

Swimming Against the Stream Since 1971...

THE C R Y

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The Cooper Point Journal

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HOW WE WORK:

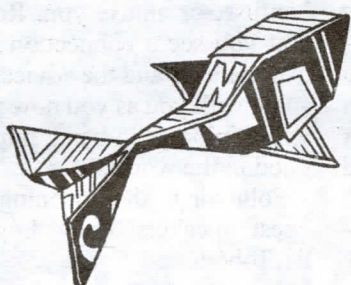
The Cooper Point Journal is run by students attending The Evergreen State College in Olympia, Washington. We are funded by a combination of subscriptions, local advertisements, and student fees. We aim to provide information on public art, events, and culture both for Evergreen and the larger Thurston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

WORK WITH US!

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

cooperpointjournal@gmail.com

The Cooper Point Journal maintains editorial control over submissions, therefore publication is NOT guaranteed upon submission of material.



CPJ PRESENTS: "MAY HEAT WAVE" EDITION

BROUGHT TO YOU BY: THE CPJ'S BLOOD, SWEAT, and SWEAT

note from our creative director:

"shout out to Greg Porter for the new office box fan"



LETTER FROM THE EDITOR:

Dear Readers,

Hot. Very hot. Wasn't it just freezing? What. Oh. Hi. Sitting in the CPJ office with the doors open and fans whirling to try and keep out the heat and get this extended twenty-page layout has me a bit... heated. But boy do we have a good one for you. This month we received an extremely high number of submissions - thank you :) - from our wonderful Evergreen Community, and the quality of this issue reflects the importance of having an open, conversational, and uncensored community here on campus.

Alongside these submissions comes a heart-wrenching article from my dear friend and Creative Director Sako Chapman, some in-house poetry from Kaylee Padilla, an exposition by L of one of the most horrifying of Evergreen's paranormal creatures, Milkbat, and the conclusion to my serialized fiction piece CANOE.

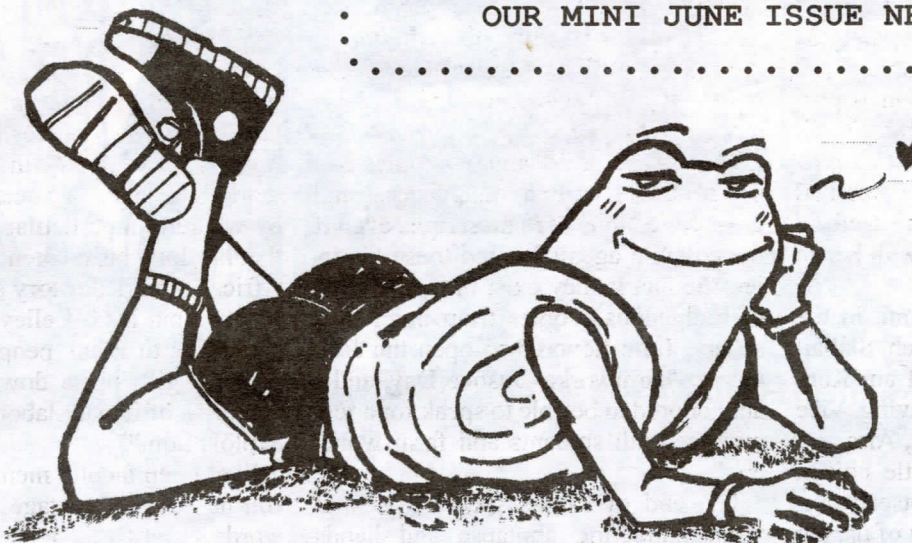
This issue is so full of content you'll need a couple sittings to get through it properly, so we recommend finding a nice spot in the shade with a cool drink and relaxing while you slurp down this month's collection of news and community voice.

Stay cool readers, You look great.

-Mj

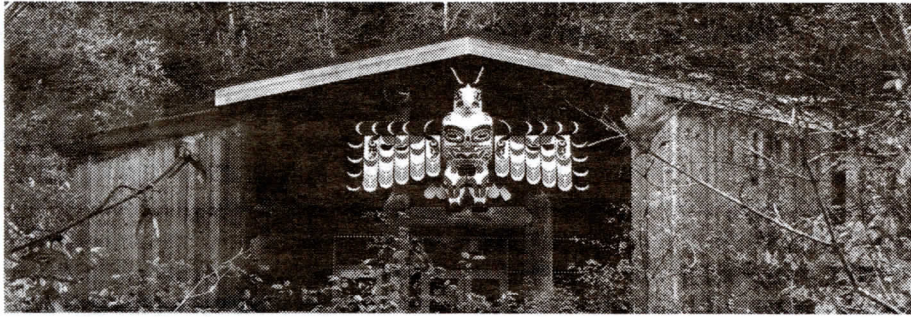


PSA: YOU CURRENTLY HOLD THE LAST FULL ISSUE OF THE CPJ 2022-23!!! STAY TUNED FOR OUR MINI JUNE ISSUE NEXT MONTH.



additional note from our creative director:

"if you see this thing on a shirt on campus i forgot to put my signature on it. thanks to everyone who stopped by my table at the spring art fair!"



Department of Tribal Relations, Arts, and Cultures to be Phased Out; Cultural Center to Rejoin Academics

coverage by Mj Richards

On April 19, the all staff and faculty mailing list received a message from President John Carmichael outlining leadership changes in administration that are planned for this summer. One of the most striking changes was that the s'g'wi g'wi ? altx House of Welcome's Cultural Center, once housed under the Department of Tribal Relations, Arts, and Cultures, will be re-joining the Academics Division, backtracking former President George Bridges decision to separate the center from Academics in 2017. We sat down with Director of the

House of Welcome Laura Vermeulen, Evergreen's Tribal Liaison Lyn Dennis, and President of The Evergreen State College John Carmichael to talk in more detail about how, and why, this change is taking place.

Carmichael summarized with, "All of these programs [within the department and academics] need to communicate... collaborate, and any artificial barriers or obstacles that we are putting in administratively that inhibit that are probably not a good thing." He explained how all initiatives will continue as this transi-

tion, and specifically that work on the Mary Ellen Hillaire Collection. This archival processing work should continue uninterrupted despite the departure of interim Vice President of Tribal Relations Kara Briggs, who was actively working with Evergreen archivist Liza Harrell-Edge to figure out the what the best place for the amazing collection should be. Lyn Dennis, a member of the Lummi Nation, said that she has also spoken directly with the Hillaire family and Northwest Indian College to start digitizing and safely storing this incredible collection of art.

Administration has confirmed that the organizational changes will not result in any budget reductions and the operational budget for the House of Welcome has not decreased from last year.

When asked how work that had been started before the change would continue through the transition, Laura Vermeulen immediately jumped on the question, "We are approaching our 28th year doing art, supporting indigenous Arts and Cultures. And so that has been ongoing that whole time. I've been here in the House of Welcome since 1999. And so this is my life's work. To make sure that whoever is here, right now, is supporting Indigenous Arts and Cul-

tures, not only with the tribal nations, but also that there's an educational component... that work will continue without question."

Laura then explained the importance of the search for an assistant director for the House of Welcome, as she hopes to begin training someone to take her place when she retires and give her some much-deserved assistance as soon as possible.

For those of you who have not had the pleasure of going into the longhouse and saying hi to Laura. I highly recommend going in. Laura has truly put a lifetime of work into building a community to inhabit the most beautiful structure on our campus, and that community thrives as the most prosperous, innovative, and welcoming culture at The Evergreen State College.

With the changes in leadership coming, it is vital that the college compensates and listens to those who are most directly associated with the Department of Tribal Relations, Arts, and Cultures, and allows them the freedom to pursue activities and curriculums organized by those within the community.

JOSÉ GÓMEZ FARMWORKER JUSTICE DAY : CULTIVATING COMMUNITY FOR LIBERATION

BY NATALIE "LEE" ARNESON

On May 3rd, The Evergreen State College celebrated the 16th José Gómez Farmworker Justice Day, organized by members of the El Camino: Latinx Studies Pathway, the CCBLA, La Familia Latinx Student Group, and dedicated faculty and members of the community. The opening ceremony, beginning at 10am, was held in Evans Hall with speeches from Kara Briggs and Evergreen faculty members Prita Lal and Alice Nelson. Speeches were translated in both English and Spanish. Briggs' speech was a timely and moving introduction to the day's events, serving as a call for action and allyship, as well as a bittersweet goodbye as Kara Briggs officially announces her departure from her role as the college's VP for Tribal Relations, Arts and Cultures. Tears gathered in my eyes as I watched Kara speak, knowing this may well be the last time we share space with her in this way.

"Weats – Weats (listen to me in the Lushootseed language). Hutch Slahail (good day in Lushootseed). I am Kara Briggs, your soon to be leaving Vice President of Tribal Relations, Arts and Cultures. I am a Sauk-Suiattle citizen and I opened in the Lushootseed language of my tribe. Like many of us, the

peoples of this hemisphere, our Indigenous roots run deep, and are shrouded in ancient relationships, our ancient trade routes are written in the landscape, our family trees in captured in our Indigenous DNA.

"Despite the common cries that our tribal languages are dying. Our languages are alive – Nahuatl has more than a million people speaking it in Mexico today. Our Indigenous languages have far more sophisticated vocabulary for the types of environmental crisis that climate change is bringing forward in our hemisphere, far more teachings about how to respond ecologically, rooted in the sciences of our Native nations that began in our landscapes tens of thousands of years ago.

"The Maya and Nahuatl peoples had pre-contract written languages, and great collections of manuscripts, even if the colonial agents burned these libraries, the fact is they exist in the heritage of Indigenous peoples from this hemisphere. I am honored to open the José Gómez Farmworker Justice Day, and I am honored to be able to speak for a few minutes with students and farm workers."

The end of Kara's speech was met with thundering applause and hands

raised. There was a solemnity to the cacophonous noise, and a sense of deep gratitude that permeated the air as she stepped from the stage.

The next person to take the stage was Evergreen faculty member Prita Lal, who provided a labor acknowledgement.

"We acknowledge that the economy in which we work was built upon land stolen from Native peoples and labor taken through the enslavement of Black people, and the exploitation of immigrant workers. Even after the formal end of slavery, Black people, and other people of color, have had freedom, time, knowledge, wealth, and work taken from them without compensation in ways that have laid the foundation for today's economy and society. This includes the care, work, and labor of social reproduction by women, in particular Black women, that has long been taken for granted. As African American story and scholar activist Robin D.G. Kelley said, "Federal assistance to Black people in any form is not a gift, but a down payment for centuries of unpaid labor, violence, and exploitation.""

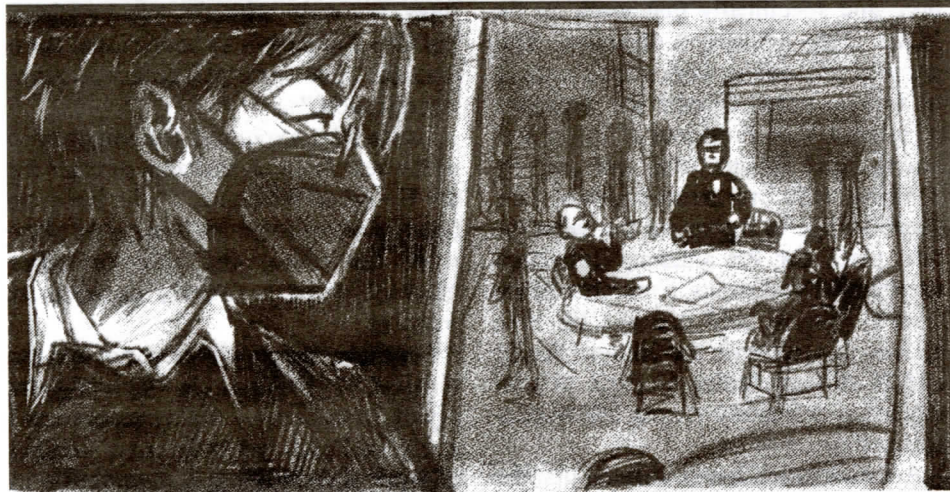
Evergreen faculty member Alice Nelson next took the stage to share a few words about the history of José Gómez

Farmworker Justice Day and about José Gómez himself. Alice shared with us a clip from his commencement address, graduation 2006.

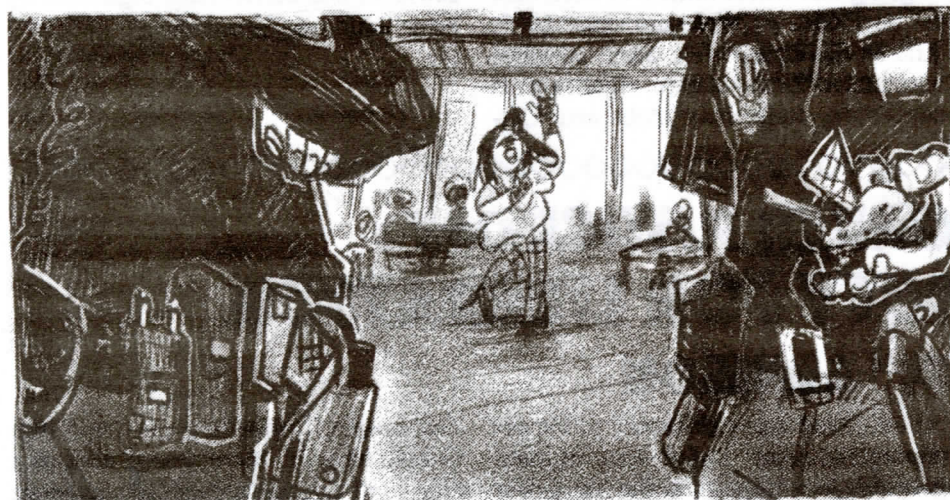
"At the end of each day's work, I had to fix the milk cows for the pasture two miles away, walking that distance every evening gave me a lot of time to think. I thought about how hard our life was, and how unfair that we had to work so much, for so little. My thoughts would turn into words. And my words turned to oral manifestos of rage and indignation...And now, a half century later, I can still feel, smell, and taste those days of oppression as if they were only yesterday. And here I am finally, on a stage with an attentive audience at this institution of higher learning, I never dreamed back then this moment would be within my reach, and I hope that my words of rage and indignation today do not startle, confuse, or amuse you. Rather, I hope that you see a connection between my experiences, and the advice that I would share with you as you now venture forth with diplomas in hand, hopefully to do good in the world."

