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more information? call 867-6213, email
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Cooper Point Journal

a weekly compilation of student work

volume 32 • issue 24 • april 29, 2004

vox populi

by Jordan Lyons and Sophal Long

Who would win in a fight:
George W. Bush or John
Kerry?



"Kerry, because he has a backup gang of rabid Greeners that would love to kick [Bush's] ass."

Amanda Hesler
Sophomore
Just Looking

"I would want John Kerry to win, but Bush was a cheerleader; that's pretty athletic. I still want Kerry to kick his ass."



Elizabeth Nares-Bean
Senior
World Adventurer



"George W., because rumor has it he 'may' have done a lot of coke in his younger days and that makes you really aggressive."

Brandy Gillihan
Junior
Foundations of the Performing Arts

"Bush. Duh. He's got the 'Star Wars' program and nuclear weapons. Plus he's an expert in hand-to-hand combat, having served in the military."



Miles Austin
Freshman
Evening and Weekend Studies



"Neither. Both of their egos wouldn't let go of each other."

Viktoria Simonyan
Sophomore
Dance, Creativity and Culture

Procession of the Species



photo by Ashley Harrison

Participants in the Procession of the Species parade that took place April 24 in downtown Olympia as part of Arts Walk.

Beltane

by Mylee Ring

Beltane: May 1
Incense: Lilac, Frankincense
Decorations: Maypole, Flowers, Ribbons
Colors: Green

Beltane is a holiday of Union—both between the Goddess and the God and between man and woman. Handfasting ceremonies (Pagan marriages) are traditionally held at this time. It is a time of fertility and harvest, the time for reaping the wealth from the seeds that we have sown. Celebrations include braiding of one's hair (to honor the union of man and woman and Goddess and God), circling the Maypole for fertility and jumping the Beltane fire for luck. Beltane is one of the Major Sabbats of the Wiccan religion. We celebrate sexuality (something we see as holy and intrinsic to us as holy beings); we celebrate life, and the unity

which fosters it. The myths of Beltane state that the young God has blossomed into manhood, and the Goddess takes him as her lover. Together, they learn the secrets of the sexual and the sensual, and through their union, all life begins.

If possible, celebrate Beltane in a forest or near a living tree. If this is impossible, bring a small tree within the circle, preferably potted; it can be of any type.

Create a small token or charm in honor of the wedding of the Goddess and God to hang upon the tree. You can make several if you desire. These tokens can be bags filled with fragrant flow-

ers, strings of beads, carvings, flower garlands, or whatever your talents and imagination can conjure.

Come join us on this special day of celebrating life and a union between two wonderful people. We are hoping to involve as many people as possible in this celebration. Bring your own food and drink; if you have instruments, please bring them; if you are a juggler, please bring the tools of your trade. We will be holding this handfasting ceremony in the meadow where all the bonfires are held, on May 1, from 4 p.m. to whenever.

TESC
Olympia, WA 98505

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A Much-Needed Group

I am a senior at Evergreen, and I have an eating disorder. I have what is known as "Exercise Anorexia." Exercise Anorexia works like this: you eat very little and you exercise more than you should. You burn off calories than you don't even have.

I have also had problems with bulimia during my sophomore year here, and I am currently 29 pounds underweight for my height and frame. I've been seeing a specialist for this condition for two years, but I feel like I can always use some extra support. I think that Evergreen needs to form an on-campus support group for women (and men) who suffer with EDs. I have an official form to start a group, but I need members.

I know that there are people on this campus who suffer with EDs. I'm not the only person who has this problem. Please send me an email at seandence@hotmail.com if you are interested in joining this much-needed group.

You don't have to be alone if you don't want to. You can get support and help from your peers if you just reach out and get help.

~Sean Dence

"E-I-E-I-O"

The dirty students at your Organic Farm invite you for a comedic guided tour on Monday, May 3 and Wednesday, May 5 at 5 p.m. Water will be served.

Come by. We guarantee that it will be fascinating and entertaining, and at least the chickens are very friendly, and the vegetables are delicious.

Got Loans? Get Exit Counseling!

Got a Stafford or Perkins loan? Graduating or leaving school? Have you completed Exit Loan Counseling?

The Stafford Exit Counseling schedule for spring quarter is Mondays and Wednesdays at noon. The last session will be held Wednesday, June 2.

On Wednesday, May 12, Exit Counseling Plus, a presentation about Loan Consolidation, will be offered by the Northwest Education Loan Association. This session should be of high interest to any student with loan indebtedness of at least \$7,500. Interest rates are at an all-time low, and the Loan Consolidation program may offer students considerable savings over the life of their loans.

One of the requirements of the Stafford and Perkins loans is completion of Exit Counseling prior to graduation or leaving school. Students are asked to sign up for sessions at least one day in advance, so the Financial Aid office can have a copy of the student's loan history available at the sessions. In addition, students should bring names, addresses and phone numbers of two references and one family member. Perkins loan borrowers must schedule an additional session with Student Accounts.

To schedule a session or for more information, contact Financial Aid at 867.6205 or Student Accounts at 867.6440.

How Can I Help Protect Our Forests?

Join the Environmental Resource Center for some riveting forest-related events in early May!

May 7 will feature events providing a comprehensive view of current forest issues in the Pacific Northwest. Activists will give presentations defending roadless ancient forests in British Columbia, Washington, Northern California, and Alaska. Speakers include Remedy, Olympia's most famous treesitter; Alaska's roadless forest advocate Ted White-sell; and a presentation by Evergreen students from the 2002-03 program "Protecting Washington Wildness," who authored the recently published book *Defending Wild Washington* regarding grassroots conservation efforts in Washington.

Come find out how you can further help protect our forests!

Sustainability Lecture Series

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

The Sustainability Lecture Series continues next week (May 4) with Lynn Helbrecht's "State Government and Sustainability." The Sustainability Coordinator in Governor Locke's policy office, Helbrecht promotes the adoption of sustainable practices throughout state agencies and serves as the coordinator of the Governor's Sustainability Washington Advisory Panel. In addition, Helbrecht previously worked in pollution prevention policy development at the Department of Ecology.

Voices of Color

Voices of Color

is a column designed to promote cultural diversity as well as understanding within the immediate Evergreen community. Here, students of color may address any concerns or joys. It is a place for students to share their unique cultural experiences with the rest of the Evergreen community. It is a place of learning. It is a place of teaching. It is place of understanding.

We are looking for perspectives, opinion pieces, personal narratives, family histories, poems, academic and social experiences at Evergreen – anything that relates to your life. By the way, the pieces do not necessarily have to be related to Evergreen.

This column is reserved especially for the underrepresented who want a consistent "message board" or medium to communicate and express to the Evergreen community. Just as there are guidelines for other sections of the paper, the Voices of Color column also has a few. They are as follows:

- 1) *Must be a student of color.*
- 2) *The submission must be around but no more than 700 words per installation (it may be necessary to use more installments for longer submissions, or print two at once if they're shorter).*
- 3) *The submission must specifically state that this is for "Voices of Color." Remember, students of any sexual orientation or ethnicity have a voice in any section of the paper.*
- 4) *The deadline for submitting anything to this column as well as anywhere else in the paper is Monday at 3 p.m.*
- 5) *The submission MUST include a name, number and email where you can be reached (for issues of accountability).*

I would strongly encourage those of you who are new to Evergreen and its surroundings to write a short narrative of your experiences. Voices of Color would be a great place to start introducing yourself to the community while at the same time contributing to the community.

Sophal Long
Editor-in-Chief

To submit, email your submissions to cpj@evergreen.edu, walk in CAB 316 and drop it off (it's on the third floor of the College Activities Building), or call 360.867.6213 to get in touch with your student newspaper.

General Meeting

5 p.m. Monday

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

Paper Critique

12:30 p.m. Friday

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

Friday Forum

3 p.m. Friday

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

the CPJ

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Contributions from any TESC student are welcome. Copies of submission and publication criteria for non-advertising content are available in CAB 316, or by request at 360.867.6213. The CPJ's editor-in-chief has final say on the acceptance or rejection of all non-advertising content.

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Meet The CPJ Staff

by Joe Lott

Disclaimer: The following article about the members of the CPJ staff is not from the CPJ staff, and therefore will not be biased for or against them in any fashion.

So what do you think of when you think of the CPJ staff? Hard-working journalists? Overbearing, power-mongering hippies who censor out anything they don't agree with? Well, I wanted to know, and I set off in my quest for knowledge by hanging out with and interviewing the members of the CPJ. The staff of the CPJ is primarily made up of two kinds of people, people who want to learn more about business and enterprise and people who want to learn more about journalism.

Funny how that works, since there are two sides to the CPJ, the business side and the news side, and let me tell you, both sides are for the most part overworked. It becomes immediately obvious how hard-working these staff members are

when one enters their office to see them playing basketball with a miniature hoop and ball. Oh, and if a CPJ member offers you a pen, do not, for god's sake, take it, unless you happen to be a masochist who is into electric shock.

As toward the work environment, the members are dedicated. On Wednesdays, it is not all too uncommon to see a member of the news side work from noon 'til 10 or later at night. With that kind of dedication, friendships are easily forged. Take for example the two copy editors, who are responsible for correcting all major grammatical and spelling errors in the CPJ. When asked how they got along, they responded "fabulously" and said they were good friends. When I asked Mitch, "What do you and Rob have in common, what hobbies do you share?" Mitch looked at Rob and said, "You have hobbies?" Such camaraderie warms this reporter's heart.

