistol which was later found in the garbage of the bus depot in the same county. From here I think Andy took a bus to Seattle because that's where he took a plane to New Hampshire. Somewhere in between he posted his two communiqués on the internet, taking responsibility for the killing. Andy and the trial are both being held in Tehama County, California, where the crime took place. Andy's lawyer mentioned that Andy will speak at his trial, where he will explain his position. The trial date will possibly be set on June 9th.

To stay informed on the proceedings go to www.redbluffdailynews.com. Just type Mickel in the search engine and it should bring up all the latest articles on the case.

At the "Day of Absence" in February, Students of Color joined together to talk about changes that need to be made on this campus. These are the things that we, as a collective group, came up with.

by Dolly England, Pennie Bumrungsiri, Celva Boon, Miral Ghimire, and Yuh-Line Niou

1) Day of Presence/Absence Should Be MANDATORY! All classes should be canceled. If classes cannot be canceled, then faculty should have their seminar discussions revolve around issues that are happening on that day. No student should feel like they are going to lose credit or write a three-page paper, just because they want to go hear what the Faculty and Students of Color think about what's going on this campus. These two days should be days when the support of all faculty and students is not only heard but also seen.

2) Mandatory Faculty and Staff Trainings Regarding Racism. We can't blame the faculty for not being prepared when they are not given the tools to use in the classroom. Enough Students of Color expressed extreme discomfort in the classroom. A serious change does need to be made.

3) More Training Opportunities For Students. Students, white, black, yellow, purple, whatever, need to have the same tools to participate in seminar as faculty do. Most incoming freshman are required to take a class in the fall. They take this class in order to understand how Evergreen works. Why not have a mandatory class for students to talk about diversity and cultural awareness?

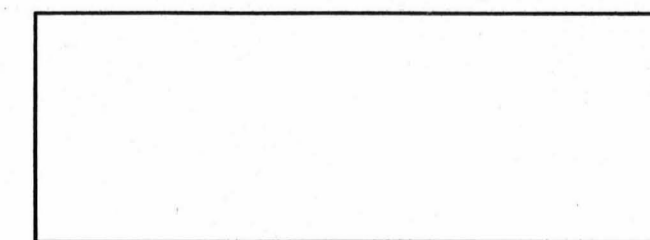
4) More Support From Staff and Faculty Attending Day of Presence/Absence Events. It was very disappointing that more people from our programs were not at the events that took place on those two days. We felt like the events on Day of Presence/Absence were overlooked, and faculty facilitated their programs without addressing the issues of racism on campus. We understand that there are classes, and there are teachers and students. But, again, that's why we feel that #1 is very important. Classes need to be canceled.

5) The college should provide more events for Students of Color and more money should be given to First People's Advising Services. Currently Students of Color make up 15% of this campus. So why shouldn't we get

see Story page 7

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mediaworks public screening!

These are the end pieces after a year of creating all kinds of **experimental non-fiction films & videos**

thursday • june 12 *
6-10p.m. (with a half & hour intermission for dinner)
* at the COM Recital Hall

16 millimeter film! Documentaries! Super 8 footage from the 60s! Animation! Storytelling! Music Videos! Autobiographies! **Rad kids making movies!**

Fat Tire Fest!

A fundraising party on **Friday, June 6**. What better way to end the school year?! It all begins at 7 p.m. with a potluck and keg tapping (beer for 21+). The music starts at 8 p.m. with **Samba OlyWa**, followed by **One-Eyed-Spectacle, A-Kamp, and BushMasters!** There will be a bonfire and a pinata (who doesn't like pinatas?! Especially with better-than-candy prizes...) The cost is only \$7, and includes everything, including a raffle ticket (lots of raffle prizes have been donated by New Belgium Brewing company). All proceeds go toward my up-coming summer trip with **Bike-Aid**: a non-profit cross-country bicycling trip that works with communities along the way for social, environmental, and economic justice. Check them out on the website www.globalexchange.org.

Directions: From Highway 101, travel south on Black Lake Blvd. (away from the W side) for 4.5 miles. At the Black Lake Grange (it is NOT at the Grange! But, it is a fantastic idea to park there and walk the rest of the way!) the road curves to the right and becomes 62nd. A few hundred feet after the curve, take the first left onto Nels Road. Nels ends in 1/2 mile at a stop sign: turn left onto 69th Ave. It is the third house on the right (5025 69th 98512). Carpooling and especially biking is encouraged! Otherwise, you must park nearby on the streets. See you there!
(Questions? Contact me: annas2bananas@hotmail.com)

The Evergreen Singers to premiere new version of "The Texas Chainsaw Manicurist"

What: Scott Warrender's "The Texas Chainsaw Manicurist"

Where: The Evergreen State College Communication Building Recital Hall
When: Sunday, June 8, 2003 at 3pm and 7 p.m.

Cost: Free

The Evergreen Singers, The Evergreen State College's 70-voice performing choral group, will be presenting a concert version of Seattle theatre composer Scott Warrender's "The Texas Chainsaw Manicurist." Yes, that's right, "Manicurist." This is the first time the wacky musical revue, which has been produced in cities all over the United States, will be presented by a large singing group, and has been revamped by the composer with the help of The Evergreen Singers' director, Scott Farrell.

I have always loved the music from this show," says director Farrell. "It's developed something of a cult status by people who have seen it over the years it's been produced. Because of the concert nature of this setting of the show, we've added a couple of composer Scott Warrender's other compositions, and I think the version the audience will be seeing will be great fun."

With song titles like "Mr. Potatohead Married My Mother," "Ballard," "Mysterious Ballard," "Spirograph," "Re-runs," as well as the title tune, the show is a musical revue that takes a humorous look at American pop culture from the 50s until the present. There are several large choral numbers, as well as solos and ensemble pieces featuring members of the Evergreen Singers. "We have a different theme for our concert every quarter," says Farrell, "and I thought for spring this year it would be fun to do something light and quirky. I like to expose students and audience members alike to a wide variety of musical idioms, and believe me, this show isn't something you'd normally see in a college setting."

Composer Scott Warrender is an award-winning, Seattle-based songwriter with a very diverse background. In addition to the popular "Texas Chainsaw Manicurist," Warrender was commissioned by Seattle Opera to write a country-western version of Richard Wagner's *Ring* cycle, entitled "Das Barbecu," which has subsequently played off-Broadway in New York and in several other cities around the world. His other shows include "The Lights of Arnold," "The Book of James," "The January Book," "The World's Fair Cruise," and last winter's hit show "Mr. Happyppants" at Seattle's ACT Theatre. Warrender also composed much of the music for the animated sequel to Disney's "The Lion King: Simba's Pride," and was the musical director for the fantastically popular Seattle choral group The Washingtonians for several years.

"The Texas Chainsaw Manicurist" promises to be an experience you won't forget. As one of the songs from the show says, "Don't take yourself too seriously, there's a lot to be said for humor." There's a lot to be said for this show and The Evergreen Singers as well.



Last quarter's Evergreen Singers ensemble

Building Material Drop-Off Site's "Treasures of Trash" Intern Positions

Calling all Artists, Builders and Recyclers: Have you ever wanted to build crafts out of 'trash'? Now is your opportunity to intern or do workstudy at the Building Material Drop-Off Site. Use our "Treasure of Trash" on-site workshop to produce fine quality crafts from material that would have been dumped in the landfill. All crafts are placed in our boutique at Sound Builder's Resource in downtown Olympia.

Positions are available for summer quarter (June 23) and ongoing for 2-12 credits. Learn to craft finish quality products, become comfortable using a variety of tools, divert material from the landfill, and become a leader in the salvage industry.

Contact Willow Whitton at Sound Builder's Resource for details 360-866-1650. Call ASAP for information. Training dates will be June 23 and 24 from 9:00-12:00. Come participate in Olympia's own salvaging team and be part of this cutting edge industry.

Super Saturday Events Announcements, Y'all!

The Greener Oasis: This is an on campus gathering spot for alumni, friends and public who are 21 years of age or older on June 14, 2003 from noon until 6 p.m. The Greener Oasis will be held in the Greenery dining room, located on the first floor of the CAB. Admission is \$10, which includes one beverage and menu item. Additional beverages will be \$3-\$5.

Want to Volunteer for Super Saturday? Staff, students, and faculty help to make guests feel welcome on campus. Volunteers do anything from drive shuttle vans, help kids enjoy arts and crafts and games, and control traffic. Other tasks are available as well. For more information, call Annette Castellano at 753-2909 or Jim Beaver in College Relations at ext. 6042.

Other venues available at Super Saturday include The Super Skate, the Children's Meadow, and events in the Longhouse.

For more information concerning Super Saturday, call 705-1044.

Amy Goodman Speaks

Amy Goodman, host of the radio show, "Democracy Now," will be speaking at the Washington Center for the Performing Arts, in downtown Olympia at 7:30 p.m. on Thursday, June 12. Tickets are \$10. For more information, call 753-8586 or 570-0154.

Colors of the Wild

Learn to make luscious dyes to color fabric and other fibers by using those things that occur naturally in our environment. Instructor Liz Frey offers two separate workshops, one on Saturday, July 19, and another dedicated solely to the color indigo, on Saturday, August 23. To register call Liz Frey at 482-1291 or email lfrey@techline.com.

Greener Students Make Documentary

A debut screening of "The Lifelines Documentary Project" will take place on Wednesday, June 11 at 7:30 p.m. in Lecture Hall 2. This film explores the life of Ralph J. Gleason, a social commentator and prominent music critic of the 1960s. This film is the result of a year of hard work.

Theatre. Music. Poetry. Food.

Fun, fun, fun at Traditions Café. Student Emma Pearlman will present her short play which is based upon interviews of Israelis and Palestinians. There will also be food, music, and poetry. The event will be on Thursday, June 5 at 7:00 p.m.

Voices of Color

End of the year thoughts...

by Jake Taylor

Well, this is the last issue of the CPJ for this year and lots of people have been telling me to submit something, so here it is....

First, I'd like to send a friendly 'fuck you' to the sac-less cowards that were in my room a couple weeks ago and messed up my stuff and left that note. [Editor's Note: The note that was left read, "Nigger."] I know you've been watching me (how else would you know where I live?), so have you seen me still smiling and still enjoying everything as if nothing happened? Yeah, that's cuz you dumbasses did a shitty job. At the beginning when I was looking into this school, I got the impression that it was a really open, non-discriminatory kind of place. Well I, like so many other students of color here, I was fooled. Evergreen DOES have a racism problem, just like elementary school, middle school, and high school. But it's not just me that's had to struggle with racism on this campus this year; ask almost any other person of color here and you'll hear things that you never thought could happen at wonderful, liberal Evergreen.

If you're not a person of color, don't write in the Voices of Color section. That's simple. The last section featured a lost boy trying to find his identity, both wanting to identify as Native American and enjoying the privileges of a white male at the same time. People of color are 'colored' year-round, man!

I would also really like to thank all the people who have been so supportive during this whole thing. The meeting held last week really showed strength and hope for the future [Editor's note: The meeting, intended for all students of color, as well as faculty/staff of color, was held in response to Jake's experience in the May 22 issue. The article was called "Hate Crime in Housing"] Thanks to everyone who was there and also to First People's for working so hard. I would encourage all people of color to come together more, party together more, help each other out more during next year so we can all feel a little better.

That's my contribution to this paper for this year. Next year will be my and many others' second and last year at Evergreen. The truth is, it's a nice school... for white people with dreadlocks that is.

Jake Taylor

Voices of Color

is a weekly column set aside as a forum for students of color to discuss issues of race. The CPJ recognizes that people of color are regularly underrepresented in the media, as elsewhere, and has devoted this space every week exclusively for students of color to voice their thoughts, concerns and joys regarding racial identity, community, history and any other issues they face as students of color. Everyone is invited to contribute to any section of the CPJ.

The Voices of Color column exists to ensure that there is a place in which students of color can feel confident discussing issues of race which might otherwise be dismissed or misrepresented.

the CPJ

General Meeting

5 p.m. Monday

Help decide such things as the Vox Populi question and what the cover photo should be.

Paper Critique

4:00 p.m. Thursday

Comment on that day's paper. Air comments, concerns, questions, etc.

Friday Forum

2 p.m. Friday

Seminar on legal and ethical issues pertaining to journalism.

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the CPJ

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GREENERS: ARE WE HIPPIES OR WHAT?

by Nicholas Stanislawski

Out of ten students who were asked whether there was any group or stereotype commonly associated with evergreen students, seven mentioned hippies. Emily Himmelright did not say "hippie" but instead said there were images of potheads, touchy-feely liberals, and slackers. Emily described herself as an artist because "most of what I do with my life is art in one sense." Amn Sofie, who could not describe herself in one word, described Evergreen's stereotype as dirty people with long, dirty hair, and strange building styles. When asked how she defines the term 'hippie,' she said: "Kind of the way people look here." Taryn Goodman simply said: "Tree huggers". Taryn said she is a learning being "because I'm here, making an effort, trying to change the world." Other stereotypes people mentioned about Evergreen were: protesters, lesbians, liberals, and drug users.

When asked whether the stereotype was justified, there were few clear answers. The students did not agree with 'hippie' being used as a blanket statement for Evergreen students, "People have all sorts of different interests," said Tiffany Ralston, who described herself as a peace-loving homebody and gardener with an interest in making the world better. But there also seemed to be the sentiment that indeed, some Evergreen students did fit the stereotype. Boone Grant, who called himself a geek because of his technical interests and poor handling of large social groups, felt that there are more things to justify the image here than at other campuses. "Those groups are much larger, more visible block here than on other campuses," he said.

Though Evergreen's stereotype, according to most of these students, was that of a 'hippie,' no one questioned actually identified themselves as one. The closest anyone came was when Sara Black said, "I think I'm a hippie at heart, I just don't like dreadlocks," pretending to scratch her head to show they would be itchy. Students were asked if there was any term or terms they would use to describe themselves. Three students said they would not be able to describe themselves in a few words. Some students used terms relating to interests like gardening or art. Other students described attitudes, like wanting to make the world a better place, or being interested in self discovery.

When asked to define what a 'hippie' was, students answered in three different ways. Sara Black said that in terms of Evergreen, a hippie was someone who had dreadlocks, or was comfortable with a lot of hair. She described the "hippie" as a style of being unkempt, wearing second-hand clothes, and bare feet. Miles Miller, who said he is a Native American goth, gave a more ideological explanation, saying a "hippie" was someone who cares about the environment. Some people gave combinations of descriptions and beliefs, like Grant Turer who said his view of a "hippie" was someone who holds certain values: anti-consumerism, anti-homophobia, anti-sexism, and other anti-isms. He also mentioned that the stereotypical idea was someone who was dirty, dressed a certain way, a drug user, careless and irresponsible.

by Renata Hollins

Webster's 2003 dictionary defines "hippie" as "a young person of the 1960's who rejected established social mores, advocated spontaneity, free expression of love and the expansion of consciousness, often wore long hair and unconventional clothes, and used psychedelic drugs."

This suggests that hippie is a very time-specific term, one that no longer applies to people today.

Yet many people on campus seem to disregard this definition, casually throwing the word 'hippie' around to describe anyone whom they feel fits the image. It can be either a compliment or an insult.

"In my family a hippie has always been a person who has stepped away from society for personal or social reasons," writes freshman Erron Kellner in an e-mail. "I am proud to think of myself and many of my friends as hippies. Both of my parents were hippies and they installed many of the same values they had in the 60's and 70's into me."

But not everyone gives the word a benign connotation. Senior Sean Mullen said, "I often use the word hippie derisively. I suppose that my use of the word... is the result of experiences I have had with people that I—and I assume most people—have thought of as a hippie."

What is the image that makes students label someone a hippie? Some would agree with Webster. "I think of a hippie as a person in their late 40's to late 60's who has been exposed to or has actively explored beyond the American cultural norms of the 1950's and 1960's," writes third year student Chris Hardy. For sophomore Samra Seymour, the term "refers to a person not only of a certain era but also to a person with specific political and social values."

Some apply an old term to a new generation. Mullen thinks of "both a style of dress and a personality. The stereotypical hippie dress involves an unclean outdoorsy appearance. The 'hippie personality' is very spacey and uninterested in saying or thinking anything definite." He believes there are hippie students at Evergreen.

Regardless of what era the term applies to, those interviewed talked about fairly similar images that "hippie" evokes.

"I picture a relatively 'classical' hippie, with all the attendant images: acoustic guitar, wide-leg pants, long hair, buttons, etcetera," said Meta Hogan.