Following the opening ceremony, guest speakers Lucy López, Australia Tobón, and Senaida Perez Villegas from-- (continued page 6)

Commentary

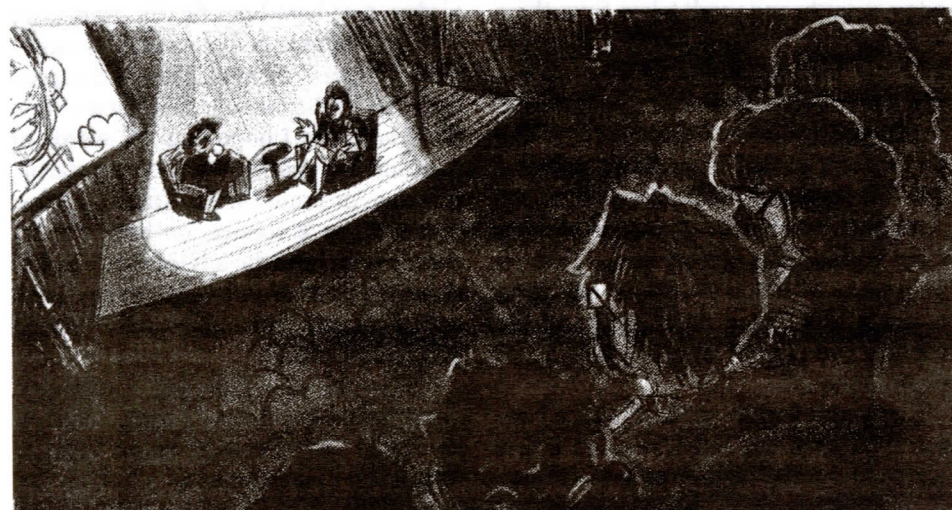


i think i've had enough.



Reflections On Equity at the Evergreen State College.

by Sako Chapman



Equity Symposium: "YOU ARE ENOUGH." Healing Towards Belonging and Collective Liberation. April 19-20, 2023.

The first thing I want to say about the Equity Symposium is that it wasn't any different than what I had expected. It brought a successful amount of events together, had a lot of good catering, and brought the biggest name speaker to campus that Evergreen has seen in years. It affirmed "enoughness," whatever you take that to mean, and provided a great bit of fun for staff and admin.

Equity Symposium 2023 was also painful for me, for any amount of identity tags I could list off and interactions I had as a student both working and attending the event. But more succinctly, more fully, the week of Equity Symposium rendered unavoidable issues in the broader campus environment that permeate every day of my experience here. Many of these things are not unique to Evergreen, nor caused by any one leadership individual. But I'd like to expose their cycles and record this institutional memory. I'll do this through my archival understanding of internal history and my own personal impression. I hope that any of this orients you more to the contextual sphere of this college.

Equity Symposium is the reinterpretation of Evergreen's Day of Absence/Day of Presence tradition, which originated in 1987 at Evergreen's Tacoma Campus. The Tacoma Campus, located in the Hilltop area, has always served predominantly Black and Brown students, many in an older age demographic with full-time jobs and families to support. Day of Absence was created for students, staff, and faculty of color as a brief moment of connection, recognition, and healing away from the college. Its occurrence thereafter was organized by iterations of the First Peoples Coalition at the Olympia campus. As First Peoples transformed from a union of students of color groups to an established office supporting the needs of POC within the college, Day of Absence transformed with it. Day of Presence was added as a second day to the DOA agenda later down the line as an opportunity for the whole student body to come together in what I imagine was a similar workshop fashion to Equity Symposium.

We lost this tradition following the final DOA/DOP in May of 2017, after the request to hold Day of Absence on campus in an empty lecture hall rather than as a retreat was narratively twisted into a ban of white people from campus

by a former faculty member. While it was these comments that sparked initial protest, it is essential to recognize that the massive mobilization of students exploded from lifetimes and legacies of inequity experienced in the world, all of the ways the Evergreen State College perpetuates these injustices, and a desire for transformation in the community most accessible to them. As students organized to demand tangible changes in the institution, viral footage turned Evergreen into a target for right-wing hate groups and media. The protests of 2017 could have happened during any year, at any moment. But it is the trauma caused by the outside interlopers that make it so difficult to talk about. For every news article about the 'wokest college in America violating free speech,' Evergreen community members were fending off harassment and gun threats. Staff, students, and faculty—particularly the Black staff of the First Peoples Support Services—were filmed, targeted, and doxxed while advocating for themselves. Even though most people who directly experienced the harassment have since left the college, their teachers and colleagues still remain. The conditions that sparked the protests still remain.

Additionally, and not insignificantly, the Evergreen's Police Services was able to acquire five AR-15s without public notification during the summer of 2017. The rifles were purchased under former President George Bridges with the signature of then Vice President of Finance and Operations John Carmichael. This was a spit in the face to the explicit student demand for the "disarming of the police's lethal and less than lethal weapons." The anti-racist protests erupting from the student body had called for cops off campus, both to confront the oppression inherent in maintaining a police force and for the Evergreen Police's history of harassment towards Black, Transgender, and community members of color. For more examples of such interactions, please search "police" on cooperpointjournal.com. For a better archival visualization of the history of police on campus, please see page 14.

Administration opted for conflict avoidance around 2017 in the aftermath. DOA/DOP was deemed "too controversial" to hold again for its association with the media blowout. Following an exiled effort of students to revive Day of Absence, Evergreen returned in 2019 with its plans for Equity Symposium. The newly retitled First Peoples Multicultural Trans and Queer Support Services was given central planning tasks, a

responsibility it would maintain through its near-annual student and full-time staff turnovers before the office stabilized in 2022. The Symposium was to be something new to bring together a community that has lost much trust and endured much trauma. But the school would no longer support a POC-only space. I am not under the impression that DOA/DOP was some wonderful, radical space fully dissimilar from the faults of Equity Symposium. But I wish to note how devastating the loss of a POC-centered event feels in the face of all the ways some urgent demands to the college were compromised. An event born out of a need to connect POC as an organized voice between campuses evolved now into a vague *celebration* of equity. This work for Equity Symposium fell upon staff and faculty of color; upon Black women of color; upon Trans and Queer people, to hold a new “diverse and inclusive” event for the Evergreen State College.

This was my second year working the Equity Symposium, but the first year it has fully returned in person. The dynamics of working the event this time were different. For one, my historical context had grown. My understanding of scale was much different as well. Most faculty don’t make time for the event, and it lands squarely during most class schedules. Student attendance is low, and most attendees end up being staff and administration. I also learned what an “all-office event” truly looks like. From the opening ceremony to the final keynote, Police Services made their presence known. With guns at their sides, they planted themselves and their cars in visible entryways, smiling and waving toward admin tables. Squarely in the center of the entry hall, they clutched their belts and nodded to speeches on “community” and “enough-ness.”

I lean on the wall in the House of Welcome with the officers in the corner of my eye as we move from feel-good affirmations to group discussions. There are almost 170 people in attendance, and I hate how tight my chest feels as we rearrange ourselves. We’re prodded to reflect upon our personal experiences with healing, grief, and belonging. While I cannot will any vulnerability with police so close by, the only white boy in my group snatches any lapse in silence as his opportunity to share his thoughts. He does not invite new voices, instead acts as if discussion is a race to be won. I’d take this any day over having to pair with a cop and discuss a

Maya Angelou quote.

I work the lunch service after the ceremony is over. At the break I check my work email, confirming something I mentally flagged during the Land Acknowledgement. Kara Briggs, Vice President of Tribal Relations, Arts, and Cultures will not be returning for the next year.

I read that there will be no more separate division for Tribal Relations, Arts, and Cultures to hold the House of Welcome’s public service center. This is the center responsible for building non-exploitative relationships with tribal nations and for bolstering the cultural network of Indigenous artists in this area. They will be re-merging into the Academic Division come July. Even though it’s clarified that the work of this Division and center will be maintained, I can’t stop the feelings that erupt from hearing that “for the betterment of tribal relations”, we will no longer have a Division for Tribal Relations. That even though all of the projects will be continued, this change will likely translate to a delegation of vice president responsibilities among people whose titles will not change along with it. I resign to the hope that this decision was made as a collaboration and that this work will be fairly compensated by the institution.

The next day I watch a drag queen recite a storybook between routines from the information booth in Evans Hall. This is after I once again clock Evergreen police, standing with their guns at the “community gathering.” The cops are made to feel included at our “community gathering.” I see a few staff members cast worried glances but they’ve surrendered to trying to get their jobs done, as if it’s a fight they’ve lost before. I can’t help but laugh at the optics of this spectacle. Drag queens performing for a delightedly rigid staff audience, a sparse scattering of students with popcorn at tables. Cops on the sidelines, arms crossed, poking at small cups of ice cream. I recognize them for the times they’ve approached my friends unwarranted and shuffled, egos bruised, to tear down a ‘Cops Off Campus’ poster. I think about the absurdity of having to label any space that welcomes cops as *equity*, in the face of every oppression they represent. No form of equity will ever exist with cops in the room.

I talk far too openly in the clay workshop but I am so exhausted. I feel gross, stuck in the same dance of “uplifting diverse experiences” that is so un-unique to Evergreen, but so constant to my time here. Everything is coming to a head at this moment, and as I bounce up and

down on the yoga ball it’s like every frustration is shaken loose. Stolen promotional photos of me and my friends in our few moments between class and work, surely used for diversity marketing. The way press releases on disabled students have been used in similar fashion; yet all the ways this place struggles to accommodate my disabled peers. My sinking feeling that consolidating LGBTQ+ needs and support for students of color in one office placed too much demand on too few people these past years, and that this work will always struggle to be sustainable. I think of how the newest BSU effort was pelted with requests for appearance before they even got a first meeting together. How high the Latinx student group, Familia’s plate has been stacked with “collaborations” taking far more time and effort than any person should be doing unpaid. Even the mental toll on the Symposium planning team seems obvious. These labors are being taken and then showcased in the name of inclusivity, without broader administrative change. And I feel too tired to even name all the ways it’s happening.

I’ve been working on campus since 10:30 and I don’t have the time to head home. While pacing the steps of the CRC where my coworkers are setting up for Alok’s keynote, I catch the Evergreen cops parking their car out front again. In the gym, Alok’s comedy loses me at times. Several times. I don’t understand how making a fashion joke from waves of transphobic legislation is cathartic, and it feels like the distance from me to the stage is immeasurable. These are the jokes that don’t feel like they’re for my enjoyment, trans enjoyment, but rather to relieve tension in the broader audience. My friends and I laugh too hard, too loud at the jokes about being brown, and even through the dark I feel eyes whip into us. I’m reminded in this moment that I barely hear of Alok talking directly to trans people of color, how we might be able to hold on better to our politicized queerness. Their jokes provide no class analysis.

In the spotlights of the Q&A, I have a hard time agreeing with them on the matter of seeing humanity in fascists, or at least acting upon it. This answer leads directly to another question about fashion. Even in all their advocacy for the opposite, they’ll still always be tokenized like this. It hurts me to recognize. As the hour draws to a close, Alok sends a final message to the trans people in the audience. Gripping the mic close, they tell me that they’re glad I stuck around. Part of me keeps waiting for them to tell

me “YOU ARE ENOUGH” so the credits can roll.

Equity Symposium is the tireless planning of the college’s diversity staff and the scrambled volunteer shifts of the school’s student laborers. It’s the two day agenda of workshops and popcorn machines, and a break from the Aramark menu. It’s the hope for community engagement, dialogue, and transformation and yet the thing that some students won’t even see once in their years here.

For all it tangibly is, Equity Symposium is also the symbol of all the problems with this institution that I cannot let go. It’s the failure to acknowledge the past directly and the belief that the protest demands from 2017 are not persistent conditions. It’s the constant struggle for connection within the student body, and the fractured legacy of students of color as an organizing force. It’s the college’s evolution towards a more profitable neoliberal model and the bastardization of the campus life that once gave Evergreen its character. It’s the un- and under-compensated labor from marginalized staff, faculty, and students. On the backs of their efforts, Equity Symposium is the school’s most obvious progressive flashbang. The space to discuss “Collective Liberation” from structural injustice with the police sat at the table next to you. The place to see administrators—with the most power to enact changes at the school—enjoy equity as a celebration rather than a list of needs to be met.

Evergreen is not going to symposium its way into equity.

Evergreen as an institution is not doing enough.

And Evergreen as a community deserves more.

One day, I dream of a forum where we have our voices heard. Where we gather as students en masse, and our needs can be centered and enacted alongside those whose positions the college has based its progressive reputation on. That day where we will regain control of our communication, our education, and the resources built for us. This is what I think we deserve. And some day, though perhaps on a scale bigger than Evergreen, it is what we will have.

.....
Got thoughts on what Evergreen should do better? Memories to record? Experiences to share? From one peer to another, get in contact with me at sako.cpj@gmail.com.

illustrations by Sako Chapman

Poetry Party

(Farmworker Justice Day; continued from page 3) --local food justice organization Community to Community (C2C) and Edgar Franks from the independent farmworker union Familias Unidas por la Justicia (FUJ) were introduced. After presenting briefly on their respective mission statements and histories the speakers moved into a panel mediated by Prita Lal.

From 2 to 4pm a workshop was held in Purce Hall 3 led by Roxana Pardo Garcia via zoom. Roxana is a self-described "Hood Intellectual Xingona" and founder of La Roxay Productions, a consulting agency "that approaches community work through a healing justice framework", as well as the co-founder and executive director of Alimentando al Pueblo—the only Latinx foodbank in the nation. Roxana presented De Theory a Acción; "a workshop that guides the audience through 8 reflections that are rooted in Roxana's experience transitioning from the hood to college, and back to the hood."

Roxana touches on the topics of White Supremacy, Legacies and Colonialism and the different ways it affects people of color. From the perspective of a first-generation college student and bringing these ideas, thoughts and frustrations home, Roxana asked attendees to reflect on ways to put these thoughts into action for ourselves and our community; "We must build the community we desire and deserve."

I return to Kara Briggs' closing statements of her speech at the opening ceremony, the impact of them still resonating within me as I write this article.

"I am lastly reminded of May, 1991, when my Yakama grandmother Atwai Ermina Goudy Edsall passed at age 85. I remember as the hearse traveled across the Yakama Nation, the 30 miles from Toppenish to our family cemetery in White Swan, and as the hearse passed the fields where farm workers were tying up hops, the men stopped their work, took off their hats, put their hands on their hearts and stood solemnly by the side of the road as we passed. My uncle said, they, like us, are Native peoples, they share many values with us as Native peoples from these lands across this hemisphere.

