

Books

I've taken a look
Because I cared
Too
I wood n't care if you'd
Take a look
too

I am like a book
I am filled with pages
And pages yet to be lived
I am one binding away
From falling apart,
a part
well it's a start
I am one cover too many
I am filed away on a bookshelf
Yet discovered
Dust off the dust...
Sahara sandy dusting sand—impressions of
flowers, bugs and hair
locks gently placed between my pages.
It's the quiet rage and then she placed burnt
sage
at page 100, Chapter 4...

How about you?
What tree speaks for you?
What tree are you shaved from?
What draws your sap?
Which rings speaks for you?

In the dark
dogs bark,
bark, bark, bark, bark
what crawls up your bark
What's the most fashionable bark
Out there, isn't forest fashion all green and
leafy
Like really sexy sex and tall... very produc-
tive
High up in the canopy
I see my way

I've taken a look
Because I cared
Too
I wood n't care if you wood
Take a look

Myth
There s a black myth
And there s a white myth
There s a myth about you and me
Truth be told
Myth be bold
Deep as ocean

buckling piracy
of reeality bytees
...tradition, reendition, contradiction
and little birds of posteerity
...foundation, fornication, retribution
and all the inneer beeauty of May, June,
July and August
...contrafution, complicatheed, controveerteed
august skin and the geeneeral lack of inhi-
bition
for
f or m al
tradition
feemalee to malee
onee
teear
teearing away at
lifee...
fear feearing
cheer cheering
on and on wee go

Two continents of conscience
Conscious of self
Himself
Herself
Is but a blur
Brutal truth
Suffering you
Suffered me
We all see—
hangs from a tree
printed in the press
and
voiced in song
wails in siren
is worthy of study
is a deeper truth
in myth
Me and you
a myth as a race
is a race
is all about race
As mystical as a myth
That black and white
Can t begin to understand
One another
Truth is bold
Should be told
I see in every man a part of me
My fear
My homelessness
My stupidity
My ignorance
My suffering conscience
My fallibility
My fall—everyday
Is recovered

Black and white
Is as beautiful as black and white
Is as noble as the love of God in Christ Jesus
Where there is neither black nor white
But all are one in him...

Race is realized...
Isn t hesitated
Isn t fabricated
But is created...

By Rick Anderson

Cooper Point Journal
a weekly compilation of student work

volume 32 • issue 27 • may 20, 2004

◆ FOOD SERVICE PROPOSAL MADE, PAGE 4 ◆ EMO SATIRE, PAGE 6 ◆ KERRY NOT DOVE, PAGE 10 ◆

VOX populi

by Andrew James and Corey Young

What is your opinion of Affirmative Action?

"I'm in favor of Affirmative Action being in the picture, but it is only one step within the framework of eradicating inequality."
Sean Maung
Junior
Independent contract: The Phallic Stroke of Christ

"I'm an agnostic on the issue. Who am I to say if it's right or wrong?"
Will Marchand
Freshman
Africa and the Black Atlantic World

"Affirmative Action can be useful for empowerment; however, it being quite legislative and top down, it is important for ordinary people to use more grassroots approaches in resolving issues involving race and segregation."
Sara Lankutis,
Freshman
Kaori Suzuki,
Sophomore
Independent contracts

"As long as white males are committed to maintaining their spot at the top, then it's necessary."
Elissa Ball
Junior
Magic, the Self, and Other

"The vast inequality in society as a whole means it's absolutely necessary."
John Haltiwanger
Sophomore
Author! Author!



Photo by Joe Jatcko
Margaret Cho, who performed last Thursday night at Evergreen's College Recreation Center before a sold-out crowd.

Margaret Cho gives funny, heartfelt performance at Evergreen

by Connor Moran

Given the focus here at Evergreen on political awareness where art is concerned, it is interesting to watch the various styles of political art that show up on campus. A particularly fascinating example came in the form of Margaret Cho's stand-up comedy performed last Thursday in the CRC, put on by S&A. Certainly there was an explicitly political aspect to the show, both in Cho's routine and in the opening act performed by Bruce Daniels. Daniels, an African-American homosexual, spent his opening mocking the media for its sexism, chiding the Bush administration, and discussing racism in the homosexual community. Cho's performance began on very topical issues. The result was emotionally charged but showed a distinct lack of polish. Nevertheless, Cho drew cheers and applause from her heartfelt discussion of the disturbing lack of love in the world.

Cho then settled in and focused on more traditional subjects: gay porn, dildos, a gay cruise, and Bjork. Here, the marks of greater preparation were clear and the show got decidedly funnier. But the political undertones of the show did not fade. Even when joking about her tendency to end up on worst-dressed lists ("When you can beat Parliament in a worst-dressed contest, then you've got something"), Cho was attacking a certain restrictive

structure. She turns her nonconformity to a certain ideal from a negative into a mantle of pride. In the question-and-answer period, she even joked about how she accentuates her camel toe.

I cannot help but think that the most effective political statements made by people like Margaret Cho and Bruce Daniels are not explicit ones but these kinds of unspoken assumptions they propagate. They don't need to mention homophobia, for example, in order to undermine it. Their frank, unapologetic discussions of gay themes make it difficult to think that homosexuality is anything but a normal part of life.

Beyond that, both Cho and Daniels consciously make a statement simply by being who they are. Cho, an Asian-American who is neither an expert in kung-fu nor a math-obsessed nerd, and Daniels, who is (gasp) both gay and African-American, both defy stereotypes. As Daniels said in response to a question regarding the media white-washing of gay culture, "According to the media, I don't exist." By their ability to claw their way into the public consciousness and refusal to fit into pat stereotypes, Cho and Daniels force people to recognize that human diversity is infinitely complicated. It does not fit into boxes.

Evidence that this kind of covert

political statement can have an impact came in the question-and-answer period. Audience members gushed about their experiences. One person went as far as to say, "You've made growing up a gay man much easier."

If you want change the world with art, you'd do well to take note of Margaret Cho.

Corrections

Aloha, effendi, amigos. We have another serious correction for you all. During the editing process of last week's letter, "Making Contact," about the importance of greeting the people you pass by, the author's name was switched with another's. Pat Lewis made "Contact," not Brad Bishop, and the email address at the end of the piece (krepka@msn.com) is Pat's, not Brad's. Our Letters & Opinions co-ordinator, Hal Steinberg, accidentally carried Brad Bishop's name over from his letter, "Choose Life: Look at the Faces of Death." We all apologize for the error.

-Rob, Mitch and Hal

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Give Me Your Blood or the Bunny Gets It!

Puget Sound Blood Center will be on campus today (Thursday, May 20) from 10 a.m. to 1:30 p.m. and 2:15 p.m. to 4 p.m. in the Library Lobby, second floor. For more information, contact Kathy Dean at 867.6804.

Final Sustainability Lecture: Financing Sustainability

The Sustainability Lecture Series concludes on Tuesday, May 24 from 7-8:30 p.m. in Sem II B1105 with Nancy McKay's "NGO/Financing Sustainability." McKay manages design, implementation and evaluation of the environmental sustainability program for the Russell Family Foundation. The former Puget Sound Water Quality Action Team Chair, McKay has 30 years' experience working with issues regarding water quality, land use, energy conservation, mental health, and education.

Celdom Heard: A Day-long Benefit to Break Out the Words of Incarcerated Youth

Come one, come all! Wednesday, May 26, from noon to 11 p.m. at Red Square and in the Lecture Halls. Join us for a day filled with discussions, spoken word, hip-hop, and information!

This event is being held to generate attention to the societal ills surrounding the prison industrial complex (focusing on youth facilities) while also fundraising to initiate the creation of a poetry anthology by local youth incarcerated at Green Hill and Maple Lane.

The first half will include organizations such as Gateways for Incarcerated Youth, Books to Prisoners, Media Island, S.S.O. Press, Last Word Books, the Evergreen Infoshoppe, Crimethink, the Prison Action Committee, the Evergreen Political Information Center (EPIC), Freechild, Free Radio Olympia, Building Revolution by Increasing Community Knowledge (BRICK), and Spacegnome Records. Richard Gold will lead a presentation about Pongo Publishing, and the infamous film Corrections will be shown.

The evening portion will begin with an open mic focused on prison-themed poetry. Local poet Kendra will perform for the first time in over a year, followed by a performance by spoken word artist Piece. Jorah LaFluer, Saints of Everyday Failures and Resident Anti-Hero will close the night with a hip-hop show.

Please join us to spread knowledge, share art and support the unheard voices of incarcerated youth!

-Jade Lascelles

Intercity Transit Seeks Citizens for Advisory Panel

Intercity Transit is seeking citizens for its advisory panel, the Citizens Work Group. The Group provides broad-based community input on public transportation in Thurston County as well as advises Intercity Transit's governing board on a variety of policy issues.

In addition, the 19-member panel represents a wide range of community and business interests. Over the years, this Group has been comprised of both transit supporters and critics, including senior citizens, persons with disabilities, students, business owners, and representatives of social service agencies, medical community and neighborhood associations.

