

See page

Breeding Ground

By Nate Hogen

Now it's time to rhyme, flash peace signs
All our money's spent on what's corporate, imprisonment, and military.
Sound Scary? Yeah, I know. That's the way it's supposed to be.
They want us to eat, drink, breathe, touch, taste, and hear it, consume it, hide from it, and live in denial.
Stand clear, stay near, watch your rear, and live in fear of a ghost called a terrorist.
Every person, every suspect, all those opposed, all those against, all those expressing anti-American sentiments will be subjected to harassment, interrogation, and held in detention indefinitely for your safety,
for your security, to make you feel more free.
Now, I definitely disagree, but what does that make me?

Well, I guess that makes me a terrorist.

I missed your lectures on patriotism and nationalism.
Last time I checked my history books, these ideas led to fascism and war after war after war.
Hey Bush, I think Hitler's ghost is knockin' on your door.
So are the poor and helpless you ignore,
but you can't hear them anyway with all these bombs goin' off and what not. You're too busy hangin' with your pals from Enron, Exxon, Mobil, BP, Shell, Chevron/Texaco, and Arco to give a fuck about those you peon daily.
Hey Bush, you ever been peed on, shot, burned, raped, tortured, starved, lynched, oppressed, or enslaved?
No! Well neither have I, but I try to imagine and I don't even come close, cause I'm closed in isolation, but could care less about this country's protection when education is shrouded by deception and manipulation.
I'm sorry Bush, maybe your dailyness has shrouded your intelligence, if you ever had any,
But maybe I shouldn't blame it on you, for you know not what you do.
FUCK THAT!
You gave the executive order. No one said you had to follow orders. Now you're crossing borders you never knew existed, but you persisted all the same, in the name of freedom no less.
Your best equals my worst fears and your false motives are oh so transparent.
My ears are deaf to your propaganda and incoherent promises to find and bring to justice those ghosts in the mist, so-called terrorists.

I am a terrorist.

Guess you missed me while you were arresting those hippies protecting the old trees.
Or is it that I'm just another whitey and not some Iraqi or Afghani?
They're easier to see in a sea of white.
You're right, we need to feel safer, more secure, free of terror, but the real tyranny lies in the axis of greed.
Do we really need more oil?
Violence breeds violence. Silence breeds silence.
Which is more practical, rational, logical, ethical, moral?
The first has already been begotten, the second forgotten, sucked into the black hole of history.
Only now are few retelling the story in all of its gory glory.
I want first graders demanding questions about sex workers, slave traders, factory workers, genocidal massacres, disease, homelessness, and hunger,
the truth we never heard as children.
I understand that lyin', cheatin', stealin', and killin' are all sins, but then what have we been participatin' in?
Which mask are we wearin'?
Bush and Osama Bin Laden and Saddam Hussein are creepin' around on Halloween disguised as each other, all representing powers claiming goodness. Both are meaningless symbols in a world gone stagnant.
All that used to be evil is still rampant.
All that used to be good is still rampant.
Why can't we just be silent?
Our inherent violence will one-day silence us all. That, I guarantee.

I am a terrorist.

So come get me, you Nazi motherfuckers!
I await you with open arms of love, compassion, and forgiveness.
All of us,
All of us,
Please wake up,
I'm trying my best.

november 21, 2002

Evergreen Student Arrested in New Hampshire on Murder Charges

Andrew Mickel Allegedly Posted Internet Confession and Related Manifesto

by Brent Patterson & Andy Cochran

"I never particularly heard much from his room. I didn't see him with any friends. The couple times I spoke to him he was very polite and seemed nice," said Louise Bracker, a retiree who lives just down the hall from Andrew Mickel's recently vacated unit at Capitol Hill Apartment.

"I certainly didn't know him very well though."

It's becoming a familiar lament with Andrew Mickel, an Evergreen student who allegedly fatally shot an officer in Red Bluff CA three times in the head on Tuesday Nov. 19.

Mickel was arrested in a New Hampshire hotel a week later after a two-hour standoff with police. He confessed to a Concord reporter that he had "killed a police officer in Red Bluff, Calif., in an effort to draw attention to police brutality." Sarah Vos, the reporter he spoke to, said he fled to New Hampshire because he learned that the state constitution contained a "right of revolution." Police are unsure of how Mickel traveled from state to state, but are still searching for his vehicle.

Police also believe that Mickel confessed to the murder in two documents posted on the Indymedia web site out of San Francisco. The writer, going by the name of Andrew McCrae, admits to killing Red Bluff Officer David Mobilio, and "claims immunity because he was incorporated."

McCrae (which is thought to be Mickel's alias name) filed incorporation papers under the name Proud and Insolent Youth Incorporated on October 7. The writer

said that he took the name from a Peter Pan story.

"I'm shocked. He had a real creative edge that I admired... but it seems like he just threw it all away," said Dave Magyar, who was enrolled in a writing program with Mickel during Fall of last year.

He's gained a few acquaintances since his arrival from Ohio last September, but no one who's been willing to step up and say that they knew much about him.

"I talked to him a handful of times," Magyar said. "But not for very long, and not about his personal life." Mickel spoke about his frustrations with the U.S. governmental policies, but nothing out of the ordinary.

Harold Fuller-Bennett said that he first met Mickel last year while showing a video about Osama Bin Laden. In the "discussion afterwards there was a lot of people saying it was a propaganda show," said Fuller-Bennett. Mickel was the sole voice that challenged the rest. "He was definitely the one that was changing the discussion and bringing it to a higher level."

"He was an interesting person. He definitely stood out in terms of the kinds of ideas he had," Magyar said. In a project last year Mickel had the class sign a contract stating that no one would talk about the project outside of the class. "The nature of the project and the fact that he made us sign a waiver impressed me."

The last time Magyar saw him was about a month ago. "He told me had gone to Israel and Columbia," Magyar said Mickel had sewn a white cross onto his army

rucksack to avoid mistaken identity.

Mickel graduated from high school in Springfield, Ohio. Military records show that he served in the U.S. army from May 1998 until August 2001, stationed at Fort Campbell Kentucky.

"He didn't like the army," said Magyar. Fuller-Bennett met Mickel shortly after he left the army and got the impression that this was the first time Mickel had been exposed to the more liberal views that typify Evergreen. Mickel definitely latched on to some of them, Fuller-Bennett said. Last year, he had the impression that Mickel was getting fed up with just sitting around and being talked to.

However, Fuller-Bennett said that he had only about a dozen conversations that lasted over five minutes with Mickel.

"I knew him better than a lot of his acquaintances... but friends I don't know... it's kind of a fuzzy line," said Magyar.

"I definitely don't agree with what he did. But I agree with what he wrote but I don't think there's an excuse to kill anyone. Especially a cop pumping gas. It just doesn't seem to fit with what he said."

Officer Mobilio leaves behind a wife and an 18-month old child.

In a brief telephone interview, Mickel's mother said she would make the same statement that she had made to previous inquiries.

Through a voice choked with shudders and tears his mother said, "we love our son, but we absolutely denounce his alleged actions. Our hearts are breaking for the family and friends of Officer Mobilio."

Excerpts from the online postings:

"Hello Everyone, my names Andy. I killed a Police Officer in Red Bluff, California in a motion to bring attention to, and halt, the police state tacticts that have come to be used throughout our country.

Now I'm coming forward, to explain that this killing was also an action against corporate irresponsibility."

"The name 'Proud and Insolent Youth' is a reference to Peter Pan.

Just before their final dual and Captain Hooks demise, Hook said to Peter, 'Proud and insolent youth, prepare to meet thy doom.'

To which Peter replied, 'Dark and sinister man, have at thee!'

Now, Peter Pan hates pirates, and I hate pirates, and corporations are nothing but a bunch of pirates. It's time to send them to a watery grave, and rip them completely out of our lives."

"Corporations will not voluntarily give up their dominating power of political immunity and the financial wealth it gains them. And with all our government leaders either personally connected to corporations or sold out to them, if we try to remove this corporate influence by ourselves, we will find 'the Law,' with all its weight, upon us."

To read the texts in full, go to <http://sf.indymedia.org/news/2002/11/1545325.php> and <http://sf.indymedia.org/news/2002/11/1545326.php>

Standing up for Peace

photo by Annjeanette Daubert

Wednesday, December 4
With Bush threatening war on a country broken by over a decade of international sanctions, a group of US citizens, both students and community members, took a concerted, peaceful stand against the war. Community members Ju Pong Lin and Anne Fischel asked those present to take a place around candles reminiscent of vigils held for the victims of the 9-11 attacks.
During the Suzanne Lacy-influenced happening, which was punctuated by a softly-beaten gong, the two gentle women asked all to consider the war, to think about our feelings surrounding the war, to talk from the heart and from personal perspective. Both facilitators emphasized the humanness of this historical precipice.

--Annjeanette Daubert



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Evergreen's Kung-Fu Team Featured in National Magazine

by Kevin Barrett

Evergreen's nationally recognized Bak Shaolin Eagle Claw Kung Fu team has recently reached another milestone with a feature article in the January 2003 issue of *Inside Kung Fu* magazine, the most widely circulated martial arts magazine in the country. The five page pictorial, entitled "Team Ever-Gold," focuses on Team Evergreen's unprecedented accomplishments over the years, particularly the 2000 National Blackbelt League Super Grands and the 2002 International Martial Arts Council World Championships. Former Evergreen Kung Fu team captains Sam Haskin, Jesse Harter, Owen O'Keefe, Jessie Smith, and Loa Amoth are pictured flying through the pages. Evergreen alumni Shasta Smith and John Eastlake are also featured in the article, along with Wisconsin branch member Nate Sonnenberg and Texas branch member Noam Reininger. All of these martial artists are currently national team members and pursuing their individual careers.

At their recent photo shoot in Los Angeles, Dave Cater, the editor of *Inside Kung Fu*, called Team Evergreen the "winningest" team in America. O'Keefe and Jessie Smith continue to teach in the Olympia area while most of the other members have started clubs in the respective cities or schools.

The team would like to thank Grandmaster Fu Leung and National Coach Dana G. Daniels for their countless hours of teaching and their dedication to traditional Chinese martial arts. The Bak Shaolin Eagle Claw Kung Fu Club is always accepting new members. For more information call Kevin Barrett at 357-9137 or check out www.bakshaolineagleclaw.com



photo courtesy of Evergreen Kung-Fu
Jessie Smith teaches women's self defense and gives seminars in the Olympia area since graduating from Evergreen in 2000. Her and the rest of the national Bak Shaolin Eagle Claw Kung Fu team, most of them recent Evergreen graduates, are featured in the January 2003 issue of *Inside Kung Fu* on newsstands now.

The Ovarian Needs Your Submissions

Join The Justice League

by Nicky Smith

The *Ovarian*, the 'zine done by the Women's Resource Center, needs your submissions. Send us your artwork, poems, writing, rants- anything! Make your voice heard. This 'zine is a venue where all the Evergreen gals can express themselves. The upcoming issue will focus on girls and their travel experiences. Just drop off your submissions at the Women's Resource Center CAB 206. You can also contact the WRC at 867-6162.

by Maggie Long

Are you a senior? Are you committed to social justice? Are you interested in finding a job where you can help to protect immigrants' rights, women's rights, and worker's rights? If you are interested in a job that empowers people to fight for social change, come find out about union organizing at 2:00 p.m. on December 6 at the Labor Center. For more information contact Maggie Long via pager at 888-787-0088 (include your area code).

CAP is Now Hiring

by Sarah Finger

The Campus Advocacy Program (CAP) is hiring a new coordinator. This is a new program that will provide peer advocacy to survivors of sexual assault and domestic violence. When the program is operational there will be advocates on call 24 hours a day, throughout the school year. While advocates will all be volunteers, one paid student coordinator and the Office of Sexual Assault Prevention will coordinate the program. The CAP Coordinator must complete Safeplace training (preferred) or equivalent training on Sexual Assault and Domestic Violence. Experience providing advocacy to survivors is preferred. The job will include recruiting, training, supporting, and coordinating volunteer advocates, advertising, and working unfilled on-call shifts.

The coordinator will be paid for eight hours a week of work, although the position may actually require more time. We are looking for qualified and committed individuals. We are asking for at least a 2-quarter commitment through Spring of 2003. Interested parties should contact the Coalition Against Sexual Violence for an application at 867-6749.