Talia, the bulletin board coordinator,

was asked how she liked her editor-in-chief Sophal, she stated, "He's so fine, he blows my mind, he is THE man!" This reporter would have to agree. Other fabulous members of the CPJ staff include (managing editor) Katie, who joined the CPJ because her friend Apryl brought her aboard. Katie has this to say about her fellow staff members: "They are hardcore. I love 'em all." When I asked Katie what she did with her free time, she asked me, "What's free time?" Speaking of Apryl, who is no longer a member of the CPJ staff, but sometimes seems to be as she said herself, "I'm like gonorrhea, I never go away." These days, Apryl pretty much just hangs around to bother the staff. Oh, and she writes the Blotter every now and then. As of late, she has forgone her duties due to a recent long boarding catastrophe.

So where am I going with all this? Is the CPJ just a bunch of fun and games?

Not at all. Many members work such long hours that they even catch Z's up in the CPJ office. They find themselves constantly stressed for time as they attempt to bring you the best CPJ ever. When asked what his goal with the CPJ was, Sophal, the editor-in-chief, had this to say: "I want to create a paper which is an open forum for all students and faculty, which is both safe and available. The CPJ members are certainly hardworking journalists and truly live up to the Evergreen vision, where students, faculty, and community members can create an open discussion for the interchange of ideas."

So as you hold this CPJ in your hands, I would like you to take a moment to appreciate the long, hard hours that go into the production of your school paper, no matter how strange, deluded, or just plain nuts the members of its staff are.

A Couple of Jews Cross a Checkpoint...

by Jacob Rosenblum

Today, I went with another Birthright comrade to Qalandia. Since it was Shabbat, many people decided to attend services, which meant time to our selves for those not partaking. This was basically my only chance, until the end of the Birthright tour, to go to a destination of my own choosing. I decided to spend the day taking care of errands: buying a cell phone charger, buying some translation dictionaries.

Maddie and I met downstairs at the hotel at around 9 a.m., and walked fifteen minutes towards the Arab quarter, near the Damascus Gate, or "Sha'ar Shekhem." Most things were closed when we arrived, so we just walked further down the road, until we got to an area with buses and vans going to Qalandia, the checkpoint for the city of Ramallah. I asked Maddie if she wanted to go to Qalandia, and she said that she did. Honestly, I wouldn't have gone by myself. But there we were, heading off to the checkpoint to the Palestinian Territories. I mentioned to her that I didn't

have my passport on me, and neither did she. We both had driver's licenses that we foolishly thought would be useful. The bus cost three and a half shekels, and we were there in twenty minutes. A short walk to the checkpoint, we were quickly up to the checkpoint and past it.

The only reason I was interested in coming to Qalandia was to see a demonstration planned by the International Women's Peace Service, which was on a march through Palestine. Asking a white person nearby whether he knew anything about the demonstration, we found out that it had been postponed until noon. I didn't want to be that late getting back to the hotel, so we decided to just spend a few minutes there before taking off.

We walked maybe ten minutes on the other side, as the run-down suburban apartments, and stores appeared more and more densely. I took a picture of my comrade in front of a "Shibuya Tires" sign. "Japanese tires in Palestine," she

laughed.

We walked past rubble, strewn garbage, and vendors back to the checkpoint. We waited a minute in line, and told the soldiers that we didn't have a passport. "Sorry, you can't go through."

"We have driver's licenses," we protested.

"Sorry, you have to go back. Call someone to get it for you." My heart raced, flashing through my mind were all the bad decisions I had made to get to this point. How could I have been so foolish as to not be prepared, and having not been prepared, not recognize it? When these men in uniform, with their sweeping judgments and rash decision-making power, said that we weren't going through, I believed them.

Thankfully, my comrade was less paralyzed by the Israeli soldiers and pleaded our case to a female soldier standing off to the side. "Um... we're stupid Americans, and we didn't realize

that we had crossed the checkpoint (basically true). We're with Birthright Israel, and if the leader finds out that we crossed a checkpoint..." After a few minutes, she let us go through, with a warning to come more prepared next time.

We made a stop at the "Educational Bookstore," where I spent seventy dollars on books such as Arabic-English dictionaries and Amira Hass' Drinking the Sea at Gaza. I was able to purchase a charger for my cell phone a little further down the street. We found our way back to the hotel around noon, and people were mostly gone. The few people who were around informed us that the rest of the group was on a walking tour and would be back at one. Uri, an Israeli from near Tel Aviv, asked me where I had been. I told him I went down to the edge of the Arab quarter to buy a book.

"You should be careful going over there... I'm not from Jerusalem, so I wouldn't go there, it's dangerous."

Killer Coke Campaign at Evergreen: Updates and Reasons to Support It

News commentary by Laura Soracco

Some of you may have wondered why there is a campaign at Evergreen to cancel the contract with Coca-Cola and stop selling their products. As we are now in the final process of collecting signatures before giving the resolution to Bon Appétit and to the administration, I would like to explain why this campaign is so important. If the school passes our resolution, we will be the largest college in the U.S. to have gotten Coca-Cola off campus, which will put a lot of pressure on the company to change their unfair business practices. As you are reading this, you may wonder... What's wrong with Coca-Cola? What about the other companies? Why does this matter?

Colombia is one of the most dangerous countries in the world to be a union member. Ironically, the union movement is large and Colombian labor laws are probably better than those in the U.S. Of course, offering good benefits and labor conditions to workers is not profitable for large companies, and it is definitely

not the standard of large multinational companies such as Coca-Cola. Many workers in Colombia face threats by the paramilitaries (something similar to right-wing militias). These groups are paid by big businesses to protect their economic interest and suppress people who demand their human or labor rights to be protected. Now, Coca-Cola's involvement in this picture started when the company opened the gates of their bottling plants to paramilitaries, who have since killed nine workers, some of them at their workplace, while threatening many more. On top of that, Coca-Cola has handed the workers' contracts to these armed groups, which have blackmailed the workers and forced them to resign.

The international community has been very supportive and aware of the problems in Colombia with multinational companies and the union movement. With the aid of the International Labor Rights Fund and the Steelworkers Union, the workers in Colombia filed a lawsuit

in Florida against Coca-Cola under the Alien Torts Claim Act. Also, on July 22, 2003, an international boycott and campaign to "stop killer Coke" got started in many public schools and universities, with unions and social justice groups supporting these efforts. Shareholders have also been made aware of the company's actions abroad, which has resulted in many taking their stock out. Any time a business or school cancels its contract with the company, or a share holder takes its stocks out of Coca-Cola, the company faces financial and social pressure to change its actions abroad.

As you read about this, you may wonder, what about other companies? It is no secret that other multinational corporations engage in environmentally destructive practices and mass marketing of their unhealthy products to young people in public schools. We believe that these are all important issues to be addressing in our schools and communities. For now, however, we have chosen

to focus on Coca-Cola's involvement in Colombia because of its gross implications on the lives of so many people and because the workers there have asked for our help. They know that our voices as residents and consumers in the U.S. can be very effective in putting pressure on the company to change its practices abroad.

How can you help and make your voice count? If you haven't done so already, you can sign the Evergreen resolution by downloading it from <http://www.killercoke.org/>, under resolutions. You may also sign a letter directed to Coca-Cola's headquarters, which we will be glad to send for you. The letters can be found at the Women of Color Coalition office, located across from the bookstore. All of these actions are taken very seriously by the company and have a lot of power. We can use that power for positive effect.

If you have any questions or would like more information, you can contact us at: kcctesc@riseup.net

What about the Other Species?

by Caroline White

Greeners: I'd like to tell you about something I noticed. I was in Eugene last weekend for a conference at the University of Oregon that my Eco-Design program was attending. We stayed at the Lorax, what I would describe as a hippie frat house, only it was more of a communal living situation instead. On the way, besides colorful Seuss-like murals, they had clippings about forests, tree saving, and organizations working to save the forests.

What I noticed is that these students don't live in a forested area like we do, but they obviously actively care about forests. Evergreen students live among the trees, yet we forget that it isn't like this everywhere and the trees don't actually have to stay standing... the Bush administration and its friend, the timber industry, are currently trying to smother the protection the Roadless Rule offers to our wildlife refuges. "Roadless areas are, literally, places where no roads have been built—and where, as a result, virtually no logging or other development has occurred." These trees also provide the majority of the oxygen that oxygen-using creatures breathe. We can't live without them.

Bush's Forest Service is (still) proposing to create exemptions to the rule that would render it completely meaningless. Already these changes are taking affect. Since December 23 last year, Alaska's Tongass National Forest, the largest remaining temperate and old growth rainforest in the world, now has approximately 50 timber

sales scheduled in previously protected areas. Desolation Canyon in Utah is now "mapped for sale of dozens of oil and gas leases—including leases on 4,700 acres previously proposed as wilderness." The Bush administration's Forest Service proposes logging over 7,500 acres (including old-growth ponderosa pine) under the guise of "fire prevention" in the north rim of the Grand Canyon, 40 miles away from the nearest burnable/flammable human settlement.

