

THE EVERGREEN STATE COLLEGE PRESENTS

An Evening With



Margaret Cho

7:30 PM at the

Evergreen State College

in the

College Recreation Center (CRC)

Thursday, May 13th

TESC Students w/ID \$8 adv. \$10 at door

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General Admission \$15 adv. \$20 at door

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MATURE CONTENT

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◆ TRIBUTE TO SIMEON, PAGE 3 ◆ RUMSFELD ACCOUNTABLE, PAGE 4 ◆ BASEBALL WRAPUP, PAGE 12 ◆

Cooper Point Journal

a weekly compilation of student work

volume 32 • issue 26 • may 13, 2004

VOX populi

by Jordan Lyons and Connor Moran

How has the war in Iraq affected you?

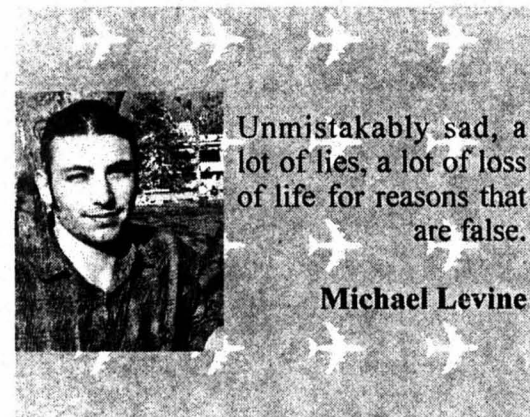


It's made me cry.

Dana Clark
Senior
Independent Contract

Made me more conscious of what's going on. Made me realize how bad mass media is.

Riley Morrison
Junior
Evil

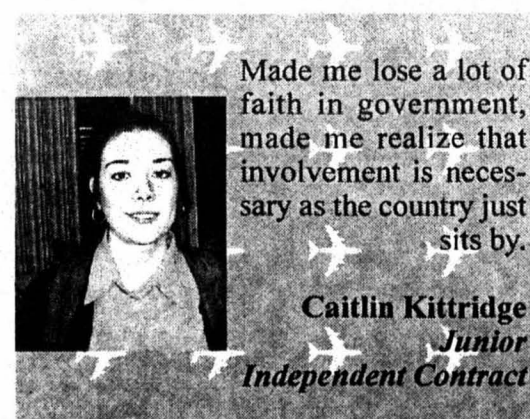


Unmistakably sad, a lot of lies, a lot of loss of life for reasons that are false.

Michael Levine

Personally, it hasn't. Except the gas prices, I guess.

Mike Witte
Junior
Chemistry and German



Made me lose a lot of faith in government, made me realize that involvement is necessary as the country just sits by.

Caitlin Kittridge
Junior
Independent Contract

TOP TRAWLS FOR TRANSFERS



Ben Martchek, of Evergreen's The Outdoor Program (TOP), at Wednesday's Student Activity Fair.

Polynesian Luau

by Nadine Kulberg

Are you planning to be at this year's Polynesian Luau? Come have fun and learn about some aspects of Polynesian culture.

Nowadays, what can you get for seven or eight dollars? A supersized McDonalds extra value meal, a tattered used book, or... a lei and an authentic Polynesian dinner followed by an exhibition of Polynesian dancing. That's right, if you're an Evergreen student, staff, or faculty, seven or eight dollars is all it'll cost for a ticket to the Polynesian Luau Saturday, May 15.

Guests will be welcomed to Library 4300 and seated at tables adorned with fresh ti leaves and other greenery. The smell of roasted pork and other Polynesian dishes will waft through the air begging to be sampled. A live band that includes Assistant Director of Admissions Eddie Maiava, Jr., will play sweet island music

as attendees partake of the feast.

Once your belly is full, you will be able to sit back and observe Evergreen students as well as the Polynesian Youth Group perform dances from Fiji, Tonga, Aotearoa (New Zealand), Samoa, and Tahiti. Some audience members will become part of the act when the members of then Polynesian Youth Group pull them up and show them how to shake their hips like the Tahitians do.

The goal of this event is to educate the Evergreen community about the Polynesian culture and allow them to experience the spirit of Aloha. Hui 'O Hawaii (the Hawaii Club), First Peoples' Advising Services, Housing, and the S&A Board helped make this event possible. A special thanks goes out to all the volunteers who will help prepare and serve food, set up tables, and decorate. Thanks

to the Evergreen students for being open to learning the dances and performing them like professionals. To the Polynesian Youth Group, Fa'afetai Tele Lava! Raquel, Holly and especially my fellow peer support staff, for the countless hours Mahlo Nui Loa.

We hope to see you at the

2004 Polynesian Luau!

Saturday, May 15 at 5 p.m. in Library 4300.

Dinner will be served from 5:30-6:15. Tickets are available at the bookstore: \$5 for children under 10; \$7 for students in Housing; \$8 for students, staff, and faculty; \$10 for the community.

For more information, contact Nadine at 867.6284.

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Olympia, WA 98505

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Eric King. I would like to invite you and anyone else to go to a conference this weekend, May 14 and 15: **Chaos to Community: Strategies for Social and Economic Justice**. It takes place at the First United Methodist Church, 423 MLK Jr. Way, Tacoma. For more information, contact The Evergreen State College Labor and Education Research Center at 867.6526. Let's communicate, if you'd like. I want to learn more. Mary@riseup.net.

~Mary DiMatteo



The program Foundations of Performing Arts presents "An Evening of Ten-Minute Plays: Easier than Ibsen, Shorter than O'Neill," tonight through Saturday, May 15 at the Experimental Theater. Admission is free, and shows start at 7 p.m. sharp.

For more information, contact Sandie Nisbet at 867.6089, Rose Jang at 867.6705 or the box office at 867.6833, or email: boxoffice@evergreen.edu.



Food Service Information Session

There will be an all-campus meeting Thursday, May 13 in Seminar II, Room A1105, to provide information about the current status of food services at Evergreen and give community members an opportunity to make comments and ask questions. The status of the Food Services Request for Proposals and the current work of the Food Services Development Committee will be discussed.

In addition, Students Organizing for Food Autonomy will present ideas on how to create a long-range sustainable food service operation at the college.

Tomorrow, the Willi Unsoeld Seminar presents Jerry Franklin and his lecture "Effects of Globalization of the Wood Products Industry on Forests and Forestry in North America: The Scarcely Glimpsed 600 lb. Gorilla."

A reception will be held an hour prior to the 7 p.m. presentation. Both events will take place in the Longhouse.

Dr. Franklin is a professor at the University of Washington's College of Forest Resources. He played a major role in the development of the Northwest Forest Plan as a member of the congressionally chartered Gang of Four and the Forest Ecosystem Management Assessment Team.

For more information about the presentation or the Unsoeld Seminar, contact Jeannie Chandler at 867.6402 or email chandlej@evergreen.edu.

Greg's Finds

Spring Fling '04 will be held tomorrow at the University of Washington. Performing acts will include De la Soul, Ozomatli, and Home Grown. Also appearing will be the Massive Monkeys' break-dancing crew, Vitamin D, and DV One. Wordsayer from Source of Labor is hosting the event, and there will be a special performance by the winner of the UW band showdown. The show starts at 6 p.m. at Hec Ed Pavillion (first time a concert's been held there since the Scorpions in 1979!). Tickets cost \$12 for UW students and \$16 for the general public.

~Greg Fiennes

Nominations are now being accepted for Fall 2004 Geoduck Guides. Students must be returning students who are in good academic standing, personable, enthusiastic, and interested in helping new students learn about the college. In addition, the students must be able to attend Guide orientation June 7 and training September 17 and be willing to work during orientation week. Guides will receive \$7.50 per hour.

To nominate a student, please submit the following to Tom Mercado by June 2: the student's name, mailing address, email, phone number, class standing, response to "What characteristics about this person would make her or him a good Geoduck guide?" and your name.

For more information, contact Mercado at mercadot@evergreen.edu.



