

Black car's future uncertain

by **JASON SLOTKIN**

In C lot there is a SUV covered in black stucco and painted drawings. It almost impossible to miss this fixture, if you drive through that parking lot regularly, and now it may have to leave campus. The car is believed to be leaking fluids, a point that Bruce Wilkinson, one of the students who originally designed the car, disagrees with. One of the conditions of having the piece of art on campus was that it be drained of gas and oil, which Wilkinson stated it was. The Black Car also blocks an electric car charging station, and it has accumulated parking tickets.

According to Paul Smith of Facilities and co-chair of the Campus Land Use Committee, the Black Car was originally proposed to be a student project and not an artwork installation.

The future of the Black Car was the subject of a recent TESCTalk debate where the history and future of the car were predominant topics.

Both Geoduck Union representatives Kris Craig and Jake Mixon have been working on keeping the Black Car on campus. According to his TESCTalk emails, Craig had been working with the students involved in creating the Black Car.

Mixon has a proposal set to go before the Greener Organization to find a home for the Black Car.

According to Paul Smith, any new use of land for the Black Car would have to be approved by the CLUC.

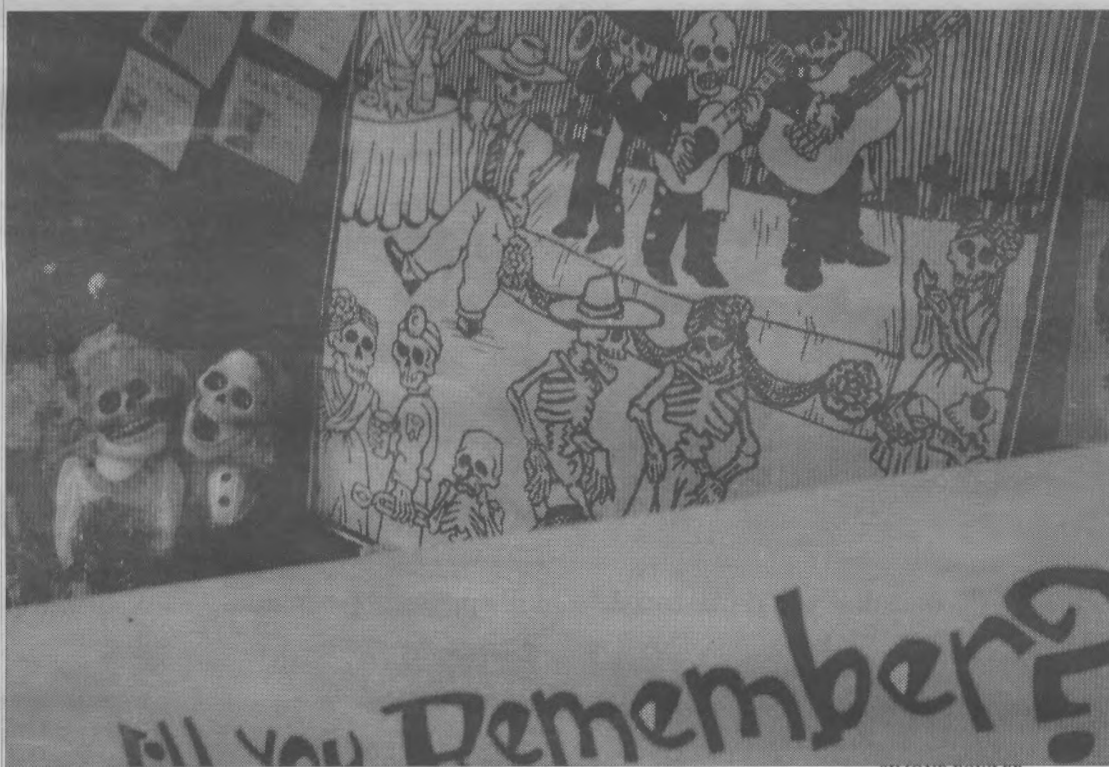
The processes that will influence the future of the Black Car, and as things stand, it has until December 31 to remain in that space unless a news decision is agreed upon.

Jason Slotkin is a senior enrolled in an independent learning contract.



THE BLACK CAR IN ITS CURRENT SPACE

SIMONE FOWLER



SIMONE FOWLER

Check out photos of the Dias De Los Muertos Shrine set up by First People's on Page 5

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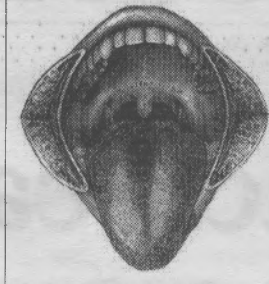
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vox pop



If you could become your Halloween costume, who or what would it be?

by RAINBOE SIMS-JONES



"Frida Kahlo"

Maritza Soledad Sanchez

Senior

Telling Untold Stories



"Joseph Beuys"

Em Newman

Sophomore

Green Studio



"Lightning"

Alex Kime

Senior

Individual Learning Contract



"A turn-of-the-century strongman"

Kati Frady

Freshman

Imagining the Body

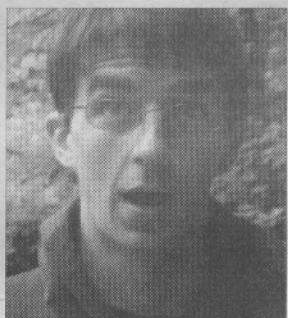


"I'd be a peacock"

Ariana Blair

Freshman

Imagining the Body



"Basketball ghost: Len Bias"

James Case

Junior

Death Considered

Have a Vox Pop question you'd like to ask? Email cpj@evergreen.edu.

Student Group Meeting
5 p.m. Monday

Find out what it means to be a member of the student group CPJ.

CPJ Forum
1 p.m. Wednesday

Discussion on issues related to journalism.

Post Mortem & Issue Planning
5 p.m. Thursday

Critique the last issue of the CPJ and help plan for the next one.

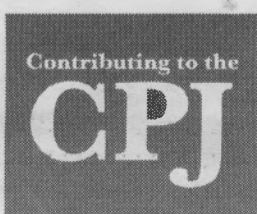
All meetings are held in CAB 316

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Unlearn something at the FCC

by MADELINE BERMAN

If you've been looking for somewhere to talk about consciousness, then look no further than the Freedom of Consciousness Club (FCC). One of Evergreen's newest student groups, the FCC is an open forum for discussion of any concept relating to consciousness. Everything from lucid dreaming and tarot, to meditation techniques, and Charles Manson is fair game for discussion.

"The idea for the club started with me and my roommate, Mr. B.S. Jones," says Patrick Walsh, one of the club's initial organizers. "We kind of thought it would be nice to have a place for people to talk about [heightened] experience." Walsh went on to say that in today's society, talking about consciousness is often considered to be taboo. "It's important to talk about [consciousness] in order to change our world."

Though new to the school as of this quar-

ter, the FCC is rapidly becoming one of the largest student groups on campus. The meeting this past Tuesday had a record 23 people in attendance.

When asked why she comes to the FCC, student Jeanette Miller answered, "I stopped by the table at the orientation week fair and they couldn't give me a straight answer about what they did. I feel like I'm knowledgeable about consciousness, but when I come here, I realize there's so much I still don't know."

"Consciousness brought me here," says Jacob Peck, another Evergreen student in attendance at the FCC. "I want to unlearn some knowledge, go deeper into the inner realm of experience and understanding of the nature of subjective reality."

The FCC meets every Tuesday night at 8:30 in the solarium in the third floor of the CAB.

Madeline Berman is a sophomore enrolled in Health and Human Development.

Let them eat cheese!



by RAINBOE SIMS-JONES

Did you know that Evergreen now has a Fermentation Club? If you like wine, vinegar, kombucha, kimchee, cheese, sauerkraut, or beer, then you have found a home in the Fermentation Club.

The Fermentation Club has been a long time in the making. The interest arose about nine months ago when some students experimenting with sauerkraut-making on Evergreen's organic farm got so excited about fermentation, they thought "why not and asked around to see who would be interested in starting a club?" They got about 50 people ready to join on the first day. They were ready and raring to go! Then the people who were key in starting the club realized they were already way too busy and couldn't possibly start a club. But have no fear. Nine months later they are back with one super-stoked coordinator named Bob and all-around-everything-man co-coordinator Jake Mixon.

However, don't get all excited about beer pong just yet. The purpose of the club is to study the art of fermentation, not the art of staying drunk. To show that they are seri-

Who knew moldy, spoiled food goods could taste soooooo delicious...

ous about learning, they don't plan to start brewing right away.

"We're not going to start off getting materials and supplies, because then all interest dwindles and we've wasted student money," says Mixon. "We will be doing it on our own; we're just getting the materials to learn how to do it and then once we get good at doing it then we can be comfortable asking for supplies."

So, for the first year, the Fermentation Club will focus on learning. They will be hearing speakers and lectures, getting books, pamphlets, subscriptions, and hopefully go-on some field trips to local dairies and breweries.

Anyone at all interested is encouraged to join and those with experience are encouraged to come help. Regularly scheduled meetings have been taking place on Wednesdays in the CAB pit at various times. Please email tescbrew@gmail.com to get in contact with the Fermentation Club and get your brew on!

Rainboe Sims-Jones is a junior enrolled in an independent learning contract.

Voices of Color

still an empty space...

Voices of Color is a space reserved for examining issues of race and ethnicity, particularly experiences relating to attitudes and biases that result in injustice and the perpetuation of discrimination. Use this space.

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Bread & Roses Halloween Fundraiser

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SIMONE FOWLER

STUDENTS MADE LIKE EXTRAS IN A GEORGE ROMERO FILM DURING THE SECOND ANNUAL ZOMBIE WALK

Evergreen students get zombi-fied

Last Friday's Second Annual Evergreen Zombie Walk was moderately successful. Baby Batman from last year failed to make an appearance but the zombie hunters that stopped by more than made up for it.