Three years ago, the Roadless Area Conservation Rule policy was finalized in January 2001 after decades of scientific study, 600 public hearings, and a record 1.6 million comments in support of the rule. Immediately after Clinton left office, the Bush administration started to dismantle the Roadless Rule. Now it's your turn to participate in the political system you (may) hate so much because it doesn't represent you. For the Earth's sake, please contact the federal government. You can go to <http://www.washpirg.org/> and click on "How You Can Help" under the first article on the page. "Our Top Priority: Save Our Wild Forest" to send a pre-written letter to Governor Gary Locke urging him to put pressure on Bush to keep the rule intact. Or, here's a list of big, important people making obnoxiously important decisions:

- Contact Forest Service Chief Dale Bosworth at 202.205.1661.
- E-mail the Forest Service at <http://www.fs.fed.us/contactus/>.
- George W. Bush: president@whitehouse.gov
- Vice President Richard Cheney: vice.president@whitehouse.gov
- Call the White (man's) House's public comment line at: 202.456.1111

• Or contact our state senators, Maria Cantwell (202.224.3441) and Patty Murray (202.224.2621).

For more information, Google "Roadless Rule." "Your silence will not protect you." —Audre Lorde

Videos Concerning Chiapas to Be Presented

by John Cary

Alex Halkin, founding director of the Chiapas Media Project (CMP), will present the videos. Presentations include a discussion on the role of indigenous and campesino-produced media in the context of the current political situations in Chiapas and Cuerrer. Alexandra will also discuss a new CMP project recently funded by the MacArthur Foundation that is documenting human rights violations in Guerrero and the 2004 Guggenheim Fellowship award to produce a video of indigenous video making interviews.

In February of 1998, the CMP began as a result of conversations with autonomous Zapatista communities who were requesting access to video and computer technology. The Zapatistas of Zapatista Army of National Liberation, are an indigenous movement made up of Tzotzil, Chol, Tojolabal, Mum and Tzeltal Mayan Indians. They became known to the world via the internet on January 1, 1994 when they staged an armed uprising and took over six towns in Chiapas demanding that indigenous rights be recognized in the Mexican constitution. Another demand was the formation of indigenous-controlled TV and radio throughout Mexico.

Since 1998, the CMP has been working as a bi-national partnership to providing video and computer equipment and training indigenous and campesino communities in Chiapas and Guerrero, Mexico. The emphasis has been in the area of video production.

The Chiapas Media Project provides video equipment, training enabling indigenous and campesino communities in Southern Mexico to create their own media to represent themselves, shape their own stories, and tell their struggles for autonomy.

Some of the Videos To Be Screened Include:


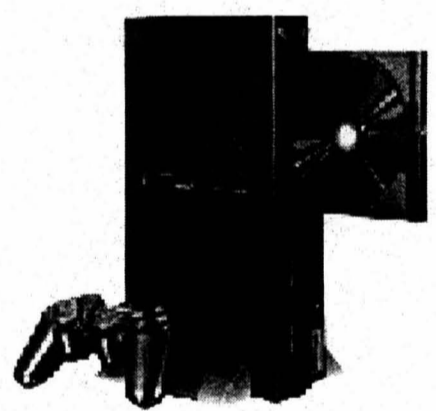
- *Water and Autonomy*
- *Caracoles: New Paths of Resistance*
- *We Speak Against Injustice*
- *Song of the Earth: Traditional Music from the Highlands of Chiapas*
- *Reclaiming Justice: Guerrero's Indigenous Community Police*

The presentations are free and open to the public. See the calendar for the dates.

Win a Great Prize!

In a continuing effort to provide a foodservice that meets the needs of students, faculty and staff, the College has engaged Porter Consulting Worldwide, Inc. (Porter Consulting), a nationally recognized independent food service consulting firm, to assist us in examining dining options on campus.

As a part of their assessment of dining service needs on campus, Porter Consulting has developed a customer dining survey. We need your valuable input! As an extra incentive, by completing the survey, your name will be put into a drawing for one of the following fabulous prizes!

Grand Prize: \$250 Best Buy Certificate
First Prize: MP3 Player
Second Prize: PS2
Third Prize: \$50 Bookstore Certificate

This survey is posted to the World Wide Web. You may access by entering the following URL address:

www.porterconsulting.com/evergreen/evergreen.html
 or
www.porterconsulting.com

Click on The Evergreen State College Survey Button and enter the password "evergreen" (all in lower case) then submit the survey to register and win.

The survey must be submitted by May 2, 2004.

Winners will be drawn and notified by e-mail.

For questions, please contact Collin Orr at 360-867-6510.

A Child of Iraq

by Kristina E. Bergman

She could have been anyone's child
 Wrapped in bandages, dark eyes questioning,
 "Why did this happen?"
 A stranger speaking comforting words
 She does not understand.

She could have been anyone's child
 Perhaps the medical officer thought of this
 As he held her bruised and battered body,
 Wiping blood and tears away.

She could have been anyone's child
 Who played with friends from her street,
 Giggled when a neighbor pinched her cheeks.

She could have been anyone's child
 Who said her prayers at night before bed,
 Whose mother kissed and tucked in tight.

She could have been anyone's child
 Looking forward to her favorite meal,
 Chasing after the family pet,
 Laughing at a sibling's joke.

She could have been anyone's child
 But she isn't our own,
 Her family has been crushed
 In an uninvited war,
 She is a child of Iraq.

Dear Diary

by Nicole Thein

My love for the stage is an endless current
 Shrouded with hope and mixed emotions
 These consume my every mood, daily
 Never at once, can I feel so nervous and nauseated
 So alive, yet I feel as if lying in an abyss
 Of pure bliss, serenity
 The stage is my crouch, my wheelchair
 Air is to breathe as
 Acting is to an actor
 Both create a full circle
 It is my home, my life

MYTH

There's a black myth
 And there's a white myth
 There's a myth about you and me

Truth be told
 Myth be bold
 Deep as ocean

Two continents of conscience

Conscious of self
 Himself
 Herself
 Is but a blur

Brutal truth
 Suffering you
 Suffered me
 We all see -
 hangs from a tree

printed in the press

and

voiced in song
 wails in siren
 is worthy of study
 is a deeper truth
 in myth
 Me and you
 a myth as a race
 is a race
 is all about race
 As mystical as a myth
 That black and white
 Can't begin to understand
 One another
 Truth is bold
 Should be told
 I see in every man a part of me
 My fear
 My homelessness
 My stupidity
 My ignorance
 My suffering conscience
 My fallibility
 My fall - everyday
 Is recovered

Black and white
 Is as beautiful as black and white
 Is as noble as the love of God in Christ

Jesus

Where there is neither black nor white
 But all are one in him...

Race is realized...
 Isn't hesitated
 Isn't fabricated
 But is created...

Rick Anderson
 April 24, 2004

Rev. Returns w/Scratched DVDs, Stalkers, and Bags of Chicken (DJ SHADOW)

by Rev. Christopher Altenburg

PREFACE

Since I've had such an eventful week, and after having a talk with a fellow CPJ music contributor about a column that they haven't written in a while, I've decided to start contributing articles again. Most of you don't care at all why I've been away and/or don't even remember my articles, but many have asked me about it. I felt that I was overly censored and the paper here believes that I was being overly offensive. So you see, those of you who don't remember me or care are my greatest allies because, if you don't remember me, then I couldn't have pissed you off too much. Last year managing editor Meta Hogan took a survey downtown about what people were reading. Numerous readers stated that they read my articles and this survey spawned a mutually respectful relationship for the paper and me for the first time. When the new school year started and a new staff took over, however, our previous relationship disintegrated, as well as any respect for my history that the paper had for me. Regardless of the fact that I was the only one obtaining V.I.P. passes to shows, doing celebrity interviews, and putting all of my creative energy and free time into doing it, all free of charge, I still remained feeling like my articles were treated as nothing more than a stain from a heavy-flow day dead smack in the middle of the pristine white baptism gown known as the Cooper Point Journal. Staff members felt that in one particular article, I trivialized domestic violence and then later that I was being offensive towards gay people. I'm sure that my family members who were abused by the estranged father who tried to kidnap me no less than three times in my youth, and my flamboyantly homosexual friend for the better part of 10 years and ex-roommate can vouch that I am simply and clearly a 25-year-old Puerto Rican Jew who is blatantly racist, homophobic, and pro-violence against anyone who is utterly defenseless, but I had sincerely hoped that my writings had masked this aspect of my personality. Fuck it, I'm not as sneaky as I thought, and I can't hold a grudge just because I was called out on it. I don't know if this will make it in print, but if it does, the paper gets at least 1/2 point from me. Here's a few reviews that I wrote before going to Las Vegas a couple of weeks ago.

Quannum Tour
 April 6 at the Showbox

I had worked some free passes for the sold-out Quannum World Tour, featuring DJ Shadow, so I took my lady friend, Leslie, up to the Showbox to see it. The stage was set up with three sets of turntables and a huge projector screen behind. DJ Shadow manned the center tables while DJ/producer Chief Xcel and DJ D Sharp scratched on either side of him. The show began with all three mixing on stage with footage of James Brown during his pedophile moustache phase projecting behind them. The projector footage, both audio and video, was actually being mixed with some sort new fangled device they had acquired that was designed to scratch DVDs. That's when Lyrics Born entered

the stage.