Sustainability Lecture Series

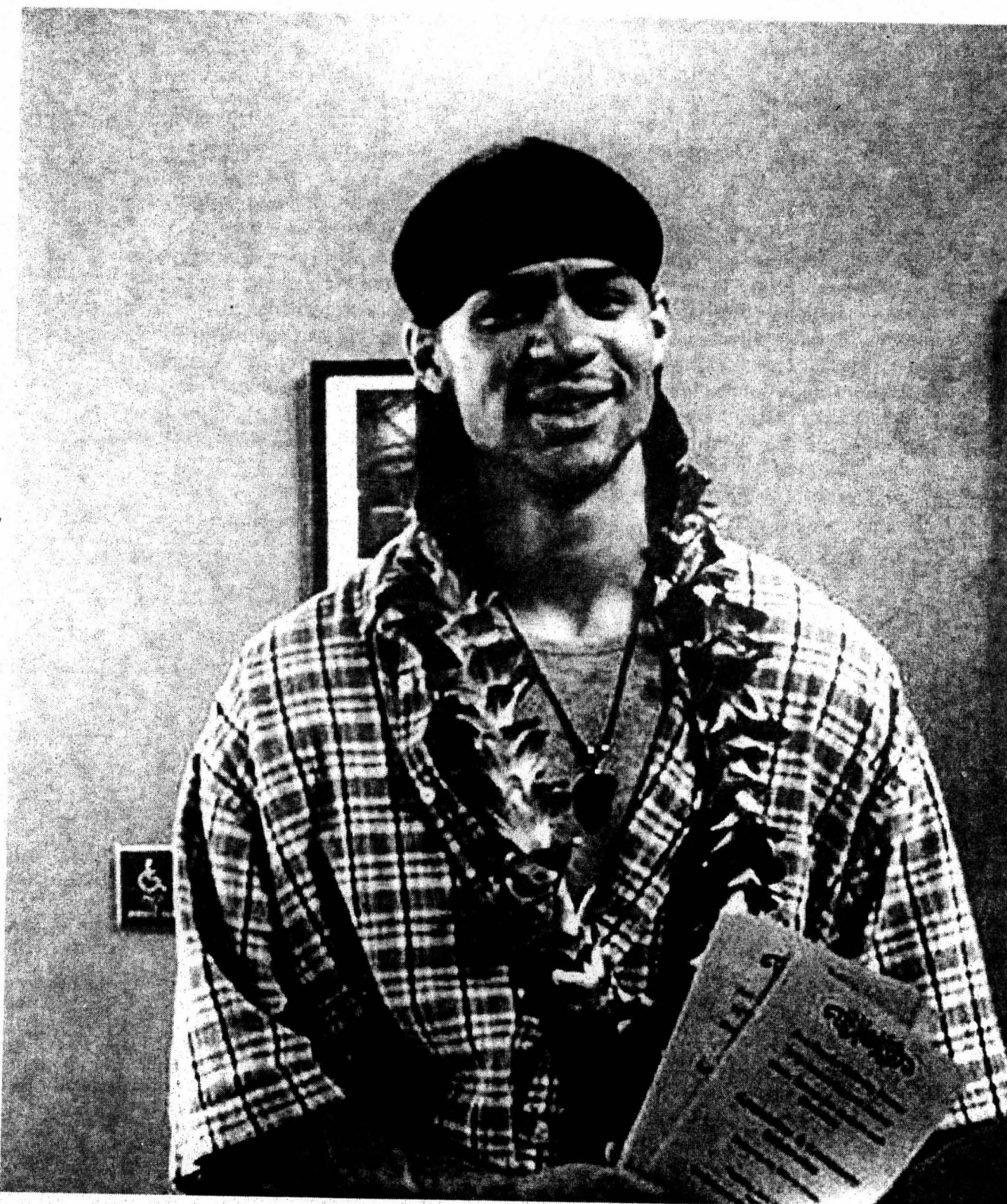
Tuesday evenings, 7-8:30 p.m.
Sem II B1105

The Sustainability Lecture Series continues next week on May 18 with Tim Nuse's "Corporate Sustainability." Nuse is the Coordinator of the Corporate Social Responsibility team for the Starbucks Corporation. His programs include measuring and reducing Starbucks' environmental footprint, greenhouse gas emissions inventory and the implementation of the preferred supplier program.

Activist training by Seattle Word Collective

Sunday, May 23 from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. To register, contact the Evergreen Political Information Center at 867.6144.

Simeon Daniel Terry



Gone, but not forgotten.
Happy Birthday, Simeon Daniel Terry.
(1980-2003)



General Meeting

5 p.m. Monday

Help decide such things as the Vox Populi question, what the cover photo should be, and what should be in the next issue of the CPJ.

Paper Critique

12:30 p.m. Friday

Comment on that day's paper. Air comments, concerns, questions, etc. Also known as the "Post Mortem."

Friday Forum

3 p.m. Friday

Come in and put your values to the test! Discuss ethics and journalism law.

the CPJ

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Rumsfeld Must Be Held Accountable for Iraqi Torture

by Claire Harlock

Recent abuses of Iraqi prisoners under U.S. supervision are acts of terrorism. Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld apologized for failing to inform Congress or President Bush prior to CBS's disclosure of explicit photographs of Iraqi torture last week. Although the Defense Department admitted it was conducting investigations into prisoner abuses in January 2004, the impact of photographs of Iraqi prisoners posing in stimulated sexual positions and under electric torture has prompted calls for Rumsfeld's resignation.

According to various media sources, the Abu Ghraib prison (where most of the documented abuse took place) was under the supervision of Military Intelligence, who encouraged soldiers to soften up prisoners for interrogation. National Public Radio reported relatives of accused soldiers claiming that loved ones were "just following orders," a sentiment echoing the Nazi war crimes. These facts would imply an authoritative, systemic interrogation process involving torture to extract information.

In Congressional hearings last week Rumsfeld warned of new evidence of photographic and videotaped torture and accepted "full responsibility" for the mistreatment. Despite this, he dismissed the idea of resignation and enjoys George II's support to remain in the Bush cabinet.

The Bush Administration and its incompetent wartime machine—includ-

ing cuts for military salaries, massive communication failures, and the use of (legally unaccountable) private contractors for interrogation purposes—deserves to be held accountable for these acts. Attempts by the military to conceal evidence from the press, after requesting CBS to delay the release by two weeks, display further government secrecy and cowardice in discussing the abuse. Rumsfeld, as a major architect of the most recent Iraq War, is responsible for systemic war crimes and should be held accountable. If he will not resign and acknowledge his lack of "effective[ness]," he should be impeached.

The following information is taken from a recently declassified U.S. military report that was leaked to the New Yorker last week. Behold the routine and taxpayer-funded horror.

Article 15-6, Investigation of the 800th Military Police Brigade, downloadable from <http://www.npr.org/iraq/>; "Iraq Abuse Report," found: "[T]he intentional abuse of detainees by military police personnel included the following acts: punching, slapping, and kicking detainees; jumping on their naked feet; videotaping and photographing naked male and female detainees; forcibly arranging detainees in various sexually explicit positions for photographing; forcing detainees to remove their clothing and keeping them naked for several days at a time; forcing naked

male detainees to wear women's underwear; forcing groups of male detainees to masturbate themselves while being photographed and videotaped; arranging naked male detainees in a pile and then jumping on them; positioning a naked detainee on a MRE Box, with a sandbag on his head, and attaching wires to his fingers, toes, and penis to simulate electric torture; writing 'I am a Rapist' (*sic*) on the leg of a detainee alleged to have forcibly raped a 15-year old fellow detainee, and then photographing him naked; placing a dog chain or strap around a naked detainee's neck and having a female soldier pose with him for a picture; a male MP guard having sex with a female detainee; using military working dogs (without muzzles) to intimidate and frighten detainees, and in at least one case biting and severely injuring a detainee; taking photographs of dead Iraqi detainees... breaking chemical lights and pouring the phosphoric liquid on detainees; threatening detainees with a loaded 9 mm pistol; pouring cold water on naked detainees; beating detainees with a broom handle and a chair; threatening male detainees with rape; allowing a military police guard to stitch the wound of a detainee who was injured after being slammed against the wall in his cell; sodomizing a detainee with a chemical light and perhaps a broom stick..."

CORRECTIONS

Whoops... in our last issue, your friendly copy editors let an easily verifiable factual error through to print. In his article, "White Disassociation, Continued," Eric King wrote that the passing of Greener Simeon Terry "was not even on the front page of the CPJ..." This is not true: Our November 6 issue's cover page leads with the headline, "Evergreen student killed in auto accident," and a small article by Katie Thurman. We should have caught this early on, in time to inform Mr. King of his misstatement and give him ample time to rewrite a sentence or two.

We regret the error!

—Rob and Mitch

Polynesian Luau

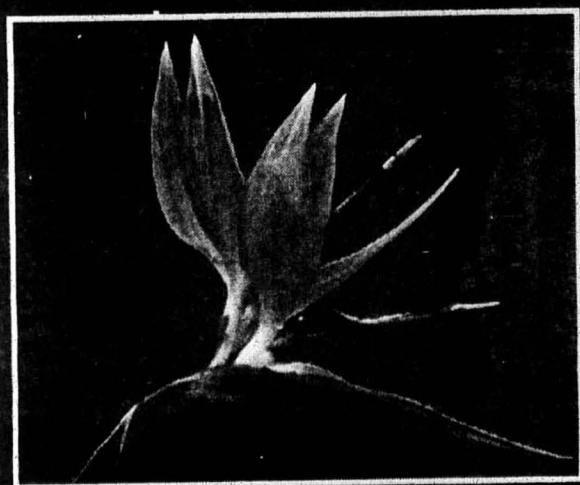


Join us for a special evening as we celebrate the Polynesian culture.

Saturday, May 15, 2004, 5-8 p.m.

Library 4300 at The Evergreen State College

Tickets can be purchased at the TESC bookstore. (Limited number of tickets available.)



Ticket prices for Dinner & Show: \$5 for Children under 10, \$7 for Housing Students, \$8 for Students, Staff & Faculty, and \$10 for the Community.

For more information, call First People's Advising Services at 867-6467.



Amy Goodman Returns



by Sarita Role

Last Thursday I had the good fortune to catch Amy Goodman, host of *Democracy Now!*, and her brother, acclaimed journalist David Goodman, on their book tour stop at the University of Washington.