Initially, the undead Greeners were mainly concentrated on upper campus, "attacking" nightline and getting mowed down in a flurry of foam darts from the zombie hunters. While there was interest in mobbing downtown, too many of the zombies were without student I.D. or proper change and

would have been unable to make the bus ride. Instead, the group wound up spreading gore across campus, from contra dancing in the gym to the elevators of the freshman dorms. The night finally ended after an unsuccessful attempt to take over the KAOS radio station, followed by going to a karaoke bash that had already wound down.

Thanks to all that participated. Hope to see everyone next year.

~ MADELINE BERMAN

TIME ONCE MORE TO FALL BACK

COME THIS SUNDAY, THE 2ND OF NOVEMBER, DON'T FORGET TO TURN YOUR CLOCKS BACK ONE HOUR

ENJOY THE EXTRA TIME, BUT DON'T BE LATE FOR CLASS ON MONDAY

Message for the EQA

Have some free time on your hands? Want to learn more about queer issues? Come check out a book from the Evergreen Queer Alliance (EQA) library! We have a wide variety of queer books, from fiction to photography. Stop by the CAB room 314 during office hours (Monday 12-1pm, Tuesday 12:30-3pm, Wednesday 1-2pm, Thursday 1-3:30pm, and Friday 12-1pm) to check out one of our books. We look forward to seeing you!

~ CHRISTINA BARREDA

Budget Forum

If you are concerned about the current state of the economy and how it affects The Evergreen State College, then come to Lecture Hall 1 at 4pm Monday November 3 for an open forum on the school budget and what it means for the students.

~ MADELINE BERMAN

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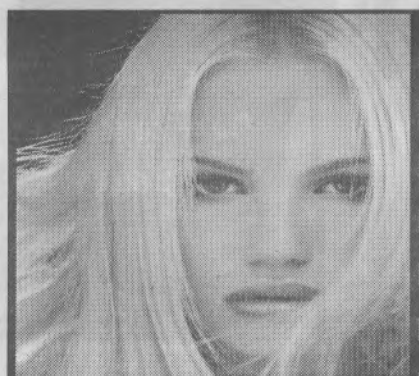
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PHOTOS BY SIMONE FOWLER

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11 AM - 2 PM @ the Community Recreation Center (Gym)

Incredulous college student eats another man's moo: part I

by VENU MATTRAW

Last spring I won the Gilman International Scholarship for abroad studies and traveled to Thailand for ten weeks. I volunteered at a nonprofit community-learning center and taught English to Burmese men and women living within the remote confines of a refugee camp. The story below is an excerpt from my field notes. It ends rather abruptly, which is intentional; my piece must be read in two installments. So pick up next week's issue of the CPJ to read the conclusion.

On my inaugural day at the Ban Nai Soi Community Learning Center (CLC), Emmett Kearney, my field coordinator at the CLC, and several other teachers invited me to a local festival commemorating the inception of new monks at the Nai Soi town Waht. From what Emmett told me, we were going to celebrate with village residents for three straight days; it was also the beginning of the Thai New Year.

For the first two nights, I familiarized myself with the students and major players around the community school, watched some local performance competitions, observed a Shan opera, and participated in a couple of Shan rituals (chewing betel nut, and dancing way too much).

On the last day, Soo Rai invited me to dance and party with the construction workers from our school. Soo Rai is the resident math teacher at the CLC. He is a Kerine refugee and has lived in a refugee camp most of his life. He came to work for the school last year as an escape from the day-to-day futility of camp life. He is



PHOTOGRAPHS BY VENU MATTRAW

the only refugee teacher at the CLC. He was educated at the refugee camp beginning when he was a small boy and learned English and math.

"The workers say that they would like to dance with you very much," Soo Rai told me.

I spent most of the night awkwardly dancing to Thai pop with three borderline-drunk refugees. We bought leis and flowers for CLC students who competitively performed Thai pop classics against rival village girls. The winners took home a

trophy and a cash prize. One student from the CLC, Gaow, placed third.

We then made our way to the festival entrance where several Shan men danced and chanted to the beat of a Di Chong. The night before, I met one of the Di Chong players. He forced a cup of Kerine whiskey into my hands and fed me moo (pork). After we cheered and ate, he proceeded to teach me the Shan Lam. This is a dance presented during a Di Chong. Anyone who knows the simple steps and subtle shoulder movements can jump in at anytime. So I began to dance again with the construction crew.

It was during this dance that I caught the attention of a horde of men who wished to poke me and grab at my first-world second-hand wardrobe. One of the men escorted us to the backyard of a local home. In this backyard, a crowd of people joined together at a picnic table eating noodles. Two or three men spotted our entrance and immediately made room for us at a little porch behind the table. I sat and heard a chorus of different languages being exchanged. Some of these men were Burmese, some of them were Karen, some were Shan or Kerine, and very few of them seemed to understand what was being said. So we all smiled and laughed and talked as if we

spoke a similar language anyway. I gave away all of my cigarettes to these men in exchange for the fresh moo that they offered me. I was also offered to share a bowl of spicy noodles with the other guests. I eventually pandered to playing the guitar for these men. The guitar was passed around (as was everything else that night) and I emptied a roll of photographs taking pictures of my hosts.

It was getting late, the workers wanted to dance some more, but I wanted to crawl into bed. After one more dance, we made our way back to the school, a peaceful fifteen-minute walk in the dead of night.

Why I acted as foolish as I did on this stroll, I will never know, but at least I realized, as you will find, that my world views are limited to one particular way of thinking, that there are modest dreams still out there, and they are as heart-breaking as they come.

TO BE CONTINUED...

I would like to thank the Gilman International Scholarship fund for making this story possible. Check out the Gilman website: www.iie.org/programs/gilman/index.html to apply for a chance to win up to \$5,000 dollars for going abroad.

Venu Mattraw is a senior enrolled in a Brazilian cultural studies contract.



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Flood relief with CCBLA

Evergreen students take action



EVERGREEN STUDENTS HELP WITH POST-FLOOD CLEANUP EFFORTS

by HILARY HACKER

Twelve Evergreen students and I headed down to Chehalis on October 25 to do flood relief with the Lewis County Long Term Recovery Organization. Our first stop was the home of Lin and Oscar Sanchez. Lin told us the story of what happened to them during the flood of December 2007.

She began by pointing out to us where her house had sat before it was "picked up, shaken around, and dropped by the floodwaters a few feet from where it had always been." She then pointed to a tent and a port-a-potty, and explained how she and Oscar been living since the flood. Finally, a business trailer was donated to their family, which they raised five feet off of the ground in hopes that it will be enough to sustain the structure through the next flood. They've done a beautiful job remodeling and turning it into their home. They'll have running water and be settled again within the next few weeks.

We borrowed Lin and Oscar's truck and drove to another home, where we met James. He repeatedly told us how lucky he and his family were compared with others who had lost everything. He displayed a big pile of debris and old things that they had lost in the flood. Our job was to haul this pile back to the dumpster at Lin and Oscar's house. We separated out a huge pile of items to burn. James was excited not only about having friends over, but also to celebrate burning the remnants of the flood.

Overall we had a great day. The idea of an Action Day is to help students make connections within their community while learning about the issues that are being faced by community members. I think our first Action Day did just that.

"It was interesting to see firsthand the damage done by the floods and the history of the damage by floods in the area. The recovery process is still underway and it felt good to be able to contribute," said Chantal Brouillard, who is enrolled in Gateways: Popular Education and Political Economy.

Action Days

- *Saturday, November 22:* We are in the process of planning an Action Day that will incorporate hunger issues around Thanksgiving Day.

Community Events

- *Sunday, November 2:* Guy Maguire and Tall Trees Community Initiative are looking for people to participate in ecological restoration of our local habitat. From 9 a.m. to 1 p.m. they will host a "Free the Trees Work Party," focusing on removing ivy from trees. Email youthstewardship@gmail.com to participate.

- *Saturday, November 8:* Community 2 Community, an organization from Bellingham, will hold a vigil at the Tacoma Immigration and Customs Enforcement (ICE) Detention Center to provide support for family members visiting immigrants who are being detained. Students can bring coffee, water, and snacks to share.

- *Saturday, November 15:* Left Foot Organics is a nonprofit organization that promotes self-sufficiency for people with developmental disabilities through growing organic food. Left Foot Organics will be having a volunteer event from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. Lunch will be provided. Following field work will be a workshop on how to raise chickens in your backyard. Contact Kelly at volunteer@leftfootorganics.org or call (360) 754-1849.

Community Requests

- *Thurston County Food Bank Food Drive:* Bring non-perishable items to one of four bins on campus:

- o Red Square by the trash cans on the way into and out of the library
- o The CAB right outside of the Women Of Color office, by the bulletin boards
- o In the Public Service Center Lobby, SEM II E2125
- o At the Housing Office, third floor of A Building.

- *Camp Quixote* is an independent tent city in Olympia. Be a friend of the camp by stopping in and saying hello. Bring a prepared meal to the camp. Help brainstorm fundraising opportunities. Sign up for a hosting shift. The camp is located at

St. John's Episcopal Church on 20th Avenue and Capitol Way.

- *De Colores Books* is a volunteer-run bookstore downtown always searching for interns and volunteers.

- *Gateways for Incarcerated Youth* is seeking men to become Challenge Partners to tutor youth at Green Hill and Maple Lane Detention Centers.

- *The Evergreen/Olympia Collaborative Tutor Project* is looking for volunteers to tutor and mentor at-risk elementary school students in three Title I (high-poverty) schools.

- *Students in Service* is an AmeriCorps program and a way that students can be rewarded for their time spent within the community. Email sis@evergreen.edu for more information.

If you have ideas about Action Days or interests in particular organizations which you would like to see represented, contact Hilary Hacker at hackerh@evergreen.edu or call (360) 867-6137.

Hilary Hacker is an AmeriCorps VISTA and Evergreen alumna.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY HILARY HACKER

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Meet the S&A Board

by RAINBOE SIMS-JONES

This year's S&A Board is responsible for allocating the Special Initiative (or S.I.) Fund, as well as disbursing the two-year budget Recommendations for Tier I Registered Student Organizations, and one-year budget recommendations for Tier II Registered Student Organizations.