The Intercity Transit Authority recognizes the value of ongoing citizen input. "The availability of focused and informed input from citizens within the communities we serve is useful to the issues we must address," Authority Chair Graeme Sackrison stated.

Currently, the Group meets monthly from 5:30-7:30 p.m. on the third Monday of the month.

Citizen Work Group members must reside within Thurston County. Applications are available by calling 705-5856, or picking one up at the Transit business office—located downtown at 526 Pattison SE—or online at http://www.intercitytransit.com/. The application deadline is May 27.

New members will be appointed at the July 7 authority meeting. All applicants will receive acknowledgement and notification of his or her status in the selection process.

For more information, contact Rhodeta Seward at 705.5856.

Help Bridge the Gap Between Athletics and Students

Discussion/Information Meeting Monday, May 24, CAB 110, 2 p.m.

This is for everyone! We will discuss what we want to do about this. Will we create a Geoduck Student Booster Club? Who knows? It is up to all of those who show.

All Islands Conference May 25 to June 4

Featuring a variety of presentations from study abroad, including short films, visual exhibitions, music, poetry, and research papers from the program Islands.

Schedule is available online at http://mediaspace.evergreen.edu/islands/ or pick up a hard copy in Com 301.

Be a Super Saturday Volunteer!

Super Saturday (June 12) is the largest one-day festival in the state. Evergreen's gift to surrounding communities. It draws between 13,000 and 30,000 guests, more than any campus event. The Super Saturday Committee is busy developing and promoting a wonderful array of activities. As Super Saturday is the only time many come to campus, we want those who visit to have fun while experiencing our hospitality and good cheer.

Volunteers make it possible for us to have Super Saturday and serve valuable roles as Evergreen ambassadors. They also send a message of support and appreciation to their campus colleagues who have worked so hard to put on the event. We need your help to direct traffic, assist vendors, greet visitors, serve as runners, hand out balloons and emcee events. Many of volunteer slots require two hours or less of your time. And it's fun!

To volunteer, please contact a volunteer coordinator (Phyllis Lane at 867.6034 or Steve Hunter at 867.6310). Either of these brilliant schedulers will accommodate your interests and time constraints. I look forward to seeing you at Super Saturday.

-Art Costantino 2004 Super Saturday Committee Chair

Voices of Color



Voices of Color

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

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

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

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

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

-Sopha Long Editor-in-Chief



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

General Meeting

5 p.m. Monday

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

Paper Critique

12:30 p.m. Friday

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

Friday Forum

3 p.m. Friday

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

the CPJ

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

staff

Table listing staff members and their contact information, including Business manager (Andrew James), Editor-in-chief (Sopha Long), and various coordinators.

Olympic Cards and Comics' Bank Bag was Boosted

by Danjeanette Daubert

Checking out the new Emma Frost comic and looking for the latest Spectrum art book took me to Olympic Cards and Comics off Pacific Avenue yesterday. While paying with a check, I found that I was missing my license (in my other pants!). Luckily I'm there often enough that it wasn't a huge problem. But, through this little mishap, I got the skinny on a bigger one. Last week Olympic Cards and Comics was burglarized, losing a bank bag full of drop money and the owner's pertinent information out of the owner's car, leading to further loss, as identity theft has become a problem.

I've been acquainted with Gabby, the first owner, personally for several years now, having learned of her and her business when it was crammed into an office space in the same strip mall as the eastside Hollywood Video through my partner who's into *Warhammer 40,000* and role-playing games (don't knock it till you've tried it). While I hung out admiring the paint jobs on the various models and the *Xena: Warrior Princess* action figures, Gabby introduced herself. Since then Gabby always says "Hi" at the very least, sometimes amid multi-tasking. When I pop in, she'll wave emphatically and shout it out. Sometimes, while I look through the art prints, models, and Monty Python action figures (and now of course root out Emma Frost comics), we'll chat. Gabby's nothing if not congenial and open to chatting.

What I know about Gabby, after a few years of chatting like this, is that she is a self-starter who began the business to create a community space for young adults, kids and adults who are young at heart. She hasn't

even reached thirty, and the store, her baby, is turning 11 this year, meaning she started the business at the same age that I stressed over college entrances and finishing out high school. She's a real go-getter.

Talking about the theft, she expressed in true Gabby fashion that she's glad it was just the bank bag and some small things, "no one was hurt... if it were someone hurt I would have done anything to trade the bank bag for that person's well-being." Even so, losing that money (which she didn't want to measure for me in dollars as it was, well, a bummer) does ding the business. It wasn't enough to bring Olympic Cards and Comics down, she said, but enough that they'll have to tighten up for a bit to make sure things are okay.

Knowing this economy, it's pretty tough out there, but if you've got some spare change or an impetus to directly affect change in the community, send it Gabby's way. Olympic Cards and Comics is a safe hang out for kids who maybe aren't into skateboarding or loitering downtown after hours, a great service for the Olympia and Lacey area's young people. And I bet if everyone put in a little, the bank bag could be replaced. If you've never been to OCC, hop a 62, it's right across Pacific from Fred Meyers down a ways from Sleater-Kinney. Even if you're not a gamer and you're sick of *The Lord of the Rings*, there's a Sock Monkey comic and or a Garbage Pail Kid calling your name.

Olympic Cards and Comics
4129 Pacific Ave SE
Lacey, 98503

Who's Going to Run Our Food Service Next Year?

ARAMARK'S PROPOSAL IS IN...

by Meredith Brown, Students Organizing for Food Autonomy

Friday, May 14 was the due date for the proposals for the food service contract, and Aramark was the only company that submitted a bid. As of Monday, May 17, the proposal was being reviewed to make sure that it meets the minimum requirements of Evergreen's call for proposals in March. If the proposal meets the minimum requirements, then it goes to the review committee, which is comprised of senior staff, members of the faculty, and a handful of students, who will evaluate it individually, and collectively decide whether or not Aramark should send representatives to give a public presentation.

This presentation, which takes place in the week of May 24, will give you an idea about their vision of the future of food services at Evergreen, a presentation to which the community is cordially invited. After the presentation there will be another evaluation period, and assuming that the proposal meets the minimum requirements and there are no other outstanding flaws, the administration and Aramark will enter contract negotiations, and the contract should be awarded by June 4, Friday of the tenth week. Although that is the basic timeline, it is possible that the proposal evaluations

and/or contract negotiations may take longer than planned for, in which case the contract will be awarded after most students have left for summer, making it even more difficult for student concerns to be taken into consideration.

However, if at any point Aramark's proposal does not meet the minimum requirements of the call for proposals, or there is such a strong objection to them that it would be impractical to contract out with them, then Bon Appétit has graciously agreed to stay for another year while the college finds another alternative. Does a self-operated Evergreen food service (Self-Op) sound attractive?

Now for Students Organizing for Food Autonomy. No matter what happens with the proposal evaluations and contract negotiations, we plan to continue our work to set up an academic farmer/chef culinary program here at Evergreen and hopefully collaborate with South Puget Sound Community College and their culinary expertise, so that we will be prepared to go Self-Op when the time is right. For more information, contact jgotbetter@graffiti.net, or find the sofa in Red Square.

Part 12.1: God Save Rock-n-Roll!

by Talia M. Wilson

Rock is dead. There, I said it.

Not that it was some big secret or government conspiracy, but face it, the glory days of rock have ceased, and as Philip Seymour Hoffman's Lester Bangs said in *Almost Famous* (and I'm paraphrasing here): "What now passes for rock-n-roll, silence is more compelling.... The war is over; they won." And that was 1973 rock criticism. Imagine if Lester Bangs were around today. (Oh, Lordy!)

And rock is not necessarily to blame for its own demise. Its remaining shredded remnants are channeled into sub-genres, filtered through branches of commercialism (or completely ignored), and recycled across generations, covered countless times that original song versions soon become as rare and antique as the equipment they were recorded on.

But rock's journey underground hasn't been entirely painful. Thanks to some singers'/bands' longevity, it has managed a healthy afterlife. David Bowie, Ozzy Osbourne, and Aerosmith—and others—often tour with younger groups and singers and continue to reign in pop culture.

As the music industry (hopefully!) continues its shift away from the likes of Britney Spears and fake boy bands, rock will find itself at another crossroad, where it will either spend eternity repenting in purgatory or find renewed life with the younger scene.

Rock will only survive and fully live again upon the continued discovery of singers and bands who again make it exciting, constantly push the envelope and especially aren't cookie-cutter copies of everybody else. In the last 15 years, several bands have reinvented the rock spectrum and inspired others to do the same, including Nirvana, Counting Crows, Live, Hole, Sublime, Foo Fighters, Oasis, Blind Melon, Queens of the Stone Age, The White Stripes, and Evanescence.

So, until a big push of musicians moves the industry out of its rut—and gives the RIAA something to do besides sue people—rock remains officially dead, on life support and waiting to be revived. And despite the continual tours by aging classic rock artists, the only cure is finding more fresh talent, since most of what we're stuck with just ain't cutting it.