The event commenced with a screening of scenes from *The Indymedia War and Peace Trilogy DVD*, part one of which is *Independent Media in a Time of War*, a video-documentary "composed of a speech delivered by Amy Goodman, illustrated by clips of mainstream media juxtaposed with rare footage from independent reporters in Iraq" (Hudson Mohawk, 2004). Following the film trailer, David Goodman read from *The Exception to the Rule: Exposing Oily Politicians, War Profiteers, and the Media That Love Them*. David shared lighter parts of the book, like excerpts from a chapter called "In Bed With the Military," which intimated, as its title suggests, that relationships between the military and embedded journalists in Iraq have been a little too close for comfort. Quoting Gordon Dillow of *The Orlando Country Register*, David read, in a voice that bordered on comical, "...I found myself doing what journalists are warned from J-school not to do: I found myself falling in love with my subject. I fell in love with 'my' marines." After reading a few more funny sections—funny in that dark-humor sense of the word—David introduced "my sister, one of my heroes, and host of *Democracy Now!*, Amy Goodman..."

Amy Goodman approached the microphone amidst a standing ovation. Wearing a bashful yet reverent expression, Amy motioned to the elated audience to sit

down. As the buzz subsided, she began to explain in her calm, stern tone, the seriousness of our times—not just for independent media—for all people. Amy then addressed "the silence in the mainstream media around the issues—and the people—that matter most," insisting that the issues ignored by the mainstream media are "the most important issues of the millennium: war and peace, life and death."

To illustrate just how unbalanced coverage has become, Amy cited a study conducted by the media watch group Fairness and Accuracy in Reporting (FAIR). The study examined the pro/anti-war stance of "the 'experts' who appeared ... on the major network news shows during the critical week before and after Secretary of State Collin Powell made his case to the UN Security Council for invading Iraq. Only 3 of 393 experts—fewer than 1 percent—were affiliated with antiwar activism." Pointing out that at that time "61 percent of Americans supported more time for diplomacy and inspections," Amy wondered aloud what kind of media are shaping "they way the whole world views us and we view each other."

Using a mix of humor and hard-core investigative reporting, the Goodmans answer this and other important questions in *The Exception to the Rule*. Wondering what about record-breaking concentration and the "sanitized" news coverage it begets is laughable? Start with Chapter 15: "Things Get Messy With Sally Jesse." Amy had the UW howling with laughter as she recalled her experience as a guest

on "The Sally Jesse Raphael Show." Need inspiration? Start with the concluding chapter: "Free the Media." Don't think you have time in your schedule to read the book? Consider this:

I caught up with Amy following her talk and asked if she would answer a few questions for a CPJ review. She smiled graciously and replied, "Of course—wait here, I'll be right back." She returned, nibbling on a lump of cake she cupped in her hand—she'd been so busy answering questions she'd skipped lunch. Following her into the foyer, I scanned the questions I'd scribbled down. I told her I'd try to ask a question she hadn't already answered in another interview. She nodded enthusiastically and kept eating her cake. I decided to ask her how she would characterize the relationship between public institutions of higher learning and Independent media today, hoping she might shed light on what TESC students or administrators might do to support media reform.

When Amy reacted with a blank stare, I realized I should've prefaced the question with the fact that "the single most important opponent to commercial broadcasting in the 1930s came from the ranks of education." (Note: "It was between 1929 and 1935 that the basic institutions and regulatory and business practices were established, not only for radio, but also for television when it would be developed in the 1940s and 1950s" [McChesney, 1999]). In any event, Amy did a fabulous job answering my fabulously vague question. She responded, "We have to preserve all of the public spaces. They can be places

where people learn to critically think at their best ... and they could be privatized. ... Independent thinking leads to independent media. The reverse is also true: independent media leads to independent thinking."

As you may well know, the fifth of the six "Expectations of an Evergreen Graduate" is that he or she "demonstrate[s] integrated, independent, critical thinking." Whether or not we meet this expectation by the time we graduate is another question, deserving of its own article. However, the thought I want to leave you with is that when it comes to developing critical, independent faculties, more than your individual success may be at stake. As members of the "intellectual class" of the "greatest superpower on Earth," our ability to read between the lines and make sense of what we find there means life or death for people whose lives are directly and indirectly governed by U.S. policy. We owe it to everyone on the planet to make the most of our time here in Academia.

After all, as the Goodmans note, "the true power of this country does not lie in its military, government, or corporations. It lies with individual people struggling every day to better their communities."

For more information on independent media, check out <http://www.DemocracyNow.org/>; listen to *Democracy Now!* on Evergreen's radio station KAOS (at 89.3 FM) weekdays at 9 a.m.; or pick up a copy of *The Exception to the Rule* at any independently owned bookstore near you!

Advice, the Future, Etc.

by Joe Jatchko

Disclaimer: In the case that it is not overwhelmingly obvious, I indeed know very little more about astrology than the names of the signs, and I even had to look up most of those.

ARIES: You will be cast as host of new dating show entitled *One Blonde, One Brunette, Both Slutty*.

TAURUS: Who would have thought that you and Matt Damon would have such an ugly baby?

GEMINI: You're not going to let Mr. big, fancy Ph.D tell you that you need triple-bypass surgery, are you?

CANCER: Near-death experience gives you new perspective on life, reason to review food-processor operating instructions.

LEO: I agree, adultery *is* such a nasty word for it.

VIRGO: The search for love is a lot like shopping at Target: You know nine times out of ten that what you get isn't going to last, but you buy it anyway. Then it's just a matter of riding it out until the battery compartment falls off.

LIBRA: Your death will be much like your life, in that a large part of it will have to do with your hobby of dismantling World War II-era land mines.

SCORPIO: Told you that Howard Dean was no George McGovern.

SAGITTARIUS: Tough break for your fantasy basketball squad this year, but don't worry, next season your faithful Milwaukee Sudd-Chuggers will go all the way!

CAPRICORN: Don't beat yourself up over your high-carb intake this week; those girl scouts are really convincing little salespeople.

AQUARIUS: Apparently, the Yankees have somehow worked out a deal to trade your wife and children to the Chicago Cubs in return for Sammy Sosa and a player to be named later.

PISCES: Ironically, your online boyfriend will end your relationship via fax machine.

A WING AND SOME BONES: Concert Reviews Continued (Kool Keith, April 8 at NEUMO'S)

by Rev. Christopher Altenburg

My friend Sean met up with Leslie and me at my mom's house in Kent and we headed up to Capitol Hill for the Kool Keith show at Neumo's. I got to a park that I usually park at and some asshole in a Lincoln pulled some really shady shit to jack my spot. Sean wanted to fuck his car up but opted to spit on the window. I immediately realized where we were and thought that it would be a good idea to get some gay pride stickers for this reckless "tough guy" and his new Lincoln. Here's where my obsession with buying records was my downfall. I got so caught up in a record store that I never tagged the car. Fuck it, I got the first Prince album for fifty cents.

Neumo's is on 10th and Pike, and it's a good thing that I bothered to find that out because there was no sign on the place. There was also no re-entry so we decided to hit up another record store called Zion's Gate. Everything was taxed but I was able to find a copy of *Weasels Ripped My Flesh* by the Mothers of Invention for \$5. The opening groups were nothing to write home about unless you're writing to warn people not to waste their scull. The bar was pretty shitty too, and the no re-entry thing was fucked up.

Keith was scheduled for 10:45 and was an hour late. Jacky Jasper flaked all together. Keith's DJ worked to chill the anxious crowd out and was fronting like his name was Dennis Martinez. "I'm a black man that speaks Spanish," he said, but later I heard Keith call him Derrick or something. He threw a shirt into the crowd

and I caught it. Some girl turns to me seconds later and says, "You just socked me in the face." I offer her the shirt and she tells me that she doesn't want it. She repeats that I hit her, and I apologize again. After I apologize about three or four times to a broken record, I blow it off. I'm glad that she was so bitchy about it, because I sincerely felt bad at first and then I suddenly just didn't have to.

Keith came out talking shit about every rapper except him, calling them all amateurs. He was even talking shit about the openers. There was a white man in a suit like the one Dan the Automator has on the *Loveage* album cover. He just kicked it on stage, rolling and smoking spliffs. Keith even busted on him. He called him the George Steinbrenner of rap and mentioned that he makes a lot of money, specifically off of him. After talking so much noise, however, his first freestyle or two was pretty horrible. I've seen better shit at the Rang Dong. Finally he came to his senses and kicked into "Blue Flowers" off *Dr. Octogonacologist*. The show really took off from that point on. He did old-school shit from the Ultramagnetic MCs days as well as tracks off *Dr. Doom* and *Sex Styles*. He was funny and talked a lot of shit throughout the set. He complained about sound systems at clubs across the country, naming a few specifically. Then talked shit about Neumo's itself. He offered to throw his sneakers out for a minute and then said that he knew that someone would just go sell them on Ebay. "A pair of Kool Keith sneaks," he said.

"You could probably get like five Gs." A bunch of girls were brought up on stage to dance. Some got freakier than others and some kept their parts in better than others. The guy in the suit left with one of the girls and returned a little while later with a platter full of Ziplock baggies. Each one had a piece of fried chicken in it and they passed them around to the crowd.

At one point, I looked up front to see where Sean was standing. He was waving my Zappa record towards the stage. Keith came over and asked to see it. He pointed out that the man on the jacket looked dead-on like his manager in the suit and then held it up to his face. Then he said, "I'm gonna play this." The DJ threw it on to a louny Mother's song instead of one of the cracked-out noisier tracks. "This is kinda hot," Keith said. "This is what Bob Hope listens to when he golfs." Sean kept telling him to do shit. "This guy wants me to rap over it." Keith laughed. He started to rap, but it fell apart fast. "This is all you. If you make this make it work, I'll follow you." Sean wanted the mic, and Keith was contemplating giving it to him, but instead he chose to rap about Sean's mom while pointing at him.