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

TBA

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

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by Apryl Nelson

Holiday breaks are just so boring. But since this is the Blotter.. Here's the situation.

November 21

4:59 a.m. One lucky recipient gets an MIP for peeing in front of a door. That's right...I'm really not kidding here... She peed in front of a door; I guess that she was too intoxicated to go to the facilities. Any way, her roommate called the RA who then called police services about it. Police services responded, made sure that she was okay, locked her bedroom door, and issued an MIP.

10:22 p.m. Another MIP... This one is issued to someone in A dorm, I think. At least it appears to be A dorm because after being called to the dorm plaza for some broken glass on the sidewalk, they saw someone walking around with a red plastic cup near the fourth floor stairway. Well, the boy saw police services and ran. He was followed down the stairwell, and was asked to stop. Being the good boy that he was, he did, and cooperated with the officer when the officer asked to smell the contents. Well they had the strong odor of alcohol, and the boy was sent to the grievance counselor.

November 23

11:40 p.m. A speeding car gets a DUI. Upon contact with the driver, it was noticed that he had red, watery eyes, and the strong smell of alcohol coming from him. When asked if he had been drinking, he said that he had been and consented to taking the standard field sobriety tests. After finishing them it was determined that he was, in fact, under the influence. He was placed in wrist restraints, and advised that he was under arrest for suspicion of driving while intoxicated. Then the guy started to get mean, and verbally abusive. That's just not called for.

November 27

10:41 a.m. A verbal altercation on the bus turns into harassment on the telephone. An employee of the school got into a fight with a guy, and he had been calling Evergreen obsessively trying to get something done about it. He was told that if he kept calling obsessively then there would have to be some sort of criminal justice alternative taken.

December 1

10:48 a.m. You know, for only paying \$12 to ride the bus as many times you want, some people have no respect. You shouldn't be rude to the driver of the bus under any circumstances. They're nice people. Think about it, they drive you where you need to go, and disrespect isn't nice. Neither is heckling them because they didn't stop for someone that wasn't at the bus stop. Be nice to the bus drivers.

December 2

11:05 p.m. Graffiti near the free box written in black marker is found.

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Black Gold, Texas Tea: Part 2

Commentary by
True Amenselah Baker

Continued from last issue

The United States played silent witness to the genocide in Sudan until it was in its best economic interest to intervene, and when it finally stepped up to the plate, it produced the lukewarm Sudan Peace Act, which provides no measures to prevent Americans and the international community from profiting from the suffering of the southern Sudanese. In fact, before oil was discovered in south Sudan in the 1980s, U.S. foreign policy largely ignored the war in Sudan - treating the war as just a bunch of black tribes and some Arabs killing each other.

Reportedly, Colin Powell and other political powerhouses worked quietly behind the scenes to influence a change in America's foreign policy toward Sudan. In April of this year, the Bush Administration sent Senator John C. Danforth (R-MO) and a team of government officials, well versed in the affairs of Sudan, on the senator's second mission to Sudan.

Both the GOS and the SPLA largely welcomed Danforth's mission to Sudan. Being hyperaware of Sudan's history of failed peace agreements, the senator stressed to both parties that the United States' primary focuses were bringing an end to the suffering of the Sudanese people and ensuring that both parties implement whatever they promised to do. As a result of the Danforth mission, President Bush signed the Sudan Peace Act on October 21, 2002.

Based on the Machakos Protocol, the Act authorizes \$300 million to support the infrastructure of southern Sudan. The Act requires biannual updates on the process of peace negotiations. If the GOS fails to negotiate in good faith, the Bush Administration will seek an arms embargo resolution from the UN Security Council. If the SPLA fails to negotiate in good faith, the Bush Administration will withdraw its funding. The Act demands that both parties submit a list of war criminals and acts that constitute crimes against humanity to the U.S. State Department. Most important, the Act demands that both parties allow for safe humanitarian relief missions to south Sudan.

Ironically, shortly after President Bush signed the Sudan Peace Act, Sudan's current president, Omar Hassan al-Bashir, reportedly denounced the Act on a Sudanese radio program, and favored a return to the Machakos Protocol, which the GOS abrogated shortly after it was enacted in July 2002. Even more ironic is the fact that, although the State Department characterized Sudan as a terrorist nation in its most current annual report, Patterns of Global Terror (2001), the Sudan Peace Act did not establish capital market sanctions.

Capital market sanctions would prevent U.S. oil company involvement in Sudan and would prohibit companies from raising

capital for oil development by trading its securities in any capital market in the U.S. Consequently, this failure allows companies like the Canadian oil company, Talisman, to trade securities on U.S. stock exchanges. Additionally, these companies can continue profiting while they do nothing to stop the GOS's scorched earth policy, which secures the oil fields by clearing the indigenous southern Sudanese tribal groups off their land. Lack of capital market sanctions means, for Talisman and peers, that silence is not golden-silence, it is black gold.

The framework for peace is written in the Machakos Protocol, the Sudan Peace Act, the Universal Islamic Declaration of Human Rights, the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, and Amnesty International's Human Rights Principles for Companies. Both the GOS and SPLA are aware of at least some of these documents. But greed and ego compel the GOS and the SPLA to continue their turf war to the detriment of their own country and their own people.

In the best interest of the people of Sudan, the United States must establish capital market sanctions. Failure to do so creates policy that allows America to profit from the suffering of her global neighbors. The UN Security Council must send peacekeepers to monitor and investigate violations of the peace agreements. The UN must recognize south Sudan's right to self-determination, and recognize an independent, sovereign south Sudan. The natural resources of Sudan must be distributed in a way that satisfies both parties. The United States must re-establish all embassy services in Khartoum and establish a complete embassy in south Sudan.

Understandably, the world's focus is on the seemingly impending U.S. war on Iraq and the nuclear capabilities and intentions of North Korea, but achieving peace in Sudan must come to the forefront if the United States and the international community are truly serious about conducting a war against terror.

True Amenselah Baker is one of the coordinators for Umoja, a student organization dedicated to fostering an identity among students of African descent at The Evergreen State College. True's views do not necessarily reflect the opinion and position of Umoja.

Background Detail:

In 1998, the Clinton Administration bombed a pharmaceutical plant in Khartoum, Sudan. The plant was supposedly being used to manufacture chemical weapons for Osama bin Laden. Later, the Clinton Administration admitted it bombed the Khartoum plant based on faulty intelligence reports in an article covered on May 5, 1999 by The Washington Times.

Per the CIA's 2002 World Factbook, approximately 35 million people, divided into 19 major ethnic groups, who speak

over 600 languages, live in Sudan. Fifty-two percent of the population is black; thirty-nine percent is Arab. Seventy percent of the northern (mostly Arab) population practices Islam, while in the south, twenty-five percent of the people practice indigenous "animist" beliefs, and only five percent confess Christianity. According to the Sudan Criminal Law Act of 1991, the penalty for apostasy is death.

In its 2000 report, the United States Commission on International Religious Freedom reported that over 4.5 million southern Sudanese have been internally

displaced-the largest internally displaced (refugee) population in the world.

After extreme censure from the international community, Talisman announced on October 31, 2002 that it would sell its Sudanese oil interests. Subsequently, Talisman bought back a portion of its shares on November 1, 2002. The discovery of oil reserves in south Sudan has fundamentally shifted the focus of the civil war from a religious-ethnic identity clash to a power struggle to control resources that enable each of the warring faction's ability to fund and advance its agenda.

Weekend Slip-ups: where to find emergency contraception when you need it most

by Jenna Huntsberger, UW student

No one likes to think about condoms breaking. In high school, our teacher's told us: "If you use a condom, you won't get pregnant. If you use a condom, you'll be sexually responsible. If you use a condom, everything will be OK." If the condom breaks, it's betraying those high school sex-ed laws of nature. It's unsettling, and what's worse, you have to deal with a pregnancy scare.

This is exactly why we have emergency contraception. Emergency contraception (EC) will reduce your chances of pregnancy by 89 percent if taken within 72 hours after unprotected sex, but it's more effective if taken the first 24 hours. EC works exactly like regular birth control pills: it delays ovulation, decreases the sperm's fertilization capacity, and it may also prevent implantation if an egg gets fertilized. However, EC will not terminate a pregnancy. Although the hormone levels in EC are higher than ordinary birth-control pills, they will not affect a developing fetus.

There are currently two dedicated emergency contraceptive products on the market. Of the two, Plan B has the fewest side effects (you throw up less and become less nauseated). Cost of Plan B ranges from \$25-\$50 at retail pharmacies.

If you shiver when you think of weekend condom breakage, then thank the higher powers that you live in Washington State. Washington State is working to make EC readily available to everyone. While you can't buy it over the counter in the United States, Washington State and California have a program that allows certain trained pharmacists to give out EC prescriptions. In another state, you would go to a doctor, and then to a pharmacist, taking up a precious portion of that 72-hour window.

If the thought of condoms breaking, then the thought of them breaking on the weekend in disturbing. Finding EC can be hard-only certain pharmacists, at certain pharmacies will provide EC. But it's even harder to find it on the weekends, when many of us need it most. Many student health centers may not be open on weekends so if your Plan A fails and you need Plan B, a helpful phone number to remember for EC is 888-not-2-late which gives you a clinic or pharmacy using your zip code. Near campus, pharmacies trained in emergency contraception are Bartell's (White Center), Long's and Rite-Aid in Burien.

But wait, you say, I'm on the pill. I just broke up with my boyfriend and I'm not going to have sex anytime soon. I've never had a condom break before. Why should I go and get EC if I'm never going to use it?

Well, that's exactly how we should think about EC. No one should plan to use EC. Regular contraceptives used correctly and consistently are much more effective at preventing pregnancy. But, as we all know, contraception isn't foolproof. We can forget to take a pill. We can have sex when we're not planning to, or don't want to. Part of dealing with the reality of contraception failure is having EC on hand as a backup. So, then next time you go for a pap smear, ask for an EC prescription and get it filled as soon as you can. When you have EC in your medicine cabinet, you can rest, secure in the knowledge that the next time he says, "Oops, the condom broke," you'll know what to do.

Visit website go2planB.com for more EC information, pharmacies, and providers.

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Greener's Village Green

by Benjamin Morton

A great diversity of gardens and ideas has coalesced into the document *Imagine a Greener Future*. Yet this discussion is under threat from the new ideologues who see a replacement of all human landscapes with so-called 'native' plants as the only worthy course of action. They believe that planting only 'natives' is best because these plants are the most suited to their environments and live in harmony; they are natural. Thus during a meeting to discuss the various arboretum projects, 'native' plant advocates rejected the merits of every garden design presented unless re-envisioned with only 'natives'. This attitude destroys the basic design of many of the envisioned landscapes that are intended to showcase responsible landscaping, natural history, and genetic diversity. This attitude was not calmed by the existence of a 'native' plant garden by the Longhouse or the planned 'native' plant gardens surrounding the new Seminar II building.

Stephan Jay Gould, a respected authority on evolution, argues that both central tenets of 'native' plant ideology, that natural selection optimizes species and their interactions and that given regions have specific perfected ecologies, is false. Rather species exist in particular regions transiently because of random history, not intelligent design. As a result surviving species are only better than those that also had a historical chance to attempt survival in a given area. As for the cultural implications of native plant ideologies, Joachim Wolschke-Bulmahn writes at length about the Nazi extermination and vilification of foreign plants in Germany. Much like the advocates

A Land Without Lawns

by Kelsey Martin-Keating

I came new not only to Evergreen this fall, but to Olympia and the Northwest too. Having spent the summer in the high mountain deserts of New Mexico, the change was a drastic one. Even driving up here and watching the landscape slowly change was not enough preparation for the overwhelming greenness of it all.

Green is not my favorite color. I don't usually wear it. I usually omit it from my painting palette. To use a fun plant metaphor, I felt like a transplant whose roots hadn't yet taken to this new soil, and so I chose to take the Picturing Plants program this fall to help me adapt to my new environment. Just like recognizing faces and knowing my way around town helped me develop a sense of place, understanding and recognizing local plants and ecosystems was a way to start making this feel like

home. they saw their home forest besieged by non-native plants and sought their extermination.

