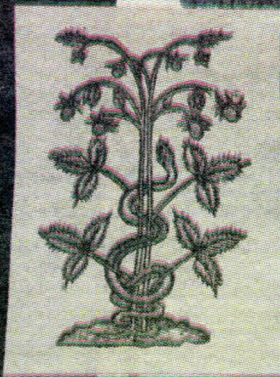
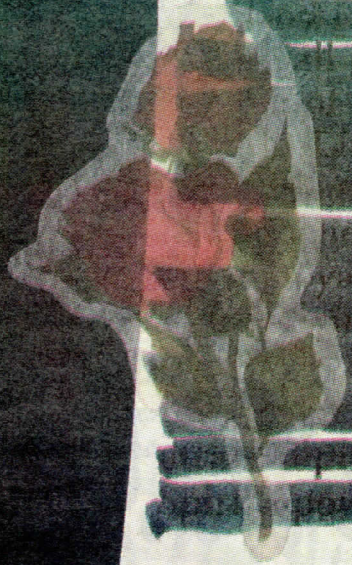


Always at home



away from home more than 90 percent of
 my life. But when I think of traveling
 vacations, but not the daily living, I
 wish there were travelers who enjoy this
 life. Hardly. Then, from where, from a
 distance, we have home – the feeling of
 contentment, with us, regardless of location. I have found three helpful

His presence is never restricted or absent.
 The Bible describes God's ever-presence
 in this way: "Wherever
 I lie down, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell,
 behold, thou art there." 1



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April 2023
Vol. 51 Iss. 7

The Cooper Point Journal

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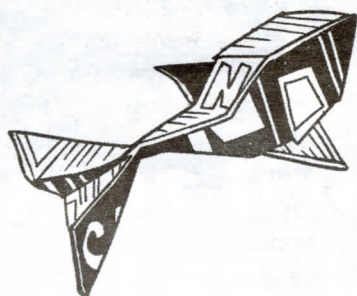
The Cooper Point Journal is run by students attending The Evergreen State College in Olympia, Washington. We are funded by a combination of subscriptions, local advertisements, and student fees. We aim to provide information on public art, events, and culture both for Evergreen and the larger Thurston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

WORK WITH US!

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

cooperpointjournal@gmail.com

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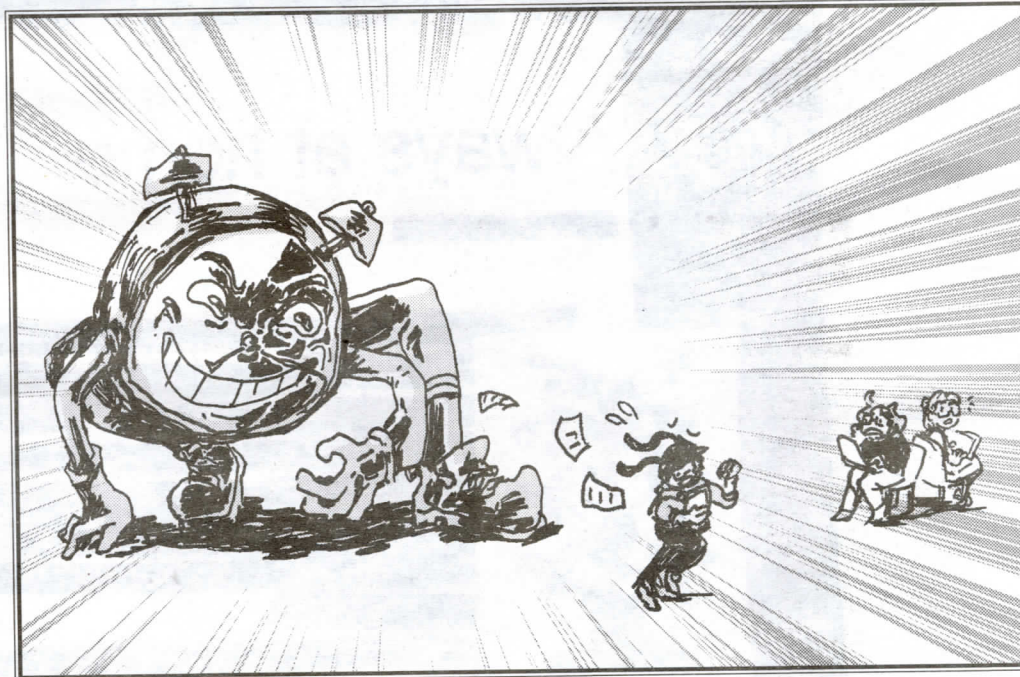


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note
from our
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"deadline
snuck up
on us this
time..."



LETTER FROM THE EDITOR:

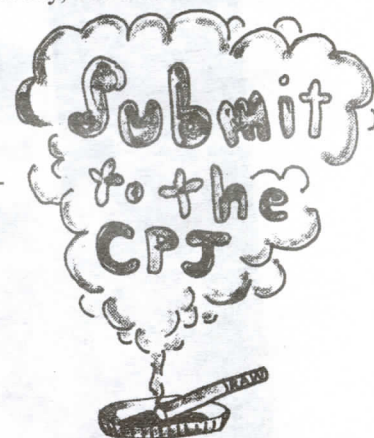
Dear Readers,

I'm going to be brief this month, partially because I don't have much left say, but also because we have been getting a tremendous amount of submissions from you, our beautiful readers. It has been a thrill to sift through the poetry, art, and fully written and cited articles that are being submitted by Greeners and our wonderful community.

So sit back, sip of your favorite hot beverage, take a drag of your favorite smoke, and join us for an issue that is completely unrelated to the date that it is being put on the shelves.

You look great,

Mj Richards
Editor-in-Chief



SEEPAGE

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

SEND YOUR SUBMISSIONS TO SEEPAGE.ZINE@GMAIL.COM BY 5/22



FINDING KIT MORA

by Hero Winsor

Content Warning: mention of abuse, child abuse, transphobia, police, missing persons.

Kit Mora (they/them) is a nonbinary, Indigenous 17 year old missing out of Omak, Washington. I interviewed Kit's adoptive older sister Charlotte Groo, who has been leading the search for her sibling, about the details surrounding Kit's disappearance.

At the age of 4, Kit and their siblings were removed from the custody of their biological mother, Lorie Sue Nelson, due to abuse and neglect. In June of 2021 Kit went to live with their biological mother. Charlotte encouraged this as Lorie Sue had seemingly cleaned up, and Charlotte thought it might be good for Kit to have a relationship with their mother. Soon after, those close to Kit became concerned with how Lorie Sue was treating Kit. Kit reached out to their friends about how Lorie Sue wasn't respecting their transgender identity or sexual orientation. Kit also reportedly was the sole caregiver for their younger half-siblings most days.

In November of 2021, Omak police

was sent to do a wellness check on Kit Mora by their adoptive family. In one of the first missteps of Omak PD, the officer conveniently had his body cam turned off and left without seeing Kit in person. Reportedly, the officer claimed to have gotten confirmation that Kit was okay from a "dark-haired woman with a baby." Lori Sue, the dark-haired woman in question, claimed on social media that Kit's adoptive family had been abusive to Kit. Kit, who had previously been active on social media, suddenly had stopped posting and blocked almost everyone on social media. Assuming that Kit had made these accusations, Kit's adoptive sister Charlotte Groo was angry at Kit for seemingly lying about something so serious and in a move Charlotte now deeply regrets, she stopped trying to check in on Kit.

Months passed and none of Kit's friends or family in Yakima were able to make contact with Kit. Kit's best friend told Charlotte that she was heading to Omak to look for them. Kit wasn't there. Police again were called and Lori Sue claimed that Kit had run away with a "boyfriend," and that she had told a cop about it. Lori Sue later changed her story, saying Kit had run away with a girlfriend. Neither of these variations matched up with Kit's reported identity as aromantic and asexual.

Despite growing concern for Kit's

safety, the Omak PD did not allow a missing person's report to be made until September of 2022 because Lorie Sue decided to not make a report. Lorie Sue did not have custody of Kit, even though she is Kit's biological mother, and there are not restrictions on who can make a missing person's report in the state of Washington. After months, Kit's grandmother was finally able to make a missing person's report.

Omak High School, where Kit had been enrolled, also failed to check in on Kit. Kit began to miss school frequently, reportedly because they were taking care of their younger siblings. According to the "Becca Bill" schools are supposed to notify parents of their child's absences from school and attempt to work with the parents to return the child to school. Instead, Kit was de-enrolled from the Omak School District in January of 2022. According to those close to Kit, they loved school, especially art classes, and it was not like them to completely stop attending.

Lorie Sue had her children taken away for abuse and neglect again in June 2022, the CPS report citing the young children had adult human bite marks in various stages of healing and were caked in dirt. Lorie Sue was also sighted tearing down missing persons posters for Kit. After Lorie Sue left her apartment in Omak, a bloody mattress was recovered at the scene.

Omak PD up until recently has been relatively unhelpful in the search for Kit, although with both public pressure and a new detective, the investigation appears to be picking up traction. Josh Fink, a friend of Lorie Sue's, reportedly was the last person to see Kit, saying he saw them with two black eyes and handprints around their neck.

In April, Kit will be 18, and will have been missing for over a year. Both being trans and being indigenous carry a greater risk of being the victim of a violent crime, and of course, being overlooked by law enforcement. The Okanogan County Sheriff's department still refuses to put Kit's poster on their facebook page. Kit's family, as well as myself, hope they are still out there and that they will be able to have the safe, supported life they so deserve.

If you have any information regarding the whereabouts of Kit Mora, contact the Omak, WA police department at 1-509-826-0383. Their case number is K224101.

The Reality of Dreaming:

Worker Solidarity Under Late Stage Capitalism



Co-written by
Fern Roush
and
Melisa Ferati

"If we wanted to dream, we would have to rest," I say, turning the corner of my voice over my shoulder. My dog pulls a little on her leash, leading me forward, while one of my friends is a few feet behind me, whispering her desire for activist imagination, for vision - how little we pause to dream.

Dreams are complicated things in a society where we are often too exhausted for real sleep, let alone dreaming, and where constant work, advertising, and rituals of allegiance stonewall our dreamscapes. The over-culture has a myriad of ways to hijack what we think is possible, for ourselves and our communities.

Some dreams are illusory. They are based in some alternate reality, a forever hypothetical "somewhere", rather than within the fabric of the here and now. The "great activists of yesterday" knit the labor movement so deeply into the fabric of our society, that it has become almost a footnote. Often at the cost of great sacrifice, workplace solidarity brought us things like the cap of the 8 hour workday and child labor protections. Despite this, we too often see the need for worker power as something owed to certain types of people in the workforce: those who share a specific skillset (like nurses and teachers), those with dangerous jobs, and those whose positions are tethered to greater extremes than the average Joe. Rarely do we come to speak of an economy that benefits us all without (cont. pg 4)

Community

(cont. from pg. 3) division - equitable standards.