Kool Keith told everybody that he would be signing shit and encouraged them to buy merchandise. Some of us waited, and he ending up never coming. Fuck him. I got my record back, a free shirt, and I even got to punch some girl. It was a solid night.

Race

by Rick Anderson

race engines for a checkered flag

race relations is a checkered flag

race ignation a cross cutting glare

race is a realization

5/10/04

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MAY ALL BEINGS BE HAPPY. MAY ALL BEINGS BE FREE

Hamlet Brought to Life

by Kylin Larson

The famous ponderance, "To be or not to be," brought a tangible hush to an already rapt audience. When I attended this play on Friday evening, May 9, Andrew Heffernan, starring as Hamlet, spoke the famous lines sitting on the edge of the stage, gazing into and through the audience with a passionate intensity. It was interesting to hear how many phrases from *Hamlet* have been incorporated into our modern language, such as "Sweets for my sweet," "Method to my madness," and of course the ever popular and infamous "There's something wrong in the state of Denmark" and "Get thee to a nunnery!"

Speaking of the "Get thee to a nunnery!" scene, there was a heart-stopping fight between Hamlet and Ophelia. It is clear why there was a fight director. There was also a climactic sword and dagger fight between Hamlet and Laertes. It was very well choreographed, but as a viewer I could sense the slight but deliberate pauses when one waited for the other to make his next move.

The stage was modernly stark, with no scenery except for two staircases rising to a pillared platform. The lighting designer, Brian Rink, is a master at creating mood by use and placement of colored light. He transformed a bare stage into a midnight castle battlement, a desolate ocean beach, an intimate bedroom and a throne room with lighting and sound effects. Sound effects like crickets chirping and cannons thundering fit in naturally with the modern, almost techno-sounding music.

The costumes throughout the performance were very eclectic. The famous comic relief characters of Rosencrantz and

Guiltenstern were dressed in Shakespeare period clothing; Gertrude (the queen) and Ophelia were dressed in modern, fancy evening dress; Claudius and Polonius were dressed in modern military uniforms complete with medals, ribbons and sleek black boots. Trench coats were a common item for the men to wear.

The use of makeup to illustrate Hamlet's descent into madness was superb. Once he donned the makeup during the play-within-a-play scene, he kept the makeup on throughout the rest of the play. Makeup and costume were used in similar way with Ophelia. Co-starring with Andrew Heffernan is Janet Haley in the beautifully acted role of Ophelia. Her true magnificence appeared in the second half of the play, in her portrayal of Ophelia's soul-wrenching loss and heartbreak, resulting in her suicide by drowning.

The entire scene with the gravedigger, played by David Wright, was chillingly portrayed. The lighting, combined with the music and haunting singing, illuminated a gothic and corporeal grief.

All the players were highly successful in bringing Shakespeare's poetry to life. Reading the play or watching the movie absolutely pales in comparison to seeing it in live theatre, where humanity in its full expression thrives.

The play *Hamlet*, by William Shakespeare, is performed by Harlequin Productions and is running at the State Theatre at 202 4th Ave. East in downtown Olympia from May 6 to May 29. The phone number for the theatre is 360.786.0051. Tickets range in price from \$19 to \$28.

Music! Music! Music!

Part 1 I: The Sonics

by Talia M. Wilson

The Wailers. The Galaxies. The Frantics. The Ventures. The Bards. The who? you might ask. (Sorry, wrong continent.)

OK, how about The Sonics? No, not the basketball team, but the music group. Nope? Nothing? Well, The Sonics and the rest of the groups listed above were all Washington groups during the early to mid-1960s, back when region defined musical styles and before The Beatles' arrival had changed everything.

The Sonics were rooted in Tacoma and quickly developed a following from the Canadian border to Eugene and over to Spokane, thanks to their heavy guitar sound, somewhat unusual back then but commonplace now.

Influenced by The Wailers, The Galaxies and The Ventures' *Walk, Don't Run* album, The Sonics released their first single "The Witch," backed with "Psycho," which would be later released as an A-side. Those cuts were followed by their second hit, "The Hustler." Their debut album *Here Are The Sonics* was released in 1965 on The Wailers' label Etiquette, and that Christmas, their cynical "Don't Believe in Christmas" was featured on Etiquette's *Merry Christmas*.

The Sonics' sophomore release *Boom* featured more original, heavy-guitar tracks and likely their most-popular single "Don't Be Afraid of the Dark" as well as covers of songs they admired, including "Louie Louie," which was first recorded by The Wailers prior to The Kingsmen's hit single release.

Bass player Andy Parypa made no bones about his preference: "Of course, The Wailers' 'Louie Louie' was the ultimate," he recalled in 1999. "The Kingsmen version was a direct copy but it was so inept that it was incredible to me that it got to be such a hit. The Wailers' version should have been the one. Some of us, I guess, felt some contempt for the Kingsmen because of their crummy version of 'Louie Louie.'

but then again it sold zillions of copies, so who's to say?"

Parypa may feel The Wailers' version is superior, but with its heavy riffs and ability to actually enunciate the lyrics (The Wailers was mainly an instrumental group, and we all know The Kingsmen can't sing), The Sonics' version is THE ONE.

And if wasn't for the fans, The Sonics likely would have remained just another garage band trying to make the big time. Fan support got the attention of Seattle disc jockey Pat O'Day (of KJR fame), who also had a hand in promoting many of the dances around the Pacific Northwest. The Sonics soon found themselves opening for the likes of Jan & Dean, The Righteous Brothers, The Kinks, Johnny Rivers, The Lovin' Spoonful, and The Beach Boys as well as performing at a number of dances along with their mentors The Wailers.

In addition, the group changed labels, from Etiquette to Jerden and its subsidiary Picadilly, which also showcased Moses Lake's own The Bards. Their third album, *Introducing the Sonics*, was released in late 1966 and featured the single "You've Got Your Head on Backwards." About a year later, the group released a cover of Frank Zappa's "Anyways the Wind Blows." But the fun was starting to wear off.

Jerden attempted to create a "show-band" out of The Sonics by having them back girl-group The Shangri-Las, which, the band would later reflect, was a mistake, as the two groups' varying musical styles didn't mesh well. Alas, lead singer Bob Bennet quit, followed by songwriter and "wurlie/vox wrangler" Gerry Roslie, and the band broke up.

But The Sonics' legacy lives on and will continue to endure. While not many outside the Northwest and/or the Baby Boomer generation may remember them, they were ahead of their time, and their contributions to the Northwest music scene and music history in general will not be forgotten.



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White Disassociation of Death, Part IV

by Mary DiMatteo Benintendi

Yes, our premises of death and disassociation are difficult to tackle. I would not expect consultation of historical archives to find names of those who have died within the past years.

The Evergreen Community has a specific pattern of commemorating the dead. The "Evergreen" community refers to currently enrolled students and current faculty and staff, for lack of time on my behalf to include surround Thurston County. The administration receives word of the loss and a black flag is displayed on the flagpole in the library loop, accompanied by a college-issued notice stating for whom, the flag flies.

I have compiled an incomplete list of community deaths within the past four years here at Evergreen:

Iris Lopez (2004)
Jacinta McKoy (2004)
Kenneth Kash Coldknight (2004)
Simeon Daniel Terry (2003)
Mike Simmons (2003)
Roberta Walker (2003)
Victoria Chiudina (2003)
Rachel Corrie (2003)
Carol Davidson (2003)
Rory Luke Kauffman (2002)
Jonathan H. Corey (2002)
Muhamad Romadhan (2001)
Craig Carlson (2001)
Chris Doszkocks (2001)

Scott Joerger (2001)
Ann Mantley (?)

I would like to express my gratitude to John Carmichael in the Office of the President, who is the Administrative Assistant to the President. The list of deceased is incomplete due to partial record keeping as well as respect to those who mourned, as some families requested private memorial services.

This meager list is to show just how many deaths occur within our small Evergreen community without our total attention, consideration and consideration, existing for a variety of reasons.

This lack of recognition exceeds well beyond the scope of just this community. That is perhaps in part why the death of Rachel Corrie received such recognition. Ms. Corrie's death was a transformative event, bringing all death and injustice in Gaza into the community spotlight at a pivotal time of a controversial war.

In contrast, consider Jonathan Corey. Jonathan drowned on the Eld Inlet. I will not comment on the efforts made on behalf of his death by his friends, by the police, by the administration, by the surrounding community. I will angrily say only this: The body of Jonathan H. Corey has yet to be found.

When you speak comparatively of Rachel Corrie and Simeon Terry, when you make a statement about two unrelated deaths

and place it in an article entitled "White Disassociation," you overlook the inherent differences of both of their deaths. I fail to believe that the natures of their commemorations were based on the color of their skin. They are both remembered for making connections within communities of those who are oppressed, for bringing dark realities into light. With their memory, both of the struggles they represented continue.

Also, by comparison of those two deaths, well commemorated compared to the other deaths in this community, you are ignoring the pain and grief of family and friends who have lost their loved ones and who do not feel that their children were well remembered—independent of their race and social orientation. By making that statement you are removing yourself from those people. Without even having noticed, you have ignored all the others who have died in this community without large support. I am sure you feel this way everyday, Mr. King, in consideration of the injustices and silencing of the African American struggle, which I will never completely understand. But I DO NOT want you to make an umbrella statement under the context of White Disassociation and INSULT THE MEMORY OF MY FRIEND!

