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Cooper Point Journal

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And the winner is ... Les Purce

by Mike Reparaz

After months of searching, winnowing through resumes, and interviewing candidates, the wait is finally over. The Board of Trustees announced Wednesday that Evergreen has a new president, and his name is Les.

On March 8, the Board of Trustees announced that it had selected Dr. Thomas L. "Les" Purce from among the pool of five presidential candidates. Purce, currently Vice President for Extended University Affairs and Dean of Extended Academic Programs at Washington State University, will take on his duties as college president this July, after current college president Jane Jarvis retires.

Despite the fact that he's been working at WSU for the past several years, Purce is no stranger to Evergreen. Beginning in 1989, he served as Vice President for College Advancement, Interim President during the last presidential search eight years ago, and became Evergreen's Executive Vice President before leaving for WSU in 1995. It was also during this time that he was involved in the development and building of the Longhouse.

During his tenure at Evergreen, Purce says he learned about the value of community participation and Evergreen's administrative processes. Using the presidential search as an example of the latter, Purce says that "it's long and it's laborious, but it's a valuable, valuable process."

"I'm excited and humbled... to think the

community would invite me back," says Purce about his appointment as President. "It feels good to be coming back to a place that shares my values about equality, about inclusiveness."

At a press conference on Wednesday, Dr. Purce shed some light on his strategies for the years to come. While he stressed that the most important thing is to identify what the goal of the college will be in the future, he discussed the importance of "putting students at the center" of the college's concerns.

"I think... the biggest challenge is the Institution's plan to meet the state's plans for ... greater numbers of students at our institutions," says Purce of the college's future. "It'll be some of the major work we'll have to do, to figure out how to accommodate that kind of mandate for growth, and to maintain our vitality and effectiveness."

An animated, extremely friendly man, Purce says he is looking forward to the opportunity to meet students. "When I come in the summer, as school arrives and students are here," said Purce, "I really want to spend a lot of time with them, as well as faculty."

Purce feels that it will be vital to maintain a good relationship between the students and the president's office. "I mean, that's why we're here!" he says, laughing. To this end, he intends to maintain an open-door policy when he takes office. "I think the way you [build



photo by Aaron Cansler

Animated and friendly Newly elected Les Purce mingles at his reception yesterday

relations) is to talk," he says, adding that he looks forward to discussing the concerns of faculty and staff as well as those of students.

When asked about the concerns of many students that Evergreen is becoming an increasingly mainstream college, Purce says that he hasn't heard anything like that yet. He does, however, say that he is impressed with

the diversity that he has seen so far.

"I've just had a chance to meet people as I come in the door, students, different students, different walks of life, different styles," says Purce, pausing for a moment. "I love the inclusiveness. A person can have a suit on, or they can have fatigues on, and ... they can be a part of the community."

Mumia supporters rally in San Francisco



Angela Davis, professor and social activist, speaks at the rally



story and photos by Patrick Mouton

36 hours of driving, three and a half days, 1600 miles, no showers—all in the name of social change... or something like that. Twenty-plus Evergreen students made the grueling trek to the Bay Area by van to participate in a student activism conference at UC Berkeley. Prefacing the conference was a rally and mass demonstration in support of writer/activist and death row inmate Mumia Abu-Jamal. Mumia (born Wesley Cook) has been in prison since being convicted of shooting and killing Philadelphia police officer Daniel Faulkner 19 years ago.

Tales from the Blotter

As promised last week, here are the case reports I missed out on because I was sick. May you find as much entertainment and/or dread in reading them as I did in writing them up.

Reach Out and Touch Someone....

On Feb. 22, a hapless parking attendant reports a cell phone taken from the parking booth. Oddly enough, the pepper spray was moved, but not taken. Obviously a discriminating thief with choice tastes in telecommunications.

Creepy Crime of the Week Contender #1

Also on Monday, Feb. 22, a black CD holder and 29 CDs were stolen from student housing. The next day, Feb. 23, the victim reports someone trying to open her window after midnight. She says that someone was nosing around the day before in the HCC, asking where her room was.

Soul Man (in honor of Bill Bradley)

On Wednesday, Feb. 23, trouble boils over. A student upsets the "secret service guys" by putting his hand in his bag and making it look like a gun as he began walking towards Bill Bradley. One of the agents responds "This is the last time I'm going to tell you to keep your hands away from your bag."

Alcohol and Autos

On Thursday, a swerving driver is pulled over. The officer smells, you guessed it, alcohol on the driver's breath and eventually arrests the man for driving while under the influence. And another person's weekend goes down the tubes.

Creepy Crime of the Week Contender #2

Also, a student was studying in a study cubicle when a man sat down on the floor about two feet away from her. When he started looking at her legs, she got nervous and reported it to the library staff. He left before they could stop him, but the last time they saw him, he was heading to catch a bus. However, the driver reported no ogling individuals on the bus.

Minors in Possession

Between Friday and Saturday, there were three minors in possession incidents reported in the blotter. Several students in A-Dorm were drinking beer in a kitchen when an officer on foot patrol caught them. He emptied their beer and reported them to the Grievance Office.

Random Mischief

On Friday barrier rocks on a pathway, leading from the HCC to the Rec Center, were moved to the center of it. Police move them back to the edge, leading to numerous unanswered questions. Who moved the rocks? Why did they move them to the center? And most importantly, were they completely hammered?

A Couple of Evergreen Traditions

On Saturday, a fire alarm in A-Dorm evacuates residents from the building. As police were making sure everyone was out of the building, an officer noted that a room door was open. He spotted a "clear bag with green vegetable matter" on the counter and waited for the resident to come back. He later forwarded this to the Grievance Office as the vegetable matter was, alas, pot. I'm sure you weren't expecting that plot twist.

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Police Blotter 2000: Highlights

edited by Jen Blackford

So much police stuff, so little space. On with the mayhem, the madness, the maelstrom that is the world of Police Blotter.

Tuesday, Feb. 29
10:50 a.m. Fire alarm is set off from a faulty wire in a detector on the first floor of the library building. It's bad enough *people* set them off...now we have self-activating alarms?
3 p.m. Gateway2000 computer is stolen from Electronics Maintenance. I guess someone was tired of waiting to use a computer in the Computer Lab.

Wednesday, March 1
7:22 a.m. Window broken in Jesse Welch's office. Suspected offender? A skateboarder. Whether it's surfing off tables or breaking windows, boarders do everything with style.

Thursday, March 2
People are too depressed about the month of TV reruns that await them to commit crime.

Friday, March 3
7:46 p.m. Minor in Possession.

Saturday, March 4
2:52 a.m. A driver is stopped for not having her headlights on. The officer smells alcohol in the car and sees two beer bottles in the car. The driver is arrested for driving with a suspended license plus given an infraction for having an open container.

Sunday, March 5
10:05 p.m. A wallet is stolen from a student in the Housing Community Center.

Police Briefs

Les Miserables: The Next Generation

Wednesday, March 1 11:44 p.m.

On March 1, an officer investigates a call, from a witness who reports seeing a male and a female suspect push on the grate that separates the Deli from the lobby. He saw the male suspect grab a bag dinner rolls on the table and take three of them. Enigmatically, he put the two rolls by the grate and started to eat the third, later wedging it in a back door so the door would not shut.

The suspects: a skinny 5'8 male in his early 20s and a slim female, 5'9, also in her 20s. A female matching the description (actually younger and taller) later returns through the propped-open door and is positively identified as one of the grate-pushers. She is arrested for burglary, but released when it is determined she neither took nor consumed the dinner rolls.

They later arrest the male suspect (also younger and shorter than the description) for burglary in the second degree, placing him in handcuffs and transporting him to Police Services. He confesses to removing the dinner rolls, eating one of them, and propping the door open so it would not lock behind him. The report of this incident is forwarded to the prosecutor and the male suspect is now awaiting a court date.

Ironically, sources say the bread products had been free that day.

Exercising Rights or Just Playing Around?

Friday, March 3 1:40 p.m.

An officer is dispatched to the soccer field where a male suspect had been reported kicking a ball near the goal posts, refusing to leave.

He is told he was asked to leave because the field is pretty torn up so it's closed for soccer until April 1 and that he shouldn't be wearing cleats that add even more damage to the field.

The suspect says he pays money to this school so he should be allowed to use the field. He adds he is resisting as a matter of civil disobedience and that he will not go unless he is arrested.

He is arrested, released and promises he won't use the field until this is resolved. However that does not stop him from writing a letter, which appears in the CPI this week.

The NW Earth Institute announces its ESSAY CONTEST on shifting our consumption patterns and living more lightly on the earth.

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Politricks

OPINION

by Mac Lojowsky

Only hours before the CPJ went to press for the last time until April 6, the Board of Trustees announced their selection of Dr. Thomas Purce as Evergreen's new president. Purce's selection came as a shock to many students and faculty, who overwhelmingly oppose Purce.

Purce's interim position as Evergreen president from 1990-92 was both uneventful and unpopular. During the Gulf War, Evergreen students took an active role in opposing the U.S. invasion. On January 23, 1991, during a meeting with the House Appropriations Committee, the Seattle Times reported Purce apologized for the college's opposition to the war. Of the protesting students he said, "I was very disturbed with the group of people who did that."

Despite Purce's conflicting opinion with the majority of the college, other issues must be raised. The true injustice of this case is the fact that the Board completely disregarded the wishes of both the faculty and the students. Almost without exception, the Evergreen members I spoke with supported Dr. Elizabeth Minnich.

Maybe it is no surprise the Board chose who they did. Evergreen's Board of Trustees is appointed by Washington's Governor. Needless to say, to be appointed by the Governor, you need to have some relations with the government. You don't have relations with the government by opposing it. One of Evergreen's Board members is a top executive at Boeing; another comes from a long line of money in Gray's Harbor.

As Purce's selection well-demonstrates, the Board makes decisions for the state government, not for the students and faculty. Politicians in Olympia do not want another Jane Jervis, or another speech by Mumia. Instead of physically dismantling the college, the state, with the help of the Board, will philosophically dismantle Evergreen. The easiest way to do this is to choose a president who will willingly listen to their wishes.

This is an issue that goes beyond a presidential selection; it forces us as a community to question our own positions of power. Why were we lead to believe that our opinion mattered? Why was our valuable time wasted listening to speeches and filling out forms? Further than that, why did we willingly give the Board the power to make the final decision? As Evergreen grows over the next ten years we must question how and who will make the decisions, which affect our lives. If we wish to remain a progressive college, we need to start acting like one.

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Former Master Controller passes away

By Ally Hinkle

Dick Fuller, who retired from Evergreen in 1997 after 25 years as Media Services' Broadcast Engineer, passed away Tuesday, Feb. 22 at the age of 65 from heart failure.