But native-ness is a human construction that is nearly impossible to quantify. Determining a date that delineates between natives and non-natives is impossible, because species can move without the help of humans and climates constantly change. If global warming becomes reality, the species mix in the Puget Sound area will change whether we want it to or not. Increasing genetic diversity in the region is one answer to the threat of mass extinctions.

Evergreen needs enlightened discussion to constructively resolve environmental problems posed by our human landscapes. Native plants are a connection to the pre-European past of this region and provide important foods and habitats. But



By Perrin Kamelent

home.

The program helped me to do just that through nature walks where I was encouraged to draw and identify all that I saw. Our walk through the Longhouse Ethnobotanical Garden and out towards the Farm was a whirlwind introduction to almost every native plant in the area. Everything in the garden is labeled and became the perfect checkpoint to go back to as I slowly came to recognize these plants in their natural habitats.

This use of gardens as a teaching tool was not something I had really considered before. If I did think about gardens, I wrote them off as non-sustainable, arrogant human encroachments on the natural landscape. But this class helped me see gardens in a new light; as teachers; as places of beauty; and as places where we can begin to create healthier, more sustainable and more inspired landscapes than those that are the norm today.

As we considered the historical and cultural trends that had helped create the "lawnscapes" that dominates our country, we began to ask why Evergreen, as a school

this region has been irreversibly changed and it cannot be restored to its past. Unfortunately, the 'native plant' advocates are stuck in an all or nothing paradigm that absolves us all from thinking about what is best for ourselves or for nature in local, individual and future contexts. As Michael Pollan writes in *Second Nature*, "The gardener doesn't take it for granted that man's impact on nature will always be negative." In the locales that humans inhabit it is left to us to be the shepherd and the bumblebee, increasing the diversity of human and nonhuman forms of life. This will be challenging. That is also why it is necessary.

Make certain to attend the Garden Design Conference in order to view visions of the campus and to start the dialogue necessary for a proper combination of natives and non-natives to coexist.

A "Lawn" Way to Go...

by Rebecca Sheedy

At the time of TESC's inception, the lawn was a popular symbol of unity and prosperity in the American landscape. It proliferated in suburbs and public parks as a standard facet of design. A burgeoning environmental consciousness regarding lawn maintenance practices that countered the accepted view of lawn as a quintessential aspect of landscape design was, at the same time, beginning to gain acceptance.

Parents affected by the ideal of lawn as an essence of prosperity and comfortable aesthetics were sending their children off to college at the time of TESC's inauguration. To them, the lawn that introduced TESC was a welcoming mat that displayed a degree of safety imparted to nature by the taming of it, while assuring them of the school's affluence and refined aesthetics. The students who sought out TESC because of its liberal inclinations may have seen the campus through different eyes.

Perhaps some of the first prospective students that came to visit TESC perceived an opposite ratio: a small amount of lawn surrounded by nature in its elemental form. Students with concern for the environment must have liked TESC's divergence from strict conformity to current design mandates. In order to keep the interest of the parents who would be spending their money here, and draw the attention of prospective attendees who might be interested in a break from the norm, TESC had to compromise. TESC's decision to implement a lawn adorning the campus core and retain the outskirts as wooded acres must have appealed to both parties.

This was thirty years ago. Since then, conformity seems to have become something to go against. The current landscape at TESC is not an accurate reflection of the values that the college upholds as its creed. TESC strives to curtail water and energy consumption, manages waste by recycling and composting, boasts a relatively toxic-free environment, and has embraced "green" construction methods as the campus grows. Still, the consumptive and outdated practices of "lawnscaping" that have upheld the carpeting of America in lawn are in effect at TESC. As those inaugural classes of TESC students are sending their own children off to college, TESC is in prime position to speak in the counterculture tongue once again. What an incredible trend it would be to transform college campuses across the country into arboretums that could serve as an extension of the classroom!

The recent inclusion of the Longhouse Ethnobotanical Garden and the future "green rooftop" and teaching-gardens that will adorn TESC's new Seminar II building will show aspects of the current trends in landscape architecture. They reflect the need to design and implement gardens that can survive with a minimum of assistance and help to moderate the stress on the environment that intense human activity poses. Perhaps the limited "lawnscaping" of TESC's future arboretum will serve as a model, not only for other college campuses, but also for the "lawnscaped" suburbs that tend to surround them.

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Earth, Wind & Fire *
Bring Water to Malawi

* Sub-Pop Is Angry
You Forgot
About Them *

Electroclash
is Dead...

...but somebody forgot
to tell the Lovemakers.

by Hal Steinberg

Americans often hear about the plight of places such as Africa, but either find too little time or too little availability to do anything to help. Recently Evergreen and the Olympia community had a chance to make such a difference.

Saturday, November 16, the 2002 Capital City Jazz Band Festival came to Evergreen. The event hosted high school jazz bands from around Thurston County, and internationally renowned recording artist Eric Alexander and Verdine White from Earth, Wind and Fire. It was organized by the Rotary Clubs of Thurston County and was in conjunction with Water For People, a group dedicated to bringing clean water to Malawi.

Young musicians from 12 area high schools kicked off the show in the early afternoon.

At 5 p.m. the doors closed for the day portion of the show, and preparation began for the headlining acts, Alexander and White. Alexander is a graduate of Olympia High and now lives in New York playing local jazz spots and around the world. His most recent album, entitled *The Second Milestone*, is on Summit Meeting, a label based out of the Bay Area. Alexander has released upwards of 70 albums and is considered a hot prospect for the future. He graduated from William Paterson College in New Jersey. Alexander chose not to come to Evergreen because his father was a founder of the college. As a result, the younger Alexander didn't know much about the school except that it didn't have a good jazz program. He says, "I knew I wouldn't go to Evergreen, because they didn't have the jazz program that at least that time I was looking for."

Prior to going onstage, Alexander put on a workshop for anyone interested, though it's main focus was educating students. He made it very clear that in order to be a good jazz musician, one needs to listen to jazz, as it allows one to have a sense as to the exact sounds the "greats" are playing. Commenting on the state of pop music today and the likes of Britney Spears, he said, "there's something to be said for pop music, when it's good it's good. It's like McDonalds--- that's junk food, but it's good." Verdine White, founding member and bassist for Earth, Wind and Fire, was also in attendance as the festival drew on. Ralph Johnson, another member of the group was supposed to be in attendance, but canceled at the last moment because of personal matters that he needed to take care of. White, who attended The American Conservatory of Music in Chicago also gave what's called a masters class prior to the evening show and was also a judge for the various bands that performed. White, as a member of Earth, Wind and Fire also knows a little bit about what it means to be a musician and talked a little bit about that. He said, "this is really great," calling the festival a "really great discipline," adding this (referring to the festival) is "what you need to do great work."

Earth, Wind and Fire continue to tour, currently in Japan, and in the spring of next year, they will release a new album. The band was recently inducted into the BET Hall of Fame, and two years ago was inducted into the Rock N Roll Hall of Fame. Also, they were given the 2002 Rhythm and Soul Heritage Honoree Award by ASCAP (American Society Of Composers, Authors, and Publishers), the main award body, which hosts such shows as the Emmys. The band has seen their fair share of music happenings through time, and White had something to say as well about today's music. He said, "every generation brings about their different styles of music." Growing up, White said that he listened to everything from Coltrane and Davis to the Beatles and he says this is reflected in the music of Earth, Wind, and Fire.

by Jerry Chiang

You know you are getting old when the mention of Sub-Pop invokes a look of bewilderment. "Sub what?" was the answer given to me when I spoke of the Seattle label with my little cousins. Sub-Pop, in its halcyon days, was the Def-Jam of grunge music; it not only helped to develop the musical genre that launched a thousand imitators and legendary groups like Nirvana, but it also put Seattle in the mainstream consciousness.

After the demise of grunge, people thought Sub-Pop was done for; even many music lovers in Seattle felt the freshness of Sub-Pop had run out. You probably think that Sub-Pop went out of business long, long ago.

Well, the rain in the Northwest will make anything resilient, and Sub-Pop has fought hard and remained vibrant after all these years.

Last Thursday, I witnessed a band that will surely let Sub-Pop stick around for a few more years. The band that I saw is called Hot Hot Heat. They're from Vancouver, Canada. They're local. They're quirky. They make great music, and their new album, "Makeup the breakdown," is exciting and weird.

The funky foursome collectively sounds like a mix between The Cure and Modest Mouse. There is an undeniable undercurrent of synth-pop nostalgia that drives Hot Hot Heat's unique sound; if you closed your eyes and listened closely, you would think you had gone back to the insouciant Eighties, where keyboards and wild hairdos ruled.

Steve Bays, the keyboardist and vocalist, sings like a drunk, happy Robert Smith. He also sings lyrics that will undoubtedly put a broad grin on your face. In one of my favorites, "Oh Goddamnit," Bays sings, "I cannot wait till Saturday cuz Saturday my tax deductions make me function like a blue collar, white collar, I don't know so I gotta holler, oh, oh goddamnit, I think I've lost it, oh, oh goddamnit, I think I've lost you."

The other highlight of the album is a fun, energetic track called "Bandages." This little synth-pop inspired gem recalls the quirkiness of Space, and at the same time, it is wonderfully danceable. The first time I heard this song, I couldn't resist from gyrating in weird directions and forms while driving 45 mph near my house.

Let it be known that Hot Hot Heat is also an able live band. Apparently on the night of the concert, Bays had a fever of 103, but he still performed with relish. His showmanship and little cocky strut reminded me of Mick Jagger and Pelle of The Hives. Even though Hot Hot Heat's music won't inspire a mosh pit anytime in the future, the music is still fun; people weren't moshing only because they were too busy dancing and enjoying themselves.

If you thought Sub-Pop was done, well, think again. As long as Sub-Pop keeps signing refreshing bands like Hot Hot Heat, it'll be around for a while. If you don't believe me, go and check out Sub Pop's office in Belltown in Seattle. You won't miss it; the office sticks out like a sore thumb in a residential area, and that's the way Sub Pop will always be - it's going to expose the musical community to different bands with unique and unheard of sounds.

by Ian Mansfield

Or maybe the Eighties are dead, but no one told the electroclash movement, already facing a backlash due to the overexposure and a new wave of opportunistic scene-crashers. Or maybe, hearkening back to the Eighties, the scene has experienced an entire decade in just one short year, as sex, sex, and more sex tends to eventually have consequences. Is this a metaphor for the loss of innocence, of AIDS sobering up the cocaine-fueled orgies of the Reagan years? Or is it merely the sound of a scene moving on, as all twelve million residents of New York City now bear a striking resemblance to Julian Casablancas and his even more fashionable sex-god compadres, The Strokes?

Perhaps for the good of America at large, The Lovemakers have arrived. Sure, they bear all the trademarks of electroclash: high fashion, an obsession with sex, and Casiotone beats. But unlike fellow scene saviors Gravy Train, they don't rap. Thank God for that. In fact, The Lovemakers bring an unheard-of somber tone to the party. While they won't be mistaken for the Velvet Underground anytime soon (or ever), the use of violin and the regretful dirges show just how much growth and musical diversity is possible in a sound previously dismissed as an excuse to blow lines, dance, and fornicate with complete abandon. To their credit, The Lovemakers' long instrumental passages show actual technical proficiency. Unfortunately, all of these efforts to distance themselves from the gleeful emptiness of the electroclash scene ultimately rob them of the one crucial ingredient: actual sex appeal. Sure, Lisa Lights coos and moans like nobody's business, but the album often sounds less like New Order and more like New Age. It's less sex in a dingy club bathroom than it is a 70s key party. You could almost picture your parents having sex to it.

In all fairness, few electroclash records have translated the energy and spectacle of live performances to an album. Without choreographed dance routines, homemade clothes, and some stranger thrusting against your thighs, something inevitably gets lost in the translation. The Lovemakers will be appearing at Le Voyer on December 7th with COCO (on Olympia's own K Records), and whatever the album does not capture will likely come out in concert. Dress creatively, dress sharp, and dress in something that's easy to take off.

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SPAM

by Erika Wittmann

Have you ever been interrupted at dinner with a telemarketing call? Do you get annoyed at having to clean out your email Inbox every day, just to keep up with the spam? Well, there are steps you can take to rid yourself of these unwanted invasions of your privacy.