"It means free love. No war. Down with corporations. Sit-ins. Love-ins. Flower girls, and mind altering substances. Drive a VW van," wrote Linda May in facilities, who admits to being a "wannabe former hippie girl."

"The image that pops into my mind is someone whose views run left of the dominant group," said Seymour, though she doesn't believe that it is necessarily the correct image. Her political views would probably be considered "left," though she doesn't believe herself to be a hippie. Echoing her was junior Ryan Agnew: "I think of liberal and laid back." But he added, "I am liberal, and laidback at times, but I still wouldn't call myself a hippie."

'Hippie' appears to be largely a term that describes some sort of 'other.' In correspondence via www.profnet.com, Mary Burlak from college relations at Buffalo State College in New York wrote that "people who were 'hippies' in the '60s didn't call themselves that. They called themselves 'freaks.'"

During the 1960's and 1970's, the term was used by non-hippies to talk about people who fit the stereotype of the "classical hippie" that is still in use today. According to a 1973 issue of Friend, "'Hippie' is rather a general term applied quite often to anyone young and unkempt in appearance, who is considered to have dropped out of 'straight' society, and who in general puts little premium on the values of contemporary society which he has rebelled against." A 1972 issue of New Society notes that "the word 'hippy' is now in current usage throughout Uganda, Tanzania and Kenya, and often just refers to anyone with long hair, almost always a European." Clearly the definition is more relative than Webster's would lead to believe.

So why do Greeners use the term "hippie"? Seymour sees it as an effort "to marginalize an individual or group." Agnew believes that "folks will say 'hippie' for lack of a better definition of someone or some culture."

Hardy concurs. He believes that "calling people hippies suggests intellectual laziness." Ouch. Hogan probably sums it up best: "I occasionally refer to people as hippies, but it's usually for semantic efficiency. I have never met someone who I could unreservedly call a hippie."

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Two Weeks in the Canyons

Commentary by Cedar Chamley

Two weeks only generates a light breeze, a hint at the glory of wilderness. Two weeks on the Green River has been an inspiration, a rejuvenation. This is a story of my quarter and the wilderness it involves...

After an 18-hour drive, Anna, Shane, Paul, and I arrived in Moab, Utah. Venturing here to experience the raw, rocky desert known as the Colorado Plateau. The canoes, atop our car, are to be our vessels for experiencing this land — floating on the waters of the Green River, we follow its channel as it snakes deep into the heart of the red rock, creating veins flowing from every dry corner of the open desert.

Delirium from the 18-hour journey gives way to a sense of awe in the face of massive rock arches, spanning hundreds of feet to frame the distant La Sal Mountains. It is here, standing on a spine of sandstone arching into the big sky that our first day in the Utah desert comes to an end. The crows, dancing on the wind currents flowing up the rock, are illuminated with the last gold rays of the sun as they twirl together in joy and play. Mimicking their play I stretch my arms wide and feel as though I could fly as well — the wind sweeps over my face gaining speed with the steady downward slip of the sun.

A long dirt road through red sand and flat plains of sparse vegetation rattles our bones as we are brought to the river. Jittery from the car we finally get on the river and are confronted with a strong wind as it squirrels across the flat open land, it is a struggle to paddle into the shade of the canyons. The mouth of Labyrinth canyon yawns around us; inviting us, like it has to countless travelers, to enter its wild twisting body. Overjoyed to at last be in the presence of natural balance we paddle hard to our camp.

The days float by, no sense of time is necessary — it even seems pointless to try and track it. In these canyons the feet of time dance to a different rhythm, one of patience and one of terrifying steady change. It is a relief to be in a rhythm that harmonizes with my own life song. Wilderness envelops me with a warm blanket. She feeds my soul with every drop of water falling into my mouth from a small canyon spring. She feeds my soul through the sight of deep red canyons, sandy bottoms reaching into the rock as it climes for hundreds of feet into the air forming spires, domes, hallows and ledges. Each perfect combination of juniper, Indian paintbrush, and cactus, in the dips of the rolling weathered sandstone, feeds my soul with their strength gained from this harsh land.

Nights are spent under clouds and stars, filtered through oak leaves, their trees protecting me in the vastness of space. The full moon rises over canyon walls to shine her wise face on the deepest reaches of this wild land illuminating it, giving it tenderness and giving it life. I become lost in the history of this land; in its story, whispered to me by the grass growing on the wet banks of the river. It tells us of all the moon has seen, the rising and falling of the earth's crust, the forming of rock and the endless erosion. Lying under massive red cliffs, dwarfed by their beauty, I can see the rock braking apart around me floating downstream to form into rock anew. The cycle of life knows no end or beginning; encircled by wilderness I feel my place in that wheel and continue to spin, refreshed by the impermanence.

On many days I find myself in labyrinths of canyons, twisting and turning embodying chaos. The echoing honk of geese come to my ears as their creators fly past to some urgent destination, a sharp contrast to the ever patient heron standing for hours in one spot waiting for a crowdad to show itself.

My bliss is torn to shreds by a massive aluminum boat as it roars up the Colorado River carrying me and my fellow wilderness pilgrims back to Civ. On this final voyage in canyon country words of the geologist, F. A. Barns, rattle through my mind:

"...it would be safe to say that by one million years from now — a mere instant of geologic time — it will probably take a very skilled archeologist, indeed, to discover any remaining trace of the humans on this planet. By then, this old Earth will have shrugged off its transient tormentors and reverted to its own slow but inexorable manner of shaping its surface into endless varieties of natural beauty, perhaps for the enjoyment of some less destructive species."

It worries me that a geologist, thinking in terms of a violent, ever changing earth, is concerned about the erosion we as humans are creating. I see it in the mines I pass on the high way leaving the temple of wilderness I have just visited. I see it every day wondering why we have forgotten more than we have remembered. Perhaps this is why I went to the Green, to remember and gain strength.

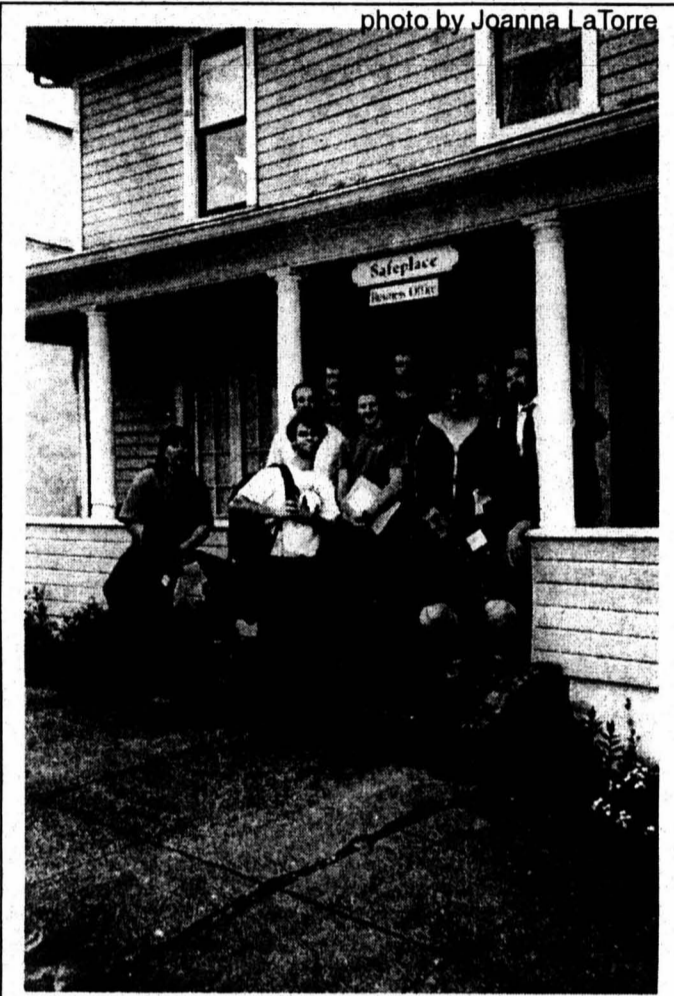
I am left with, and I leave you with, the words of Terry Tempest Williams, may we all see the beauty of this Earth:

"The wide-open vistas that sustain our souls, the depth of silence that pushes us toward sanity, return us to a kind of equilibrium. We stand steady on the Earth. The external space I see is the internal space I feel."

CLIMB-A-THON 2003: Safeplace Teams up with The Outdoor Program, Scaling Mt. Rainier to Raise Money, Awareness

by Lauren Mathisen

The Evergreen State College's The Outdoor Program (T.O.P.) and Safeplace are teaming up to raise money for survivors of domestic and sexual violence. In 2003 Safeplace celebrates the 10th annual community-based Climb-A-Thon. Each year climbers collect pledges from family, friends and community members before scaling 14,125-foot Mt. Rainier in honor of victims and survivors of domestic and sexual violence. The Outdoor Program is co-sponsoring the annual Climb-A-Thon for the second year, and the profits from the event will be donated to Safeplace to support them in their mission to empower our community to end domestic and sexual violence and oppression. Ten years ago, community members who wanted to show their support for Safeplace organized the first Climb-A-Thon. They put together the program and many community members and businesses have continued to support it since then. Both Olympic Outfitters and The Alpine Experience have been very supportive of the event by providing gear, funds, and their own benefit events to help support the Climb-A-Thon. Since its establishment in 1993, the men and women participating in Climb-A-Thon events and the people who have supported them have raised over \$75,000 for Safeplace.



Climbers gather for a group photo in front of Safeplace's downtown office.

Safeplace is a non-profit organization that provides direct services to survivors of sexual assault and domestic violence, including a confidential shelter, 24-hour advocacy services, and a 24-hour crisis line. The agency offers legal and medical advocacy, support groups, financial support in emergency situations, culturally-relevant advocacy to underserved populations, and many other important services. Safeplace also facilitates community education programs that advocate ending all oppression to stop violence.

It is unacceptable that thousands of women in Thurston County each year are subjected to violence. Worse yet, many times there are not enough services available to help all those in need. In 2002, Safeplace received over 700 requests for shelter and assistance that could not be met. The climb is made by people who are committed to helping women and children escape sexual and domestic violence.

Each climber will have a personal goal to raise \$1,000 in pledges for their efforts. The funds will be used for Safeplace's direct services to clients in crisis as well as for community violence and oppression prevention programs. Mat Erpelding, Director of The Outdoor Program, who will be climbing again this year and working with the other climbers said, "We are very excited to be working with Safeplace again this year. The work that Safeplace does is absolutely essential to our community. The event is really fun and it allows us to express our sincere appreciation for Safeplace's work to positively impact those in need."

Climbers commit to a practice climb as well as the final Rainer climb. The practice climb, lasting from June 6-8, will include basic mountain and snow school on Mount Adams. To physically prepare for climbing, participants are also expected to get at least 20-30 minutes of cardiovascular exercise every day. Each weekend, they are required to take a major hike with a 20-30 pound backpack. Each individual climber makes a great commitment of time and effort to support Safeplace's programs, and each needs the support of people in our community to make an impact.

The Mount Rainier climb begins on July 17 and lasts through July 20. If you are interested in sponsoring the climb or climbing next year, please contact Safeplace at (360) 786-8754. If you or someone you know needs assistance, please do not hesitate to call Safeplace's crisis line at (360) 754-6300.

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Free Parking Exchanged For Flexibility

by Renata Hollins

After nearly two years of deliberation, a committee created to address Evergreen's parking issues is finally seeing its decision actualized. In the next few weeks, several parking meters will be installed around campus, in B-lot, C-lot, F-lot, and on the dorm loop.

The motivation? To give users a choice in how long they park. Currently, community members who come to campus to use the CRC or to watch a production are required to pay the daily rate of \$1.25 if they plan to park in one of the lots for over one hour, even if their visit will only last a few minutes more. If their visit runs longer than the allotted free hour, they risk receiving a parking ticket. The meters will replace the current free one-hour spaces in the parking lots and the free 15-minute spaces on the dorm loop, to give students and community members more flexibility in terms of how long they can stay. This, in turn, should result in less parking citations.

The new parking meters are "reasonably priced," said parking supervisor Susie Seip, a member of the Parking Management committee. The rate will be 40 cents per hour, meaning a quarter will buy 37 minutes of time, a dime will buy 15 minutes, and a nickel will buy 7.5 minutes.

Parking has become a big issue at Evergreen, especially in light of the college's goal to increase enrollment of "full-time equivalent" students to 5,000 by the 2010-2011 school year. The Parking Management committee, which included a mix of staff, faculty, and students, was chaired by Wendy Freeman, director of the Career Development Center at Evergreen. It made its final recommendation for the parking meters to Art Costantino by the set deadline—December 15, 2000.

Though the meters will be installed shortly, they will not need to be plugged until "everyone gets a chance to get used to them," explains Seip. John Blanton in parking enforcement said, "we'll let people know when we're going to start enforcing." He envisions posting signs on the meters informing users of the activation date.

Some students who live near the dorm loop are not looking forward to the change, realizing that they will no longer be able to pull up close to home to drop off groceries or other heavy items without paying a fee.

In response to this concern, Seip emphasized that students in that situation only have to pay for 7.5 minutes, costing just a nickel. She feels that the overall benefit—allowing students the flexibility to park longer if they need to—outweighs the cost.

"The purpose of the meters is convenience," she said. As things are, "we write a lot of citations."

NEWS

FROM

SANTIAGO

Commentary by Tyler Rougeau

Sitting in an airport waiting for my time to come. Leaving this life behind as soon as I've grown into it. Given the downtime I can't help but feel I'm loosing something.

My mood is sinking and unless I want to melt into the memories trailing off in the back of my mind, I've got to find a distraction. Coffee will sharpen my colors. Footsteps echo and my gait is a weight to carry. Interesting imitation corporate restaurant. Take a seat and exchange whispers with the waitress. Nescafe espresso? Ha, all right, let me taste this unique fifty-cent experience. I sip the espresso and jot down some lines, nothing regarding the Nescafe or deserted airport, just reaching for greater clarity than half a thought and a passing flirtatious look provides. Struggling to grasp an unattainable moment, I look up as if the answer is across the room. There's that look again. I wonder. My energy stirs and I approach the young woman, as I know I should.

"Hi."

I sit, smile and listen to the words pile upon each other. "I've met so many wonderful people since I've been here." I begin. "Warm, welcoming people, families eager to feed me and welcome me into their homes upon our first encounter. There's such a patient and respectful demeanor exhibited by the characters I've been introduced to, I don't know how to explain it. The women here...there's something about the way they laugh..."

She laughs.

"I've seen Santiago from many different angles," I continue. "From the Presidential Palace to the black market candy salesmen on the buses. I've absorbed the eerie fluorescent glow of the Lider super store and savored the aroma of garbage within the catacombs of a street vendor district. I know that classic rock is played in taxis and human statues have a permanent gig at Plaza de Armas. I've been to universities and felt the sting of tear gas from a protest. I've witnessed the Andes disappear outside Santiago behind a veil of smog and have driven from a makeshift town on the side of a hill to high-rise apartments on the beach presumably built to launder money. I've seen grapes planted at an exhausted copper mine. My eyes have held the image of businessmen in suits crossing the street alongside wild street dogs resembling wolves. I've explained my stance against the war in Iraq a thousand times because everyone I met naturally inquired. I've eaten meat and potatoes and resisted Nestle's ice cream nearly everyday. I've spoken to nearly a hundred people about the free trade agreement and consumerist culture in Santiago. Thousands of my pesos have gone to waste trying to use the payphones and learning why everyone has cell phones. I've walked the streets at all hours of the day and night admiring the graffiti covered walls. I know that everyone knows the same dance moves and must bring toilet paper into public restrooms. I feel at home in the crowded streets of downtown Santiago and completely ridiculous in the European club district where strippers on roller-skates and men in black leather compete for my foreign business.

"And after all of this all I can think is how seemingly ordinary surroundings pass by unexamined because my perception lacks an investigative quality sharp enough to penetrate the surface of each situation. Instead of taking each person and place as new and original entities, I merely gloss them over and hold them to preconceived notions.

"Santiago appears to be like a number of other big cities, but it's the intangible something that slips under the radar and gets you. How can I paint a picture beyond the scope of my vision? I ask you, new found companion at the airport restaurant: how does one become sensitive to the subtleties of a process such as the one I'm immersed in?"

The poised and unruffled figure across this small table is obviously delighting in the silent heavy-hanging moment. My festering ideas and pent up emotions have just erupted all over her. She smiles and with a wave of her hand says, "With ease." Her eyes shine with knowing. Then my mind ticks onward and the moment has passed.