Al Saari, who currently works for Computing and Communications, hired Dick in 1972 for the position in Master Control and offers the following thoughts:

"Dick was a very outgoing person. He liked to socialize. He was also a dedicated worker in his support of television operations."

Many of the staff who worked with Dick have great stories to tell about his general good humor, coffee breaks, and his concern for the individual. Peter Randlette, Media Services, remembers a more personal side:

"He was a wild hair. He liked to say what he thought, full speed ahead, and damn the consequences. He drove a mean backhoe, always had a good story, and was definitely an individual among individuals. I'll never forget driving down the Harrison street hill with him in one of many rattle trap trucks filled to the brim with trailer park support tools. When the brakes failed, he yelled "hang on" and wildly swerved around until we coasted to a stop. And then started laughing!"

Thousands of student ideas and projects went by his watchful eyes. He worked hard to support them.

He was a good soul. I'll miss him. In retirement, Dick happily pursued numerous schemes and projects, staying in touch with friends at the college.

He is survived by his wife, Phyllis; son Bob Fuller of Lacey; daughters Jonnalee Dow and Sheri Bevilacqua, both of Kent; nine grandchildren; and one great-grandchild.

There will be no service, in consideration of Dick's wishes.

Deli closing down

Fine Host is closing the Deli for remodeling from March 19 to March 26. During this time, the Greenery will be open from 7:15 a.m. to 6 p.m..

An e-mail arrived, saying "We apologize for any inconvenience this may cause but we believe that you will appreciate the face-lift." Questions or comments can go to x6281.

In Megan Grumbling's article on the mediaworks show (2/24/00) it mentioned an installation by Aaron Cansler. In addition to Cansler, Brandon Beck created the installation.

In the calendar, we listed the wrong meeting place for the Yoga Club. It meets in CRC 117 Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays 12-1:30 p.m. and Thursdays 12:30-2 p.m. Also, it is an open session.

Briefs

Submissions Needed

The 2000 Students of Color Anthology needs submissions.

* The Anthology is a yearly compilation of student work focusing on race. Pictures, poetry and prose are encouraged and welcome by the deadline on Friday, March 10. For submission information, call Angela or Koffi at x6143.

Russian teachers pay a visit to campus

A delegation of Russian educators from Kalmykia are visiting campus. Not only are they interested in curricular materials but also books for their own enjoyment. So, if you have any give-away or lonely books (Tolkien was a special request) starting with children's stories but including anything interesting, our visitors would be most grateful.

Bring your books to the library and leave them at the reference desk for Sara Rideout.

errata

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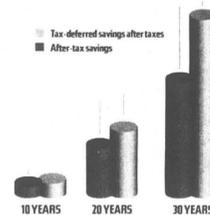
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Hooper's Homily
by Kris Hooper

If you're anything like me, (and I know I am!) feelings of alienation on campus overwhelm you until the point you're lying under your bed naked in fetal position at 3 a.m. crying yourself to sleep. This isn't a cry for help. This is about our current state of community.

You can't escape it. It seems like everywhere you go somebody is talking about our "community" or lack thereof. Some jaded cynics would say that this issue is a waste of time, since having a community (which depends on being homogenous) is counterproductive to the diversity Evergreen prides itself on.

Not me! Community may be within our reach, but I think the main reason that there is no community on campus is due to the fact that we are missing the most important aspect of a community. Any good anthropologist will tell you language is instrumental in fostering community. We don't have lingo to call our own. We don't need a whole language, just a few key sayings to unite all of us.

Where would the beatniks be without "daddy-o"? Or the hippies without "groovy" and "far out"? They probably would have died of loneliness because they wouldn't have felt connected to a community of others similar to themselves. Then their collective groups would have faded from pop culture quicker than CB radios. This dilemma has been on my mind for quite some time and I've coined a few choice terms that I think would create a greater sense of community if they were adapted in the Evergreen vernacular.

Shasta McNasty
This is my personal favorite. It's the name of a sitcom on the UPN. I believe that the name has been changed to just "Shasta," so I'm claiming the saying as my own. It could be used to replace the rampant obscenities used on campus.

I was raised in a Catholic home. Even though I'm not Catholic myself, believe you me, I've internalized my fair share of Catholic guilt and repression. Greeners have some foul little mouths. Everyday I hear the "F word" more times than I'd like. Each time I hear it I get sick to my stomach and weak in the knees. What sounds better to you: "F&" or "Shasta McNasty, I just got a paper cut." Terms to identify yourself are crucial to maintaining community.

Greener
"Greener" has been around for a while and it's grown stale. Peppermint Patty would be used in reference to female Evergreen students. It seems apropos for a school with such a strong "femmy" mentality to have an empowering gender specific nickname. It stems from Peppermint Patty from "Peanuts".

The name works for Evergreen because they have many similarities with Peppermint Patty. Patty was a free nothing individualist who differentiated from the aesthetic norm of society, which would have been Lucy. While Lucy a co-dependent masochist, longing for Schroeder to give her life meaning, Peppermint Patty lived life on her own terms. She was content to spend her time with her androgynous female friend that referred to Patty only as "sir." Hmmm...

Put that in the yuck box
What colloquial dialectic would be complete without the obnoxious equivalent of such sayings as "don't go there" and "talk to the hand"? These sayings have worn out their welcome because they've appeared on the talk show circuit way too much. They bring to mind 600 pound trailer park trash longing to be strippers and glue sniffing, pregnant teenage runaways.

These sayings may not be the best but I'm positive they're a thousand times better than "show me the money." My skin crawls just typing that, but that saying helped unify many people back in early '97. I can't speak for other people but whenever I use these sayings on campus, I feel like for the first time in my life I'm involved in something larger than myself.

Help just when you need it.

By Richard Myers

Tenth week students rush to complete past assignments, write final papers, and wrap-up plans for the spring. Simultaneously we start thinking about what we'll be doing next (not to mention where to live and work during the summer).

Prime Time Advising offers help with all those tasks and decisions when students need it most—in the afternoons and evenings. The office, located on the main floor of A Building, includes writing tutors, peer advisors, career development assistants, and a professional academic advisor.

One of the great things about the Prime Time office is its accessibility.

"I'm really lazy," said Paula Gross, a student who lives on campus. "It's totally easier because they're right there... and they're very helpful and understanding."

Del Beaudry, a Prime Time writing tutor and peer advisor, said their office hours are better for students.

"When you're up at 9 o'clock (in the evening) writing a paper, you can just run in here."

"It's not like the daytime advising office where you have to sign-up or make an appointment," he said. The Prime Time office is more informal and welcomes people who need assistance right away or just want to hang out and talk.

The Prime Time team (as they like to be called) resembles Evergreen's interdisciplinary approach. Each team member brings a different part of the curriculum and a unique set of skills. Adrian Newlon brings her experience into the mix as a part-time student and career development advisor.

"One of the reasons we would like to see students in here is because they'll have a better experience with the right support," she said. Noal Fox, a third-year student nearing graduation, utilized the team's diverse skills to focus his academic path.

"Since I've been working with them on a regular basis, I've gotten a clearer picture of my academics. It's wonderful having them there to help with my work."

Students who discover the Prime Time advising office usually come back for different types of help. The team covers many corners, so a student might have a paper proof read and then come back to talk about a certain professor or work on a resume.

It's this rounded support that led Beaudry to call the Prime Time office, "the best value in student services."

They're even helpful with those not-so-common questions. Newlon said to come in "if you're a vegan wanting to know where to buy food, or where's a good place to go dancing."

"I try to plug students into the Olympia and campus communities," said Sara Rucker, the Prime Time Advisor and coordinator of the office. "I also try to network students. I have a good idea of the local arts community and local volunteer opportunities."

A popular side of the office is its relaxed atmosphere and interesting conversations. Between the hot chocolate, tea, and cookies, students find themselves comfortable in the atmosphere.

Beaudry laughingly points out, "This is a fun place. Students get to see us year-round... It breaks down the barrier with staff."

The office is unique in that it tries to connect academics with residential life, bridging upper campus and Housing. Rucker says, "This is the first attempt at moving academics into Housing followed up by the Fishbowl and Learning Assistant Program. It's an easier way for residents to get their academic support."

The Fishbowl serves as a media center in A Building, offering computers and staff support. Now first-year students also have Learning Assistants who focus on providing campus residents additional academic support. In an attempt to continue connecting residential life with academics, Rucker hopes to have a "faculty salon."

The idea is kind of like a mini academic fair, but geared toward providing Housing students the opportunity to meet potential professors. I've been told that faculty often came down to work and talk with residents when the college was young. That seems like something valuable to encourage again.

The Prime Time advising is open to all students. Beaudry suggests, "Part Time students could really make use of us."

In addition to the staff mentioned in this article, Paul Felton (the guy in Evergreen's catalog) works as a writing tutor along with Josh Salzmann, a peer advisor.

Antonella Novi, a student and regular visitor in the office, said, "I discovered the Prime Time advising office last year. The writing tutors are very experienced and offer great advice. I highly recommend dropping in with a paper just to see for yourself."

The office, located in A Building Room 207, is open Monday through Thursday 3:30pm to 9 pm, and Sunday 7 pm to 9 pm.

The Students' GOVERNMENT

by Joe Groshong

SESC is an acronym for Students for the Evergreen Student Coalition. We are interested in student governance at Evergreen and the purpose of our group is to: (1) Develop a model or models of student governance. (2) Present these models to the student community through a variety of media including the CPJ and public forums. (3) Ask students to vote on the models presented and to determine whether or not they would like to adopt one of the proposed models. (4) If this vote is successful, to organize the election of members for the

student governance model and to apply for funding for the group.

Evergreen has never had a successful student government. That's pretty obvious, right? We don't have one now and we haven't had one in the last four years. Many students have attempted to establish a student government at Evergreen and for a variety of reasons they have all failed.

Many students at Evergreen over the years had the general idea that some kind of student governance at Evergreen would be good, but beyond that it seems that they did not often agree on much. Everyone has a vision of the ideal way

things should be around these parts, which has been both good and bad. It's great that people here have historically been so invested in different ideas of governance, but no governance model has ever been up to snuff for all students at Evergreen. Also, students who propose models of governance or initiate discussions of student governance at Evergreen open themselves up for all kinds of attacks. "What's in this for you? Why do you want to give so much power to so few students? Shouldn't you get more people from the community involved before you dare to proceed further?"

Things aren't much different today. SESC has been around for most of winter quarter. We thought that, like other students before us, we needed some form of student governance. Thirty students or so were involved in the ongoing process with a core group of about ten people who came back to our meetings week after week. We've been exposed to the same kind of attacks and had some of the same problems that groups

have had before. We couldn't even agree on a single model of Student Governance to present to the student body. However, we did decide that we should take the idea of student governance to a vote this year. We wanted to at least give the student body an opportunity to decide for themselves if they wanted some form of student representation or not.