One way is to request that your number be unlisted with Qwest. It costs \$0.75 a month to keep your number unlisted, but you avoid the telemarketing almost altogether. A few calls still get through, but in the long run, you may find it worth it. It also pays to be very careful who you leave your number with. A caller ID is another option to screen calls with.

There are laws that protect you as a consumer. Following is a list of web sites that can help you get rid of these unwanted annoyances, give you opportunities to get involved and be an activist for these issues, and a run-down of the laws regarding these issues.

Spam:

www.spamassassin.org: Spamassassin is a mail filter to identify spam

www.spam.abuse.net: Contains anti-junk mail filters, IP blocking, blacklists, and other boycott tools for activists

www.activestate.com/stopsam: Claims to stop 98% of spam

www.inboxprotector.com: Spam filter for MS Outlook and Outlook Express

Telemarketing:

www.junkbusters.com/script.html: Pages on federal laws and on how to reduce telemarketing calls and junk mail

www.wired.com/wiredarchive/10.11/start.html#pg-9: Advertises a TeleZapper that blocks telemarketing calls.

www.anti-telemarketer.com/how_to_get_rid_of_telemarketing.htm: "How To Get Rid of Telemarketing Calls: The real truth, from an ex-telemarketer."

www.xs4all.nl/~cgbg/counterscript.html: "A diagram of questions you can use to give a telemarketer a taste of their own medicine."

What's Wrong With The Olympian?

by Ian Mansfield

With such a diversity of alternative news outlets in Olympia, a conventional newspaper like The Olympian may seem redundant at best to Evergreen students. On a campus where "I don't watch TV news" is bandied about like a badge of honor or credibility, The Olympian is practically a nonentity. Reflecting the overall makeup of the area, it slants slightly right (at least by contemporary American definitions; by Evergreen standards, it might as well be a GOP mouthpiece). In fact, despite Evergreen's influence on the city, the college barely factors into the Olympian's coverage. Most articles regarding Evergreen concern the obligatory sports score, the occasional listing of an art exhibit, and the yearly note about the state budget crisis and corresponding tuition increase. Perhaps no news is good news. The few in-depth articles on Evergreen in recent years concern the downtown May Day protest and the expulsion of Evergreen students for their role in a Mexican street protest. Articles like these are what prompt the classic "Let's shut down the school and turn it into a prison" letters from Olympia residents that form the basis of Evergreen's perception of community hatred. If Evergreen's presence in the newspaper is minimal, however, perhaps the school needs to look at itself. After the two aforementioned public relations debacles, I only saw one letter from a Greener defending the school. Furthermore, the influence of Evergreen students or alumni actually writing for the paper seems to be minimal at best.

All concerns about changing The Olympian aside, the paper does have its place. As Olympia (sadly) lacks a counterpart to Seattle's Stranger, it is the only major paper in town. It is the best (if not only) place to hear about Olympia city council meetings, state government issues, and local issues like the roads and bridges. While its Arts and Entertainment section usually ignores the thriving local alternative scene, the coverage it does give validates the scene, as its mainstream, conservative, old-guard Olympia coverage of local talent shows pride in what this city is capable of: just witness last March's beaming coverage of the Sleater-Kinney "homecoming." Perhaps more importantly, the paper's political coverage reflects the sentiments of the actual majority of Olympia: conservative, yet compassionate. As public relations is the final frontier of any battle, any would-be revolutionary attending this school would do well to know the actual sentiments of the majority of the city they call home. Perhaps The Olympian is not as progressive as CrimethInc., or any of the multitude of news outlets Olympia has spawned. This should be a given, as the Olympian is the dominant newspaper in town, and reflects the majority opinion. While you might cringe at the occasional hate letter regarding Evergreen, you'll at least know where we stand. Next time you want to change the town, pick up The Olympian and get a feel for what you're trying to change.

The Media Looks at the Media

CrimethInc. Makes You Think

by Nate Hogen

Got Freedom? CrimeThInc. says you do right in the palm of your hand and demands you stand up and assert your rights to be free. Ironically, it is the largest organized anarchist organization in America, and possibly the world, since it is not just centralized to any particular place. Its headquarters lie in Atlanta, GA, but they might as well be in any of our homes. CrimeThInc would like to encompass all of our lives in a state of perpetual revolution and misinformation. The organization denounces and wishes to eradicate organized government, organized religion, capitalism, slavery, sexism, racism, war, etc. until we reach utopia. These are the true believers cast aside as extremist, idealists, and now, terrorists.

Still, what is Crimethink? Well giving it a pure definition would contradict its thesis, but as they have already gone public and sell books nationally, then they have already become hypocrites while fully realizing their actions. In their first book *Days of War, Nights of Love* a Crimethink is "everything that can't be bought, sold, or faked." This is a pretty general definition, but the book goes on to explain and defend all its view points persuading everyone to essentially quit their jobs, move out of the cities, live in small communes, grow food, make art and music, and live happily ever after. Well, there is the whole fighting for our lives part as well, but let's focus on the end rather than the means.

This non-organization organization also claims not to be a movement and is centerless, amoebic, and invisible. It will take us out of history. Its focus is on the individual to empower themselves to lead the lives they want to lead and find those with the same desires so we can create mutually beneficial relationships. Again, essentially this new system is designed so that everyone thinks for themselves and works for themselves. It encourages everyone to quit their jobs and pursue they're dreams. It's open to anyone's wildest imagination. Their philosophy is simple, but dense and very descriptive. They're not looking for followers, but free thinkers who realize how oppressed all of us are and wishes to change the world, but more radically than just about any other organization on the planet.

To find out more go to www.crimethinc.com or just by the books *Days of War, Nights of Love* and *Evasion*. Or just read any anarchist literature in general from Bukonin to Emma Goldman. The Capitol Theater will also be hosting a Crimethink/anarchist film festival from December 13-15. In the meantime, Live More, Consume Less, Work Less, Read More, Minimalize, Self-Actualize, Don't Shop, Kill the cop in your head, Dumpster dive, and look alive, the future is unwritten.

Student Film Production

Hi, My name is Michael C. Luttmer and I'm in the process of making a science fiction film production. To give you a flavor of what the film will be about, it's the sequel to a previous half-hour animation I had done a few months ago of which was the 5th movie in my portfolio. The newest production is to be made almost completely with 3D graphics and 2D-character animation. To give you all a basis without giving it away, it's a war movie set on the galactic stage with three to four main races and many characters. A complete script will be coming soon. How long the project will take depends on how many more people join. The goal of this film is one to tell a story filled with turmoil, war, hope, and peace. Second, when the film is complete I'm going to take it onto the independent film festival circuit and to the Hollywood production companies. Long term there could very well be monetary compensation; although right now it's strictly voluntary. This will provide its participants with a production credit, a few copies of the movie, a wonderful contribution to your college or professional portfolio, and it will look damn good on a job resume. So I'm calling on ALL animators, sound EFX gurus, and talented voice actors (to be needed later on.) If you can draw, make noise, have a definitive voice, or have a fast computer that we can render on, please contact me. My email is cqfxmaster@hotmail.com and then we can setup a time to meet, of which I can tell you more about the project. This is an awesome opportunity to prove your skills to the world.

Women are Misrepresented in the Media

by Annjeanette Daubert

Almost everyone understands that when you switch on your television you will not find a correct reflection of reality—almost everyone perhaps within the Evergreen Community, that is. Most people on the outside of this Brigadoon may not have the same appreciation or lack thereof that a Greener might, and those cute and cuddly fabric softener commercials may be considered (along with those teeny-bopping push-up bra pop stars out in LALA land) as the archetypal or "normal" female role model. What's that you say? "How can anyone be so what?" Well, where will you find the real woman out there to contradict the media hype of the cute retro vacuum lady who dances as she sniffs daintily on the carpet cleaner? Especially if all of us unshaved and un-coiffed Glenda's sit it out safely in our TESC bubble? Well, for one you might meet a real woman at the Oly Planned Parenthood, moved off 4th St. coincidentally after the nearest facing billboard was leased out to Pro-Lifers with a mission to shame all who could see as they walked into the clinic. Or perhaps under their nylons, primped and permed hair, demure coral lipsticks, and "women's" power suits you may find a real girl at the states capital. Just call for your local representative and about nine times out often you will find yourself talking to these women as you try for your rep. Maybe if you wander the down town Oly bar strip's tattoo parlors you may find a feminist. I met one at the Brotherhood once.

I know for sure that anyone who wants can see what an authentic woman is, one who openly struggles for her right to the pursuit of happiness, at ARTWROC this Saturday Dec 7th at the Fertile Ground Guesthouse 4pm-8pm. Having done babysitting for the Welfare Rights Organization Coalition and being the eldest daughter of a women's freedom fighter, I cannot deny any woman's authenticity who belongs to the distinctly feminine struggle for Welfare Rights. But you wouldn't know them necessarily from watching "Roseanne" or Brett Butler's long gone sitcom about an "on the wagon" single mother. Nor would you see such women wholly in the eyes of Claire Huxtable or Jaqueline on "Sister Sister." Maybe you might have seen the real woman on "Night Court" or "Cheers" as a composite of several recurring characters and supporting roles like Rozz or Carla and the sometimes insightful prostitute relationships Honorable Judge Harry had. Certainly I would never think the gruff bailiff Rozz would put pearls on and a girdle to sniff carpet cleaner. Cedric the Entertainer's harem of female dancers, obviously women, opened the show with a near reprisal of Jeanie's role from "I Dream of Jeanie." I am certain I wouldn't have seen the Fly Girls from "In Living Color" do that. Although J-Lo, a Fly Girl, often plays the part of the simple minded romantically-inclined bourgeois babe. Is she real? I don't know. After watching "The Cell" and "Enough" I have to admit, I cannot see her talking to a freaky laundry haunting teddy bear golem anytime soon, at least not about how soft her towels are.

What can you know about women through the media's misrepresentation of women? Nothing or something? Maybe there's something in realizing that you know nothing, or at least that you have to turn the TV off, step outside and go interact with real people. Well, anyways, I'm looking at my grandmother's copies of *Home and Garden* from the 50's and I'm having... flashbacks?

Nefarious Networks

by Drake Stephenson

Transferring here from a conventional Community College is unlike any academic experience I've ever encountered. This campus boils with involvement, awareness, and more pointedly, activism. There could be no better place than Evergreen to bring a small, grass roots Northwest organization, Northwest Media Literacy Center.

Its genesis, Portland Community College, is much like Evergreen, with an abundance of insightful and inspired academics. Academics who don't shy away from real issues, who seek out injustices, and make a stand. It is difficult to take the flak, to stand in solidarity for a cause, seeking nothing more than change. We, the Northwest Media Literacy Center, invite all to respond to our request of a charter membership here at Evergreen.

The mission of NMLC is straightforward; to inform and educate interested individuals of the myriad injustices broadcast by media outlets on publicly owned airwaves, outlets that are perpetuating myths and false images. Images are constructed to continually seduce the viewer into a catatonic state, where images are absorbed involuntarily.

The very real facts surrounding mass media and its image creation are as abstract as the programs themselves. "Merchants of Cool", a documentary, was created to illuminate just one small facet of how it all works. By following someone corporate profilers deem as "cool", every element of this person's life is evaluated, and carefully noted. From these evaluations emerge the "new style", which requires, of course, an entire new paradigm to which viewers must align, or be... not cool.

From the national homogenization of news, tabloid sensationalism, reality programs reflecting a reality nonexistent in contemporary society, and seamless hours of animation guaranteed to suck every imaginative element from children's minds rendering them unable to discern real from fantasy. Television isn't what you think.