The S.I. Fund is the first up. Right now the S.I. fund is at about \$108,000 and student groups are ready and raring to go at the money like starving wolves. Forms and instructions for groups on how to request money from the S.I. fund are available now at the S&A Board office, workstation 6 in CAB 320.

The first budget hearing is scheduled for Wednesday, November 5. For an RSO to be scheduled for a hearing on the 5th, their budget proposal must be turned in to

the Board by noon on Monday, November 3. Budget request hearings will be held on Mondays and Wednesdays from 3pm to 5 p.m. for the remainder of the quarter. Budget proposals will always be due by noon on Monday for Wednesday hearings and by noon on Wednesday for Monday hearings. Three time slots are available per meeting on a first-come, first-served basis, though the last time slot is reserved for currently unfunded student organizations.

Meet the Board! The S&A Board for the 2008-2009 academic school year has been selected and its members are as diverse as the student body it serves.

Rainboe Sims-Jones is a junior enrolled in and independent learning contract



ALLIE VAN NOSTRAM, SOPHOMORE
ENROLLED IN *PERSISTENCE*



ALYSSA MCCLURE, FRESHMAN ENROLLED
IN *CHARACTER STUDIES*



BILL APER, JUNIOR ENROLLED IN
CONCEPTUALIZING NATIVE PLACE



DANIELLE SMITH, JUNIOR ENROLLED IN
DECOLONIZING THE MIND



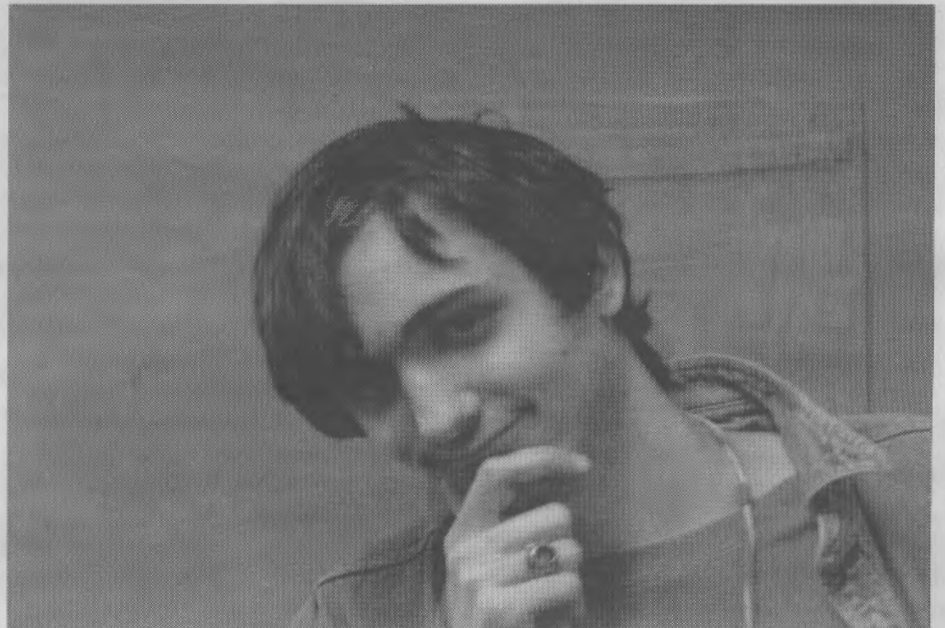
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DIANE CLUCK AND DRUMMER ANDERS GRIFFEN.

ERIC LIPPE

Diane Cluck is a songwriter like no other. Her hypnotizing voice and unconventional song structures make it hard to describe and difficult to draw comparisons. She often gets lumped into the “anti-folk” category alongside artists like Devendra Banhart and Joanna Newsom. The release of Cluck’s “Countless Times” album on CocoRosie’s Voodoo Eros record label has brought her more attention and, while not being an indie household name like some of the artists with whom she is associated, she’s developed a following of obsessive listeners.

Tonight, Cluck brings her unique style to Olympia for what’ll certainly be an amazing show. Also on the bill are Oly’s own Polka Dot Dot (hand-claps, harps, and gorgeous harmonies); KnotPineBox (amazing improv

soundscapes); Portland’s Malcolm Rollick (condensed epic folktales); and the SF/Oly collaboration Tapestry (tape songs, bowed guitar, and the occasional bullhorn). Not one to be missed.

The show starts at 7 p.m. tonight—Thursday, October 30—at the Eagle’s Ballroom (805 4th Ave E) downtown and will cost \$5. Call (360) 486-4431 for more details.

- <http://www.unicornsounds.com/diane.htm>
- <http://www.myspace.com/thepolkadotdot>
- <http://www.myspace.com/alexistapestry>
- <http://www.myspace.com/knotpinebox>
- <http://www.myspace.com/malcolmrollick>

~ JOSHUA JAMES

KAOS

KAOS Top 30 for the week of 10/28/08

1. **Holly Golightly and the Broke Offs**— Dirt Don't Hurt
2. **Karl Blau** — Nature's Got Away
3. **Her Space Holiday** — Sleepy Tigers
4. **Chiwoniso** — Rebel Woman
5. **Lake** — Oh The Places We'll Go
6. **School of the Seven Bells** — Alpinisms
7. **Taj Mahal** — Maestro
8. **v/a** — Eccentric Soul: The Young Disciples
9. **Michael Franti and Spearhead** — All Rebel Rockers
10. **Deerhoof** — Offend Maggie
11. **Gang Gang Dance** — Saint Dymphna
12. **I'm from Barcelona** — Who Killed Harry Houdini?
13. **Still on the Hill** — Ozark
14. **Truckstop Honeymoon** — Great Big Family
15. **Vonda Shepard** — From the Sun
16. **Neal Fox** — Now It's Personal
17. **Joshua Radin** — Simple Times
18. **Common Market** — Tobacco Road
19. **Buena Vista Social Club** — At Carnegie Hall
20. **Lee “Scratch” Perry** — Scratch Came Scratch Saw Scratch Conquered
21. **Marnie Stern** — This Is It
22. **Mavis Staples** — Live: Hope at the Hideout
23. **Vivian Girls** — s/t
24. **Toure Kunda** — Santhiaba
25. **Theresa Andersson** — Hummingbird, Go
26. **Okkervil River** — The Stand Ins
27. **Victoria Vox** — Chameleon
28. **Eleanor Murray** — For Cedar
29. **Mogwai** — The Hawk is Howling
30. **Gregory and the Hawk** — Moenie and Kitchi

~ NICKI SABALU

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Hits not yet heard

by LAUREN TAKORES

I caught Nils Forever, lead singer of the Greatest Hits, for a quick phone interview while he was on a break from band practice. Nils is in three bands right now, enviable to those of us stuck in the trenches of week five.

The Greatest Hits are based in Seattle, where the all-ages scene suffers from lack of exposure a lot of the time. How will the band fare in Olympia, the land of underage party-seekers, peeping from behind cat-eye glasses and from under award-winning facial hair? Very, very well, I believe. Nils describes the band's last house show gig as "rad," and that the vibe is much more "intimate." We're also "starvin' for it" down here in Oly—for some really great rock and roll, that is.

The guys will be bringing the goods, too. The Greatest Hits have three new seven-inch EPs out now and for sale at shows. The EP on Silly Girl Records is the newest. Both the EPs on Desert Island Discs are splits with other bands: the Greatest Hits showcase the song "For Our Hearts" alongside California band The Luxury Sweets on one EP, and play "Electric Blanket Boogie" on the flipside of their split with Philadelphia-based band The Tough Shits.

Want more? The Greatest Hits are going to be playing two shows with the recently revamped River City Rebels, first on November 7 in Seattle at the Funhouse and then on November 8 in Tacoma at Hell's Kitchen. More information can be found at www.myspace.com/thegreatesthitsmusic.

Lauren Takores is a senior enrolled in Data and Information.

Olympia Film Festival celebrates 25 years

by GAVIN DAHL

The nonprofit Olympia Film Society (OFS) is older than most Evergreen students. This year OFS is celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of Olympia Film Festival. More than 5,000 people are expected to attend movies and events scheduled November 7-15, including five movies starting at midnight the last night of the Festival.

All Freakin' Night is a perfect example of the kind of unique opportunity OFS gives the community to indulge in cinephilia. This year, the team of local programmers booked a lineup so crazy you might be glad to miss out by waiting too long to buy tickets. All Freakin' Night is likely to sell out again, even though it runs until past dawn.

Of course, you could also watch 25 movies (look up *Stunt Rock* and *Mock Up on Mu*) and more than 60 short films before Saturday night and go to bed early on November 15. Maybe by then you'll be ready to give your eyes, ears, and butt a rest.

In case you haven't been to the Capitol Theater, there are couple things you should know. First, there is no butter for the popcorn. Don't even ask. What you should do instead is politely let the volunteer concessionaire extraordinaire

know you only want your popcorn bag filled halfway. This makes it much easier to spray Tamari and add yeast flakes and other seasoning available free at the

market. Some of the chocolate even helps endangered species.

The theater closes following the Night of the Living Tribute Bands on Halloween night. Work parties will be going on at the Capitol on Monday, November 3 until Thursday, November 6 from 3-11p.m.

In addition to working ahead of time, you can learn how the festival is run by helping out over the nine days of events. Director Colleen Dixon is holding two volunteer sign-up and orientation events at the OFS office downtown at 416 Washington St. #208. Your chances to get involved are Saturday, November 1 at 2 p.m. and Tuesday, November 4 at 6 p.m.—just show up.

There is no better cinematic experience in the South Sound than sitting with hundreds of your neighbors at a movie theater built in the 1920's watching movies during their only local screening. *The Phantom of the Opera* is as old as the theater, and will be shown with an original score performed live on Thursday November 13. The Opening Night Gala is usually a hoot, and this year OFS presents *Steamboat Bill Jr.* from 1928, also with live original score.