Gift of Gab, Lateef, Vursatyle and Jumbo were also on the bill and, after the opening track was over, they quickly began rotating in to spit out tracks, both solo as well as with each other. Although Gift of Gab and Lateef combine to make Blackalicious, they each have their own solo albums coming out. Lyrics Born has his latest album to promote as well as the work he has done with DJ Shadow and Latyrix. The constant rotation not only allowed for all of the artists to perform the tracks that they have compiled between the lot of them and to highlight their solo careers, but also immeasurably influenced the pace of the show and high energy of the crowd. At times, it was reminiscent of those fucking all-star variety show specials, but I thought it worked well and I actually really enjoyed it after I accepted the realization that I wasn't going to see DJ Shadow do a set by himself. The energy on stage mirrored that of the crowd and vice versa. Who knows, maybe it had something to do with the fact that Shadow has relatives in Bremerton and Silverdale, but even D Sharp took a minute from beating on the drum machine to state that this was his favorite performance of the tour.

The LifeSavas arguably stole the show that night with such antics as performing a song fully dressed like the film Dead Presidents and with the track "hellohoney" where Vursatyle trades disrespectful rhymes with himself by using pre-recorded footage which was being projected. I have seen the LifeSavas at least three times by this point, but I was extremely impressed with their performance that night. In fact, everybody sounded better and it was clearly due largely to the edition of Shadows live remixes. The crew stressed the fact that they had never all been on stage with each other before and then performed a song that they had created about the tour, which involved them all rapping together. I would see them all on stage together again that night, and performing that same damn song again, no less. They tried to close out the show twice with it before finally succeeding after the second encore.

After the show, I had DJ Shadow sign my Book of Mormon, and then I bounced. On the way out someone gave me a Kool Keith flyer for a show on April 8 at Neumo's. It had a fat white kid on it sporting the plastic haircut from the Black Elvis album. I threw it on my dash and drove off. Before I even reached Federal Way, it was clear that my car was acting sketchy, so we decided to get a hotel room. I went to a motel off PacHighway. The night clerk came out in his socks and was wearing a Spitfire skate cap backwards on his head. He tried to speak to my half comatose ass about my beard length, of all things. I don't know why people do shit like that but once he saw my old dreadlocks on my ID, he told me that he keeps "it nice and short for now" but when he becomes a "famous rockstar," which is his "plan," he's gonna grow dreads down to his ass. As soon as I got my card back, I snatched it up, ran to my room, and went to sleep.

NEXT WEEK: Avril Lavigne & Kool Keith.

Music! Music! Music! Part Nine: Rock and Religion

by Talia M. Wilson

While Mel Gibson's *The Passion of the Christ* has sparked—and is continuing to spark—serious religious controversy in the film industry, many religion-centered tunes have not generated such notoriety and have instead been embraced (or overlooked and ignored) by fans, if not the critics themselves. Here's a sample of religious-themed or influenced songs:

The Byrds—"Turn, Turn, Turn (To Everything There's A Season)": Adapted by folkie Pete Seeger from the book of Ecclesiastes, this song is one of the most memorable hits of the late 1960s, forever engraining the following in to pop culture history: "A time to be born/A time to die/A time to plan/A time to reap/A time to kill/A time to heal/A time to laugh/A time to weep."

Janis Joplin—"Work Me, Lord": Written by Electric Flag songwriter Nick Gravenites, this tune closed out Janis' first solo effort, titled *I Got Dem ol' Kozmic Blues Again, Mama*. Although deemed a too soulful digression from her beginnings with Big Brother and the Holding Company, this song—like many others—emphasized Janis' vulnerability and ability to immerse herself in her music: "Please don't you leave me/I feel so useless down here/With no one to love/Though I've looked everywhere/And I can't find me anybody to love/To feel my pain" and "But I don't think you're going to find anybody, not anybody/Who can say that they've tried like I've tried/The worst you can say all about me/Is I'm never satisfied oh-whoa oh-whoa."

Joan Osborne—"One of Us": It's the song that asks the curious question about the proverbial dude upstairs: "What if God was one of us/Just a slob like one of us/Just a stranger on the bus/Trying to

make his way home." (There's a parody, too, that one of the CPJ's copy editors sung to me: "What if God smoked cannabis/Hit the bong like some of us/Drove a tie-dye minibus/Listenin' to Rolling Stones.") Though it was Joan (or John, as Christopher Walken called her on Saturday Night Live) Osborne's only hit, it is now gaining new popularity as the theme to CBS's series "Joan of Arcadia."

Don Henley—"Little Tin God": From his Grammy-winning *The End of the Innocence*, this song addresses the hypocrisy of religion in that love-him-or-hate-him Henley manner: "Some shaky modern saviers/Have now been resurrected/In all this excitement/You may have been misled/People want a miracle/They say 'Oh Lord, Can't you see us?/We're tryin' to make a livin' down here/And keep the children fed'/But, from the little dark motel rooms/To 'Six flags over Jesus'/How are the mighty fallen?"

George Harrison—"My Sweet Lord": The first post-Beatles solo effort (single, not album; Paul had that distinction) to hit number one, this tune's deep, driving acoustics grab you instantly and acknowledge a variety of religious icons in the vocal harmonies, which George reemphasizes in simple terms: "I really want to know you/Really want to go with you/Really want to show you, Lord/That it won't take long, my Lord."

Whether it's modern, psychedelic or otherwise, rock and religion have, and will likely, to continue their symbiotic relationship—regardless of the music's popularity, criticism or longevity—so long as Mel Gibson doesn't release *The Passion of the Christ—The Musical*, complete with its (so-called) anti-Semitic soundtrack. (Cringe!)

Astro-Terrorists at Evergreen

by Brian Flewell

When I first visited Evergreen this time last year, I was amazed at the natural and rural settings that reminded me of home. Then my first night at Evergreen in fall was just as awe-inspiring when I could go up to the soccer fields or down to the beach and see stars down to the very limits that the human eyes are capable of. Then people began to sing praises of the new pyramids on top of the library. Those eyesores do nothing but pump light straight up in to the sky, adding to a type of pollution far worse than anything man has made before. I am talking about light pollution. All those damn pyramids do is give some random stoner something to stare at while he wonders if he can fly. The first time I tried to watch the stars come out on the fourth floor of the library, the pyramids came on and immediately made the top of the library the most illogical place to view the sky. So, knowing that Seminar II, which was still under construction, would be a more "eco-friendly" building than the library's death-to-the-stars pyramids, I hoped the architects would learn from their predecessor's mistakes.

And so it was with much fanfare that Seminar II opened at the start of spring quarter with praises being sung about it being the most eco-friendly building on campus. Natural ventilation is great, minimal power consumption, bravo, but your "eco-friendly" designers forgot something. On my first evening walk through the Seminar II grounds, I counted dozens of lights that pointed straight up and lit nothing more than twigs and clouds. You damn

neo-hippies are so blinded by "advancements towards an Earth friendly future" that you are completely neglecting the one thing that gives drunks and resident amateur astronomers something look at aside from your already overused "Impeach Bush" and "Regime Change U.S.A." signs. THE SKY! Last week was National Dark Sky week, though everyone seems to pay more attention to "Buy Nothing Day" around here. National Dark Sky Week is used as a tool to help raise awareness to the growing problem of light pollution in our world's skies. I pity the fool that has such limited vision as to neglect our nighttime skies in favor of pleasing a student body that prefers testing the prolonged use of marijuana and its effects on those weird shapes on the library that magically change color. Perhaps our campus beautification projects of the future will remember the sky as well as the earth the next time they want to install some new eyesore.

For more information on National Dark Sky Week and how to fight light pollution (and the idiots that don't care about it), go to <http://www.NationalDarkSkyWeek.htmlplanet.com/>. Take the week to enjoy the splendor of our nighttime sky has to offer, then start to ask questions that will knock some sense in those who make the architectural decisions around here. Here, I have a new sign for you. "Impeach the Architect (of Sem II)." Frankly, Bush has done more to prevent light pollution than this faceless person has, and I'm not too impressed with what Bush has done!

Transit is your ticket to life off campus!

Your current Evergreen student ID is your Intercity Transit bus pass. Just show it to the driver when you board and you're on your way to lots of great destinations. (Fare required for service to Tacoma.) For more information, just check our website or give us a call.

Route 41
Dorms, Library, Downtown Olympia

Travels to downtown Olympia via Division and Harrison, serving destinations such as:

Alpine Experience
 Bayview Thriftway
 Burrito Heaven
 Capitol Theatre
 Danger Room Comics
 Falcone Schwinn
 Grocery Outlet
 Heritage Park
 Hollywood Video
 Mekong
 OlyBikes
 Olympia Community Center
 Olympia Art & Frame
 Rainy Day Records
 Santosh
 Traditions Fair Trade
 and more!

Route 48
Library, Downtown Olympia

Travels to downtown Olympia via Cooper Point Road, serving destinations such as:

Bagel Brothers
 Bayview Thriftway
 Blockbuster Video
 Burrito Heaven
 Capital Mall
 Danger Room Comics
 Falcone Schwinn
 Goodwill
 Grocery Outlet
 Heritage Park
 Hollywood Video
 Mekong
 Olympia Community Center
 Olympia Art & Frame
 Rainy Day Records
 Rite-Aid
 Safeway
 Santosh
 The Skateboard Park
 Traditions Fair Trade
 and more!