The Sex Pistols said, "God Save the Queen." I say, "God Save Rock-n-Roll."

PART 12.2: MY TOP TEN MUSIC BLAH-BLAH-BLAH

10. & 9. Big Brother and the Holding Company/Janis Joplin—OK, so by now it's nooo secret that I like Janis and her music. However, the fact that *two* biopics are now on the film horizon is leaving me troubled. Sure, one's Hollywood and the other's an indie, but we'll never know till they come out just what the filmmakers focus on: the music, the drugs, her sexuality, her familial woes. Am I curious? Yes. Anxious to see either one? Not really, when I can watch *Janis*, *Nine Hundred Nights* and *Ball and Chain* anytime and see how she *really* was. Besides, stuff will be skewed and/or left out, which brings me to Big Brother, who will likely be known as the band that once backed Janis. Get a life, Hollywood! Aside from a hiatus after she and guitarist Sam Andrew left (before he came back), they have been recording and touring for nearly 40 years. True, their popularity came with Janis, but that shouldn't discredit their music or longevity. After all, how many psychedelic

groups emerged from the 1960s alive, well and still performing?

8. Cool Edit Pro—Sound editing is not the easiest thing in the world, nor is it my favorite, but, man, this program absolutely rocks. (Peak is the Mac equivalent and works pretty much the same.) After transferring old VHS movies to my PC, I can go in and warp the vocals, move them around, overdub, etc. Talk about power!

7. D.A. Pennebaker's rockumentaries—*Don't Look Back*, *Monterey Pop*, *Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders from Mars*. Musical genius meets filmmaking genius. Pure fun in every form of the word.

6. *Bookends*—I love this album. I'd always liked Simon & Garfunkel, but when I finally heard this from start to finish, it just blew my mind. My mom still swears that *Almost Famous* provoked my liking of the album, but it was just hanging out with Renata in the CPJ office and listening to Simon & Garfunkel a lot.

5. Concerts—Adrenaline. Just one long, sustained wave—that's the only way I can describe how a rock concert feels, at least a good one. My dad says anyone is better live (except Britney Spears, I always argue). And the loot you feel you can't live without: t-shirts, key chains, programs, those funky glow things. Someone once mortified Renata by telling her that spending \$75 on a concert t-shirt was worse than what's going on in Iraq. Obviously, that individual just doesn't get it!

4. Subwoofers—Man, those things are (in a deep James Earl Jones voice) *sweeeeeet!* And my poor little Pentium has never sounded better.

3. My dad's 45 collection—Growing up, I used to think radio stations were screwed up because they never played familiar music, stuff my dad always played. He'd had a stereo that recorded onto 8-track cassettes (once a hot-ticket item) and recorded this oldies tape of favorite 45s, which was played constantly. Well, being the naive weirdo that I am, it took about 10 years before I realized how old those songs actually were, and, though once popular in the Northwest, many weren't Top 40 hits, so not many oldies stations played them. Even now, some are still hard to find, even in independent stores. But that one tape—with artists ranging from Phil Ochs to Fever Tree to The Mermaids to Blue Cheer—is still a legend in our household; in fact, Sis and I still bear our worn-out copies with pride.

2. The Beatles—What can possibly say about them that hasn't already been said? They're here basically because of their simplicity; their lyrics are typically simple and easy to sing along with: "Golden slumbers fill your eyes/smiles awake you when you rise/sleep pretty darling do not cry/and I will sing a lullaby-ee."

1. The Olivia Tape (circa 1983)—Likely the most played VHS tape in the history of our household and still works, thanks to a \$700 RCA VCR, which lasted almost 17 years before it choked while taping *Dark Shadows*. This tape—including an Olivia Newton-John concert, Michael Jackson's *Thriller*, MTV videos that included Lennon and McCartney, and *The Muppet Show*—was more than just a random, collective montage; it defined my childhood, and I'll carry it with me till another RCA eats it. (That'll be a sad day, man.)

(P.S. This is the last installment of *Music! Music! Music! Thanks to everyone who helped me out along the way, especially Chelsea Baker, Kai Young, Renata Rollins, James Stippich, House of Records in Eugene, and my lovely copy editors, Rob and Mitch-U.*)

Astronomical Astrology

by Brian Flewell

Today, I present to you an Astronomer's Astrology. I have properly adjusted all constellations and starting points to today's skies because the sky of 2000 years ago is out of date due to the procession of Earth's celestial poles. Because Earth's axis is tilted 23 degrees, Earth slowly rotates like a top spinning down, causing the stars above to slowly change position over 20,000 years. In Greek times, and according to Astrology, Spring starts in Aries, the Ram; today it begins in Pisces, where I start my horoscopes.

Pisces (March 11 – April 17): Hidden in the twilight, Pisces waits to jump again come late summer and fall. Take this time to enjoy the other shows provided by the nighttime sky, and let your imagination flow like the river Pisces swims in.

Aries (April 18 – May 13): This thin constellation is completely veiled by the early twilight right now. Waiting patiently as the sun moves away from him, waiting to again reclaim his place in the nighttime sky. Patience is a virtue that you should practice whenever you are stargazing.

Taurus (May 14 – June 20): As the sun transits across your sign, one of the rarest events in human history will take place. On June 8, Venus will transit across the face of the sun. This will be a time of great joy. Except for us on the West Coast, because the sun rises after the event has ended.

Gemini (June 21 – July 19): Both Mars and Saturn are in your sign, which means that they happen to appear close together in our two-dimensional celestial sphere. In reality, Mars is 215 million miles away, while Saturn is 915 million miles! This is a time of even greater joy for you, since on the May 24, Mars and Saturn will appear only one degree apart, a beautiful sight for those lucky enough to have binoculars.

Cancer (July 20 – August 9): A time of great change has been happening in your sign. Not because you've come into some money or lost your girlfriend, but because the best comet of 2004 to be seen from Olympia, Comet C/2001 Q4 (NEAT) has just finished passing through your sign. It's still visible to the naked eye, so keep looking out for continued changes!

Leo (August 10 – September 15): Jupiter resides in your house until August. But right now is the best time to take a look at this Zodiacal interloper. While beautiful to the naked eye, constant changes will continue to happen! Jupiter four brightest moons, Io, Europa, Callisto, and Ganymede, will night by night swing around Jupiter, making for a fascinating cosmic dance.

Virgo (September 16 – October 30): The brightest star of your sign, Spica, is high in our night time sky. Take some time to relax and follow to old adage "Arc to Arcturus and speed on to Spica." Start with the Big Dipper high overhead

and follow the curve of the handle out and around the sky to the bright red star Arcturus; from there continue on the curve to find YOUR brightest star.

Libra (October 31 – November 22): It is a time of change in the heavens. Winter's stars are setting and Summer's are rising. Although once associated with Scorpius, Libra was cut off from Scorpius by the Romans. Consider cutting yourself off from someone to go out late tonight and look at the stars. Or better yet, find someone to drag along with you! There is nothing better than looking at the stars with some company.

Scorpius (November 23 – November 28): The burning heart of the Scorpion was used once to kill Orion, the Hunter. Today the burning heart of the Scorpion, Antaries, is easy to find as a late-night treat. Stay up late one night and watch your burning heart come out above the trees and be reborn anew for the new year's chase of Orion.

Ophiucus (November 29 – December 17): The Serpent Bearer and the healer of the sick. Using the venom of Serpens Caput (The Serpent's Head), Ophiucus heals those who have been struck ill by Nemesis, the goddess of retribution. Help someone out this week and show them the nighttime sky. Ophiucus is a faint constellation, but by finding Scorpius first and traveling east from there, you may be able to pick out the faint stars that hold the mighty serpent.

Sagittarius (December 18 – January 18): The Archer that patrols the center of the Milky Way. The distinct teapot shape of Sagittarius hides the deadly center of our galaxy. Behind the "spout" of the teapot lies the monster center of the Milky Way. The distinct shape of our galaxy is awe-inspiring if you are an insomniac at this time of year. Sagittarius won't rise until 2 a.m., so rise with it or wait for a few more months to pass.

Capricornus (January 19 – February 15): You are all but invisible this month. Hiding in the early morning twilight, waiting for your chance to rise. Perhaps among the most important constellations, the farthest reach of the sun to the south and the entrance to Hades, the underworld. The end of the year, the end of life, the beginning of a new adventure.

Aquarius (February 16 – March 10): Aquarius is an honored man whom Zeus placed in the sky for his service as Water Bearer to the Gods on Mount Olympus. Zeus fell in love with the young prince Ganymede and swept him away, disguised as a swan (Cygus). Aquarius resides low in the sky, close to Capricornus. While Aquarius is dim in the morning twilight, Cygnus, the Swan or Northern Cross, can be seen flying high in the late night sky through the Milky Way.

As always, Happy Viewing!