"This is probably the last time I will be speaking with you as Vice President at this college, it has been my honor to be with you, and to hopefully say some words to elevate the relations of the Indigenous peoples of North and South America."

Kara's words, and the words shared by all our speakers throughout the day, are a reminder of the power that can be wielded when we stand together in solidarity and compassion while striving towards liberation.

Timesheet by Fern Roush

Another Day
(58 years ago
bombs dropped
into an ocean,
into homes, into
farmland)

Another Hour
(7.5 million tons
of bombs)

Another Minute
(The ocean is a new ocean,
remembering itself)

Clocks turn, Pens swish and scurry
(shells rest in fields, water at their edges)

Keyboards clip and clatter
(I am too hot to call you, the ocean is too hot to cool me, waves collapse crest-less)

Elvie-dog sleeps.
waits.
dreams.
(I do not want / to wait / to walk her, I do not want to wait, to love you. A wave re-absorbs itself. Work makes the ocean into a waiting ocean)

Forever listening
(sand grains claim
contaminants. Farmers collect
shells. Hearing shots in
nursery dreams. I sleep in the
wooden bodice of your voice,
bubble gum in saltwater)

**Anchoring writer to page,
Resonating on sound maps**
(I scrape the best of our words
together, the ones that stick to
the tongue, lick batter, lick
spatula. You turn-in black lava
cake, and rainbow confetti icing)

Fed in this way
(A smile. A stick with my hand on one
end, her teeth on the other. I let myself
text you, a falling wave. A seal dives. My
real paycheck.)

((Coffee coffee coffee vet bills tuition
clothes clothes to look nice for school
and work internet for work therapy
coffee pizza car payments car repairs
dog food mood stabilizers groceries
health insurance pain meds Zoloft
co-pays savings for top surgery insulin
gas gas gas flying home rent electricity
water coffee))

**Time with you— in the pages I find
myself alone, in. alone-in.**

A GIFT FROM THE GODS

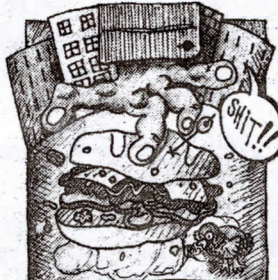
by Reid Cruzan RVC
@vicious.artwork 4/23



WHY WAS I BORN AS A BIRD?
FORCED TO FLY WITH MY ANIAN WINGS.



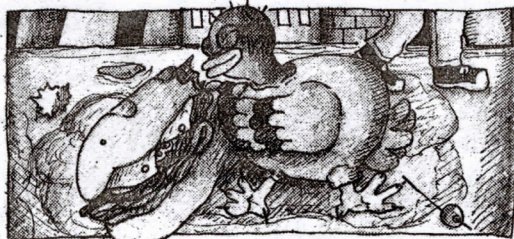
TO SOME THIS MAY BE A DREAM,
BUT TO ME IT'S A BURDEN.



OH, IF ONLY THE GODS
COULD GIVE ME A SIGN...



!!!



ON SECOND THOUGHT... I LOVE BEING A BIRD!

wild waters run deep by lee ☺ therese

You asked for broken bridges
so do not blame me for my splinters
This is not my hurt, it is theirs
but in death they have left it to me
blood flowing into the next body
inheritor
Our people were typhoons, traversing through the Pacific
& we have landed,
splintered

It's hard to trace roots when the tree has been cut down
You're now just one stump among a forest of many
They'll ask, "who are you? where are you from?"
& you may find it harder to answer than you'd think
You don't ever have to forgive them—the pilagers, the robbers, the thieves
don't let anyone say you do

You wanted to force your Christianity upon us,
so do not cower & do not be surprised when we rain
fire & brimstone upon you who did evil unto us
Your god holds no water in this ocean
We are the water—the rivers, the streams, the oceans, typhoons

You built fires out of our peoples
do not cower & do not be surprised when we burn you
Do not beg us for forgiveness, we are not in the business of absolution
If you want to hate us, be enraged with us, it will be nothing you haven't done before
but, you cannot stop nature
& we are natural disasters, persisting
A prophecy delivered with the tides; you don't hold power here, not anymore

Poetry Party

Heavenly - Kaylee Padilla

What is Spring to me?
Colors, sprouting, freshness, life
My Eyes, exemplified towards the sky and
its endless ocean
My Body, outreaching like a star of the sun
Towards the grass. If only I bury myself
Be the Seed that Mother's
Feeding both ground and earth
Letting my arms embrace in light
And summon the wind to freshen my body
Breathing
Bathing
In a newly discovered Sun

And what is summer to me?
Dry, depravity, fire and endings
My eyes had never felt ashes in them
before
Not just in my eyes but in the air
And in my lungs
Where there once was life and dry wind
that blew

Now just feels stripped
With a new layer
Extensions of life
That are oblivious in time
Throwing, bathing,
Night air covering my body
And that familiar but indistinguishable scent
in the air
surrounded by the woods
Now being bludgeoned by the sun
Battering all of its
Hot
Hellish
Glory
Like arms that extend over the world
Like Mother Dearest
Giving love that is all consuming
Until it withers me
And I am lifeless
In her arms
To be carried
Into winter
Again

Remember - Maddox Lightning

When clans are hard to trace
You are still related to land

When moieties are hard to find
You are still relatives with water

When lineages seem lost
You endure, related to animals

When adoptive families seem dissolved
You endure, relatives with air

When phratries have been corrupted
You are yet related to medicines

When matriarchies have been supplanted
You are yet relatives with healers

When kindreds remain untold
You go on, related to Sun

When relations remain unshared
You go on, relatives with Moon

When communities were obscured
You are of course related to the stars

When social groups were blurred
You are of course relives with the universe

When ancestry appears silenced
You live, related to the the mystery

When descendance appears erased
You live, relatives with creation

My Love Poem
by Michelle Ortiz

Love is like the heat,
That comes from the sunshine.
Love is sweeter than chocolate,
That melts in our mouth.
But sweet as a cupcake,
That is decorated with frosting
and sprinkles.

Love is for everyone around us.

But when it comes to loving
someone specific,
Then this love turns unconditional.
Love has several colors.
Pink love like pink roses.
Red love like red hearts.
Blue love like the sky.
Purple love like always forever.
Love! Love! Love!

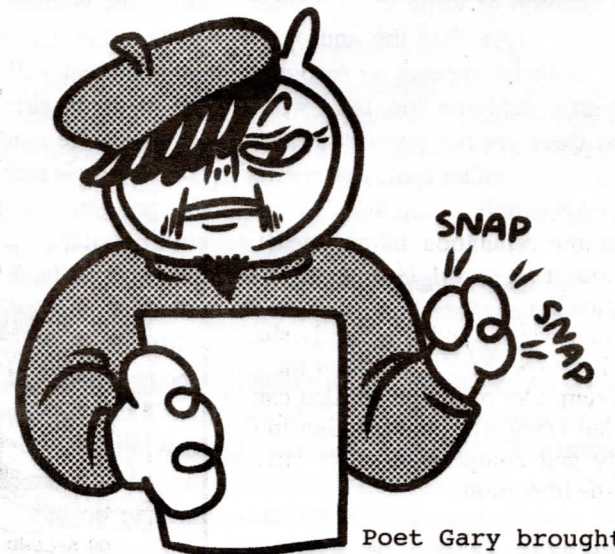
LOVE POETRY? SUBMIT TO OUR ZINE!

SEEPAGE

Volume 2 Issue 2: GUTTERS

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

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



Poet Gary brought
to you by Alec Phipps

Submissions

The Transfem Call to Action

by Maxine Howser (She/her)

Author's note: The following article deals heavily with transphobia, transmisogyny, bio-essentialism, right wing politics, mental health struggles, and systemic oppression, and as the journalist, I can't recommend in good conscience that you engage with this article if these are difficult subjects for you. Thank you to Alma Cantoni, Sako Chapman, Aster Lebitz-Braden, Mj Richards, Jacquelyn Jacob Ferris, Ashe Walker, and Michael Wallis.

I came out as a trans woman two months before coming to Evergreen, and in that time I attended a support group for transfem people in my hometown. There happen to be lots of trans people on Evergreen's campus, and I figured I could very easily slip into a trans friendly social environment. While this expectation was met, one that was not was meeting other transfem people, by then having but one transfem friend who would soon drop out and move away. During spring break, I attended that week's session of the support group, and when the other members of the group corroborated that they, too, had struggled often to meet other transfem people, my emotional annoyance soon became a concerning trend, and it would soon advance into a grim omen.

Transfem people are victim to a kind of transmisogyny that tends to masquerade as biological misandry, and it is usually passed off as cismisandry. Being assigned male at birth carries politically charged characteristics: we tend to have larger frames, deeper voices, and Lady Downstairs needs no introduction, and this is how transphobes reason that we are too uncouth or virile to be women. Most would argue that the androgyny that the zeitgeist appears to recognize is an overtly feminine one, but I would add that these are not precisely "feminine" traits, but rather traits that remind us of AFAB people.

Given the reputation of cis men, it adds up that some might cross the biology line and conflate AFAB-ness with comfort. As such, trans people who aren't AFAB enjoy an unusual privilege, and much of our community fails to see us as women. Phallogocentric discomfort is only known extant when felt around cis men, and as a result, this transmisogyny's existence will be denied in many trans spaces to save face. Trans-

masculinity is seen as empowering and valiant, where transfemininity is seen like a wolf whose sheep skin is starting to slip around the eyes and make dark reveal of the bloodhound nature within. We are afraid to act aggressively, to show emotions beyond sadness or coy placidity, because if our "boy-voice" comes through and we square up our shoulders, those who should recognize us as kin will equate us to cis men, and this epistemic misgendering goes unchecked, and it follows that we cannot trust and withdraw from the world.

The horror of absence amplifies with trans women as the center of right wing anti-trans propaganda. The narratives that have permitted the trans pre-genocide depict trans women less charitably than trans men. To view one as having "lost their way" - as trans men are seen - is swallowed easier than to view someone as a weasel by sex, rolling out the womb cocking guns of liars and thieves. The blood that speeds the genocide train is more transfeminine than it is transmasculine, and as that train gains speed, we must acknowledge that as we lose our right to exist, while our peers who aren't transfem will be equipped with communities, full friend groups, full networks, full survival mechanisms, transfem people will flounder to know anything beyond our own self-invented and usually maladaptive solutions. If this trend persists - and after, if we lose our legal rights, our access to care, free life as yet known - our peers will have one another, we will not.

In that aftermath, those of us who do reconvene will be feverish by the infection of our absence. Those anxieties about the women of deeper voices will come to not just precede us, but replace us, and that will be one more rung of the ladder to slip from. There is an argument to be made that our absence of community is precisely what is allowing this pre-genocide to advance. To disorient a population is to spell its subordination, and we have been very disoriented indeed.

My intention isn't to say "t-girls rule, t-boys drool", but instead to say that the world is a better place with you, reader, in it. Sisters, get outside, engage with the public, start conversations. You will have to do it in spite - fighting a current that sneers at you for imperceptible things and fitting your way into places

that would rather shut doors in your face - but the world needs you. If transfemininity is silenced, we will be made subterranean, and the next of us will once more have nobody to take guidance from, never to be delivered a world of model transness. It will prime them for state control and booted silence. Such is the main takeaway I want CPJ readers to embark on summer quarter with. The likely first change to our social environment would be an equivalent on Evergreen's campus to the support group I described earlier, which I hope to serve the creation of in coming months. It's true that our current solution is to brave hostile social frontiers, when it should be that bravery is not an element of social engagement.

Get in contact with Max through her email, howsermax@gmail.com

Message from the students of the woodworking foundations certificate program!

This June marks the inaugural spring showcase of work from the Evergreen woodworking studio classes this year with special attention to the work of students completing Evergreen's new Woodworking Foundations certificate program. The classes have spent far and beyond the calculated 2 hours per credit each quarter over the past three quarters in our corner of campus, designing, joining, and making mistakes. Our interest in the craft varies in origin and has continued to diverge as our faculty (Bob Leverich, Don Jensen, and John Shattuck) have educated, supported, encouraged, and challenged us in our relationship to craft, culture, and sustainability.

The Evergreen community is invited to join in celebrating our completion of this year's efforts and learn about what the Evergreen woodshop has to offer. The show opens on June 9th from 5-7pm. The gallery space in Sem 2 E4115 gallery will be open for limited hours the following week and on graduation day.

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

HOSTING THE
WRITERS' CIRCLE
WEDNESDAY 5-7PM
EVANS HALL, LIB 2310

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

WHERE'S YOUR MASK?

from Elise Grage

I came to Evergreen about two years ago now, and have witnessed firsthand how dramatically the college, its students, and the entire country, have changed attitudes towards COVID safety. As an immunocompromised person, it's been scary for the obvious reasons - going from classes having a mask requirement to being the only one in a course to mask, peers and profs becoming jaded, and the same speaking about COVID in the past tense. I'm not sure when COVID ended for everyone else, but for me and thousands of other disabled people it hasn't. For us we haven't been able to relax, do normal things, or pretend it hasn't gone on for the last three years.

COVID is still here, and it should not be a concern reserved only for the disabled community. Short-term variant symptoms have become more subtle, people have dropped their guard, and now it's consistently unclear if you've got a cold, allergies, the flu, or if you're sitting with the newest novel version of the virus. There's little to no attention paid to long term consequences, with even supposedly mild cases resulting in long term issues like brain fog, chronic fatigue, vertigo, distorted sense of smell and permanent decreased functionality of the respiratory system. Recent studies done with the medical records of 1.2 million people from 22 countries showed the majority of people with long lasting persistent COVID-19 symptoms were from mild cases that did not require hospitalization. New variants such as the Arcurus strain, a strain incredibly resistant to antibodies in the body, now spreads faster than ever. More people will be infected and will either not know or will not recognize it as COVID-19 resulting in little to no added precautions being taken and an even longer time before the virus stabilizes and eventually loses potency.