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Spring Advising Festival

Where: in the HCC

When: Monday, May 3rd
 4:00 to 5:30 pm

Free Ice Cream and Sorbet!

Do some short and long term planning
 Meet with faculty members from across the curriculum
 talk with members of the Academic Advising
 and Career Development Center staff
 learn more about TESC's graduate programs



The Definite Article At The Heart Of The Issue

by Ellen Peterson

There is an element of good writing that I will call the edge, that place of focus where each word tells the truth. Some teachers are fond of calling it the argument.

It makes me want to get inside the heads of these teachers, because I can't imagine using writing for any purpose other than to clarify or shed light upon what was previously muddy or lightless.

I see no argument here. If two conflicting halves are facing each other (as in a thesis paper, or a war) the task of writing is to cut the shit, to recognize the source of the conflict (the "crux of the matter"). I believe it was with this sense of laying bare the truth that Brenda Ueland signed the letters she wrote to a fellow writer, "Strength to your sword arm." There was a sword in Norse mythology that was so sharp that it could cut cleanly through a piece of wool floating down a stream; I envision the pen as such a blade.

Perhaps I am just having difficulty with the word "argument" because of my word associations. From my experience, an argument does not set out to resolve conflict but to bolster one side or the other. The bolstering kind of writing indicates to me a dull edge, a lack of attention and an absence of delight. There is generally a mood of receptiveness and a sense of detail in good writing, whereas the arguments I've encountered in my lifetime have been too urgent, too steely, and too ill-natured to have any

appreciation for nuances, too impatient to coax out more delicate truth.

Unfortunately I do not know whether I write good thesis papers. All of the academic writing that I have done has been based on my fascination with a phenomenon or an idea or question. If what I am writing is not riding that burning edge of discovery or at least effort-to-understand, I go elsewhere until I find an edge. I generally make it through a paper by following the hot trail of an urge (that is, the *subject*, or the *issue at hand*), and if I stay close enough, then the paper has a comprehensive cohesion that some might call an argument.

Perhaps I prefer the word edge because the clarifying action of writing brings cohesion at same time that it cuts and carves. Anyone writing with power will be writing from the pulsing edge of a wound or from the edge of her certainty. As I understand it, the purpose of writing is to pursue that alchemical point of transformation where experience becomes insight. My favorite magazine, *The Sun*, has for its motto a quote by Victor Frankl: "What is to give light must endure burning." It is a journal where people write about life with all its pains and makeshift solutions. Somehow the writing itself makes for a balm. The descriptions of fumbled life bring courage.

Brought to you by the Evergreen Writing Center.

An Open Letter Concerning Evergreen's Consideration of Aramark

by Nathan Hadden

While I am not involved in the food service change process at Evergreen, I would like to share with you my reaction to Aramark, a food service Evergreen is considering. I would like to tell the community that I attended the University of Hartford, which used Aramark as a food service, and I do not think Evergreen will be pleased with their services. Aramark serves food at a lot of schools on the East Coast. There are several points that I would like to alert the community to.

Aramark does not change their menu. I can almost guarantee that students will get sick of the food. What happened at the University of Hartford's food service was that the menu rotated only every seven days. Every Monday would be the same menu as the Monday before. Tuesday would be the same as the Tuesday before, etc. I got sick of the food really quickly.

Aramark did not use organic foods. I think that organics are a high priority for Evergreen students, although I feel that contributes to the cost of the food and is

part of the problem with Bon Appétit's prices. Aramark's food also seemed to be over-processed food, and I believe that if they were to come to Evergreen, it would not change. I do not see a corporation like Aramark concerned with the environment and being willing to work with the student organic farm and other projects that students and staff at Evergreen worked so hard to develop.

I really don't know what the answer is to the food service problem at Evergreen. I would hope that the new food service would provide reasonable hours; it is quite frustrating to not be able to get real food late at night and on weekends. A survey is available on the web, which will take about ten minutes to fill out. Even if you cannot take part in the food service change process happening on campus, please take the time to do the survey. You can access it online at <http://www.porterconsulting.com/>

Leave Death Out Of "Disassociation"

by Mary Dimatteo Benintendi

In response to the "Voices of Color" column, certain "dark realities" in existence need to be brought into light. Specifically in reaction to an article printed three editions ago, written by Eric King, entitled "White Disassociation."

Responding only, as suggested by Mr. King, to one problem, and in taking Mr. King's advice, I will engage in a "more aggressive" word choice, as "speak[ing] passively about them. [then] issues will be treated passively."

My trouble is rooted in the section of "Actions Taken or Not Taken," specifically the line which addresses two members of this community who are deceased, stating "A memorial for Rachel Corrie and very little support for Simeon Terry."

For the benefit of this argument, I must address my (pardon the pun) unassociation with both of the deceased.

Before continuing, the cover of the CPJ did have a beautiful memorial for Jacinta McKoy, as did the South Sound section of the Olympian. Services and community gatherings were delicately celebrated in honor of her life by the so many whom she touched.

In the context of those two points, death in the community is not an issue anyone would like to be faced with. Whether it happens to a black member of the community or a whatever color member of the community, tragedy strikes, independent of the color of our skin, as we are all fated to death.

Perhaps we are standing before a militarized bulldozer, speeding down an icy road

or crossing over cold, dark waters; we are greeted by our fate, taken by the hand and led beyond the realms of the soil and waters of earth.

When Mr. King addresses Rachel Corrie's memorial, perhaps he is discontented with the memorial for Simeon Terry in the CAB building, in front of the Women of Color office, as well as the flowers and cards which remain, to this day, at the site of Mr. Terry's death. And perhaps Mr. King was unaware, at the time of his article's publication, of the memorial given by family and friends of Jacinta, which was published and brought formally to the attention of the community in the same edition of the CPJ in which Mr. King boldly and wrongfully translates community response to death in relation to race.

And perhaps Mr. King also overlooks the deaths that have taken place within the Evergreen community to which there is still no memorial, and to which there will never be a memorial, and formal publications and notifications of those deaths within the CPJ and the outlying community had to be fought for. Perhaps there were too many comics filling up the spaces, perhaps the death was not associated with life-threatening encounters in the name of peace and justice, perhaps the death announcement would in no way be correlated to an advertisement of this college, or perhaps because no one cared enough to establish one.

When making such brash accusations as to the response of this community, Mr. King needs to consult historical contexts, remove

his head from racial connotation and take a whiff of the dead bodies which litter this Evergreen community, to which most people block their senses, ignore for their mundane nature, brown bodies and every other color body of this doomed earth.

And with that in mind, if Mr. King would like to see a memorial for Mr. Terry, then by all means, he should construct one. By taking responsibility and being the acting force behind the memorial that Mr. King would like to see, Mr. King could see, built with his own hands, the memorial that Mr. Terry so deserves. The beauty of this community might not be proper responses to death; the beauty of this community is being able to construct your vision and make it happen for yourself.

Without attempting to super-impose a racially integrated community, which may indeed be culpable of Mr. King's accusations, I must attest that death, unless directly intended as a crime of hate, is NOT an issue of gender, creed or race. Death is a conversion of humanity in its entirety, and with the indicted disassociation, might be the only unifying factor of all.

Please, Mr. Eric King, rally "association," raise a fist for crimes of brutality, remonstrate for equal rights, protest until the fates decide what is yours, but damnit, leave death for the dying, leave responses to death for those who mourn, *leave death out of your argument of white disassociation in the community.*

Wrong Decision 2004

by Graham Waleryszak

On campus this week I was asked a number of times by a varied group of people one thing: What did I think about the idea that a vote for George Bush was a vote that would bring "the revolution" around that much quicker? Apparently, this concept has been floating around for quite some time and had not penetrated my personal bubble because every person I brought it up to seemed to have heard this before. What stunned me the most was the fact that a lot of people seemed to romantically endorse this idea of a wonderful kissy-face revolution that would supposedly occur after we drove our country into the ground. I could not find many people who shared my exasperation at the idea of sabotaging the ship. As a result of this, I internalized much of my worry and began to look suspiciously at the people around me. So, if I want a new car, should I start driving into a wall until someone shows up with a new one? Had the rain driven these people mad? I liked it better when people in this campus were unrealistic idealists who strove for peace and diplomacy. Endorsing the idea that another four years of Bush is a step towards greater good borders on idioy. The people on this campus who are going to vote for Nader are already playing with fire. Taking a vote away for Bush is one thing, but casting a vote for him?

"In the world today Democracy is the greatest enemy of the true Democrat. This so-called democratic process keeps the real democrats from being in a position to help

the people. People have been lulled into believing they are wise, that they know all things, that there is a king of divine wisdom in their collective decisions; so, when these simple people try to think and vote, the quick and unscrupulous outwit them and cheat them." [1]

So to all the people who have been lulled into thinking they are wise, wake up! You are being outwitted and cheated by the unscrupulous. Do the people out there preaching for a rapid descent into structural anarchy have a plan? I would like to meet the soldiers who are going to fight in this revolution. Are they on campus now? Which side do you think the military will take? Over Christmas break I wrestled with my cousin in the 101st Airborne Division and he kicked my ass. He didn't even use his rocket launcher.