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Emo Singer Announces Maybe She's Not So Depressed After All

Satire by Daniel Steiner

Emily Majer, lead songwriter for local emo band Cumquat and the Eunuchs, announced recently, "Maybe I'm not so depressed after all." The news came as a shock to fans who have listened to Majer sing sadly and droningly about subjects ranging from lost lesbian love to suicide to her ongoing substance-abuse problems with Theraflu and shmenets (called Shmeneflu on the street). And it seems to have all changed overnight.

"Well, I just woke up one day and realized, maybe I'm not so depressed after all. The black leg warmers, arm warmers, the black hair, the pale face, I just couldn't put it together... something wasn't right." Unfortunately, this realization came far too late. After building a fan base around the Olympia area of '80s clothing-clad hipsters and ghost-white emo listeners lurking in the shadows of 4th St., Emily, or Cumquat, had managed over the years to make an entire town fall in love with her music, her words, her dark swirling black hole of a life.

"I used to come down to the Eastside Drive once a month to see what new stuff Cumquat had written," says self-proclaimed ex-fan Justin Mathews. "Her lyrics were so... inspirational, they really made you want to go out and pour kerosene all over your body. But after this... after this, I don't think I could bring myself to listen to her songs again... they were all lies. All lies. That's life, though, one big lie. I guess that turns me on..."

But Emily insists her music and image were not created out of lies; they were merely mistakes. "It just turns out that I was wrong, that's all. I thought that I felt a certain way, and it turns out that I really don't. In fact, I've never felt suicidal, or wanted to strangle my transgendered lover because he or she no longer loved me. I've had a great life so far, I've never been in a bad relationship, and life is more or less akin to a 'delightful picnic right now.'" The confession has broken hundreds of

hearts in the Olympia area, a population of listeners who are already "100% ready to do ourselves in," as one student of the Evergreen State College remarked under a dark grey sky. "Like, you know, this just adds one more thing to the pressure gauge, you know, now that Emily isn't a whimpering mass of uselessness like so many of us, who are we supposed to turn to? I play the guitar in a band, but it's not like I can really play the guitar..."

Emily's sudden turn away from her emo ego has provoked not only a massive loss of her band's fan base, but an unprecedented number of suicide attempts. "Oh yeah," Emily says, "I get calls all the time in the middle of the night from people telling me how angry they are... that they're cutting their wrists as we speak. But then I ask them if they're cutting them vertically, the 'I want to die' way. And low and behold, ninety-nine percent of the time, they're just showing off their apathy with horizontal 'cry for help' cuts. It's like a goddamn contest between these people; who can be sadder?... I guess I never really wanted to be part of that. So, no, I don't take them too seriously when they call. I know they'd be doing that anyway, whether I was still on the emo circuit or not. That's the type of people they are. And it's not like it's my fault. I am who I am, whoever I want to be. I can feel how I want to feel. You know, I was wrong and confused about how depressed I really was, and I'll be wrong about other things in the future, like what color dog to buy, or what I want to eat for lunch. People are allowed to change, and that's something the emo community just has to understand."

Emily refuses all guilt placed upon her by her disavowal and maintains that Cumquat and the Eunuchs will stay together and be even more successful in the electro-pop scene. And if old fans don't like the change, says Emily, "Go cry about it. Because I know they will."

Blue Roads, Red Wine: Father/Son Duo at Traditions Cafe

by Chelsea Baker

I have been fortunate enough to hear Tom May perform many times in my life but never before have I heard and felt his music as deeply as I did last weekend when he performed at Traditions Cafe here in Olympia. For decades, Tom May has performed across the country and across the world spreading folk music traditions to anyone willing to listen. He even has his own radio show entitled River City Folk, which can be heard from coast to coast from Portland to New York.

His recent performance at Traditions Cafe differed greatly from all the other times I have heard him play because for the first time, I heard him play along side his son, fellow Greener Dylan May. I always thought of bass players as the guys and gals who were always stuck in the back playing one note of a chord at a time and being as far from melody as humanly possible. Dylan's unbelievably lively and passionate playing proved me wrong right from the start. He is to the bass what the Beatles are to rock and roll. Dylan showed a wide range of styles by playing folk music with his father and as well as playing some solo funk tunes written with his band, Funk Underworld.

With Tom on a six- or twelve-string

guitar and Dylan on bass, one can't help but listen in awe. My favorite song of the evening, "Right On," was the pinnacle of musical perfection. In a simple song with intricate harmonies, Tom and Dylan created enchanting vocals that seemed to caress the night air and leave the listener wanting more. Most of the songs played over the course of the evening were written by either Tom or Dylan, though there were a few they attributed to other writers. I enjoyed the fact that before each song, Tom would give a brief description of his inspiration for the song, something the song reminded him of or the meaning behind it. It seems as though he finds inspiration for his own songs in everything that surrounds him. From reading a Jack London book to "A Walk in the Irish Rain" to "Blue Roads, Red Wine" to firefighters dying in raging forest fires, I can guarantee everyone will find at least one song of his to relate to. If not, they'll enjoy the tunes none the less.

This being Dylan's senior year, Funk Underworld will play at Super Saturday, June 12, and all are welcome to come and listen. For more information on Tom May or River City Folk, visit <http://www.tommayfolk.com/>.



photo courtesy of Tom May

Dylan May rocks out on bass guitar, preparing for his Traditions Café performance.

Don't Spend Money On A Boring Afternoon

by Robert Hopt

A couple weeks ago I went to see a little talk by Elvis Mitchell, the now-ex-*New York Times* film critic. Besides a wonderful anecdote about trying to slip a reference to "tossing the salad" into a review of a movie that was set in prison and getting caught by a junior copy editor (w00t!), he told us in the audience that the hardest part of his job was writing about the mediocre films. The really good ones are fun to write about, and the really bad ones are easy and fun to write about, but the ones in the middle are just a bummer.

So it is with reviewing an album. If there is nothing new to be heard, what is there to be written? The PR packet that came with Eleni Mandell's fifth album, *Afternoon*, has a lot of interesting quotes from music reviewers. Her stuff is described as "an always intimate sound that projects honesty first and foremost," "smoky-voiced," "with all the searing vocal drama of PJ Harvey," Tom Waits and Norah Jones are also used in comparison. Unfortunately for Mandell, this PR spiel spoke to me almost as strongly as her album. Reading these names in a press release just made me want to listen to them, and instead I got her.

It's not that this album is terrible in any way. It's a perfectly good album of the kind I've heard before. If you can stick it out through the first three or four songs, which have scarcely enough soul to distinguish them from pointless faux artists like Avril Lavigne, you'll get to some creamy goodness in the middle. It's obvious that Mandell knows how to "do" Norah Jones and PJ Harvey and Tom Waits, but unfortunately I could not discern much about her personal style. Now I'm not the hugest fan of this little niche of "smoky-voiced" love songs

and lullabies, but I had this expectation of meeting her personality through the songs, and I was disappointed. During many songs I wondered, "Why doesn't she just belt it out, jazz it up, do something personal with her voice?" She stays within the lines, and it drives me nuts!" Of course, she may have been doing that, which tells you something about her style.

My high points of *Afternoon* include the wistful, wishful "Just A Dream," the song "Sun's Always Shining (In Rome)," which drips lazy, dreamy country-western slide guitar, and "Let's Drive Away," a track that steps along without a care. In contrast, "American Boy," the first song of the album, should have been cut altogether. In it, Mandell says so little, in such a predictable way, that I actually laughed the first time I listened. (Oh, so you "love an American boy, that's for sure." News flash: So does every other straight white American woman songwriter on the map. Give me more.)

My lesson to you all about this album is actually to go out and buy a different one. If you want to hear some goofy, mellow, dreamy hipster ballads done well, go to the internet and find a Briton named Scout Niblett and her album *Sweet Heart Fever*. Go order it now. I had to put it on after *Afternoon* just to set my mind straight. Ironically, Eleni Mandell perfectly illustrates the gap between what I expected and what I got. In "Can't You See I'm Soulful," she sings, "Can't you see I'm soulful?/Treat me like I'm heavy." Sorry, Eleni. I think it you said it better in "Easy On Your Way Out": "You're easy on your way out the door/Not so easy when I want more."

Rating: ** and a half stars

Note to Eleni Mandell: Stick to Country Style, Avoid '50s Pop

by Corey Young

When I first picked up Eleni Mandell's CD *Afternoon* the first thing I noticed was the cover picture, the artist herself swimming on her back in what looks like a white sundress. This in itself made me curious to hear the music on the CD, so I took the entire package home with me and popped it into my computer. While I was managing this, I opened up the CD booklet, which consisted of what look to be black and white personal photos in the middle, along with the lyrics to every song on the CD. Pretty standard fare, as far as CD booklets go.

The music, on the other hand, is something that is fairly familiar, at least to my ears. It brings up thoughts of smoky country-western bars in the movies, where all the guys in cowboy hats are smoking and playing cards. Kinda like a modern version of the saloon. While I will admit I'm not a very big fan of such music, I found Eleni Mandell tolerable. Granted, I only felt this way because I had the CD on in the background. When I tried to listen to the music outright, it just didn't work for me. The music is just good for the background track late at night at a party, or to have on while trying to read. The words melt into the music, which is pretty much all sleepy guitar work, and the occasional mix of '50s rock and country music. There even seemed to be traces of lounge music, which

perturbed me. Why this odd mix of styles? They don't mesh very well, and frankly, I feel Eleni Mandell should stick with sleepy country western. She just doesn't fit with the other styles AT ALL.