Some dreams we act on, and drink in the evidence of them. Nationwide, Starbucks workers have been unionizing, including the Starbucks closest to Evergreen campus on Cooper Pt. road. In the very same plaza, workers at Indigo Urgent Care pushed to unionize, and doctors with greater professional weight acted in solidarity with their entire staff. In Fall 2022, academic workers to the south of us, within the University of California's system, held the longest academic strike in history. In 2021, the International Association of Theater and Stagehands had their first strike authorization since the 1940's, winning nearly all of their demands. Across Europe, renters, nurses, and university workers have been engaging in semi-coordinated general strikes. All of this occurs amidst the very real, very ongoing global capitalist nightmare. We drown in recurring announcements of anti-trans legislation, mass shootings, and police violence and corruption—including the recent revelation that the president of the San Jose Police Union has been importing large amounts of drugs - including Fentanyl, found laced in various substances across the U.S to the degree it's become an epidemic of its own standing. Still, we dream. We reach out to our communities. We continue on.

The ongoing shock and awe of capitalism floods us to the degree we've become indoctrinated into seeing it as an inescapable reality. We numb ourselves to our needs and desires. Worn down, many of us lose the ability to be alarmed at how threatened bosses are when we ask for real healthcare, actual living wages, and livable communities. What is worse, we often can't even hear ourselves asking for anything; the words "no" and "need" have been stripped from workers' mouths; somehow painted as buzzwords. Many of us still panic about workplace solidarity, instead of

feeling safe enough to cut straight to how forcibly commonplace inhumane work practices and the cost of living is. Our daily terrors push us to aggressively defend the status quo that exploits us; histories of violent worker repression have fueled the power of global capitalism. We would not fear our own power if this repression wasn't baked into the core of our society.

Meanwhile, "the dream" warps into a tool to control us - we are stuck on an escalator increasing in speed. We move faster and faster to keep up, smiling our way through very real nightmares normalizing a thin margin of survival. Limiting language exists at every layer of our society. In the words of poet and Toronto labor organizer Daniel Sarah Karasik in their poem tough but fair:

"child abuse language is domestic abuse language is cop language is dad language is I'm warning you language is don't make me tell you again is punishment language is the prison guard's language and we learn it early is the torturer's language don't say I didn't warn you is the seed of fascism already here".

When we're surrounded by these deeply rooted layers of intersectional oppression, made to feel stripped of the ability to turn to solidarity, lingering exhaustion is not only normalized but ever-expected; and our little sleep is dreamless. We withdraw, and alone, we cannot process the grief of our lost desires. We take being alone in our sadness as a western cultural norm, when in fact we cannot admit we are all completely beyond capacity. We feel blocked from any possibility of historical change - "[we] live [in] capitalism. Its power seems inescapable; [but] so did the divine right of kings... power can be resisted and changed by human beings..." (Ursula LeGuin). We must believe in the dream because only then do we have a shot at breaking out of the daily trap.

Finding a way to revive the dream, the

hope, to reconstruct the cultural conditioning and beliefs that are steering our actions en masse, means finding ways to attack these narratives that we are alone, divided, and that have to settle for less: less than what we need, what is fair, and what we desire. To need is nature. And want is no dirty word. Worker solidarity means bringing back the village mindset, where we know we always have someone and something to turn to. Rather than trying to beseech the empathy of the bosses and politicians who already don't care about us as living, breathing people, together, by at least initially turning each others' ears and making clear a tangible vision of a better life, we can bear witness to, and seed, each others' dreams. We can dream a new life into being, once where we cease to settle, and embrace what we deserve.

The truth is, our baseline should already be much, much higher. We should be taking our basic needs and workplace safety as givens, not as something magically bestowed upon us by somehow gracious, generous, powers. Being able to shamelessly name our desires - to say we want what we want, stand for what we need, and claim what we are owed - should feel so natural, because we should already have them. But we don't. So how do we get there? When we talk outside earshot of our bosses, something magical happens. Amidst a chorus of whispers, together, we admit to each other our waking realities. Worker solidarity can reinstate the village mindset, where we can acknowledge the nuances of our workplace struggles; without feeling at risk, separated by the strata of the class system and divided by types of work. When we participate in workers' "gossip" - un-regulated communication directly between workers, outside of workplace surveillance - a new kind of admission occurs. Take, for example, Seattle Solidarity Network's recent wage recovery action, where a group calmly filled restaurants that had been

withholding wages. Direct actions like these are not possible unless we talk to each other about where and how we are fed up at living end. We believe in each other, and our shared voices draw each other even nearer, becoming an unstoppable force. What is any workplace without its workers?

When we collectively acknowledge our need for food, housing, medical care, safety, and respect - for basic needs - we are able to make manifest strong living systems of mutual aid. Not only can we then begin to meet the needs of each other, but we can confront the individuals and systems robbing us of them. Workplace solidarity is a base ethical practice that will propel us into survivable, compassionate lives; returning us to our inherent nature. We also begin to recognize quickly and clearly that everything runs off the sweat of our backs and blood of our labor. We can pool our resources, not just as the sum of capitalism's leftovers - what little we have after trading in our labor and passion to meet the cost of living - but as the sum of our power. We are already giving so much, and this creates a deep, transformative dream-vision, one that could transform the present and the future. As students - especially as undergraduates - we must dismantle this culture of qualification, and recognize we are not damaging to labor movements but a source of their strength. In fact, most of the people at the center of these movements are young folks coming together and doing this kind of work for the first time; no prior experience. If our bosses are so afraid of people talking, nonetheless organizing, it becomes clear we are a tangible threat to their inhumane practices. So - let's talk, get together, and dream a new world into being.

Header illustration by Alec Phipps

Comic by Parker Wong - @steath_camo



Enemies to Lovers



A vouch for love by Grace Selvig

Enemies to lovers as a literary trope/device is pretty self-explanatory. Two people who quarrel in some way develop a relationship over the course of the story. Some people see this genre and roll their eyes. They think that it is cringe or see it as people developing a romantic relationship between characters where it is not needed. I've heard countless people say that romance ruins movies where most of the screen time is filled with action or politics. I would agree that not every plot needs a romance element to be successful or interesting, but I will argue that romance does not inherently ruin a plot that is based around an external or internal conflict. Love is an integral part of the human experience. It comes in many forms, romantic love, familial love, friendship, appreciation,

joy, etc. One of my favorite quotes relating to this comes from the movie *Dead Poets Society* where Robin Williams's character says the following to his students:

"We read and write poetry because we are members of the human race. And the human race is filled with passion. And medicine, law, business, engineering, these are noble pursuits and necessary to sustain life. But poetry, beauty, romance, love, these are what we stay alive for."

I come back to this quote often in my daily life because it points out directly the relationship we have with love in our lives and serves as a reminder to the question: "What is it all for?". I think that sometimes people tend to regard loving as a secondary element to daily life. It's my opinion that love and affection are integral parts to emotional survival.

I'm not saying that everyone needs romantic or sexual love in their lives. In this instance I am referencing love in a broad sense like all of those categories I mentioned before. The reason I mention this need for love at all is to normalize the desire to have it included in aspects of our lives. I'm a person that has a lot of love in my life. I love my family, my friends, my partner, the way velvet feels in my hands, the smell of the forest, the sound of waves crashing. It's not cringe to say you love something and it's not cringe to want to see love stories in the media you consume. An example of this would be the *Star Wars* universe. I have

seen a lot of discourse online where people are saying that romance story lines ruin the movies because it's not necessary. This is where I would make the argument that the loving and romantic elements add to the story. It gives characters something to lose, something to fight for, something to anchor them in their humanity while fighting a war.

You might be wondering why I am laying such a foundation to make a case for the enemies to lovers trope. Why do I care so much? Honestly, I've had a few people in my life make me feel bad for enjoying reading those types of stories and watching movies with that kind of romance. Recently, after a moment of spirited debate with a friend I accepted the challenge of writing down all my thoughts on this trope in order to make a compelling case for its validity as a story arc and lack of cringe as a trope itself. I'm not saying that every story of enemies to lovers lacks cringe, because anyone who has ever opened Wattpad will know that any literary trope can be written awkwardly.

Here's what it all boils down to:

In an enemies to lovers story you have two people at odds. Their quarrel can take many forms, but the emphasis is that they are in each other's way of accomplishing something.

What makes the development of this relationship more compelling than others is that these characters were not united because of initial mutual attrac-

tion. As a woman, I am so used to my romantic interactions being initiated because someone perceived me as attractive and took action. They didn't have background knowledge of who I am as a person or what I have done.

tion. As a woman, I am so used to my romantic interactions being initiated because someone perceived me as attractive and took action. They didn't have background knowledge of who I am as a person or what I have done.

In an Enemies to Lovers story your adversary knows a lot about you, the good, bad, and the ugly. It feels much more genuine for love to develop from a scenario in which someone knows who you are as a person, what you are capable of, and sees you as an evenly matched rival. Within this trope the characters are more than just a pretty face, they are complex people.

To be loved by someone in a way that recognizes your humanity so directly sounds so special. All that being said, wanting to see love in the action and adventure stories of our time doesn't make you cringe, it makes you human.



SEASONAL SALADS

by Natalie "Lee" Arneson

With the weather tentatively turning for the better, I crave foods that are light and crisp. Something refreshing to cleanse the palate after months of heavy winter-made meals. This hesitant spring has me thinking about cucumbers, a vegetable that was a staple item in my mother's garden. When I think of cucumbers, I think of my mother's garden and that one scene from *My Neighbor Totoro* where Satsuki and Mei sit with Granny in the sun eating fresh cucumbers. I'll eat them just about any way; fresh from the garden, in a salad, mixed with salt and lime, dipped in ranch, dipped in gochujang. Again, I like them prepared most ways, but when I think of dishes you can make with cucumbers I


first recall two kinds of salad my mom would always make; Korean cucumbers and Italian cucumber and tomato salad.

My favorite between the two is Korean cucumbers, though the dish is actually called oi muchim (오이무침). Korean cucumber was the name we knew it by my whole childhood, my family and I not yet knowing how to pronounce it's actual name. As I got older, I learned the recipe came from the cookbook *Dok Suni* by Jenny Kwak. *Dok Suni* is a book that's been in my parents' possession longer than I've been alive and its stained and wrinkled pages feel like an old friend. The dish is fairly simple, not taking longer than 30 minutes to put together. Mom just made a couple alterations, leaving out the gochugaru—a note which she scribbled onto the page. I loved eating those thinly sliced cucumbers over rice, the sauce of rice vinegar, brown sugar, crushed garlic, and sesame oil seeping into the grain. If done how my mom did it, the cucumbers would still have a slight crunch even after being salted. After rinsing the salted cucumbers in cold water, you'd mix all the

ingredients together and it'd be ready to eat. Though I never much liked vinegary foods, I loved this cucumber salad.

While not a favorite of mine, the Italian cucumber and tomato salad wasn't an uncommon appearance at the dinner table, especially in the warmer months of the year. This colorful salad was made from chopped cucumbers and tomatoes mixed together with thinly sliced red onion, balsamic vinegar, olive oil, and salt and pepper. I was always on the fence about this dish; I liked the cucumbers and tomatoes, but hated that sour tang from the vinegar. When I was a kid, I'd try to eat it quick before the rest of my food so I could wash the vinegar down with the rest of my plate. It's a favorite of Mom's though. I have this vivid image of her making it each summer, especially when we could go into the backyard and pull fresh cucumbers and tomatoes from the garden. I can picture her hands cutting the cucumbers and tomatoes most clearly, tanned and covered in rings of silver and gold.

It strikes me as odd, how I so loved the Korean cucumbers but never much



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cared for the Italian cucumber and tomato salad despite them both having a type of vinegar as an ingredient. Perhaps the flavor of the balsamic was too strong when I was little or the sesame oil was strong enough to overpower the rice vinegar. Either way, both are remembered fondly and come to the forefront of my mind each year when the weather warms and the flowers bloom.