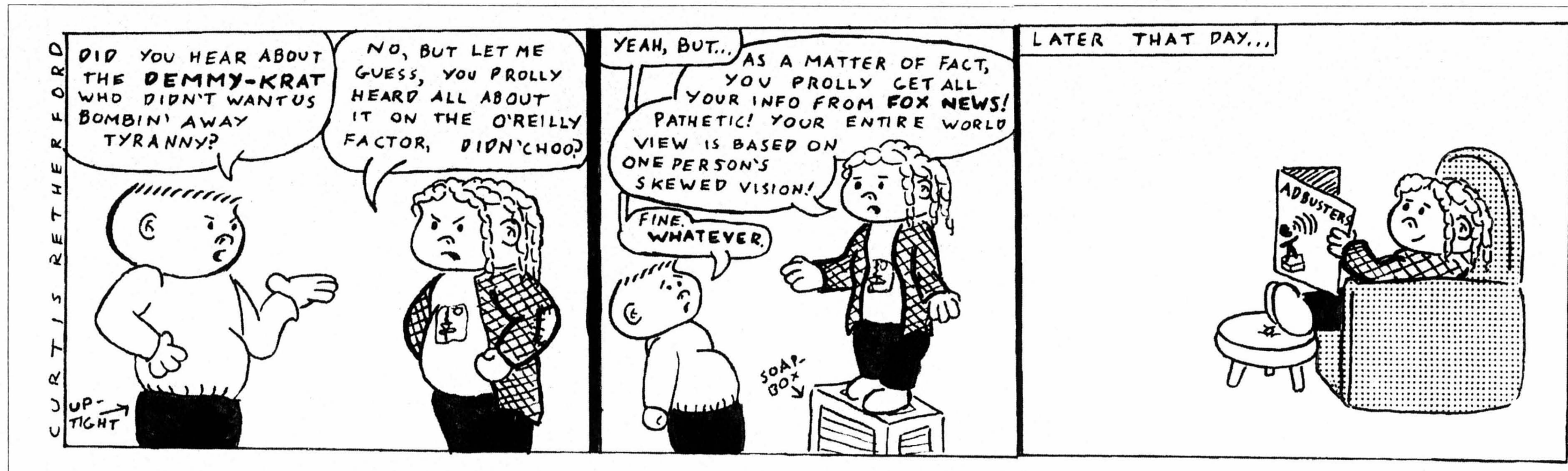
What wonders this inanimate box can provide to the nuclear family, another media construct. From the onset, programmers realized the incredible power at their disposal, and from TV's humble beginnings, usefulness, educational potential, and ultimately morality drifted out, becoming an antiquated, laughable proposition.

With its global talons rooted deep in the pockets of working-class America, the imaginative, yet distorted surreal images twisting reality into incomprehensible sound bites, this longtime family friend has turned on you *big time*. Working overtime, mass media is determined to grab, seduce, and chain-gang as many people as possible. Using every form of allure, satellite and now cable offer a program for every conceivable facet of human existence.

Police cars used to have "To Protect And Serve" painted on the doors, and now the doors harshly shout out, "Law Enforcement". Much like the police, TV is no longer about entertainment. TV doesn't care if you enjoy, you should just sit down, shut up and listen because it has all the facts.

The Northwest Media Literacy Center provides useful information on ways to re-evaluate TV viewing. We provide insightful literature and offer countless alternatives to TV, and all other forms of media. Like all small groups, we need support, and it is with this support we are heard. We meet, and bring to the table ways of organizing and executing our agenda, to educate people on the perils of the media, and ways to join together to address the use of public property by ruthless, soulless corporate monstrosities.

If you are interested in this program, e-mail your comments to snowcaver@msn.com



Biggest, Cheapest, Most Chocolatey News Ever!!!

by Meta Hogen

Pure media is a comforting Platonic concept—the idea that thoughts can be transmitted unchanged from one place to another, from one mind to another, is one that many of us cling to even as we grow increasingly cynical about the information we receive. I doubt that anyone would assert that dispassionate electrons in television wires or the objective ink of the printing press are the purveyors of news, but few actually measure the distance between what we call The Media and the model of a disinterested vehicle of information.

What does it mean to be immediately affected by an event thousands of miles away? What does the journey of a story look like? How many steps are there between the event and the complacent act of reading the newspaper or listening to the radio? It could be anything from an on-the-scene foreign correspondent broadcast live on television to a chain of information that resembles a botched game of telephone. (Who knows what the original news was; what you hear is: "The president boxed with a duck in Beirut to prove artichoke salsa beats Chevy hands down".)

The point is, most of us take the news for granted; that is, we don't question what they tell us and we don't know why it matters anyway. If you heard an outright lie on the news—say, that Alan Greenspan and three Chippendales models had died in a gruesome boating accident—would you have any means of disproving it? More importantly, do you know what actual bearing these events have on your life and the lives of others? Aside from rooting for your ideals ("Go pacifism!" or "Go free market!" or even "Go underdogs, whoever ye may be!"), do you stop to consider the reality of the situation? Nevermind—forget reality. Reality is a couple of bimboes clawing each other's eyes out in a stage dumpster full of fake garbage for a million dollars. That's part of the point: we don't even have a language for things that really happen. All of our reality words—literally, really, certainly, actually, even the word reality itself—have been hijacked, or at least severely compromised, by our need to overemphasize. You can't get a small size soda anymore, and nothing, I mean *nothing*, is fake or pretend. Really.

Here's the second part. Turn off the TV, fold up the newspaper, and do something about it. No story is ever finished. Think about what you know now and how it relates to you (you can do this without being selfish. I know you can.) There are light years between thinking globally and acting locally, and you have to walk all of them, so you'd better get started. Just be sure to be home in time for dinner; the duck knocked out the president in the second round, so we're having Chevy salsa.



by Jon McAllister

Dear Jon,

I believe that it is not necessary to have police officers on campus. I see it as a manifestation of the breakdown of community. We stop looking out for each other when we feel that it is someone else's "job" to keep us safe and protected. Beyond enforcing laws, I view the police as a way to uphold middle-class, white morality and force it onto the rest of the community. For example, prior to the Stonewall riots of 1969 in New York city, queer women could be arrested for wearing less than three articles of "women's clothing." Beyond simply being arrested, these women were frequently beaten or raped by the police force. Was this law actually protecting anyone? I do not think so. More current examples also exist. For example, it was the police force in Florida that prevented many black voters from voting in the last presidential election.

The existence of a police force on campus takes away our power to decide as a community what is and is not acceptable behavior. People react to the police out of fear, not because they necessarily believe in the rules. I think that we need to analyze who these laws were created to serve, and what sort of hegemony they are promoting on our campus community.

We have this great document on campus called the TESC Social Contract. It clearly states the ways in which we are responsible to each other at Evergreen. It also states that everyone who sets foot on campus is to uphold these rules. Why are the police above this? As an institution, Evergreen is supposed to promote "diversity" and "working across significant differences" This seems at odds with the apparent goals of the police force. The police on our campus come from regular police academies, where they are actively taught racist and classist ways of viewing the world. Their authority on campus enables them to implement these policies at Evergreen.

Furthermore, I am very concerned with the police now being armed 24/7. Art Constantino has said that this is necessary, given the current climate of aggressive anti-authority behavior. Giving the police more authority that they in no way deserve will not help cut down on this sentiment. In fact, it could only increase those attitudes. This leads me to believe that eliminating those attitudes is not actually the goal: rather the goal is to eliminate the people with those attitudes, while keeping all of the offending policies in place. I see that as directly opposed to the social contract which Art himself mailed out to all registered students just about a week ago.

L'Shalom,
C Aronson

Jon McAllister's response:

Dear C. Aronson,

Thanks for your comments. I completely agree with you on almost every point. One of the interesting things that I have noted, since starting this column, is the fact that some students have a lot to say about how other people are doing things incorrectly yet they have not done anything to assist in solving the problem. I believe that anytime you have an outside agency doing a service for the community you are undermining that very community. I also think that an

organization like Police Services allows us to become lazy. We end up relying on others to take care of us and protect us. In my head, this plays into the idea of freedom versus safety. I don't like the idea of giving other people significant power that are trained (like you stated) in ideas that don't align with our campus and its Social Contract. The influx of new ideas is critical for any community, but when someone participates in a community as a paid member (police officers, professors, janitors, etc...) they are bringing their beliefs and values along with them. Again, thanks for your comments and ideas.

Jon McAllister can be reached at Jbobbafest@aol.comTHE SUBURBAN
PEASANT

Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief

by Amy Loskota

In the opulence of a Winter Holiday consumer-feeding frenzy, my one prejudice has finally reared its peculiar little head again. In my readings for class, an author mentioned a conversation with a poverty-class child who said that she wanted a good job where she would make \$2000.00 a month. The author remarks that no one could survive in this world on that much. Sure, my first year of professional work I made \$12,000, which is most money I've ever earned in my life. I had a nice car, nice clothes, and plenty to eat yet my projected salary when I graduate from the MIT ranges between twenty and thirty-five thousand dollars! I cannot even imagine. Plus health, dental, and vision care! In my vision, I will live in an old house, drive a used car, wear used clothes, and buy everything else, well used. I suppose if you live in a nice area, buy everything new, charge up a big credit debt, and new car, a teachers' salary might seem to be not enough.

Over my prior life working as a maid-servant to my richer classmates and employers, I developed disdain for the rich. This is slightly tempered by my encounters with people who proved to me that being rich does not always mean that they lived a perfect indulgent lifestyle. I know many that dealt with bad family problems and grew up, though never wanting for anything, as unhappy children. What I have so far been able to understand is two things:

First, self-perception of poverty is objective. For those who grew up in crack houses, living in cars, in the ghetto or a rural wasteland, your poverty is obvious. We were poor, yet my mother always made sure we were clean, fed, and had a roof over our heads. If she could not do that, she sent us to visit someone who could. When her husband was having a mental breakdown and her daughter was hospitalized for asthma, she marched down to the welfare office and did what she could for us, bearing the shame as well. We lived off the leavings and extras that rich cast aside, but our lives were rich through our church life and our rural

by Harald Fuller-Bennett

We are indeed very comfortable here in Olympia. We are among the safest, most well fed people the world has ever known. We rarely see violence, and we almost never miss a meal.

This, however, is not a comfortable world. It never has been. If our government continues to make war on Arabs and Muslims, this reality will soon visit Olympia. Friends from Fort Lewis will be blown up overseas. Americans will be blown up here at home. And we will all face greater repression by our own government.

Our collective and personal securities will be dented, perhaps even destroyed. This is certain. We have some choices, though. We can be passive, continue to live our lives as if nothing is happening, and lose our security to our government and its enemies. Or we can be active and consciously sacrifice our security to achieve what may be a brighter world. We can forgo physical comfort by taking the bus to school, by blockading a gas station, or by skipping lunch. We can forgo mental comfort by reading the newspaper.

A big story a few weeks ago was that Palestinian terrorists had killed twelve Israelis returning home after worship. This was the Israeli foreign ministry's version, and the one most Americans received. It turned out, however, that the dead were armed Israeli soldiers and security guards, not civilians. The gunmen were not terrorists, but soldiers, sacrificing themselves to combat an occupying force. We should be inspired by the sacrifices of these Palestinians, and inspired by Iraqi civilians who are staring down the American war machine with empty stomachs.

We can sacrifice by missing *The Simpsons* on Sunday to prepare for the week ahead, to ask ourselves, "How can I inspire Olympia this week? How can I light a fire to keep back the cold darkness of this world?"

Being an activist means making a sacrifice today. It does not have to mean going to meetings or passing out flyers. Activism can mean having a loud conversation on the bus, making art, or not standing during the national anthem. Anything to say, hey, I do not abide by the actions of my government.

I have one suggestion for a method of activism that fulfills these criteria. It is now the end of Ramadan. During the first five days of December in addition to the month of November, Muslims have changed their perception and their mental processes by fasting from sunrise to sunset. This serves many purposes. It puts the poor and the rich on an equal plain, since no one may eat during the day. It forces people to focus on things other than food, and to know what it is like to go without. We are very rich. We always have food. But we can make the choice to give it up for a short time. Fasting is a political statement and a consciousness altering experience at the same time. And like most consciousness altering experiences, it can be a lot of fun. When the sun sets (around 4:30 these days) one can enjoy a meal in a whole new way. Anyone who has gone camping knows what I am talking about. When you wait for your food, or need to work for it, you create true hunger, and the simplest dish becomes a gourmet feast.

Fasting for Ramadan is just one possible way of taking responsibility in this difficult time, and of refusing to live passively. "Anti-war activism" need not mean joining a political group. It means sacrificing something on Sunday so that Monday can be that much brighter.

It is a rare time that my soul can rest in this luxury.

by Nate Hogan

Whose got the news? Whose got the clues to help see through the voodoo of the media? Who's wrong and who's right? Which is the Fourth Reich, America or Al-Qaeda? Well, you've got me because for once I have both sides of the story...sort of.