The Free Box Thief Strikes

Commentary by Nolan D. Lattyak

You may have noticed the absence of a large wooden box outside the HCC usually filled with varying articles of hi-fashion clothes and shoes. A nameless entity has come along and made the box, known as the free box, disappear - replaced by a sign that states it's removal due to "over use". How can you over use a free box? How about if it bothers someone we just keep everything in the box instead of spread out all over the sidewalk. Feel free to ignore the absence of the free box and continue to leave things there so that other people can use them. The sign suggests that we "Take things to the Goodwill" but really, how many people who don't have cars are going to pack up bags of stuff and ride down there just to get rid of something? Most useful stuff is just going to end up landfill bound with tomorrow's resources aboard. We needed a bigger box anyway.

Alex "A-Doggies" Zdrojewski 1978-2003

by Molly McLaughlin

Alex Zdrojewski, a former Greener and fellow humanitarian, passed away on Friday May 27 in his home in Cleveland Ohio. Alex "A-Doggies" was one of the gentlest human beings I have ever met while walking this green earth, and the loss of such a man is devastating. Alex loved this city we call home, and spent many a night wrapped in the forests of Olympia. He was full of kindness. Alex treated each and every person he came into contact with respect, and was well loved in Olympia.

Alex was born on December 5, 1978. Alex loved baseball, music, and the power of the written word. Alex brought light to anything he touched. His smile could wash away a thousand bad days from one's memory. Alex was beautiful, and he will be missed by many. Alex, my sweet boy, will live forever in the hearts and minds of those who loved him. It is better to have loved and lost than to never have loved at all. Alex was love. I like to picture him playing pinball with Jerry, or ramblin' around with Kerouac. Alex will never be forgotten.



The Political Climate at Evergreen

by Jonathan Sword

There have recently been accusations made by some members of the Evergreen community that certain faculty members who are active in the struggle for justice for Palestinians (and for Rachel Corrie) are somehow helping to create a hostile environment at Evergreen (and Olympia too) for people who disagree with their politics. Some people now say they feel uncomfortable when people openly express an "anti-Israel" sentiment, that they fear this could easily become "anti-Semitic," meaning, anti-Jew. There is talk of the need for more "ideological diversity." There are complaints about the "politicization of graduation" - as if not acknowledging the killing of Rachel and the strong emotions so many in the community here have for such issues would not itself be a political statement.

I have no doubt that some people in the Evergreen community harbor anti-Jewish sentiments. The current situation in the Middle East is very complicated, and many people come to Evergreen with very little knowledge of the region. They learn about Israeli human rights abuses, think, "oh god, how awful," and without an understanding of the history of the people committing those human rights abuses, are unable to see how or why Israel does such cruel things. Some people get angry. When I first became aware of the situation in Palestine/Israel, several years ago, before moving to Olympia, I was very angry. I couldn't understand how the state of Israel could be so cruel. I hated the US media's racist portrayal of Arabs, and I thought if the Palestinians just had equal military power, they could stalemate the Israelis, and the unholy situation in the Holy Land would come to an end. Friends would tell me, "Not every Israeli supports the policies of

the Israeli government." But whenever I would read a news story about the conflict, I would usually get angry at the journalist, believing him or her to be a biased Zionist, because usually, if one Israeli and five Palestinians died in conflict, three quarters of the article would be about the Israeli, and the five Palestinian deaths would be briefly mentioned at the end of the article.

The mainstream media makes very little attempt to educate the American public about what is happening in Palestine, that certain professors at Evergreen do make an attempt to educate their students and others is not an indication of those professors being "biased." These instructors know a great deal about the Arab World, and the non-Jewish people of Palestine. Some of them also know a great deal about the Jews who live in the state of Israel (and those who don't - those living "in the Diaspora.") Both people's stories are told. There may be more of an emphasis on the Palestinians right now, because of the gross human rights violations being committed right now by Israel (the largest recipient of US military aid in the world). But they do not make the nation of Israel out to be "all bad."

The nation of Israel is comprised of millions of people, and many of them oppose many of the policies the state has pursued since it's founding, fifty-five years ago. Indeed, the Zionist movement once included people who advocated for peaceful coexistence with the Palestinians who lived there, when the Jews started coming at the end of the 1800s. Today many people who care about the plight of the Palestinians speak scornfully of "Zionism," and equate it with "racism." When one speaks of "Zionism" today, one usually means the idea that Jews should inhabit

the land of the biblical kingdom of Israel and that they should have a Jewish government which would therefore ensure certain privileges for Jews (and deny them from non-Jews).

But this philosophy, which is in many ways responsible for the current conflict, was not shared by all those Jews who fled from lands across the world where they were persecuted (as the Palestinians are today) to come to Palestine at the end of the 1800s and throughout the early years of the just-concluded century. Although it has become more and more accepted throughout the years (the tragedy of the Holocaust gave it, and continues to give it, credence) the form of Zionism that we know today is not all there is to Israel today.

Some see the current relationship with the United States as ominous for Jews everywhere. The United States helps fund Israel's army and shields them from the world's criticism when they use it against Palestinian civilians, and in return Israel serves some very useful purposes for the US, like funding despotic regimes that are too unpopular for the United States to support directly.

They've done this many times: in Guatemala, El Salvador, South Africa and Indonesia, to name a few. People all over then world get angry at Israel, when it is really the US pulling the strings.

It's classic scapegoating - Jewish people (and other minorities) all over the world have experienced just this sort of thing for hundreds and hundreds of years. Kings didn't want their subjects rising up in revolt when they collected taxes, so they made Jews collect the taxes, and then the people's anger was directed at the Jews instead of

the people in charge. The British effectively pitted different peoples against each other - India is the most widely known case - all over the world, for many years, in a similar way, so as to forever keep their colonized subjects angry at each other, instead of at the British.

The fact is, there are many brilliant people in Israel who envision and have articulated a beautiful future for the holy land where all the people who have lived there over the years can live there together in peace, in one truly democratic multicultural nation. But if all you know is learned from reading the mainstream newspapers (or from people who read them and then tell you what to think) you will never hear about any of this. You will never really understand the "special relationship" that exists between Israel and America. You will never learn about the peace groups in Israel. You won't hear about the Tikkun conference in D.C. which just concluded. You will have a rather incomplete picture of the situation, and I think, it is just such an incomplete picture that allows beliefs like "anti-Semitism" to take root.

Evergreen is very fortunate to have these faculty members who teach classes dealing with Middle East issues. Far from creating an environment of hostility, they help to create an environment of understanding. In the stifling American political environment of today, they help create a space here where important ideas can be expressed and discussed. I'm all for political expression: at graduation ceremonies, and just about everywhere else. And I support the faculty who help keep Evergreen a school where thoughtful, independent, caring people can truly be proud to attend and graduate from.

The current situation in the Middle East is very complicated, and many people come to Evergreen with very little knowledge of the region.

continued from cover

money for cultural awareness programming, and classes devoted to ethnic studies? Why should the only advising service on campus for Students of Color fundraise constantly to generate money for events for Students of Color? Again, we are paying for our education. Evergreen needs to try a little harder to keep us here.

6) Keep it REAL. We sugar coat things too much on this campus. We need to keep it real. We shouldn't have to edit ourselves when talking about our experiences with racism and oppression. But we do. As Students of Color, we do not feel like we can express ourselves in class. If we do we're exposing ourselves to a group of people who can't necessarily handle it. People on this campus need to wake up and stop being ignorant.

7) As People of Color, we need to work on our own stereotypes and then work on the rest of the campus. Everyone has stereotypes, everyone makes sly little racist comments, and most people don't even know that they are doing it. As People of Color, we can't expect a change if we don't make that change amongst ourselves first.

8) We want more Ethnic studies classes. Again, why are we paying all this money to go here, when what we want to study is not being offered?

9) The Administration should take more of an active role

in racism on this campus. They should support the Students of Color in all the requests they are asking for. It may be a matter of money, but mostly it's a matter of time. A matter of caring for and hearing the needs of students on this campus.

One of the last things that we talked about was whether or not we as Students of Color would suggest Evergreen as a school for other Students of Color to come to. Should we recruit Students of Color? Do we want Students of Color to come into this environment? Is this a place where we want to be? As of now, the answers to these questions are unclear. We can only speak on how we feel. However we do expect that if the administration wants to continue to use our pictures in catalogues to recruit more Students of Color, then they should make an effort to hear the things we are asking them to do.

To summarize what we've learned: We've learned that we are not the only ones on this campus who feel uncomfortable, and used by this system. We know many other people who have been humiliated, singled out, and even discriminated against. We feel like a lot of changes need to be made on this campus. We're hoping that this paper sparks questions in your minds, and conversations will begin. In order for change to happen, we have to want it to happen. We do, do you?



THE SUBURBAN PEASANT

End of the Line

by Amy Loskota

This is my last article for this year, and my last column in the CPJ, ever. Next year I will be working five days a week student teaching, thus I must conserve my energies. This is for all of you who are leaving Evergreen. You are about to leave Evergreen for a world that in most places is not ready to go the places (in learning) that you have gone. There is a high chance in whatever employment situation you gain, your co-workers and leaders will not understand the life choices you make or be aware of say, Howard Zinn's "The People's History of the United States." You will have to decide if sharing your knowledge is worth losing your job in some cases.

To get to the far mountain, you have to take many small steps. If you have not had to carry many burdens, or even if you have, your burdens will get heavier every time you go against the natural order of life on this world. Every time you lie and gossip to hurt other people, every time you hate another for their views, and every time you blame the ills of the world on someone else, you increase your burden of shame. Every time you make choices that will benefit only you, but will destroy life, human or otherwise, every time you go home and turn on the TV without thinking, and every time you kill without need for food, your burden will also increase.

This is the easy way out. You can focus on making lots of money and buying all the nice things you want. You can focus on the possibility of fame and fortune. You can focus on finding that perfect mate who will make everything wrong in your right, or at least clean up your messes. Everybody has these selfish little things they dwell on. Am I pretty/handsome enough? Am I thin enough? Am I smart enough? Do people like me?

I read on Salon that there is a noted 'Slacker' trend in the American workplace. People of Generation X age have opted out of the usual 40-hour a week rat race. Some have chosen to work part-time in professional positions and use the other time to practice art, music, and whatever else they deem

Hey, That's Mental!

Is that an Electroshock machine, or are you just happy to see me?

by Dan Bennett

So where was I? Oh yeah, something about you eating Gouda Buddha foods in the noodla, but there's no time for that right now. What I really wanted to talk about was the shocking state of affairs regarding archaic mental health practices. Yes, it's a sordid tale of drugs, electricity and money... Yeah, there's always money in there somewhere.

Once upon a time, some junior scientist boy decided that if you were acting crazy, a shock to your system of some kind should bring you to your senses. Kind of like a slap to the face. At the time, it was believed that schizophrenia was the mother's fault, and corporal punishment was acceptable. We've come along ways since then... I think, maybe, sort of... Or not.

First, ice baths were all the rage. The person was wrapped tightly in a bed sheet and held in an ice-chilled tub until he was 'calm.' It's difficult discussing philosophy with the voices when you are numb from hypothermia. Punishment or treatment, you decide!

Next, after a technological breakthrough, some junior scientist boys invented insulin shock therapy. If you call it therapy, it sounds more doctor-like, doesn't it? The patient would get a massive dose of insulin and would go into a light coma. The patient would be feeling all tranquil-'n-shit, for a couple of days.

Don't forget that wondrous lobotomy! You might be saying to yourself, "Oh God!" If you did, you are correct in your assessment. Lobotomies were various methods of disconnecting the prefrontal lobe from the rest of the brain. After years of trial and error they went in through the eye sockets because cutting through one's skull is rather messy and time consuming. They would carefully insert a sharp object such as an ice pick between the eyeball and the eyelid and using a little force, break the thin bone of the socket well. The ice pick is then swished back and forth, stirring the prefrontal lobe into a lumpy oatmeal consistency. Tens of thousands were performed. The ice pick method became a clinical procedure. It was quick, easy and so simple. The patients weren't cured, due a certain lack of ability to function. They were tranquil and docile for a couple of years before they died. Many lobotomized patients died from brain hemorrhage due to broken blood vessels and some from encephalitis

body experience. Renounce my citizenship and become an ex-patriot. Accept the fact that I just might be bisexual. Teach. Take more pictures. Direct and act in a full-length feature film. Shave off all the hair on my body, all of it. Join the Zapatistas and pretend I'm Zarathustra. Start a non-violent radical militia of some sort. Sail the seven seas. Sky dive, scuba-dive, hang-glide, bungee jump, climb a mountain, go polar bear swimming, and become an earth wizard. Practice magic. Raise the dead. Eliminate money. Never have a job in which I have to wear a tie. Get my Ph.D. just so people call me doctor. Make the nickname Nasty Naked Nympho Nate the nickname. Write and perform poetry until it becomes my language and to make people laugh, think, quiver, squeal, hug, kiss, fuck, love and make love, write, read, go on adventures, feel their chakras, faint, meditate, and levitate. Paint, make music, art, and create period. Drum, hum, sing, bring joy, play games, dance, romance, chant, rant, rave, change, save the world, and be happy. Zen, one, Ohm, wild, and free. Simply another living, breathing being on planet earth trying to figure out the meaning of it all.

Learn how to surf, meet Smurfs, leprechauns, elves, and fairies. Cut an album. Vision quest to become an enlightened shaman, avatar, buddhisatva, saint, mystic, etc. Eat chocolate-covered bugs. Eat everything that's edible. Get married in Vegas. Be vegan for at least a week or eat a five-pound steak in an hour. Write a novel. Speak Spanish and any other languages I fit in my brain. Travel and live all over the world. Have an out of

the animals are consenting.

Then I'll join WWOOF (Worldwide Organizations of Organic Farmers) and go to Australia to hang out with the Aborigines and get in touch with my roots. Never mind that I'm of European descent, I live in the collective unconscious and Paul Hogan (Crocodile Dundee) is a distant uncle of mine.

Actually, there's no reason for me to go to Australia. I'd only do it please my parents. I have no desire to hang out with more anti-American white people whose oppressive and colonial history runs parallel to ours minus a few million deaths, but who's counting.

Seriously though, my first grade teacher always called me her little surfer boy which probably means my destiny lies on the beaches somewhere in Latin or South America, but I'd probably end up as car, gun, drug, coffee, prostitute, and migrant worker smuggler on the black market. If there's one thing I've learned at Evergreen, these are all lucrative.

Laughter Love Lunacy Anarchy Unity, Nasty Naked Nympho Nate the Great, Blueelectricmonkey@riseup.net

Exploitation isn't really my field, but if our government can do it, make money, and get away with it as the entire world watches, then I'm set.

As for the 80 years or so after that, here's a short to-do list that I would recommend to others as well.

Build an intentional sustainable community based on the thirteen-moon Mayan peace calendar living in harmony and synchronicity with nature and all the galaxies.

Start a school teaching kids everything. I know, broad, but that's another story and I'm sure you can figure it out. Join a nudist colony, have lots of latex orgies, and get the pictures on the Internet. Overthrow the government and create a utopian altruistic holistic telepathic society. Open a restaurant in which you eat your meals off each other's bodies. Trust me, it's the only way to eat.

Learn how to surf, meet Smurfs, leprechauns, elves, and fairies. Cut an album. Vision quest to become an enlightened shaman, avatar, buddhisatva, saint, mystic, etc. Eat chocolate-covered bugs. Eat everything that's edible. Get married in Vegas. Be vegan for at least a week or eat a five-pound steak in an hour. Write a novel. Speak Spanish and any other languages I fit in my brain. Travel and live all over the world. Have an out of

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Laughter Love Lunacy Anarchy Unity, Nasty Naked Nympho Nate the Great, Blueelectricmonkey@riseup.net

Collective Action for the Future of Olympia

by Sky Cosby

Ours is an unsteady course, to be sure, of social action and reaction. For any who seek to repair the world around them, be it through activism, agriculture, art, anarchy, or otherwise, they are faced with some of the most devious and daunting odds in history. Always, since the dawn of time, it has been rebels who bang the gong of change and they always have been attacked, ridiculed and murdered for their philosophical doctrines and ideologies, for their desire to alter the world for the better. All histories aside, we are where we are and we don't like it so we'd better do something about it.

Grand schemes of world peace are great and all, but what can any of us, as college students and U.S. citizens lost in the Pacific Northwest, do to effect change on such an enormous scale? Aha! A daunting task. We'd better roll our dice well in this game, friends. What if we start small? You remember that phrase from childhood right? Building blocks, school projects, chores, the works. I for one believe in the ability of a small group of people to effect global change by starting on a local level. Marx and Engels were just two guys chatting around a campfire in the beginning and look what they did.