Feeding the Diaspora is a column created by Natalie "Lee" Arneson in March 2022 to share stories on multicultural identity and how food plays a large role in continuing and reclaiming cultural ties. Defining 'Diaspora'; a diaspora is formed when people belonging to a cultural and/or ethnic group are living in a place that is not their or their ancestor's country of origin.

Read more of Lee's work, compiled online for her ILC, wordpress.evergreen.edu/foodag-portfolio-w23-arneson/

Community

ON TRANS LIBERATION AND THE ORIGIN OF TRANSPHOBIA

by Elise Grage

So far in 2023, 492 anti-trans bills have been introduced in 47 states. 26 have passed, 422 are active, and 44 have failed. These bills range from bathroom bans, bans on drag in public, and banning trans youth from accessing life-saving medication. This sudden rise in hatred and systemic violence while seemingly random, has long historical roots, and understanding transphobia's historical and material context is extremely important today to move towards trans liberation.

The origin of transphobia is a complicated matter because we can't find the exact moment in history it came about. However, some of the best work to date on the subject has been done by Leslie Feinberg. Feinberg was an anti-racist, white, working-class, Jewish, transgender, revolutionary communist who worked tirelessly to fight for transgender liberation, and working-class liberation through community organizing and hers analytical work. Feinberg was the first person to push forward the concept of transgender liberation and zie has inspired the trans community endlessly through hers work. In Feinberg's book *Transgender Warriors*, zie slowly unfolds the web of transphobia in history, showing that people who exist outside of today's white supremacist bio-essentialist binary have always existed throughout dozens of cultures and points in history. Not only have these people existed, they have occupied extremely high points of respect in their respective societies, being priestesses, religious leaders, cultural leaders, revolutionaries, and folk heroes.

Unfortunately, trans people have been pushed out from their positions of respect within society and to the pe-

riphery because of the development of private property. When private property and the family gained power in history, it led to the overthrowing of matrilineal leadership and control in favor of patriarchal control. So, ruling-class men began to accumulate more capital, while pushing women out of their positions of power in their communities, consequently moving them to positions within the family where they could be isolated from the support they had in their community. Patriarchy relies on the division between men and women and the idea that men and women occupy "opposite sexes" and that these two groups are immutable, and cannot be changed, crossed over, or blurred. This is central to the metaphysical dogma of patriarchy which manufactures and exaggerates differences in genders and sexes to naturalize itself. The problem for the patriarchal ruling class thousands of years ago was that there were people who were highly respected who clearly showed that men and women were and are not oppositional groups, and that, in fact, they overlap greatly. This meant the ruling class at the time needed to oppress and outlaw transgender people, crossdressing, homosexual activities, and enforcing strict gender roles, to separate men and women. Today, the patriarchal ruling class works endlessly to maintain and uphold oppositional and traditional sexism through transphobia and transmisogyny to belittle, degrade, and further push trans people into the margins and towards death. As private property and its owners have grown stronger from slave societies to feudalism, and now through capitalism, transphobia has been used more and more to stoke reactionary ideology in working-class people to convince them they should be afraid of trans people and not the bourgeois ruling class and that working-class people benefit from oppositional/traditional sexism and transphobia. Through this, the ruling class further enforces gender roles

and binaries to divide men and women, further resulting in the exploitation of women by casting them as the "inferior sex" and men as the "superior" one. As the bourgeoisie grows in power, so too will transphobia, because it is a tool of the ruling class to divide the working class and increase bourgeois control.

In America, we see that the divide between classes and the control of the ruling class has been on a steep increase for over 30 years. This increase in crisis is stemming from the economic turbulence of capitalism. In an unstable, constantly fluctuating, and constantly collapsing economy, the ruling class is required to respond by influencing the state to support them through increasingly fascist and classist policies. Recently, 2600 pages of emails were leaked from conservative lawmakers, expert witnesses, and anti-trans hate groups showing a coordinated national campaign to attack trans rights and incite genocide on trans people in the United States. This hatred and bigotry doesn't come from nowhere, it is direct-

ly related to the rise in fascist politics in the United States, and that rise is due to the waning of the American empire. As capitalism spirals deeper and deeper into crisis, and the ruling class becomes more desperate to maintain control, they eventually unleash the most devastating and reactionary weapon they possess: fascism. To counter transphobia we need more than our rights. We need more than representation, a platform, or legal protection. We need to stop this issue at its root, capitalism's inherent anti-democratic organization that allows the bourgeoisie to exploit and manipulate our society to advance their private profits, and kill our communities. Until the working proletariat and peasant classes in the United States rise in unity and seize power from the ruling class and stop them from maintaining endless control through increasing state violence, queer people will not be safe from the fear of genocide, and neither will anyone else.

COOL ST*FF IN THE LIBRARY! PT.1

A collection of ephemera documenting the Gateways for Incarcerated Youth program will be on display in the library throughout the spring quarter. This collection means to honor and celebrate 26 years of Gateways history.

Gateways is an Inside/Out prison education program that brings together students on the outside with students on the inside through collaborative learning. View the work through Spring Quarter, 2023, on the entrance floor of the library proper. Curated by Library Archives Intern Sadie Aymond in collaboration with the Evergreen Prison Education Project, the exhibit fills several glass display cases and greets patrons as they enter the Library.

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AMERICAN BDSM

Bondage and Dominance in Socio-Political Motion

By Melisa Ferati

Safety and freedom are two concepts often placed at opposite ends of a spectrum, whether in circumstances as frivolous as taking personality quizzes or as serious as surviving and navigating sociopolitical cycles determining the fate of human rights. Two states that should be able to feasibly coexist placed at odds. Post-9/11, how do we liberate the American image of freedom from this frame of danger? Now more than ever, people fall for propaganda touted as fact without so much as a little fact-checking before internalizing it as truth. With even scientific knowledge, like hard statistics surrounding vaccination, debated and dismissed as mere opinion, the dissemination of information among U.S. citizens has become increasingly muddled, riddling the search for objective facts with aimless redirections and hot takes; contrary to the view of the internet as a boundary-free source for self-education (“just Google it”). Capitalism portrays the world from an individualist perspective. We find ourselves especially subject to the influence of political agenda digitally as unprecedented coverage through the online saturates every aspect of being – reporting various major issues and providing endlessly more room for misinformation. A conditioned hyper-fixation on appearance (expression) and the inner self facing outwardly rose in tandem with the expansion of identity politics’ prominence among varying modern day discussions. Looking at this construction of personal identity socioculturally, it seems crucial to look to the most vulnerable point in establishing core beliefs that guide us – our teen years. It is the last time we look to the future as something looming, ahead of us, full of hypothetical paths and potential, before adulthood hurtles us into the awareness that we’re all just perpetually figuring things out with no definite outcome. By the time someone enters the cycle of the 40 – hour work week, that pubescent perspective easily transitions over – “next week I’ll start working on that book”, “I want to enter that field, I just have to wait for the right time”, “maybe next year I’ll be better.” Tired enough to remain bound

to the fantasy of “one day”, the average American leaves work looking for some sort of escape, whether in the form of a beloved tv show or heavier vices. With the unprecedented influence of 24/7 access in the form of social media and the world wide web, a new era of burn-out has been interwoven within the experience of coming-of-age that works to keep people just tired enough to keep from questioning. In resisting the hyper-saturation of information, namely in relation to systems of power, what can we do to help take sociopolitical knowledge and understanding back into our own hands?

We’ve entered a new wave of language being manipulated with concepts like “social justice warriors” and “cancel culture” polluting the conversation surrounding basic rights. Identity politics and the etymology surrounding them become a tool for distraction. This conservative lens is one of fighting for an established nostalgic “normal” that’s seemingly being challenged by the expansion of the modern world through widespread technology and resulting hyper-exposure of the digital age, now making common identities beyond established heteronormativity clearly visible. In American politics, there’s this constructed sense of a supposed, elusive “natural” alongside a dogmatic hunt to control the definition of some unwavering base human nature. The reality is “...[nature] looks natural because it keeps going, and going, and going ... like the undead. And because we keep on looking away, keeping our distance, framing it, sizing it up” (Timothy Morton). With genocidal rhetoric building rapidly against the transgender community now, this choleric resistance works to erase them in the so-called name of science (biology), arguing it as a supposedly new subversion of this elusive so-called natural. The idea of transgender existence as new is unequivocally false. “Trans” people have existed as long as humanity has walked this earth, traced as far back as ancient Mesopotamia, from which our oldest known record of written language exists. Now, modern conceptual language surround-

ing transgenderism works its way into the social lexicon not so much through learning from those with lived experience, but rather sociopolitical talking points - bringing gender theory to the table as means for making the existence of trans bodies a debate when gender expression is an intimate, personal exploration of self. The personal is irrevocably made political. “For intimate encounters we turn to time. It is there that we feel the intimacy of other lives and others’ experiences of things” - but when so many citizens already get little exposure or education regarding gender theory and expression, we begin to see that we are also robbed of time – of historical record and the personal time necessary for educated exposure beyond our small social bubbles (Lyn Hejinian). There is no intimacy, no growth; a purposefully cultivated stagnancy left in its place. So many citizens are left to gain their perspective of the trans community through these arguments of legitimacy. In not seeing trans individuals and their stories, but rather hearing about their being as a hot topic issue, it’s easy to manipulate and turn the fact of trans existence into a question or trend and dehumanize them as statistics – outliers at that. Like spectators, trans people are left to watch as politicians attack their few social safety nets while simultaneously witnessing the interpersonal saturation of new labels created outside of them. Of course, this terror tantrum will never stop at just transgender people. As of March 2023, Tennessee passed a state bill into the senate which would allow clerks to deny marriage to not only LGBTQ couples, but couples of interracial and interfaith standing. The fact that it even managed to make it to the senate should be grounds for major, blaring alarm. When the policing of bodies becomes intertwined with legality, there is no minority safe from the threat of the loss of civil rights. Saving ourselves from this fate lies in a radical re-realization of just how much of our identities are built and shaped by the concepts we’re raised adjacent to.