When you throw percentages of incarcerated youth, I do feel bad as to my overall disassociation, as I search for the root of the problems. Mr. Eugene Kane, a reporter for the Milwaukee Journal Sentinel, on Janu-

ary 21, 2004, rightfully declared, "Crime statistics about race do little more than confirm racial stereotypes without providing the necessary context to understand the problem."

I am requesting recognition of those who did not die by the vicious hand of oppressors, those who died, in this Evergreen community, in our time, people like Simeon and Jon, who are not given the recognition they deserve. I am not calling for denouncement of any death! People should not forget, nor should I! Not the ongoing struggles of African Americans, of Indigenous Peoples, of Palestinians, of Columbians, of El Salvadorians! Who is free from the hand of European-American fuck-ups?!

How can we work and learn, bring dark realities into light as well as make attempts to denounce these injustices of which you speak, with respect to our dead, with respect to the past and with a pro-active stance on what is happening today? How can we do this in more wide spread arenas? Eric, here we are in White America. Despite the fact that you associate and stereotype me with the actions of my olive farming ancestors, I want to make progress for our time.

(See the bulletin for information about *Chaos to Community: Strategies for Social and Economic Justice*, on May 14-15. For more information, contact Labor Education and Research Center at 867.6526.)



The Curmudgeon: Prescription for a Headache

by Lee Kepraios

Medicine is a shame-based industry.

I'm sure as we all know by now: The most profitable organization in America is prescription drug industry. No other enterprise in America comes close. It's a staggering giant of an industry. And like every other enterprise in America, it's a dishonest, corrupt, financially crippling, unworkable, illogical mess that will probably never be fixed.

Here's how I know it's that big a mess: Because we're already well beyond the point where anyone is going to get to the root of the problem. The solution on the minds of consumers is, "How can we make prescription drugs cheaper?" That's the nature of the discussion now. The drugs are too expensive.

What no one is asking is why, amid debates on how many trillions we should spend on prescription drugs, does no one in Congress stand up and say, "Why are we so sick? Is that natural, to need this amount of drugs?" No one is getting to the root of the problem. No one is asking the more fundamental question, which is why need so many drugs? Is it natural to be this sick?

I don't know if you've noticed it, but Americans are hitting their chemistry sets at Rush Limbaugh levels. Even old people shouldn't need as many drugs as were giving out. We're in such a frenzy, Elvis is going, "Whoa dude, slow down with that shit!"

Americans have to go up to Canada to score their shit. Can you believe that? You know, isn't it really just drug dealing at this point? If you have to leave the country to fill a prescription you can actually afford, aren't the drug companies just your dealer?

I also believe that a great reason for this spate of pill-poppers everywhere has to be in the cleverness of the advertising. The people in those ads make taking pills look like you're going to be on drugs or something. Some old woman runs through the hilly pasture, milkweed floating around in the spring breeze as the daffodils sway to and fro and the middle-aged couple are taking baths in matching bathtubs on the edge of a cliff while watching a sunset.

Advertising is the prescription drug industry's cheaply dressed, two-dollar blowjob.

What I find so fascinating about the TV ads are the parts that say to ask your doctor if the medicine is right for you. You know: "Ask your doctor if Zolofit is right for you." "Consult your doctor before taking Prilosec" and so on. All of these ads seem to endorse the availability of the doctor for advice on what seems to be a fairly trivial matter. Watching enough of these ads, I start to think that I can just reach my doctor anytime I want to see if I can take Allegra.

This is so in and out deal either. When you call your doctor, all you get are his

voice-automated, push-button dead ends and his jerkoff assistants. And it's supposed to be a surprise.

I'm kind of a bother to my doctor asking about these prescriptions, aren't I? I mean, these people are supposed to be curing real diseases. Healing the sick. Fighting the good fight. Why am I taking him away from his busy schedule, calling him up to ask if Luvox is right for me? Who am I to be taking up the valuable time of a doctor with such tiny, probing queries like, "Is it okay for me to go on Taggemit?" I mean, this guy's probably treating people with hungry cancers and here I am wondering if some new medication is going to help my slight social anxiety. His job is to cure things that can kill people, not serve as traffic light for my silly decisions about whether or not to change aspects of myself I don't like with drugs.

Did you ever try and call your doctor? It's more like trying to get an audience with the fucking Pope. And while I'm sitting there on the phone like an idiot, immersed in the sheer, unadulterated musical heaven that is a John Tesh concerto through the receiver, waiting for this genetically defective nurse to tell me if the Doc can see me before the tercentennial, my proposed question to the doctor about whether to switch from Serevent to Albuterol becomes a bit moot. And then, I'm the one whose fault it is that

he's such a busy man and I'm supposed to be surprised.

Medicine is a shame-based industry. Need any more on that?

Lee's New Rule of the Week: Mother's Day is off limits! Gun control advocates used a Mother's Day rally on Sunday in Washington D.C. to begin a campaign to lobby for renewal of a ban on assault weapons, courtesy of the Million Mom March. I'm sorry but you whiny, ineffectual little activists can politicize any holiday you want: Christmas, Easter, Valentine's Day. Those are bullshit holidays anyway. Just leave Mother's Day alone, okay? Let the moms stay home. The 1994 ban expires in September, just in time to be an election issue. So you people got the whole summer to have this dumb gun control debate yet again. Can't you leave our moms out of it until then?

I know it's tempting. You're hoping the moms will be there to spit into a Kleenex and wipe the Spaghetti-O stains of injustice from the face of gun-crazed America. But we need those moms, damnit! Peanut butter and jelly sandwiches just don't cut the crusts off themselves! Ford Explorers just don't drive the kids to soccer and Tae-Kwon-Do on their own, do they? Leave the protesting to the protestors. As long as they remember to look both ways before crossing the street.



The Definite Article

Coffee Shops I Have Known...

by Ellen Peterson

I'm at Otto's downtown looking across at a big Orca whale swimming through the trees. I heard that the mural artist was going to paint a lot more than the three lone Orcas suspended in blue, but someone graffitied his half-done project, and he was too disappointed to continue.

When I leave Oly this June I will remember its cafés (and the things I've stared at through café windows) with their cups and tables and people and stories. In a predictably inverted fashion, I mark the towns I've lived in by the character of their coffee shops. I'm like some pathetic pilgrim who visits coffee shops rather than holy sites. I could have stayed home and written (pilgrims could have stayed home and prayed) but—didn't.

I won't dwell on Oly. If you are a café frequenter, then you know all of the possible places. The Rib Eye and the Reef are open twenty-four hours and way late, respectively; the best breakfasts, as far as I know, are to be had at Darby's, New Moon, or The American Grill. Café Vita has superiority of location, so even if it doesn't last (which it probably will) there will always be a coffee shop on that corner; Batdorf & Bronson is classy and crowded; Blue Heron has the best coffee but no indoor tables; the pizza places have an obvious benefit—pizza. Otto's has

booths; Traditions has Lemon-Tahini salad with rice, plus sweet folks. All of these places will let you sit indefinitely and write, excluding the breakfast spots during a rush. 'Nuff said. Now for the foreign places.

The one I'm most embarrassed about is Starbucks. I was in London, spun out on the magnitude of the Egyptian exhibit at the British Museum. I wandered around looking in shop windows, searching for the wooden tables of a well-worn coffee shop. Every place looked tiny, like I'd have to buy a sandwich and leave, whereas I wanted to sit and recover and write. The pubs had TVs on—no good. In the end, to my chagrin, I circled back to the entrance of the British Museum, where stands, just across the street, that old familiar Starbucks with its amoebic cinnamon décor and green aprons. Head bowed, I snuck in, thankful for the wooden tables and Tom Waits music. I felt almost as if I were going into a McDonald's: me, the stupid American who in a foreign country craves the familiar corporate comfort of home.

That was London. Later I found a good pub without televisions that was friendly and quiet. They served my coffee on a saucer with a miniature silver spoon.

In Montreal I also found a pub that was deserted in the daytime. I would go there

to write, happy that I was eighteen and allowed into bars. My real haunt, though, was a little café that operated as the only source of Fair Trade coffee in Montreal at the time. The dim shop with its old wooden floor had tables in the front and burlap bags in the back; it smelled wonderful.

Montreal is gray in autumn: gray stone buildings, gray naked trees with the last yellow leaves clinging like pieces of light, gray sky. The subway (with its gray cement) echoes "Ave Maria"—it's the only song that the street musicians play there. Something about gray places lures me toward coffee shops. They send out a warm glow from their windows, like hearths. Community hearths.

They have all been gray cities—I lived in Vancouver B.C. for high school. Here are my recommended resting places:

The Naam is a twenty-four hour vegetarian café that serves sesame fries (other things, too...).

Bean Around the World in West Van has a little wedge of a nook with windows on two sides that is an ideal harbour for the traveling writer.

There is a gelato shop on Upper Lonsdale in North Van. They will serve their gelato with two shots of espresso poured over the top. The name of the shop escapes

me, but the décor is lime green, it's on the east side of Lonsdale Street, and just south of the drug store.

I'll end with my hometown of Parkland in south Tacoma. Garfield Street is downtown Parkland. Garfield Street is two blocks long, with PLU at one end and the busy Pacific Ave. at the other. Nestled beside the middle intersection is the Northern Pacific Coffee Co. I used to escape to this coffee shop as an awkward teen when I needed distance from my large, eclectic family. Here I discovered that coffee makes you write faster. Here I could stare and write and stare and write. Just wonderful.