All of you in a hurry for "the revolution" better get some guns. Because if you think "the revolution" is going to be a peaceful one, lay off the pipe. In order for real revolution to occur we would need massive global overhaul of the world economic system as well as the abandonment of our consumer-driven culture. Our current system came about because of massive revolt against an existing power structure. What may not be apparent are the mechanisms systematically built into our society that make further revolution highly difficult and unlikely. Lawrence Goodwyn writes in *The Populist Moment*, "Upon the consolidation of power, the first duty of revolutionaries (whether the

bourgeois or proletarian variety) is obviously to try and deflect any further revolutions that necessarily would be directed against them. Though a strong central police or army has sometimes proved essential to this stabilizing process." He continues, "A far more permanent and thus far more desirable solution to the task of achieving domestic tranquility is cultural—the creation of mass modes of thought that literally make the need for major additional social changes difficult for the mass population to imagine."

[2] Not only is the general population not ready for revolution; the masses are unaware of even the possibility of a revolt occurring. Any revolution that supposedly would occur as a result of more George Bush would be one driven by outside forces, fueled by rage and a clash of culture, religion, and ego. It would threaten everyone, innocent and guilty. I have a hard time believing that the people propagating "the revolution" in this manner even have an idea of what they are talking about. So I guess what I have to say to the idea that a vote for George Bush is a vote that will bring "the revolution" around that much faster is, don't shit where you eat, my friends.

[1] Wright, Richard. *The Color Curtain, A Report on the Bandung Conference*. Banner Books. University Press of Mississippi/Jackson, 1956. Pg. 52.

[2] Goodwyn, Lawrence. *The Populist Moment*. Oxford University Press. Oxford, London, New York. 1978. Pg. XI.

The Curmudgeon:

Oh, The Things You Can Hate!

by Lee Kepraios

The Curmudgeon does not like you. Yes, you, sitting there, reading this very paper. I don't know who you are but I know that I don't like you. Got that? So I have little or no concern for your feelings. It's nothing personal. You might be a good person and I'm sure I would like you if I got to know you better. But as of right now, I consider us enemies. You're just another face in the crowd to me. Just part of the herd. You're just one more person that could make life harder for me in the future. This is just how I am.

I'm sorry to come off so strident. I know you didn't open the paper to be yelled at. But I was trying to make a point.

I've never held human beings in much regard. I don't care what you are. Man or woman, black or white, I don't discriminate. I regard everyone with equal amounts of sympathetic contempt. I like *persons*. I normally get along with most persons. They're usually rational. I treat people I know with respect and decency. If you don't know me, approach me. I won't bite. I just don't like people. But I probably wouldn't like you if you were with your friends.

I just can't stand people. People inherently give way to sheep mentality. Never forget that. And sheep move from pasture to pasture depending on what the lowdown is.

I understand all of that. I accept all of that. It seems counterproductive to even have pointed the preceding ideas out. Plus, they don't make good journalism. But what I can't understand is that nobody gets angry

anymore. Nobody expresses contempt. I love hearing people talk about what pisses me off. As much as I pull for it, I don't believe we are expressing enough anger in America today. And I've often felt that hate gets a bad name. Hate is a part of life. And I think we're forgetting that.

My biggest beef with racism and homophobia is that I don't really see the point of hating someone for something like their skin color or sexuality when there are so many other, more exciting reasons to hate a person. Think about love. People are always playing lip service to love. People are obsessed with its denominations. And since no one seems to know what it is, it becomes all the more interesting. But nobody is fascinated by ways to hate. Ask someone what hate is. They'll immediately reference things like racism and homophobia. Sure, they qualify. They're ugly, irrational elements of our society. But they're also boring, unimaginative, uninspired and just plain lazy.

The way he eats with his mouth open. The way she never shuts up about her boyfriend's emo band. The fact that he thought *Pirates of the Caribbean* was the best movie of the year. The way she's never more than three feet away from her goddamn cell phone in case McNamara tells her to go ahead and press the button. So many terrible things about a person. And we're leaving them out in the rain. Sure, you can take the cheap and easy route and lump people together, but that's when you start getting

boring again. The hate loses its flair.

People ask, "But why even hate at all?" What a dumb question that is. Because people suck, that's why. And that's not going to change. As long as we have Cirque Du Soleil, all will not be right with the universe. And by the way, everyone has hate. I've never trusted people who fail to muster up hate for something. If you say you don't hate anything, I hate you. Who are you, Slat's Grobrik?

We need to get in touch with our anger. We've become more docile than Deepak Chopra in a rubber room. I want to see people get mad. I want to see some fights break out. Not because I believe violence solves things, but because I find it entertaining. Good luck finding action like that on this campus. Personally, I think we're a pathetic milquetoast little bunch of simpering crybabies, totally unwilling to solve our problems with real confrontation. There's a reason I've received practically no angry letters since starting this column in the fall. It's not because I'm right all the time (although that's what I would tell you is the case). It's because most of you are either too lazy or don't care. You could write me a letter. You'd like to tell me off, but "then I'd have to type something, and my computer is not working and I've got reading to do and nobody would read it and that's just what he wants me to do and..." all that jazz. I get it. Don't you hate that?

Lee's New Rule of the Week: No more tropical girlie drinks! We must call



for a Constitutional amendment that makes it illegal for bars to sell these big, goofy, exotic drinks. They're fussy, sticky, labor-intensive substitutes for conversation. A bartender dreads making one. Chartreuses, grenadine, cassis, crushed fruit: These drinks have taken all the fun out of drinking. You don't drink these dumb things; you suck them down with a portentous slowness, carrying with your manifested loneliness a sticky, lascivious sludge that's more likely to give you diabetes than a hangover. It's like drinking a clown. No one should ever drink anything that looks like a merry-go-round.

The Craving

by Nicole Thein

WHAT INFLUENCES MESH
 TO DRIVE MYSELF MAD WITH HOPE
 TO BE WHAT I WANT TO BE?
 ACTING
 THE DRAMA
 THE CAMERA
 I CRAVE
 BENEVOLENCE ARGUES OVER THE EGO
 BUT IS ALMOST DEFEATED BY SHAME
 WHAT A PRIVILEGE TO SIT IN COMFORT AND SILENCE
 WHAT A PRIVILEGE TO ROAM EMPTY HALLWAYS
 SIT DOWN ON AN EMPTY STAGE
 BASK IN THE LIMELIGHT OF FRESH FLESH
 THAT FILLS THE ROOM TO WATCH ME
 ENTERTAINED
 YES, I DREAM OF ESCAPING THIS MADNESS
 THIS CRAVING FOR FAME
 INDEED, HEARTLESS AND OPAQUE
 I GUT THE DEVIL OUT OF THE PIT OF MY STOMACH
 CASTING HIM BACK TO HELL
 LET LIVE INSIDE THE NOSTALGIA OF WARMTH
 WHOLESOMENESS THAT SMELLS OF SWEET PUMPKIN PIE

Dye

The more colorful
Prettier the dye

The ornamental lady
Seeks a colorful dye

Lighter shades of blackness
Have been an historical die
Cast in the light of this little white lie

Where it equals an elaborate

Lie-d in the landscape
Dyed in the wool - suit of worsted wool

We all suffer from this concocted lie!

What makes of color?

There are no scapegoats in the color spectrum's elegance
Displayed beautiful models parading still
You and me - fashioned, out of highly prized colorful color...

What makes up black?

What makes up white?

Blood, bones, flesh - equal mass tempered by emotion and character...

by Rick Anderson

APPLICATIONS AVAILABLE 04/26/04

CPJ
 PRODUCING A NEWSPAPER
 +
 CPJ
 SERVING OTHER GREENERS
 +
 CPJ
 LEARNING GROUP DYNAMICS
 +
 CPJ
 A *LITTLE* BIT OF CASH
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Birth Of A Sport

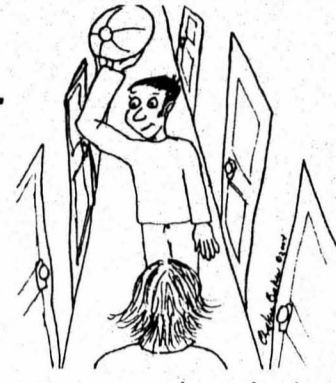
by Kyra Berkovich

I have no motivation to write this article. Absolutely none. Something strange happens to me every spring: I refuse to do the things I should, and I usually end up outside, making up a new sport.

This past week, I made up a new game I call hall ball, generically. It is, in fact, a game that has been played by countless college students since the inception of homework and the students' nature-based instinct to avoid it. Procrastination is my friend, and we get along very well.

Anyway, this game involves a beach ball (that I conveniently took from the office, at no charge to the S&L coordinator), the bedroom hall of my apartment, about three and a half feet wide, and two opponents. These students face off at opposite ends of the hall, and kick the ball, much like soccer. The tricky part is to avoid knocking your roommates' art off the wall, and to keep the ceiling lights in their fixtures.

To score is simple: get the ball past the other person; to do that is a little harder, especially when you're playing against a guy who's 6'1". The trick in this situation is to kick it with a little bit of lift and sneak it past his head and over



his shoulder to score against the back wall. But I'm just that talented: I won the first game 15-3. That's when we decided to make the games to 15 points, because my opponent was feeling bad that I was kicking so much ass.