There is no “true” masculine or feminine persuasion. Only floating principles and ideas unavoidably shaped by the ever-shifting body of sociocultural perspective, predominantly formed by those in power, and within Western culture especially, with the goal of attempting to establish a “right” way to be. “If you look like you are ‘acting’ masculine, you aren’t. Masculine is Natural. Natural is masculine. Organicism is a performance of no-performance. It is ‘un-perversion’, with all the ambigui-

ty a double negative can muster, a desire that erases its trace as soon as it appears. Organicism articulates desire as erasure, erasure desire. The curtain rises on a pre-given holistic world. But interdependence is not organic: it’s differential. Things only look like they fit, because we don’t perceive them on an evolutionary or geological time scale” (Morton). There seems to be a clear proposal forming on the other end of the proverbial coin: all gender, by modern definition of the natural, is unnatural. An ever-shifting concept subject to both socialization and natural proclivities. Gender is bound to the conceptual; the archetypal. No matter the source, we are interacting with a nebulous construct. With change being nature’s only constant, defined boundaries suppose a grand display as society is primed, conditionally shedding skins in favor of those born from outside motives unquestioned rather than realized within the self, all of us constantly encountering new definitions as to what the right way of being is. From film to the news, there is no medium that isn’t subject to political influence - meaning there is no “true” stable core. Between the republican push to look back to supposed “good old days” and the liberal take of always looking to the future, we are left strung in this hypothetical limbo in place of the now. The concept of American centrism is an illusion – it’s all centrist, pumping right back into the same broken system. Thinking of the ways in which gender expression has manifested societally, a particular occurrence that comes to mind is the cultural leap in the switch from femininity’s ties to shades of pink/red and masculinity to those of blue within the last hundred years, despite the reverse being the standard for hundreds more. What was it that ushered in the masculinization of blue? With white smocks transitioning out as standard baby-wear and pastels grew in popularity in the early 1900s, pink and blue shades first actually entered the market as gender-neutral. Soon publications like Earnshaw’s Infants’ Department made claims of a “generally accepted [rule-] pink for the boys, and blue for the girls... [with] pink, being a more decided and stronger color... while blue, which is more delicate and dainty... [appearing] prettier...”, echoing prior common social color theory. This trend of color being linked to gender identity at birth fluctuated in popularity until the invention of prenatal testing, popularized through the 70s and 80s. Sweeping the nation, the momentum built to that of the culture of (*continued pg.X*)

Artist Feature

Grace Selvig

Artist interview by Natalie "Lee" Arneson

"My name is Grace Selvig. I've been a student at The Evergreen State College for 3 years. My area of emphasis is visual arts. I enjoy creating in many mediums; ceramics, painting, drawing, collage, poetry, and sculpture/miniature construction. The thematic styles of my art take shape in a range from dark fantasy worlds to multicolor explosions of structures and autobiographical pieces."

CPJ: Getting the background of you and your artistic journey, when did you first begin making art?

Grace: Oh, that's hard. That's a complex answer because me and how I make art—like my biggest passion is like designing spaces and like interior design, on my scale, and then on miniatures scale. So the biggest, "Oh, this is when it began" was when, I don't remember how young I was. I was in elementary school and my mom hand-made me these wooden dolls to play with, and I played with them for years. But the thing about it was, was that they had furniture that my dad made and all the time playing was really just me arranging their furniture and their houses in different ways. They probably had a million different house designs the whole time I had them, but their names never changed or anything. That was the game for me was just making their house look pretty.

CPJ: I love that. I guess a good follow up to that one is, what do you define as art in the ways that you create?

Grace: Art is pretty much like anything you want it to be. It's, you know, makes you feel something. And even sometimes that can be like a lack of feeling. But for me, you know, designing, or simply just planning out how something's visually going to look, that's just like making

CPJ: What would you say that your favorite way to create is, besides doing the interior design?

Grace: My favorite way to create... Well, I'm really into collaging and so I think just taking bits and pieces of stuff that I see in my life, and then making something else out of it is a really fun way to create stuff. Like magazines or poems, or I'll even—I like to print out Tumblr posts. And that's been like a really popular collage style of mine with, like, millennials. They see a Tumblr post printed on paper, and they freak out. They're like, "Oh, my God, this is so meta."

CPJ: I love your Tumblr collages. When did you first start doing collage work? What got you interested in it, or when did you first try it out?

Grace: I'm trying to remember the beginning, I want to say around 2014. Somewhere in there, I started doing most of my artwork inside journals and scrapbooks. And I think it's because I saw a lot of like, Pinterest people and people on YouTube doing like little—or at least that's what YouTube was recommending to me was "look at all these people with these really cute journals and notebooks, look how they're putting things in them." And so I just totally, like, was obsessed. And I would put anything in there, like packaging wrappers and stuff.

CPJ: That's really cute. I love that. What inspires you to create?

Grace: I think a lot of my inspiration comes from the media that I consume, like TV, books, Wes Anderson movies. Fantastic Mr. Fox is my favorite movie of all time; the colors, the framing, it's so warm. And you know, like, I've grown up in this climate that's like so not warm, and I think I just want to bring that warmth

to my life in other ways. That's why I lean towards surrounding myself with warm toned things. Although it wasn't always like that, I think I definitely had like a hipster-punk phase in junior year of high school, where I was like, "Oh, I want everything to be gray!" But, you know, we ebb and flow with what we like and dis-

like, and this is where the flow has led me, and I really like it.

CPJ: I like it, too.

Grace: Thank you!

CPJ: Do you currently have a favorite

piece that you've created, or one that you just really, really love? And that can be out of your collages, your ceramics, anything you've created. You can also categorize it like a favorite piece for your ceramics, favorite piece for the collages?

Grace: Oh, um, let's see... my favorite ceramics piece. I mean, I really like my bust with the thorns all over it, 'cause like, I was so terrified in the planning phase. I was like, "How am I going to make this? How do I make a shelf?" And it just really worked out. Like, the process was going my way the whole time and I was so happy. And I just think it's so fun to look at. I think that's why—I mean, it has, you know, emotional significance tied to it with the whole theme of the project—but I mostly just like looking at it because it's pretty.

CPJ: What is some background to the piece? Like, what was the project if you don't mind sharing?

Grace: Yeah. So, in my program, we have two theme projects a quarter, or at least we have for the past two quarters. And we had to make, I think it was, objects of protection and resilience. So that was the overarching theme, and we got to take it any way we wanted. So I was like, let's think of the body as a vessel. And how do we protect it? What's resilient about it? And so I did the torso, because like that's, that contains your heart. And on the shelf, there's the heart vessel, which also opens up and I haven't put anything in there, but it'd be a cute place for love notes or something. And then the thorns are just like added protection. Added, like resilience. And also I just, I didn't want a stark white piece. I wanted some life on top of the life I guess.

CPJ: Yeah, I think it's a beautiful way of showing interconnectedness. When did you decide that you wanted to try out ceramics?

Grace: So my journey with ceramic started in high school. I took two semesters, and my ceramics teacher was so awesome. He was so, like, it was just whatever the student wanted, and he would back them all the way. And that was something I never had in an art teacher before. Like, I had some not fun experiences with art teachers, I feel like everyone has, but this guy was just backing everyone. I think his name was Mr. Williams. Shout out to you,



man. Oh, and then I did a quarter of ceramics in community college. Yeah, that was really fun, although that's when the pandemic happened. So our class ended early in March and I never got to finish stuff, and I didn't get evaluated any way. It just got cut off. But then I like, let's see that world again, but at evergreen.

CPJ: That's wonderful. What is it you like about ceramics? About the form of it?

Grace: Um, I think it's just manipulating three dimensional space because y'know, I'm really into miniatures like that kind of hands on building, this is hands on building but just in a different medium. But I can warp it and so many more ways. It's a temperamental material, but it's also more giving other materials you could go with, wood or something.

CPJ: That's beautiful.

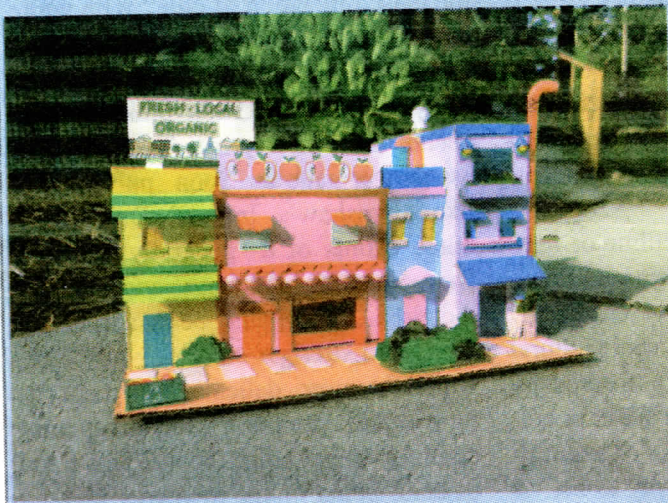
Grace: Thank you.

CPJ: Could we also discuss your blackout poetry?

Grace: Of course we could!

CPJ: That's one of my favorite pieces from you! When did the blackout poetry begin?

Grace: The blackout poetry, ironically, didn't start with the poetry. It started with the book. I went to a bookstore in my hometown, and I found a book c-



art, I guess. Or even not planning how something's gonna look. But your intention is, what does this look like? Or sound like? Because there's audio arts, y'know, there's everything arts.

Artist Feature

Christian Science Centennial. And I audibly laughed. Because I was thinking, these things seem contradictory, but there's a book about it. So I went through, I read a lot of it. There was a lot of people's

community that would be offended by that. So unintentionally, nobody who was offended could see it.

CPJ: Yeah, because I feel like art isn't something that you just curate for the pub-

and I'm like, "Oh my gosh, I haven't decided yet!" But I don't know, not everything I do has to be part of what I do in the future, I guess. But it's definitely fun. I get to fill my life with art through many different ways. So, that's where I get the enjoyment out of it.

CPJ: Let's dive a little more back into the miniatures. Let us circle back, because I love the little miniatures that you have set up in your kitchen.

Grace: Oh, my Calico Critters. I love my Calico Critters so much. You know, those were a Christmas present, maybe just one or two years ago. My mom was like, "You're a grown woman, but I know you want these so bad, so here you go." And I was so freaking excited. As far as miniatures that I create, there's definitely, I feel like there's an economic ladder when it comes to making miniatures. Because if you're going into a hobby store, and you're buying miniature supplies, it's very expensive. Like, pre-cut wooden trim, the works, it's all very pricey. So, doing it yourself also requires a lot of tools if you're trying to recreate the things that you see in the store. And I kind of do a halfway version of that. I use mostly food boxes, like cereal boxes, pasta boxes, paper, paint, a lot of hot glue—so much hot glue, it's insane. And I just make little models out of that. Yeah, it's definitely not like, y'know, there's like, I feel like there's an official miniatures society where they measure everything. It's like this is one sixth scale, one twelfth scale. I'm throwing scale out the window because it stresses me out too much, at least when it comes to personal projects.

CPJ: I think it's really cool that basically every art from your work with, it's a very textile experience. It's all very 3D, it's not just stuck to a page. I think it's really cool to be crafty and creative in that way. Is it kind of fulfilling to be able to just hold what you've created?

Grace: Yes. Oh my gosh, holding a vase or something after it comes out of this ceramic kiln? It's fantastic. If it looks like, anywhere near the way you wanted it to, or even if it didn't, you still, like, you love it. It's your baby. Like in the ceramics studio there's this saying like "Oh, there's the Kiln Gods" because anything can happen in the kiln, something can go wrong. It might not turn out right, but you pray to the kiln gods that it's going to be okay.

CPJ: Working with these forms of creating, like with the miniatures and the ceramics, what do you think you've learned from that? Going through those processes and dealing with things that can be so delicate?

Grace: Right, I think when it comes to that, I've learned to be less of a perfectionist, especially when it comes to ceramic glazes and stuff. We have sample chips of

what the glazes are supposed to look like, but there's no notes on how many layers were applied, or was it dipped or brushed on. And so when you use it yourself, you can have extremely different results. And over trial and tribulation I've let that hurt me less, like the disappointment of "Oh my gosh, this looks nothing like what I wanted it to." That's the case for my candle holder on my bookshelf. That did not look like anything I thought it would. But I like it for what it is, after I've had a couple of days to get over the disappointment. But yeah, I'm trying to treat everything I make as special in its own right. Just because it's here now.

CPJ: That's sweet. What does it mean to you to be an artist and to be someone who creates?