My older punk brother lives at the coffee shop. He spent so much time there that he actually rented the corner apartment directly above it. He arranged this wireless Internet for them, which he shares from the upstairs, and as a result he gets free coffee.

The Orca whale is still swooping down towards the sidewalk in its vacant blue wall—mid swoop. I'm glad I'm frozen like it in one place. Come June, I'm off to find new places, meet new people, haunt new coffee shops...

Brought to you by the Evergreen Writing Center.

Clearing the Air

by Joli Sandoz, adjunct faculty

We can't allow ourselves any longer the cheap thrill of dealing with issues of health and community as though they were made-for-the-media stare down matches.

Thanks to Seminar II, people at Evergreen are finally talking about campus outdoor and indoor air quality. But the formulation of air quality concerns as issues of competing and individual rights, on Evergreen listservs and in conversation, disturbs me. I can't breathe or remember or walk straight if you choose to smoke, or wear perfume, or drive on campus. It's as simple as that. So here we stand, toe to toe, looking in each other's eyes. The first one to blink—or struggle to breathe—loses.

And that would be me. No contest. One legacy of a chronic illness acquired long before I came to Evergreen (**myalgic encephalomyelitis**, or Chronic Fatigue and Immune Dysfunction Syndrome) has been unusual sensitivities to various environmental stressors. My body's responses to certain chemical compounds can result in skin rashes, mildly impaired balance and hearing, dragging fatigue, short-term memory slow-down, reduced capacity to spell and to recall how to operate classroom equipment, and—most frightening, and potentially life-threatening—swelling in air passages that hinders my ability to breathe.

I'm not the only one; a number of us on campus, some diagnosed with asthma or other breathing-related conditions and some not, find Evergreen a difficult place to be. Although everyone's triggers are different, tobacco smoke, engine exhaust, wood and candle smoke, and scented personal products such as perfume, hair spray and the artificial scents in fabric softener are among the biggest problems. Some of

us have an immediate observable reaction—hoarseness, wheezing, struggle for breath, even anaphylactic shock. Others' reactions are more hidden. For most of us (including people who don't yet realize that they are reacting), repeated exposures can have a daily and life-long cumulative effect as our bodies respond over and over again to what for us are toxins.

So if you're looking for the effortless score, a little mindless play for power, it's easy to put us at a disadvantage. Just light up. Or drive across campus. Or spray on scent and then sit down beside us.

Before going on, let's set aside the matter of illness, and resulting reactions and symptoms. We won't talk here about federal and state laws that focus on accommodation. At bottom, this isn't about "accommodating" the tragic sick people. (Or the neurotic middle-aged woman, as members of the Evergreen community have called me when I've asked them to quit smoking in—yes, *in*—classroom buildings.)

Here's the inescapable deal: We share the air. It isn't yours, it isn't mine; it doesn't belong to smokers or non-smokers, or even to the Wellness Committee. At bottom, this isn't about who has the "right" to breathe, or who is "allowed" to act in ways that expose other people to trigger substances (many of which, including tobacco, wood and candle smoke, are toxic to everybody).

The real issue, it seems to me, is how to craft community across meaningful physical difference. Nine years of raising air quality concerns as an Evergreen individual engaging with other Evergreen individuals have taught me that incidents forcing the exclusion of a significant number of us from classes and events and spaces on campus

can't be resolved individually—though I'm extremely grateful to those who listen and take these issues seriously.

Unfortunately, that adds up to relatively few people. So I want to say this right out loud: Air quality is about community. If you respond to requests for less smoke or scent with the usual Evergreen line of "That's too bad. We'll miss you at the meeting/luncheon/potluck/class/field trip/retreat. Why don't you just stay home?" then you are making a choice that denies some of us membership. And if you decide to smoke near buildings and benches, wear scented products, paint or take down ceiling tile without first notifying those who use the room, and so on, then it's your actions that are exclusionary. Your choices. Not a plea for attention from some lame sick person. Not some neurotic fantasy. Actions and choices.

A very partial communal "solution," the Air Quality policy, was instituted several years ago (<http://www.evergreen.edu/policies/g-air.htm>). It just isn't working. So I propose that a real resolution be sought openly with full representation and participation from the entire Evergreen community, in an effort sponsored by Evergreen's Administration and expected to make change. (Meetings should be held in a scent- and smoke-free location.) Here are three possible initiating questions: Who can be a fully participating member of our community, and when, where, and why? Who cannot be, and when, where and why? How can we, together, sustain a quality of inclusion—and, not coincidentally, of indoor and outdoor air—at every Evergreen event and location, a quality that nurtures living, teaching and learning?

An "It's Everyone's Problem" UPDATE

by Connor Moran

When you're in the business of complaining about stuff, you have to give credit where credit is due. In this case, that credit is several weeks old, so in order to properly give credit, I'm devoting this entire column to congratulate S & A for improving their calendar. A few weeks ago, I wrote about the little activities calendars set out on the tables. I pointed out a few ways in which more information could be provided and the calendars could better serve their noble goal. When the next batch of calendars went out, I was delighted to find that my suggestions had been taken into account.

Now, I going to admit that even the *sweeping* changes that I suggested might slip beneath the eye of a casual observer. And by "casual observer" I mean "anyone who isn't me." Therefore, I thought I'd take this little time to point them out to you. The calendar now gives places and times for all club meetings. Before, to get this information, one had to go to the "Master Calendar," which was accessible online at a very forgettable URL that I have... forgotten. Which is fine, because I don't need it any more. The information is right there on every table in the CAB. They have also ended the double-listing of Mindscreen films, which used to be privileged with both a regular space on the calendar for meetings and a special shaded box. The calendar is now nicer-looking, more equitable, and hopefully more successful at getting people to meetings that will interest them. S&A, I salute you!

What's YOUR problem? E-mail me at morcon03@evergreen.edu.

The Secret World of Evergreen Grad Students

by Amy Loskota

I tried to write an article about how hard the Master in Teaching program is, but the CPJ would not print it because it was too long and I had no time to come in and help them edit it. You can read it at <http://academic.evergreen.edu/1/losamy11/mit/>.

I think it is funny how the graduate students are like ghosts on this campus. We don't say hi to people as much as we should, and on most occasions we find the undergraduate campus and its services give us little regard, thus why we are often at a loss of patience. In a way, it is kind of like being Harry Potter. After a lengthy application process, we receive a letter and are magically whisked away to a whole other level of existence at Evergreen. Suddenly there is no time or funding for playful visits to the wide variety of fun things that happen on campus for the average grad student.

The most wonderful surprise of this secret life has been the absence of slack. Since I was whisked away, I have never once had to worry about group members not pulling their own weight in a project. Another surprise was that many people in our program fit were very conservative to very liberal. Heck, there were people who were so liberal that they were conservative. Despite our initial dissonances, some of which prompted people to leave, we were able to get over our political disagreements. This is based on one simple shared belief: We all want to work to create the most relevant and valuable learning experiences for our students whose welfare we care about deeply. The final magical moment has been within the last two months, the manifestation of our total learning in our current teaching assignments.

Heir to Herbert Spencer?

by Mike Treadwell

In last week's CPJ there was an unusual article entitled, "The Antigreen Challenge." (What preceded the title was gibberish that sounds like something coming from a circus.) The article was interested in and laid out groundwork for why human beings are competitive. The answer was that they had to be competitive to live. The author anticipates much criticism for his work, but what I hope to provide is something more substantial than "You suck."

In the third paragraph the author invokes the overused (and misunderstood) name of Charles Darwin. Darwin's theory of evolution—very briefly summed up—was that animals that exerted the better traits survived while the ones that didn't exhibit those traits died off. (An example would be of a giraffe that had a neck long enough to reach the leaves on a tree versus one whose neck was not long enough. The longer necked ones lived while the others died off.) Darwin is interesting, but there are far more appropriate names to be mentioned here. The first name is Jean-Baptiste Lamarck (1744-1829).

Lamarck was a forerunner to the whole "evolution" debate that would occupy most of the latter part of the nineteenth century. Although he was largely unread in his lifetime, thinkers came in the mid-nineteenth century to adopt his theory of evolving (like Friedrich Nietzsche). Lamarck thought that through a being's will they could adapt to the environment in which they lived. (For example, the giraffe needs to get to the leaves on the tree so he stretches his neck as far as he can and over time his neck becomes longer so he can reach the leaves.) I'm not sure whether Lamarck stressed this concept but Lamarckians stressed it to refute Darwin.

This brings us to the second thinker I have to mention: Herbert Spencer. Today Spencer (a Lamarckian) is mostly unread (even among academics), and this is probably because academics as well as socialists of the twentieth century dismissed him as a "conservative apologist for capitalism." (Spencer

This followed my deep realization: Even if I am to be an vehicle of change in my role as an educator, by working in a public school, I am choosing to be a representative of the United States government. Even for teachers, the public school is a place of conformity, even in its most liberal incarnations locally. I have seen creative individuals who work underground in their schools to create opportunities for critical thinking and relevant learning. However, they stand apart from their colleagues. In the future I hope teachers will be able to teach their students without fear permeating their lives, through the end of standardized testing. This would mean that we would need to train out generations of dependence on IQ tests and panacea tests that only reflect an expectation of European cultural homogenization and expectations for a baseline socio-economic knowledge in all students.