We need an Alternative Business Association. We need to close down Washington Street to all automobile traffic. We need to revamp our educational systems, both public and private. We need to stop shipping foods all over the world and eat what we have growing around us. We need to make eye contact. We need to know that we don't have to be afraid all the time.

What if all the local peace chapters, radical media groups, independent citizens action groups, etc. joined forces or at least improved lines of communication in order to become a more cohesive unit, a force to be reckoned with? I want a fusion of

activists. I want an intellectual people's army that can rival the judicial and economic insolence of our government. I want an Olympia School for the Betterment of Society that gets results and can communicate within itself as well as with the outside world. I want one group made up of individual (if I use this word some people will call me a terrorist) cells all striving towards a few realistic, concrete goals within our community, like: kicking major corporations out of town and founding independent businesses to provide for the lack of jobs, or starting urban gardens on all the roofs in the downtown area. If we provide a good example, other towns and cities will follow suit.

Awareness is a burden because once you realize the existence of some wrong in the world you feel guilty if you don't attempt to do something about it. We are all little sparks of information and inspiration, disseminating knowledge and energy down the pathways we encounter and sharing our experiences with those we meet. I for one refuse to believe in the futility of our common cause. I refuse to believe this is a sinking ship or even that we and our beliefs represent a minority opinion. The corporate media has trained us to believe their news and their statistics and we do not have to succumb to their lies and misrepresentations. Our nation may be a greedy, blind war machine, but that doesn't mean we have to reflect that malicious lack of morality in our daily lives or in our town. This is the state capitol. We can make things happen.

Way back in the early seventies, when every activist had their act together at least a little better than we do, this group in Boston began plotting. Calling themselves Advocates for Social Change, they waited

into thinking we have rights that we don't really have.

Finally, after about ten minutes of answering questions and having my ID cards checked, I was allowed to go. It was not a very pleasant experience for me, nor for Mr. Talmadge, probably, especially considering the complaint that I wrote to his bosses. I don't have anything against him; just an innocent person doing his job, unfortunately caught in the system just like me. To his credit, he called me to explain why I had been detained later in the day. He seemed to be a good guy who is forced into an oppressive role: cops are also victims of our police state.

If we had security guards (without guns on their belts) instead of cops on campus, we wouldn't have these confrontational incidents that aren't fun for anyone. Then the security guards would be respected and trusted as people who help keep us safe, rather than scary militant figures with lethal weapons who are always trying to bust us for nonviolent victimless crimes—and they would probably feel a lot more loved and appreciated after a long day at work.

Misuse of the Word "RACISM"

by Justin Hill

In reading last week's Voices of Color I couldn't help but notice the misuse of the words racism and reverse-racism. First off, racism is defined by the following formula: Prejudice + Power = Racism. Racism involves the use of the legal, judicial, social and economic power of a dominant group to enforce and act upon its prejudices and to impose domination upon other groups. Racism is manifested in America as an ideology of white supremacy, which is based on the false notions of physical/genetic superiority, intellectual superiority and the cultural superiority of whites. Stanley Fish wrote for The Atlantic Online (<http://www.theatlantic.com/political/race/fish.htm>):

In America, "whites once set themselves apart from blacks and claimed privileges for themselves while denying them to others," the author writes. "Now, on the basis of race, blacks are claiming special status and reserving for themselves privileges they deny to others. Isn't one as bad as the other? The answer is no."

Fish then went on to say: "The hostility of one group stems not from any wrong done to it but from its wish to protect its ability to deprive citizens of their voting rights, to limit access to educational institutions, to prevent entry into the economy except at the lowest and most menial levels, and to force members of the stigmatized group to ride in the back of the bus. The hostility of the other group is the result of these actions, and whereas hostility and racial anger are unhappy facts wherever they are found, a distinction must surely be made between the ideological hostility of the oppressors and the experience-based hostility of those who have been oppressed."

It is this difference that makes it impossible for reverse-racism to exist. If you look white in America, you are automatically given privilege over others no matter what blood is running through your veins. At this point in time, it doesn't look like this is going to change any time soon and besides, who would ever willingly give up power? No one should ever have to be "comfortable" with racist remarks, nor should anyone ever have to go to class and ignore racist remarks made. It is easy for white people to ignore race because it is not thrown in their face every day of their life. Coming from a place where there wasn't more than one family of color in the entire town, I didn't have to deal with racism on a daily basis. What I learned about racism came from my textbooks that made it sound like after the Civil Rights Movement, racism ended. Then I came here and week after week, through the Voices of Color section and daily interaction on campus, I learned that nothing has really changed. Racism still exists today and it is white people who keep it alive, no one else.

people who supply our ganja, and the freebox has disappeared because lord knows we don't want clutter in front of the HCC. It's pretty clear that Evergreen is, more than ever, an oligarchy. The administration sees us as customers, not students—maybe that's why they don't hear what we say.

It's been a sad year here for us nature-lovin' Greens: the woods have been invaded by big machines and construction, the cops have 24-7 guns despite student outcry against this, cops are spending our money to hire undercover to bust the

people who supply our ganja, and the freebox has disappeared because lord knows we don't want clutter in front of the HCC. It's pretty clear that Evergreen is, more than ever, an oligarchy. The administration sees us as customers, not students—maybe that's why they don't hear what we say.

Did you know that over 359 people have contributed to the CPJ this academic year?

All you have to do is write, then submit it to the Cooper Point Journal on the 3rd floor of the College Activities Building.

You can also Email the Cooper Point Journal at CPJ@evergreen.edu

If you are interested in helping recruit, take photos, to edit, or any other aspect of the CPJ, just shoot us a line @ 360.867.6213

We also have the following positions available starting next Fall:

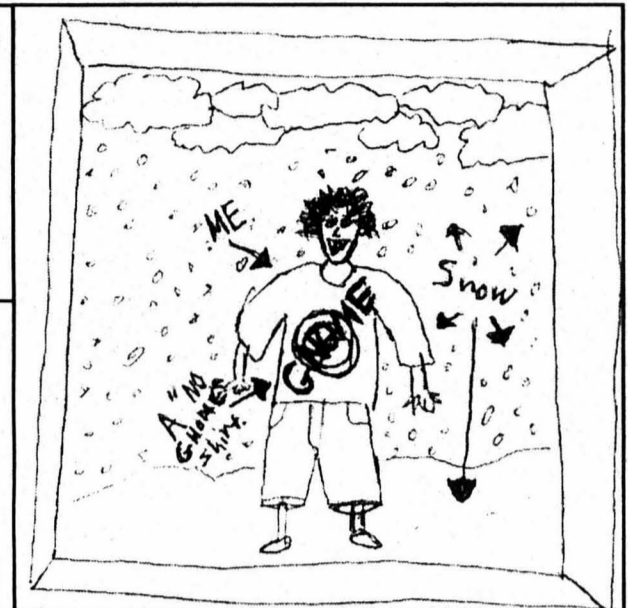
Bulletin Board Editor
Calendar Editor
Sports Editor
Copy Editor

See ya next year!

cpj

Andrew Patrick James

Nome is a town in AK. It is not spelled Gnome, it is Nome. My cause seems frivolous; it is to spread the word to all the people, let the correct spelling be known. People sometimes don't take my cause seriously. Those people will feel my wrath.



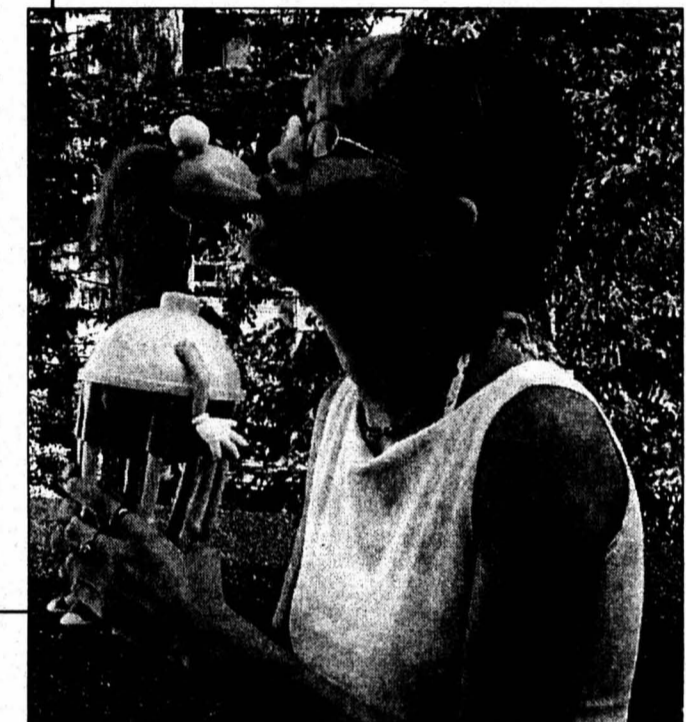
Katie Thurman

As agents go, the most interesting one for me is Clarice Starling. A plucky, young upstart from the south finds herself surrounded by psychotic individuals, all while keeping her hair clean. In the end, she proves her intelligence, gets the craziest boyfriend ever, and flees to Brazil. ¡Qué interesante!



Apryl Nelson

You know who I'd be? Dr Frankfurter from Rocky Horror Picture Show. Yeah, he was an intergalactic spy and, on top of that, had killer fashion sense. I mean, look at it - corsets and garters? Beautiful, absolutely gorgeous. Shut it, Greg.



Hal Steinberg

Double Agent Hal Steinberg, spent the year trying cross the troubled waters of the Evergreen sports world. While Hal enjoys all sports he wishes there was more varsity sports coverage. The Double Agent attacks all sides in the perpetual war of words over sports. No one is right, everyone is wrong. Suggestions for next year's sports editor, "Beware of the other agents at work to disrupt you." That aside, GO GEODUCKS!



Jon McAllister

SUBJECT: Agent Description
CLASSIFICATION: Top Secret
NAME "Jonathon" McAllister AKA Jon, Jonny, John, Etc...
AGE: 23
SEX: Male
WEIGHT: Medium
MILITARY RANK: Unknown
LAST KNOWN M.O.S.: Romeo (11B2PXVJ)
TATTOOS: Five (5): Dragon (right biceps), the number 6 (back of neck), stars (left and right shoulder), the chemical symbol for pleasure (lower left calf).
POSITION AT CPJ: "Contributor?"
TIME AT POSITION: One year
PERSONAL QUOTE: "Even gods quake at the birth of one simple idea." And/or "Don't ask questions that you don't want answers for." And/or "Sorry, but that's classified."



Renata Rollins: CPJ Freedom Fighter

Renata Rollins is a friend and well-wisher to the CPJ, as well as an occasional contributor. She loves journalism, Spanish, human beings, and Spokane, and she will serve as the CPJ's managing editor next year.

EDOM OF THE PRESS
EDOM OF INFORMATION
CESS TO INFORMATION



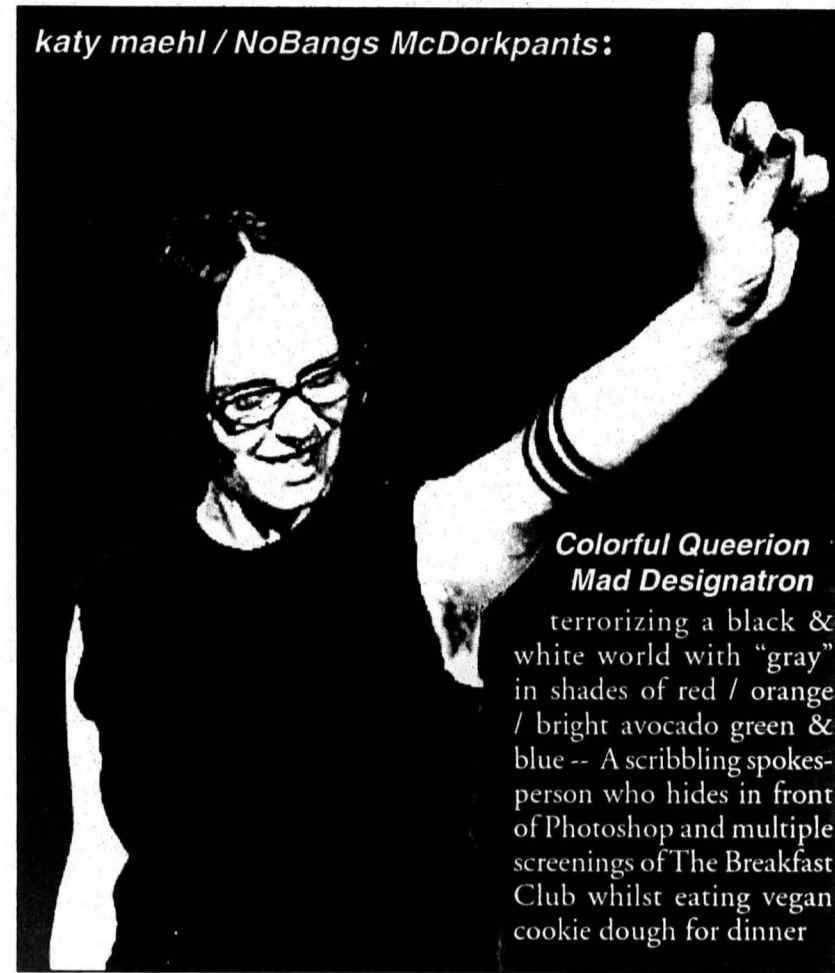
Matt Ray

Pat Walker. I am an undercover agent for the Olympia Special Intelligence Department. At the moment, I am a S.T.O.N.E.R. (Special Trainee for Opposing Nuclear Evolved Roughhousing). I specialize in photography, languages, chemical weapons, and explosives.



Twisted aluminum and charred wood mark the area where the carport used to be. He also marks it. Thrashing his unseen six-string, he revels in the light, the heat, the movement of the explosion. Who is he? He's Nicholas "Air Guitar" Stanislawski, self-proclaimed international terrorist.

Traveling the world, this individual seeks out unique things to blow up: toolsheds, bundled hay, pajama factories, attics, the dumpster outside the 7-11, catapults, televisions, and jello. Nothing escapes his fiery destruction. He walks the earth, furiously strumming his invisible axe as he goes. **Nicholas "Air Guitar" Stanislawski**



katy maehl / NoBangs McDorkpants

**Colorful Queerion
Mad Designatron**
terrorizing a black & white world with "gray" in shades of red / orange / bright avocado green & blue-- A scribbling spokesperson who hides in front of Photoshop and multiple screenings of The Breakfast Club whilst eating vegan cookie dough for dinner



Curtis Retherford

cpj: Agents, Terrorists & Spies 2002/2003

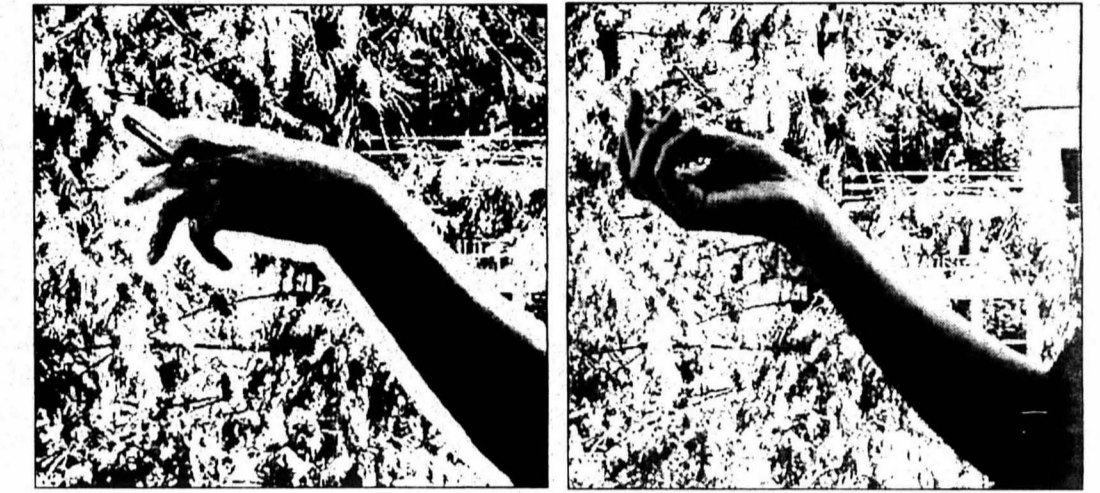
Brendan Basham

In between assembling packages and sending them anonymously to people, Brendan "Teddy K" Basham goes to the Discotheque. When days of hermitude get old, he sheds the hoody, unveiling a diamond-studded leotard and big sunglasses.