We've got three models. None are perfect and there is no chance at that all students will favor a single one of them. Still, they each offer their own pros and cons, and we hope that one of them will appeal to a significant majority to current students at Evergreen. We will be having a vote on these models during spring quarter. Students will have the opportunity to vote for one of these models or for no student governance at all. This is important stuff. Your comments would be appreciated.



EVERGREEN STUDENT COALITION

by Joe Groshong

To represent Evergreen Undergraduate students and to advocate for student interests and student rights at Evergreen. To take on student issues that affect the student body as a whole and to generally improve the quality of the undergraduate student experience at The Evergreen State College. To act upon gathered student interests by representing student opinion and interest to the College Administration and other bodies. The Coalition will be recognized as the advocating body that represents the interest of the undergraduate student body of TESC. Recognized by the students of TESC, administration of TESC, the Board of Trustees of TESC, the HEC Board, and the Governor of the State of Washington. The basic business of the Coalition must be advocating the interest of a growing student body. The "interest" of the Evergreen student body will be stated in a general document amended and/or updated by the student body by form of vote on a quarterly basis.

THE EVERGREEN STUDENT COORDINATING UNION (ESCU)

by Richard Myers

The Evergreen Student Coordinating Union (ESCU) shall (1) promote cooperation among student organizations, (2) encourage students to affect institutional policy, (3) advocate student inclusion on institutional decision-making processes, (4) inform students of institutional affairs, (5) act as an accessible resource for concerned students, (6) help integrate students into communities, and (7) foster continuity throughout student generations.

Vision:
The Evergreen Student Coordinating Union is intended to strengthen the continuity and cooperation of student communities around institutional issues. Unlike a traditional

representative model oriented toward governing and making decisions for others, the Union's role is to advocate students' voices and facilitate direct student involvement. As Evergreen continues to expand and form more small communities, the Union will hopefully grow into the role of a unifier, bridging the boundaries of isolated groups. Intimate learning communities are central to our educational philosophy but some issues, particularly those involving changes within the institution, demand communication and organized effort across these many populations. Ultimately the creation of the Union is intended to further Evergreen's mission by providing students more of an opportunity to hone their energies and talents toward the college's goals. The Union is also encouraged to further its own development by amending this document and extending their contribution to the institution.

THE TOWN MEETING

by David Smith

The guiding principles on which I base my theoretical model of student representation are primarily concerned with the building community through increased communication. That would include soliciting and recording the students' opinions and concerns, representing those views in a form the administration can comprehend and assist students attempting to be heard by the Faculty or Administration. Student representatives should also serve to hold accountable the Board of Trustees by communicating their intentions, past history, and current actions to the students in a balanced manner.

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Big Girls: When we grew up, we grew up.



By Amy Loskota

Maybe it was because we were taller than our teachers in seventh grade and were used to being mistaken for 19 at age nine. I became a big girl at age nine. You remember when your shoe size suddenly becomes the source of many salesperson's contemptuous eye-rolling who always said "no, we have nothing in your size".

Thus, us big girls spend the rest of our lives focusing on one quest, the perfect shoe and clothes fit. That perfect black leather Mary Jane, with a normal chunky heel in a size 11 1/2 still makes me breathe a little harder thinking of it on my foot. Though I had discovered transvestite shoes stores, there is little need for

me to totter around on a 5-inch heel every day and be 6 foot 8 inches. Big Girls like me try not to spend our lives trying to fit in a Calista (needs to be fed) Flockheart-sized mold which the fashion world forces upon us.

I spent my adolescence wearing my clothes one size smaller than I should have worn and eventually coming to the conclusion that no matter how much I weighed, my damn bones would still wear a size 14. This was of course after enduring those acid-washed tight jeans which I had to lay flat on the bed with a hanger through the zipper, to zip up. Then, as of late, the local mall had the nerve to close our Lane Bryant (the only store that had nice clothes for BBW's) to put in a Baby Gap! Since when do babies need to shop at the Gap? Maybe you could take that fifty bucks for a tiny leather jacket and put it in junior's college fund? We are in Olympia, WA, land of the overweight middle class miasma, where the fat is where it's at. Most of the stores in our mall and downtown would make so much more money if they would accommodate the majority of the Thurston County population's big butts!

History tells of a time when a stout voluptuous woman could launch a thousand ships (by hand), or could have pillaged her way across the Eurasian Mountains and Plains. The early cultures of Europe and Asia have these lovely Earth Goddesses; ripe, fertile, and ready to bear children. It was the desirable look for a woman until the 1920's. Thinness has been a quality valued in virginal girls, in fact it seems to represent innocence and chastity.

Voluptuousness seems to represent bounty and comfort. Young women were married as early as nine years old to men in their thirties in the upper classes. In the rural world you had a better chance of marrying someone closer to your age. If you think about it, a thin woman is much easier to be assumed chaste as the male can easily see if her virtue has been true. A big woman's virtue is not so easily guessed as she can hide pregnancy and other indiscretions.

The current media creates a world where big people are laughed at, stared at, and personified as unattractive. And over the last week, I would agree somewhat. I looked at the mall and at the bus stops, and I saw many really overweight people struggling with walking, some having to drive themselves in carts, and waiting prostrate for the bus. It can be a disease which, like I have mentioned before, is a symptom of our economic breakdown. We have all the food we can stuff down our gullets, and no place to live or sleep of our own.

My mother never seemed to realize that we were not meant to look like the mode of the day. She never seemed to remember that our ancestors were stocky farmers and warriors whose bodies were designed to store as much fat as possible; so what if I didn't look as bad as I thought, nobody told me. Instead I was told that "if I just would lose 10 pounds I could be a model." Guys in school used me as the "you're going out with her" girl. I crunched up my

shoulders and made my personality as feminine and diminutive as possible.

Preconceptions abound about statuesque women. Like we don't like to date shorter people when the truth is we do. Or that we eat a lot of food to get this big. The truth is that people are big for many reasons. Some of us have eating disorders we can't control, some of us just have a physical balance that gains weight easily and many other medical reasons, too. And some of us were born very voluptuous and had a very generous puberty. Some would say we are lazy. The truth is I am not. I am not hopping up and down jacked up on caffeine, running races to stay thin, but I am out there lifting heavy weights, digging in my garden, and biking downtown. In addition, no matter how healthy I am, unless I get sick, I am always going to be this big.

There are some that think we are ugly and disgusting. However, when it comes down to it, and I know this from the mouths of men and women, big people are well-desired in and out of bed. I love the writhing beauties of Titian, Klimt, Duer, and Rubens. Courtiers of the Western tradition are always painted as fleshy, wanton, and bursting with erotic promise. Who wants to lay in bed with a hard bony teddy bear? Who wants to bruise themselves on their partner's bony body? I know I don't want to go to bed with preadolescent girls or boys, nonetheless wear their clothes. A normal amount of woman-type (butt, hips, bosom, and tummy) fat makes you normal. It makes you a mature and ripe young adult ready to go out, mate, and survive on your own.

Whatever weight you are should not stop you from being social, having fun, and getting the most out of your life. Toss off the burden of shame and enjoy your life while you have it, whatever you look like. A rich bank of diverse skills and experiences are the best cosmetic.

Letters & Opinions

Upski and Beyond

by Mark Bader

I'm the one who attempted to speak at the Upski event about the current famine in Ethiopia. When Evelyn, a Ghanaian-American on stage said she didn't want to talk about Ethiopia. I responded with "And you don't want us to talk about this?" It was a mistake that I personalized the issue in a way that implied that people of African descent should have more reason to care. I apologize for this. What I should have said was, "8,000,000 people at imminent risk of starvation is a human tragedy that should be of concern to everyone."

Unfortunately, by the time I was able to speak, the conversation had moved beyond where it was when I first put my hand up. A black man chastised progressives for concerning themselves with issues far away and ignoring the plight of, say, the black community in Tacoma. Evelyn was mad at Upski for setting her up and Upski was offering a stumbling apology.

As for the appropriateness of mentioning the famine at the event—while the timing could have been better, when it is not appropriate to call attention to unfolding tragedies of enormous proportions? Whether it be the famines in North Korea and Ethiopia, the effects of the sanctions on Iraq or the ecocide of the planet itself, the main obstacle to speedy and effective relief to the victims is the obliviousness of those in a position to help. What can we say about the casual acceptance by the west of the preventable deaths of millions of third world peoples? Is this not based on the devaluation of non-white life? Is this not racism? Doesn't this indifference to the sufferings of people in the third world have something in common with the indifference shown to people of color in the US?

The article I read in the New York Times (2/24/00) the day before described the peril of 8,000,000 people with, according to the UN, 2,000,000 at extreme risk. Fifty million dollars is needed immediately. This sum is pocket change to Bill Gates and Paul Allen, let alone the US Government. And yet, as far as I know, the necessary aid is still in question. I knew that most people in the room would not know of this, not having read the one article to appear on the crisis. As of this writing, I have seen no further mention of the crisis in the U.S. media. My fear is that it will be marginalized until it is too late.

How much of Africa's troubles are the product of European colonialism and the U.S. post-colonial manipulations: the slave trade, the destruction of nations, redrawing lines, the map, the creation of puppet rulers, the activities of our C.I.A. (read: John Stockwell, former C.I.A. station chief for Angola), the arming of counter-revolutionary thugs like Jonas Savimbi, the Clinton administration's blocking of intervention in the Rwandan genocide?

There is a strong possibility that the AIDS epidemic ravaging the continent may have its origins in Western scientists' experiments in Africa. Not long ago, Al

Gore argued against offering anti-AIDS formulas to southern African nations to produce affordable treatments.

The extreme weather causing flooding in Mozambique may be caused in part by the global warming impact of our sport utility vehicles. To pretend that Africa's troubles are her own is to embrace a provincial outlook to the point of denial.

On the general subject of racism, I call attention to Howard Zinn's "A People's History of the United States." Zinn argues that racism is not a naturally occurring phenomenon but a mechanism used by ruling elites to keep those who are to be exploited divided.

Any discussion of racism which fails to deal with the political and economic context within which racism operates will fall short of coming to grips with racism's root causes.

A recent example of this would be President Clinton's "Dialogue on Race," a series of narrowly defined discussions that effectively limit any challenge to institutional structures of domination and hierarchy.

Racism has been a useful tool for half a millennium, but it could be easily abandoned should it no longer be viewed as useful. The system can be just as easily served by people of color. Witness Native American Ben Nighthorse Campbell, U.S. Senator from Colorado and friend of mining and timber interests despoiling the land. Or General Colin Powell, bombing Iraq as Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

Towards the end of their lives, Malcolm X and Reverend King broadened their concerns to include the international situation and struggles for economic justice.

"You can't understand what is going on in Mississippi if you don't know what's going on in the Congo... they're both the same. The same interests are at stake. The same sides are drawn up, the same schemes are at work in the Congo that are at work in Mississippi." Malcolm X, 1965.