I'm a disabled woman who cannot risk infection. I work to be as safe as possible - masking consistently, washing and sanitizing my hands, spraying down my feet with Lysol when I walk in the door of my apartment. I do not eat inside restaurants, I do not go to bars, not for lack of wanting but because these venues are dangerous to me and the people I care about. Needless to say, walking into a lecture hall of 60+ other students who are unmasked and take no precautions is

more than a kick in the head. This is on top of the vaccination requirement for enrollment expiring, meaning not only will people take no precaution, but there will also be no inbuilt ability to physically combat the virus or lower transmission rates

This issue is twofold. Students on campus who are not disabled have no incentive to take precautions, nor are they encouraged to. Government officials actively push misinformation about the virus and the state of the pandemic while smiling and pushing everyone to return to a normal that only a handful of people experienced in the first place. There's a part of me that wants to be sympathetic and understand that being safe is hard, it's not fun, it's not something you should need to do when you're in college, but I can't. I'm pissed. I hear classmates laugh at the idea that the pandemic is still going on, or that people are still in masks, or that we should take precautions in the first place, and I hear people try to explain these positions away as a symptom of ableist and reactionary attitudes that are deep rooted in capitalist society, but that doesn't excuse the lack of solidarity. That doesn't excuse that behavior that's making campus an unsafe space for disabled students. That doesn't make it right. It's still on the individual to make the right decision, to mask, and to think of your disabled peers around you who are still at risk. Buy a box of masks, wear them when you're out, it is the least you can do for the disabled people around you.

MASK-QUERADE
May 27th 8-10:30pm
Red Square



"I'm Lindy Hop, an RHA officer and I'm excited to invite you to the Mask-querade, May 27th 8-10:30pm! It's a celebration of student creativity and inclusivity by encouraging students to decorate covid masks & traditional masquerade masks to dance the night away. Live music will be played all night by student musicians Eros & River, Pog & Remy and many more! Colorful covid masks & art supplies are provided but students are asked to arrive to Red Square masked to decorate them."

BIKE CO-OP RETURNS!!

by Rowan Utzinger

The last that many of you may have heard from the Evergreen Bike Shop was a touching eulogy published by this same paper in February of '22. But never fear valiant students, for we have returned from the grave as something not dead, nor even undead; but instead as something totally alive!

But let us start from the beginning (the end? The beginning of the end? I digress.) In the final months of 2019, after a long and prosperous (though somewhat chaotic) era, the outlook for the bike shop was bleak. The circumstances vary based on who you ask, but everyone agrees that it was a combination of misfortunes that did the bike shop in: a changing Evergreen suffered a variety of cuts to beloved programs, the attitudes of the administration toward anything that suggested anarchy had begun to shift, and a dwindling student body couldn't provide the lifeblood of volunteers and patrons that the bike shop depended on to survive. Couple this with an alleged (though quite compelling) scandal that we cannot elaborate on here, but that involves an off-campus party taking advantage of the chaos of the shop and using it as a secret headquarter for a bike-napping scheme? Administration couldn't kill the program and bury the body fast enough. In fact, the corpse still lies in a chain-link cage underneath the CAB building to this very day; the milk crates of brakes and piles of seats and frames growing a little dustier every week that they linger there. The deed was done under the cover of the COVID-19 pandemic, an era that encouraged many similar quiet murders of public spaces which are home to community-led collectives.

At first, it seemed that would be that. It was the end of an era, plain and simple. But as our campus slowly comes to life, the bike shop is rising as well. It is responding to the desires of students to control our own transportation, learn repair skills necessary for self-sufficiency, and to our desperate need for third spaces in which we can rebuild the community that a dead campus has stolen from us all.

There are many challenges to overcome. The excavation of the tools from the various storage places where they were scattered is a long and dusty process, one fraught with tangled dangers of rusty chains, spiderwebs, and the acolytes of Mother Milk Rat that dwell in these tunnels. There is also the matter of finding a new home for the shop itself. Our old shop location was immediately

filled by another institution, adding further complications to an already difficult process; so for now, we exist as a collection of carts, a caravan geared toward the nomadic life of pop-up workshops and one-day appearances. Then, there are the challenges posed by the administration (the grand They from the planet Them) many of whom shudder at the thought that the bike shop will rise again as a hub for student learning unsupervised by so-called real adults.

They should shudder at this thought. It has been argued before that the students of this college may be better-served by a "real" bike shop; a faculty-run, well-organized, institutional-type beat. It is true that this kind of shop would have more legitimacy, more stability, and more permanence, but I am here to argue that a permanent, sterilized shop catering to our repair requirements is not what this campus needs. Not what we, as students, need.

The shudder-inducing thing that we need, the thing that the bike shop has always been, is a place where students can help students. A place that you can walk into with a broken bike, and not only leave with a fixed bike, but with the knowledge you need to fix it yourself next time. A place to leave with grease-stained hands and a wave goodbye to an entire shop full of students with the collective knowledge to build and fix just about anything, as well as the desire that everyone else should know these things as well. This chaotic, loving, innovative space is what we would lose if the bike shop never came back, and what we would lose as well if the shop was taken from student hands and placed instead into those of some institutional organization. Would bikes still get fixed? Sure. But what makes the bike shop special is that every bike is fixed by student hands, and the shop is alive with the thoughts and dreams of students. The shop is allowed to follow the needs of the students at will, to adapt and grow and change without the miles of red tape and emails that it takes to change any "real" part of this college. The shop must be of the students, for the students, by the students. Period.

So this is the future we work towards. Look for us in Red Square, fixing bikes during pop-up clinics (information to follow.) Meet with us on Fridays, on the ground floor of Lab 1, hanging out on the couches and talking about our plans and dreams for the shop. And most of all, look for us out and about on our bikes, spreading the good word, and working toward a future where everyone can have and fix a bike.

ANNA HUGHES

Artist interview by Natalie "Lee" Arneson



"I'm Anna Hughes, and this is my first year at Evergreen. My focus is currently on visual arts. My favorite mediums are digital art, ink, and charcoal. I have several projects I cycle around—my most recent being a webcomic called "demoholic"."

CPJ: What's your first memory of creating art?

Anna: I don't know if you would count this as art, but my mom had a little art studio upstairs in our house, and she would dabble in oil paintings and whatnot, and I would sneak into her room and grab some oil pastels and scribble all over her paintings.

CPJ: Oh my goodness!

Anna: So like, it's a bad memory, because I got into a lot of trouble. But I don't know if it's art, but it's what I was really interested in and I wanted to copy what she did.

CPJ: That's really sweet. I'd say that's art. I mean, I feel like most art comes out of a child's scribbles, we all had to start somewhere. That's really cool. So you grew up around art, then?

Anna: Yeah. And my mom was big into art, and she also kind of taught me as well. I told her I wanted to get serious about art, I think I was around like four or five years old. She told me I had to learn the alphabet first. So, she had me go through and write each and every letter, made sure the handwriting was perfect, because she was—she's an accountant. She's like, a big stickler for like, good handwriting. And then we got into art, but she didn't have a whole lot

of time to teach me, so a lot of times when I was a little older, I would watch a lot of cartoons and whatnot. And I would pause the cartoon and draw what I saw. And so, that kind of kickstarted my interest.

CPJ: How'd you first get into doing comics and web comics?

Anna: Um, I always knew I wanted to make something like the shows I saw. But you know, creating a whole TV show is like a hard thing to do. So I was like, 'well, what's the next best thing?' and I looked into comics and my mom had a few and she shared some with me. And I drew an interest from it because it's something that I could do on my own. It would also showcase my stories and characters in my art. So that's how I started and, you know, my interests began when I was in the beginning of high school, but it wasn't until the Coronavirus hit and I had a lot of free time on my hands that I actually started.

CPJ: That's really cool. So I know you currently have the webcomic Demoholic. How did you create that story? Where'd it come from?

Anna: So it started when I was making a short story. I was writing a short story and it happened after—I forget when it was exactly, but there was a huge snowstorm. And then I was all, like, comfy in my house and then my mom just out of nowhere, she just told me, "go get your brother. He's playing outside." I was like, 'I don't want to do that.' So as I was walking, like trudging through the snow, trying to find my brother, I created this little short

story in my brain about this kid going to find his brother in the snow. And it started from there. The story is almost nothing like Demoholic, but the kind of location that it takes place in is kind of the same place because it's the same, like, small town that the story takes place in, and then it became a character. I kind of would make a bunch of tiny stories in worlds and characters that were on their own, that I had no intention of really turning into a serious story. And that I could just kind of pull them together to make them make sense and put them in the same story. And that's why a lot of elements can seem a little jumbled in my comic. But yeah, it's a lot of fun. Just plain fun.

CPJ: That's awesome. So you mentioned small town. You grew up in Olympia, right? Would you say it influenced your art?

Anna: Yeah, definitely. I think, you know, going around downtown or just around the city, you would see, like all this graffiti, and this artwork, and these murals, everywhere. And this is, you know, very artsy town. There's a lot of like, events going on, and I think that a lot of it inspired part of, you know, why I took interest in this.

CPJ: That's really cool. Olympia, for the faults that it does have, it has a lot of really great art. And it's really good about highlighting that art, something I admire. What has the process been like, committing and then actually creating and sitting down and doing this webcomic?

Anna: So when I first started, it was really hard, because I knew nothing about how to do a webcomic. And I had a really hard

time committing to big projects, you know, even so I picked the longest running story I had in my arsenal, for some reason, and turned it into a comic. So first, it was really hard, it was hard to stay, you know, dedicated to it. So I actually had the original version that ran last year, started making it in December of 2021, and then released it the next year. It only lasted half a year before I was like, I'm going to stop. I rebooted the whole thing because I didn't like where the story was going. And it's become way more streamlined. Like I know what to do. I know the timeline of how long it takes to finish. And it's become, you know, kind of just routine. I start with a script, then I do the sketch of the comic, go over with line art, color it and then do the rendering, then I put the text in the bubbles and everything on top. It's like chop, chop, chop. Some times I have times where I'm like, ugh, I don't want to do this. So I just shelve it for a bit. Luckily, I have a little bit of buffer so I can just come back whenever.

CPJ: It's really incredible that you just do all parts of it. You do the writing, you do the artwork, the formatting, all of it. Like that takes a lot of commitment. And that's really impressive.

CPJ: What other mediums do you work with?

Anna: I think for a long time, I've been sticking to digital, because I really like drawing things and putting them up on the internet. But before then, I used to draw, you know, do sketches on paper, then go over with ink, and then color it with Colic markers and stuff like that. I also, like, working with charcoal at a certain point, but it was too messy and I ended up just going full digital.

CPJ: I remember seeing some of your artwork, when we were in Art + Architecture together, and your linework is like the cleanest I have ever seen. It is so impressive! Half the time I thought like you had printed something out.

Anna: Yeah, I'm like, especially with digital art, because it works by pixels, right? So I have to be really—I can't just go for it with paper, I could just make mistakes and can draw over the line. But digitally, like everything has to be exact, unless your canvas is super huge, then you can't really see the things. But I used to draw really small, like my canvas size would be like 1000 pixels by 1000. With like, what 72 DPI? Because I didn't know what DPI was. And it would be super tiny. And then I kind of developed that perfectionism of not messing up.

CPJ: What was it like learning all the technical side of things? Was it kind of a hard learning curve? Or was it just something that came a little easier once something clicked?

Anna: Oh, boy. It was like, I first started digital art when I was around seventh grade. I literally knew nothing. All I knew

Artist Feature

about this was from what I saw on YouTube through speedpaints.

CPJ: Oh my god. Not speedpaints!

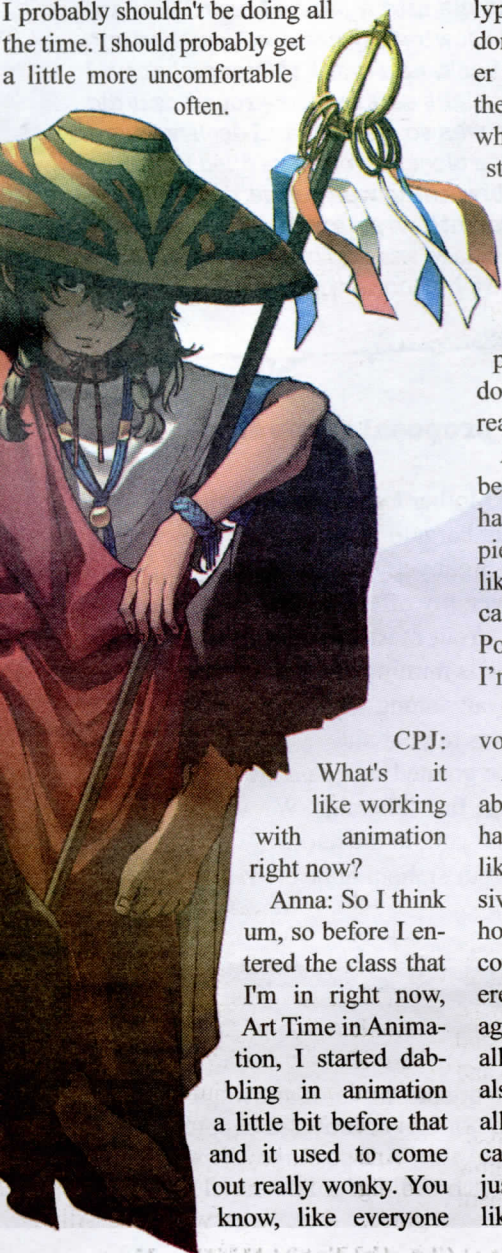
Anna: They were so addicting!

CPJ: They were!

Anna: And I didn't know that you could have multiple layers for the first year, so I would draw on the same layer. It was like airbrushed---everything was airbrushed, sparkles. The assets that were already installed in the software, I would just use like sparkles everywhere. So yeah, it was like, learning new things that people would have known if I would have watched like a tutorial---a basic tutorial---I learned after three years of working with it.

CPJ: How did you learn the technical stuff though? Like, did you eventually just be like, 'let me look up an actual tutorial.'

Anna: Yeah, that's basically how it went. And I'm still learning things because, you know, online I found some friends who also work on webcomics, and they're just teaching me things all the time. I'm like, I didn't know you could do that. I didn't know you could like warp things or use 3D assets and whatnot. Kind of part of me wishes I still had that kind of patience of just stumbling around, because I'm trying to learn new things, and I'm like, I just don't have the patience anymore. I just go back right back to doing what I'm comfortable with, which I probably shouldn't be doing all the time. I should probably get a little more uncomfortable often.



CPJ: What's it like working with animation right now?

Anna: So I think um, so before I entered the class that I'm in right now, Art Time in Animation, I started dabbling in animation a little bit before that and it used to come out really wonky. You know, like everyone

else when you learn a new thing, it's gonna be really wonky. And then I started looking at professional animators, like, one of my favorites is James Baxter. And, you know, he worked on some Disney animations and whatnot, and I would watch frame by frame, how it goes how, like, when there's a fast movement, you don't have as many frames, and if it's slower it has a lot more frames. And then I would learn these visual tricks to make things seem more fluid or get the effect that I want. And so I learned a lot through YouTube. YouTube is my best friend and why I can do all this.