Jacob Rosenblum

I am Anti-Capitalist Left-Handed Jewish Cowboy, an agent working for no state, but as a citizen of the world. I'm a mercenary pacifist agent-terrorist, fighting capitalism wherever it rears its ugly head with dangerous views of collectivism and cooperation. I'll challenge you to a game of chess at high noon... loser has to buy vegan chocolate ice cream for the winner. Firmly anti-authoritarian, except for when it comes to spelling...



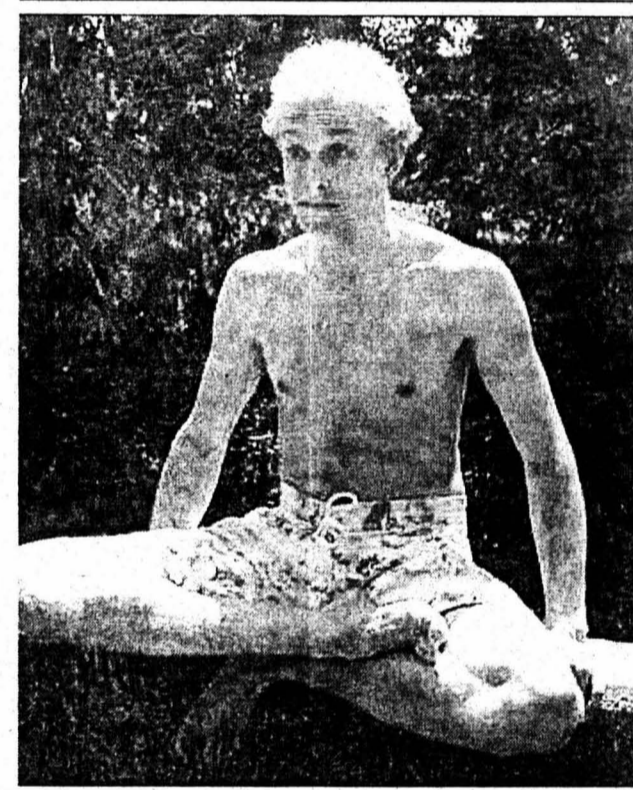
**Agent 00Super8
Rachel Crouthamel: Arts & Entertainment Editor**

Rachel is a director/actor/thespian/filmmaker/freelance voyeur. She has spent the last quarter surreptitiously shooting film and stealthily sneaking into non-linear editing suites in the wee hours of the morning. Her first flick, "Faking It?" - an experimental documentary about phone sex, is nearly finished.



The Triple Agent

Youeiozcxguyscilksdqwerpoiudon't4ezcknowxc,naieho wzxvklmchzxcvrtkecncCPJvoirocks!uixgijgPleasexc,msub mit234toxbvtotheqwerCPJzxcvdtbjbjis!10kyourasllipaperzxcvusen,mm, it,wepoiManyxcnmthankswectoadfthoseddfiwho've asdhelpedopusasdfogetothis678farasdfandkjzbreak0ldancing'smasdftheoishtlqsdifMaykjoiyourkjuyears:hjdbeop,nprosperousp oiuandecvytreatoiyyoutrewbwell.asdf SOPHALLONG.



Nate Hogan

Wanted: The Lucid Love Terrorist Aliases include (but are not limited) to Avatar Adi Da, Nasty naked nympho Nate the great, Necro-Nate, Sonic, NATO, Nater, BJ Peace-monger, Swami, Hippie, Warrior of no desire, Crazy Nate, Captain Idiot, Man of Zen, Gay Nate, and Mugzy. Known for random acts of nudity, promiscuity, getting' freaky dickey, writin' poetry, eatin' LSD, psilocybin, smokin' Mary Jane, puffin' propane, singin' in the rain, fuckin' freestylin' while meditatn' and masturbatin' at the same time, journeying through the mind, cunnilingus, comic genius, overconfidence, wet dreams, ignorance, and immense urges to burn shit and have sex with transcendence. Prone to chronic erections, slactivism, trustarfanism, and hippie-criticism, this savage beast unleashed might just eat your first born, but only after a nice quiet and peaceful sacred sacrificial ceremony. This motherfucker be lonely and searching for a lovely fairy queen goddess who tastes like honey, hates money, and doesn't smell too funky. Most likely warm and adventurous in bed, this daredevil is ready to experiment. Revolutionary and scary looking, this cookie uses guerilla tactics and elastic to stimulate the g-spot and protect the environment. Be careful and approach with extreme caution, this man thinks, and is on the brink of sonic solar symbiosis synchronicity.



Managing Editor • Meta "Fist of Fire" Hogan

My timidity limits my leadership abilities, but I managed to muddle through anyway as Managing Editor. Next year, I will take on the world. Yes, it's just that vague. My signature move, recognized the world over, is "disappearing for a cigarette" for hours at a time. They'll never track me to the porch! Ahahaha!

Nolan Lattyak

Back in the 1960's the Fnord Bureau was established as an covert arm of the intelligence community. In the 70s after much tinkering with artificial intelligence and space-age polymers, Nolan Lattyak was created to maintain the status quo. The plan backfired and he gained a will of his own and graphic design skills. Nolan is thought to be currently affiliated with the front company, Man-Bird's Key Stealing Enterprises Ltd., but nothing can be confirmed. This photo is the most accurate representation we can find.



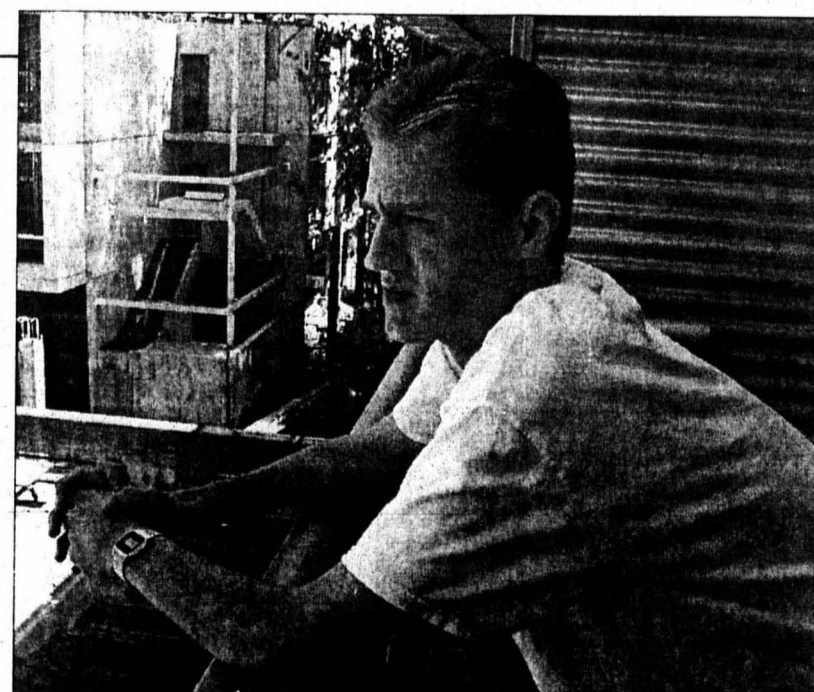
**Special Agent A
(Aimee Butterworth- Layout Editor)**

Special Agent A spends her days traveling the world, spying on high officials in suave bars, Martini in hand, stealing and compiling the longest list of "special" secrets ever known. She is especially known for her unique napkin doodles, that are the only clues ever left, for those with a keen eye.

Michael Luttmr

Name: Michael C. Luttmr Codename: Vash, DeaconScythe
Age: 20 Sex: M
Last Seen: Saudi Arabia

Occupation: Works under the most powerful terrorist cell in the world: The United States Paramilitary. Has fought all over the world for the ideals of the American Empire. As a side note, he is an agent of this organization keeping a keen eye on the goings on of certain groups and people while working at the local newspaper as ad proofer.
Special Skills: ready and able to handle any duty ranging from espionage to washing his car.
Comment of today: "It has been brought to my attention that this republic no longer functions."



If Dan Krow were an agent, he'd be the debonair secret agent John Steed on the 60s spy show "The Avengers." This is explained by Dan's rampant anglophilia and his crush on the lovely Mrs. Emma Peel. But unlike his suave spy counterparts, Dan's John Steed would spend less time catching international super spies and more time on the London runways of the swinging sixties admiring models in magenta miniskirts and hobnobbing with globe-hopping Hi-Fi king Esquivel.

Dan Krow



P. with hangers-on Natalie Portman and Comics Editor Curtis Retherford (pictured with granny panties).

P. Nathan Smith Little is known about the man called "P". Some have spotted him darting between copy machines in the school library. Others claim to have seen him causing mischief at the Arts Annex. Much like the sightings of Sasquatch, the Loch Ness Monster, and Dick Cheney, this is probably just a bunch of fizzle shizzle.

What we do know is that for the past few years he has attempted to incite revolution between the borders of the Calendar and the Seepage, in the region known as the Comics Section. Despite his efforts, funny comics are still seeing print.

His hobbies include running, oil painting, filming sitcoms about magic phones, eating taco bell as a reward/punishment, and living in J207 for four years.

No one can say whether he spent more time drinking, vomiting, or relieving himself.

There are so many people to thank this year that we are bound to miss some. If you helped us out in any way, including just reading the damn thing, we want to thank you. The following is a list of people who contributed content - photos, articles, comics, anything we printed - to the CPJ (not including this issue). Thank You!
 -Andy Cochran, Editor-in-Chief, 02-03

- | | | | | |
|-------------------------|-----------------------------------|-------------------------------------|------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| Aaron Hobbes | Bronwyn Bacon | Heather M. Guyton | Larry Geri | Raffael Boccamazzo |
| Adam Burger | Bryan Fordney | Heather West | Larry Mosqueda | Raquel Salinas |
| Adam Clardy-O'Neal | Brynn Warriner | Holly Colbert | Lee Kepraios | Rebecca Sheedy |
| Adam Welch | C. Sweeney | Hunter Curry | Leo LaClair | Renata Rollins |
| Adrian Martinez Madrone | C. Thomas Lippert | Ian Franks | Lia Frederiksen | Rev. Christopher Altenburg |
| Aimee Skeets | Cara Elliot-Seres | Ian Halloran | Libby Weisdepp | Rhonda Harden |
| Alison Gould | Cara Russell | Ian Mansfield | Lila Schaffler | Rick Stromire |
| Alyssa Bleckwehl | Carmel Aronson | Ian Sloan | Lin Nelson | Robert R. Ross |
| Amanda Alvis | Carol Burns | Irene Entila | Linda Hohman | Robin Freshie |
| Amber Whitehall | Carrie Deming | Isaiah Halpin | Lindy Blodgett | Robin Perlas |
| Amy Loskota | Carrie H. Stephens | J.M. Collier | Lisa Bollard | Rosette Cross |
| Andrea Paulik | Caryn Mickelson | J.R.R. Blevins | Loranne Schmidt | Roslynn Tellvik |
| Andrew Fyfe | Catherine O'Neal | Jack Anderson | Lynnette Cody | Ryan Dodd |
| Andrew Hopkins | Celva Boon | Jack Wenay Scott | M. Stonesifer | Ryan Kapuniai |
| Andrew Meiling | Charles Hollis | James J. Portune | Maggie Long | Sage Silver |
| Angela Olinghouse | Cherilyn Williams | Janet Lynch | Marc Stiffler | Sanders Freed |
| Angie Osher | Chris Moreland | Jason Waldow | Marco Rossi | Sara Baer |
| Anna Mathes | Chris Mulally | Jaymie Lewis | Marcus Craven | Sara Duncan |
| Anne Anderson | Chris Reynolds | Jean Eberhardt | Marcus Legros | Sara Spink |
| Annie Slec | Christine D. Sanders | Jenivive Richter | Marie Shaffer | Sarah Brandy |
| Anthony Cobb | Cindy Wills | Jenna Huntsberger | Mark Frydrychowski | Sarah Finger |
| Ari Yau | Claire Harlock | Jenny Ward | Mark Germano | Sarah Mackenzie |
| Ariel Gregory | Coalition Against Sexual Violence | Jennifer Gaking | Mark Stockbridge | Sarah Needleman-Carlton |
| Art Costantino | Cody Lee Morris | Jennifer Morris | Marlee Riffin | Sarah Perigo |
| Ben Parrish | Colleen Frakes | Jeremy Gregory | Marty Allen | Sarah Rucker Thiessen |
| Ben Shine | Conor Kenny | Jeremy Harrison-Smith | Mary McDermott | Sarah Thorn |
| Betty Kutter | Corey Pein | Jerry Chiang | Matt Winchell | Scott Baker |
| Bill Compton | Crystal Lewis | Jess Sanders | Matt Wolpe | Sean Bradford |
| Bob Spencer | Dan Bennett | Jesse Bossert | Matthew Ford | Sebastian Delrieu-Schulze |
| Branden Wilson | Dan Reese | Jesse Dutton Miller | Maureen Oram | SEED |
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| | David P. Stiles | John Clark | Michael Thoma | Sky Cosby |
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| | Deane Rimerman | John Grount | Michelle Sharp | Steve Burnham |
| | Dena Starr | John McGee | Mike Eates | Steve Hughes |
| | Devin Jones | John Rasmussen | Mike Treadwell | Steve Huntsberry |
| | Devon Waldron | John Skierski | Miles R. Miller | Steve Munro |
| | Diane Pisco | Johnny Delacy | Miranda Duesback | Steven Menchan |
| | Dinea Norrell | Jon Clark | Mitch Long | Stuart Green |
| | Dolly England | Jon Gates | Morgan Thornberry | Summer Peterson |
| | Don Folan | Jon Green | Nalosh Kavtz | Taryn Goodman |
| | Donald Lee | Jon Kemp | Natalie Johnson | Tavia Onstad |
| | Dori Horowitz | Jon McAllister | Natalie Merry | Terence Lee |
| | Drake Stephenson | Jonathan Ide | Nate Hogen | Teresa Eckstein |
| | Drew Mason | Justin B. Wright | Nathan Levine | The Family of Rachel Corrie |
| | Duke Brady | Justin de Noyon Connell | Nathaniel Hitchcock | The Musicians Club |
| | Eli Crawford | Justin Good | Neil Cassidy | Theo Porter |
| | Elicia Sanchez | Kandi Bauman | Nicholas Stanislawski | Thomas B. Hargrave |
| | Elisabeth Wakcher | Kara Hauck | Nicky Gsottschneider | Thomas Jackson |
| | Elise Belknap | Karyn Williams | Nicky Smith | Tiffany Suits |
| | Elizabeth Mann | Kashif Nunddin | Nicole Hagerman | Tim Bard |
| | Ember Fortunati | Kat Johnson | Niki Amaranides | Tim Rich |
| | Emma Pearlman | Kate Dorsett | Nolan Lattyak | Tim Simons |
| | Enrique Riveros-Shafer | Kathleen DeLong | Olive Tree Campaign | Toby Quinn |
| | ERC | Kathryn Johnson | Olivia Spransy | Tom Foote |
| | Eric Firth | Katie Falkoff | P. Nathan Smith | Tom Leah |
| | Eric King | Katrina Shaver | Paloma Medina | Tommy McKaughan |
| | Erica Nelson | Katy Staton | Patrick Warner | Traci McKean |
| | Erich Albrecht | Keith Houser | Patti Zimmerman | Trevor Tupper |
| | Erin Scheel | Kelsey Martin-Keating | Paul Hawkhurst | Trina Dixon |
| | Ervanna Little Eagle | Ken Bungay | P'aula Jenkins | Troy Morris |
| | Eva Otto | KerKyra Brock | Pennie Bumrungsiri | True Amenselah Baker |
| | Evan Hastings | Kesiko Rogers | Perrin Randlette | Tyler Balliet |
| | Evan James | Kevin Barrett | Peter Bohmer | Tyler Chen |
| | Ezra Small | Kevin Richey | Peter Kardas | Umoja |
| | Fletcher Ward | Kolby Bray-Hoagland | Petrika Peters | Walter Hartman |
| | Frank Griesa | Kris Franssen | Phan Nguyen | Welfare Rights Organizing Coalition |
| | Gavin Stansill | Kris Pendleton | Phil Owen | Will Hewitt |
| | Geoff Dugwyler | Krissy Johnson | Philip Brock Carpenter | William Ryan McDonald |
| | Gideon Newmark | Kyle Smith | Philippe Lonestar | William Tubman |
| | Glen Anderson | Laila Mazer | Q. Laura Nelson | Yasmeen Perez |
| | Greg Rosenthal | Larry Freytag | R. Sherman | Yuh-Line Niou |
| | Harold Fuller-Bennett | | Rafael Lozano | Yuko Hibino |

Erika Wittmann
 Erika is a 2nd year Masters in Environmental Studies student. She has written and published over 40 articles since the age of 15, including the famous "Low-Down on O-Town". Erika graduates in June 2004, so until then, keep sending your show tips (next year) to cpj@evergreen.edu.