Gavin Dahl is an alumnus of The Evergreen State College.



MAIA POWLOSKI

counter. (Then get the rest of your corn, silly.

Also, bring extra cash for fancy candy. Movie theaters basically expect you to sneak in your own supply, and they count on the lazy, "moral," or rich moviegoers to drop \$5 for stale boxes of old sweets. At OFS you pay less than the chain theaters for some of the best candy on

Dear hip-hop...

by DIMITRI ANTONELIS-LAPP

*Bass lines ooze out of the stereo,
As words pour from a digitalized thought.
Verses and rhymes fade from my head as
the memories vanish,*

*We used to be so tight, but we eventually
fell apart.*

*We used to kick it everyday without any
speakers in sight,*

*You were firmly rooted in my head,
As if my memory bank was the Hudson
River,*

*And if Luca Brasi's concrete shoes were
meant for you all along.*

*Sappy feelings happen, I don't care,
All y'all Ginas callin' this out can't
relate,*

*Most people get infatuated with a person
of the opposite sex,*

*And I got swallowed up by: a sound, a
persona, an image, a vision, a thought.*

I pull out the album sleeve, admiring the glossy 12 by 12 photo. After I realized all vinyl included a piece of art with the purchase, it was a no-brainer to revert back

to old school media. I slide the record out of the sleeve, and safely crash-land it on the table of turning. I move the arm, hear that infamous click, scratch, and here it comes. Like an audio train ready to take me to the streets of: "NY, summertime Chi," to the gray and drizzly Northwest or to the frigid Minneapolis area. You always did know how to get around.

You're like the older sister who knows what next fad is upon us, but always wear it out really quickly. You've got so much charisma that a lot of people think you're shallow. You've been through so many different eras and phases that strangers question your personal identity. You were the kid at the back of the class, who knew all the answers, but would rather smart off and run your mouth (or get high). Whatever you touched turned to gold, and you promptly did what almost anyone else would have. You sold it.

No matter how many conversations we had, when everything had boiled down, cash ruled everything around you. You: sold drugs, sold your body, sold your ideas, sold Vitamin Water, sold mix tapes, sold

backstage bootlegged tours on DVD, sold concert tickets, and sold an image. The more greenbacks you acquired the further we grew apart. Constant chatter about "get money" goes in one of my ears and out the other. All the while I was kicking the ass of life, you were snaggin' another chain at Jacob's, and making sure everyone knew. Before too long, I couldn't even see the person I knew from the beginning: I had to look past all the jewelry, all the swagger, and all the 'tude. It was time for our paths to diverge.

I moved out of the South just as you were getting back into one of your umpteenth rotations down there. I told you I wanted to go hang out in the Northwest together, you said, "I'm out o' breath 'cuz I'm runnin' the South." I moved back home, you stayed out clubbing the days away, working on dance moves and club chants. We met up once in September. Both of us had changed, and your style screamed how static you had been over the summer. The crowd you decided to hang out with was too young for me, although I was amazed at how many people wanted to be around you. Every colorful pair of kicks, every Kangol and "new sticker-ed" hat, every plaid pair of shorts, all called out, "I love hip-hop." You are who you are and I appreciate that. Take it easy, until our paths inevitably cross again.

Dimitri Antonelis-Lapp is a student currently enrolled at the Evergreen State College.

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The Disposition of Being Better Than You

by JAKE SALVADOR

You've already heard this...

To be frank, it's quite upsetting to be a member of this community that loathes every other member of the community. And because of this constant loathsome nature of all the people around me, I have become a creature nurturing two conflicting philosophies within my head; needless to say, this is difficult.

The ambiguity of the men and women around me surprises every nerve on my body and every one of my heads feels on the verge of imploding and exploding—constantly switching between the two. Imploding because this asinine ravaging of everything I love—life to be blunt—makes me want to stay inside of myself and turn into an introspective nightmare where everything pointless, hateful, or ignorant I experience seeps into me and I absorb it like a sponge. Explosive because at every opportunity I find to express myself, I notice that I become a hypocrite and the community around me suffocates my very nature of expression and difference of thought.

We live in a community in which one side of any given argument is always present and the other is forever subjugated by the majority rule. The minority here is



everything you *don't* believe in, everything you *won't* agree with, everything that you *hate*. You detest the right wing conservatives; they are people too. You despise the religious zealots; they are alive as well. You try to bring down the people who rule the "system;" they have a right to exist as much as you do.

If any of these three stereotypically-chosen groups didn't exist, what would there be in your life? Happiness? Love for all mankind? I laugh at the ignorance of your answers, whatever they may be.

Anyone you hate is someone who you must love in order to overcome your hypocrisy. To hate any opposing ideal is a blatant contradiction of your philosophy, an unabashed formulation of you being a seriously

uneducated and an unworthy candidate for having an opinion of anything.

I am able to laugh at my hypocrisy, so therefore I can acknowledge it and learn

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from it—you **c a n n o t**. Your ideals confound and irritate me, but I do not hate you, and I don't love you either. I love myself, and I love that maybe my ideas can make some sense to you—no matter how long it takes for my logic to penetrate your thick skull.

There is no reason to despise a n o t h e r human being

for something they believe. To do so is to break your own morals, meaning that you deserve the same kind of hate and misunderstanding with which you are mistreating others. You cannot be under-

stood if you constantly misconstrue. You cannot hate unless you hate yourself. You cannot learn unless you open your head to people whose views represent the opposite side of the spectrum from your own views.

I am constantly opposed to you because you are constantly opposed to me and therefore I am just as disgusting as you. This doesn't mean we have to smack each other around; we do the smacking *after* we discuss our disagreements—in a civilized manner.

Why must my community group itself into smaller communities of anarchists, liberals, feminists and Jesus freaks? To acknowledge these "cliques" is to strengthen them—so never mind; forget what you just read.

My real point is this: why must you be separate from me, and why must you hate me for juvenile things? By no means am I saying, "Hey, everyone live for everyone!" because that would be going against my philosophical nature. All I'm saying is, let's learn from one another without throwing metaphorical—and often-enough real—Molotov cocktails at every person who isn't supporting *your* cause; they have a hard enough time supporting *my* cause as it is.

Leave me alone, you bastards.

Jake Salvador is a sophomore enrolled in an independent learning contract.

Back in high school...

by ERIN GRAY

I took a class recently that made me feel as if I had been thrown back into the one-piece plastic desk/chair combination of high school. I may have called my



professors by their first names, but I sure did feel like a sheep again, shepherded around to find the right information.

We have all had classes that retained remnants of high school, like the class in which the professor finds it necessary to not only tell the class that papers should be typed, double spaced, 12-point font and have one inch margins; but proceeds to write it all on the board and suggests that we take notes, as if we were new to the idea of writing papers and using computers. We also all know the one kid in class who ALWAYS raises his hand and asks the most ridiculous questions, something along the lines of "Do we need to remember this?"—a question that should be answered in a single word but the professor is so caught off by its absurdity that it takes a substantial amount of time for him or her to finally say "yes."

In this class it wasn't just one kid but many; it seemed to breed moronic thinking, and it wasn't just one patronizing explanation of what was required. Every new activity was accompanied by long and obvious descriptions of requirements.

One of the most annoying and un-Evergreen aspects of this program was the fact we never learned one another's names. It was a larger class, but I could not name half

the students in my own seminar. I know everyone hates name games and name tags, but I never realized how important they were until I tried to talk with someone in my seminar and didn't know how to ask them a question without pointing and yelling "hey you," something my grandmother taught me was rude.

All this assumes that we did something that slightly resembled a seminar, and we did not. Seminars were the hotbed of my frustration. These seminars were the antithesis of what a seminar should be. We didn't even talk. One person would say something and before anyone had time to respond the professor would take whatever that person had just said and translate it into her own words (often losing the point), and then say "right."

This was wrong. I am not saying positive feedback is bad, but it created the wrong atmosphere. Now students would only talk to the professor, waiting for the affirmation of their minimal intelligence. Everybody in the room would be turned toward the front of the room and the professor; no one ever turned to speak to fellow classmates, and students never used a single textual reference.

To make matters worse, one of the most vocal individuals was the kid who slept through the lectures, and he was definitely not one of those prodigies who was capable of sleeping through class not reading the material and yet somehow still managing to say intelligent and insightful things. He was the kid who does not understand anything, mostly because he has missed crucial information that was in the lecture and so would say things that had nothing to do with what we were discussing and

were just downright stupid. This would happen twice a week for two hours. At one such seminar, I almost screamed "this isn't a seminar," but instead I took a break and vented my frustration on the railing outside.

Seminar was a low point, but I am not sure there was even a high point. Lectures would always include at least one person asking a ridiculous question and the professors spending at least 20 minutes answering it, much to any bright person's chagrin. I once even found myself regressing and folding intricate notes to hand to the person next to me.

At least the contents of the notes were college-level: instead of confessing the latest gossip on Tommy who sat three rows away, it confessed my need for a drink. In the margins of my notes I would write notes to myself like *get me out of here, this is painful, I wish I was asleep*, and incoherent drawings of stick figures breaking out of jail or some other pictorial representations of freedom.

It was some consolation that I did not suffer alone. I would look around the room at glazed eyes of people who had found their freedom in their own head. This isn't to say I didn't learn anything. It is hard to read and not learn anything, but I would say it was the most painful learning experience I have ever had.

So I will end with my own stupid question: "Why did I take that class?"

Erin Gray is a senior enrolled in Health and Human Development, and an independent learning contract titled Homer and His Wars.

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A GREENER),
WRITE SOME-
THING FOR US.

YOU DON'T HAVE
TO BE MADONNA.
YOU JUST HAVE TO
BE A STUDENT.

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Noxious weeds and you

by GUY MAGUIRE



I am going to be perfectly clear: I want to raise awareness about an environmental issue close to my heart. Before you assume that I'm going to be arguing emotionally and irrationally to make you feel guilty about not caring enough, or that I am going to make a stump speech, please listen to what I have to say, and I assure you that your time will not be wasted.