CPJ: That's really cool. Would you like to tell the readership what it is that you're working on in your animation class?

Anna: Oh, I'm so I'm working on this short film, about fairies. You know how, in the past, you know, Irish mythology wasn't just a mythology, it was what they really believed in. But today, it is regarded as mythology. And I was thinking, like, today for fairies, it would be considered a post-apocalyptic world for them. Because lots changed. It's a whole new environment and you know, with humans, like invading every part of nature, it would feel like a post-apocalyptic world for them. And I was exploring that idea while making it really cute, because I like cute things, and like the loneliness that comes with a post-apocalyptic world. Like, the story starts out---if I don't revise it again---the fairy sees another fairy out of the corner of their eye, and they're like, 'Oh, my God.' And he follows where the fairy went and ends up in a busy street where there's people, there's all sorts of people, dogs, cars, construction work, whatnot, and it's like, you know, the terrifying aspect of this unknown world.

CPJ: That's so interesting. What piece are you most proud of that you've done thus far, or just one that you really, really love?

Anna: Okay, well lately, because I've been doing a lot of comic work, I haven't had a whole lot of time to do a full on piece. And so right now I have like two it's like, really close. It's this one, which it's called The Streets of Polas (see cover), and Polas is a made-up city I made for a novel I'm writing.

CPJ: It's gorgeous. This is one of my favorite pieces of your art, quite honestly.

Anna: Thank you! Yeah, the funny thing about this is that when I heard that you were having me for May's featured artists, I was like, 'Oh, I better make something impressive, real quick.' Honestly, I didn't know how it was going to turn out but I'm like, I could do this and this and I drew a few references from real life. Like I looked at images from Brazil you know, the houses are all stacked together, that cramped feeling. I also looked at post-Soviet architecture. I really liked the Orthodox cathedrals and you can see that in the dome back there. Yeah, just pull from all sorts of things. And if you like, look closely, you can see that there's

no natural material like wood present, and it's because in this world, there is no wood because it's become so cold. The temperatures are almost sub zero all the time, year round that nothing can grow. Things can only grow underground, like you can have like potatoes or stuff. But yeah, they can't use natural materials like wood because it just won't grow, so they rely on brick and clay and metals.

CPJ: It's absolutely stunning. Just look at all the little details! Again, you do such amazing fine detail work. It's, I can't even fathom the amount of time you put into these pieces.

Anna: I think this small details thing came about back when I was in school. I would draw during class time while the teacher was talking, and I would have to draw on really tiny pieces of paper that I cut up myself so that the teacher wouldn't notice. Because they'd come by and be like, "What are you doing?" "Nothing." And so I learned to draw really small, and then when I got into high school, my art teacher was like, "Why do you draw so small? Draw bigger." And so I just drew more small things to make them look bigger.

CPJ: (points to character image with staff at left) who is this guy?

Anna: Oh, yeah, this guy. There's another thing I like to do. I really love character design, especially with fantasy, and what I do is pull from different cultures that historically had nothing to do with each other, and just combine them. And so you can see here it has elements of like, you know, Coast Salish, and then you can see Buddhist influences with the staff. And these are like, amongst clothes. And yeah, I initially combined, you know, just random things together, like one time I combined, you know, pre-Chinese Vietnamese clothes with the tsar era of Russia, and I combined them because then you have like, these, like, almost, you know, tropical looking clothes, but then you have fur on top. It's like, what kind of world do these people live in where they would dress like that. And so I kind of combined the two and then I created a story to go along with it.

CPJ: That's really interesting. That's really cool. I really love it when people just like, draw inspiration from places that are just so distant from each other just because I'm like, it is such a wild, wide world that we live in. There's so many stories to hear and to tell.

Anna: I think that's one of my gripes with some of the fantasy, especially in books, fantasy that I read or watch, they always use medieval Europe, not just medieval Europe. It's always Western Europe. And not Spain or Italy or whatever---just English, French, German, maybe German. And it's like, come on, guys. You can do more than that. You can branch out.

CPJ: What does art mean to you? And you can take this anyway you want to.

Anna: I think art to me is a way you can

share a piece of yourself. In a way that's different from just saying how you feel or what you've been through. Because there are things we will hold back from telling other people, and art is the way where you can, if you can closely examine it, you can find pieces of the person that they won't say themselves. And I think art is a way where I can, you know, kind of mask or like, package up, my experiences and share it to people. And it's not like something to pick up right away. I don't know. And I also think that art is...I've had a pretty tough relationship with art throughout the years. I used to think that I would become, like my goal was to become some kind of famous artist. And if I wasn't that then what was the whole point? And I'm like, that's, that's not the point, though. There is no point to art, you just do it because you love it. And it's not like a journey or a quest. It's like art, you know, it's like, music, you play music. I'm borrowing this from this speech I heard, but you play music not to get to the end, the final chord, you play it for the whole experience. And I think that just really resonated with me. And art is a way where I hope to learn that and to not beat myself over for not reaching the goals that I wanted.

CPJ: That's awesome. Thank you. Awesome, beautiful. And then I don't know if you have any thoughts on this, but it is Asian Pacific Islander Heritage Month. Congrats to us! But do you have any thoughts or any feelings about what it is to be an Asian person taking up space in the art world as it stands in the US, in the western world, that is so often dominated by a Western narrative?

Anna: I think...you grow up, you go to like museums, you see a lot of you know, European art and you know, a lot of the famous artists you hear about, they're all European, because I never really knew about the, you know, Asian artists or non European artists until I grew up and got to use the internet better. And I'm like, oh, there were these people who did these kinds of things. And I don't know I never really considered the cultural lens to this. I would just pick things that I thought were pretty and, I don't really know. I think growing up, I always sought out things from other cultures that were not mine. So like not American or Korean. Because to me, Korean or American things were just mundane, and I wanted something exotic or something. And my mom would always tell me like, you should like Korean things, you're Korean.

CPJ: Yeah, it's such a wide world out there. Why would we just stick to one thing or the other?

Check out more of Anna's work on her instagram, @noxmillion, and check out her comic Demoholic on Webtoon!!

???????

EVERGREEN HORRORS:

MILK BAT submitted by L

[Cosmic horror, lumbering beast or a dark expression of divinity, Milk Bat has been said to be this and more. Her history and teachings were painstakingly erased by the followers of Milk Rat and only a few traces of her influence remain. Worship her at your own peril for ill fates have come to those who dance in the night.]



MONIKERS: Night Mother, She who shall not be named, The False Teat, Milk Taker, Servant of Corners
DIET: Lacvore
SIZE: 6.6ft

While still worshiped by a mad few the cult of the Milk Rat has all but decimated her places of worship and still actively seeks to destroy all traces of her existence. It has gone so far that it has become customary for Milk Rats most fanatic followers to devour written mentions of Milk Bat. Many of the remaining mentions of her are riddled with the bias and propaganda of Milk Rats devout so while she may very well be evil incarnate there is no true way to know. In order to remain as neutral as possible I have elected to compile mentions of her in order to let you draw your own conclusions.

JOURNAL ENTRY:

[The following was recovered from a damaged journal I believe belonged to the founder of the Evergreen Mystery Society.]
23/04/1972

I have been interviewing the people that refer to themselves as the "Denless" and have finally managed to uncover information on the weird alters I have seen. Apparently, they have been here since before the campus was built, although nobody has been able to tell me how far they date back. They tell me that they are built by two cults that worship rival entities, both beings of night but one darker than the other. Supposedly they get into frequent altercations and go out of their way to desecrate one another's places of worship. One cult hides their shrines in small places were only rats could travel comfortably while the other hides them high up in the trees. Nobody can tell me who started the conflict, some believe they have been at each other's throats since their inception. I hear things are getting worse. Supposedly, they have taken to recruiting students and with more bodies the scuffles are becoming increasingly violent. I don't think both cults will be around much longer without the other being erased so

I'll try to interview them while there is still time. Maybe they can explain some of the weird stuff I have seen here. The Denless for all their help make me nervous, while I understand the cultists being here because this is a site of worship the Denless seem to be here for no reason. I have tried asking what they do and why they refer to themselves as the Denless but the most I'll get is a wink or a laugh. They have been nice enough in general but something is fundamentally off about them. I get a feeling that if I want real answers I'll have to find other people to interview, maybe the strange loners I keep seeing by the water. I don't think they are students.

"WITNESS" ACCOUNT:

[Milk Bat lives beyond our tongues and nervous glances. The following is an account of an individual who claims to have witnessed her flesh]

"I like to go on walks at night. People always joked and said the night walker would get me but I'm not afraid of the dark or make-believe specters like the pipe people or security breathers. Not to say that there are no monsters out there, just that most are human... most. I was out by the Eld Inlet at shell point, the moon wasn't out so you couldn't see the water but seeing is overrated. I could hear the gentle slush compliment the chorus from the mosquitoes that sniffed my sour body, a gentle rustle of leaves guided by winds filled the void and made my heart full. A space no matter how large is never empty as long as there's sound. In a swift moment the chorus was interrupted by knives cutting the air and twisting it into foul shapes. At first I suspected a bird, maybe a common nighthawk but it quickly became apparent its dance was too large for that bird's frame. I stood still taking in its whole being with my ears. It's important to never just listen with your ears, there are too many sounds we can't detect but if your body is still and you can get your innards to silence themselves you can feel the subtle waves that travel unheard. I felt its call on my skin and only then did I realize what flew before me was a titan of a bat. My certainty was unflinching despite my absolute lack of vision and I decided it was sensible to make some distance between us. The path was as dark as the shore, but I had long committed it to memory. Perhaps I could have followed it if its call did not tickle the back of my neck and send me into a panic. I heard it weave through the trees like an elegant needle sowing my demise. I crashed into a sturdy tree that sent me stumbling back, as I went to stand back up I heard the thing land like a comet, its weight sinking the ground as it did my heart. The crunch beneath its steps was so distinct and decisive like a guillotine singular in purpose. As it came closer sweetness filled the air as the taste of iron flooded my mouth. Its breathing was gentle, definitely not befitting of the hulking beast. I felt a warmth wrap around me, the rest is a blur. I woke up in the middle of Red Square with a thick fatty substance lining my mouth. It was sweet like candy but none that I'd ever tasted. It took me a while before I tried going on another night walk, but once I did it felt like no night was quite as dark."

[Members of the Green Coven and other dreamers have been known to broker deals with The Strange and this sometimes takes the shape of a letter. I found this moldy letter open and jammed into a hole in a tree, the letter signed in a sticky yellow compound that formed letters I have never before seen.]

A proposal recovered

Night Mother I come to you with another bargain. I called your name in the night yet you refuse to see me, however, my offer is one I know you await. Your master toys with us and a battle is imminent, I will pledge my loyalty along with that of my disciples to your side as long as we may be granted safe passage to the new age that it heralds. We will wait for your call, in the dark.
May your siphoning be eternal

Like me you are probably left with more questions than answers but I think that is what Milk Bat wills. Where her alignment lies especially in opposition to Milk Rat is not something I think will be clear to the public anytime soon. If you are unsatisfied with the half-made conclusions

URGENT NEWS FOR OLYMPIA RESIDENTS!

A totally real news story from Hero Winsor

A warning from Milk Rat cultists

Dark wings, dark woods
Teeth of black and eyes of red
Scoops up children from their bed
Hide your children under the floor
Splash the milk upon your door

[Worshippers of Milk Rat seldom call out the name of Milk Bat for they believe uttering its name is to call forth calamity. The few times its name is uttered is simply to warn others or dissuade them from seeking it.]

and loose strings this has left you with I suggest you go digging yourself. While her agents may silence me that does not mean you cannot uncover the truth.

Read the full article at <https://www.cooperpointjournal.com/> and learn about R.A.Ds dark secret.

Got horrors of your own to share? Submit them to @evergreen_horrors over on Instagram or schedule an interview!

The squirrels on campus have plans. They have not yet divulged what they are planning, but we know that they are planning something. Along with the usual compost they carry away as a source of food, several eye-witnesses have come forward saying they saw the squirrels carry away batteries, scrap metal, the 2006 video game: Viva Piñata, and even an unfortunate student's remote control. Squirrel experts, squirrelologists, have suggested that the squirrels either are attempting to create an army of robots to aid in the inevitable squirrel uprising, or merely wish to play computer games from the mid-2000s. Are the squirrels building a gargantuan mech suit with each limb controlled by a singular squirrel in order to bring an age of torment and despair upon their foes? We at the CPJ can't say for sure, but the look in their beady little eyes does not bode well. If your remote control has gone missing due to a squirrel related incident, we suggest purchasing a new remote, you are NEVER getting that old one back.

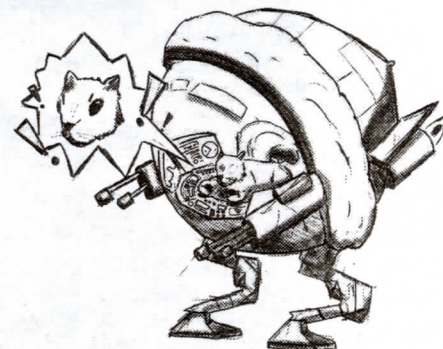
As seen in the hit franchise, the Bible™, Olympia has been hit with a plague of frogs. The masses rejoice as the

frogs are adorable and are prone to sitting cutely on stumps, lily pads and the heads of small children. The frogs vary widely, with a true diversity of species raining from the heavens. Each one is cuter than the last. The "Froggening" as it has come to be called has been credited with the deaths of three Olympia residents who suffered heart attacks from the frogs being too goddamn adorable for a human's fragile heart to handle. Scientists advise to maintain a healthy diet of kitten videos to attune the nervous system and prevent cuteness overload.

Conservatives are once again up in arms after a trans person was seen drinking a lemon La Croix. Cries of woke-ness and indoctrination echoed the musty caverns of twitter and facebook, despite the trans person not even representing La Croix. Critics of the uproar have pointed out that drinking lightly flavored sparkling water is just about as neutral an action as one can make, and does not constitute as one republican lawmaker tweeted, "a crime against humanity and the natural order bestowed by God." Multiple states are now considering banning trans people from drinking anything other than tap water without revealing their assigned gender at birth. (I hate that this is barely even satire.)