What further aggravated this confusion was the fact that the second track on the CD, titled "Afternoon," was one of the '50s rock songs. It was there, smack dab in the middle of two slower, sleepy songs. It breaks the mood and revs the listener up for—nothing. You get another sleepy song, and get comfortable again. Personally, this keeps me from enjoying the basic mood of the CD, and forces me to change tracks incessantly, trying to make the CD enjoyable. I like Eleni Mandell's voice, with its smokily deep crooning, but I can't force myself to like her rock songs. She needs to stick with the sleepy country, and leave it there. For all who happen to like smoky crooners, I would strongly suggest going to go see Eleni Mandell at The Mark on June 9. While this CD isn't horrible, it isn't spectacular either. I say get it if you like to have some background music on while entertaining your saloon buddies, or even while reading a good Western. That is, if you don't mind a sudden smack in the face from the '50s.

Rating: ** and a half stars

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The Antigreen Solution

by J.T. Lachappelle

As always, no one came up with anything close to a viable solution to the problem I presented in The Antigreen Challenge. So, although I'm sure no one gives a shit, I'm going to go ahead and put this little piece forward, if only for kicks.

As I said recently, all living organisms on this planet compete for finite resources, with the most competitive enjoying greater access to resources than the less competitive. Extraordinarily, while we humans possess the intelligence and consciousness that could allow us to escape from the competitive scenario, we have done little in the way of applying this intelligence to such an end. Quite the contrary, instead of using our intelligence to escape the competitive problem—that is, to cooperate—we use it to more vigorously compete with one another! How often do you see the best and the brightest donning loincloths and fasting in protest of world hunger and suffering? Not often. You see them going to Harvard, to Wall Street, and to the Mercedes dealership to pick up the latest SLK, which they drive past the bum lying in the gutter. It is truly mind-boggling that with all of our accomplishments, we have yet to overcome this most basic of problems.

How could our intelligence allow us to overcome this problem? Well, the first key to the whole thing lies in realizing and accepting that our lives, along with those of all other creatures, essentially boil down to a competition for the resources we need for our survival. Next, we must realize and accept the fact that the reason this competition results in resource distribution inequity is that some individuals possess more competitive ability than others, and that these competitive individuals are driven to apply their competitive talents to the task of competing with and exploiting others.

With this, it is clear that the solution to the problem at hand lies in the manipulation of the above elements. Since we are not going to be lessening resource scarcity or equalizing human ability any time soon, the most easily manipulable of the above elements is the human competitive drive. By this, I mean to have you imagine what would happen if human beings were suddenly to lose, or at least greatly diminish, their drive to compete with their fellows. What if the human drive to personal accumulation was eliminated and self-interested behavior was replaced by altruistic behavior? Obviously, the world would be a very different place, but how so, exactly? How would such a shift overcome the first two elements of the competitive scenario? What would the non-competitive scenario look like?

What we would essentially see would be people (1) becoming aware of the consequences of their personal competition and accumulation, and (2) taking drastic steps to minimize this action, in the interest of minimizing said consequences. This would include efforts on the part of the

most competitive, or the "elite," as well as the least competitive, the masses. First, the most competitive would no longer use their competitive endowments to dominate the less competitive, but instead to aid the less competitive in attaining a greater state of well-being. They would put their considerable energies and talents not to the task of personal ascent and gain, but to helping the less competitive reach their highest potential of personal growth.

However, if the holders of power were to suddenly embark on a huge wealth redistribution campaign, which is what this solution essentially amounts to, what do you think the masses would do? That's right: They would hoard, accumulate, and compete at levels of vigor proportionate to their previous condition of want and suffering. This would of course never work, so some effort on the masses' part would certainly be in order. Basically, the key would be for these individuals, the less competitive, to actively pursue a path of self-betterment. Instead of pursuing the path of excessive personal accumulation, and instead of mindlessly having bunches of kids and increasing resource scarcity, they would work on genuinely improving their lives and the lives of others.

In other words, they would not abuse and squander their newfound enrichment as bestowed upon them by the most competitive, but use it to better their own lives to a reasonable degree, and then send the rest down the line to others so they could better themselves in turn. Indeed, the key is to adopt a policy in which each individual would aid those less competitive, going from the most competitive—Bill Gates—on down to the least competitive. In other words, only the least competitive person in the world would not have someone under him to look out for.

This is the solution. Human intelligence must be applied to the problem of competition—to the paramount problem—in the interest of turning a competitive scenario into a cooperative scenario. First, we have to see that competition and differences in competitive ability, coupled with greed, are responsible for social stratification and hierarchy, and, thus want and suffering. Then, all parties within said hierarchy must modify their behavior. The most competitive must stop using their endowments to step upon the less competitive in their climb to the "top" and instead put their talent to work in offering the less competitive a hand. At the same time, the less competitive must actively and appreciatively extend their hands upward to the most competitive, out of a genuine interest of bettering themselves and of bettering the human scenario in general, while simultaneously extending their hands downward in turn.

This is what socialist/egalitarian/left-leaning thinkers consistently fail to hit upon. The essence of their monumental mistake

lies in their failure to see life as a competitive situation, and in their vehement denial of the existence of differences in competitive ability among individuals. In short, they fail to see or acknowledge that *competition* is the problem. In pursuing this line of inquiry, in addressing this huge problem, we must ask ourselves *why* these people deny the notions of competition and, especially, of competitive ability as being factors in their suffering. The answer is simple and obvious. Would a person who is on the shitty end of the stick do anything to lend credit to the mechanism that put him in such a position, especially if doing so would be to acknowledge his inferiority? No. He would run in the opposite direction and go to every length possible to deny and discredit such a mechanism.

This is the glaring flaw of Marx, Kropotkin, Chomsky, or just about any anti-capitalist, anti-elite thinker. Unfortunately, in doing this, in denying the mechanisms that cause their pain, they of course fail to address these phenomena, and the phenomena of course persist and continue to wreak dysfunction. In this way, such individuals and such thought actually do a great disservice to the task at hand. Once again, as with any problem, only when you accept and address its true nature can you take steps to solve it.

Although this solution is vastly superior to so many others, it is still a total crock. Why? Because it assumes away or denies one simple fact: There is no way people will ever stop competing, because the forces that compel them to compete and accumulate are insurmountable. What this means is that the competitive will never allow their competitive talents to "lie fallow," or to be used for anything other than greedy, self-interested pursuits. By the same token, the non-competitive will never cease to lust after the things they don't have the ability to compete for. In spite of all my hopeful talk, it is a certainty that we will keep competing, accumulating, and wreaking the consequences until we destroy ourselves.

I suppose I'll end with another little challenge, then: Can any of you give an indication of what the forces are that compel us, and of how they could be countered if we could ever face and address them? I doubt that you can. After all, once again, how many in human history have?

This article explores one of many points along the same general theme to be discussed in the upcoming senior thesis essay, The Antigreen Manifesto. As always, the author invites any and all comments and arguments, to be sent to either the CPJ or to his email address, fygor@hotmail.com, which he will do his best to respond to in email or in print. Or, you can go straight to the author's website, <http://fygor.com/>, which will be up and running in a couple of weeks, for similar discussions.



by Lee Kepraios

The Curmudgeon: Lost the Will to Live? Enjoy Spoken Word!

If you've ever had a double root canal while passing a kidney stone and giving birth to a gorilla in a hailstorm, you'd come close to knowing the pain of having to sit through the unadulterated nightmare that is a performative public reading, namely, spoken word.

Imagine, if you will, listening to a five-year-old whine about what's bothering him for an hour. Imagine this five-year-old has a vocabulary that is somewhat extensive and the entire time he's whining to you, he's disguising his plain, simple message in cookie cutter irony and metaphors that are irrelevant or don't mean anything, never once during this hour-long whine session arriving even close to anything that could be considered a tangible, logical thought. Oh, and the entire time he's doing this, he's trying sound "cool" in the process by sort of affecting an accent that enables him to use a tone of voice to call attention to himself without making it look like he is trying to do so.

The generation that created spoken word, that is, the generation popularized them and brought them into public light, should be punished severely. With grapefruit spoons. If we are as serious about deflating pomposity in America as we claim, why are we not starting with these "forums," which dish out buckets of it on a regular basis? I've known people that attend and enjoy spoken word readings, and frankly, it makes me want to hit them.

Spoken word, unless I'm mistaken, involves poetry written and recited in a stream-of-consciousness style, meaning when you hear this stuff, you're being made to think the "performer" is making it up on the spot. But he isn't. The rhymes just sort of came to him during his philosophy class. Stream-of-consciousness should be left at that. Inside your consciousness. Otherwise, it comes out like the drum solo of poetry.