Grace: It has taken me a really long time to let myself use that title, to be honest. When I was like, even when I was in high school, I hated it when people would ask me, "So you're an artist?" Because, like that silly TikTok audio, there's the expectation, "Are you good at it?" And I was afraid that people would see stuff I made and be, "Oh, that's not that good. That's not impressive." Because I feel like people who aren't exposed to the vast diversity of art, they have a surface level, "Oh, the most impressive is the most valuable." And that's like, realism drawings, where they're like, "Oh, my gosh, that looks like it's a mechanical hand." And I always saw that, and I thought to myself, "Wow, no one's gonna like what I make if that level of realism is the standard," but then, going through, I don't even know, maybe just time, I just learned that that's not the standard. There is a place for me and my art. And I know I have the drive to be able to go somewhere with that. And it's not just down to whether or not some people find it very technically impressive. Like, that's not my bar anymore. And so, because of that change, I feel more comfortable saying I'm an artist. But it took me a damn long time to be comfortable.

CPJ: Thank you for sharing. Are there any last thoughts or comments you want to give us before we close out?

Grace: I feel like I hear a lot of my friends who aren't in the arts emphasis at school say about themselves like "Oh, I'm just, I'm not a creative person," or "I just can't do stuff like that." And I just want to shake them by their shoulders and say, "Yes, you can! Because what you make is going to be awesome."



testimonials in there, there was so much. I'd like, it's kind of a point of frustration, where I thought, there's so much contradiction happening. I just wanted to blackout. And so I did. I just started blacking out words, I started just reshaping what was said on the page, and I got some pretty interesting stuff. And so far, no one's given me a hard time about it. But at the same time, I don't really introduce that to people that I think would be offended by

CPJ: I mean, I think there's something to be said about, like, you don't have to make your art public. And you don't have to share it with everyone. We think of like, work up in museums and stuff, and it's like "That's for the public, by its nature it's up for interpretation." But it's also, well, not necessarily. Sometimes the art is simply what the artist says it is and it doesn't need to be anything more. And sometimes, y'know, that art is not for everyone. And not in a way that maybe some people don't derive meaning from it, but in the way that "This is not for you to look at or experience."

Grace: Yeah, I definitely—because I don't have public social media. I don't have a public art account. And that's just, that's because I want to avoid harassment, because I've had a problem with that. But yeah, I just, y'know, I don't have a com-

lic. It's something you curate for yourself.

Grace: Yeah, that's definitely the like, the origin story for the blackout poems was just, I was frustrated. And that was the result.

CPJ: Nice. And then also, your sticker packs.

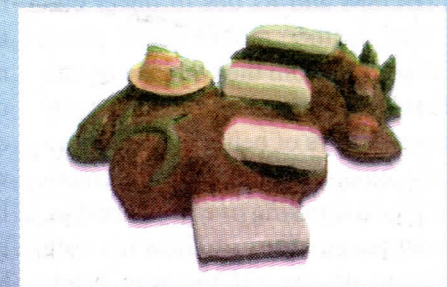
Grace: Oh, my goodness, the stickers!

CPJ: Let's talk about the sticker origin story, too.

Grace: I have been interested in stickers as long as I can remember. I love putting stickers on everyday objects, just to spice them up. Give them some life. Yeah, I would love to print my own designs on stickers. Like, that'd be awesome, I just haven't—I mean, candidly, I haven't thought it out. I feel like I just got a lot going on. But yeah, it came to the point where I had so many stickers I didn't know what to do with, so I just put them in little groups and curated them. Like, I do the zodiac sign sticker packs, and like, "If you're a Leo, these stickers are for you."

CPJ: What's it like for you, just having your hands in all these different modes of creation?

Grace: It's fun, but it's scary. Because everybody asks me, "What do you want to do after college?" And my answer is some variation of "There's like 20 different things I'd be happy doing, so I haven't decided yet." And then I think about that,



Commentary

(continued from pg 7) gender-reveals we see today, one of the hot topics in the gender debate as to whether children should be raised explicitly in relation to the concepts surrounding boy/girlhood before having the chance to understand how gender looks, feels, and means to them.

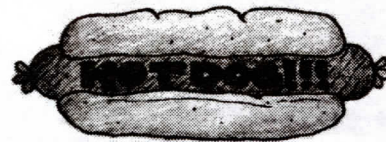
Between fear of the unknown and the respective desire for stability in the face of it, people are conditioned to seek clear cut boxes to put others in within a simultaneously hypersexualized and de-eroticized culture. Super fans en masse lose it when their favorite pop star they thought was single actually has a love life. People gossip about each other's sexual orientation. Non-binary people are hit over the head with questions of authenticity from cis and trans people alike. The ego becomes tainted by this instilled need for answers to questions that don't necessarily pertain to oneself in the slightest, tricked by some fabricated sense of the right to accessibility in the simple witnessing of something unfamiliar, speaking volumes to the rise of the para-social relationship in its effect on our interpersonal connections. People look at people in theory, not the moment. We've witnessed this fear of the unknown evolve into depictions of trans bodies as monstrous, as an ultimate subversion of some supposed natural. That fear also breeds morbid curiosity, which combined with our culture of consumption has been reflected in surprising ways - such as the increasing exposure of transphobes that sexualize trans people. With regular curiosity/exploration of fluid identity (as well as sexuality in whole) so culturally saturated with judgment, often chalked up to perversion, natural fascination is reshaped into a weapon against self-expression and free choice. Speaking namely to the religious influences underlying western society, even among the secular it's clear puritanical ideals still manage to permeate the general perception of sex, resulting in this seemingly nonsensical sexualization of what's ostracized/othered. I think of just how many sexual subcultures and fetishes are born from the extremes of either resistance through radical acceptance - reclaiming the sexual in "alternative" ways (BDSM and its ties to queer culture, from leather mummies to sweet subs alike) - or from the confines of culture that bastardizes - and concurrently eroticizes - ways of being that aren't inherently sexual at all, like the aforementioned bigots drooling over trans bodies. Of the language of sex and how it's used as political device. Of the way heter-

onormative society still finds it so hard to understand the divide between sexuality and gender. None of this is a coincidence. For so many, the sexual itself is already quite the taboo, repressed topic. That repression becomes figuratively broken in the visible presence of the trans body - often spoken about among the right-winged as dirty or perverse - linking the transgender experience to an expression of sexuality as opposed to its actual root in gender identity. Sexuality is not sexual. People are. A trans child is not sexually deviant or perverse. A trans woman is not some erotic novelty for the bedroom. Dating a trans man, as a woman, is not exploring a same sex relationship. Fear robs us of mutual understanding and within this culture, turns into grounds for a war against all that falls outside of heteronormativity. The violence born from these false links is multiplied by the already existing shame and restriction surrounding intimate self-expression (gender/sexuality) prior to any look past the limited roles we're assigned and their facetious ties to supposed bio-logic. We exist as vessels for "...accumulated time..." through these soft forms cultivated by personal experience and the various, fluctuating sociocultural standards that tout themselves as unchanging (Hejinian). The cruel irony of this practice of demonizing and othering the trans community, in the name of moral, or even holy, justice can't go unacknowledged.

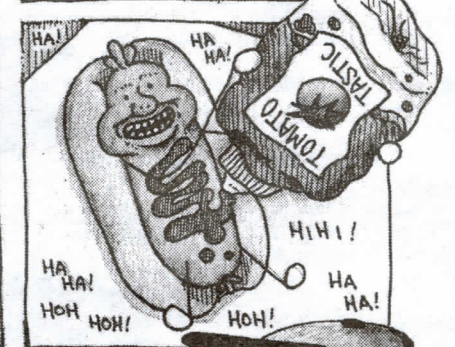
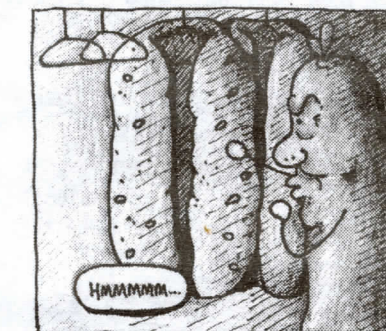
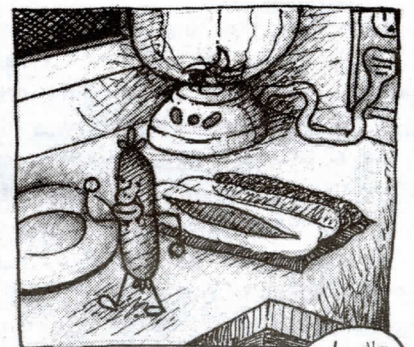
I think of the monstrousness of the creatures that are angels. The way they are made to disguise their true forms so as not to shock, scare, intimidate humanity. I think of the narrative of all our bodies being made in the shape of God. Of what appears to me as blatant suggestion of an intersex God, a fluid God, a God that exists beyond all time and limit and therefore must be beyond any limited form, nonetheless that of man. I see transgender people embracing this divine nature; that of change. Growth. What are we robbed of when made to fear this growth? The importance of tracking the evolving etymology behind words and their meaning in general, nonetheless in relation to our identities and livelihood, cannot be understated. Shifting syntax and cultural connotations forming new "truths" and defining the course of a multitude of realities; we must always remain skeptical and questioning - who is deciding the terms and confines of these supposed "truths" and why? Thinking about the silence of holiness versus language of being, is language not an inversion, a monstrous act born of our inherent craving for answers

to understand all that surrounds us? We are witnessing what happens when language is repurposed from a tool of understanding and connection to a weapon targeting vulnerable populations behind thinly veiled political objectives. I think of the horror of plagues. The trials of Job and Ibrahim and the like. The irrevocable experiences in life that give us no choice but to adapt. To live an existence riddled with endless change in which survival relies upon allowing for the only true natural state - morphing, evolving. Liberation from genocidal agendas and fascist pipelines lie in our ability to humanize the monstrous. To reclaim conceptual monstrosity as a tool of radical change and resist ideology that tries to turn us to battle with each other rather than hold accountable the system attempting to keep us pedantically bound to fear is to free us from the trap of language taken out of communal hands and warped in the name of corporate greed and selfish desires. As much as hope keeps us pushing forward, doubt keeps us alive. We must as a whole, embrace this monstrous self and other. Our future depends on it.

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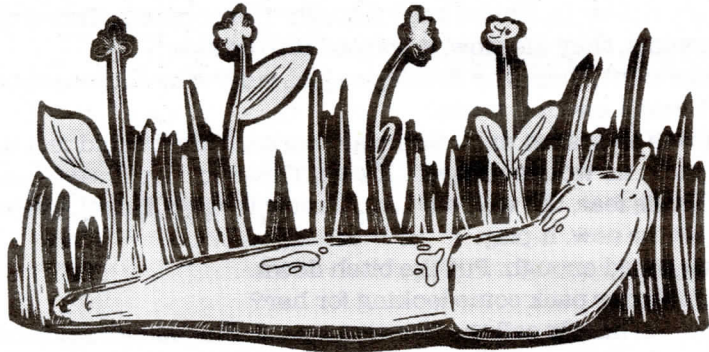
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RYC

2023

The Raven and the Slug



the penultimate piece of the CANOE
by Mj Richards

A slug crawled across the path and the Raven couldn't make the decision whether it should be consumed or avoided. He saw the hikers coming down the path chatting about something that had nothing to do with the slug and though he had an incredible urge to yell at them and pull their hair for not paying attention he knew that if he did not do something soon that slug would be trampled into the dirt and wasted. Jim had seen countless yellow piles of mushrooms drying out into the air as nothing he could make use of it with all of the dirt mixed in and each time he had seen more and more upset craving a snack that wasn't just some garbage that the hikers had thrown to the side. He flew across the trail, high up into the canopy and rested on the branch of a Douglas Fir and noticed some tasty bee larvae under the bark so he snacked on a few of those and fixed his belly's craving for protein. From here he could see the hikers' faces more clearly and remembered them from just a few days before. They had come down to the tree-trail along the water and peered out at sunset smoking spliffs and talking about bosses and siblings. He knew they would not stop, and he needed to fast.