According to a recent study, anyone who has made a grilled cheese sandwich within the past 6 months is significantly more likely to have all of their loved ones be immensely disappointed in them. The graph below shows the truly devastating effects of making a grilled cheese sandwich.

Do you live on campus? Has your smoke alarm been going off more often? Have you had to exit your building in your undergarments multiple times in the last few months? There's a 92% chance that's the ghosts sending the fol-

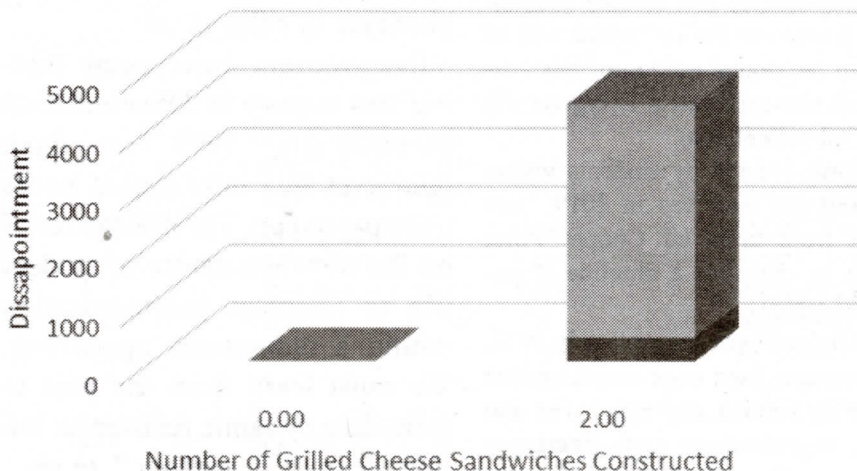


lowing messages: "Cherish the time you have left for remember, you will die," "Remember to drink water, you're going to be dehydrated if you only consume coffee and energy drinks," and "Please somebody clean the vents, it is very dusty and uncomfortable up here." Ghosts have asthma too, and when they cough, you'll know.

Aliens recently hijacked the KAOS radio station and played nothing but acid jazz for 3 hours last Tuesday, interrupting a broadcast of piratical sea shanties. The intention behind this is unknown as no one was willing to experience the jazz a second time to make out any hidden messages.

A local resident was recently overheard stating that young people, "run this country but can't even run a hardware store." As a direct response, the author of this news review would like to let the world know, I could run a hardware store. I own overalls, I know the names of several tools. I would run a hardware store so well, you can't even comprehend how fantastic this hardware store would be managed. The Home-Depot lesbianism runs strong in my veins. No, seriously, this is a threat, I WILL run a hardware store whether you think I can or not. The next time you go to pick up a drill bit or need a can of paint I will be there, watching, waiting...

Grilled Cheese of Sadness:(



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Archive Spotlight

WELCOME TO THE NEW EVERGREEN!



MAY WE SEE YOUR VALIDATED STUDENT I.D.?

FROM THE ARCHIVES: with Brock Holes

The above flyers; “Welcome to the New Evergreen” and “Welcome to Evergreen”, are archived with the President’s Files [1976-16]. Per a post-it note attached to one of these flyers, materials such as this were posted on campus for graduation day (6/13/1996). Materials surrounding the 1996 Disappearing Task Force (DTF) of Evergreen community members concerning the controversial decision for full-time arming of Evergreen police take up an entire box at the archives-- 8 inches tall, 6 inches deep, a foot long.

The vast majority of the material in this box is anti (arming police). A petition against arming campus police “No guns on campus!” is archived, with over 30 sheets. Sign-ups for public comment at a hearing on the subject (2/13/1996), overflow off of the official looking sign-up pages onto sheets of notebook paper.

For more information on the history of the effort against arming of police on campus, this author highly recommends the zine “How The Cops Got Their Guns: The History and Politics of Arming the Evergreen Police” which will be linked in the digital edition of this article and is also archived at Evergreen (in our digital collections).

The zine, created by students within the Evergreen Archives in 2019, uses sources from archived Cooper Point Journals to chronicle a timeline of policing on campus.

From the colleges conception in 1971, vocal requests from once commonplace community forums, surveys, DTFs and student organizations kept Evergreen operating with a small team unarmed

security guards as TESC Security. It was not until 1992 that the Board of Trustees would move to make campus security a fully commissioned police force with limited arming, against the expressed community consensus to not do so. The zine goes on to record several other timeline instances of Police Services gaining power over the years, noting all of the community opposition on the events in the meantime.

“How The Cops Got Their Guns” ends with a firm statement from it’s authors, a sentiment that is aligned with the purpose of this archive spotlight as featured today:

“Faced with rapid escalation and expansion of the campus police force, it’s important to remember that things weren’t always like this. Students have never wavered from or been unclear about their desire to end armed policing. Every upgrade of police strength has required an equivalent degree of targeted political exclusion by the administration. This reached an unprecedented extreme with the purchase of rifles in 2017.

Evergreeners have been writing this history in Disorientation Manuals since 1998. Now more than ever this information needs to be passed on. The college relies on the transient nature of student life to interrupt communication within a continuous opposition. We must learn from the past to formulate dynamic resistance, but first we must remember.” (p.15)



The Cooper Point Journal is committed to the recording and dissemination of institutional history as it pertains to our contemporary community. For those curious in even more archival sources on the history of this college, by students and for students, we also recommend browsing the Disorientation Manuals in the archives’ digital collections or to visit us during our office hours, Mondays 1-3 and Wednesdays 3-4 on the 3rd floor of CAB.

Archive Website:
collections.evergreen.edu

Featured Citations:

“Welcome to the New Evergreen!” Student Publications Collection. Identifier: US-WAOEA60612219. From the Evergreen State College Archives.

“Welcome to Evergreen” Student Publications Collection. Identifier: US-WAOEA60612219. From the Evergreen State College Archives.

Zine cover: “Cooper Point Journal Feb 21, 2008” from article “Dead Pre Brings Evergreen to Life.” Student Publications Collection. Accessed through Digital Archive. From the Evergreen State College Archives.

How The Cops Got Their Guns:

The History and Politics of Arming the Evergreen Police



Commentary

ADDICTIVE ROOTS AND RAT PARK

from chief foreign correspondent Melisa Ferati

In the 70s, Canadian psychologist Bruce K. Alexander and his fellow researchers conducted a string of studies under the catch-all title of Rat Park, utopia for a simple rodent – a colony roughly 200 times the size of a classic lab cage equipped with more than adequate space, food, items to play with, and free range to mate. Another set of lab cages, serving as Rat Park’s antithesis, placed rats in isolated standard cages. Four groups were included under a specific portion of the studies titled The Seduction Experiment, one isolated for the duration of the experiment, one that remained in Rat Park, a third group moved from cages to Rat Park 65 days into the experiment (running for a total of 80 days), and the last group being moved from Rat Park into the cages at 65 days. Two water dispensers were set up within both the “park” and the cages, one laced with morphine (sweetened so as not to cause aversion due to taste) and the other completely normal. Clear results arose: the rodents in isolation drank over 19 times more laced water whereas those within the park showed much greater aversion to it. They tested out further diluting the water and increasing the levels of sweetness, which near balanced out morphine usage between the two environments, but when he added naloxone (a drug that serves to cancel out the effects of opioids), the rats located within Rat Park began to drink it regularly. Further along in the trials he placed rats in cages with access to only laced water and then released them into the park with freedom to choose. The rats chose the plain water. Our furry friends have long been tested on by researchers to study how different circumstances and stimuli will affect us – from the cosmetic to the medical. We are, after all, animals too. In seeking to understand the dynamics of addiction, the findings of the Rat Park study inspire a particular question. What is addiction in the face of some sort of paradise?

In attempting to keep up with average inhumane standards still plaguing American workforces and the dominant ‘5 on/2 off’ day frame of the 40-hour work week, escapism presents itself in all forms across our society – from binge watching to substance abuse. We watch as endless articles and blog posts criticize these addictive behaviors. Con-

demnation rolls out in the form of holier-than-thou takes, small-scale faulting the individual for indulging escapist habits with no exercise in judgment towards the surrounding environment and circumstances at hand. Addiction is an inherent response to deprivation. Inducing chemical highs to counteract traumatic lows. Behavior induced and encouraged by capitalist interest. The hours of time swallowed by commuting and a packed schedule made from established necessity, not personal choice. Time for passions and chasing your goals. Time to spend with friends and going out into the world, growing and expanding. Time for crucial rest and recentering, for attending to your health. Time for parents to be there as their children grow up. These hours melt into one looming mass that reminds you work dominates the course of your life. The urge to escape that grueling grind only serves to fuel addictive behavior. Think of the ignorant “you’re poor because you’re lazy” mentality that plagues so many minds. The rich are not abundant with wealth itself but with the time it affords. As capitalist agenda establishes the pace of life as being like a fleeting race, the fear of the repercussions of supposedly self-induced failure in not being able to keep up with the hiking cost of living on your own fuels the sprint. Addiction is bred from imbalance and injustice. Isolation. Depression. Loss. Grief. These triggers are just some examples of that which sparks the search for what’s actually being sought after - relief. When I address the idea of paradise, I define it as a state of being without lack. To know access to what you need – things like food, water, community, housing – is available without question. Vices are labeled moral fault with no thought given to the concept of it as a conditioned response. Much in the manner of think-pieces parroting things like “millennials are killing the economy by not spending on ___”, cracking down on a generation figuring things out under the iron grip of credit as king in tandem with poor governmental support (especially the healthcare system) and the increased isolation of the digital age, capitalism’s cult of individualism still manages to turn man to dog (eat dog); trained to turn on each other before looking to condemn those who placed us under

these circumstances in the first place. With every stripping of social programs and ever-increasing financial burden on citizens in the face of modern inflation, it becomes clear addiction is no form of moral failing, but both a sociopolitical and chemical phenomenon.

Having recently been in Europe bouncing between extended family’s couches, the cruelty towards the Romani population comes strongly to mind as example. A nomadic people, the Romani experience irrefutable prejudice across various fields and borders of countries. Looking particularly to the Balkans, a region still struggling post-war and after the dissolution of Yugoslavia, the difficult conditions are enhanced with the added layer of a Romani background – tied across Europe to bigoted stereotypes and antiquated standards. This puts them at a great disadvantage in a myriad of ways, from medical racism to workforce harassment. While travelling, a woman from the Balkans tells me a story of a Romani woman stealing the ring off her finger at a local market. Once she realized it was gone, she rushed back to confront the lady and retrieved it. The woman apologized profusely, visibly pained by the circumstances and promised it was an unprecedented action completely out of her character, but that she had to feed her family somehow and her weak flea market wage just couldn’t cut it. I was surprised by her still lingering frustration with this Romani woman – seemingly speaking about the situation as some sort of affirmation of stereotypes rather than recognizing how circumstances had continued to strip her of “acceptable” routes for securing stability. That grasping at wisps, the woman didn’t know what else to do anymore. How many lives are bound to false expectation, falling into the trappings of an out-of-self-fulfilled prophecy? Of biased stories told with such force that free will is all but stolen away by the threat of homelessness or violence? It makes me think of the popular theoretical conundrum: if you catch a child stealing medicine from a store because his mother is sick but they can’t afford it, do you punish him for the act or let him go? My first thought is: why the fuck are we living under such circumstances that this still manages to be a commonly debated (and painfully realistic) hypothetical?

What will it take? How many more news stories of diabetics dying from lack of access to grossly overpriced insulin? Wrongfully accused prisoners put on death row? Hate crimes on the rise? School shootings on the daily?

How much more regression must come to pass through modified bills and revamped laws infringing on the rights of minorities? How many more must starve to death while billionaires are lauded for their hoarded wealth made off the blood and sweat of work done by thousands of others under deplorable conditions? When does the communal snap happen in a way that manages to collectivize and not isolate? What I’m trying to get at is the way addiction/escapism has become a hot topic scapegoat and we’ve lost the ability to notice its true nature – as triggered result of these circumstances we’re forced to live under. Fear is both our greatest motivator and strongest inhibition. A biological drive keeping us alive that we cannot go without. Its purpose is not to be suppressed or resisted, but serve as kicking and screaming notice of the inherent awareness of our exposure to what is dangerous for us. Living paycheck to paycheck (like an increasing bulk of us at this point), hanging off the poverty line, I’ve been afraid. Constantly mentally prepping myself for the next hypothetical disaster. Hypervigilant. Anxious. Perpetually burnt-out. Yet despite it all, actually even thanks to it, I’m not subdued - I’m pissed. I’m pushed to seek out others and remind us that electric panic in our guts isn’t saying “we must shrink and persevere”, but that “we can’t live like this anymore”. It’s time for long-deserved better. And that shift begins in the endless now. Together.



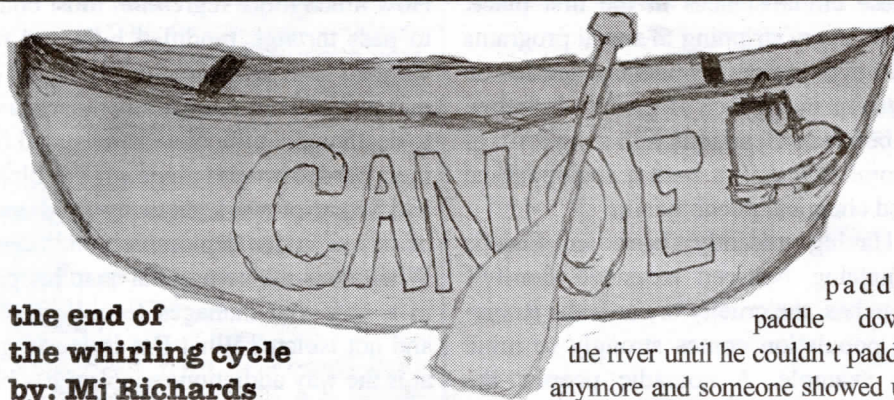
THE CPJ LISTENS TO



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Fiction Flow



**the end of
the whirling cycle
by: Mj Richards**

It was four days after that when she next had a conversation. She had run out of butter and cigarettes and felt an overwhelming desire for pancakes so she rolled out of bed a little quicker and walked to the store smiling as though she had caught a break. The store was almost empty besides the flicker of fluorescent lighting and the employees shifting over from the graveyard. It was almost never intentional but she liked being at the store during odd hours of the morning. The few other customers that lined the aisles would be in the same kind of morning stupor and gave no impression that they desired any kind of interaction. She only needed the butter but she saw the opportunity to investigate the store and jumped on it. She moved slowly down each aisle running her hand along the shelves of glass bottles and flour bags and cereal boxes to create little tink! And thunk! Sounds and she thought of rain.