Malcolm was keenly interested in forging links between the movement for racial justice in the U.S. and the newly decolonized African nations. Martin Luther King strongly denounced the U.S. war in Vietnam and was organizing a Poor People's March on Washington when he died. Each came to realize that the real struggle was not so much about race as it was about rich and poor, and that racial justice could not be achieved in a meaningful way outside of the larger pursuit of social and economic justice.

My purpose in speaking up at the Upski event was to call attention to an emergency. I hope that my remarks and this article serve that purpose, as well as fostering further discussion. It is not my intention to offend anyone and to those who may have been offended, I express my regret. I welcome any comments or criticism and look forward to working with anyone interested in responding to the current crisis in Ethiopia.

Come children, Let us drive a mighty stake through the heart of Babylon system, the vampire.

Graduation Day Blues

Dear Geoducks of Class Y2K,

"If you won't dance, I won't televise your revolution!" (and other creative recontextualizations and appropriations by any means necessary... to fit on the T-shirt)

Regarding your class motto: "If I can't dance... - She never said it. I can't prove it conclusively, since she died sixty years ago, but my research indicates that Emma Goldman never wrote it either.

Local activist, Chris Carson, brought this marvelous "quote" to my attention last year. I had complained that attendance to Dance O' Dance was still low amongst the anarchists, progressives, peaceworkers, and social justice crowd. I knew all along that I'd wanted a different, more subversive, Live TV Show. Instead, mostly the kids wanted a fun pop rock social club.

Although I've plagiarized & misattributed & infringed on copyrights more than my Fair Use, I needed to know the history around such an eloquent & profound statement of principles. I searched the public library, looking through several shelves of quotation books and using the index to find either "Emma Goldman" or "Revolution" or "Dance". After a half hour of honest but fruitless effort, I found it in the *New Beacon Book of Quotations by Women* compiled by Rosalie Maggio, author of *The Non-Sexist Word Finder*. On page 450, under MISQUOTATIONS it reads: "If I can't dance I don't want to be in your revolution. Or: It's not my revolution if I can't dance. Or: If I can't dance to it, it's not my revolution."

Emma Goldman (According to Goldman biographer Alex Kates Shulman, "Dances With Feminists," *The Women's Review of Books*, December 1991, p. 13) never said it. In her 1931 autobiography, *Living My Life*, p. 56, Goldman describes being accused of frivolity at a dance—a passage that Shulman recommended to an anarchist group making Goldman T-shirts for a 1973 New York City festival celebrating the end of the Vietnam War. The T-shirts duly appeared with the now-famous abridgement and despite the fact that the word "revolution" never

appeared in the Goldman passage. The closest Goldman came to expressing the idea was "I was tired of having the Cause constantly thrown into my face. I did not believe that a Cause which stood for a beautiful ideal, for anarchism, for release and freedom from conventions and prejudice, should demand the denial of life and joy. I insisted that our Cause could not expect me to become a nun and that the movement should not be turned into a cloister. If it meant that, I did not want it."

I left with a better idea of Emma Goldman's work and greater respect for an anonymous anarchist with a flair for phrase-ology. I then crafted my own motto combining elements of dance & politics. [See below] When I saw the flier seeking submissions for the class of 2000's T-shirt design incorporating Emma's misquote... well, quite frankly, my dears, I gave a damn good laugh out loud and, as if Bogart whispered "Play it again, Sam," I DID IT AGAIN. LOL!!! Not only did I Laugh Out Loud again, I went back to the library intent on photocopying the above citation, so I could be abso-fuckin-lutely positive of my source (& my source's source, & my source's source's source). It took another half-hour to find it again.

In addition, I found another quote in which Goldman actually uses the word "Revolution". This time, from *The Great Quotations* (compiled by George Seldes, the Citadel Press, pg. 284): "No revolution ever succeeds as a factor of liberation unless the Means used to further it be identified in spirit and tendency with the Purpose to be achieved." - My Further Disillusion, 1924. I considered following the trail further, to the primary source materials, but I'll bet you can do that yourselves. I'm excited to see these T-shirts, & I hope you'll be my guests on the June 9th episode [wearing your shirts and mortarboards]. Thanks in advance, thanks in a dance.

"Organize the Movement, Step into the Revolution, and Perform Direct Actions Televised LIVE for your Community"

- Justin B. Wright

The Tragedy at Thekla

By David Smith

Beer is water, hops and sugar. It's pretty widely accepted that beer predates bread in many cultures. Either way it's been with us a very long time. In Olympia it's about two bucks a pint on draft, the 'good' stuff a little more, the 'cheap' stuff a little less. Two dollars; around 15 minutes work at minimum wage, a gallon of milk at the store, a single tall latte at the coffee shop.

What is two dollars? For that matter what is the value of a beer? I hope you'll excuse my rambling. I've been pondering these questions this morning in the hope that there is some significant answer for something that has been just beyond our intellectual reach for centuries now: the value of a life. What does the value of a beer have to do with the value of a life? Simply this: Friday night, for what appeared to be the sake of a spilled beer, one person lost their life and several more will never be the same.

Someone I know quite well who works at Thekla said, "He was on the stairs and bumped this guy's beer or something, spilled it... hit him in the face with the bottle and he fell back... He died in my friend's arms."

There are dark and primal urges in all of us. They threaten to boil up from the most ancient recesses of our psyche; defend, attack, eat, mate... They are all there, they have always been there, and they always will be. We like to think of ourselves as evolutionary masterpieces, a higher form of life. It is

a comfort to an ego in search of an individual identity. But work around horses for a while, or any other species you like, and you'll realize that what separates your intellect from theirs isn't as much as you thought.

Our values shape our decisions and it is those decisions that define us. The advertising and entertainment mass media reflect a culture that values strength, speed and sexuality over intellect, integrity, or patience. We have become a society of consumers, always having to have the latest and the greatest, valuing, honoring, making icons out of the flashiest, the richest, the "best." But your stuff breaks or gets stolen, your money goes down in value faster than you use it, your house can be taken by the IRS or by your ex's lawyer, even your accomplishments are shared. In the end only your mistakes are entirely your own. For me, character and maturity are defined by how we choose to channel our passionate impulses. In the end, it's the only thing we possess of value.

My grandfather started the fight that split the family over the last piece of apple pie. I try to ask myself before I draw the line in the sand; is this worth it? A NOLS field instructor, long retired now, told me once; "It isn't about who got to the top of the mountain first or who did this or that better than anyone else. It was whether or not you did it with style. And that's not something you tell me, I'll see it in your eyes."

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— First Amendment, U.S. Constitution

Letters & Opinions

“FREEDOM OF SPEECH:

Every person may freely speak, write and publish on all subjects, being responsible for the abuse of that right.”

— Article I, Section 5, Washington State Constitution 1889

Poor Judgment, CPJ

Dear Ashley (Editor-in-chief),

I am writing in regards to your choice to print the photo taken at the scene of Rory Kauffman's death. Although you bring up some thoughtful points in your corresponding article I feel that it is not enough to convince me that this needed to be done. As a staff person of the CPJ, member of the student community and as a human being I fail to see the benefit or necessity of presenting this photo publicly.

As you stated, the majority of the CPJ staff “decided printing the photo would be in the best interest of the community.” In acting on the side of the majority you show your ability to be a fair democratic leader and I respect you for that. I trust that if the majority had taken the opposing stance you would not have printed the photo.

This aside however, I feel the arguments are weak. I did not need to see the picture of Rory's covered dead body to feel grief or to understand that he is dead and that “suicide kills”. The front page coverage presents the tragedy and, in my opinion, in no way softens the blow or paints a “pretty or dishonest portrait of suicide.” Although I understand the thought process behind your choice I believe that the wrong decision was made in choosing to publish the photo. When I found out on Monday that a student had fallen out of a dorm window and died I felt shock

and sadness. At that time I did not know who the student was. When I participated in the first related CPJ group discussion and was presented the idea of publishing the aforementioned photo I was strongly opposed. It seemed so inappropriate to me that I was actually shocked that it even needed to be discussed. I remember verbalizing that I felt printing the photo would be especially insensitive to the people that knew the student. At that time I did not realize I was one of those people.

Rory was not a close friend of mine. He was an acquaintance. We had worked on a group performance art project together last spring before he dropped out of the class we had together. Whenever we saw each other on campus we would say hello and occasionally stop for brief conversations. This was a person that I had interacted with, shared creative ideas with and will now miss.

I believe that it is important for us to use these situations as learning experiences. Perhaps in the world of college journalism obtaining a photo such as this may be a rare accomplishment. However, just because something is rare does not mean that it is beneficial. And just because something is rare does not mean that it needs to be shared with everyone.

-Sindi Somers

Another Poor Choice

I was and continue to be sickened, hurt, and angered by the photo of Rory Kauffman's scene of death printed with a missing photo credit. Your “tough decision,” which resulted in the disrespectful and distasteful printing of this photo, was incredibly hurtful. Your “tough decision” was furthered by the message that “suicide ends only in death,” a rather redundant message that does not justify the printing of this photo. I think all will agree that the result of suicide is death; this is not a revelation. However, for Rory, suicide ended, in addition to his death, with his exploitation compounded by disrespect and dishonor to him, his family, and all who cared for him. Rory was my friend; I wonder if you would have faced such a “tough decision” if he had also been yours. Printing the photo is not only exploitative, it is heartless.

The missing photo credit was obviously not a mistake. The person who took the photo is a coward. I want you to be aware of the major journalistic flaw in the absence of a photo credit. I think it is imperative that the CPJ staff be reminded of their

journalistic responsibility to own all work, however controversial. This is the bottom line. The photo should not have run simply because the photographer was afraid to own it. Of course, as someone who cared for Rory, seeing his covered body in my community newspaper was entirely unnecessary and very difficult to view. This, however, is my opinion and the staff obviously does not share my view. Staff members who were behind the printing of this photo were probably not friends with Rory either, but that is beside the point. Printing photo credits and by lines are not to be omitted at will. These are not optional bits of print.

All ethical decisions are arguable, but the photo credit should have been printed. If you can't claim your work, however controversial, you do not have the right to print it. This was an all time low, humanly and journalistically, ever thought possible for the CPJ. I am truly disappointed, hurt, and outraged by this action. Have some respect. An apology to Rory, his family, his friends, and the entire Evergreen community is order.

-Melisa Sibley

A Close Call

Dear CPJ:

I must confess to being rather shocked and saddened by the death of Rory Luke Kauffman last week.