I grew up in Portland, Oregon. My childhood home was next to a wonderful little urban forest. Growing up, my friends and I spent countless summer hours exploring in those woods. Then my family moved and I no longer spent time in the forest. After high school I went back and noticed that the ivy—which in my childhood was only found rarely—had been growing tremendously. In just a few years ivy had taken over. All of the beautiful shrubs and flowers were gone, replaced with a dull-green mat of ivy. Many trees had ivy growing on them from top to roots, completely suffocated and no longer able to see the sun. It was a moment of awakening for me.

After leaving college I started noticing ivy-invaded forests everywhere I went, even in the woods of Evergreen! This was not a problem unique to my childhood forest, but a serious threat to a majority of urban forests in the Northwest.

Ivy is considered a noxious or invasive weed, which means it finds little or no competition for habitat and resources in its new home, allowing it to grow out of control.

So, at this point you might be thinking, "Well, if ivy wants to take over, then why not let it? There's nothing unnatural about it."

Well, the difference that separates noxious weeds like the English ivy from other naturally-migrating species is that humans are the sole reason why the plant has spread here. Saying that noxious weeds are natural and therefore we should not interfere with them is like not cleaning your dishes and then blaming the food for making the plates dirty. What I am trying to say is that as the species responsible for this error, it's our responsibility to correct it.

Ivy's effects on ecosystem biodiversity and function

Biodiversity signifies "the genetic, phylogenetic, population, and functional variation of organisms across all temporal and spatial scales within and among ecosystems and their communities" (Naem 2006). Biodiversity is more than just the number of different species present in an ecosystem, but also the number of different ecosystem functions being carried out. Ecosystem functions are things like the cleaning and recycling of water, decomposition, carbon uptake and sequestration, oxygen production and nutrient cycling. Biodiversity is thus a very important factor when determining ecosystems' health.

Now, how does this relate back to ivy? I'll tell you: ivy reduces biodiversity. When ivy invades a northwest forest ecosystem, it encounters almost no resistance or competition. The ivy has free reign to grow. Ivy begins out-competing the native vegetation and eventually, ivy is all that remains.

Thus, ecosystem processes that the forest once carried out are either reduced or gone altogether. Water interception, retention, and cleansing are reduced significantly. Soil degradation due to erosion, nutrient loss, and pollution increase drastically.

Ivy also reduces the productivity of a forest ecosystem by eliminating the ability of the forest to grow upwards. This results in a reduced capacity, per area of land, to

capture energy from the sun and use it to create organic energy and sequester carbon. If we allow ivy and other invasive species to reduce earth's capacity to sequester carbon then no amount of wind-turbines, solar cells, or electric cars would amount to anything.

Lastly, ivy crowds out many important ecosystem "engineers", or plants that perform key roles. One such plant is the red alder tree (*Alnus rubra*), which has the rare ability to supply the forest with nitrogen, an essential component of photosynthesis. Without alder, the ecosystem will run out of available soil nitrogen very quickly and nothing will be able to grow. No nitrogen, no productivity. So by taking over, the ivy would not only be killing all the other plant species, but ensuring its own eventual destruction as well.

A call to action

I would like to end with two important points.

One: It's not the ivy's fault that it takes over; it has no ability to reflect on the situation and reconsider its actions. However, we have the ability to reflect on our actions, so let's not waste this opportunity to use our abilities to set things right.

Two: If you care about our native forests like I do, or need community service hours, then come to our **Volunteer Restoration Work-party Sunday, November 2 from 9 a.m. to 1 p.m.** We will be working on freeing the trees of ivy in the **Garfield Nature Trail**, which is just three blocks south of the Westside Co-op at Rogers and Conger. Tools, food, and refreshments will be provided! We'd love to see you there! Send an email to magguy05@evergreen.edu for details.

Guy Maguire is enrolled in the MES elective Ecology of Western Washington and an independent learning contract.

Why you should grow tobacco: the peer educator's perspective.

by NATHAN BROCKETT



Imagine a product that people buy to burn. OK. Now imagine a product that is addictive, that people buy just to burn. If you know anything about economics, this is a miracle product. People always want more, always burn what they have, and always want more again. Perfect.

There is a reason that tobacco has been commercially produced and marketed aggressively since before The Declaration of Independence. Yes, the American tobacco industry is older than the U.S. Government. As you could imagine a baby government would need an economic monster to suckle on until it was strong enough to stand on its own. This is why the government and the tobacco industry have been such dear friends since this nation began.

Have you ever wondered why tobacco products are so unregulated? It's simple: profits. The more the tobacco industry makes the more the government makes. Neither the tobacco companies nor the government would think of sacrificing profits for human life. Profits are sacred. You should check out the government regulations for safe levels of chemical consumption. It usually goes something

NEITHER THE TOBACCO COMPANIES NOR THE GOVERNMENT WOULD THINK OF SACRIFICING PROFITS FOR HUMAN LIFE. PROFITS ARE SACRED.

like this: "Chemical X must be below the threshold of Y parts per billion. *Except in tobacco products.*" Most of these powerful carcinogens and toxins are *several times* the maximum threshold recommended by the FDA in everything "except tobacco products."

So why grow tobacco? There are around 45.4 million smokers over the age of 16 in the U.S. and the average smoker smokes 400 packs per year. That means America consumes over 18 billion packs per year. The government gains \$0.39 per pack, making profits around \$7 billion a year. Although that seems like a lot (enough to make a stack of \$1 bills tall enough to go to the moon and back three-and-a-half times, actually) compared with how much the tobacco companies make—\$13,000,000,000,000—it is just enough to keep the government an ally.

Growing tobacco would keep smokers (you or someone you know) from accidentally supporting huge conglomerated corporations, and might finally wean the government of its old pal. Growing your own would also help save money. Smokers are statistically mostly lower-class, and give up around \$2,000 a year to already rich corporations. Home-grown would prevent the rich from keeping the lower class low; it would help keep "The Man" from keeping the poor people poor.

Nathan Brockett is a peer educator on smoking.

Vandals' hateful assumptions

by VALERY WILLIAMS



As a first-year student at Evergreen, I chose this school not only because it was affordable, close to home, and offered a great curriculum, but because students are encouraged to question the system, take charge of their futures, increase independence and individuality, and make a difference in the world. I was under the impression when I started here that equal opportunity, tolerance of differences, and promoting peace as opposed to violence were important Evergreen values. I have been sorely disappointed.

The third week of school my car was vandalized in the parking lot while I was in class. Needless to say, I was outraged and went straight to the campus police to file a report. I did not expect them to be able to do much about it because there were no witnesses, but I did ask why there were no surveillance systems in place. According to the officer I spoke to, when this issue had been addressed in the past, there had been extreme resistance to the idea because students claimed setting up cameras in the parking lots was "taking away their right to privacy." I find this idea absurd and ridiculous! Not only is a parking lot a *public* area, but having a surveillance system set up *actually protects* our individual rights of safety by discouraging would-be vandals, thieves, and possibly even people who would attempt to do us bodily harm

Upon further questioning of the officer, I learned that vandalism is common, and in most cases there is nothing they can do. The officer proceeded to inform me that the vehicles most often targeted are either "really nice cars" or "larger vehicles that are not gas-efficient or 'green'."

People, this is an outrage! We have to put an end to this! Think about it: the only students who are not going to want surveillance cameras in the parking lots are the people who are committing or engaging in prohibited acts. They don't want to get caught! The rest of us are here to get an education, minding our own business, and we are the ones who end up the victims. Are we just going to take it? By not supporting this issue we are enabling and perpetuating tolerance of a form of "hate crime," which is supposed to be what Evergreen is *against*!

I have been discriminated against because of the type of vehicle I drive. I realize that there are many groups here involved in environmental activism. Activism is a great thing when done in the right context, such as public education and awareness or peaceful demonstration. But when it is taken to a level of force or violence—or beyond, you are no longer improving the world, but lowering your standards to the level of hate and crime that exists in the very trenches of humanity. Compassion and respect for our fellow students is what sets us apart from mere animals. If you want to change the world, you have to convince people to change their minds and their lives by leading by example, not resorting to petty criminal acts.

I would like to say to the person who did this and others like them, "How do you know why people drive cars that are 'really nice' or 'not gas-efficient'? Maybe they are low-income and that is all they have! Or maybe they have worked hard most of their life to own something so nice!"

When you judge a person by the vehicle they drive you are assuming that they are selfish or just don't care about the environment, and that, my friends, is a form of discrimination. How do you know if that person might be going to school so they can get a better job and drive a greener car? How do you know if just because they drive a "nice car" means they don't support or take care of the environment or care about others? Let us not forget that discrimination is merely a form of ignorance coming out as hate. Maybe if you left a note on people's windshields stating why the vehicle they are driving is inappropriate you would get your point across better. What exactly are you trying to accomplish by destroying people's property?

And to everyone else: If you have been a victim of this or know someone who has, please speak up and make your voice heard! If you haven't yet been directly affected by this, but you don't want to be a victim and you care about protecting our students and our private property, you should speak up, too! If we all keep our eyes open and report anything suspicious, maybe we can crack down on these incidences. After all, it could be your car next time.

Valery Williams is a junior enrolled in Health and Human Development.

No settlement here

by GERALD BLANCHARD



A few nights ago, Mr. Bull called me when I was at a party. Like always, those strange emotions came flooding back to me and I wondered what he could possibly have to say. He was telling me this (and I hate to say it) sob story about wanting more. From this conversation, it gave me insight into who Mr. Bull really is, who I really am, and what I really want. It got me to thinking: can people ever really get what they want? Is it a selfish act to want something?

I firmly believe that we all deserve something wonderful; we shouldn't settle for just anyone or anything; instead of going with the obvious, we should go for the unknown. During the conversation with Mr. Bull, he basically confirmed that he believed this too. He told me he could call someone up

and be settled within an instant (did he mean me?) but that he wasn't going to, that he was holding out. But judging by his rough, tired voice, he was conflicted. Wanting more takes the spirit out of you. It makes you want to give up on the search for the wonderful feeling of being complete. He felt that he was too old for this game, and I feel, although I am young, that you are never too old to want life to be good.