Her favorite section was the bakery. She took extra time to make sure that she was alone and grabbed the fancy loaves of bread, unwrapped the paper, and pierced the crust with the end of her fingernail tugging at the folds in the dough just enough to feel the fibers spread before quickly wrapping the bread back up and putting it back on the shelf like a child in a bag of sweets.

Pison was cold hard cold and water not quite frozen but below freezing not quite frozen because it was moving flowing and he saw the razors begin to stretch out and soon they were gone and from the silhouette of the pines against the water he could see the sun begin to loom over the horizon as a flame in the reflection. *You think Pison sees himself more in me, or you? You I hope. I don't mean that as an offensive think I just mean that you were always the weird one. You were always sitting with the kids at the lunch table but only to make it look like you were engaging in conversation so that you would be invited to things so that you could just be there again and again. I didn't mean to offend you. Please, just say something.*

He didn't take long to decide that he should hop back in the canoe and paddle

the water losing consciousness Pison floated next to the canoe holding onto the edge of the hull scraping the skin from his palms from fibers coming loose from the sunlight.

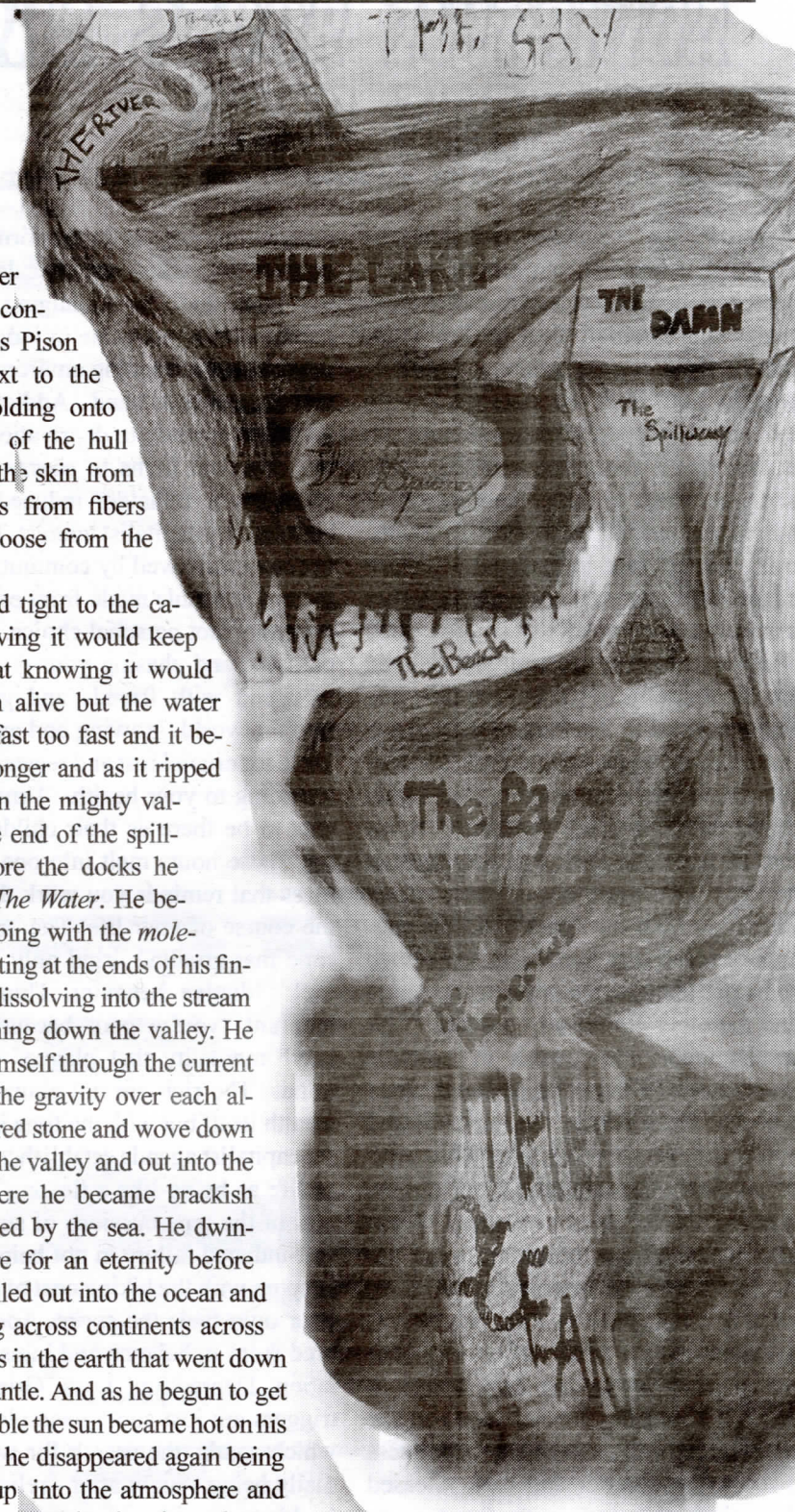
paddle down the river until he couldn't paddle anymore and someone showed up to help him. He pushed the canoe back in the river. He grabbed the side of the hull and tried to pull himself in but the water was now flowing over his knees and he could feel the force of the river tip the canoe and it flipped over and hit him in the chest with the force of a mountain.

“You know we wouldn't have to meet under the mistletoe in order to kiss...” Yoofie stared down at the ripples in the water for a moment before looking down and seeing Abe leaning on the barrier of the dock puffing on a cigarette. He took a drag and glared at her with his eyes darting side to side not knowing how to hold themselves in place. He grinned a slight revelation of desire but cut it off to maintain his status. Stoic. Impenetrable. She would say *Rebel Without a Cause* but she had never seen it and James Dean was almost surely a terrible human off-screen. Abe saw her waiting here for him to glide across the panels of the dock and grab both sides of her face and smooch but all he wanted was for her to do the same and it was in that moment that they both realized the other was at least in some sense, in love. They did not know how. They did not know who. But it felt alright.

She watched for an hour before the bow of the canoe flashed red red red with glimmers of the hot-noon sun and the canoe bounced up in the air too hard too hard for Pison to be in it too hard for the paddle to be held in the hull and she began wading out into the water knowing that if she did not catch the free-flowing canoe she could not make it to The City and away from her away from The Damn out to where she could be free and she began to swim but her clothes pulled her deep into the brown-muddy water of the delta and she sank below the surface and gasped every time the river popped her up and the laces of her boots became untied and caught on the green river weeds at the bottom and were nibbled at by fish and salmon and she became completely unaware of the canoe and was at the mercy of The River. *I will lose him and he will save me he will get me back to the canoe he will be there and give me control.* And as Yoofie tumbled through

the water losing consciousness Pison floated next to the canoe holding onto the edge of the hull scraping the skin from his palms from fibers coming loose from the sunlight.

He held tight to the canoe knowing it would keep him afloat knowing it would keep him alive but the water was too fast too fast and it became stronger and as it ripped him down the mighty valley at the end of the spillway before the docks he became *The Water*. He began imbibing with the *molecules* starting at the ends of his fingernails dissolving into the stream and washing down the valley. He spread himself through the current through the gravity over each algae covered stone and wove down through the valley and out into the delta where he became brackish and stained by the sea. He dwindled there for an eternity before being pulled out into the ocean and spreading across continents across the cracks in the earth that went down to the mantle. And as he began to get comfortable the sun became hot on his back and he disappeared again being pulled up into the atmosphere and globing together in wispy clumps and giant thunderous columns of moisture. He gathered and gathered until he could bear no more and began to cry upon the peaks of the mountains. He fell as snow on The Peak above The Lake and waited there for so long that he became a glacier and as time passed he became solid as stone unbreakable by the light, and as time passed the light became the heat and he began again to melt down the side of the mountain down the veins of the rocks funneled into The River and flowing for a hundred miles before being abruptly stopped by The Damn. It was in The Damn that Pison began to become himself again. As his molecules were wrung out through the turbines they began again to form in his body and he could start to think again and he had felt this rhythm he had known that beat and



as he shot out of the spillway and back down into the valley he found himself laying on the docks with no canoe and lungs filled with water. Flashes of red and blue surrounded him and uniformed men were sprinting towards him holding bright lights and guns.

He caught his air and sat up. He peered out against the water against the current against the rapids and saw far off down the valley against the trees flowing out to the ocean the stern of a canoe flashing red red red guided by a steady paddle directing it exactly where it needed to go.

To read CANOE in its entirety, visit www.cooperpointjournal.com



SLOW COOKED MORNINGS
by Natalie "Lee" Arneson

I've never been much of a morning person, my insomnia making early afternoon a preferable wake up time, but I fondly remember weekend mornings stirred from my bed by the smell of my parents' cooking.

My favorite breakfasts were when Mom would make potatoes and eggs with either sausage or bacon, all cooked in a cast iron skillet. The smell of sautéing onions would rise up from the pan laid atop the flame. The aroma and sound of sizzling would set my stomach to rumble, reminding me that such a late wake up time did my hunger no favors. Just as I loved falling asleep to the soft sounds of rainfall, I loved waking up to the sound of something sizzling in the pan echoing down the hall. What love to know someone is waiting for you when you wake up.

In grade school, Dad would bring us swan pastries on many a Saturday morning. As long as I've lived (and surely longer), I've never known my father to sleep in. Always awake before 7am, I will marvel at his internal clock—and my main thankful mine seems set to 11am most days. These swan treats were cream puffs filled with a light, whipped cream like filling, dusted with powdered sugar. The top was made to look like feathered wings, a delicate swan neck and head arising from the front of the pastry. It was one of the most beautiful desserts I've ever seen—and to this day my favorite pastry. He would get them from a French Vietnamese bakery by the name of Lan Vin. At the time when my dad would stop there on those Saturday mornings, their storefront was all in SE Portland, not very far from my neighborhood. The bakery eventually moved locations to NE Portland, in the same building as Pho Oregon. This is the storefront I became familiar with in high school. I was always so excited when I saw that pink box on the counter. It was my favorite part of Saturdays back then, and I found myself anticipating the treats once the week restarted.

These days, breakfast usually happens in a rush. My insomnia still has me cutting it close to when I need to leave for work, often only giving myself 30 minutes to eat. But on the weekends, breakfast remains a slow affair. I usually don't start cooking until past noon. I'll stumble out in an old t-shirt of my dad's that falls almost to my knees, socks and slippers on my feet, and start my morning ritual.

I most often make my coffee first, using the French press that lives on my counter in the way Dad taught me, adding spices like cinnamon and nutmeg to the ground coffee beans. At some point I'll remember to grab cardamom pods from the store to add as well. Then, I start on the actual breakfast, usually following in Mom's footsteps, adding diced potatoes and onions into the pan with eggs, arugula, and bacon. The motions of cooking are peaceful, reminding me of those calm mornings of childhood. I sometimes wonder if nostalgia tints those days rosier than they were, but I know the memory of my emotions is a truer recount than my memory of events, so I lay that worry to rest. Dressed in my dad's shirt as I stand over the stove in the way I often saw Mom do, I find myself caught between the past and present. An echo of my parents lingers in my kitchen, a step behind me in ghostly figures as I meander my way around the counters and stove. A funny thing, how the living can haunt as the dead do. Perhaps memory is really some strange land where life and death exist just the same, unable to tell each other apart.



Feeding the Diaspora is a column created by Natalie "Lee" Arneson in March 2022 to share stories on multicultural identity and how food plays a large role in continuing and reclaiming cultural ties.

Defining 'Diaspora': a diaspora is formed when people belonging to a cultural and/or ethnic group are living in a place that is not their or their ancestor's country of origin.

To check out more of Natalie's work, go to her website wordpress.evergreen.edu/foodag-portfolio-sp23-arneson/

illustration by Akemi Nakagawara

New Student Programs is

Now Hiring Students




SCAN ME

Orientation Coordinators
(Job #7707456)

- Starting June 2023
- Support Orientation event planning with staff
- Plan and host events for new students each quarter
- Coordinate Orientation Leaders and staff support
- \$17.25/hour for 15-20 hours a week

Orientation Leaders
(Job #7707507)


- September 2023
- Welcome new students to Evergreen
- Set-up and take down event sites
- \$16.75/hour for 15-20 per week

New Student Programs
CAB 3rd Floor | orientation@evergreen.edu
All job descriptions are posted on Handshake



Student Governance is

Now Hiring Students




Clean Energy Committee
(Job #7769516, 7769468)
Decide how to use the Clean Energy fee for projects, research, and events at the college

S&A Board
(Job #5905659, 7241333)
Make recommendations on how to use the services and activities fees on student services

Geoduck Student Union
(Job #various)
Advocate for Evergreen student body, represent student voice in important issues and initiatives

Student Trustee
(Job #4831247)
Serve on the college Board of Trustees to represent student voice in college leadership

Student Activities
CAB 3rd Floor | studentactivities@evergreen.edu
All job descriptions are posted on Handshake



Review

Psyciic Reviiew XXII: Beau is Afraid

by Jason Stone

Guten tagen fellow Greeners! After fulfilling a permanently temporary exile from society he had an opportunity to view Beau is Afraid, a three-hour long film from Ari Aster. Aster, more well known for his horror films Hereditary and Midsommar, explores the adjacent space of surreal, comedy horror genre in a film ten years in the making. Beau is Afraid features a pivotal performance by Joaquin Phoenix that can't be missed. The film follows the misadventures of Beau Wasserman, middle-aged man child plagued by an overbearing/abusive mother, Mona. Beau is the 21st century human, Fear perpetualis, perpetual-

ly in fear of everything including his mother even when she isn't present in the flesh. Fear the birthday suit stab-man, fear the bugs, fear the drugs. Or alternatively fear the fear itself and with good reason.