Shocked because I normally walk around A-Dorm, to the main campus, along the side path upon which his body was discovered. In fact, on Monday, I decided, for seemingly no apparent reason, to walk around A-Dorm via the opposite pathway. If I had followed my usual routine it is possible that I could have discovered his body. Other than the shock that a simple matter of chance meant the difference between discovering Rory or continuing onto college completely unaware of anything untoward, I was and am

saddened by the college's lack of outward and obvious demonstration of community feeling for Rory. Other than a black flag flying, where was the college's coming together? If not for Rory, then to at least remember that a sizeable percentage of students, at one time or another, suffer varying degrees of depression. A public demonstration might show a little bit of care for Rory, but it might show a lot of love and care for the students, faculty and staff still living who might sometimes question the point of carrying on for another day.

Evergreen, as a community, you have disappointed me. We have collectively demonstrated as much care for one of us as we would show for a minor fender-bender at the Mall. If this lack of care is a true reflection of Evergreen and society, was Rory right? I hope not, for the rest of us still living, but I admit that I cannot find the evidence proving him wrong.

Thank you.
Adrian R. Magnuson-Whyte

A State of Mourning

Dear Friends of the Evergreen State College Community, My Heart is heavy with sorrow for things I have witnessed on our campus during the last week of February.

We have lost a community member, Rory Kauffman. This is enough in itself to ask us to pause and take considerations.

We also had an issue of race relations arise during William Upsi's appearance as a speaker. Many people became angered, some became afraid, and many more were thoroughly confused by events which unfolded in his poorly thought out attempt to discuss issues of race and imprisonment, amongst others.

Last year at this time I lost three of my best friends in the first week of March. Two of them died in a roll over accident on the Evergreen parkway, and the third shot himself. He was found dead in a pickup truck in the national forest near Wenatchee. Neither incident had any obvious relation.

Dean Baxter and Brady Gates died on the Parkway. Dean was an old school Punk who loved nothing better than to howl, rave and shyly grin when anyone noticed. He is loved by many fine people. Brady was a once-stingy bitchman who figured out that sharing was better than being alone, and made many friends thereby. Dave, who killed himself, fought for many years to reconcile the idiotic tortures which people force on one another with his deeper sensitivity that told him the truth: We are all in this together. The three of them were very close, and our bond extended to many hundreds of friends from Seattle to Portland. We are the locals.

At the wake, held during spring break last year, we listened to a tape, which Dean had made. On it he rants, cussing faggots and dykes, niggers, injuns, gooks, crackers, politicians, apathetics, religious zealots and lukewarm tenants. As I looked around the room filled with our friends, I saw the twins, Chehalis Tribal members whose family took Dean in when he was a runaway, and gave him a home. I saw Tony, black as night and beautiful in his painted leathers. I saw Dianne

and Heather, the lesbians who opened their home to our loved ones. George, our fav flaming gay man, Tiffany, skin the color of milk coffee, and on, and on, so it goes, till time without end.

My friends had died, and in the darkest abyss of Lewis County, from whence come only sticks and ficks, I had found something that Evergreen lacked. A sense of community beyond color, sexual orientation or other phenomenal evidence.

Dean, the one who was always first with an inappropriate remark, was also the first to admit he was worse off than the rest. A non-conformist, so anti PC that people judged him before they knew him, Dean marked himself to bear the abuse of humanity. How else should the court jester perform? And yet, at the end, we all sat around, in a melting pot more profound than any Schoolhouse Rock, crying, holding, and comforting one another.

My Heart is heavy, I laid Dean, with my own hands, in the ground of the Chehalis Peoples Tribal Burial Ground. The gift he gave us at his parting will enrich me to the end of my days, and I pray for the strength to pass it along. My friends at TESC, I ask you to please let me lighten my heart.

Please do not judge Upsi for his naiveté. He is the polar opposite of the punks we were. How could he know our live's suffering? How can he know another race's inner struggles? My father was in prison until I was 12. I do not know the grieving, pain and anger of my father. How can Upsi? Please do not blame him for being naive, but instead persevere in understanding, and working hard to spread this form of compassion; under the myriad experience we reap as individuals, beyond the communal well and wealth of our diverse racial and cultural heritage, we all are beings of light clothed in the crudeness of flesh. Be forgiving, and patient Rory Kauffman, I offer prayers for your ascension
-Deston Demiston

By David Raffin

A lot of people, especially old people, have a lot of funny notions about death. For example; they believe in the old adage that you die when it's "your time."

"Poor old Mrs. Grant. I die when it's your time." Right there in the express checkout. Clutching 13 items to her bosom. She would have wanted it that way. A consumer to the very end."

Sometimes, a lot of people die all at the same time. 316 people- all with the sudden urge to go to Idaho. Not knowing why- but buying one-way tickets all the same. Guys on the on ramp saying, "I don't know why I'm here. I don't even know anybody in Boise. I just feel compelled to go. It's like I've got no choice." All these people slam into a mountainside.

Why? It saves on the paperwork. It's a little-known fact, but the holy ghost hates paperwork. Stuck with all the drudge work, he takes advantage of all the shortcuts he can.

A plane crashes into the mountainside and the survivors resort to cannibalism before subcoming to the cold. Staggered departure times- One form. Sure, lots of names on it, but only one form. He stamps it and that's the end of it- it's on to the next task- It's somebody else's time.

We have plenty of other outdated concepts. While we're on the subject, let's talk about the bullshit we refer to as science and the scientific method. The

Staggered Departure

double blind study. Let's talk about that. Control groups- how do we really know that vitamin C helps stay off heart attack and that aspirin wards off stroke? Maybe the control group was made up of unfortunate individuals. Maybe the active group was never going to come down with anything in the first place. Not their time. Pure happenstance. Dr. Jung is sitting somewhere giggling and mumbling under his breath about synchronicity while watching the new arrivals dribble in and complain that they never got to Boise, not that they really wanted to go, but really, the nerve...

Sometimes there are mass shootings. Sometimes, a guy has just had enough. Anytime there is a tragedy at a supermarket, schoolyard or McDonalds in this great country; anytime a federal building is leveled into the rubble from which it springs; anytime there is a political assassination of any note, I say something that is bound to piss off the masses.

Anytime you can rationally or irrationally point the finger of blame toward specific individuals for a crime of this type, people get all holier than thou and talk about it over their espressos and lattes. "Throw the book at 'em," they say. "Filth," they call them. That's when I get indignant and turn with a cold, hard look on my face and say, "He had his reasons." Then I go back to whatever I was doing. And the people keep their distance after that, which was all I was asking in

the first place.

It's true after all. No matter what happens, people have their reasons. Sometimes they have more than one. Sometimes they have a litany of reasons. Like many of the saints.

When these incidents of mass murder occur people all say the same thing.

"So many died before their time."

BULLSHIT! It was their time! Had it not been their time, they would be here with you and I, laughing at someone else's misfortune. The Germans have a word for that. They call it schadenfroh.

People don't like it when you say that. People tend to have these feelings about mass murder. Unless the mass murder occurs at the hands of the state. Then people generally couldn't give a shit. In human society, mass murder is a sin, but genocide is a means to an end.

And now that we're laying it all out on the table, let's talk about the so-called "tragedy" of drunk driving.

When people die on the road, usually resulting in some manner from the imbibing of alcohol, people gather in roadside vigils and leave small crosses and

flowers.

Roadside vigils mean one thing to me- Free Flowers. If it weren't for the high death rate on our roads and highways, I would be forced to pay out of pocket for flowers on those occasions I need them. Fresh flowers for the taking. That's nothing to sneeze at. Not

to mention all those small crosses. You never know when your going to need to crucify something small.

And it keeps the florists in the black as well, I may add. You've got to think of the economy, as they have so often reminded me. The only thing I caution against is taking the flowers while the roadside vigil is still standing there across the street. You should always wait until they have just left. This is only proper manners, and without proper observance of manners we are lost.

Sometimes you see the vigil up close, as you round a blind corner and just miss hitting a figure with his arms loaded with floral offerings.

If you hit them, there is already a crowd of mourners ready with flowers and crosses. I'd say they were ready to go. It's karma.

I say leave the corpses there to rot. Let the buzzards pick them clean. That's nature's way. Buzzards have got to eat. After all, it's not their time.

Buses, truth, and ruckus

People come together to make their voices heard when their voices are shrouded by the representative and vague federalist system in which we live. This is what I saw in a park in the middle of Olympia, on Saturday. This is what I saw as I talked to strangers all eating potatoes, bagels, and soup, lovingly prepared and donated by our fellow community members. This is what I saw as hundreds of people—disabled, able, young, old, affluent and poor college kids, poor parents, and three-year olds—marched down Capitol Boulevard from the park.

Joy, memories of the WTO, of marching that same street a month ago after a previous rally flooded through my mind as voices chanted that we want busses. This is what I saw and felt as the tripods were hoisted, as some danced, others linked arms, and all made noise. There was not a small group around the tripods as Mac stated in his article on the 2nd...there were hundreds. Hundreds of people who were not scared of making a ruckus, hundreds of people of all ages ready and willing to not bow down to a police officer who lied to us, willing to wave at the passing cars who honked in encouragement. We reclaimed the street, we yelled that these were our streets, "Who's streets?" "OUR STREETS" and if we couldn't use them

with busses we will take them over.

I found Mac's indication that the "tripod people" only yelled profanities to be quite offensive. "We don't want no more fuckin' cars!" was a chant that I did not personally hear. The message from the road-blockers, which included myself, and many of my friends, was clear. We will not conform to a government that keeps us apart, we will come together, we will make a great noise, and we will be heard.

On Sunday, the first day of bus cuts I got a flat tire on my bike. I had to hitch hike for the rest of the day because there were no busses. I almost missed my presentation at a community meeting that night because of this. People have built their lives around public transit. We will not sit quietly while it is taken away, and we will not sit quietly while we are made out to be annoying extremists. I felt the power of the masses at the WTO demonstration. That power resonated in the streets on Saturday. I will never again give up that power, and I will never give up my admiration for people who make a ruckus; these are the people who cause us to talk, the people who bring us together. We are the people who will reclaim politics for the community.
-Natalie Nicklett

Dedicated to Rory Luke Kauffman

As time blinds the perception of the world (pause)

It sometimes blinds the reflection of life.
And intensifies the grief of death, hurled down upon one causing fear and strife.
"And he will wipe out every tear from your eyes, and death will be no more."

It almost burns through one, straight down to the core.

As time and unforeseen occurrences enact

We all as individuals must survive for a fact. It is unfortunate what death or complications extrapolate

Our families and friends are traumatized
Death is a serious matter in which people should realize
In my opinion death is the conclusion to one's fate.
During one's existences, many complications occur
But life, is the complex element that we endure.

-by William Hill

with the individual. I encourage us to open our minds and hearts to one another, so this community compassion for Rory's death may heal our own emotional wounds. I employ us to learn all that we can from Rory's bold statement.

As I was walking through Red Square the other day, I heard a young man comment, "I hate that girl and I don't even know her." This is exactly the kind of attitude that manifests itself in suicide. It doesn't matter whose attitude it is, it makes for a disharmonious environment for everyone. I hope that we all can use this break as a time for reflection and relaxation. Use the time well to undo the stresses of the end of the quarter, and try to come back with a slightly more positive attitude. It's the best thing we can do for our community. Food for thought over break—what can you do to help yourself and your fellow Greens?