First, he considered saving the slug. He knew that these slugs were the best source of food for both him and all his other grub-consuming friends, and that they were not doing so well because they keep getting stepped on. He came across five slug corpses just yesterday. Next he considered eating the slug. Though he had had some nice little larvae his beak was still a bit dry and hunger was insatiable. His final consideration

was to be a pest to the hikers and see if he could get them to turn around or just avoid the path the slug was going.

The hikers were getting close, but like all Ravens, Jim could think faster than time could move, so again he flew down to the trail and stood right above the slug as if to protect it. As the hikers approached the slug had decided to take a rest, and Jim began to get angry, "Why!" he yelled to the slug, but it gave no answer, "They will step on you!" The slug began pulsing and turned an eye up at Jim, as he pulsed his body began to stretch out along the trail, as if to make it easier for him to be stepped on. This made Jim furious, and he began screaming and screaming and dancing around the slug trying to get it to stop growing and just move off the trail but the hikers were now just feet away and did not seem to care a bit about either Jim or the slug. The slug finally stretched as thin as it could, and Jim paused in thought and praise for the existence of this little creature before grabbing its head in a talon, piercing the skin with a claw, and bending over to send the slug down his gullet in one slimy piece.

*CANOE is a serial piece of fiction released in the CPJ throughout the 2022-2023 school year. You can find the rest of the story at www.cooperpointjournal.com or printed in full at the Spring Art Fair on May 11th (more details in St*ff to do)*

Illustrations by Akemi Nakagawara

That One Summer Day I Forgot Fruit in My Room

by Kaylee Padilla

I remember a stench that summer creates under its hot sun. Something that was just as encapsulating of the skin, but not by warmth that every inch of flesh craved after the season's long withdrawal, but it was fruit flies, fluttering specs that complied to their invasive nature and causing destruction, even for the most accidentally unaware teenager who just wanted to enjoy some grapes to help suffice their summer desire's (I should've stuck with water). I could not remember for how long the fruit was burrowed in my room; although laying in the same ceramic bowl, the scent had fermented for days within the small walls, being baked in an unconditioned room for its scent to expand and call upon the fruit flies, or however way fruit flies produce. I wish the fruit flies had forgiven me that day. For my negligence, for my improper discarding of grapes. What I thought was a simple mistake turned into a flock of chaos; while small and easily disregardable, the flies covered my space in packs that totaled to a large foreboding blackness that captured the previous life of my room, and overfilled with the growth of decay. Surrounding my trinkets as if more life could be gorged from their inanimacy, planting themselves on every inch of myself that could be personified through the girlhood perspective; every item, from stuffed animals that kept my woes buried at night as a child, to clothes that emulated a psyche that

craved expression in forms that at times felt impenetrable, to books and journals that concealed myself up to that point of visceral destruction. No journal entry could be captured without having myself be ravaged in the process of trying to put pen to paper. 15 years felt sucked away by each insect that knew no boundaries, even in their malicious ravagings, even during their flocking and suffocation among others, even when each black dot felt amplified by the eyes of a horrified 15 year old. I spent several nights sleeping in a living room, but despite its romantic inspired themes that could cause any mind to drift onto a daydream, and perfect scenery with a skylight that could be the muse by night dwellings, all I could picture were the fruit flies taking away my essence that was left behind. The obsession of that thought came incessantly enough for me to believe that a fruit fly had been so vicious enough to crawl within me to populate my thoughts, as if my body were the same dying fruit that started this predicament, having skin with accentuated soft brown spots easy to crawl in and out of. Nothing felt safe. Nothing felt clean. After facing the fear of just even returning to my room and seeing the flies continuing their rummaging in their air, a spell of apple cider vinegar quickly made them relinquish their placement. I still cannot remember where or how the fruit flies died, but I take satisfaction in being slightly oblivious to the fact that

their carcasses may or may not be embedded somewhere in my carpet, like lying amongst brethren after carnage. I take satisfaction that I reconquered a space once savaged by an unrelenting invasive species, and that I am the only life in there that knows peace at night, and that I was the one who made it through that summer where tar melted and eggs could be baked on the ground.



???????

EVERGREEN HORRORS:

a look into unexplained campus phenomena.
submitted by L

[REDACTED]

[Its true name removed from all records, this horror is among the most perverse on campus. A cruel intellect bent on carnage and feeding the ever-growing mystery that is the Evergreen State College. To die at its whim is to know true death.]

MONIKERS: Old Death, King of Corners, the Great Dish

DIET: Animavore

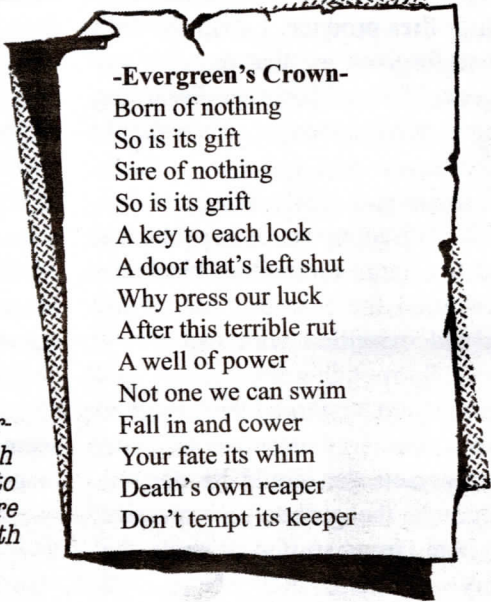
SIZE: ???

WEIGHT: ???

DESCRIPTION: A horror too great for this plane, it was banished from this reality thanks to the combined efforts of the re-formed Evergreen Mystery Society, the Grand Nipleites of Milk Rat, the Green Coven & Den-less who had been using the Evergreen woods. Records regarding the awakening and sealing of the King of Corners have either been snatched or trashed, if we are to believe they even existed. All that remain are loose warnings, cryptic prophecies, and scribblings. Members of the underground community have tucked away these scraps of madness, in case they hold some unforeseen value. Instead of interpreting this puzzle for you, dear readers, I have decided to lay bare what I have gathered so you may come to your own conclusions.

.....
**POEM FROM
THE GREEN
COVENS
ARCHIVES:**

The Green Coven, while not avid archivists, are smart enough to stash away whatever secrets trickle into their hands. I was able to acquire this poem after striking a deal with the Evergreen chapter.



-Evergreen's Crown-
Born of nothing
So is its gift
Sire of nothing
So is its grift
A key to each lock
A door that's left shut
Why press our luck
After this terrible rut
A well of power
Not one we can swim
Fall in and cower
Your fate its whim
Death's own reaper
Don't tempt its keeper

.....
**TRANSCRIBED
INTERVIEW BY**

THE EVERGREEN MYSTERY SOCIETY:

[The original Evergreen Mystery Society transcribed all interviews in case a backup was ever needed. During this troubled time in their administration, members' names were expunged from all records to avoid potential future persecution.]

01/07/1986

S1-Thivel is innocent... Thivel is nice! No bad, good! good!

I1-My god, this bitch really is off her rocker. Guess they don't call her the Mad Dog for nothing.

M1-We have had teams run into her before and she never showed any signs of being violent.

I1-Shut the fuck up, this is an interrogation, not some fucked up sharing circle. People are dead, act like it.

S1-Thivel clean... okay not clean but no blood. Wolf just hunt small game, no people. the wolf scared of people.

M1-Yo, I don't think she's lying, she's been totally cooperative.

I1-For fuck's sake if I want your input I'll ask for it. I have been carrying this sad excuse of an operation since my brother died. So I think I know what I am doing better than some punk freshman that hasn't seen shit. Get the hell out of here before I put you on inventory duty.

[M1 exits interrogation room]

I1-Finally. That ditz has me up to here. Now Thivel, why did you murder those people?

S1-Thivel witness. The wolf had left and Thivel heard loud horn, like train but... different. It hurt Thivel's bones, they shook and quaked like small rabbits trying to escape Thivel's flesh.

I1-So you're blaming a train? Are there even trains in these woods?

S1-No no no, not train, Thivel hear it laugh. The screams, Thivel can't forget the screams, they die slow, it wanted it to be slow.

I1-Okay cunt, then why didn't you just run? Why stick around? Your story isn't really making sense.

S1-Thivel was so scared even wolf was scared, Thivel could feel it. Thivel froze, no pack, no wolf, so scared. It saw, Thivel knows it saw, but it liked it, liked Thivel's fear, the wolf said so. It know it catch Thivel, eventually it catch all but for now, it play.

I1-I've heard enough. Put the bitch down.

M2-Won't her pack come looking for her?

I1-You can hardly call the Den-less a pack. She herself said she has no pack. If they do show up by some miracle we can just kill them too. It's no mystery; one way or another Evergreen's horrors are going to be solved.

/Target terminated/

/Mystery #102 "Mad Dog" marked as solved and archived/

.....

Letters Shared

[The person who shared these letters with me has barred me from discussing their origin or acquisition.]

[08/12/]

I heard a train in the woods today. I thought we failed but maybe that is what it wanted us to think. There are four empty rooms in my house, but I am the only one living there. I can't possibly afford the rent, how can I have even been paying for it? I think we made a mistake.

-Michael

[09/08/]

I translated the book, nothing can contain it; it was barely contained to begin with. What we have set in motion was inevitable. We will not be spared, we were tools, we are not special.

-Jennifer

[09/10/]

Bullshit if we are the ones who let it out then we can put it back in. Mail me the book, or even better come back; we can fix this. It's getting harder to remember things, but there is still time.

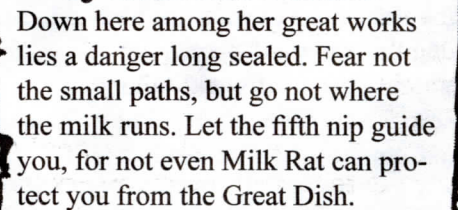
-Michael

[09/29/]

You don't understand; you never did. This thing isn't flesh and bone, if it wants you dead then you will die. There is no fighting this, just trying to last as long as we can. Even if we managed to trick it somehow it will get out again, we would be putting a tarp on a bear. If I want any hope of living just a little longer, Ill need the book.

-Jennifer

A Warning Carved Out by Milk Rat Cultists



Down here among her great works lies a danger long sealed. Fear not the small paths, but go not where the milk runs. Let the fifth nip guide you, for not even Milk Rat can protect you from the Great Dish.

[Many of the teachings of Milk Rat can be found scribbled in wood or concrete. I would however recommend you not put all your faith in what walls have to say.]

???????

Den-less Carved Memorial

To those who have been forgotten, we honor you. It took your faces, it took your legacy, it took your soul, but your sacrifice remains. Nobody will ever know who you are or what you did, but the Den-less of Evergreen swear to protect what you fought for.