I'll be honest with you: I don't even like poetry. No reason. I just find it lame. And I know that means that I have no depth as a person. But you know what? I'm not one of these dewy-eyed, self-proclaimed young wordsmiths who are about two steps away from becoming the guys who stand on street corners and babble about Jesus through a bullhorn. You know the type. Philosophy students and physics nuts. This phylum of human beings came to fruition in the Bukowski era. People that would like nothing more than to take a valuable chunk of your time away from the rest of the party and talk about why the universe somehow exists only inside his head. There's got to be a collective term for anyone who uses the words, "perception," "reality," "subjective," and "consciousness" more than twenty times in the course of a single conversation. Let's come up with a name. If anyone can think of a clever name for these people and deliver it to the CPJ office, I'll see that it gets printed.

Simply put, spoken word is just whining, that's all. Eloquent whining. And whining is big at Evergreen. So why is it so big? Why in coffee shops and bars around the world do people voluntarily waste their time listening to other people whining? Because there's an agenda behind it. Self-interest. You can use the mic to talk about the war, about poverty, disease, famine, capitalism, globalization, racism, the environment, feminism, homosexuality: all subjects where battles can be won with *action* instead of whining. Those who can't do, whine. Or they host *Inside the Actor's Studio*.

If it's tied up with a cause, somehow it becomes exempt from criticism. How many different ways can there be to say it? Okay, I get it already: You're pissed at the Bush Administration. Somehow, I was able to figure that out for myself judging by your hemp underwear and Birkenstocks that look

like the Christ was the last one wearing them before Mel Gibson crucified him.

I'm not listening and I don't care. I don't care that the "bells chime of a different time" and that you "step outside and hear the tick-tock of a Dali clock." I wrote a column near the beginning of the year about my disdain for hip-hop and how I believed it was solely about calling attention to itself (or a hot ass), and spoken word, I believe, runs along a similar vein: valid thoughts on life, death, culture and existence immolated on the pyre of narcissism, conceit and ambition.

There are people who will disagree with me on this, and well... they're wrong. Really. Believe me, I understand that there's more than one way to look at something and that there are many sides to every argument. I know that all arguments are valid as long as the possessors of those arguments are honest with themselves about what they believe. And I usually try to see where other people are coming from by looking at both sides of the issue, but no, not on this. Sorry. If you disagree with me on this, you're wrong.

As I have probably run afoul of nearly every committed spoken word apologist in the Olympia area, let me ask this final question: Shouldn't reading be done in privacy, where the reader, unbothered by the surrounding atmosphere and freed from the constraints of social gatherings in public, can be free to take in the writing and experience it in his or her own unique way?

Lee's New Rule of the Week: Enough with the "shizzle!" Yeah, we all know it's hilarious when white people say it, especially old white people, but it's getting out of hand. The language is already under enough attack as it is from Washington, technology, political correctness and MTV. Do we need "shizzle my nizzle" as well? I never knew why some rappers feel they need to carry guns. Now I fucking get it!

Checking Resource Depletion At Its Source

by John Madziarczyk

So you want to cut down on the amount of natural resources used by citizens of the U.S. You want to stop strip mining and to check the overproduction of wasteful products by corporations. Well, there's a way to do it, which isn't talked about all that much but would accomplish the goal in no time.

I'm talking about economic planning. If regulations were put in place that limited the amount of things that could be manufactured and the way they were manufactured, and if these regulations were made with to strike a balance between consumers' needs and resource needs, resource depletion would be checked without hurting people in the process. What about taking away the globalization of mines and putting production of raw materials under international authority?

Same thing.

This is easy to talk about, but what about the consequences? Every country except the U.S. has an "Industrial Policy" which fulfills the first objective. Western Europe isn't suffering.

What would be needed to put such a thing in place is a consensus among the people of the U.S. that such a thing would have positive effects and not mostly negative ones. Such a consensus was reached in Europe, where there is much more of a sense of communal values, but with our atomized society such a thing is at present just a dream. That's what consciousness raising is for. If you wanted to check resource use, you could do a lot worse than giving people a sense of social responsibility.

Kerry is a Dove? Ha! Yeah, Right!

by Mike Treadwell

"So it is that history attracts and seduces individuals. Thus when we look closely at things, we find culprits nowhere but accomplices everywhere." —Maurice Merleau-Ponty, *Sense and Non-Sense*

I thought about voting for John Kerry in November, but now I should probably just stay home and drink beer and barbecue fine foods. (The only reason I thought about voting for him was because things are just better when the government is divided along party lines.) What prompted me to write this was that I saw a note when I was going to work in the HCC last week. The general consensus on the note was that Kerry would get out of the "quagmire" in Iraq. Oh really, I pondered to myself. What world does this person live in?

John Kerry doesn't give a damn about principles or anything else that stands for more than a day. The "anyone but Bush" mentality has given the Democratic Party an interesting candidate. The reason they wanted Kerry to be the nominee was because of his war record. "I served in Vietnam, blah... blah... blah..." was all that was heard from him in the beginning. I suppose this appealed to the Democratic voter base because they frequently chastise Bush, as well as his cabinet members, as being "draft dodgers." What the Democrats forget to do was look at Kerry's other "accomplishments."

"So he voted for the war in Iraq, big

deal," thought the Democratic base. "He served in Vietnam. If the public wants a leader and a man experienced in foreign policy, then John Kerry is better than the other contenders for president!" thought a very confused political base. So Kerry won't get out, but he'll bring the U.N. in and they'll save the day, right? Hmm... maybe it is just me, but this doesn't sound like much of a difference on foreign policy. "He'd manage the war better" is a pretty pathetic reason to change the current manager of the White House.

The point I want to put forward is this: (1) If the Democrats wanted someone who could stand up to Bush and be competitive in the South, then they should have picked John Edwards. (2) Kerry won't get out of Iraq in an attempt to sway "neo-cons," but he will try to become more of a "hawk" on foreign policy—prepare for World War Three!

The constant message from Kerry is that Bush is doing "too little" in the war on terror. So why the hell would someone think that Kerry is going to get in and stop the foreign policy measures? He wants to do more in that field of politics, and in a desperate attempt to silence his critics, he may push for more intervention to show that he is tough on terrorism—whether the U.N. decides to join Kerry for more intervention is irrelevant to the point.

What this whole situation reminds me of is the hysteria that surrounded the

1964 Barry Goldwater campaign. Bill Moyers helped create that now famous commercial with the girl picking the daisy and the nuclear warhead detonating in the background. What happened in '64? More war... but we were told that this war was a "different kind of war" or a "more humane war." It's the war against wars and there is a huge disconnect between rhetoric and reality. If a slick Democrat bombs the hell out of a country, who cares, right? The Kosovo foreign policy adventure was to promote "human rights."

Bush and Kerry don't really differ that much on any issue. With the "outsourcing" scare, Kerry promises to get jobs back to America. Bush... well, Bush has got other plans, like outspending any other president in history and making sure that the renegade Austrian Alan Greenspan debases the money sometime in late '04 or early '05. (As far as regulatory expansion goes, Bush is at LBJ levels.)

Luckily I'm not the only one who has seen through Kerry's mouthing it to the peace audience. John Laughland at *The Spectator* saw through all this as well: "Kerry voted for the war on Iraq and continues to support it wholeheartedly. He said last December that those who continue to oppose the war 'don't have the judgment to be president—or the credibility to be elected president.' Kerry does not even say that Bush has jeopardized U.S. security by attacking

Iraq instead of facing down the al-Qaeda threat; he is not Richard Clarke. Instead, Kerry says, 'No one can doubt that we are safer—and Iraq is better—because Saddam is now behind bars.' On 17 December last year, Kerry lent credence to the loony theory that Iraq was the author of the 9/11 attacks, something George Bush has done at least twice. Yet in February, Kerry attacked Bush for planning to hand power back to the Iraqis too quickly—what he called 'a cut and run strategy'—even though Bush intends the US Embassy in Iraq to be the biggest embassy in the world, and even though some 110,000 US troops are to remain stationed there indefinitely." I can see the bumper stickers now. "Neo-cons for Kerry."

It'll be funny when the Democratic "Anti-War" base gets a kick in the ass from Kerry. I guess it doesn't matter that much, since they never had any firm principles anyway. The only thing they believed was that they hated Bush, which is funny because Bush is a lot more like them than they think. All of this exemplifies my golden rule in politics: Prepare for an outcome you don't like, because through politics you'll never get what you want. Hannah Arendt could be right: A political action isn't a fixed point; it could just travel on forever. As far as likeable Democrats go, I miss one: Howard Dean. I miss him and his wonderful scream.

The Accursed Stamp Machine: It's Everyone's Problem

by Connor Moran

Everybody needs a nemesis. It's part of the deal. You can't embark on a quest, say, to point out all the annoyances on a college campus without coming across some enemy whose very existence is so antithetical to your cause that you cannot hope but become mortal enemies. For me, it's the stamp machine.