There's a public document in libraries and on the internet entitled *The Project for the New American Century* and it has been developing for the past 10 years now by the likes of Dick Cheney, Paul Wolfowitz, Steve Forbes, Dan Quayle, Jeb Bush, Donald Rumsfeld, and other members of both Bush Administrations. In spite of its vital importance, it has rarely been anywhere near the public eye. In fact, I didn't even see it until a week ago at the Peace Conference here at Evergreen. It is as long as a book, but the *Statement of Principles* outlines the insanity well:

1. "We need to increase defense spending significantly if we are to carry out our global responsibilities today and modernize our armed forces for the future."
2. "We need to strengthen our ties to democratic allies and to challenge regimes hostile to our interests and values."
3. "We need to promote the cause of political and economic freedom abroad."
4. "We need to accept responsibility for America's unique role in preserving and extending an international order

Mid-Quarter: A Returning
Student's Baptism by Green

by Adam Clardy-O'Neal

After two years out of school, today marks the midpoint of my first quarter at the Evergreen State College. What have I changed? Certainly not the majority of my actions or my classroom habits. I'm not trying to transform the world with every move. I still eat meat, drink macro-brew, and drive to school when it's raining. No, I certainly haven't changed much, but in one quarter, my perceptions certainly have.

In Bellingham, where I grew up, I considered myself a liberal. I voted Green, cursed SUV's, and second-guessed the government as often as I could--that made me a progressive, didn't it? At least that's what I told myself every time I pulled up next to a Jeep Cherokee with a flag stuck to the window and felt like feeling self-righteous.

Before I knew Evergreen existed, a friend transferred here from Colorado St. University in Fort Collins. She complained that Colorado was too conservative. I wasn't sure what she meant. Did everyone go to church? Was Rush Limbaugh a state icon? I didn't understand the definition of "conservative"--or, more accurately, its antonym--until talking with her after her first quarter at Evergreen. While she seemed excited and satisfied about what the school offered, her constant deconstruction of nearly every aspect of Western civilization was a distinct departure from the shifty, vaguely uncomfortable countenance with which I was familiar. She questioned my meat eating, called me on my unconscious sexist and racist tendencies, and generally pointed out every aspect of my naive routine that oppressed someone, somewhere, somehow.

It pissed me off, in a self-conscious, defensive way, and grew more inflammatory to me as I realized how right she was. The coffee I drank suddenly stopped coming

friendly to our security, prosperity, and our principles."

This all seems well and good and relatively harmless, but this rhetoric translates into world dominance. If you don't believe me, read the whole document and read between the lines. This isn't *Mein Kampf*, by Hitler, but another article online entitled "The Project for A New American Century: Our Emerging Evil Empire" by Al Vick in the *Online Journal* has compared it as such. It's extreme, but the points made are valid.

People may think that all of corporate media is lies, but actually they're telling us exactly what they're doing and how they're going to do it. It's seen as lies because the message is superficial, vague, and the rhetoric is thicker than elephant shit. It's essentially there to give you a basic idea of what's going on without distracting you from your everyday peaceful existence. Censorship prevents riots, insurrections, and another revolution. That's why all the peace protests aren't getting any coverage and the whole plan to take over the Middle East seems normal and necessary. It's all propaganda, hype,



or biased anyway you look at it. Objective journalism doesn't exist. Let's face it, we're looking at another religious war of Christians vs. Muslims. We're crusading against terror as a cover for our real target.

Al-Qaeda and Islam are a little more honest. Recently a spokesman for Al-Qaeda came forward to announce that Osama bin Laden and his cohorts were alive and well and warn the United States to "fasten its seat belt" in preparation for more attacks. In an audiotape attributed to him and broadcast by Al-Jazeera TV, the supposed bin Laden blasted U.S. President George W. Bush as the "pharaoh of the century" and his key allies as "murderers." This information and more can be found at Commondreams.org.

Bin Laden isn't all of Islam, but as far as he's concerned he is and he speaks for them all when he says that the Muslim world has declared war on America. This means he wants to rule the world with Allah at his side and everyone shall abide by the laws of Islam. This is also fascism. Neither side is in the right and it's not us against them, it's us against us. We're all fighting against each

other to instill morals and values we believe will bring the world to a state of peace. If any one, who wants such a thing is going to achieve their goal, whether it's Bush or bin Laden, then they need an enemy in order to rally the people and gain support for their cause and agenda. If you're going to be that arrogant and self-righteous to say that everyone should live life like you do then the opposition better have a radically opposing view that with which your followers will highly disagree.

If you can't take a side and you can't stay neutral, then what do you do? "Either you're a part of the problem or you're a part of the solution." We've all heard this before and should know that keeping an indifferent attitude towards any major topic from the environmental protection to gun control makes one a part of the problem. In times of war this is even more true, especially when everyone's freedom is on the line. Maintaining a stance of pacifism and non-violence is the simplest solution. Also, remaining proactive and constantly speaking out on such issues, discussing them with all types of people, and expressing your opinions wholeheartedly while keeping an open mind and being able to see, analyze, and process all sides of any equation. Hail Peace!

NateHogan@excite.com
www.commondreams.org
www.onlinejournal.org
www.newamericancentury.org

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Bone. James Bone.

by Annjeanette Daubert

Okay: I went and saw it! Now, someone told me that I would enjoy this Bond movie and what do you think I said? "Why would I want to see some VD-denying, misogynistic, imperialistic pork-fest?" is what I said. And why would a card-carrying "equalist" want to inflict upon herself another gratuitous movie that supports traditional gender roles? Well, um, because Madonna and Halle Berry kick ass. On that note, there are some changes to the Bond order of operations. Not to blow the movie... heh-heh-- No, what I mean is, not to destroy the plot (Oh Gawd did I really imply there's a plot?), Bond's classic "Bad Girl to Good Girl" bed hop's been switched up. And just when you thought the old Money Penny fail-safe had been tapped--boy howdy! Of course, if this truly were the only thing changed you'd better believe I would not be writing this review.

This year's Bond shows a man's pain and powerlessness and chips away at the "take 'em and leave 'em" chauvinism of the previous years. Brosnan appears inept with his pick up lines in the Caribbean, though later his bedside manner does belie his machismo thrust. There is talk of Halle Berry's character, a sexy and empowered operative, becoming a heiress to the Bond series. In the movie, it's sort of a question of who took who after they collide. Equally as impressive as Bond being "taken" is the idea that a woman can fake it with Bond through a character that is hinted at being a lesbian in some "meaningful" gazes with "M" (Our Ms. Muff Daddy). Is it really a step in the right direction if the only woman not charmed by dear mister Bond are lesbians and elders? In this movie there is some female ownership to sexuality. There is a combination of the whore and mother to create a truer woman character. In this film, women's names are slightly more tasteful-- the hinted at lesbian is still given a "frigid" name, but Halle Berry's character is "Jinx" as opposed to something like "Pussy Galore."

There are great lengths to travel in the world of Bond: for one, the impressive male character was named "Mr. Kill" and appeared to be Samoan, but looked quite a bit like "Odd Job". I was waiting for him to get his hat from coat check. And the Koreans were either diabolically smart or naive-- not much in between. In the torture and title sequencing there is a dangerous play with the stereotype of Asian women being cold, inscrutable, and sexually overpowering. The Korean torture mistress' lipstick and clothing is toned down from the highly sexualized red or black leather, and she comes across as somewhat of an organ of the larger machine. Though there is a relatively touchy-feely father-son dynamic afforded through the primary enemy and his father, I'm not so sure that Koreans have gotten the shaft or truly shafted the Bond image by being the method of his rebirth as a deranged expatriate.

As hedonistic films go, I was entertained. As for reinforcing an 'East against West' mentality, it's there for those not in the know. Overall, as a genre and in relation to the older movies, it could be said that most things 'Bond' are slowly progressing out of the doldrums of Cold War mentalities, but certainly one day and one bed at a time.



art by Curtis Rutherford

"J.R.R. Blevin" Review

by Curtis Rutherford

Time is a funny thing. "Goodness!" you say. "How can time be funny?" You have misread me. I did not say "time," I in fact stated that "J.R.R. Blevin's show in the Library Gallery is at times a funny thing." Please, if we are going to continue this critic-reader relationship, try and correctly read the sentences.

In fact, you know what? I think I am going to let you read sentences penned by someone else ("There are others?" you ask. "There always have been!" I reply), by someone concerned deeply (or, perhaps with the feign superficiality of deep concern) with the publicity of J.R.R. Blevin's show. "The title of the show 'This Explains So Many Many Things' indicates the humorous content of the show which consists of pröps, toys, and illustrative examples." (From the press release.) The bulk of the matter is now cleared up for you now, is it not? You are ready to curl up on the ground, using this paper and the contained art critique as a pillow. A brief but polite warning to you, then: the review has not concluded. Do not start nappy-time. Wipe your eyes and remove your sleeping cap.

A lesser art reviewer would perhaps begin by ferreting out Blevin's influences, likely pointing to the slightly clever "Propagandada" marks in the lower corners of some of the pieces as a starting point. I, being even worse than the aforementioned and hypothetical art critic, will not do that, contenting myself instead with saying that a great deal of personal enjoyment was found by wandering the tiny refuge of art squeezed between the library and the library foyer, giggling to myself at "Klee with Weiners," admiring the concept and delivery of "Job Security," arching my eyebrows in an effort to feign distinguished knowledge while looking at "Picasso's Head," and "Ten Foot Ladder." Take a gander inside the giant head of a robot, then turn around and make sense of "Test Model," the large exploding underwear model accompanied by various bits of explanatory text. ("Taking the sacred, stuffing it into the profane, then blowing it all up," is Blevin's overall explanation of "Test Model," both fitting and clever.)

Not every piece represents an inspired blast from the Muse of Non Sequiturs. "The Tears of a Robot are Rusty" is a half-hearted idea, executed in similar fashion. It is indicative of the other low points: rather than rely on the image itself and then further explore or change the concept with the title (as he does in "Bulletproof Theorem" and others, which the gentle reader will have to discover for themselves), the art seems nothing more than a ploy to get the dear, dear onlooker to read what Blevin has written underneath it.

The high points far outnumber and outshine the lows, however, much like a scale containing a pie on one side and an elephant on the other, in which the pie is in fact twice as heavy as the elephant. The interesting and indelible pieces are the heavy pie, lifting the elephant of uninspired art into the air so as to cause great alarm to both the pachyderm and the children scurrying below, perhaps set there by uncaring parents.

When viewing Blevin's art, do not try to feed any peanuts to pieces you do not enjoy. Instead, try moving on to the next piece, which you will no doubt enjoy. In particular, take some time to read the historical tidbit posters, commissioned by the City of San Francisco for display last summer.

In conclusion, should you find a void in your soul, or a ten to fifteen minute gap in your day, the disembodied voice created by these printed words recommends you head to the library and take a right, upon entrance, into Gallery II. J.R.R. Blevin's show may be just the spackling compound necessary to fill the holes mentioned earlier in this paragraph. It runs through December 19, when it will be replaced by the brief but oft-displayed "Gallery in Transition: A Discourse on Empty Space." Thank you for your time.

Esitu Plays the Backstage

by Jenivive Richter

Friday night, 5 bands, the winners from a local high school battle of the bands; one can only imagine what I expected to find. However, I was pleasantly surprised after standing through two very average immature thrash punk bands, and one, not so exorcising, known as Precious Roy. I was then presented with the band Flasque from Seattle, who came with headliners Esitu when they came down to Olympia. It is very hard to explain what Esitu was and what presence they had, but I was very pleased with what my ears were hearing when it was finally their turn to play. They call themselves passive aggressive progressive rock; what that means is up to your interpretations. What I found was a flood of sound that moved through my body. There were pigtailed flailing, body-painted, wig-wearing, horned, arm-sleeved creators of sound. A loud powerful beat pulsed through my being, and lyrics that were created meant something. Esitu is very well put together. There is a certain flow to how they play, and this flow reaches their audience. That audience feels the emotion found on the singer's face. By the end of the night I was a fan, and can't wait to hear more. Everyone should check out what I'm talking about at www.esitu.com where you will also find mp3s for download and more information. Even if it isn't for you, you have to give credit where credit is due, and Esitu deserves just that.