A few days later my friends and I were hanging out with some people. One of the guys who was there was obviously into me. My mind went back to the conversation I'd had with Mr. Bull, and I knew that if I were to get with this new guy, I would be settling for something less than what I actually wanted.

Is it easier to settle? My friend told me later that we are not settling; we are just dating. But is that really the case? I dislike the idea of even trying to be with someone when there is something cosmic missing. It leaves me wanting more, and shouldn't I be wanting

more? Is happiness really about just being "fine" with a situation? No, it's not. That's a fake happiness. Like Mr. Bull, I want to cuddle with someone and feel that I can trust and love that person completely; that the warmth of his body will never go cold, and that my hand will never slip from his with unease.

You're probably thinking that I'm extremely selfish. Well, you're right. Wanting more is a selfish act. I compare it to food: do we really need something gourmet? No, but we get it because we are accustomed to something greater. The whole time I was listening to the bull I was thinking, "you're kind of selfish" but that thought reflected back on me, because I know for a fact that I'm picky and that it is hard for anyone to fit the image of my Prince Charming. In truth, hardly few people ever find their ideal match, because we settle for less. I'm just one of those people who doesn't want to settle for less. Like Mr. Bull, I'm Mr. Selfish.

The conversation with Mr. Bull turned sour as he said he'd rather be alone than settled. My mind dropped and for a second I wasn't sure how to respond. But, in my Gerald way I replied with "Me too" and both of us stayed quiet. I remember that silence the most; what was not being said?

The guy I really dig at the moment is great. I feel that with him I'm not settling for anything less because he gives me that cosmic feeling I'm always rambling about. He's genuine, something that I really appreciate—that "more" that I've always dreamed of. He's not perfect, of course (no one ever is), but that's what makes him the great guy that he is. Who knows what will happen to us; those questions are unanswered. And that's good, because if I knew all the answers right now then I wouldn't be having too much fun. Not fun at all.

Gerald Blanchard is a sophomore enrolled in Acting and Directing: Queer Theory.

High-heel feminism

by R. YAZMIN SHAH



A few days ago I had settled on the lavatory with a recent issue of Newsweek. Eager to find more reasons

to sneer at Sarah Palin, I was surprised to discover an article on high heels, beginning with a picture of a woman who seemed to be wearing stilts that had swallowed her feet.

The article pondered why women—those silly creatures—torment themselves with high-heeled shoes. It noted all the medical pains that came from wearing the things, and made a few weak stabs to explain the terrific urge women have to don them regardless.

Having worn high heels throughout high school and well into college, I would be glad to analyze the psychological power high heels wield over women, drag queens, and trannies, the power that makes all the pain worth it.

First, let's note the most obvious thing about high heels: they make you taller—at least two inches taller if they're decent. And there's something wonderful about being tall. People vote for tall presidents. Studies have insinuated a link between tallness and intelligence, whether perceived (most likely) or real. And what's the best thing about being tall? More often than not, you are the one looking down at people, not up. There's a reason why Napoleon had a complex.

Second, high heels make noise. A distinct click-click-click is heard as one traverses an uncarpeted hallway. Thus, even when all else is silent—or especially when all else is silent—the high-heel wearer automatically receives attention. High heels act as a little marching band: "Here I come!" They announce, "You better make way!"

In order to wear high heels you must be comfortable with people staring at you when they hear the sound of your podiatric anthem. Wallflowers and mousey people are instantly disqualified. High heels demand confidence. At least enough to not wilt when others acknowledge your existence.

Finally, a high heel does for the female figure what the suit does for the male physique. It enhances it, shapes it so one is unmistakably of the female persuasion. Shoulders are thrust back, boobs thrust forward, butt and calves taut. High heels give the illusion of elongating the legs, shrinking the feet, and making one appear deadly seductive. It replaces one's spirit animal—a squirrel, let's say—with something more potent, like a

python.

This seamless blend of femininity and power is why I elect the high heel as a symbol of feminism. If you disagree, just take a look at how the high heel is portrayed in the media and pornography. The stiletto (the epitome of the high heel) is never, ever worn by an innocent virgin, a silly little kid; it is only donned by sexually-aware, dangerous-looking women; women who know what they want and are not afraid to get it; women who don't wait around for the guy to make the first move.

Many images featuring high heels focus on the lethal-looking shoe and a perfectly sculpted leg arising from it. One would have to be in a groveling position to get such a view, as it were. The power dynamic is instantly inferred.

To those who make the sloppy comparison between the high heels of today and the foot binding of yore, let me point out the sea of differences between the two. Foot binding forced Chinese noblewomen to sit for a majority of their lives. High heels not only help one stand, but they make one stand as a proud beacon of humanity: chest thrust forward, shoulders back. To those who say that high heels discourage women from walking, disabling them as foot-binding did, I cast a hearty guffaw in your direction. High heels don't discourage walking, but poorly-made high heels very well might. I have walked, run, jumped, and skipped everywhere in my beloved high-heel boots: down dirt roads, on Evergreen's pebbly beach, and over fences. I stopped just short of hiking Evergreen's forest in them. A high-heeled woman needs as much help walking as a ballerina needs dancing.

High heels have to be carefully selected for a proper fit. Women often don't pay attention to how wide their feet are, setting themselves up for daily torture in their heels. High heels also require grace and a certain amount of athleticism to wear, which can take a while to accumulate. And of course, high heels shouldn't be worn every day, but should be rotated amongst flat-soled shoes.

That said, there is nothing quite as commanding as high heels. They instantly transform you into somebody: they obliterate slouching shoulders and a shuffling gait with tall, even posture and a purposeful stride. On a physiological level, they teach the wearer to believe in herself. High heels will accept no less.

R. Yazmin Shah is a junior enrolled in an independent learning contract. Email her at sharad23@evergreen.edu.

Bicyclists v. drivers: equal rights?

by JAMES CASE



As I was driving home from class today, I saw four cars backed up around two bicyclists riding abreast, one in the

bike lane, the other in the road. The bicycles weren't allowing enough space for the motorists to get through safely. This is a usual inconvenience in the experience of driving in Olympia, but is becoming more frequent. Due to speculation resulting in rising fuel prices, the number of bicyclists has risen.

I praise and respect this environmental effort. However, I do not praise or respect the general dangerously unaware mindset under which a growing amount of bikers in Olympia have been operating.

Since a considerable amount of students here are from out-of-state, I feel it is my duty to inform you of the laws regarding your status as a biker in the state of Washington. Shall we review? "In the state of Washington, the safety of a bicycle rider is a responsibility shared by motorists and bicyclists." I agree with this. This is why I am writing this article. Let us continue.

"By law, bicycles are considered vehicles, as cars are vehicles." This means bikes and motorists are on equal grounds. The only difference is that a motor vehicle has an engine and is a lot bigger than a bicycle. However, having rights carries an implicit responsibility. More on that later.

"Bicycles share the same rights, duties, and responsibilities as do automobile drivers." The "same rights, duties, and responsibilities" entails that both motorists and bicyclists follow the same rules and regulations. It means doing courteous things, like not riding two abreast. Imagine cars riding two abreast on a one-lane road because they wanted to have a friendly chat. Sounds dangerous.

This means not riding your bicycle with headphones on, because it is ludicrously important to keep your senses sharp, specifically ones like hearing, the ones that let you know when a car is coming from behind. That is something that bothers me a lot. Take your fucking headphones out of your ears so you don't get hit. It can wait. What if drivers wore headphones all the time? I bet an ambulance driving behind would get mighty pissed off with them.

"Obey all traffic laws. Ride with the flow of traffic." This means that you shouldn't run every stop sign and red light you come

across because you didn't see anyone the first time you glanced over. That sort of biking results in a heavy amount of collisions, and I say collision because oftentimes this sort of thing is inaccurately described as an accident. An accident implies nobody was at fault. Also, try to stay in your lane, and try moving on the side of the road going the right direction. If you're confused and angry, imagine a car that weaved around its lane or went the wrong way because it was convenient, simpler, or whatever lazy excuse that's given. Sounds dangerous. "Bicyclists can choose to ride in a bicycle lane or on the shoulder of the road, but they are not required to do so. Motorists and bicyclists who don't obey traffic laws can be ticketed. All persons who use public roads must understand state traffic laws and use safe driving and riding habits." Surprising amounts of bicyclists in Olympia do not understand or choose to ignore laws regarding their movement. And I have never seen a police officer give a bicyclist a ticket for riding improperly. Respect is reciprocal. If I see a biker riding properly, I slow down and go around them with the respect for the road that has been given. The people who either don't know or choose to ignore road rules are doing a disservice and are creating a detrimental problem to the flow of traffic and to the safety of the road. Now I am not pointing at every biker, only the guilty parties described above.

One final thing. Responsibility. If bicyclists share the same rights, duties and responsibilities as do automobile drivers, as the law states, then why is it that only automobile drivers have to prove proficiency, acquire a license and have insurance? Why is it that there is no bicycle test, bicycle license, or bicycle insurance mandatory for bikers who wish to ride on public roads?

I don't understand why we are granted equal status—that there is a law regarding equal responsibility—when the responsibility on the road is not equal. Drivers are trained properly and punished when they drive irresponsibly, yet bikers do not have an equal corresponding situation. I will not take any argument that regards bicyclists' rights seriously until there is a mandatory bicyclist's license and mandatory bicyclists insurance in place. Then equal rights can exist.

But what do I know? I can't even ride a bike.

James Case is a junior enrolled in Death Considered.

Just a reminder from your friendly neighborhood newspaper...