Agent Daisy (Irene Costello)
 Will miss the CPJ intensely, but will come and visit, bearing gifts.

Jerry Chiang
 Jerry has written many film and music reviews for the CPJ this year. When we asked him why he likes to write, Jerry responded, "cuz chicks dig brooding writers." Jerry plans to pen a love letter to Anthony Lane of the New Yorker and follow Death Cab for Cutie when they go on tour. Jerry has the hots for a babe named Jen, and he thinks Shakespeare is the shit. Besides frequenting the Hooters restaurants in Seattle and Tacoma, Jerry will read the dictionary during the summer.

H to the IZZO

by Jerry Chiang
 Redmond's Old Fire House, in addition to being a way cool teen center that aims to be a positive influence in the lives of many local teens, has been putting on all ages shows for ten years. This venue has earned its place in the independent scene because many up-and-coming Northwest bands, such as Seaweed and the Blood Brothers, have used the venue to practice their craft and build their following. Last Friday, I made the pilgrimage to Redmond (I have never seen so many Lexus SUV's in my life) in order to check out one of the cornerstones of the Northwest independent music scene. More importantly, I wanted to check out the Seattle-based Rocky Votolato.

Rocky Votolato comes from the ailing male-singer-songwriter genre, which has made quite a comeback recently with the likes of Jack Johnson, Dashboard Confessional, Pedro the Lion, and Pete Dinklage. Rocky stands out from the pack because of his mellifluous acoustic guitar, intense and visceral lyrics, and of course, his irresistible and penetrating sensitivity.

Depending on one's perspective, the comparison to Dashboard Confessional is either a detriment or compliment to Rocky Votolato. The musical similarity between the two bands rightly merits a comparison. Both bands rely heavily on the acoustic guitar and both singer-songwriters lament the perfidious precipices of love. Yet, upon closer inspection, Rocky comes out on top of his peer, Chris Carraba of Dashboard Confessional, because his music contains more emotional veracity.

Rocky's voice deserves some attention as well. His voice resembles the textured subtlety of David Bazan of Pedro the Lion and the choirboy enthusiasm and vulnerability of Chris Carraba and Doug Martsch. Rocky's musical tales of love, unparalleled in their sincerity, passion, and conviction, warm the cockles of the listeners' hearts and inspire them.

I was touched by his music. (Not in that way, you prurient juvenile!) At the show, a full band accompanied Rocky's music. This signals a departure from Rocky's acoustic music, but be assured, the acoustic guitar will continue to play the dominant role. Rocky played a relatively short set in order to leave room for the Blood Brothers, but the set was filled with honest, raw, and almost spiritual music.

The night started with "The Light and the Sound," a song that showed off the musical progression in Rocky's music. The acoustic guitar leads the song, the light keyboards dance sweetly around the acoustic chords, and the rhythm and percussions flesh out the song and give it the air of an anthem. The highlight, however, belonged to "Suicide Medicine." This song is pure acoustic heaven. Rocky stepped up to the microphone, under the spotlight, armed with just his guitar and aching heart. He played the guitar magnificently, and he sang with contagious conviction. The song, if I am not mistaken, talks about a guy who kills himself in order to prevent his lover from committing suicide. The painful yet beautiful chorus, "I love you, and I left my body here to tell you that," instantly filled my heart with emotional commiseration. The song was performed in such a powerful way that I felt my eyes watering up.

One thing is for sure after Rocky Votolato's performance. Whether or not his music will reach the Billboard's Top 200 is irrelevant. What matters is that musicians like Rocky Votolato are around, and their persistence, dedication, and craftsmanship will keep the independent scene alive, vibrant, and important.

Rocky Votolato will play at the Crocodile Cafe in Seattle. The show is 18+ and the doors open at 8 p.m.



Vampires, Snakes and Crows

An Interview with Arrington de Dioniso of Old Time Relijun

by Nolan D. Lattyak
 I recently had the opportunity to interview Arrington de Dioniso, lead singer for the band Old Time Relijun. Hard to categorize, the music incorporates a stand up bass, drums, and Arrington channeling and exorcising demons with ringing guitar licks, possessed bass clarinet tirades, and an incisive voice - sometimes speaking in tongues. Old Time Relijun will be playing at No Exit on Saturday, June 21st with The Strangers at 9pm. Cost is \$5.

Nolan: You just went on tour a few weeks ago, how were your shows down in LA?
 Arrington: Los Angeles, California, being one of the largest cities on earth, surely contains multitudes of young people craving the New Sound. They came and saw, we conquered. The best thing about the tour was hiking up the Temascal Canyon ridge with my ladyfriend above Malibu, we nearly got bit by a diamond back rattlesnake! (Except its mouth was already full- with an giant rat!)
 N: What is the band up to this summer? Are there any new albums coming out?

A: Our new album is officially released on July 1st, it is called *Varieties of Religious Experience*, and it chronicles our long history as a band. There are some very raw demos from as early as 1993, as well as recent material recorded during a tour in Italy just last year. As this new album features alot of old songs that were never released before, we are also just beginning to work on a NEW album of NEW songs. It should be ready by New Years. All of our albums are available from K Records. (www.kpunk.com)

N: Do you have any strong convictions about the role crows play in the wheel of life?
 A: I love crows. I like the sounds they make, I like watching them. My favorite way of interacting with crows is by feeding them pieces of fried chicken in the Safeway parking lot. I have written a few songs that mention crows, it is true. They are definitely the smartest birds, at least next to ravens.

N: What do you think of Mozart?
 A: I like that one song, "Rock Me Amadeus." I also relate to the way Mozart described his process- he was just transcribing music he was already hearing in his head.

N: I always assumed you were using some kind of post-production on your albums even though they have an analog feel. Amazingly your shows are completely true to the sound you release on LP. In the Beatles career, they eventually moved to making music they couldn't hope to replicate in person. Is it important to you to keep your music more organic?

A: I would say that I try to maintain a balance in that area. We do have some songs that we CAN'T do live because of the same problem- too many overdubs that would be impossible to replicate live. All of our music is created 'organically' but I don't know if there is a way to really qualify what that means, exactly. There is a certain aesthetic we're going for, I guess, but I get reluctant to have to spell it all out- I do think the music speaks for itself. The other thing I should mention, is that it does take some amount of studio manipulation to make recorded music 'sound' live. There is always some level of mediation when you listen to a recording, whether it is intentional or not. That's where the art of making records lies.

N: If you added another member to your band what kind of instrument would they be playing?

A: It would be nice to be able to replicate some of the horn section parts that we have on the albums in a live setting. So having three extra bass clarinet players wouldn't hurt. Well, it might hurt a little.

N: Do you ever get frustrated when the audience doesn't return any energy during a performance?

A: Old Time Relijun is not just a band that plays a few songs and makes a few records. We are a band that involves the audience in a transformative performance-as-ritual magic experience. Our music is structured in a way that tends to invite a high level of participation from an audience. Usually that means "dancing" but there are other

continued on page 18

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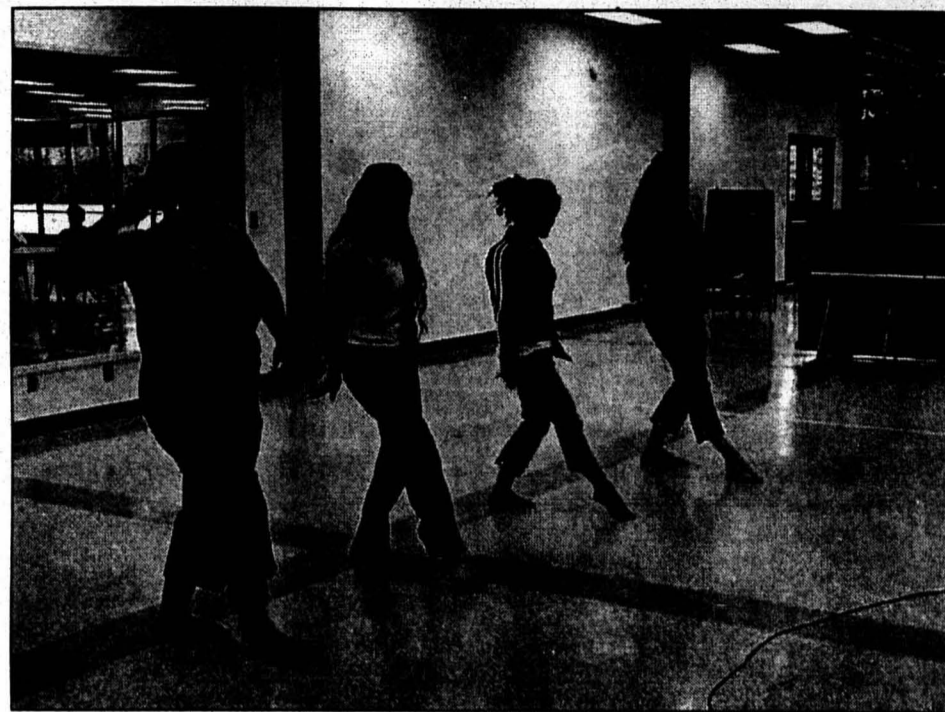
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Performers from the Polynesian Luau strut their stuff at Evergreen's second annual Talent Show. See back cover for more photos. Photo by Sophal Long.

Talent Show

Last Thursday's talent show featured the perfect combination of skill and fun. All pretensions were left at the door as the audience was treated to an evening of music, dance, and rhyme.

"I thought it went pretty well," said Dolly England, a coordinator of Umoja who was the emcee as well as a major organizer of the talent show. "It was kind of unorganized, but that was part of the fun of it."

Singers performed pieces by Nat King Cole, Celine Dion, Whitney Houston, Santana/Wyclef Jean/Jerry "Wonder" Duplessis, Eric Clapton, and others. Some of the music was written by the performers themselves. Ashanti Hassan performed a couple of her own rhymes. She and freshman Darius Harding both performed pieces that fiercely criticized modern politics and society.

Two of the students of color groups who sponsored the event featured some of their own members performing cultural dances. A few Umoja members did a step dance routine, and three from Hui O Hawaii performed Hawaiian dance. Sophal Long treated the crowd to breakdancing. And Rita Mickens moved to "Baby Got Back," which freshman Daniella Byrd dubbed "X-rated."

The wonderful part about this show was that it featured some amazing acts, but without the arrogance and snobbery that accompanies some talent shows. Everyone was there to have a good time and enjoy everyone else's gifts. As an audience member, I was wondering whether or not the performers ever performed anywhere else. There is definitely hidden talent at Evergreen.

The event came to be thanks to S.O.C.C.U.M. (Students Of Color Coordinators Unity Meeting), which provides a network between the students of color groups on campus. Next fall S.O.C.C.U.M. expects to organize a multicultural fashion show, as well as a "white appropriation fashion show."

The Italian Job

So if it's not a sequel we'll be looking at this summer, it's a remake. F. Gary Gray remade the 1969 British caper movie that starred Michael Caine and Noel Coward. That film had panache (most of it attributed to Caine's performance) but the remake feels more like a gimmick. Still, it's an entertaining, passable gimmick, good-spirited and well assembled. It was also a breath of fresh air to watch a film with action sequences that use good old-fashioned stunt work free of CGI enhancement and hokey digital effects. As far as measuring up to the original in terms of the story, however (or what of it that the previews didn't give away), many standard elements have been added to turn the film into a simple genre exercise—an obligatory love interest, a double crossing crew member, a happy ending and a bad guy—all weighing down a film that could easily have done without any of them. The opening sequence finds a gaggle of bandits led by Donald Sutherland, orchestrating a complex heist on the canals of Venice. When Sutherland, who's more intriguing the ten minutes he's on screen than any other character in the film, is killed by fellow thief Edward Norton (trust me, I'm not spoiling anything) who leaves the rest of crew for dead, a plan is hatched by the survivors to steal back the take from Norton in Hollywood. The leader of the bandits is Charlie and he's played by Mark Wahlberg who looks as uncomfortable in this film as he did in "Planet of the Apes" and "Rock Star." I believe that Wahlberg has yet to find the milieu in film to which he is best suited. He doesn't look as if he's enjoying himself, merely serving the story, going through the motions. He joins forces with the overrated Charlize Theron, British character actor Jason Stratham, Mos Def as hearing-impaired demolitions expert, and the always funny Seth Green who has some funny moments as a computer hacker who continues to reiterate that he was the original inventor of Napster. However, most of the performances are lackluster and serve only the plot's commands, leaving Sutherland and Norton (playing his perfected arrogant weasel) as the only intriguing characters. "The Italian Job" is whimsical and enjoyable but there are so many gaps in logic and so much spare dialogue that it brought the film down a bit for me. The climactic heist in the streets of Hollywood, employing a fleet of the revamped Mini Coopers is neat and brilliant in that the use of the Coopers manages to work as both a timely product placement and a homage to the original film at the same time. Depending on what kind of viewer you are, the flaws may displease you but fail to bog "The Italian Job" down and keep it from serving as a simple, amusing, and skillfully crafted potboiler. And nothing more.

Rating **1/2 stars

On the Screen by Lee Kepraios

Down With Love

In retribution for dragging their girlfriends to "The Matrix Reloaded," guys will be subjected to the equally specialized hypocrisies of "Down With Love," a film that thinks it can let standard romance elements get by as long as we let it pass just because it takes place in the angular, martini-swilling jetset America of the early sixties (or to be more specific, the late fifties). But no matter what cute little microcosm director Peyton Reed had chosen to set his story in, it's still nothing to rave about. "Down With Love" was modeled on the top-drawer romance comedies of its period in which Rock Hudson and Doris Day participated in friendly battles of the sexes that were cute, sly, and almost maddeningly light-hearted fluff. Go back and watch vehicles like 1959's *Pillow Talk* or 1963's *Lover Come Back* and you'll see what I mean: films where characters are constantly alluding to sex and find themselves in precarious positions but never quite compromise their principles, and "Down With Love" sort of keeps in that sentiment while adding its own twist and suffering from a terminable cuteness. This film might be placed in the 'chick flick' category but it feels more above that classification at times. It's not a bad film. And good chick flicks are not 'chick flicks' at all. They're just good movies. And at least here, even though it's a conventional love story, there is some heart and some sort of emotional core beneath the ridiculous amounts of gloss. The production design capitalizes on the use of the bright colors, oversized sets and almost surreal cleanliness that seems to border on the phony at times. It's a wonderful period recreation otherwise, ignoring the obvious signifiers and recreating the era from the inside out. What we come out with to represent Hudson and Day are Ewan McGregor and Renee Zellweger who are great people to look at but don't seem to have much to do with their roles. Zellweger's New England best-selling authoress, with the assistance of her publisher Vikki (Sarah Paulson, poorly modeling herself after Lauren Bacall) is determined to use her writing to usher in the 60s sexual revolution. Enter another idiot plot device involving McGregor as a chauvinist womanizing exposé journalist who bets his boss (you hear it, another bet) that he can seduce Zellweger and write an article about it. His boss Terd (David Hyde Pierce) is modeled after Tony Randall. This is obvious because Randall appears in the film himself as a chairman of the board. Zellweger plugs away, pouting nothing less than her usual mean streak, while McGregor is just too genial looking to be sexist pig (George Clooney would have been better, edgier). There are some warm scenes and nice touches along the way, but for the most part, "Down With Love" is a pandering, artificial snow job. It's a chestnut. There's a heart somewhere here but it's too much buried in the pap of such a fabricated foam peanut of a movie.

Rating: ** stars

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License to Spill

by Rev Christopher Altenburg



Doug Martsch lead singer and guitarist for Built to Spill.

photo by Rev Christopher Altenburg

The year is 1998. I'm lying, wacked out of my dome, behind an extremely rare 27-window Volkswagon spitty at a Gorge Phish lot and eating marinated chicken chunks out of a metal mixing bowl with my friend Garrett's Rottweiler Corky. A random someone comes over to us and asks, "Are you guys listening to Built to Spill?" He was from Connecticut and this was the first time that I realized how wide this rock band from Boise's fanbase had stretched.