The important thing is that sports have been helping students avoid their respective duties since the first slacker. Currently, I am the reigning queen of slacker-sport-jocks, and take every opportunity to avoid a job by playing a game. I did it again today. Instead of writing an article on "the fastest sport in the world," jai alai, I played mini basketball in the CPJ office for about an hour and a half until the mean boys took the ball away from me and I was forced to write something, anything for this issue.

So I promise that next week there will be the article on jai alai, because that game is terribly cool (with ball speeds reaching 188 mph), especially being 4,000 years old. And that's all I have to say, because the weather is super fantastic outside, and that's where I'm heading right now. Bye.

Why I am Sorta Glad Baseball is Ending

Sports commentary by Talia M. Wilson

When I first started writing about baseball for the CPJ, I didn't really expect it to go the way it did—not that I wish it would have gone another way. At first, I didn't think I could do it. When my friend—and former baseballer—James first broached the subject with me, part of me considered the notion a fluke. It was the start of the season, they were playing in Eugene, and since I once lived in Eugene, I thought I would be a fun weekend.

Man, that was an understatement! Anyway, as that and future articles have acknowledged, I followed the team to each one of their games—missing only one—whether it was Eugene, Auburn, Bellingham, or just Tumwater. This weekend, they are finishing their season in Bend, and once again, I'll be the reporter in tow.

I'm grateful this is it. *Don't get me wrong. Despite their record, this is a great team of guys—friendly, courteous, and seemingly obsessed with their sexiness (not that it's a bad thing). It's just after following them around since February, the overwhelming cost of gas, hotel rooms, film, one-hour photo developing, and Wrigley's Spear-

mint Gum, my bank account is screaming for a reprieve. Again, the team is not at fault.

In fact, I should be thanking them profusely for allowing me to tag along, especially after I made an intoxicated ass of myself in Eugene. I have learned so much more about baseball, team unity, sports writing, and camaraderie than I did prior. And I definitely never expected to use baseball and sexy in the same sentence, but when it comes down to it—and this is my honest, personal opinion—this team IS sexy, regardless if no one else but the team and myself can see it.

So, it's been a long, hard season—for both the team and reporter—but as it winds down this weekend, the team will attempt to not end on a sour note, while I will attempt to make them still look admirable in their last hour.

By the way, Evergreen will play the Central Oregon Community College Bobcats on Saturday and Sunday, May 1 and 2, at 10 a.m. All games will be held at Vince Genna field in Bend.

Let those "Dang Hot!" times roll one more time! (Ka-ching!)

Trails Free To Follow

by Paul Shelton

It's spring! Everyone's planning trips; you are, aren't you? Everyone goes somewhere.

To the Olympic Peninsula, the Hoh Rainforest, the Pacific Ocean, red-desert rock climbing, a show at the Gorge, to San Fran, or to Westport for cold waves, maybe hot springs in Idaho, white slopes at Mt. Hood, windsurfing the Columbia. Seems like once the sun comes out, people get some kind of kick. We all want to go places and do things more!

We start checking out books like *Great Western Gardeners Tipbook: The Thirty Best Rutabaga Secrets*, or *Country Joe Knish's How to Live Country: 151 Tips and Tools to Makin' it Easy*. The map section here at TESC suddenly implodes, buried under a sea of paper, and we all want to go hiking, biking and boating, cavorting around, hogging up the sun. So I decided I'm taking a trip this spring too, taking a trip and getting credit for it. Contracts, I love Evergreen for contracts! I'm paddling by kayak around Hartstene Island, Anderson and McNeil Islands, camping on deserted beaches, following a water trail that follows the history of a region. These water trails that have seen a glacial age and flood tides of magnitudes we cannot grasp, water trails that have seen destruction and warfare between cultures. These trails have seen ancient cedar canoes, and now synthetic polymer-plastic kayaks, blue, firecracker-red, and canary yellow, slip silent through long blue veins. These trails have seen schooners, battleships, steamers, tugs, and submarines like long dark water beetles their big black backs breaking the waters surface. These trails weave their way through our

waters. These trails weave their way into our history. These are trails meant to be unmapped, trails that follow current and wind, trails I love to explore, trails full of exploration, trails that lead to ocean, trails free to follow. Then I figured I'd let you all know about some fun trips right here on the water in our own backyard, but hey, first a little history.

Navigation of this inland sea was first by cedar canoes made by local tribes. Early settlers of Olympia and Seattle and other surrounding communities paddled cedar canoes to trade and talk, rob and war, less than two hundred years ago. The use of paddle craft by natives had been in effect thousands of years. Olympia had no official white name until 1846 when the residents named it after the first two settlers Edmund Sylvester and L.L. Smith, combining their last names and naming the settlement Smithter, which then changed to "Smithfield," later on changing to Olympia, named after the Olympic Mountains by Isaac Ebey, a customs collector who had a distaste for "Smithter." To the native people of the area, it was *Stitchas*, meaning "Bear's Place." The waterways here on Eld Inlet and Budd Inlet made travel less demanding than the thick forests in which it was easy to lose your way. The cedar canoes were paddled to and from settlements all along Puget Sound, north and south; camps were made above high water at night or when the tide restricted progress. Paddling from camp to camp, fort-to-fort, traders, settlers, and natives followed local water routes to help make travel easier, something the local tribes had done for many years. Today Puget Sound hosts the "Cascade Marine Trail," a

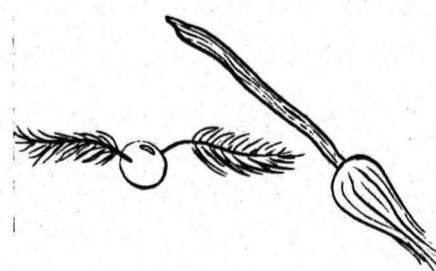
160-mile water route from Olympia to the Canadian Border funded by the Washington Water Trails Association. Accessible only to non-motorized beachable craft, all along the trail are designated sites for camping. This trail is made up into several segments that range from simple day paddles to multi-night expeditions. The Cascade Marine Trail can be accessed at <http://www.wta.org/trails/southsound>. Go in the spring before the rush and beaches are yours for days on end.

Above all else, safety on Puget Sound is a must. Year-round waters are hypothermic, which doesn't give you much over 10 minutes before your core temperature begins to drop and you start to feel like heavy Jell-O. Wear life jackets always (something I learned the hard way, twice), and practice water rescue safety. The water itself is subject to tidal currents and, in places, tide "rips." Tide "rips" occur when currents of opposite direction meet and push the waters back into each other creating triangular waves which shoot straight up with no warning. The severity of a tide "rip" depends on velocity of current, depth of sea floor, and wind speed. For the most part, south Puget Sound waters are mild flow with few tide "rips." Always check tide tables for the specific day or days you wish to be out. They're in the yellow pages. I swear, up in the communities section! Find out what time the high and low tides are for the day. Remember there are two high tides and two low tides per day. Ideally a kayaker/canoer always paddles with the current at his/her back. Paddling just before or just after high tide, and also the same at low tide, is what is called the "slack tide"

when currents are moving the least and the water will be most calm. This is the optimum time for beginners to paddle. Go to TOP (The Outdoor Program) in the CRC and ask them about their equipment: You'll need a kayak or canoe, spray skirt if kayak (keeps water out of where you sit), a paddle, and a life vest. Other options are Boston Harbor Marina: They also rent boats and gear. Since my contract requires three of these articles, I'll be coming back to you and we'll talk Hope Island, we'll talk Nisqually Reach, we'll talk Eagle Island, we'll talk more in depth about gear and rentals. Then we'll get ya in the boat!

Quidditch: A Haiku

by Kai Young
Golden Snitch Flying
Into my hand it falls
We win the House Cup.



Through May 15

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

Thursday, April 29

5-7:30 p.m. The Healing Arts Collective presents "From Earth to Apothecary, Plant Walk and Tincture Making Workshop" with Elise Krohn, in the Longhouse.

6-8 p.m. How To Ask Your Date For a Kiss, interactive theater with the Office of Sexual Assault Prevention's Peer Education Project, Library 3500.

Friday, April 30

7 a.m.-6 p.m. Wrenchers' Ball—Annual Tune-Up Day at the Olympia Transit Center.

5-7 p.m. The Healing Arts Collective presents "Medicinal Plant Walk with Ryan Drum" at the Longhouse.

6-8 p.m. Self-Defense Workshop, CRC Dance Room. Sponsored by the Office of Sexual Assault Prevention.

7 p.m. The Healing Arts Collective presents an evening with Joules Graves, with special guest Taryn Moore.

Saturday, May 1

Sign up for the Battle of the Bands! You know you want to! To sign up, email Lena D. at lr_davidson@yahoo.com by May 1!

10 a.m.-noon. The Healing Arts Collective presents "Natural Approaches to Thyroid Health with Ryan Drum" in the Longhouse.

1-3 p.m. "Men's Health" with Ryan Drum in the Longhouse.

5-7 p.m. "Herbs for Sustainable Living" with Linda Conroy in the Longhouse.

7 p.m. "Medicinal Mushrooms" with Paul Stamets in the Longhouse.