Resting With Warriors: An Homage to Women in Times of War

An Exhibition by Shelley Niro

by Miles R. Miller

Shelley Niro, a member of the Bay of Quinte Mohawk Nation, and a prolific artist has the uncanny ability to express messages, which as stated by Lee-Ann Martin "disrupt the stereotypes and misconceptions of Aboriginal peoples as the vanishing race" through non-confrontational means of visual communication. Her work is described by the Gallery of the American Indian Community House as "a bold assertion of selfhood rather than a search of identity." In the series of woodcut block prints *Resting With Warriors*, currently on exhibit in Gallery IV on the Evergreen campus, Niro pays tribute to the often-undiscovered women in battle.

The original thought or idea of this work was focused on Tecumseh, a Great War chief from the War of 1812. Soon discouraged by the lack of research, Niro's thoughts turned to the women who were involved somehow in this and other Indian Wars. Niro says of this work, "I started to think about the kind of spirit and character they must have had to keep their communities together. Can you imagine the grief and social upset they must have gone through?" Represented in the series are four character traits of women in the guise of Intellect, Emotion, Spirit, and Strength each a symbol of determination and bravery. In Native American community's women veterans have been honored for their participation, in the Indian Wars, fighting along side the men of their villages, protecting their homes, their children, and their way of life.

A film by Shelley Niro and Anna Gronau, *It Starts With A Whisper*, will also be shown daily at noon in Gallery IV. The film portrays a modern Native American, Shanna, struggling with herself and her ancestors, as she questions her existence, not knowing how to live happily with the atrocities that have occurred in Native American history. These ancestors, dressed in "Niro garb" (flamboyant bright pink, orange, black and red dresses, floral lace shawls, colorful hats, and 1950's retro styled glasses), get on Shanna's nerves as they tease her while attempting to teach her lessons of strength and perseverance.

The film was made in 1992 to acknowledge the five hundred years of colonization. This important anniversary was considered a defining moment in the communication and understanding of all peoples in the Americas. "It was designed so that it would be shown on New Years Eve of 1992...so that the screening of the film would end at midnight, so we'd catapult ourselves into the rest of the history of the world," Niro said.

Resting With Warriors will be on exhibit in Gallery IV of the Library Building at The Evergreen State College from November 19, 2002 to December 19, 2002. The opening reception will take place on December 2, 2002 in Gallery IV at noon at which time Shelley will say a few words about her artwork. For more information, please contact Maria Pascualy, Gallery Director, at (360) 867-5031.

Thursday • December 5

• Come to the S&A conference room at 4:30 p.m. today for a Pro-Choice discussion and film showing with women who have been in the movement since before many of us were born. Hear their "herstories" and learn about the Pro-Choice movement's struggle.

Friday • December 6

• No time to make those crocheted potholders for mom and dad, but still want to give something original? Check out the Holiday Native Arts Fair where there will be handmade gift basketry, photography, weaving, jewelry and more for sale. Not in the holiday shopping mood? Come and eat delicious Indian Tacos and Frybread, yum! In the Longhouse 11 a.m. to 6 pm.

• The S & A Board brings you another hip hop show with The Coup, Bahamadia, and Medusa play in the CRC, doors at 7:45 p.m., show at 8:30. Students with ID \$11 in advance available at the Bookstore, \$14 at door. General Admission \$16 in advance, \$20 at door. Ticket outlets: Rainy Day, TESC Tacoma, and Wall of Sound in Seattle.

Saturday • December 7

• Dr. David Krieger president of the Nuclear Age Peace Foundation and co-author of "Choose Hope: your role in Waging Peace in the Nuclear Age". 10 a.m. Orca Books.

• Tingara, African Marimba and Drum ensemble with special guests, Marimba Mukwa. 8pm at the Steamboat Island Grange, Adults \$8, Students & Seniors \$5, Children under 12 FREE. For more info call Rob Saecker at 867-1248

• "Get on up" a FREE show brought to you by the Musician's Club and Percussion Club tonight in the Longhouse. Several bands, starts at 8 p.m.

• Another FREE event, venture down to lower campus for a hip hop party presented by Women of Color and UMOJA. Dj'd by Seattle's KUBE 93 FM. 9 p.m. to 1.

• An evening of experimental music and video featuring Myello + Bridgit Irish, The Lullaby Lie, P.S. I Love You, and more. Starts at 9 p.m. at the Midnight Sun, all ages, \$3.

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Sunday • December 8

• EQA last event of the Quarter! The EQA is holding a wake to celebrate World AIDS Day. Featuring the movie *Love! Valour! Compassion!* and a speaker, Rick, an Olympia resident who is positive. Bring friends and family, starts at 4 p.m., location TBA. For info call 867-6544.

Monday • December 9

• Support human rights worldwide, come to the new Olympia chapter of Amnesty International's meeting at the Timberland Library 7 to 8 p.m.

Tuesday • December 10

• Fieldtrip to Toys in Babeland in Seattle! Leaving from the library loop, please come and carpool. For more info call Nicki or Olivia at the Women's Resource Center. 867-6162.

Thursday • December 11

• You know those wonderful, sunny Washington days that you just want to be out in, but you're stuck in Lab? Wish there were better places on campus to seminar? Come to Picturing Plants Garden Design Poster Conference to hear Fredrica Bowcutt speak about the Arboretum Plan and installation of more teaching gardens on campus. Fill out a survey and check out the Picturing Plants folk's fabulous displays of creativity! Library Lobby, 12 - 6:30 p.m.

• All Activist potluck/gathering. Come out for a schmooze-fest activist style! Bring food and your progressive attitude for an opportunity for us all to meet each other, talk about what we've been working on for the rest of the year and network, network, network! People working on all issues are invited as they're all related anyway. 7 p.m.: Location TBA, see next week's CPJ for details or contact Conor at kenjos31@evergreen.edu or 866-4869.

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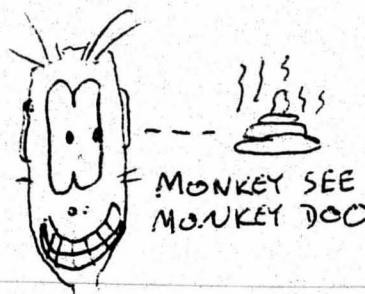
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Westside 9 a.m. - 8 p.m.
Eastside 9 a.m. - 9 p.m.



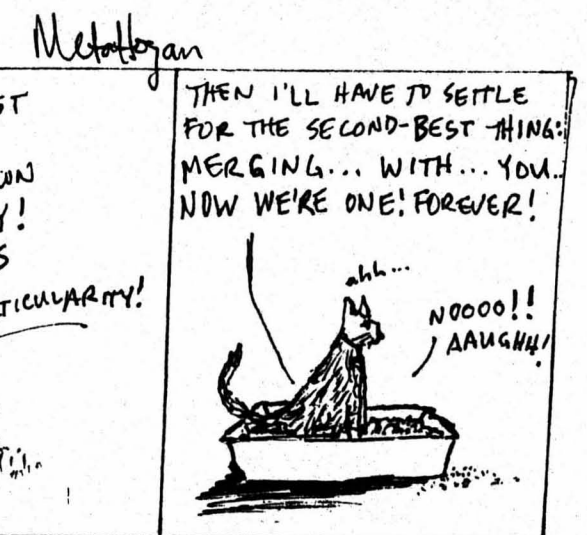
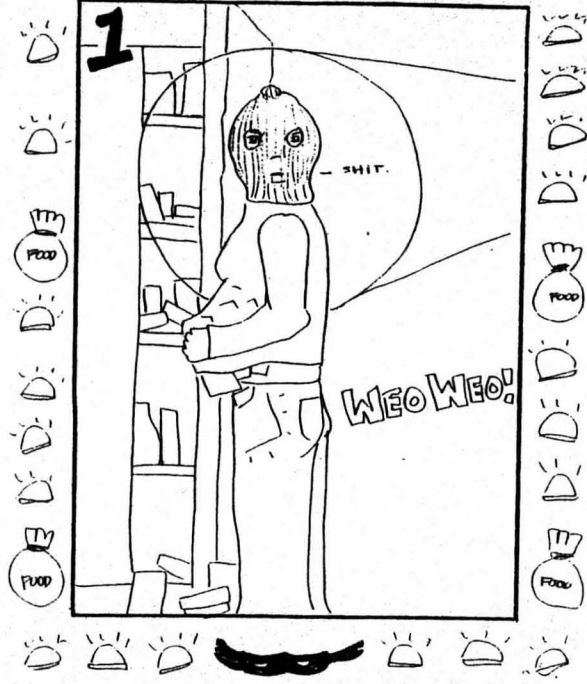
An onomatopoeic orgy of "oohs, ahhs, and offbeat observations, solely for your pleasure, patient reader."