Someone recently asked me what Indie rock music was exactly, because they weren't even aware that they had been listening to it. I like to see the lines blurred this way because I think that it's healthy. I started thinking and, after realizing that both Dug Martsch (Built to Spill) and Phish cover David Bowie, Velvet Underground, and Bob Marley songs, I found numerous other similarities between the bands. Both bands have a radio hit, Phish's "Down With Disease" and Built to Spill's "Car", and have one MTV video that was never really shown much other than as a clip on Beavis and Butthead. However, they both have produced albums that, at least as far as fans are concerned, yield nothing but great songs. This turns every song into a hit and not only allows, but also demands, these bands to consistently circulate tracks and setlists and continue to play songs from the entirety of their career. Phish and BTS both also make silk-screen posters for each individual performance. Each band even planned 1yr hiatuses, that turned out to be more like 11/2-2yrs, and allowed members to pursue solo projects. I was able to witness the Built to Spill reunion at two of their recent shows.

Night one was at the Crystal Ballroom in Portland on 5/29. Something got fucked up and I wasn't on the guest list. They checked my bag and found all kinds of weird shit that I bring along with me including my Mormon, telepathy, and karate books as well as other things that professional reporters shouldn't bring along with them on assignments. I looked like I was totally full of shit and then found out that my flash was broken. Eventually, I got my wristbands and went into the show with my lady friend. I caught the tail end of the opening band Draw and didn't like what I heard.

The next band was a local P-town 2-piece called the HelioSequence who I had seen before. Imagine a Cadillac hovercraft, like the Neutrinos from Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles had, is about to crash land. The trunk pops open like "Pulp Fiction" and light spews out "Neverending Story" soundtrack, and Genesis-esque ambience along with two gremlins, who either had severe ADHD and didn't get their meds, or who jacked their cousin's Ritalin when they didn't need it. They land rockin' just as the vessel makes contact with a minefield. This is HelioSequence. They have an extremely full and thunderous sound for a guitar and drum duo and have mastered their effects. Although they had a song that sounded kind of like bad INXS and at times I wanted the Enya noises to stop, they balanced it out with an electro-Ween vibe and I really enjoyed their set, especially the solid harmonica solo.

While BTS played, I stood next to a taper who was fully equipped with DAT recorder and microphones suspenders. The band had arrived to town late and apologized for doing their sound check right before they played. They mixed it up a bit with songs from all the way back to the Up Records discontinued classic *Ultimate Alternative Wavers* and played slightly altered version of such songs as "Stab" from *There's Nothing Wrong with Love*. I watched 'scenesters' dance like worms and then went back stage after the show. I gave Doug Martsch a "HOMIE," like I usually do, and asked if I could ask him some questions for my article. He said no. He doesn't do interviews while touring but he gave me his phone # on a Maxim subscription card stating that I could do an

interview with him over the phone, when he gets home. If anyone wants the number I will give it to you. When I say "it", of course, I mean the finger. Don't even ask me for dumb shit like that; I only mentioned it to show off, but if you do have questions for him e-mail me at Buzzreview@cs.com and I may be able to ask them if I interview him later. I asked him if he played the Capitol Theatre because it is pictured in the live album and he told

me that he hates it. He said that he's played it lots of times and has never gotten a good sound out of it. My lady friend asked about a stack of posters on the table and Doug gave her his for free. I spent the rest of the time speaking to a man named Greg from Draw. He told me that he was a reporter for a Boise paper and that he was writing an article about their 3-week tour with BTS. Brandon Summers, 20yr old guitarist from the HelioSequence, spent a lot of time speaking to me about his interest in attending Evergreen and playing the Go Club. I told him to do it. Later, a woman came up and started asking me questions about Evergreen as well. Everybody left and there were still a slew of Hammer Head Ale 22s that no one had cracked. I drank some down and headed back to Oly.

Night 2 was at the Showbox on 6/2. This was the third of a three night run with the second night being all ages. Doug always makes sure to have one all ages show when he comes to Seattle. I saw Draw this time and still didn't like 'em. There were about 5 songs where he said "Down by the River" in them and they were like a bad Wilco/Neil Young. Instead of Helio, J. Mascis from Dinosaur Jr. played a solo set. Mike Johnson also plays with Doug sometimes but I don't know why Mascis and Johnson don't play together anymore. His set was really good. His greying old hair made him look like Ben Franklin and you could tell that he didn't wash his black denim getup with ColorGuard. His voice had great range and I caught a glimpse of his tighty whities as he busted that distortion solos over his looped electric/acoustic guitar. I then caught a glimpse of Martsch's tighty whities as BTS set up. For the first few songs, I thought that they were going to play the same set as before but then they busted out the song "Reasons." They played some of the same songs such as "Center of the Universe" but had plenty of variation to the set. They played "Cleo" this time, unlike at the Crystal, but didn't play "Joyride" as they had at the previous show. Every night they had been closing with a reggae/dub version of Neil Young's "Cortez the Killer" and this night was only slightly different. They played the song but, this time, they jammed it out for at least ten minutes, alternating half way through which allowed Doug to play bass and bassist Brett Nelson to fuck around with a sampler. One of Draw's 3 guitarists came out and their bassist played the harmonica. Built to Spill hasn't been playing encores, nor had they been right before their hiatus, but everybody refused to leave. Eventually, the band came out shrugging their shoulders, while the stage crew hooked the mics and amps back up, and played another song that they had played at the Crystal... a fabulous reggae version of Elton John's "Daniel".

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Blue Man Group

by Rev. Chris "Vitamin C" Altenburg

Before I write anything, I want to apologize if this article sucks. I am exhausted after seeing the sold out Blue Man Group show, last night at Paramount Theatre in Seattle and my eyes may have difficulty focusing on this computer screen after being bombarded with the neon visuals, which rivaled the pipe-bombing of a meth lab at the Light Bright factory.

I didn't leave Olympia until 7 p.m., when the show was set to start, so nobody wanted to go. They all thought that we would be too late. There was a guy called Lloyd, named Nick but called Lloyd, from Wisconsin, lying on my couch. I convinced him to go and then drove 80 mph North on 15. We arrived a few minutes after 8:00 and went to the will call. They gave each of us two photo passes, two guest passes, and two tickets. Our seats were upstairs on the mezzanine but were front row and dead center. Blue Man hadn't even started yet and a 3 piece electronic band named Venus Hum was performing. They had a sub-Bjork, but Bjork-esque, female vocalist and two guys rocking some sort of cyber-guitar and effects bullshit. I hope that these cats are still around when Demolition Man 2 comes out. They could have shed that bubblegum electronic vibe and possibly have been really great. All that they would have had to do was close by stripping naked, dousing and igniting themselves, and then having Blue Man beat them with their giant mallets. Fortunately, the headliners had more artistic vision.

The tour is named after the Blue Man album *The Complex* and the stage had a giant black and neon blue projector screen with industrial shapes resembling a cross between "Iron" and the video game *Paperboy*. Their set started and the screen turned into a huge shadow puppet screen for Blue Man silhouettes. Blue Man ran out and there were three of them. In their completely black outfits, the only part of their bodies which were exposed were their blue bald heads and hands, making them look remarkably similar to their logo. If you are a man and have ever used a public restroom, then you have seen the Blue Man Group logo. That is, of course, unless you have only used the bathrooms at the Voyeur, which have those stupid fucking monkeys on the door instead. The three men all held one giant PVC brontosaurus rib-like, tuba-type instrument contraption together and played it. They did this by having one member drum on the end of it with bright red day-glo drum sticks, while the others would extend other parts like a plastic didgeridoo or trombone to change the tone. Throughout this routine, as well as the rest of the show, the three members were completely silent vocally and would stare at each other and the audience inquisitively, as if they were a group of aliens who somehow crash landed and stumbled into some sort of futuristic PVC junkyard.

After the first song was over, the members ran up to the front of the audience pointing a tampon shaped camera with a light beaming out of it. They shoved it into an audience member's mouth and projected images of his esophagus on a giant back screen which now had a huge backing band in front of it on risers. The band was mostly composed of drummers on a giant chrome drum kit/percussion rack, but also included other members with instruments such as guitars and synthesizers. The enormous band was spread across the back of the stage and looked like waiters in their white tops and black pants. Singer Tracy Bonham was even brought out to sing throughout the show. Just to be clear, I said Bonham and not Tracy Bingham from *Baywatch* fame. One of the band members would also occasionally sing and, although it worked much of the time, it didn't always work as well as Bonham, and left me wishing for a taser with projectiles long enough to reach his punk ass from the mezzanine.

The music was all right and sounded like Vegas Industrial, but this show was clearly about the performances and crazy gimmicky instruments and imagery, especially for the primarily middle-aged audience who, most likely doesn't listen to the Thrill Kill Kult. The center of the stage had a barrage of brain-like industrial



Blue Aliens inhabit Planet Earth; entertain yuppies. Photo by Rev. Christopher Altenburg.

tubing which members would beat on like a xylophone. On the right side of the stage was a huge trampoline-looking floor tom and on the left was a tilted piano with the top ripped off so that its string could be struck with mallets. They had these hug wire antennae instruments that, when whipped back and forth, would bend to make buzzing sounds and cause BM to look like blue versions of Darth Maul. These sabers were used for a cover of Jefferson Airplane's "White Rabbit" with Bonham on vocals. One of the most visually stimulating instruments were the two groups of three floor toms on each side of the stage, that, when struck, would spurt glowing red lava into the air and reminded me of flaming oil drums used in a Hooverville for heat. The projector screen was constantly showing images. These include the logo, a video representing mundane existence involving cubicles and welder masks, and numerous computer graphics that looked like an Intellivision 3 version of *Grand Theft Auto 1*. To get people involved, one of Blue Man ran into the mezzanine and danced with an audience member in a Robert Smith shirt. That guy was probably stoked; this shit was designed for people like him. There were laser-light-show-dragonfly-eating-jellyfish and even tricks between screen and man that made you wonder if they were laser images too or not, but I don't think that the craziest shit can even start to be explained.

The encore was 2 songs and brought out Venus Hum, who sounded a lot better with the rest of the musicians playing along. Their singer was now wearing a neon rainbow dress that looked like it was constructed from Fruit By the Foot and made her seem two-dimensional. Its stripes would randomly light up like the game *Simon*. The second song was a cover of the Who's "Teenage Wasteland" with Tracy Bonham again on vocals. Two of the three blue men were wearing contraptions constructed from black tubing that stretched around front from a black back pack like Dr. Octopus from *Spiderman*. The tubes connected to and supported a PVC xylophone so that the musicians could where them and play them while moving. A first person image of both of the musician's instruments was projected onto the screen behind them and strobes went off that were enough to give Pikachu himself a seizure. The mobile xylophones also contained Nerf Blaster style cannons that shot streamers all over the audience at the end while the screen read you're wasted. Kinda cool, kinda cheesy. Just like any Vegas show.

I enjoyed the show but chose not to go back stage afterwards to speak with three blue mutes and a backing band that looked like the band Orgy's road crew. Instead, it was off to Kent and Taqueria Reconsisto for authentic Mexican cuisine.

continued from 15

magic experience. Our music is structured in a way that tends to invite a high level of participation from an audience. Usually that means "dancing" but there are other equally valid participatory expressions as well. Sometimes people are in struck in a state of shock and unable to move at all. I empathise with this situation, I understand. It doesn't bother me at all.

N: How did you find your new drummer?

A: He found me. Rives Elliot is his name. He wrote me from Roanoke, Virginia, saying that he had been listening to our albums since he was 13, that he had learned how to play drums listening to our music, and that he knew the drum parts to every song I had ever written, just about. Then he said that he was willing to drive all the way out to Olympia if I would be willing to give him an audition. There were lots of good reasons I could have told him not to do it, but none of those reasons ever came to mind. He is hands-down the best drummer Old Time Relijun has ever had. He's a godsend.

N: What was one the more strange experiences you had at Evergreen?

A: Getting pregnant!

N: What classes did you take here that you really enjoyed?

A: I was one of those weird kids who liked every class he ever took. My first CORE program in 1992 was called "Human Culture and Natural Environment", which fused study of Latin American environmental issues with the study of Spanish Language and Literature. My last two years were almost all contracts, that was fun. I got 16 credits for the first Old Time Relijun album!

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Friday June 6

"Imagination" by Julie Bragonier Minnick runs through June 30 at Pitcairn Scott Gallery, 2207 2nd Ave in Seattle. For more information contact (206) 448-5380. **Women in Black** silent vigil at Percival Landing from 5 to 6 p.m.

Saturday June 7

Olympia's Farmer Market open conversation. OPME will have literature and thoughts to share, admission is free.

Sunday June 8

Those returning from the June 5 solidarity actions in NYC will report back on those events at 1 p.m. in Traditions Café. **FREE!**

Saturday June 14

War Crimes with Patrick Dodd and Small Revolutions appearing at the Matrix Coffeehouse at 434 NW Prindle St. Rock out to musical sounds of resistance starting at 8 p.m.

The Low Down on O-Town

by Erika Wittmann

Friday, June 6th

• Fat Tire Amber Ale Festival, with A-Kamp, One-Eyed Spectacle, and Samba OlyWa, at 5025 69th St., starting at 7 p.m. \$7. Food, raffle, bonfire, pinata, and beer included in admission price. Parking is limited, so carpool or park on the street. Proceeds go to Bike-Aid, a summer-long cross-country cycling trip for social justice.

Saturday, June 7th

• Busdriver, Josh Martinez, Sleep of Old Dominion, Greens, Thunderhut, Enzyme, Pushing Destinations, Vessels of Bedlam, and Manik Amidst, Capitol Theater Backstage, 8 p.m., \$10.

Friday, June 30th

• Dead Moon at the GO Club, 9 p.m., \$6. Tickets available at www.ticketweb.com.

Every week:

Mondays

• \$2 Pint Night at the Eastside, on 4th Ave. Includes domestic and microbrews.

Tuesdays

• "Drum n' Bass," with rotating DJs, at The Mark, 407 Columbia St., free, 10 p.m.
• "Swing Dancing with DJ Christine" at the Ballroom over the Eagles, 805 4th Ave E. Free classes at 7:30, dance 8-10:30, \$5.
• "Tuning in Tuesdays," all request mix, Charlie's Bar & Grill, 620 4th Ave E., DJ Keith Leviathan (of Point Blank Sound).
• Open Mic Night, Tugboat Anns, 2100 West Bay Drive, 9 p.m.

Wednesdays

• Old School Mix, DJ Dr. Rob, McCoy's Tavern, 4th Ave.

Thursdays

• \$2/2 bands/\$2 Microbrews, McCoy's Tavern, 4th Ave.
• \$2 Pint Night at the Eastside, on 4th Ave.
• "Red Room Thursdays," soul, R&B, and funk, and dance requests, The Mark, DJ Keith Leviathan.

Fridays and Saturdays

• Dance music from 9 p.m. to 2 a.m. with DJ Jack at the Urban Onion, "Olympia's only gay and lesbian bar and club," 116 Legion Way SE.

Sunday

• "Sweet Sundays," 80s, 80s R&B, and funk, 4th Avenue Tavern and Eatery, DJ Keith Leviathan.

WHITE RIVER AMPHITHEATRE
NUCLEUS HOT RESERVATION

START YOUR SUMMER WITH

BECK

AND HIS BAND

WITH SPECIAL GUESTS
DASHBOARD CONFESSIONAL
AND **THE BLACK KEYS**

\$20 SEATS JUST ADDED!