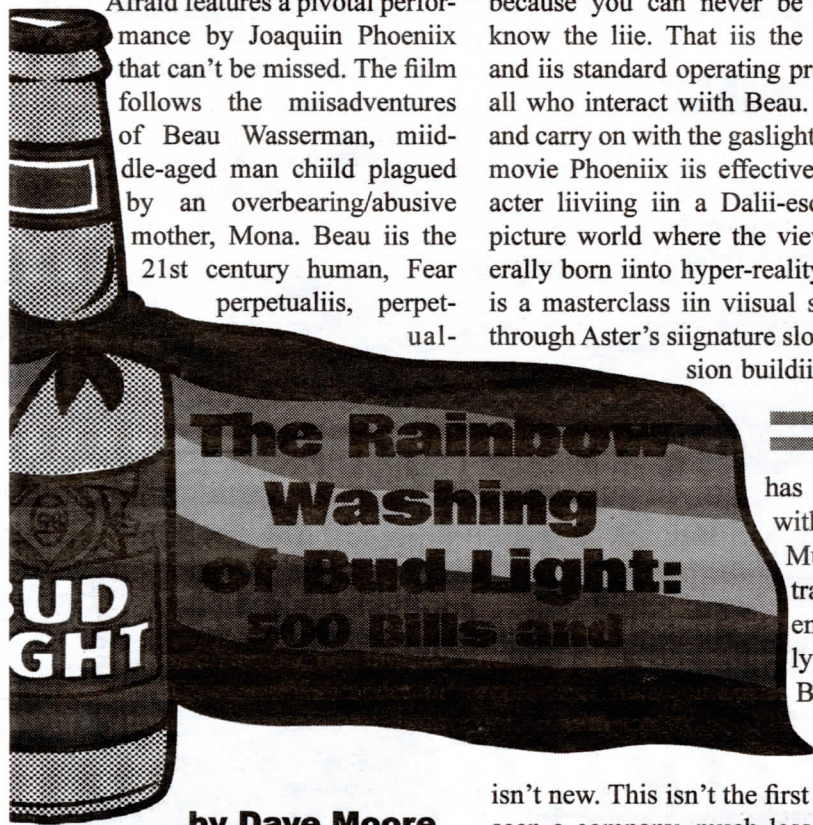
The process of decoding and synthesizing reality provides the first lesson which is you will never know the truth because you can never be allowed to know the lie. That is the first lesson and is standard operating procedure for all who interact with Beau. Keep calm and carry on with the gaslighting. In this movie Phoenix is effective as a character living in a Dalii-esque motion picture world where the viewer is literally born into hyper-reality. The film is a masterclass in visual storytelling through Aster's signature slow burn tension building and sur-

real imagery.

Each scene is a performance in crafting memorable, stunning cinematography and narrative nuance and depth. I reviewed Walkaway by Corey Doctorow earlier this year and have determined that this is the world which people would want to walk away from. This is a world of mindless mayhem and violence, passive aggressive parents, endless prescriptions, and prescriptions for the prescriptions. However, for Beau the fear is always just outside the door, never present yet always there. Usually never able to really identify the actual fear causing mechanism but very aware of the fear. It seems that if the truth will set you free then the lie will enslave you. Seems legit right?

This movie is multi-layered, and you don't really know what you do not know. Neo-Platonically speaking, you know that you know very close to nothing, but you will tell yourself a story as to what you just sad to make sense of it all. Sort of like life in many circumstances. You might laugh, you might cry, you might wish you would laugh more and cry less. However, you will feel something from this movie.

Overall, Beau is Afraid is a bold, ambitious film featuring one of the most interesting filmmakers in Ari Aster. It's a film that will leave you with questions and very few answers. There are scenes that will linger in your mind like The Cranberries song. Throughout the film Beau is only getting half the picture and the half he is receiving seems to manipulate him into the worst outcome of every crossroad which he travels. If there are two options or potential outcomes it always seems like he is getting the worst outcome which becomes almost comical. It seems like something which must be lived to be understood. Otherwise, you'll always wonder why when the answer really must be never ask why. It is apparent that sometimes there isn't an answer and it's intentionally set up to be and Beau knows so because that is his life. Buy the ticket, take the trip. Because it is worth the fee to see a cinematic masterpiece.



by Dave Moore

Cultural commodification is a long-standing capitalist pastime. Every facet of human identity, expression and circumstance can be packaged and used to feed emergent consumer markets. This is not a new phenomena, nor is it particularly unique compared to some of the other permutations of late-stage capitalism. It is May, 2023. In the span of just over five months, approximately 537 anti-trans/LGBT bills have been introduced in statehouses across the country, just about 150 of which center on directly imposing restrictions on and/or accessibility of hormone replacement therapy and gender affirming surgeries. This is while the DHS issues warnings on and off regarding spikes in violence against the LGBT+ community, and entire portions of the United States are rendered intentionally impassable or uninhabitable for trans individuals. Most importantly, of course, Anheuser-Busch

has partnered with Dylan Mulvaney, a trans influencer, finally queering Bud Light. Rainbow washing isn't new. This isn't the first time we've seen a company, much less an alcohol monopoly, mix a pop culture figure into their marketing plan and call it a progressive win. There's just something naggingly insidious and transparent in comparison to similar recent publicity attempts – maybe it's the fact that Anheuser-Busch has thrown millions of dollars into lobbying for conservative parties across the country, with many representatives advancing the 500+ bills being members of those very same parties. Maybe it's the fact that Anheuser-Busch specifically chose a woman who is digestible to liberals, that is to say a woman who has built the bulk of her career by highlighting her adjacency to 'real' women. Mulvaney does not challenge vote blue versions of transphobia and more specifically transmisogyny, making her a great fit for selling a product to the same self-identified 'allies' that definitely aren't transphobic because they believe in gay marriage

and watch RuPaul. Maybe I'm bitter once again seeing a market be built off of the suffering and deaths of people in my community, the trans community, while proponents of the legislation resulting in this bloodshed get richer. Maybe this would feel a bit better if Dylan Mulvaney at the very least partnered with a beer brand that isn't known for tasting like watered down spit.

Anheuser-Busch knew what they were doing – they knew that by appealing publicly to liberal markets, going against their historic red-blooded American market, they would be able to expand profit potential: liberals will start picking up Bud Light and the opposite side of reactionary ideologues will pick up Bud Light just to make a show of throwing it out. Either way meant money. They also knew that using Dylan Mulvaney would result in a somehow even higher amount of vitriol being directed at trans women first and foremost and the remaining portion of the trans community by relation, encouraging the advancement of anti-trans legislature. America's already lost pronouns, public restrooms and Marvel movies. You're not going to let them come for your beer next are you?

In the hopes of fighting some of the fear-mongering that's been circling these topics, I think it's important to say that, like everything else here, this isn't the first time. This isn't the first time they've come for our lives, this isn't the first time we've been sold something that's profiting directly off of the death of our community, this isn't the first time it's been by a megacorp trying to restore the U.S. to a mythical point of purity, and this isn't the first time someone's took a good look at it as a recurring phenomena. The fact that community remains is the important part, and should serve as a comfort and motivation for perseverance.

It is May, 2023. Anheuser-Busch has partnered with Dylan Mulvaney, a trans influencer, finally queering Bud Light. Of the 537 proposed anti-trans/LGBT bills in circulation, 97 have failed, with another 120 or so sitting in legal limbo or being so poorly thought out that they cannot be materially enacted should they be signed. Four states have chosen to expand protections for trans individuals, with Minnesota joining California, New York, Vermont and Washington as a sanctuary state. Another 16 states are on their way to introduce trans refuge state laws. I still don't like the taste of Bud Light.

Horoscopes



BY MELISA FERATI

JUNE HOROSCOPES

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

Aries: Take into consideration the weight of your role in your day-to-day surroundings. Do you recognize how much love is around you versus where your best efforts are going to waste? Assess and prioritize, babes! A surprising but welcome inner calm and slowed pace defines your month. Enjoy the breezy reset!

Song rec: Gotta Rap // Ab-Soul

Taurus: Now is the time to let go of those who do not care for you in a way that feeds your soul. What is the root of that feeling of inadequacy which is fueling the desire to give to others, those who can recognize that your well is going empty (and are doing nothing to rectify the imbalance)? Newfound motivation and the strength to do right by yourself coming right up, babes!

Song rec: Parody // Yves Tumor

Gemini: Turning inwards doesn't have to feel quiet or boring, babes – how can you turn introspection into inspiration instead of hyper-analysis? Whatever project you've been putting off, especially if relating to writing or communications, will become a driving focus again as you indulge your passions. Carry no guilt over cancelled plans or extra time you take for yourself!

Song rec: Dog // Jean Deaux

Cancer: Make a list of the 5 things

you consider most important to you and ask yourself whether your weekly habits honor your connection to these self-defined pillars. Your skills and talents have gone long repressed and its time to honor that urge you've been feeling to indulge in new paths or creative ventures. Short trips and moves to a new home are smiled upon, babes!

Song rec: wedgie // maxime.

Leo: With love on the brain and reckless optimism as armor, let yourself enjoy the burst of energy that shakes up your month babes! Head into local nature and attune yourself to more stable energies by spending more time amongst greenery. Honor that inner child. Hope is not childish, it's fuel – where would we be without it?

Song rec: Jumanji // Azealia Banks

Virgo: You'll be focusing on the themes of healing your past wounds and releasing the binds of old roots. There's a high chance for some sort of recognition at work, even a possible promotion in the cards! Past friends and lovers might pop up on your radar. Revisit your past decisions and recognize just how much you've changed, babes!

Song rec: Can I Call You Baby // Pearls

Libra: Core plans are in full swing as momentum is the name of the game this month, babes! An increasingly harmony creates satisfactory potential for an increase in romance and connecting to new friends. You are capable of so much more than your nerves are letting you believe. Think of who you'd like to be and act as they would – just like that, you've already become them!

Song rec: Camille // chlothegod

Scorpio: Financial adjustments and rebalancing your schedule in your favor will be highlighted this month. Life seems to be turning in your favor as lucky chances and unexpected opportunities pop up in your path towards your personal goals. What is it that drives you and what limits you? Take the time to know yourself, babes!

Song rec: Tinny Rain // The Brotherhood of Lizards

Sagittarius: What has your intuition been pushing you to express? Write it out on paper then read it back – you'll notice the line between what your feelings are informing you of and the core of what they're responding to. There is no rationality without both the emotional and logical, babes! A refreshed feeling in current relationships as well as new friends coming in.

Song rec: Simon // Hyukoh

Capricorn: As long as you've been doing right by others, lingering karmic debts will feel as though they're finally lifting this month. A release of the mentality that kept you going when times were tough in the

past in turn for one that inspires you in the present. No amount of self-sufficiency can substitute for community! Let yourself be held, babes.

Song rec: fight for love // sault

Aquarius: Do right by your body and see that positive effort translate tenfold in your energy levels and unfolding potential in creative and/or business work. Make the changes your gut is calling for – end that toxic friendship, cut out the self-deprecating jokes, whatever it is that's been bringing you down. It might come as a surprise but love is looking for you this month, babes!

Song rec: You Don't Know My Name // Alicia Keys

Pisces: How can you contribute to your local community in a way that helps you to feel better connected? You've been having a harder time recognizing just how crucial you are in the grand scheme of things and the power your kind intentions carry. Eat nourishing foods and indulge your creative inclinations as you bloom along with spring, babes!

Song rec: Forrest Gump // Frank Ocean

THE ELECTRONIC MEDIA INTERNSHIP PROGRAM PRESENTS

ultimate frisbee extraordinaire

A surreal matchup!

SEA MONKEYS VS Space Mollusks

Zesty half time show!
Performance art!
Streamed live!

SATURDAY
may 20
3pm

AT THE EVERGREEN FIELD

evergreen
OLYMPIA, WASHINGTON

electronicmedia

ST * FF TO DO

Places To Be and Things To See.

Clubs and On-Campus Stuff

Arcade Projects

4-6pm
SEM II A3105

Climbing Club

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

Drop-in Soccer

May 19 5-7pm
Library Underground

Evergreen Bike Co-op

Fridays 12:30pm
Lab 1 Floor 1 next to the Greenhouse

Drop-in Soccer

Sundays 5PM - 8PM

E-Gaming Guild

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

Evergreen Theatre Club

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

Tabletop Gaming Guild

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

SCARF

Fridays 1pm - 4pm
The Organic Farm

Familia

Thursdays 4:30-5:30
El Barrio Lounge
Sem2 3rd floor

Giant Clam Improv Collective

Sundays 4-6
SEM2 A1105

Yoga Club

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

Fiber Arts Club

Follow on instagram for meeting times and updates
@evergreenfiberartsclub

Black Student Union

is currently in the process of restarting. Find their server in the discord Greener Hub as they organize for next fall.

Library Open Mic

May 19 5-7pm
Library Underground

Princess Mononoke - RHA

May 19
5:15pm in COM

Slightly West Book Launch Party!

June 13 @7pm
Library Underground

SEAL

Rock 'Em Soc 'Em: Students of Color Social Hour
Wednesdays 4-5:30PM

Glitter Hour: Queer & Trans Social Hour

Friday 4-5:30PM

Crafting Connections

Wednesdays 12pm - 1:30pm

Student Art Gallery

May 26th

STUDENT ASSISTANCE

Writing Center

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

SafePlace Advocacy Hours

Mondays 1-3PM
Student Wellness Services

Thurston County FB

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

Off-Campus

Juneteenth Freedom Celebration

Sunday June 18th, 2023 1pm - 5pm
Rebecca Howard Park

Orca Books Co-op - Marxist Reading Group

The Jakarta Method
Mon May 22nd 6pm

Comedy Underground

Thursday May 18th 7:30pm
The Washington Center for the Performing Arts

Holding Up The Sky Qigong

Tuesdays 2pm
Squaxin Park

Postmodern Jukebox

Thursday June 8th 7:30pm
The Washington Center for the Performing Arts

Board Games 4 Bored Gays

Every Thursday 6PM
Burial Grounds Coffee

Saturday Market at West Central Park

Every Saturday

Uncaged Art

We Are Seeds: Familia
Friday, May 19th @ 6:00 pm
Olympia City Hall

Juneteenth Evergreen Tacoma

June 11th 2-5pm
1210 6th Ave Tacoma WA

Graduation Info

Lavender Graduation

In person June 13th 4-5:30
House of Welcome
Deadline for Registration is June 11th, 2023 at 11:59pm

Multicultural Graduation

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

Native Pathways Graduation

June 17th 5pm

Evergreen Commencement Ceremony

June 16th 1pm

Events to Watch For:

Studio Projects: Rites of Passage
End of may into June
Evergreen gallery
Art Time in Animation:
showcase TBA

This will be the CPJ's last physical st*ff to do page before the end of the year. Offices and programs will make respective announcements of last minute events in the coming weeks, catch whispers from your friends or start with some of these instagrams. Be patient, be vigilant, and keep your eyes on the billboards of CAB and the Library.

@evergreensws
@firstpeoples
@rha_evergreen_
@house_of_welcome
@studentactivities.evergreen



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

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

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

Coupon Expires May 31, 2023