What defines us as MIT grads is that when we look at our curriculum, we ask why. When something fails, we reflect on why it happened. As I have seen in the public schools, teachers march on blindly with their mandated curriculum, never asking, "Why?" When some level of learning fails, they often blame the kids, the weather, or the moon. If anything, the MIT has given me a whole new background to interpret the language of children and answered many whys about myself as well as my students. As my long essay mentions, this process has been a gut-wrenching ride, fraught with perils, deadlines, and stress.

Was it worth it? I will get back to you in five years.

Choose Life: Look at the Faces of Death

by Brad Bishop

I wish to thank the Choose Life activists for coming to our campus. It is not often that you see older people demonstrating. Usually, for a group of old people to protest, it takes the government threatening to take away their driver's license. But this demonstration was for us; maybe they were making up for graduating before university protests were cool. Either way, it was nice of them to stop by.

Others weren't so grateful. These activists were met with anger and a bit of Greener activist ego that won't let them steal the show. So to prove we are the better activists, why not try destruction and graffiti, or how about spitting or screaming? Yep, this is moral high ground, nice job spreading peace and harmony to our community elders. It may be righteous to take a stand for something you believe and use aggressive force in the face of oppression, but is that what this was?

The Choose Lifers were playing their part by bringing awareness to one part of the truth around abortion, showing pictures that may be hard to look at, but the death that they represent is deeply emotional and doesn't disappear when the old folks go home and the airplane runs out of fuel.

So what about politics? Morality and politics work together. The debate is heating up; both sides are getting more funding and better organization. Which side will reign righteous?

As abortion is overshadowing many other important issues in the presidential election, churches, doctors and citizens are choosing sides. For fear of backlash from contributors, pro-choice organizations are unable to speak out against partial birth abortion performed with no health risk to the mother, while pro-life organizations are unable to recommend birth control pills of RU-486.

Law should reflect the morals of the masses. Often it does not. And with two opposing sides focusing attention on the black and white, we will unlikely create law that captures the true feelings of the citizens.

What to do? Not all Greeners respond aggressively. Some took this unique opportunity to take to those whose views stray from the well-trodden liberal path circling its way around Evergreen. Instead of one-upping them in tactics, try your skills at listening. In the true fashion of community, understanding is essential.

Making Contact

by Brad Bishop

This year marks the fiftieth anniversary of the famous *Brown v. Board of Education* decision of the Supreme Court, which determined that racial segregation in public schools is unconstitutional. It is an understatement to say that this decision, and the civil rights movement which followed closely, has met with mixed results. I would like to offer here, if I may, some thoughts and suggestions regarding contemporary race relations, particularly as they affect the Evergreen community, and I'd be pleased if you would give them your consideration.

We at Evergreen have a special obligation to foster social justice and equality. The school's "Expectations of an Evergreen Graduate" and "Five Foci of Learning" statements are a testament to that. The First People's office of the school, as well as numerous student organizations, has been established to help attain these goals. One of the programs we have at Evergreen that highlights this agenda is the annual Day of Presence, which puts forward minority issues in a campus-wide context—and that brings me, more or less, to my point.

In February, I attended the Fishbowl Seminar that was held as a part of the Day of Presence program. This forum was a public discussion by minority members of the campus community regarding topics of racial matters. It was fascinating and informative. I was especially touched by one particular point that was made.

One African-American fellow (I'm a middle-aged white guy, by the way) said something that has just stuck with me ever since I heard him speak. He pointed out that, as he would walk across campus, white people would not make eye contact with him. I wondered why this would be. We are, after all, here at TESC where one should not expect a comment such as that.

This bothered me so much that I made some observations and paid attention to how I myself act when passing people by. What I came to find was that pretty much nobody looks at anybody else (at least at people they don't know and don't have a dog or something) when they cross paths. In fact there is a sort of social ritual of mutually looking away. There is a point where two people get so close in passing that there must be an acknowledgement or an avoidance and there appears to me to

be a general understanding that there will be an avoidance. That just seemed wrong to me.

So I started, as a general rule, to greet the people I pass. Just before the moment when the usual eye aversion occurs, I make eye contact and offer a greeting—usually a nod and a smile, sometimes a "Hi" or "Good morning." I almost always get a response in conversations with a number of people with whom I would not have otherwise—because I overcame that first barrier to social interaction. A few people have passed by without response at all, but I suspect they were already past me before they realized I had greeted them. No one has ever given me a bad response that I can tell.

I was very pleased to find that this idea carried well across race and gender and age lines. At first I felt a little clumsy acting against the gaze-aversion ritual: I was worried people would think I was just strange. It turned out that a sincere and pleasant "hello" is accepted for what it is. This is true—I am a happier person for having taken up this habit.

I owe this little touch of bliss to that Day of Presence seminar. I would like to share it and perhaps I can. At the risk of revealing my 1970s cultural identification, I would like to suggest that Evergreen establish a day during which everybody is encouraged to greet one another. I originally thought of this as a "Day of Pleasants," but that may sound too frivolous and could be considered disrespectful, so I suggest calling it a "Day of Contact." The slogan could be, "Eye Contact Makes 'I' Contact." The event could be held once a year or maybe near the beginning of each quarter.

Integration means more than the physical proximity of people of different races. Integration requires interaction, not just in the classroom, but also as part of the college community. Making eye contact is always the first step in interacting: We should all practice it.

I want to thank that young man from the Fishbowl Seminar. I would be well pleased to make his acquaintance and even more pleased if he thought I had a good idea here. In fact, I am presenting this article to the First People's office and distributing it to a number of student groups. If anyone reading this would like to join me in this project, I would love to hear from you. My email is krepka@msn.com.

Well, I'm glad I said this. Today I am a Greener!

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MATURE CONTENT MATURE CONTENT

Athletes on trial for felony offenses should be barred from Olympics

Commentary by Kyra Berkovich

There needs to be a written law that excludes athletes involved in criminal or civil trials to be barred from participating in the Olympic Games for a minimum of two Olympic seasons (two summers/two winters).

My opinion on this stems from a recent article in which Kobe Bryant, of the LA Lakers, was quoted as saying, "I don't know (about playing on the Olympic team). We'll have to see how it flows. If I can play, I'll play. If I can't, I won't."

For those of you unaware, Bryant was formally charged with felony sexual assault on 18 July 2003. He faces four years to life in prison or 20 years to life on probation if convicted.

My problem with this, aside from the rape charge filed by his girlfriend, is that this shouldn't be his decision to make. It needs to be spelled out in black and white that people under criminal or civil investigation are not Olympic material. Yes, there is the possibility the charges may be cleared, but when there's an active investigation, I believe the person in question should forfeit the privilege of competing for your country.

After being so annoyed with Bryant's statement, with its implied sense of arrogance that he would be allowed (much less invited) to play in the 2004 Games being held in Athens, Greece in August, I obtained a copy of the International Olympic Committee's *Olympic Charter*. I've read the 108-page document, and was sorry (yet unsurprised) to find no such restrictions are put upon athletes. (This *Charter* is the most recent and up to date version, as of 4 July 2003.)

In the beginning pages, under the Fundamental Principles, the second paragraph spells out the intentions of the Olympics: "Olympism is a philosophy of life, exalting and combining in a balanced whole the qualities of body, will and mind. Blending sport with culture and education, Olympism seeks to create a way of life based on the joy found in effort, the educational value of a good example, and respect for universal fundamental ethical principles." This leads me to believe that the candidates for the Games are chosen not only for their athletic ability, but also for their respect for all different kinds of people.

Belonging to the Olympic Movement forbids the discrimination on a person or a country on the grounds of "race, religion, politics, sex, or otherwise" (pg. 13, *Charter*). So does this mean that I am discriminating against Bryant because of his alleged sexual misadventure?

It also says that the eligible "persons must notably: respect the spirit of fair play and nonviolence, and behave accordingly on the sportsfield; and respect and comply in all aspects with the World Anti-Doping Code" (pg. 71, *Charter*). Apparently, anything that

happens off the field of play is fair game, according to the IOC's governing document.

All you have to do is look back to the beginning of 1994 and remember a little incident involving two figure skaters and one crowbar. The Tonya Harding-Nancy Kerrigan incident took place just before the National Championships in early January (this competition precludes the Olympics by roughly six weeks), and Harding was soon placed under an investigation that continued for months after the Games. It was then found that Harding's ex-husband was the one who hired the hit man to attack Kerrigan. Amazing coincidence, isn't it? An Olympian was being questioned about her possible connections to assault, yet she was still in accordance with Rule 45 of the *Olympic Charter*.

But my argument is that sportsmanlike conduct should not be restricted to the playing field. I believe it extends to all parts of life. So how is Bryant eligible for competition when, by the mere fact he's part of criminal proceedings for sexual misconduct, he's certainly not behaving accordingly off the sportsfield?

Playing by the rules on the court is good, but it needs to be taken into account how they conduct themselves off the court as well. I'm not saying that if so-and-so doesn't brush their teeth twice a day, then they can't be an Olympian. I'm saying that criminals, and those under suspicion, are not my ideal of Olympic

material. I'm saying that such people need to be taken into consideration and held accountable for their actions.

Assuming all Olympic and professional athletes dream of reaching this peak in their careers, and years and years of training go towards fulfilling this dream, the denial of that dream would be a severe punishment designed to make them realize that their athletic status does not render them immune to felony prosecution.