Rats by Steve Burnham 2002



STEALING FOOD



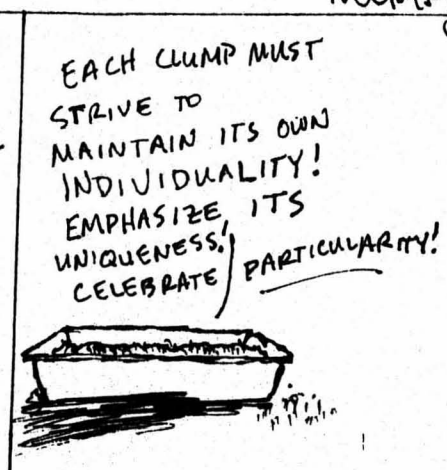
TALES OF INSOMNIA



BY C. FRANKS

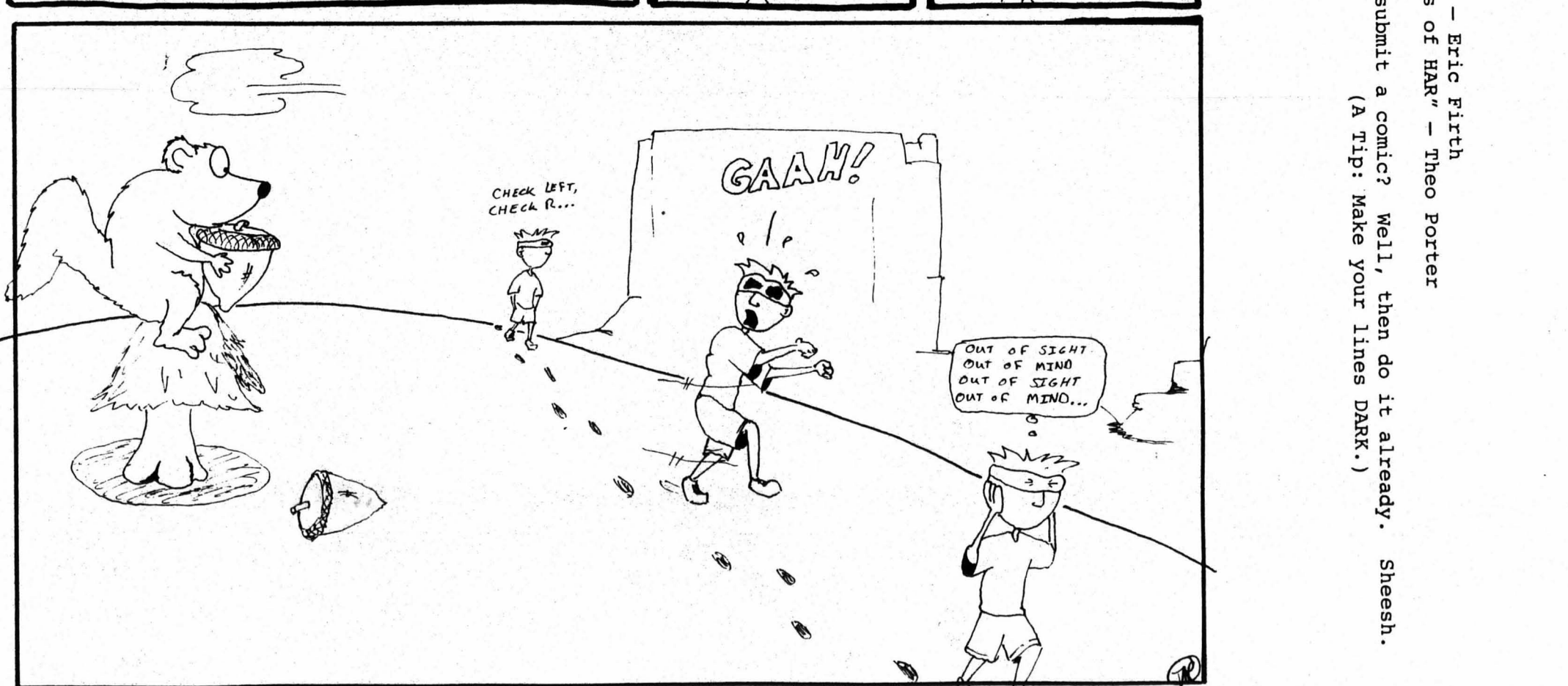
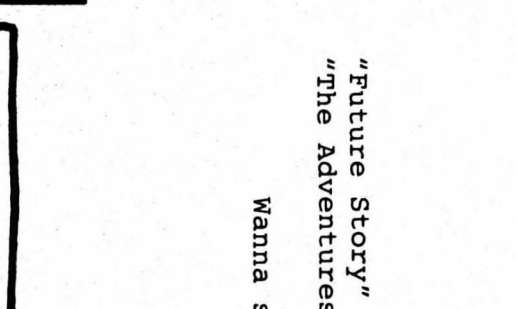
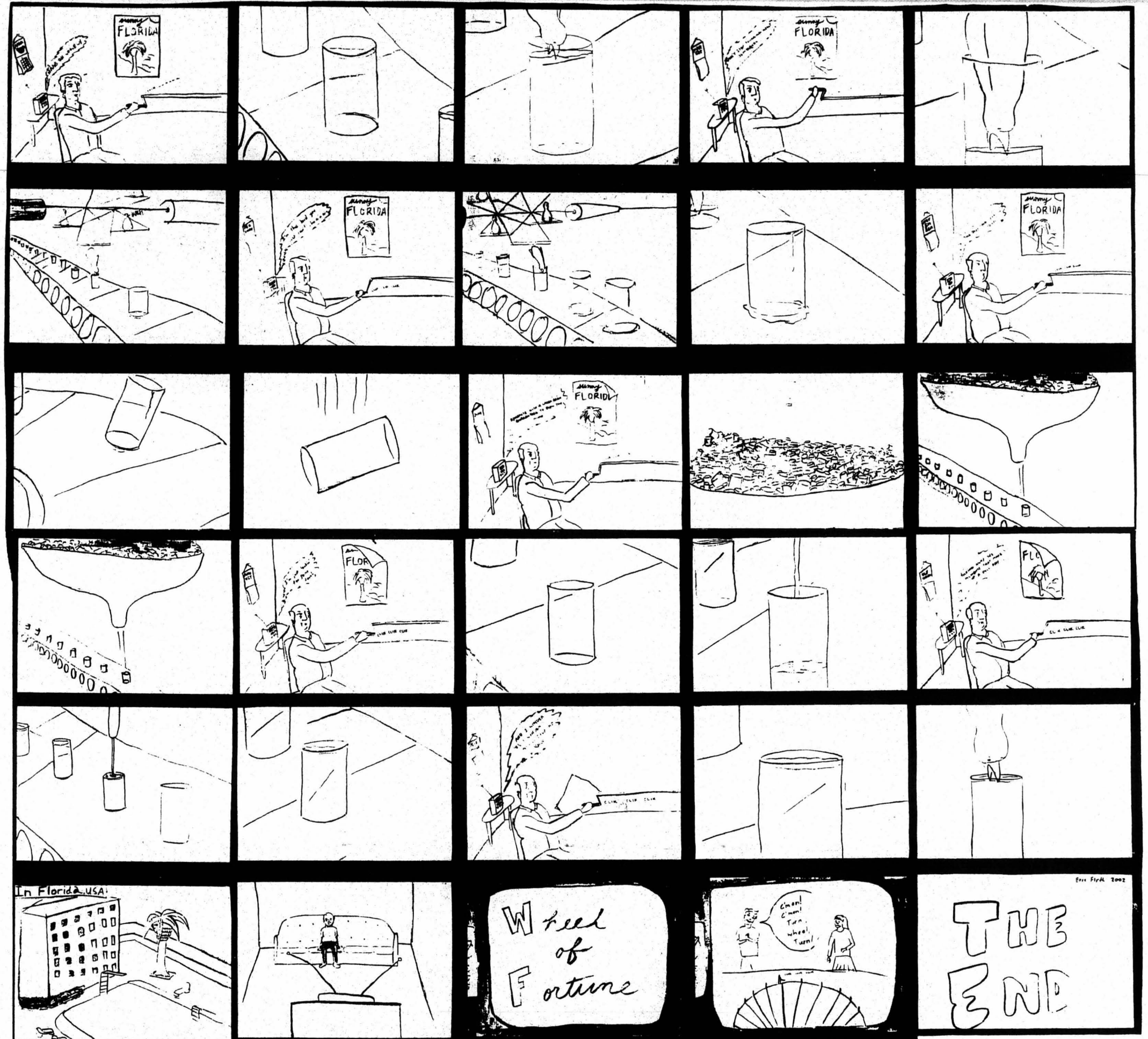
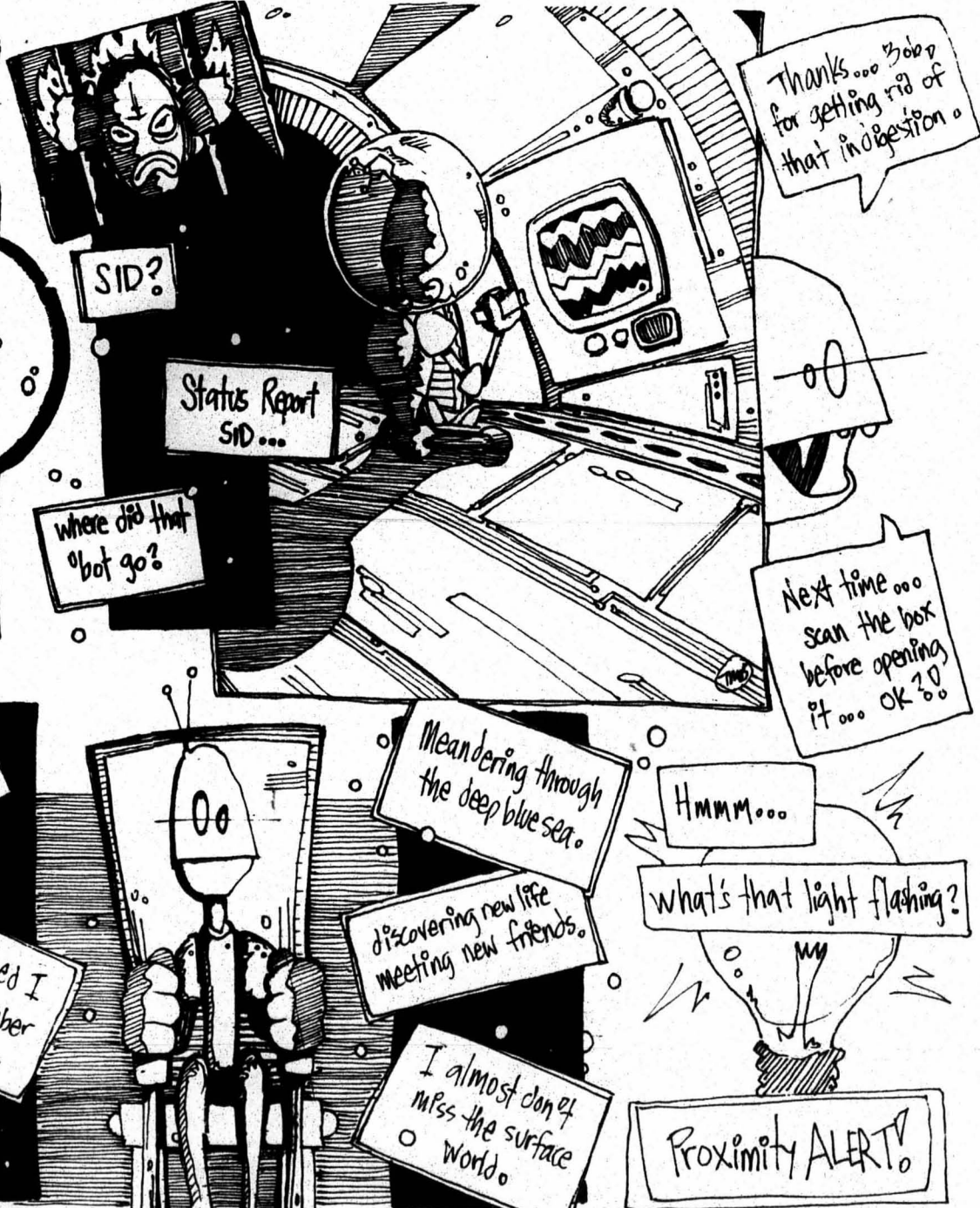
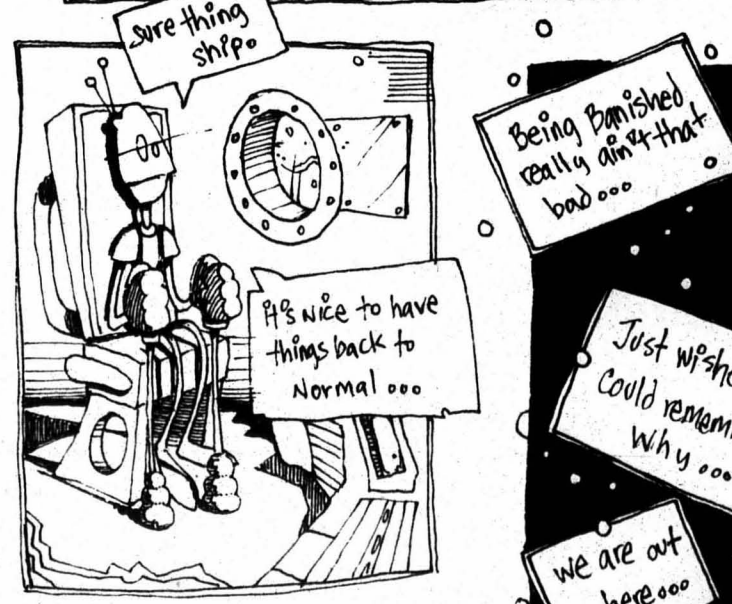
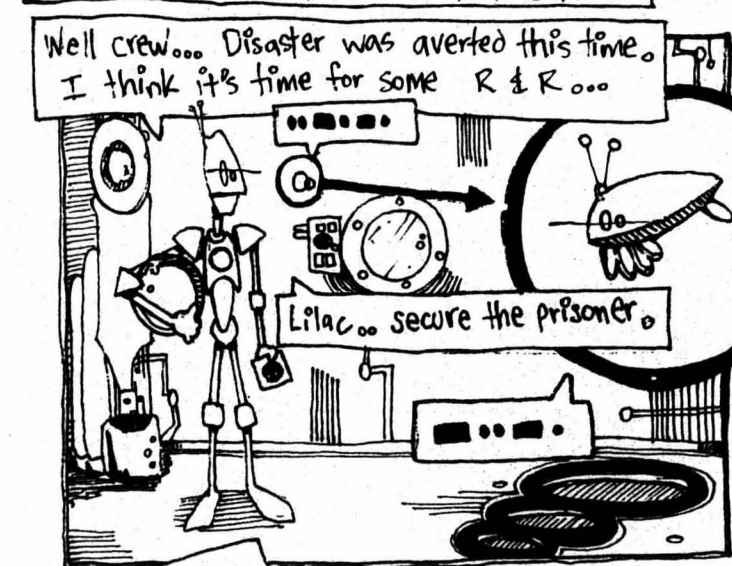
The doctor says no more MTV for you! From now on it's strictly PBS and the Spice Channel.

The Unbearable Lightness of 9.8m/s²



W.Y.L.T.B.A.M.?

Written & Drawn by: Timothy M. Bard



"Future Story" - Eric Fitch
"The Adventures of HAR!" - Theo Porter
Manna submit a comic? Well, then do it already. Sheesh.
(A Tip: Make your lines DARK.)