Those who've been paying attention know that this has come up before. Once previously I tackled the pains of trying to mail something at the CAB's little excuse for a post office. In addition to the problems of the stamp machine, I discussed some poor signage and other issues. But that stamp machine is such an annoyance that it deserves its own column. Every time I come into contact with it, it seems to get the best of me.

I end up either with a pathetic handful of obnoxious change or, worse, with no change at all because the machine stiffed me. I never find a stamp that is both what I need and in a quantity that allows me to buy it with money I have on hand. Just looking at that machine makes me shudder. I can barely walk down the hall in the bottom floor of the CAB without flying into a postage-inspired rage. (By the by, that's as close as I'm going to get to a "going postal" joke. Turns out I do have standards.)

My rage only increased when I noticed a little placard by the package-mailing

drum. It says that because of security concerns, the postal service will not pick up any stamped package weighing more than one pound from that drop box. It then tells the reader that he or she must go to "the counter." Apparently this poor, deluded placard is under the impression that it is in a real post office and that the suckers who are using it have some kind of choice in the matter. Speaking as one of those suckers: We don't. We live in the middle of a forest. Many of us, myself included, are without a car. This means that getting to a post office takes a serious amount of time that could be better spent making macaroni diagrams or discussing gender relations or something equally enriching.

I think this approaches the root of why the stamp machine bugs me so much. It indicates a wider problem. Much of the time, the people in charge of setting up services don't seem to take into account the way people live on campus here. This isn't a downtown campus. We're stuck here. And moreover, we've paid good money to be stuck here. We have certain needs, like communication with the outside world, that can't afford to be dealt with in a half-assed manner. All I ask for is a little more consideration.

What's YOUR problem? E-mail it to me at Morcon03@evergreen.edu.

The Definite Article

Introducing the Reading Nook and the Publishing Board,
Two Very Different Ways to Circulate Your Writing

by Ellen Peterson

Remember the obscure research paper you were so proud of? Have you kept it? Or do you have a story that you wrote for class? A secret memoir? A spotless lab write-up? If so, bring it (or them) to the new, as-of-yet tiny reading nook by the couch in the Writing Center. It is a place where you can come and read fellow students' writing. When in the future the Writing Center moves to a grander location, the nook may expand into a Grand Nook.

Right now I know of a research paper on vampire bats and another one on the Finnish national epic that have been donated. The brave souls who donated these papers simply put them in the nook's "RESEARCH PAPERS" three-ring binder. Crowds of eager students then thronged to the nook and packed themselves like peas in a pod onto the Writing Center sofa, where they then eagerly read the latest nook publications. They brought in their own comparably obscure papers. They then went and told their friends all about vampire bats and the Finnish oral tradition. Evergreen rose like bread dough on the yeast of its own ideas and thoughts.

A word on medieval publishing: back before the printing press came into use, it was

very easy to self-publish one's writing. One simply found some vellum and wrote on it. The vellum was then bound or scrolled, and off it went from hand to hand into the public; thus it was published.

At this point in time it is very easy to make multiple copies of things, but I would urge you to expand—or simplify—your idea of publishing as a piece of writing that is read by the public. The sharing of writing just begun at the nook is a humble form of publishing, with single copies of writing going from hand to hand and eye to eye. In the future, maybe some papers from the nook could be compiled in a more formal yearly or quarterly publication of the same name.

If on-campus publishing is all very well but you're aiming for larger vistas, check out the PUBLISHING bulletin board as you enter the hallway that leads to the Writing Center. Tutor Chalen Kelly has combed the web and other resources for large- and small-scale publishing opportunities and has posted her numerous findings on the publishing board. This board will continue to be updated. Come by and peruse.

Brought to you by the Evergreen Writing Center.

Evergreen Stages Artful Comedy Museum

by Zach Nesmith

A cast of 23 Evergreen student actors will play some 40 characters in the college's major spring production, in Tina Howe's artful comedy *Museum*. It runs Thursday, May 20 through Sunday, May 23 and Thursday, May 27 through Sunday, May 30 for students with an I.D. and \$10 general admission. The extremely limited seating is available on a first-come, first-served basis.

This hilarious satire lampoons artists' pretension, mixing dazzling social comedy and pure zaniness. *Museum* makes its characters themselves into an exhibition. Set on the last day of an absurd, but not too far-fetched exhibit, a parade of art lovers travels through the gallery displaying a range of ridiculous behavior from sucking on statues to harassing the museum guard to stealing artwork itself.

A site-specific piece taking place at the Evergreen Museum of Modern Art (EMMA), "The performance space lends itself to an intimate portrait of a large cast," said director Walter Eugene Grodzik, Evergreen professor and director of last year's production of *Metamorphoses*. "With this passionate cast, the audience is in for a delightful experience." Grodzik, two-time Fulbright Scholar and a

past Shubert Presidential fellow in directing at Columbia University, has worked with such theatre icons as Anne Bogart, Julie Taymor and Michael Feingold.

Juniors Sabrina Caldwell and Jen Richter, under the tutelage of Lucy Gentry, are the costume designers, adopting a "slice of life" style, the team has been working closely with the actors to provide immediate identification with the play's vast number of characters.

The students actors play such roles as a trio of fashionable, giggling young women, a loud-talking French couple, a married couple entangled in the audio tour's maze of wires, predatory housewives from Forest Hills, photographers, a vandal with a crayon, and others. Always present on stage is a harried, but philosophical museum guard, played by freshman Richard Older from Santa Cruz, CA.

The sound designers, senior Jozef Urban and freshman Michael Boyce use state of the art multimedia equipment to conjure up lush environments. These savory designs, coupled with freshman Clark Young's meticulous technical direction, offer an audio-visual treat to all who attend.

Hands Holding Hands

by Rick Anderson

hands holding hands

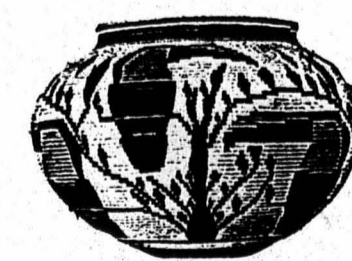
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go

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The Construction Site

by Rick Anderson

The construction site...

moist layer of reflected light
emotional prism and angry slice
rain blows through pole vented
breath
breathing
beaded and balled up love
high energy words
and rain glows on phosphorus silver
face
smitten by the

rainbows' luck

i'd say like summer pond without
ducks
how then would the water paddle?
or beat feet to the shore line?

how can the wind ride a cross this
static sea?

see

or carry with it its breath of thought?

way out the concentric circles,
lead ended lines cast out by lone fish-
erman
they chime in the day, ponder the
moist layer
and sea

see the rainbow

receding

and deal with the moist layer of
reflected light

and now

it hurts deep of hurts inside my
stricken walls of pursed lips
swollen eyes and runny nose
of trying to cross the rainbow's back
of slippery color
where fish got a way, mucus hands,
failing strength

all

and tangled love is all that's left to
clean

up

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MAY ALL BEINGS BE HAPPY. MAY ALL BEINGS BE FREE



and Women:

Will Bush Destroy Opportunities for Women in Sports?

by Kyra Berkovich

It is my strong belief that sport and athletics hold a very important role in the forward progression of feminism. From the moment women started demanding opportunities to play games alongside their companions, there has been a steady wave of suppression to dissuade women from doing what their heart tells them.

As a woman in sports, I cannot think of anything more important than the knowledge of how far you or I can go because of the women who went before us. Just as Martin Luther King, Jr., is a symbol, a hero and an idol for the Civil Rights movement, the women in *Nike Is a Goddess: The History of Women In Sports* have pushed limits of their own, often with race complicating things even further.

Sure, I thought feminism important, but I never actively did anything about it. I always felt guilty about that, especially while attending Evergreen. "By reserving time each day for basketball dribbling, or for runs or rides or rows, a woman liberates herself and society. Women's presence in weight rooms and gyms, women's presence in board rooms and bars, is subtly and insistently changing how society views how women view themselves. Sport alters the balance of power between the sexes. It changes lives. It empowers women, thereby inexorably changing everything" (xii, Introduction of *Nike*).

So by me simply playing and seeking a career in sports, I find that it is a direct display of my contribution to this cause.

But I have things pretty good. Just as long as women have been struggling to be recognized as equals in the home and the office, there have also been women who have been struggling to achieve a position on the court, on the field, in the locker room and the press box.

Things began a slow, steady change that did not begin to take full effect until 1972 and the passage of Title IX, a part of an education act that "forbids educational institutions that receive federal funding—including denying participation or funding—on the basis of sex" (pg 20). Only now are female students reaping the rewards that Title IX brought to the table over thirty years ago. It continually shocks me that many of the records and accomplishments of women in sports have occurred in my lifetime.

There was a time when it was believed that a woman would lose her ability to conceive children if she went swimming, and that a woman cannot run long distances like a man; that she would either die, or worse

yet, be unable to carry a child to term. Naturally, these myths were disproved by women who pushed past the restrictions set upon them by a society that didn't understand that some people, including women, have a need to achieve athletic feats, as men do.