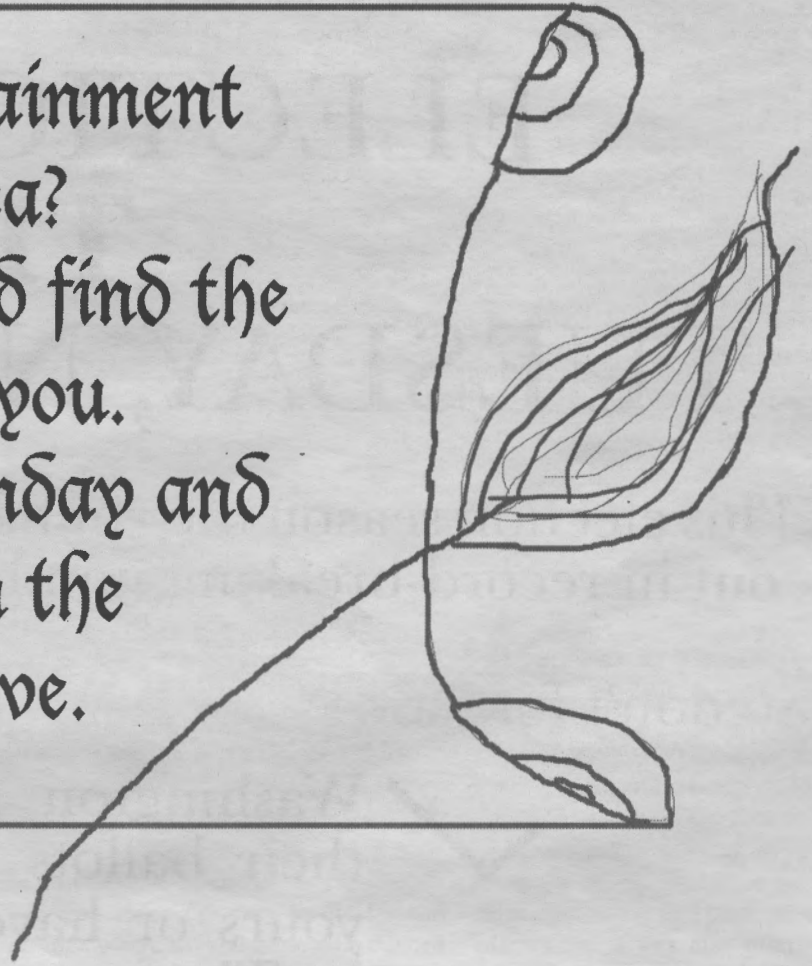
ELECTION DAY IS THIS TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 4!

This election season the young (and young-at-heart) are turning out in record-breaking numbers to make their voices heard.

So don't forget...

- Washington residents should have received their ballots by now. If you have received yours or have lost it, but you are registered in Thurston County, drop by the Thurston Co. Courthouse and pick up a replacement.
- Ballots need to be postmarked by Tuesday, November 4. Voting ends at 8 p.m., but this means that if you drop your ballot in a mailbox on Tuesday after the mail has been picked up, **your vote will not count.**
- King County residents have the option of mailing their ballots or trucking it to Seattle to vote at the polls by 8 p.m.
- Missed the mailman on Tuesday? Find the price of postage offensive? Hop on the bus or hitch a ride down to Top Foods on Black Lake Blvd. In the back of the parking lot near Pier One Imports, you will find the official Thurston Co. ballot box. Drop your ballot here by 8 p.m. Tuesday to make sure your vote counts. However, this box is for those **registered in Thurston County only.** So the rest of you need to get those ballots in the mail ASAP.
- Before mailing your ballot, make sure your signature matches the one on your voter registration card to ensure your vote is counted.

Is Arts and Entertainment
your cup of tea?
Come to the CPJ and find the
application for you.
Meetings every Monday and
Thursday when the
clock strikes five.



You are cordially invited to attend

*The Evergreen State College
14th Annual Commemoration of Veterans Day*

Thanking Those Who Serve

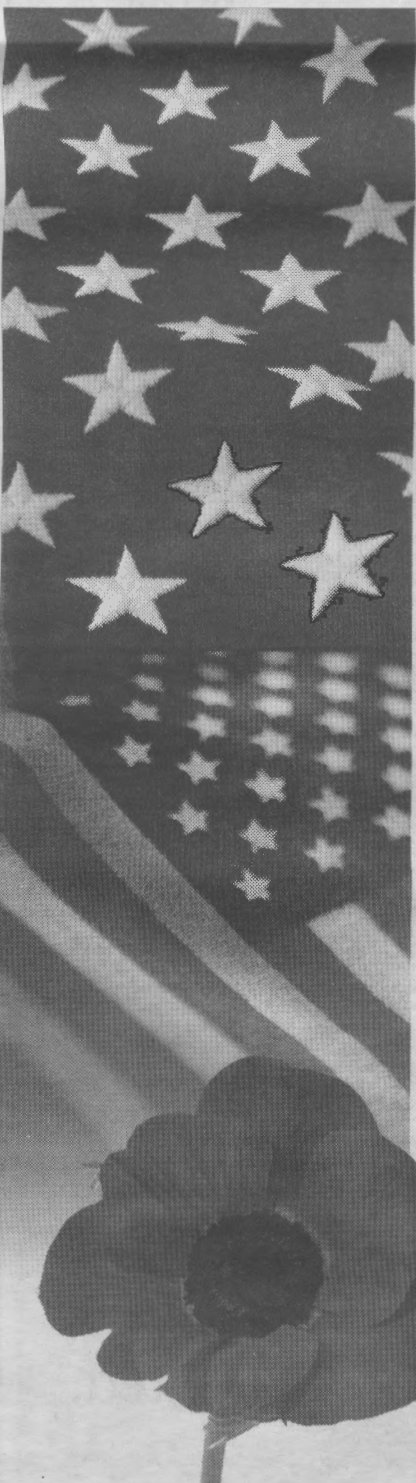
*Tuesday – November 11 – 3:30 PM
Seminar 2, A 1105*

With Special Guest Speaker

Steven Tice

Severely wounded in one of the most horrific battles of the Vietnam War, Hamburger Hill, Tice has been called a National Treasure for his work to help veterans through their experience of war and recovery.

The red corn poppy (Papaver rhoeas) commemorates the sacrifices made by members of the armed forces. Poppies bloomed across some of the worst battlefields of Flanders in World War I. It was one of the only plants that grew on the battlefield, thriving in disturbed soil.



Calendar!

Thursday, October 30

"Air Torture"

Let's flesh this out.
Amnesty International.
Red Square, starting at 12 p.m.

Guantanamo Bay Demonstration

End terror with justice.
Red Square, from noon to 1 p.m.

Celebrate Samhain!

Common Bread's hosting this Celtic New Year celebration: potluck, Halloween fun, an ancestral commemorative altar, and more.
Longhouse, starting at 5 p.m.

Halloween Critical Mass

Bikes, horns and fancy clothes!
Starts at 5:30 p.m. in Red Square.

Diane Cluck, Knotpinebox, Malcolm Rollick, Polka Dot Dot

Hall of the Woods (3712 Sapp Rd. SW), starting at 7 p.m. \$5

Friday, October 31

DID YOU KNOW?

That a percentage of all sales and tips on this day at: Traditions Café, the Brotherhood, Old School Pizzeria, and Le Voyeur will benefit Bread and Roses!

"Conversations w/ Willie Baptist on Movement Building for Economic Human Rights"

Longhouse, starting at 10 a.m. Free.

Trick-or-Treat in the Geoduck Village

(C)Andy Corn may be there!
Throughout Sem I Annex, 2 to 4 p.m.

Evergreen Organic Farm Fundraiser!

Any form of donations and proceeds will go towards repairing TESC's organic farm. There'll even be a raffle, a costume contest (10 to 11 p.m.), and lots of locally donated prizes. (FUN). The Mark (409 Columbia St NW). 5 p.m. to 1 a.m. 21+ past 10 p.m.

Rocky Horror Picture Show

Century (Capital Mall) Theatres (625 Black Lake Blvd.)
Tickets can be purchased in advance at Fandango.com or at the ticket booth.

Gory Halloween Pumpkin Drop!

Don't nap on the tarp — there won't be a pillow, just projectiles!
Housing (A-Dorm), 8 to 9 p.m.

Roving Street Party – Halloween Mayhem!

Wander through the town like real ghosts.
The freaky fun starts at the Artesian well at 10 p.m.

Saturday, November 1

"Conversations w/Willie Baptist on Movement Building for Economic Human Rights"

Hosted by Camp Quixote. Expect a potluck and a speak-out afterwards!
At St. John's Episcopal Church (114 20th Ave. SE)
Free! (So is the childcare.)

Day of the Dead celebration at the Eagle's Ballroom!

All-ages benefit show, potluck, and beer garden: proceeds will go towards "Community Sustaining Fund" and "Earthbound Productions." Music will include Bevy, Planetary People, The Excuses, Devil's Boots, and more. Tickets \$5-\$15 at Rainy Day Records and Traditions Café. Eagle's Ballroom is located at 805 4th Ave at Plum St. Show starts at 7 p.m. and ends at 1 a.m.

American Ballet Theatre II

International American Ballet Theatre handpicked young dancers will AMAZE you.
At the Washington Center for the Performing Arts – Stage 1
At 512 Washington SE starting at 7:30 p.m. (\$15.75 – \$35.50)

"Night of the Living Tribute Bands"

The Cars, the Doors, Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers and Wings, to name a few. All ages show (21+ beer garden); all proceeds go towards the Olympia Film Society. Hosted by Necro Phylis.
At the Capitol Theatre (206 5th Ave. SE), starting at 8 p.m. \$5 with costume and \$7 without.

"The Day After Bash"

With music from Heliotroupe, Z-Kamp and more.

*Must be a member/guest of a member of the Eagle's Club
In the Eagle's Club Room (the corner of Plum St. and 4th Ave), starting at 9:30 p.m. 21+ \$7

(Another) Day of the Dead celebration at Ben Moore's Café!

And FREE music ("No Toy Boys," for one).
At 1124 4th Ave. W from 10 p.m. to 1 a.m. 21+

Sunday, November 2

Free the Trees!

Various environmentalists (and hopefully YOU) will be saving trees on the Garfield Nature Trail from noxious English Ivy. Please come help.
Garfield Nature Trail is on Rogers St. – a few blocks South of the Westside Co-op from 9 a.m. to 1 p.m.