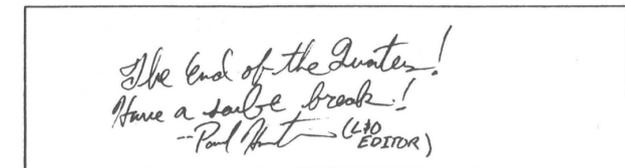
personal motives. I am reminded of Jeremy's story—the boy who shot himself in front of class. Let us honor Rory's death by being aware of its message. With this, I'd like to address an issue I have heard a lot about since coming to Evergreen. The issue is community.

By no means do I feel that the Evergreen community caused Rory's death, but I do believe that this tragic event should be used as a learning experience in terms of community. Evergreen has an incredible system of independent education in which we are allowed to chose our own academic paths. This does not mean that we (as humans) do not need an emotionally supportive environment. What can we do to make our campus a more supportive environment for those with or without personal problems or depression? I am of the opinion that community starts

Rory, I couldn't hear you." He turned and looked me in the eyes for the first and last time; "This place is so strange."

We went inside to start dress rehearsal. We were all on stage when we hit a pause. The part of "second servant" was up, "Where's Rory?" someone in the group asked. I looked up from my script, "That's odd, he was just here. I was talking to him a minute ago." We assumed that he'd be back. We made it through rehearsal that day, but Rory never returned.

Exactly twenty four hours later I heard the news of Rory's death. The scene on the stairs immediately replayed in my mind, and over again through out the next days. I have an opinion on Rory's suicide. I realize that it is one of many. I feel that Rory killed himself, in part, to prove a point. This does not discount his



"In my medicine cabinet the winter fly has died of old age."

— Jack Kerouac

She sings in Gaelic

By Megan Grumbling

With popular Celtic acts like the Chieftains and Loreena McKennitt having made it big in recent years, one might suspect that the genre has overgrown its folk roots. Disproving this suspicion is Mary Jane Lamond, a Canadian vocalist who, despite large-scale acclaim, sings true to a tradition that celebrates the small.

Lamond's rural island home in Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, harbors a thriving, living heritage of Scottish Gaelic culture. Steeped in old musical traditions that continue on in the lives of its people, the Cape Breton community is Lamond's model for the social role of music. "Music is an amazing part of the fabric of life here," Lamond said in a recent phone interview, "Nobody puts the stereo on."

It is in the spirit of this community that Lamond performs her own renditions of the old Celtic songs. Her new CD, *Lan Duil* ("full of hope and expectation") is sung completely in Gaelic and draws deeply upon the cultural memory and folklore of her Cape Breton neighbors. Lamond sings the traditional love ballads, mournful laments, and work songs whose evocations of common human experience have roots deep in the past, and whose resonance carries to this day among these Gaelic people. "They were always famous for singing," Lamond said, "Poetry chronicled

their history."

Although the English-speaking Lamond grew up in a nomadic fashion, and her formative years were not immersed in the culture and language she would come to revere, she glimpsed Gaelic's beauty early on from her paternal grandparents in Cape Breton. Later, while working for a Nova Scotia community theater in 1989, Lamond began singing with the Antigonish Gaelic Choir and was able to learn Gaelic phonetically. Most significant in her movement toward the Gaelic folk culture, though, was her attendance at a "milling frolic," a traditional work and social gathering. Participants beat a sheet of newly-woven cloth against a table in order to cohere the fibers while singing milling songs sets to set the pace of this rhythmic work.

After experiencing this vibrant model of the intimate social role of Celtic music, Lamond's desire to learn and sing the folk songs of the Gaelic people took on new urgency and passion. Of this time in her life Lamond commented, "I suddenly knew that I wanted to make singing these songs my life." Lamond subsequently spent four years in the Celtic Studies program of Saint Francis Xavier University to gain a fuller perspective of Gaelic culture's musical repertoire and traditions.

Where Lamond diverges from the strictly traditional is in her incorporation of rock-based modern instrumentation. In her latest

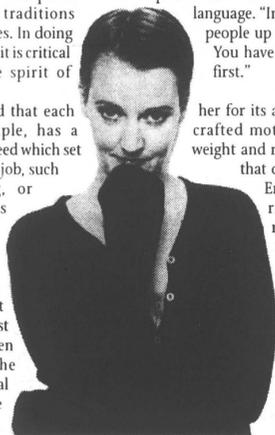
album Lamond makes use of electric guitar, keyboards, and the trans-cultural influences of East Indian tablas and African drumming. These innovations, Lamond said, allow her to use the structure of the genre to pursue other musical interests and to explore cultures with musical traditions similar to Gaelic practices. In doing so, however, she believes it is critical to remain true to the spirit of tradition.

Lamond explained that each work song, for example, has a standard rhythm and speed which set the pace for a particular job, such as milling, churning, or milking. These songs would traditionally be performed a cappella, while the singers worked. In adding not only instrumentation but a rock beat, Lamond must walk a fine line between innovation and the displacement of essential traditional elements. She concedes that it is often a challenge in her work.

"How far can you go," Lamond asked rhetorically, "before tradition becomes meaningless?"

The Gaelic language does much on its own to transmit traditional meaning, according to Lamond. "It evokes the history of the people," she said, and considers the

language a "reflection of the culture itself" as in any language the sounds, nuances, and rhythms of Gaelic necessarily effect the expression and connotation of an idea or emotion. Lamond contended that even the pace of conversation is set by the nature of the language. "In Cape Breton you can't call people up and get right to the point. You have to talk about the weather first."



Gaelic poetry is beautiful for its abstractness and its finely-crafted motifs. Lamond likened the weight and resonance of its imagery to that of haiku. In contrast to the English Childe ballads, which rely on straight-forward narrative to relate plot, Gaelic ballads express their stories more obliquely, through subtle, symbolic images and language.

It saddens Lamond, then, that this language is among those endangered in our modern age. Lamond lamented that Cape Breton is progressively losing its native speakers and that the Provincial government has sent precious little money into venues for Gaelic cultural preservation. She did note, however, that recent years have seen an increase on the part of Nova Scotian young

Continued next page

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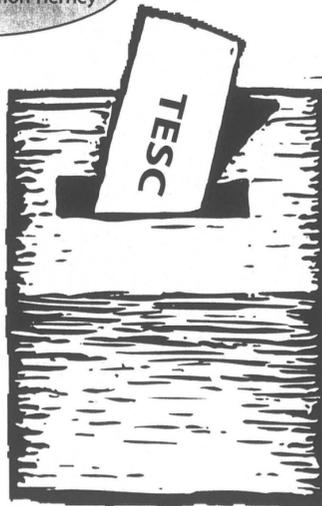
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people for a demand to access to this dimension of their heritage. Lamond has participated in programs which take Gaelic songs and plays into the schools, even serving for a year as president of the Gaelic Society of Cape Breton. She feels that touring her Gaelic repertoire also serves to increase awareness of the worth of the language and the tradition-rich community it represents beyond the borders of Nova Scotia.

Lamond views the rural, age-old values of the Cape Breton community as elements of a healthy society that are generally missing today. "A lot of people are feeling the need for community," she said. Lamond feels that it is the genre's capacity to transmit the aura of a closely-knit and deeply-rooted community, in large part, that attracts her and others to Gaelic music. In an age of rampant individualism, she said, it has become easy for people to detach themselves from their roots and from other people. "The impulse is to reinvent our lives."

Lamond speculated that it could be these very social conditions which spurred the current popularity of Celtic music. In her modern adaptations of Gaelic songs with such timeless themes as love, work, and loss, Lamond brings modern rhythm and musical innovation to a very timely celebration of the simple and the ancient. Our modern society bombards us with much that is meaningless, she said, and "people need smaller things to be attracted to."

Mary Jane Lamond and her five-piece backing band perform with Gordie Sampson Saturday, March 18, in "A Celtic Night from Cape Breton" at the Washington Center for the Performing Arts. Show starts at 7:30 p.m. Adults \$18-26; students/senior \$16-24; youth \$8-13. For more info call 753-8586.

Multiplex Jungle

A Poem by Tom Chenhall

The past!

Don't look back to who forgot it as fast,
For when you look back, you make a page look like a stack,
You make a block look like a stock, you make a rock look like a clock.

It is their competition that goes against the very land!
Liquidating the ultimate value of natural settings into some currency,
Trouncing on an ounce of clean land for the sake of bathroom cleaners,
Disposable plates, disposable ideals, disposable identities!

Nobody in the city of a TV knows why they are that person,
Other than the self-reflecting ego of their possessions, animate or inanimate,
Confused about how to become themselves, the television is permanent, infused with doubt about all but a hand-full of finite worldly things,
Themselves objectified according to the objectives of the elite,
These subjects are not to be trifled with, they tell us, in a very serious and

objective sounding voice. Yet the viewer should stand for more than a part of the commodity drain.

The palace popped so long ago; into the countryside, And what was proper propped up power and typified the expanding periphery, Fenced in on all sides, it becomes property.

These borders encroached into the wood, As the farms gradually increased, While nativity ceased.

For natives were now a poor folk, humble, and with long lives, Yet only the conqueror, traveling on the highway of desire, could prosper.

And this dichotomy continues to extrapolate itself into the present day, But it is the illogical propaganda of the Spock machine of history!

They resisted in fits of depression; starving, drunken, furious.

The problem is that, unable to transform their own hatred into forgiveness, There is no positive contribution in transmitting their opinions so broadly.

Does your family and their

traditions lack in attractiveness, Compared to the vast and glittering spectacle that taints us all?

Then perhaps you should take a walk down the hall, Listen to your steps, interlaced by the pall of silence, And find a way to get between all the cracks.

There, you will find the real agenda of your parents: To evolve you through torture to a state of strength.

In tradition: the symbolism that logs us into wisdom, The tears that knit us together.

There also you will find the real agenda of the glittering spectacle mediocracy:

Contextualized in a million different buttered sugar packets, but with fish hooks.

When will we realize how to turn back the rotten tides of old? Mine enemy is myself, and money is oil on the fire.

Lions we must be, to oppose this evil through constant toil, To build some kind of new culture that deserves to exist!