Maybe this is a hard-nosed stand. Maybe I'm going overboard, but the moral decay in American sports is disheartening and often makes me physically ill, and I love sports. I cannot imagine the way people who do not care for sports look upon the players in question, and the fans that continue to follow them after such an incident. The whole thing makes me sad, and I'm not sure what to do. Can I do anything as a fan? As a sportswriter? Or do I need to be on the inside of an organization like the International Olympic Committee to get anything done about this?

All I know is I don't like Kobe Bryant, and the Lakers can go down in a ball of flames during the NBA finals for all I care.

And Tonya Harding is now a professional boxer.

Grab Other People's Bodies!

by Joe Lott

The sweat stings my eyes as I try and concentrate. My already sore and aching muscles continue to push onwards, but for how long. I don't know. I watch my opponent, his hands, his arms, his legs, looking for an opening. We grapple. I grab his elbow with my left hand, he grabs my wrist. Two seconds later, I lift my arm and shoot in with one knee, sliding forward on the mat and grappling his legs. Pulling them together and pushing up, I unbalance my opponent and down to the mat he goes as I scramble on top of him to move in for the pin.

A sudden shift in weight and a pull, and I am suddenly eating the mat. My opponent has me in an arm bar. I struggle, I am tired, my lungs ache for air, my muscles want to give up, but I won't let them. Pushing into my opponent with my back, I manage to get to my feet and fight his arm off my waist. Turning around, panting, ribs aching, and dripping with sweat, I go back for more. This is wrestling.

Every Wednesday through Friday, I along with like-minded men and women of the Evergreen Coed Wrestling Club meet in the CRC from 5-7 p.m. There we toss each other to the mat and put on arm bars and half nelsons as we try to pin our opponent. Our mentor/coach, Saunders, wrestles and instructs, helping everyone else learn how to be a better wrestler. This is the real thing, too, none of the fake WWE crap, but real, honest to God wrestling. It's hard work: We sweat, we ache, we get very tired, but we love it. Saunders teaches well and keeps the new wrestlers wrestling with careful, even—gasp!—considerate instruction. The old hands, meanwhile, go about full force, giving no quarter to their opponents.

I must say, since I have been trying to get back into shape, wrestling has been my number one exercise. It requires a lot of energy and is a guarantee to build up both strength and aerobic health. You want to burn off that beer gut? Get in shape? Wrestling is the place for you. I can just feel the fat melt away as my muscles push one last time during a round. I have never felt better (except for the occasional case of mat burn) and would encourage everyone from beginners to experts to come and wrestle. I could think of no better way to spend an afternoon.

Forever "Dang Hot!"

Baseball Superstars: A look back at the sexy season that wasn't

Sports commentary by Talia M. Wilson

It's not always easy being green. Evergreen, that is. It's not easy when one of your most positive attributes is a self-proclaimed sexy image. It's not easy to improve on a 1-7 record in a sophomore season that included joining a brand-new conference and playing completely different teams. It's equally not easy (and, at times, unfair) when those teams continually stomp out any chance of winning. And it'll be even harder having to say goodbye.

"These are the most amazing and inspiring group of guys I have been lucky enough to befriend, play with and coach," head coach/pitcher Sean Presley said. (Sniff!)

Needless to say, Evergreen's club baseball team had its ups and downs this season—more downs than ups, if one judges by final scores and conference standings (0-18; Pacific Mountain Conference, National Club Baseball Association). But should it really be about rank and final scores? For the Geoducks, the ends certainly didn't justify the means.

When it really comes down to it, it takes some talent to finish the season 0-18. The team's first few games—against the University of Oregon Ducks and the Central Oregon Community College Bobcats—may have foreshadowed their ultimate finish. While the

Geoducks were just starting to get a feel for playing together amidst their sexiness, their newfound unity wasn't enough to prevent the Ducks and the Bobcats from walking away with three wins each, scoring a combined total of 86 runs.

OK, now we know they didn't just sleep through those games. In fact, during their first game with the Bobcats, the Geoducks' defense remained solid, and the team held the Bobcats to only eight runs, despite being obliterated during the next day's doubleheader.

Two weeks later, the Geoducks came closer. While hosting a night game with the Western Washington University Vikings, the team led by 8-1 until the third inning, when the Vikings took over, sealing their 12-8 win with a three-run homer. Their next close one occurred the next day, when the team faced non-league rival the University of Idaho Vandals. The Geoducks managed five runs by the fourth inning, but the Vandals would hold them to just that, winning 9-5.

Another moment worth mentioning is the team's last meeting with the Vikings in Bellingham. Though the Geoducks still lost the doubleheader and forfeited the Sunday game due to lack of players, it was the first time the team had not been shut out in a series of games, losing 12-2 and 5-2. Oh, and the highlight of that series was definitely (I know I already wrote about it, but it's worth mentioning again) that sweet triple play, where infielders Evan Kearley, Jeremy Villianos and Tucker Waugh threw out the hitter and two base runners. Yes,

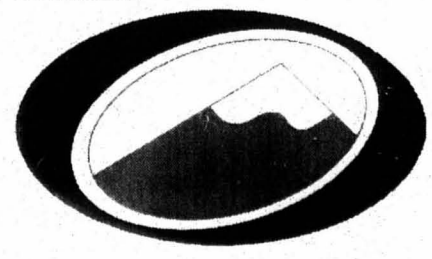
the team still lost, but, man, did they give those Vikings a run for their money!

And while the team wasn't the greatest score-wise, they did rack up some impressive statistics. Presley had the highest team batting average: .378 with 17 hits, 45 at bats, four doubles, eight RBIs, six runs, and eight stolen bases; in turn, Presley managed seven hits in his last 11 at bats. Infielder Will "Days of Thunder" Tubman achieved the second-highest average: .235 with an on-base percentage of .297; he had five hits in the last 13 at bats. Waugh had the third-highest average: .225 with an on-base percentage of .304; he managed five hits in the last nine at bats. Kearley achieved the team's highest ERA: 3.89 with 7.39 strikeouts per seven innings, pitching a total of 18 innings. Presley had the second-highest ERA: 5.79 with 4.53 strikeouts per seven innings, pitching a total of 38.66 innings. In addition, outfielder Jeremy Harrison-Smith had two doubles and the team's only triple.

In the end, after the scores and the stats are cast aside, what remains is this amazing group of guys who like baseball about as much as they need air. If their love of the game could've been channeled into a winning streak, their opponents would've been pummeled—that is, when they weren't being blinded by the tightness of the players' pants. So, anyone can say they didn't try hard enough, that they suck, their opponents were too good, their playing was overshadowed by their so-called sexiness (so-called? Hmm...), that it just wasn't their year, or whatever, but regardless, no one can deny that these guys gave 100 percent of themselves in each game. A score is only a number, though its permanent record may arguably withstand the test of time. But teams, players, unity, and overall effort are what stay in our hearts and make us smile for years to come.

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May 14, 7:30 p.m. *Intolerable Burden* in Sem II E1105.

May 15, 5 p.m. *Brother Outsider* in Lecture Hall 1.

May 15, 7:30 p.m. *W.E.B. DuBois* in Lecture Hall 1.

May 18, 7:30 p.m. *Nothing But a Man* in Lecture Hall 1.

Through May 15

8 p.m. **Thursdays-Saturdays, 2 p.m. Sundays.** Olympia Little Theater presents *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, April 23 through May 15. "A harrowing and hilarious story, featuring a classic showdown between underdogs and a bully." Tickets \$8. Olympia Little Theater, 1925 Miller Ave N.E., Olympia. For more information, call 360.786.9484 or visit <http://www.olympialittletheater.org/>.

Thursday, May 13

5-7 p.m. Samuel Birchman at Gallery 4, fourth floor of the Library Building.

7 p.m. Palestine Reportback at Traditions Fair Trade Café.

7 p.m. "Writing Group: Writer's Roundtable" at Barnes & Noble Booksellers.

7:30 p.m. An Evening With Margaret Cho at the CRC. TESC students with ID: \$8 in advance, \$10 at the door; general admission: \$15 in advance, \$20 at door.

Friday, May 14

6 p.m. Jerry Franklin in the Longhouse.

8 p.m. Jason Webley at Waves Studio, \$6.

Saturday, May 15

11 a.m. "Storytime: First Book" at Barnes & Noble Booksellers.

Monday, May 17

7 p.m. "Book Group: Fiction" at Barnes & Noble Booksellers.

Wednesday, May 19

2-3 p.m. "Grammar Rodeo: The Compound-Complex Sentence" in Library 2221.

4:30-6 p.m. Peer Review in Library 2221.

7 p.m. "Writing Group: Olympia Writer's Workshop" at Barnes & Noble Booksellers.

7 p.m. "Storytime: *Good Night Pillow Fight*" at Barnes & Noble Booksellers.

8 p.m. Free Improvised Theater Show: Found Objects in Sem II C1105.

Every Wednesday

3-4 p.m. Jewish Cultural Center meets in Lib 2129.

5 p.m. Coed Evergreen Wrestling Club meets in CRC 117.

6 p.m. The Improv Club meets Wednesdays in Library 1600. For info: improv@evergreen.edu or 360.867.6412.

7 p.m. Special Event: Chess & Go at Barnes & Noble Booksellers.

Every Thursday

5 p.m. Coed Evergreen Wrestling Club meets in CRC 117.

Every Friday

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7 p.m. G.R.A.S. meets in Lecture Hall 1 for Anime Night!

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