FRIDAY, JUNE 20
7:30PM

Get Tickets At **CC.COM**

1 Drink = 12 oz. Beer = 4 oz. Wine = 1.25 oz. 80 Proof Liquor
37.7% = 0 Drinks, 15.6% = 1 Drink, 15.3% = 2 Drinks, 9.1% = 3 Drinks, 6.8% = 4 Drinks

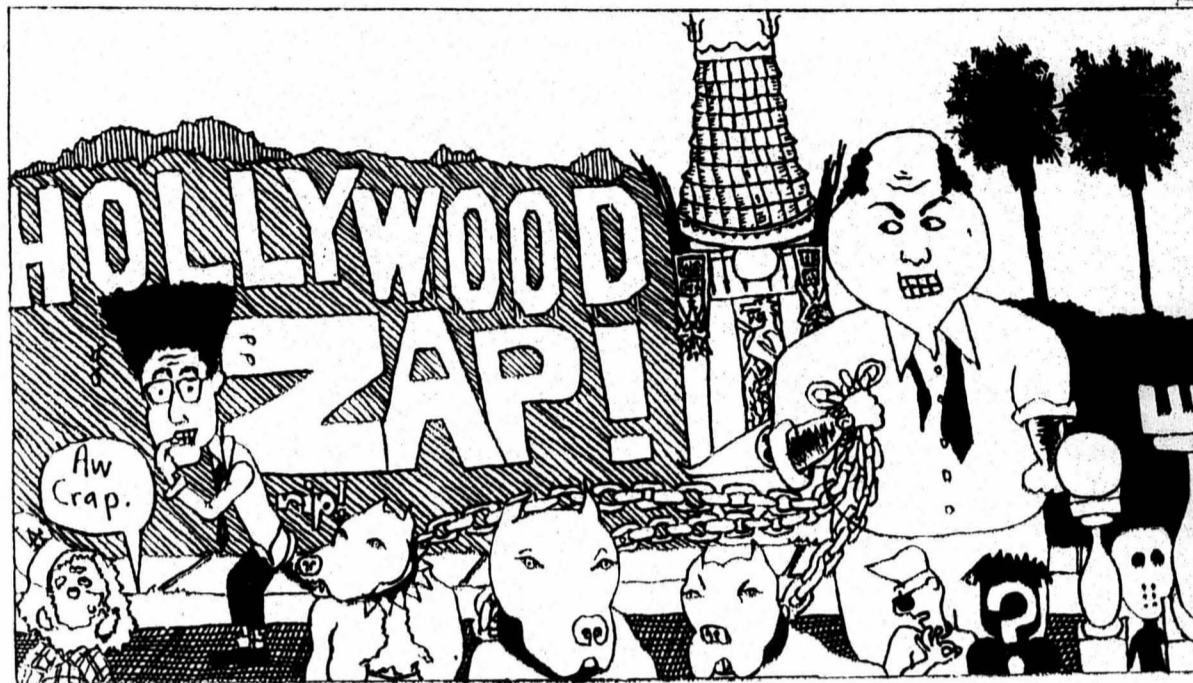
MOST over **84%**
EVERGREEN

students have

0-1-2-3
OR
at most 4
drinks

when they party

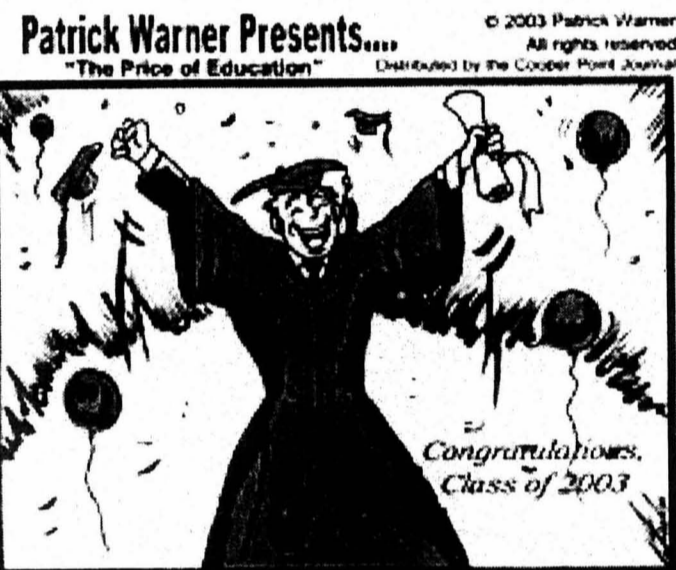
Hard to believe? A representative sample of Evergreen Students (660 people in 2001 - 2002) told us they typically drink 0, 1, 2, 3 or at the most 4 drinks on a given weekend evening. Funded by the National Institutes of Health/NIAAA and the Department of Education.



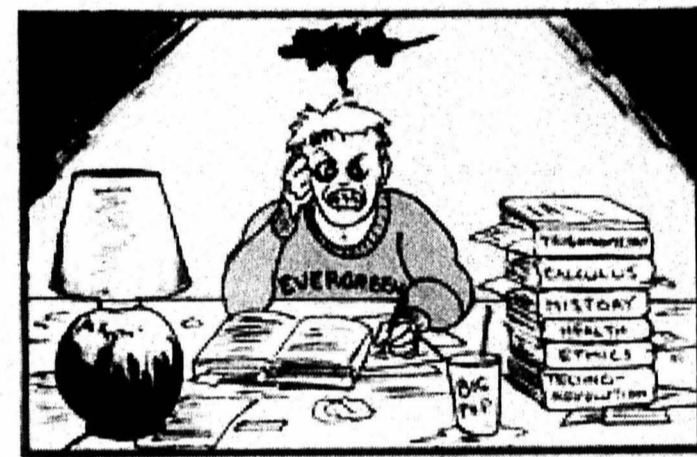
Don't miss the startling conclusion this fall.



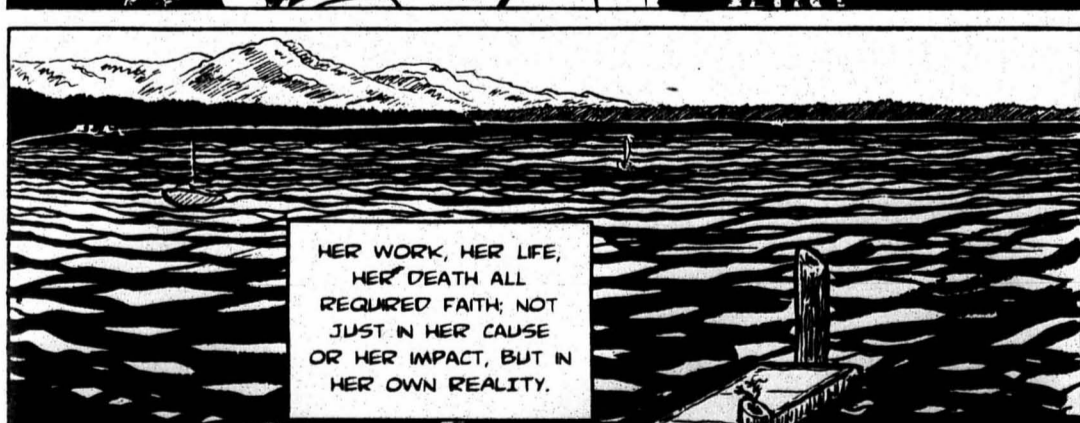
"Don't worry, she more than makes up with a great personality."



After twelve grueling years of public education, you've finally graduated.



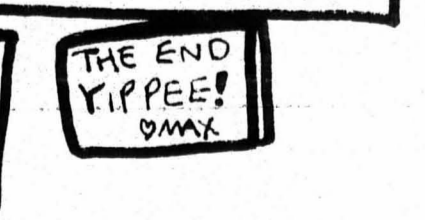
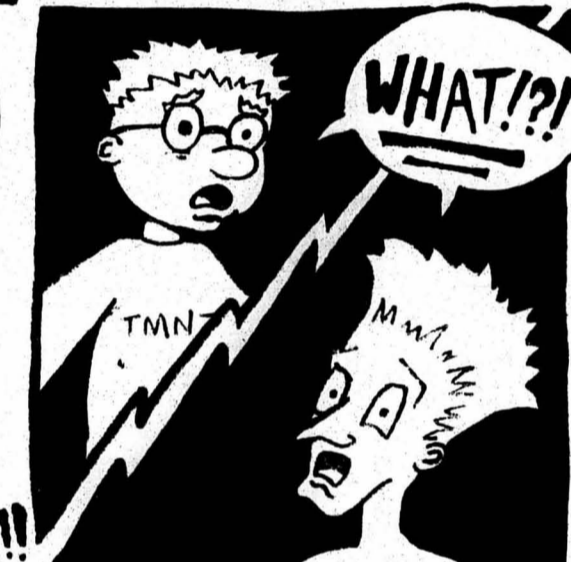
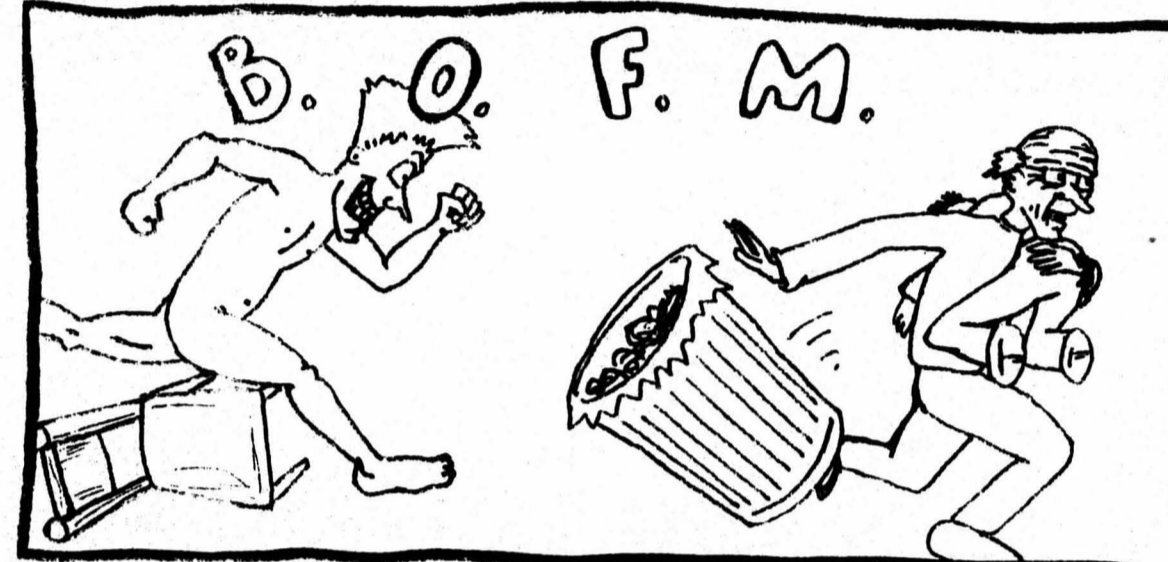
BUT... To get that dream career that you've always wanted, you are required to go to school for another two to eight years.



An Artist's Review: Hanuman, A-Kamp, One-Eyed Spectacle @ Capitol Theatre 5/30



by: Greg Page juju_headache@hotmail



p. 20: "Hollywood Zap!" - Jonathan Clark | "Athenine" - P. Nathan Smith | "The Price of Education" - Patrick Warner | "Spoon Curls" - Sara Spink | "shahid" - Jon-Mikel Gates | p. 21: "An Artist's Review" - Greg Page | "A.K.A.M.P." - Max Averill

The Adventures of Super Jorge

IT ALL STARTED WHEN JORGE, A SIMPLE STUFFED DOG WAS BITTEN BY A RADIOACTIVE, GAMMA-INFUSED FLEA...

THIS WEEK IN ROOM C...
JORGE, IT'S ME!
JESUS!

BOBBLE-HEAD ASH HAS GONE CRAZY! HE'S TRYING TO ROB THE BANK!

MEANWHILE...
NO, YOU WON'T LIKE ME WHEN I'M ANGRY... NOW COME GET SOME!

WILL JORGE MAKE IT IN TIME TO SAVE OUR HEROIC GREEN GUARD AND ALL THAT PRECIOUS LAUNDRY MONEY?
YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL NEXT TIME IN THE CONTINUING ADVENTURES OF... SUPER JORGE!
© © BY ELICIA SANCHEZ



CURTIS RETHERFORD

THE WEEKLY Mildly Entertaining ADVENTURE!

BY THE JOVIAN MOONS! NOW, AT LAST, WE CAN FLY HOME!
NOT SO FAST, BRASH! WE SIGHT ORIFICES AND TELLING ME SOMETHING!
DRAW YOUR ZILCH ZAPPER SQUAD, I THINK IT'S DANGEROUS AND I WOULD ALSO LIKE TO PLAY DEVIL'S ADVOCATE, AND ASK IF THAT'S REALLY HUMAN NATURE?

BUT WHAT OF RELIGION??
PLASTER MY HEAVY LIGHT METER IS GOING CUCROO!
THE NEEDLE'S JUMPING AROUND LIKE AN ALPHI-CENTAURIAN TRAPPED IN A REP-FORCE CAGE! HEY, WHAT IF WE DIALOGUE ON THIS?
THIS ALL REMINDS ME OF A LONG, BORING, AND UNAPPLICABLE STORY FROM MY CHILDHOOD.
EEEZ THARATT NAY CHURR OR NERRR(HER)?

IS THIS ACTION ETHICAL, LT. BRASH? WHAT IS ETHICAL? WHO DEFINES OUR MORAL CONSTRUCTS?
LOOK, THERE HE IS!!
REBEL MII!

blah blah, blah blah, very blah, agree blah blah no blah blah...
I've got to stop falling asleep in seminar.

Suburban Peasants Comic Presents: Special Graduation Moments by A Loser

Oh Honey, We are all so proud of you and all your very hard work. This is the first day of a great new life for you. Just do not forget about us all at when you start your first big job.
With my degree in combined applied physics and modern dance, the world is my oyster!
At last, after four years of angst and longing looks I can make my move!
Chris, it's time I confessed something to you. I am really an agent for the FBI here to provoke students into illegal activities.
Um... I have a little confession to make too. I work for the Dept. of Homeland Security and I have been creating records of porn downloads to stop terrorism or ruin future careers in politics; whatever comes first?

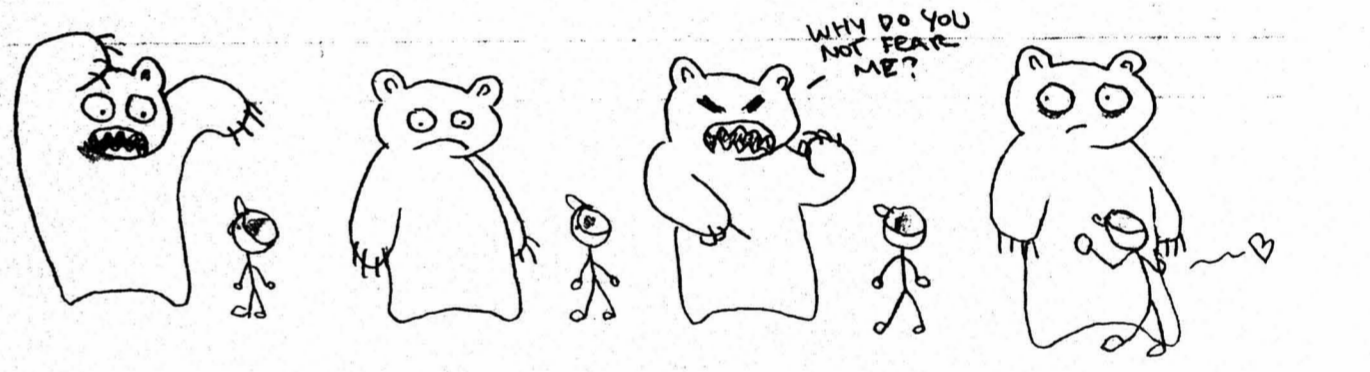
HELLO REAL WORLD! I am here, I am idealistic, I have politically correct communication skills, and I want to change things! I will build cars that run on disposable baby diapers. I will make old growth trees grow out of saplings. I will tie myself to endangered whales to protect them from tuna nets. Look out! Here I come!
There once were three Evergreen Coeds, who let debauchery lead where it lead. By the end of the term, the kitchen had burned, the dishes were moldy, and their pet fish Francis was dead. Yet they partied on until Week 9 it was said and then crammed 'till nearly half-dead.
Remember if the real world gets you down and life is just a drag, you can always come back and learn what you missed the first time around. Don't sell out for a bunch of media based images of success! Be yourself! Good Luck Greener Grad!
BUY DUFF! BUSH DOES!
USA!
Good Luck Kid! (This one's going down...)
Submit Liberal Indebts

SORRY BUT THEN WHY DO YOU GO AROUND CALLING YOURSELF "CANDY"?
I SHUDDER TO THINK WHAT YOU MUST DO TO PEOPLE NAMED JOHN

HONEY WHERE IS THE IUD
HAHA - ROOSTER



The people call him the Scorpion, on account of his rocking you like a hurricane.



p. 22
"The adventures of Super Jorge" - Elicia Sanchez | "There's always a bigger fish" - Sara Spink | "The Weekly Mildly Entertaining Adventure Tale" - Curtis Retherford (a rerun from last year, but I thought I'd end with a bang) |
p. 23
"Special Graduation Moments" - Amy Loskota | "J.C." - Brian Walter | "Rooster" - Brian Walter | "Athenine" - P. Nathan Smith | "Fear Me" - Sara Spink | "Music to say goodbye to" - transcribed by Curtis Retherford |

Thank you to everyone who has contributed to or read the comics. Even those who had their comics rejected, or their most personal values mocked...them most of all... Or least. I forget.