Sunday, May 2

10 a.m.-noon. "The Three Traditions of Healing" with Susun Weed in the Longhouse.

1-3 p.m. "Optimum Nutrition, Beyond Heroics" with Susun Weed in the Longhouse.

Wednesday, May 5

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

3-4 p.m. "Lab Write-Up Part II: Discussion of Results" in Library 2221.

4:30-6 p.m. "Avoiding Plagiarism" in Library 2221.

7 p.m. Zapatistas' Indigenous Media: Autonomy, Resistance and Self-Representation in Chiapas, Mexico. At Traditions Café.

Thursday, May 6

Noon. The Evergreen State College Library Lobby. New videos by Zapatistas, video makers from the autonomous indigenous communities in Chiapas and Guerrero.

7:30 p.m. General Radical Women Meeting. Learn more about their current activities and campaigns. Dinner, with vegetarian option, available at 6:30 p.m. for a \$6.50 donation. New Freeway Hall, 5018 Rainier Ave. S., Seattle. For more information, rides or childcare, call 206.722.6057 or 722.2453. Everyone welcome. Wheelchair accessible.

Every Wednesday

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

5 p.m. Coed Evergreen Wrestling Club in CRC 117. (Wednesday through Friday)

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

Every Friday

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

Every Sunday

7 p.m. G.R.A.S. Anime Night at In The Edge in A Dorm.

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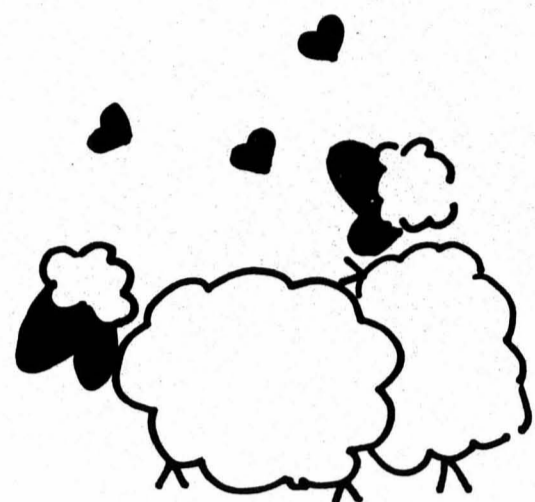
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BY DIANNE FERRER



... They're not having Sex...
They're 'making love'...
There's a difference.

THE ADVENTURES OF SLOTHMAN & ADHD BOY
Heffalump Mulaney

So I was reading an article in People magazine the other day and apparently Batman's starring in "Jack Frost 2: Winter in Malibu" and Superman is in a wheelchair.

You know I think those guys, their real problem was setting their goals way too high.

My daddy says failure is just some asshole who's trying too hard.

Exactly! And I was reading the job requirements for this Superhero thing and apparently you're only required to do something heroic once a month.

My daddy says you can't fall off the mountain if you stay put on the ground.

And I mean what's evil anyways? They're always trying to play the whole good and evil thing. Who's to judge? I went out to the bars with Dr. Octopus the other night and got drunk to the bejesus. He's a great guy. Sure he's got some anger issues but I mean who doesn't?

My daddy says anger is just something that happens when you have to work the same fucking job for eighteen years.

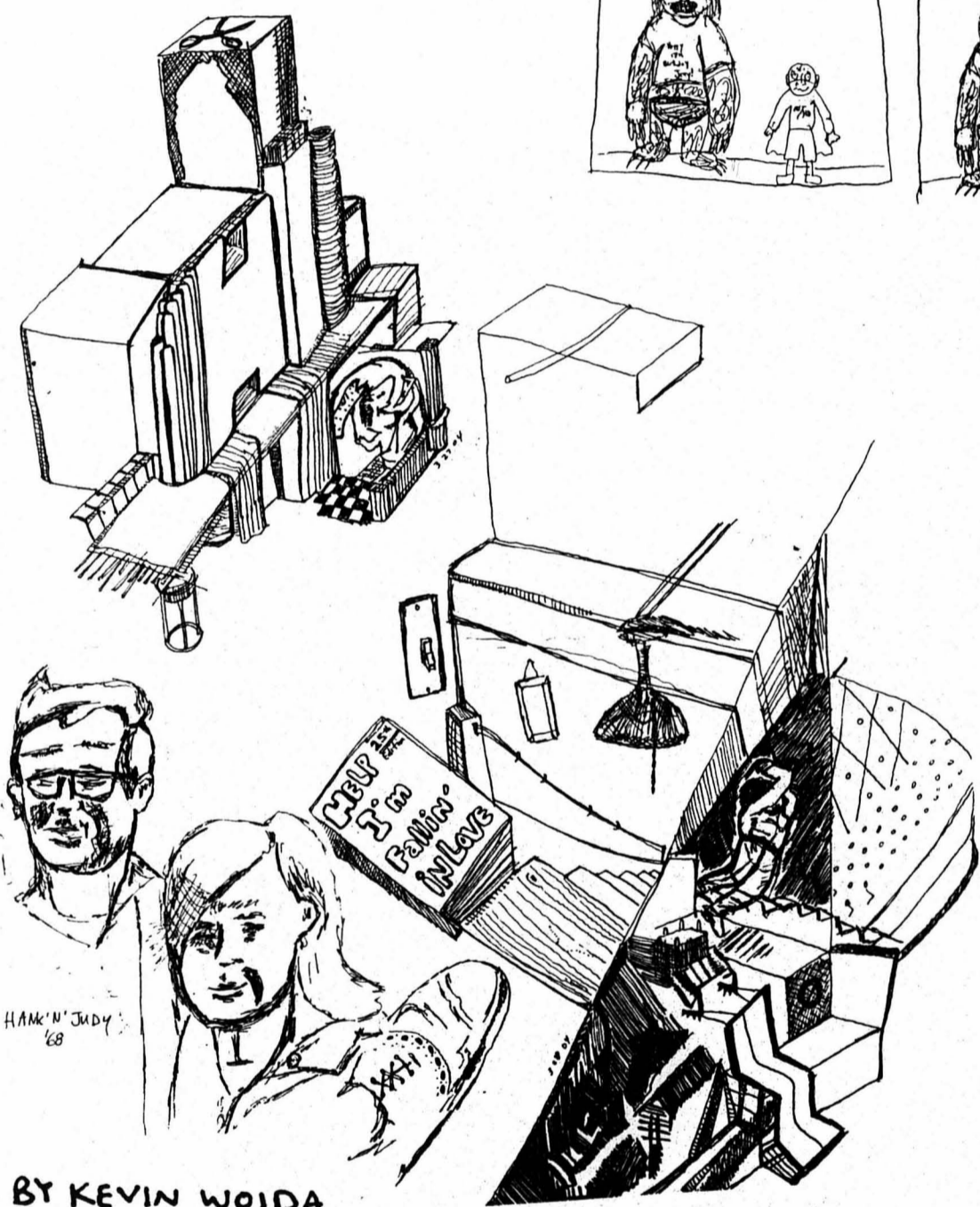
Who's in charge of deciding who's the good guys and who's the bad guys? Who is it that's so high and mighty that they get to say what's evil?

My daddy says women are evil.

I'm hungry. You wanna go to my mom's house and get something to eat?

Okay.

In addition to saving the world Slothman also has an advice column. e-mail him at: slothman42@hotmail.com



BY KEVIN WOLDA

Body Buddies BY SAM HAGLUND
unclemole@rock.com

I'm bored.

Yah, me too.

Wanna see something cool?

Yeah buddy.

HAHAHA! awesome!

Talk about an out of body experience.

Forced Laughter

Can't think of an idea for this week's comic. Do it for me lest I make your life hell with various girly complaints.

Just make a bold declarative statement about something you observe every day. That's where the real humor is.

I am filled with beef and ice cream!

Not quite what I had in mind, but it'll do.

by C. Frakes

ASCENDING FROM THE GROUND THE ZOMBIE SLOWLY MOVES ACROSS THE GRAVEYARD.

SENT TO THE GRAVE BY A FREAK KEG STAND ACCIDENT.

RESURRECTED BY FORCES UNKNOWN TO MORTAL MEN.

"That's not a zombie! That's a zombie! He's with me! He's with me! He's with me!"

SEARCHING FOR FRESH MEAT IN A FEEBLE ATTEMPT TO SATIATE HIS CANNIBALISTIC AND UNCONTROLLABLE HUNGER THE ZOMBIE FINDS HIS PREY.

THE HELPLESS VICTIM DOESN'T SEE HIS APPROACH AND THUS IS OPEN TO ATTACK!

HI! MY NAMSH CHRISH!

shade1978@hotmail.com

Tonight, he is full of spunk.

Kilchis 201



Paint With Lead In It by tim yates

The election approaches! Who're you voting for?

Well... I thought long and hard about John Kerry and Ralph "Ralph MacRalph Ralph Ralph Darth Nader" Nader...

Neither of those guys sounded just right for the job though, so I'm voting for Jim Bagleaducia.

Who?

Ole Jim? He's the hobo who lives in a tent outside Denny's. That's his campaign HQ y'know.

Um, right...

You sorta need some kind of brain power to be president, dude. Jim stands about as much chance as bees flying out of your eyes at me.

Mother of God!! Bees in every orifice!!

www.paintwithleadinit.com



BY KEN B.