Letters Shared (Cont)

[10/03] I won't pretend I can fight this on my own but I am not giving up ether. Time is on our side, if I can keep it from breaching the tree line I know there is hope. Mail me if you change your mind. Keep these letters in case it gets me. I would like to be remembered in some way. Who knows how many we've already lost.

-Michael



NEW SELF-AWARE BONG!
You'll never smoke alone again!!!

Ygr 23

[A
are find, Den-less are not ones for records and only
ve a loose affiliation to the campus. As they are most-
just nocturnal visitors, it's hard to find any evidence
their existence outside of wild stories told by the fire.]

A Warning Recovered

.....
entially left behind by one of the core mem-
ers of the reformed Evergreen Mystery Society,
s warning was well distributed, and is now in
e hands of several people across factions]

could feel its power grow as I wandered its domain,
e a pulsing heart growing bolder. It's impossible to
if I went in alone or am the sole survivor of a trag-
y, but I can only go forward now. It took on many
ms as if it itself was uncertain of what it was. One
ond a ferocious hound, the next a rotting mountain.
eached out a horrible ear ringing call, a plea beyond
understanding.

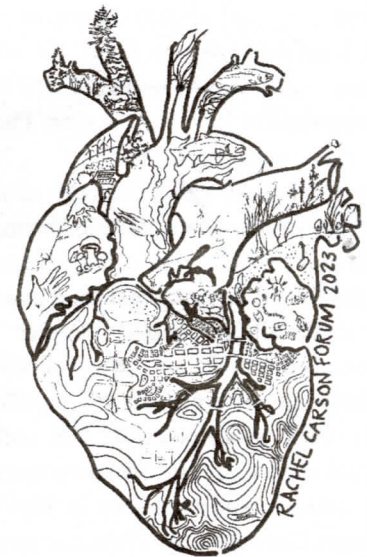
t spoke to me, told me of sins, stars, and slumbering
rets. It craves the unknown; feeds not to live but to
ate plot holes, errors in the continuity, a story with
beginning. It called me a seamstress, a weaver of its
rk, a defiler of divinity. It told me our time was at an
d, that weavers had muddied its work, and that our
ings would be cut.

t relished in my fear. I believe it only let me live so I
uld propagate it, and loosen our resolve. It cannot be
owed to roam free, to leave that door open is to invite
e a sea of perpetual enigmas. Do not fall for its temp-
ions, it will leave you hollowed, a mystery to your
y self.....

ike many Evergreen horrors, reality lies not in the
own but the unknown. Only by skimming the edges
oblivion can we give these ghouls a face. To go any
eper is to forfeit sanity.



CELEBRATE EARTH DAY WITH MESA!



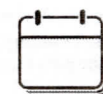
Rachel Carson Forum 2023

Issues on the Rise

Hear from local climate leaders on pressing environmental issues!



The Evergreen State College, Purce Hall



Saturday, April 22nd
11:00 Beach Clean Up
1:45 to 5:30 PM Panel Event

Follow this QR Code for more information and to register.



Please contact messtudentassociation@gmail.com with any questions.



Commentary



A Not-Guide by Katie J. Moore

The first time I met My Favorite Band, I said exactly four words to them, “Hi,” “thank you,” and “bye.” I had been aware of them for less than a year, but they had already changed my life as I sat listening to them, an anxious and – as I would realize years later – depressed high school senior. Their fifth album was the soundtrack to my lunch periods and walks between classes, during a time when getting through a single school day was a bigger challenge than even the toughest final exam. Their sixth album, much happier in tone, came out right as I was reaching the finish line of high school, paralleling my shift in disposition that came with graduation. A tour was announced shortly after, including a stop in Seattle, my closest Concert City. Only one problem; I was nineteen. A baby, in the eyes of the stern bouncer who would look at my vertically printed Washington State ID and scoff. There was only one thing to do. I, along with my ever-supportive Dad would have to travel to see My Favorite Band in their home city. In Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada.

So there I stood, for the first time in a different country, clutching my very first vinyl record, meeting My Favorite Band. “Hi,” I said as I caught their eyes for the first time. “Thank you,” I said as they signed the record. “Bye.” I said as I wandered to find a seat on the berm. I sat through the concert, not moving a muscle from the moment they took the stage. I fell in love with live music that night. A member of My Favorite Band ended that concert by yelling “I don’t know what’s next!” and in a sick twist of irony, what was next turned out to be COVID-19. The entire concert industry screeched to a halt, and many bands went quiet, to wait out the storm that ended up lasting years. My Favorite Band could have done that exact thing, but instead, they adapted. Patreon, Discord and Zoom became tools to connect with a small group of fans who had previously only gotten to talk to them in passing. In no time, they knew our names, and through a series of “Zoom Hangs,” I slowly gained the confidence to hold up a conversation with them. By the time they were touring for their seventh, and most recent album, I’d had a couple birthdays. No one could keep me out of those 21+ venues. I was unstoppable. Seattle was the first stop on their first tour since COVID, and I approached with a casual “helloooo,” which turned into a casual, if short, conversation. I felt as though I knew them, and not even in an awkward, parasocial kind of way. The third time involved a meetup with many of the fellow fans I had only ever met online. Two shared ice cream runs, an extended shopping trip, and a long walk through the cold to the first brewery that

could hold us preceded a show from Our Favorite Band the next night. The fourth time I was sung to, hand in hand, by a member of My Favorite Band from my position in the front row. By that time I had abandoned the quiet awe from my first concert. I was singing and bopping along, not caring who saw me. I realized, somewhere in there, that My Favorite Band had not just made some of my favorite music, but had helped to introduce me to the most incredible community. They’ve also had a bigger influence on my music taste than any other source, including my Bumber-shoot-obsessed dad, and the frustratingly accurate algorithm of Spotify, which I’ll admit to using for lack of a better alternative. I owe so much to My Favorite Band, from my love of live music, to the majority of my online friendships, to my newfound desires to learn to play the guitar, and share my favorite tunes on air. So, My Favorite Band, if I haven’t already said it enough, thank you.

The title of this article is “how to befriend your favorite band.” It is by no means a guide on how you should go about that same thing. Your favorite band may be secretive and nearly im-

possible to talk to, let alone befriend (I speak from the experience of meeting my second-favorite band.) You may have to develop your own plan, write your own guide once you’ve done it, it might be incredibly difficult, it might be impossible. Because, in the end, the act of befriending My Favorite Band was largely accidental. I didn’t have a plan, it just happened right as I needed it to. You might just say I got lucky, that my life is some fanfiction where I could run up to My Favorite Band at a festival and receive an enthusiastic “(Y/N)!” response, a snippet of genuine excitement to see that I, a humble fan, made a not-so-perilous international journey to see them yet again. This is, admittedly, accurate. I was lucky to have found them that fateful day, alone in my high school’s hallway. I was lucky they were so eager to get to know their fans, even if it required monetary support. I was lucky to have the friendship, not only of the band, but of a core group of fans who I still regularly talk to today. I was lucky and I know it, and each time I see them live, I’ll clap my hands to show

COOL ST*FF IN THE LIBRARY! PT.2

A note from Aidyn Dervaes, the curator:

“As a senior at Evergreen, creating this exhibition was such an incredible learning experience. When I learned about ILCs as a freshman, I didn’t understand how endless the possibilities were. I advise students with ideas to put yourself out there! There are so many faculty and staff at Evergreen who would love to support your projects- and can help you refine them.

I am lucky to have had the opportunity to speak to members of the center’s community and gain a greater knowledge of its history. I hope that I have shed some light on the center, which has been a pillar of support since the beginning of TESC. I’d like to thank the Evergreen Archives for lending their space to this project and event. It was wonderful to connect with others and hear how many lives are

Framing Moments

Join us in celebrating the Campus Children’s Center!

April 12th, 5-7pm

The Evergreen Archives (room 0440)



connected to the Children’s Center and its history.

If the rain kept you away on the 12th, don’t worry- the exhibit will be up in the Evergreen archives into mid-June. Stop by if you’re in the library and take a peek!”

WRITING CENTER

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

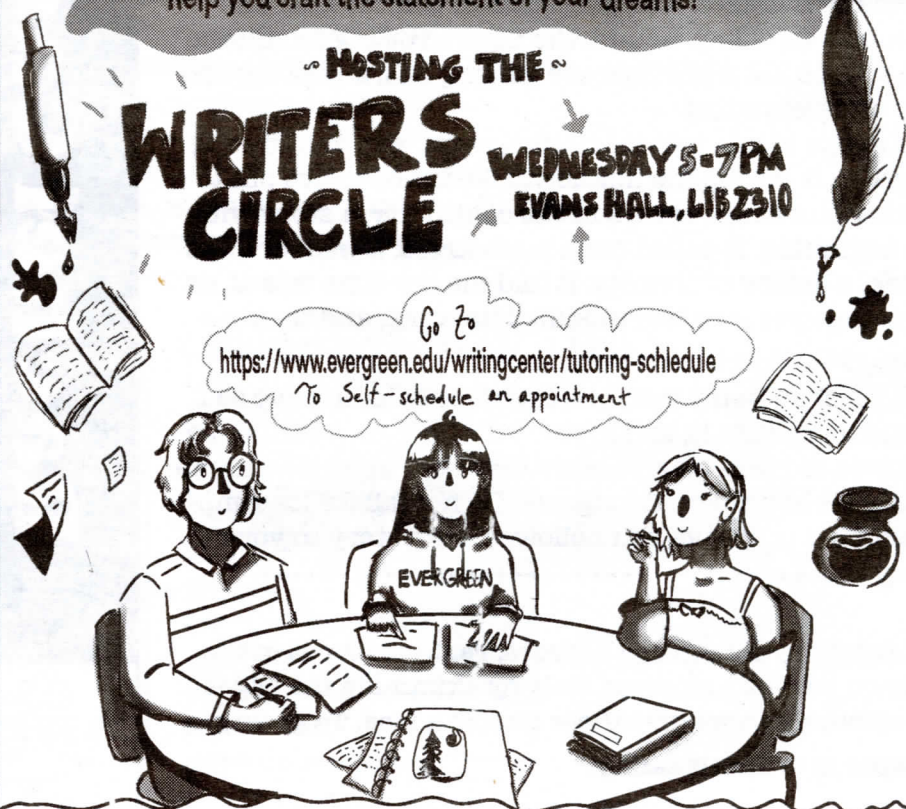
Need help with your academic statement? The writing center knows the ins and outs of an Evergreen transcript and will help you craft the statement of your dreams!

~ HOSTING THE ~

WRITERS CIRCLE

WEDNESDAY 5-7PM
EVANS HALL, LIB 2310

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



HOROSCOPES

BY MELISA FEBATI

MAY HOROSCOPES

It's best to read the prediction for your ascendant/rising sign (your path) first, though you may find it helpful to read for your sun (how you see/conduct yourself) and moon (your emotional body) placements as well! If you do not know your rising sign or would like to learn more about your chart in general, check out www.astro.com to create a drawing and explore.