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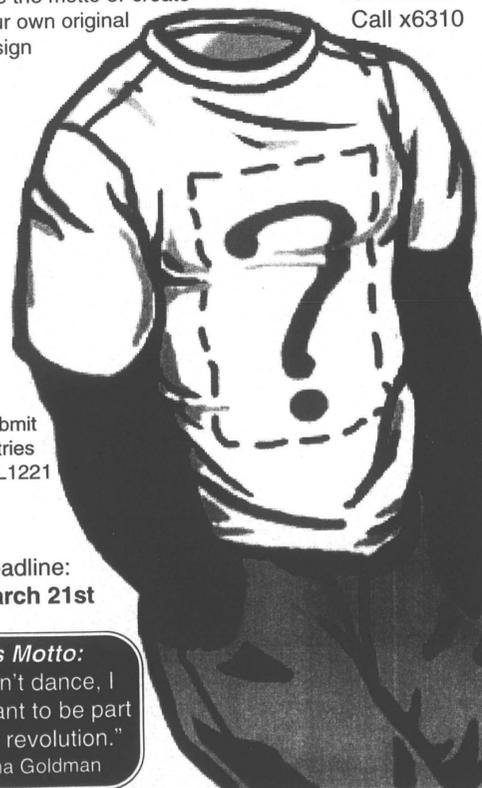
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"If I can't dance, I don't want to be part of your revolution."
—Emma Goldman



Gallery II Exhibit Explores Possession

By Megan Grumbling

What are we capable of holding between our hands, and within the space of memory? Childhood toys, first kisses, another person?

This question of the nature of possession is at the source of Jared Pappas-Kelly's thoughtful library exhibit, *Happy Birthday: Possession*. Pappas-Kelly arranged for the gallery space over a year ago, in anticipation of presenting his senior thesis, and by sheer coincidence landed the exhibit's opening night on the date of his 26th birthday. As a result of this fortuity Pappas-Kelly began to think of his project as an opportunity to evaluate the last 26 years of his life. Pappas-Kelly conceived his senior project as vehicle through which to advance a dialogue on the idea of "owning your years." "What is possessable?" his artist's notes inquire. "What is our relation to the objects of our lives?"

I will concede with some embarrassment that I initially supposed *Happy Birthday* to be one more example of out-there and inventive, but inaccessible art which may or may not find a particular haven in the halls of Evergreen. Upon devoting time and reflection to the exhibit, however, I found its at-first-sight wacked artistic elements slowly converging into a sharp thematic unity. The profundity of Pappas-Kelly's query, and his execution of it, crept up upon me as if from behind.

First to confront the viewer is a ceramic

birthday cake and party hats. Both of these items are symbols that initiate a sense of celebration and ceremony. On the left and right walls hang eight sheet-rock paintings, that chronicle formative objects and events in the life of the artist-in-self-portrait. The quizzical looking artist figure appears in each painting along with an identical configuration. In each of the artist's hands is held one of various objects (a doll, a book of matches, a timepiece). In the background hangs more ghostly and evocative figures (a cowboy, an operating table and surgeon, a bank-robber in stripes). Each painting's depth of dimension, both visual and thematic, was such that contemplation of the images invited entrance into its world. I found it easy to lose myself somewhere between the fore- and back-grounds, and in exploration of the relations between objects and figures.

Each flat is essentially composed in monochrome. Together the paintings employ a medley of bright pastel colors. Pappas-Kelly chose this color theme to instill a "frosting motif" and the feel of a children's birthday party. Since the color is so blithe, the deep reflective quality of each artist-object-figure configuration is well juxtaposed. All together the effect is provoking and somewhat haunting. Pappas-Kelly explained that the sheet-rock and two-by-fours chosen as materials are significant for their role in the structure of a house. I had not picked up on this connection prior to speaking with him but I do, however,

appreciate the idea that the use of these materials adds dimension to the concept of home as a possession. To what degree is it the structure of a house to which we come, and to what degree is it something entirely less tangible?

Projected upon the rear wall is the artist in a video monologue, relating a memory of having once received a box of a woman's cremated remains as a housewarming present. Compositionally, the black and white screen both plays off of and contrasts with the bright flats, as the on-screen artist adopts all of the positions of arms and hands identical to those in the paintings. Here, though, his fingers only clutch at the air, grasping nothing, and once again spur reflection upon just what it is that we can hold. A memory? A person? At what point does a person become an object? When they fit into an urn?

The third component of *Happy Birthday* continues the exploration of person-as-possession, this time in the context of interpersonal relationships. Three large game-board spinners provide possible solutions to dilemmas concerning "your" romantic partner. What do you do, for example, if you can't stand her/his new hair color? In this element of the exhibit, Pappas-Kelly brings the idea of personal autonomy into the dialogue. What are the limits of possession?

In spite of my initial doubts, I believe that Pappas-Kelly has created an admirable and provocative artistic exploration. His

exhibit requires more than a quick once-over, but the time I spent was satisfying time. I believe that the questions and ideas of this show are well-conceived and of universal relevance.

The opening reception of *Happy Birthday: Possession* had been scheduled for Feb. 24, but due to a miscommunication the opening was supplanted by Bill Bradley's visit. Pappas-Kelly was understandably disappointed by the blunder, as the opening had long been in the books. It is also unfortunate in light of the show's birthday motif and personal significance to the artist. The upshot, however, is that you have not yet missed your chance to help Pappas-Kelly celebrate the completion of his probing and smartly-executed senior thesis. A rescheduled opening reception is imminent (though without a date as of press time) and, I suggest, well-deserving of your patronage.

Happy Birthday: Possession runs until March 27. Contact the Library Gallery at x5125 for the rescheduled opening

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Kung Fu team scores big Show me no money

by Kung Fu Team



photo courtesy of the Kung Fu team

Evergreen's Bak Shaolin Eagle Claw Kung Fu team has just returned from its first competitive outing this year with 17 medals. The Double Diamond Nationals held last weekend at the Chinook Winds Casino in Lincoln, Oregon. The competition was sponsored by the National Black Belt League, one of the largest Karate Sanctions in the world with members in 55 states and 33 countries. The tournament is considered the largest and most important in the northwestern NBL conference and draws many competitors around the U.S.

Competition kicked off Friday night with team captain, Jesse Harter, fighting in the light heavy weight continuous sparring division. Jesse was initially given a bye, but at the last minute was pitted to face the NBL's continuous fighting World Champion of '99 and placed fourth in the division.

Loa Arnoth, in her second appearance as a black belt in the fighting ring, faced both the amateur fighting champion of '99 and the three-time world champion, finishing fourth in the division.

Jessie Smith, co-captain of the women's team, finished in third-place after fighting two matches against tough, seasoned opponents.

In the Forms division, Loa took first place in the traditional soft (Kung Fu) division, in a field of all men. "I forgot where my form was because of my tough earlier fights" said Loa. Jesse Harter, also took first place in the Kung Fu weapons division, by using his fast staff form.

Saturday morning, Owen O'Keefe and Shasta Smith won first and second places in the hard and soft

style forms division, with Katherine McClain taking home a second place in the hard style.

Although Smith fought quickly and aggressively, he was disqualified in the point fighting round. Although O'Keefe, McClain, and John Eastlake represented Evergreen well, the Geoducks felt as though the judges were biased against the Kung Fu team.

Loa, Harter, and Smith were also entered in the creative musical forms division. Loa took second, Harter came away with third, and Smith placed fourth.

In the last match of the tournament, Harter

finished an amazing fourth in the most difficult division against the top ten rated NBL fighters in the country.

The team would like to thank Arlene McMahon (REC sports) and the S&A Board for their backing and assistance. They would also like to thank Grandmaster Fu Leung, Sifu Dana G. Daniels, and everyone else who supported them along the way.

Their next tournament is the Tiger Balm Internationals, held in Vancouver, Canada on March 18-19th. For more information, check out their web site at: www.evergreen.edu/users3/harjes04. Best of Luck to the Kung Fu team!

OPINION

by Ben Kinkade

This is in regards to the article "Jock Support" in the Feb. 10 issue of the CPJ. I am opposed to athletic scholarships for a number of reasons but I am not, however, opposed to student athletes. The notion that "Evergreen athletes believe they deserve tuition waivers because of the time and effort put into their sport" offends me.

Just three years ago Evergreen gained a women's and men's basketball team, in addition to a tennis team. Although I am quite sure that this decision was based on what the outside public had to say, not what the actual Evergreen community wanted. However, it would be logical to say that Evergreen was among the few, if not only, colleges in our country that did not have athletics as a way to promote their college (this lack of big-time sports actually added "diversity" and uniqueness to Evergreen). What do most people think of when they hear "Duke University"? Do they think of their mathematical program? Not even. Generally, most people would automatically associate Duke with the Duke Blue Devils basketball program, indeed, a program of continued success. Is it O.K. with graduates that their employer thinks more of their employee's college athletic program than their academics? I don't know about you, but I don't want to be known for a "program" that a select few can participate in. I want to be known for going to a college of the sciences and arts, to be credited for what is in my brain and heart, not how strong or fast or winning the athletic teams of my college are.

If you want to find a reason for my unhappiness with this, just look at every other college's scholarship program in this country. I know people that attend U.W. on full-ride athletic scholarships; college is good for them, they revel in their "glory." They don't have to worry about working to afford college. Life is good. I also know students at the college that are on several academic scholarships that don't even pay 40 percent of tuition costs. College is a struggle sometimes. Why are there almost no full-ride "academic" scholarships? Do we prize sports that much more than academics? Are academics not the reason we are in college? We don't need athletic scholarships at Evergreen. We should, however, add more scholarships for a diversity of students that hold down other activities or jobs while attending college. Athletes would be qualified for such scholarships.

Student athletes "deserve tuition waivers because of the time and effort put into their sport?" What, then, do regular students "deserve," students that work all day and come to class exhausted at night to better themselves? In a country that over-idolizes and overpays its athletes by millions of dollars, I say, play for the love of the game or play or don't play at all. Be proud that you were among the select few that were picked to represent your college, that you can be glorified for your highlights of your lay-ups or field goals.

I love basketball, I play it everyday. I also love swimming and baseball. But, I've seen the "cut" players walk off playing fields with their heads and hopes down. I don't like it. I cannot support a college program where a select few are given free college education. And they say college athletes aren't paid?

Geoducks fare well at nationals

by Molly Erickson

The Evergreen swim team fared well at the NAIA Swimming and Diving Championships this last weekend, with the men placing ninth, and the women finishing 14.

Evergreen standout, Ryan Miyake, led the Geoduck charge, placing in the top-ten in three events, including a fourth place finish in the 400-medley. Miyake also placed seventh in the 1650-freestyle and ninth in the 400-freestyle, although his time in the 1650 may be a disappointment, because Miyake had one of the better qualifying times in the nation going into the meet. Nonetheless, he was responsible for 34 of Evergreen's 40 team points.

Senior Matt Heaton, was the only other individual performer for the Evergreen men, but his time in the 400-medley did not qualify him for either the final or the consolation heat. The Geoduck 200-freestyle and 200-medley relays each qualified for the consolation finals. Miyake, Heaton, Ken Rice,

and Evan Ragland, placed ninth in the medley and 10th in the freestyle.

Simon Fraser, the host of the championships, won the meet with 605.5 team points.