Anti-Oppression Training

Pre-registration required.
In the Longhouse Cedar room (1007) from 9:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.

Pierced Arrows (ex-Dead Moon), Gun Outfit, C.O.C.O., November Witch

At the Brotherhood Lounge (119 Capitol Way at State Ave), starting at 9 p.m. 21+ \$6.

Monday, November 3

Blood Drive

The Puget Sound Blood Center will be here for your blood (and you could be there to help others in need of it).
In the CAB (the "pit" on the 3rd floor) from 10:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. (closed from 12:30 to 1:30 p.m.)

Campus-Wide Budget Update Forum

Come check in and flesh out the state's budget outlook with Les Pucee
In Lecture Hall 1 from 4 – 5 p.m.

Doom Metal for All Ages!

Phantom City Records presents pre-election brutality with Corrupted (Japan), Asunder (Oakland), Samothrace (Kansas), and Thrones (Joe Preston of the Melvins) at the Big Room (525 Cherry St. at Legion Way) starting at 7:30 p.m. \$8

Tuesday, November 4

Watch the Election!

Lecture Hall 1 (claim one of those 300 seats and be one of those people who get to sit!) 6 p.m. to 11 p.m.

Free Show at the Royal Lounge

311 Capitol Blvd. Every Tuesday at 6:30 p.m. 21+

Wednesday, November 5

Graduate School Fair

(They can sense your fear.) All 30+ groups of representatives. But if you smile, they'll smile!
CRC, 11 a.m. to 2 p.m.

Grammar Garden workshop

Exploring the catacombs of verbs! Tenses, gerunds, adverbs, and subject-verb agreement!
LIB 2310 in the classroom connected to the Writing Center, 2 to 3 p.m.

Lynda Barry: Cartoonist and Author

Come listen to this magical (alum) lady's readings and see her artwork!
In the TESC Experimental Theatre starting at 8 p.m. Tickets \$5-\$10 at Rainy Day Records, TESC bookstore and BuyOlympia.com.

Thursday, November 6

"Women in Islam: Stereotype and Reality"

Dr. Amy Aisha Winslow and sponsors Lacey Islamic Center and SESAME.
Longhouse, 7 p.m.

Dear Readers,

I'm just as clairvoyant as you. So let's pool our superhero powers together and make this a team effort: Let's tell the future!

Send in any (upcoming) event information. Please.

Sincerely,
Samantha

**BE BRAVE.
EVERYTHING IS
DANGEROUS.**

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THE
CPJ.**

**MEETINGS
MONDAY AND
THURSDAY
5 P.M.
CAB316**

New York Style Hand Tossed Pizza

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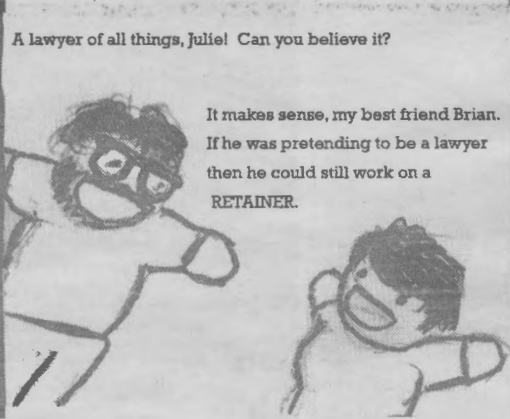
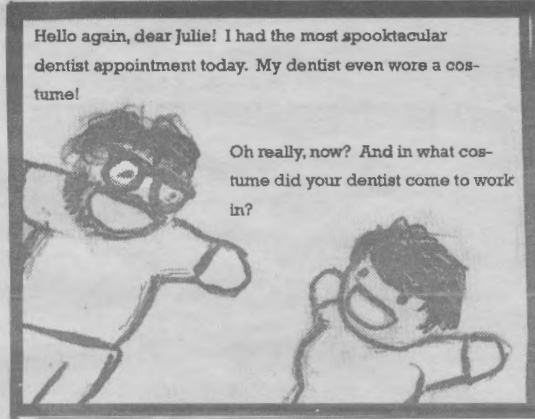
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JOIN US FOR HAPPY HOUR & BEYOND AT
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COMICS!

Dear CPJ Reader,
If you don't like this page banner thingy, then send in your own design to CPJ@evergreen.edu. The design I like the most will be used every week as long as I'm in charge of this page.
- Brian (Interim Comics Coordinator)

BRIAN and JULIE BEST FRIENDS!!!!

by BRIAN FULLERTON



STRICTLY IVY LEAGUE

by HANNA LOGAN and MIKEY BADGER



Carl, Peter, and Jane #3: She is good.

By Andy Isbell



See the rest @ lluks4.deviantart.com

ENDLESS PROBLEMS

by RYAN BUCK



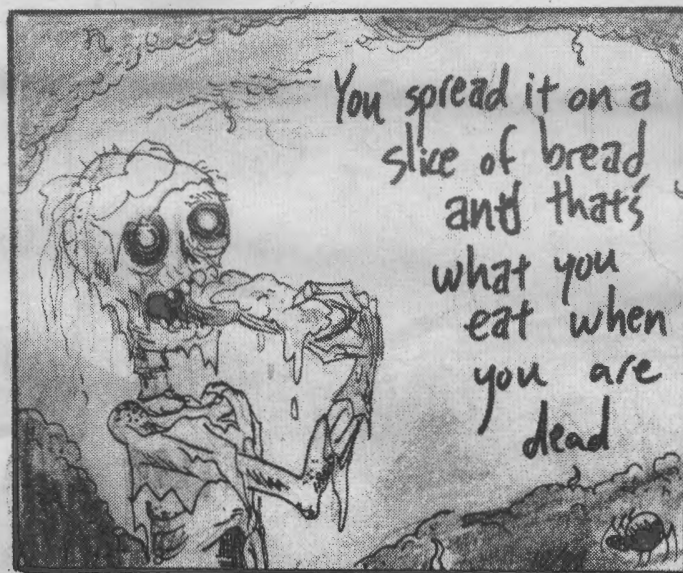
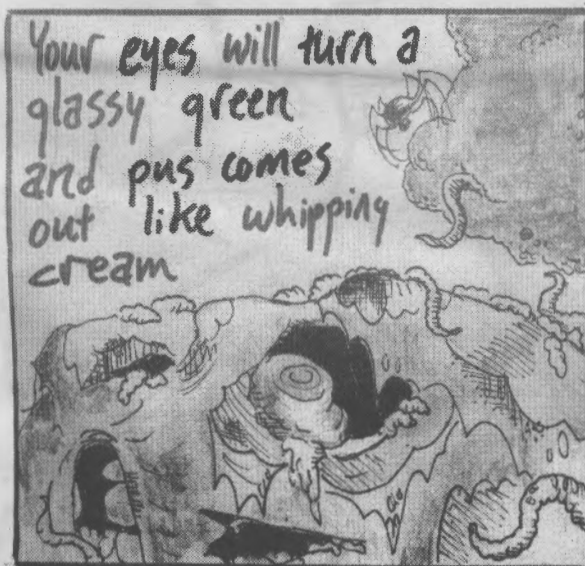
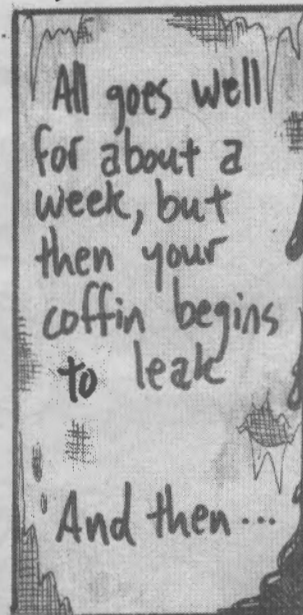
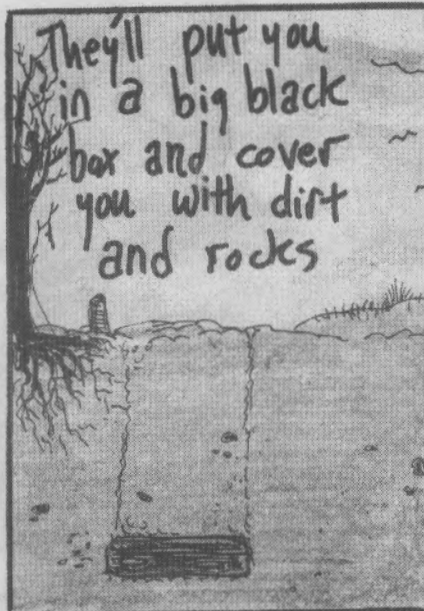
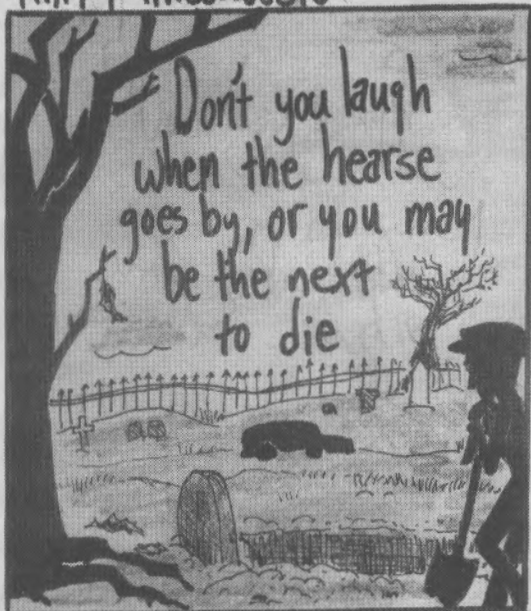
*J. KEATS

r. buck 08

MORE COMICS!

HAPPY HALLOWEEN

by MADELINE BERMAN



by MALCOM STINSON

CONDOMS ARE 99.9% EFFECTIVE



...AT KILLING BABY SEALS.

by Charie Daughtery