Aries: Hello Arians! The 5th kicks off with a lunar eclipse in your 8th house, highlighting your relationship to finances/stability. You'll likely be motivated to adjust your spending in order to build a stronger sense of security moving towards your next major goals. Venus and Mars will be rocking in your 4th house, allowing for lovely energy to infuse into your home life – conflict will be winding down and you may feel inspired to redecorate your home. How can you reconnect to your space as a place of warmth and refuge? Mercury will exit retrograde on the 15th and soon after Jupiter enters your 2nd house - a time of abundant expansion great for making travel plans/beginning new projects, but please babes, watch out for that urge to impulsively splurge!

Song rec: FAMJAM4000 // Jordan Ward

Taurus: Hi Taureans! The month begins with a lunar eclipse in your 7th house, bringing your attention to your relationships. You'll feel the push to either make your feelings known in a close connection, falling anywhere from motivation to reveal building feelings (wait till after retrograde ends on the 15th!) or a break-up that's been much needed. Venus and Mars rocking in your 3rd house will bring excellent energy in for pursuing your passions/hobbies and learning a new skill. What are the desires you've been repressing for the sake of others? It's time to take opportunities by the balls and embrace the luck coming towards you thanks to Jupiter stationing in your sign for the next year! A new chapter is upon you, babes. Welcome it in!

Song rec: Bruises // Kelela

Gemini: Hey there, Geminis! A lunar eclipse in your 6th house on the 5th of the month pulls you to reassess your daily habits and the way they're reflecting on your health. If you've been having a difficult time with certain eating habits or pushing yourself to the brink of exhaustion, now is the time to reset and prioritize your own needs. Your body loves you and is calling for your attention, babes. Venus and Mars in your 2nd house through the month can draw in new financial opportunities and your planetary ruler, Mercury, will be going direct on the 15th! Any lingering brain fog will be lifting and it's a great time to begin anything from journaling to a new blog to showcase your work. Jupiter in the 12th on the 17th will only boost this propelling clarity!

Song rec: Quotidian // EVNTYD

Cancer: Hello Cancerians! The lunar eclipse at the beginning of the month will happen in your 5th house, drawing you to take a look at your creative gifts, individuality, and inner child. You may notice an uptick in attention on your social media profiles and a newfound sense of optimism. How can you encourage your latent playfulness and (healthy) desires? Venus and Mars will enter your sign on the 8th, imbuing you with better balance in close connections and increased opportunities for romance! With Mercury retrograde ending on the 15th and Jupiter entering your 11th house and creating lovely growth within your social life. It's time to let yourself be seen and appreciated for who you are, not just what you can provide, babes!

Song rec: LOVE FANG // MOTO BANDIT

Leo: Hi Leos! With the month kicking off with a lunar eclipse in your 4th house, your attention will be drawn to your home life. You'll feel inspired to make changes, anything from making plans for a new move to completely resetting your personal space to reflect you as you are now. Venus and Mars will enter your 12th house, providing a peaceful energy that infuses your life with more love – if you've wanted to explore dating again or wanting to get a new pet, now's the time! You'll be feeling better grounded and able to hear

your intuition loud and clear. Jupiter enters your 10th house on the 17th and will inspire bold expansion and self-belief – you're killing it, babes!

Song rec: What It Is (Solo Version) // DoeChii

Virgo: Hello Virgoans! The lunar eclipse on the 5th is popping up in your 3rd house, pushing you to reflect on your intellectual pursuits and what your energy's been predominantly feeding into. Now's the time to reset your mind and come back to yourself! With Venus and Mars entering your 11th house on the 8th, your social life will be entering a state of expansion and find you meeting new like-minded individuals that you strongly resonate with. Remember to relax and appreciate just how much you do but resist the urge to be a homebody this month, babes!

Song rec: Round & Round // Highrise

Libra: Hey Libras! A lunar eclipse at the beginning of the month in your 2nd house sheds a light on your resources and talents. Is it time to come up with a new budget or start saving towards a personal goal you've been dreaming of? To indulge in the pursuit of a creative path you find yourself inclined towards? Venus and Mars in your 10th house attract the potential for meeting someone new while engaging in work or activities that you feel align with your purpose, babes! Jupiter enters your 8th house on the 17th, supporting you in unpacking more difficult memories and releasing their psychological holds on you. A major period of healing and resetting!

Song rec: GRIP // Mandaworld

Scorpio: Hi there, Scorpions! The lunar eclipse on the 5th will be happening in your sign (1st house), triggering a time of total change. What's not working and what do you need more of around you? Now is not the time to make future plans based on what others want. You'll find relief in this sense of beginning anew and shedding old skins that don't serve you anymore. Venus and Mars will meet in your 9th house, so if you've been in a long-distance connection or moved to a new area and find yourself inspired to get out there and date, now's an excellent time babes! By the end of the month, your 7th house will be lit up by 5 planets, a juggernaut of energy enhancing this boost in your love life!

Song rec: Nowhere // Pocket Sun

Sagittarius: Hello Sagittarians! With the 5th ushering in a lunar eclipse in your 12th house, your attention will be drawn to your well-being and the way you've been feeling. A time for turning to healthier coping mechanisms and finding peace in necessary solo time. Venus and Mars coming into your 8th house on the 8th can attract a new partnership whether in

romance or in business pursuits, babes! Mercury retrograde will be ending on the 15th and your ruling planet Jupiter will enter your 6th house, helping to release some of that recent lethargy and leaving you wanting to share your niche knowledge and skills in a way that helps you support and connect to others.

Song rec: Greens // Anna Wise

Capricorn: Hi Capricorns! With the lunar eclipse on the 5th happening in your 11th house, your attention will be brought to your current need for fun, indulging in creative pursuits, and your involvement in your community. Does your social circle motivate you or exhaust you? It's time to align with those who have your best interests at heart. Venus and Mars will be cozy in your 7th house, attracting harmony and creating potential for formative new intimate or work connections. New beginnings after Mercury retrograde ends on the 15th and Jupiter enters your 5th house on the 17th. It's time to embrace and explore collaborating in relation to creative gifts and lighthearted love heading your way, babes!

Song rec: Candle Flame (ft. Erick the Architect) // Jungle

Aquarius: Hey there, Aquarians! This month's lunar eclipse kicks off your month in the 10th house, bringing you to question your sense of purpose and whether or not your actions are in alignment with it. Venus and Mars in your 6th house provide a great time for balancing out any recent ailments and allowing for receptivity in support of boosting your well-being – you can't be the whole village for everyone and yourself, babes! Mercury going direct in your 4th house will encourage much-needed transformative conversations with those you consider family and Jupiter entering your 4th house on the 17th will boost desired changes in your home life.

Song rec: Echolalia // Yves Tumor

Pisces: Hello Pisceans! The lunar eclipse on the 5th is happening in your 9th house, motivating you to think about what you feel gives your life meaning and share what you've learned through your self-growth over these last few months. Venus and Mars will pop into your 5th house on the 8th creating a lovely boost of potential in romance! Your creative streak will be thriving and after Mercury goes direct on the 15th and Jupiter enters your 3rd house on the 17th, your charm will be magnified - share what you're inspired to produce with those around you! A great time to incorporate a new restorative practice such as journaling or meditating.

Song rec: Self Improvement // Self Improvement

ST * FF TO DO

Places To Be and Things To See.

Clubs and On-Campus Stuff

Arcade Projects

4-6pm
Library

Climbing Club

Most events occur Mondays at the CRC Climbing Gym Follow on insta @tescclimbing-climb

Drop-in Soccer

Sundays 5-7pm
Thunderdome (Rec Pavillion)

E Gaming Guild

Wednesdays 3-5pm
Student Activities Office
Fridays 3-5 pm
CAB 301

Evergreen Theatre Club

Wednesdays 3:30-5pm
COM 332
Insta : @evergreen.theatre

Tabletop Gaming Guild

Wednesdays 1-4pm
Library Basement
Saturdays 2-5pm
HCC

The Outdoor Program (TOP)

Climbing night for Women, queer, and gender nonconforming folks
Thursdays 6-9pm
All events at CRC Climbing Gym

The Cooper Point Journal

Office Hours
Mon 1-3pm
Wed 3-5pm
CPJ Office CAB 332

TESC Furry Club

Wednesdays 4-6pm
Student Activities TV Lounge
CAB 3rd Floor

Slightly West

Wednesdays @ 6pm
Library Underground
LIB 0406

Fiber Arts Club

Follow on instagram for meeting times and updates
@evergreenfiberartsclub

Giant Clam Improv Collective

Sundays 4-6
SEM2 A1105

Yoga Club

Mondays and Thursdays
6:30-8:00pm
CRC 116
Insta: @evergreenyogaclub

Thurston County FB

Evergreen Foodbank
2nd & 4th Tues : 2pm - 4pm
Parking Lot C

Earth Day with MESA

Rachel Carson Forum 2023
Saturday, April 22nd
11:00am Beach Cleanup
1:45-5:30pm Paneling Event
Purce Hall

Thurston County FB

Evergreen Foodbank
2nd & 4th Tues : 2pm - 4pm
Parking Lot C

Evergreen Equity Symposium

April 19 - April 20
In-person & Online

Celebration of Two-Spirit Artists

Saturday, April 29th
House of Welcome

Commencement Speaker Tryout

Monday April 24th 3-5PM
Purce Hall - Lecture 1

Spring Art Fair

May 11th 12pm-4pm
Red Square (Weather may change event location, we'll keep you posted.)

Multi-Cultural Music Lounge

Tuesdays 12-2PM
SEAL

Rock 'Em SOE 'Em: Students of Color Social Hour

Wednesdays 4 PM-5:30 PM
SEAL

Glitter Hour: Queer and Trans Social Hour

Fridays 4-5:30 PM
SEAL

Writing Center

M,T,Th 12-7pm
W 12-7pm (Staff meeting 3-5)
F-Sa 12-4pm
LIB 2310

Safeplace Advocacy Hours

1-3pm Mondays
Student Wellness Services

Off-Campus

Uncaged Art Art walk

April 28th
5-9:30pm
116 Legion Way SW
Olympia, WA 98501

Art Walkthrough and Speaker

May 5th
4:30-7pm
601 4th Ave E, Olympia, WA
98501

Spring Arts Walk

April 28th-29th 2023
Downtown Olympia

Oly Opry

Sun Apr 30th 1pm
McLane Grange

Silent Movie - Robin Hood

Sunday April 30th
Washington Center
Live sound provided by 1924
Wurlitzer Organ

Apollo Suns Spring Tour 2023

Sat May 13th Doors @ 8PM
McCoys 21+

Board Games 4 Bored Gays

Every Thursday 6PM
Burial Grounds Coffee



Graduation Info

Lavender Graduation

In person June 13th 4-5:30
House of Welcome

Deadline for Registration is June 11th, 2023 at 11:59pm

Multicultural Graduation

June 13th, 6-8pm
House of Welcome
Both Graduation registrations links available in bio of the First Peoples IG: firstpeoples

Native Pathways Graduation

June 17th 5pm
House of Welcome

Anarchist History Walking Tour

MAYDAY

Learn the history of Olympia those in power don't want you to know.

April 30th 6pm
Percival Landing

Anarchist May Day

Food, art, fun, and all the other beautiful things that Anarchists can dream up.

May 1st 5pm
Yauger Park

Washington State Labor Council

Mayday Event
May 1st 11am-3pm
Heritage Park



This coupon entitles the bearer to \$2 off a purchase of \$10 or more, at either of our stores:

Eastside - 3111 Pacific Ave SE
Westside - 921 Rogers St NW

Each store is open 8am-9pm daily.
See you soon!

Coupon expires April 30, 2023