Competing in both the 100 and 200-breaststroke, Bonnie Martin, qualified for the consolation finals in each event. The junior placed 11th in the 100 and 12th in the 200.

The women's 200-freestyle relay of Martin, Gretchen Brownstein, Kristine Endsley, and Heather Morrow placed 12th in the competition. After setting a season best time in the qualifier (2:01.83), the Geoducks swam a 2:02.67 in the consolation final.

Simon Fraser also won the women's team championship with 547 team points, with the Geoducks in 14th with five team points. Congratulations, Evergreen, on a great season!

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Mar. 18 Jude Bowerman
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RIOT NRRRD

By MIKEL Reparaz



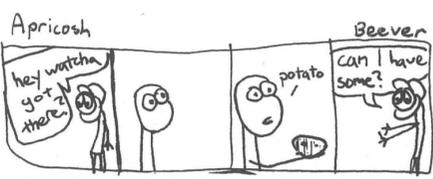
- HE PLAYS D & D NOW & WORKS AT "JIFFY-MOP JANITORIAL".
- HE HAS A HISTORY OF NASTY HANGNAILS & BAD BREATH.



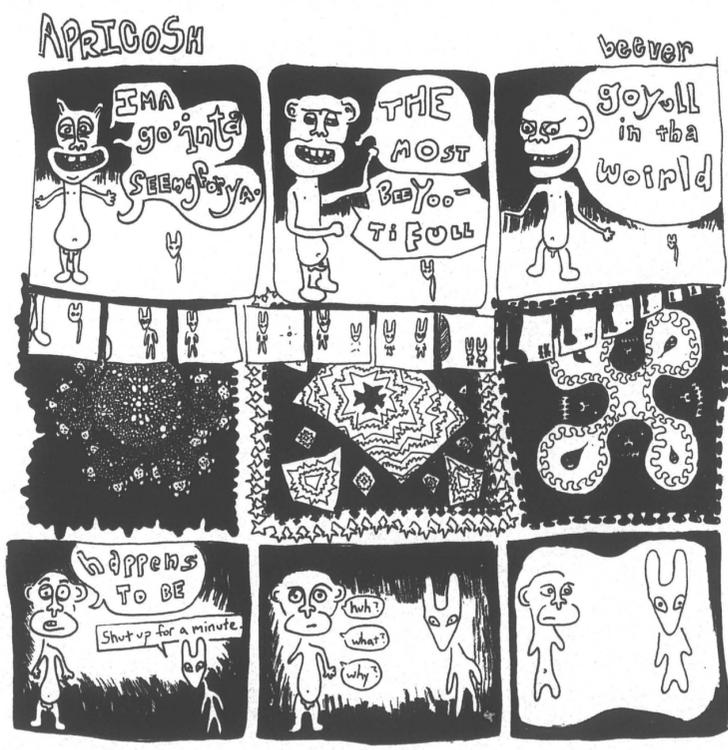
- SHE'S NOW BAREFOOT & PREGNANT IN THE UPPER YUKON AND
- CONSTANTLY HAS MONKEY NIGHTMARES.



HE'S DEAD.



and, to re-iterate, this is the friggin' **COMIX PAGE**



Calendar **Week Ten—the end.**

- 9 Thursday**
6 p.m. The Empty Stage presents their Holistic projects in the Experimental Theater. "...be ready for the unexpected."
7 p.m. "Come see my bitchin' rock'n'roll band." Plus Erroll *Thin Blue Line* Morris's *Fast, Cheap, and Outta Control* and animated shorts by Matt Barbie. Lecture Hall 3.
- 10 Friday**
8 p.m. Live taping of Dance O Dance. TCTV Studio A, 440 Yaeger way. Contact Justin Wright at 866-4524 or justinb@writeem.com.
9 p.m. solid Acid Jazz at Jazmine's, 611 5th Ave.
11 p.m. Graffiti Wall in the Library Lobby.
- 11 Saturday**
8 a.m. Environmental strategies public education workshop in the Longhouse. Pack a lunch—this is an all day event. Call Lin Nelson at x6056.
9 a.m. "College Bound adults: The ABCs of Going to College" at South Puget Sound Community College. Building 26. Lecture Hall 5.
10 a.m. Erica Langley, Seattle's most daring Lust Lady, reveals all in Lecture Hall 1.
8 The Hummingbirds play the music and don Lennartson calls Caesar dies.
- 12 Sunday**
FREE time.
- 13 Monday**
Telephone Registration begins.
- 14 Tuesday**
7 p.m. Evergreen Trustee Billy Frank and Lacey Museum Historian Drew Cooks discuss the Medicine Creek Treaty in the State Capital Museum Coach House, 211 W 21st Ave. Call Shanna Stevenson at 786-5745.
- 15 Wednesday**
Noon. Local historian Shanna Stevenson speaks about women's history in Olympia, in honor of Women's History Month, at the Woman's Club of Olympia, 1002 Washington St SE. Shanna'll also hand out a walking tour pamphlet. See above for her number.

CLASSIFIEDS

Wanted

Beautiful Western WA. Camps Seeking Counselors - Summer 2000. Activities include lake swimming, boating, archery, hiking, arts & crafts, sailing, adventure trips, horses, mt. biking, etc. www.seattlearch.org/cyo or Call Sara, Catholic Youth Organization at 1-800-950-4963.

Deadline is 3 p.m. Friday. Student Rate is just \$2.00/30 words. Contact Carrie Hiner for more info. Phone (360) 866-6000 x6054 or stop by the CPJ, CAB 316

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Student Group Meetings
Submit your student group information to CAB 316 or call 866-6000 x6213.

AFISH Advocates for Improving Salmon Habitat. Meetings are at 3 p.m. on Wednesdays in CAB 320

The Bike Shop is a place where you can come fix your bicycle with tools provided by the shop. Schedules for their hours are posted in the CAB and the Library. For more information call Murphy or Scott at x6399.

EARN works to promote awareness about animal rights & vegetarianism on and off campus. Meetings are on Wednesdays @ 4:30 p.m. in CAB 320. Contact Briana Waters or Deirdre Coulter @ x6555.

Emergency Response Team (ERT) is a student run team that is trained in advanced First Aid and Urban Search and Rescue in preparation for a disaster or emergency. It meets on Mondays @ 5:30 p.m. in the Housing Community Center. Contact Ian Maddaus for more info: ert@elwha.evergreen.edu.

ERC is an environmental resource center for political and ecological information concerning local bioregional and global environmental issues. Meetings are Wednesdays @ 3 p.m. in LIB 3500. Call x6784.

The Evergreen Medieval Society is Evergreen's branch of the Society for Creative Anachronisms. They meet Tuesdays @ 5 p.m. CAB 320 couch area. For info call Amy Loskota x6412.

Evergreen Students for Christ meets Mondays @ 7 p.m. in LIB 2219 for Bible study and discussion on activism.

The Evergreen Swing Club (the other TESC) welcomes ANYONE who is interested in dancing to join us for free weekly lessons. We provide a place to learn and practice both East Coast and Lindy swing. Meetings are Thursdays @ 7 p.m. on 1st floor of the library and @ 2:30 p.m. Saturdays in the HCC. Contact David Yates @ 866-1988 for info.

Film This Hands-on Filmmaking, Film Forum, and visiting artist. Meetings are every Wednesday 3-5 p.m. in Lab 1047. Contact Will Smith @ 867-9595 or e-mail him @: film_this@hotmail.com for more information.

Jewish Cultural Center strives to create an open community for Jews and others interested on the Evergreen campus. Meetings are 2 p.m. in CAB 320 in J.C.C. Call Shmuel or Dayla @ x6493.

MECHA & LASO meet every Wednesday at 6 p.m. in CAB 320 in the Mecha Office. Call Mecha x6143 or LASO 6583 for info.

Middle East Resource Center strives to provide an academic resource and cultural connections to students and the community at large. They meet on Monday 5:30 p.m. - 7 p.m. Contact Yousof Fahoum 352-7757 for info.

Native Student Alliance is committed to building cross-cultural awareness to better conceptualize how people from diverse ethnicity can stand together with other indigenous groups. They meet Mondays @ noon in the third floor of the CAB. Call Megan or Corinne @ x6105 for info.

The Ninth Wave: The Evergreen Celtic Cultural League is dedicated to exploring and transmitting cultural traditions of the greater Celtic Diaspora. Meetings are Wednesdays in LIB 3402 @ 2 p.m. For info call x6749 or email @ http://192.211.16.30/users/mabus/ecclframes.html.

Percussion Club seeks to enhance percussive life at Evergreen. It meets Wednesdays @ 7:30 p.m. in the Longhouse. Call Elijah or Tamara at x6879 for info.

SEED works to unite nature, culture and techniques to reintegrate the needs of human society within the balance of nature. SEED meets Thursdays at 5 p.m. in Lab II room 2242. Call Craig or James at x5019 for more info.

Sexual Harassment and Assault Prevention Education (SHAPE) offers resources, plans events, and educates about the prevention of sexual violence/assault @ Evergreen and within the larger community. They meet Mondays @ 3:30. For more information call at x6724 or stop by the office in the third floor of the CAB.

Slightly West is Evergreen's official literary arts magazine. Meetings are Wednesdays 1:30 p.m. - 2:30 p.m., and office hours are 12 p.m. - 4 p.m. Call x6879, or go to the 3rd floor of CAB to find out more.

The Student Activities Board is a student group responsible for the allocation of student fees. Meets Mondays and Wednesdays from 4-6 p.m.

Get in touch with Joe Groshong for info. **Student Arts Council** specializes in all art and fun shows. Meetings held Wednesdays @ 4 p.m. in the pit of the 3rd fl. CAB. Get in touch with Laura Moore x6412 or in the S&A office for info.

Students for Evergreen Student Coalition meets in CAB 315 from 6 to 8 p.m.

Students For Free Tibet meets Wednesdays @ 1 p.m. in Lib 2221. Contact Lancy at x6493 for more information.

Umoja (a Swahili word for Unity) attempts to capture the interest of the Evergreen community who are of African descent. Their purpose is to create a place in the Evergreen community which teaches and provides activities for African-American students at Evergreen. Meetings are @ 1:30 p.m. on Wednesdays in CAB 320. Call x6781 for info.

Union of Student Workers seeks to create and maintain a voice of collective support for student workers. Meetings are Wednesday @ 2 p.m. in L2220. Info: Steve or Robin x6098.

Women of Color Coalition seeks to create a space that is free of racism, sexism, homophobia, classism, xenophobia, and all forms of oppression, so we can work collectively on issues that concern women of color. Meetings are the 1st & 3rd Tuesday of every month @ 3:30. Call Fatema or Teresa @ x6006 for more information.

Yoga Club meets in CRC 117 Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays 12:130 p.m., and Thursdays 12:30-2 p.m.. Bring ideas!