There have always been women interested in proving their worth on a playing field, but ironically, it took a transportation invention to set the Title IX ball in motion. Before women thought to challenge their right to participate in sporting events, men somehow forgot to forbid the use of a bicycle. By the 1890s, in both the US and England, it was a common sight to see a woman on a bicycle. Being cheaper than carriages, bicycles became the obvious mode of transportation that women could turn to, without the need of a male chaperone. With the bicycle came freedom to explore the countryside and the surrounding area—alone. The opportunity women had been waiting for finally presented itself, and one after another, from all walks of the social strata, women pulled on bloomer trousers, threw their skirts and dresses on the floor and headed for the open air.

Naturally, it would be close to a century later that legislation would be passed making it possible for thousands of women to have the opportunities, to play games and the equipment to carry out their desires to run, to swim, to throw, all the while still being a woman.

Because 87 percent of parents now agree that sports are just as important for girls as boys, and 80 percent of top women executives in Fortune 500 companies have sports backgrounds, it is clear that there are many who benefit from legislative acts like Title IX.

Thank god. Thank whomever or whatever you like. Personally, I thank my parents for being part of that 87 percent. They don't just accept it either; they believe it. They understand that this is not a passing phase for me, and they also understand that I could not be me without sports. The same is true for thousands of others. I thank anyone and everyone because I am alive during such efforts of change, and all because a bunch of girls wanted to play a game. But it has progressed so much further than the game, and it will keep moving forward thanks to outrageously talented (and sometimes stubborn) athletes like Babe Didrikson Zaharias, Billie Jean King, Mia Hamm, Annika Sorenstam, Flo-Jo, Sheryl Swoops, Venus and Serena Williams and the kids who are playing stick ball out in the street right now.

My New Red Sox Hat

by Graham Waleryszak

As I opened the box that I had just received in the mail, my curiosity was piqued. It was a birthday gift, and one that was not that heavy. I prayed silently that the box was packed full of money. Pulling the brown paper packing tape aside and jamming my hand into the Styrofoam kernels, I pulled out a brand spankin' new Boston Red Sox hat. I quickly averted my gaze to show respect to the new hat. What was going on here? I could see the hat glowing in my peripheral vision and could likewise feel its pulse in my hand. How could anyone send me a new Red Sox Hat? I had had my old Sox hat since before high school graduation in '97, purchased from within the confines of *Friendly Fenway*. It was supposed to adorn my head until the Red Sox won the World Series. At the time of purchase, it was blue like a robin's egg, with the red B quintuple stitched, protruding proudly from the front of my cap. Since that time it had been bleached to almost white from mortar and stone dust, as well as excessive exposure to the sun and sweat. People close to me had been dropping subtle hints for years that it may be time to reinvest in a new hat. So what that it is fraying around the edges and drips yellow when it gets wet in the rain? Who cares about

comments like, "Graham needs to wash his hat" or "What's that smell?" This hat was a symbol, a symbol to the other members of Red Sox Nation, a symbol of solidarity and pride, a symbol of hope, faith and a greater understanding. Would you ask a samurai to cut off his top knot?

Since members of Red Sox Nation make up a diasporic community, transcending state and international borders, spreading outwardly from the Northeast, it is important to distinguish true fan from freshly minted poser. It is significant to determine the difference between the two, not because the new fan is any less of a person, but because I am a New England elitist asshole. Now all of my judgmental, speculative, bandwagon-jumping comments about the new Red Sox hats that have sprouted have come full circle to this birthday box and the new hat shining like the North Star in my left hand. For being a Red Sox fan carried a special and dignified burden. The Red Sox bring many New Englanders together who have nothing in common, silently erasing racial and socioeconomic boundaries. This unity comes through the shared burden and burning desire that members of Red Sox Nation carry. People may think it is a childish, foolish, waste of time to devote a chunk of oneself to a game. But some people also may think that those who devote themselves to some religions are foolishly wasting their time as well. Foolish or not, this new hat confounded me.

So, in the past, had other Red Sox hats. My father purchased my first hat for me when I was three at Fenway Park. While I did fall asleep after the fifth inning at that game, I distinctly remember hearing this exchange, "Caahhlon Fisk is wicked sweet." Followed by the concise response, "Ahhhhh guy." The point being, since this game I have only had a few other red Sox hats, always wearing the previous into exhaustion. Reading the card that came with the hat, I learned that it had been purchased at a souvenir stand outside the bleacher entrance on Lansdowne Street. At least it isn't from the mall, I thought. I placed the hat on my head and looked in the mirror. I wondered how many head-spins it would take to break this thing in? How much sweat would have to be shed in order to mold this hat to my skull? I didn't want to be strutting around like a Yankee fan with a fresh and clean hat, straight off the shelf of the local Foot Locker. By the way, if you're not from New York or from within New York's sphere of influence, why the hell are you wearing a Yankees hat? Anyway, for all of you Sox fans out there who are the only ones still reading this article at this point, I'm putting that new hat in the shelf. I will fulfill my pledge to not wear a new hat until the Sox win the World Series. I do not care if the toxic black mold growing in my duplex creeps into my hat. Many devoted Red Sox fans have lived and died without seeing a World Series in Boston, and I intend to honor them. It's no big deal, either, because this is obviously the year.

So, I guess I thank them.

Women have just as much, if not more, to offer sports than is recognized. Given the chance to go further, I know that women will keep astonishing even the most conservative people. Given the chance to excel at something you're good at should be the right of everyone. Donna Lopiano, the women's athletic director at the University of Texas, understands this right. "By playing sports, I got to grow up with an appreciation of what it's like to feel really good at something, and that's a million-dollar feeling. That's something every human being should get to have."

Of course it is, but will Title IX still be there to protect against the discrimination of women in sports in the next few years? The Bush Administration is "currently considering dramatic revisions to Title IX policies, changes which could result in the loss of hundreds of thousands of opportunities for girls and women in high school and college sports," reports SaveTitleIX.com, a website devoted to informing the public about the importance of keeping Title IX athletic policies unchanged. To understand fully what is at stake, please visit <http://www.savetitleix.com/>, and be aware that the time we live in is ripe for opportunities. All we are required to do is demand access to them.

Thursday, May 20

3 p.m. The Jewish Identity Workshops: Sam Schragger will host an interactive dialogue on Jewish Identity Now: The Search For Meaning and Community in Lib 2204.

7 p.m. Book Group: Lesbian Literature at Barnes & Noble Booksellers.

Friday, May 21

5:30 p.m. The Jewish Identity Workshops: a Shabbat potluck that is vegan or vegetarian. It will be located by the trees that we planted in the back of the Library Building.

6:50 p.m. The Jewish Identity Workshops: Meet at the Library Loop to carpool to Temple Beth Hatfiloh for Friday night services.

Saturday, May 22

Bike to the Co-op Day. Everyone arriving at the Olympia Food Co-ops by bike receives a 5% discount.

Olympia Bicycle Parade & Show. Join us for an all ages fun ride in downtown Olympia followed by a performance of Kurt Liebert, the entertaining front man of the band Bicycle.

10 a.m. The Jewish Identity Workshops: Torah Study at Temple Beth Hatfiloh.

11 a.m. Storytime: *Shrek* at Barnes & Noble Booksellers.

Noon to midnight. The Jewish Identity Workshops: movie day in Seminar II D3109.

Tuesday, May 25

4 p.m. Book Group: *American Girls* at Barnes & Noble Booksellers.

Wednesday, May 26

2-3 p.m. Grammar Rodeo: Parallel Structure in Library 2221.

4:30-6 p.m. Summative Evaluations in Library 2221.

7 p.m. Storytime: Summer Reading at Barnes & Noble Booksellers.

Thursday, May 27

7 p.m. Writing Group: Writer's Roundtable at Barnes & Noble Booksellers.

Wednesday, June 2

7 p.m. Science fiction author Louise Marley discusses her new book, *The Child Goddess*, at Barnes & Noble Booksellers.

Thursday, June 3

7:30 p.m. General Radical Women meeting. A tantalizing dinner, with vegetarian option, will be available at 6:30 p.m. for a \$6.50 donation. New Freeway Hall, 5018 Rainier Ave. S., Seattle. For more information, rides or childcare, call 206.722.6057 or 722.2453. Everyone welcome. Wheelchair accessible.

Every Wednesday

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

5 p.m. Coed Evergreen Wrestling Club in CRC 117.

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

Every Thursday

5 p.m. Coed Evergreen Wrestling Club in CRC 117.

Every Friday

5 p.m. Coed Evergreen Wrestling Club in CRC 117.

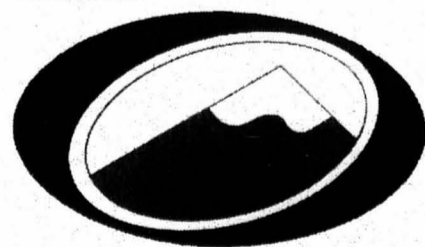
7 p.m. G.R.A.S. meets in Lecture Hall I for Anime Night!

Every Sunday

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

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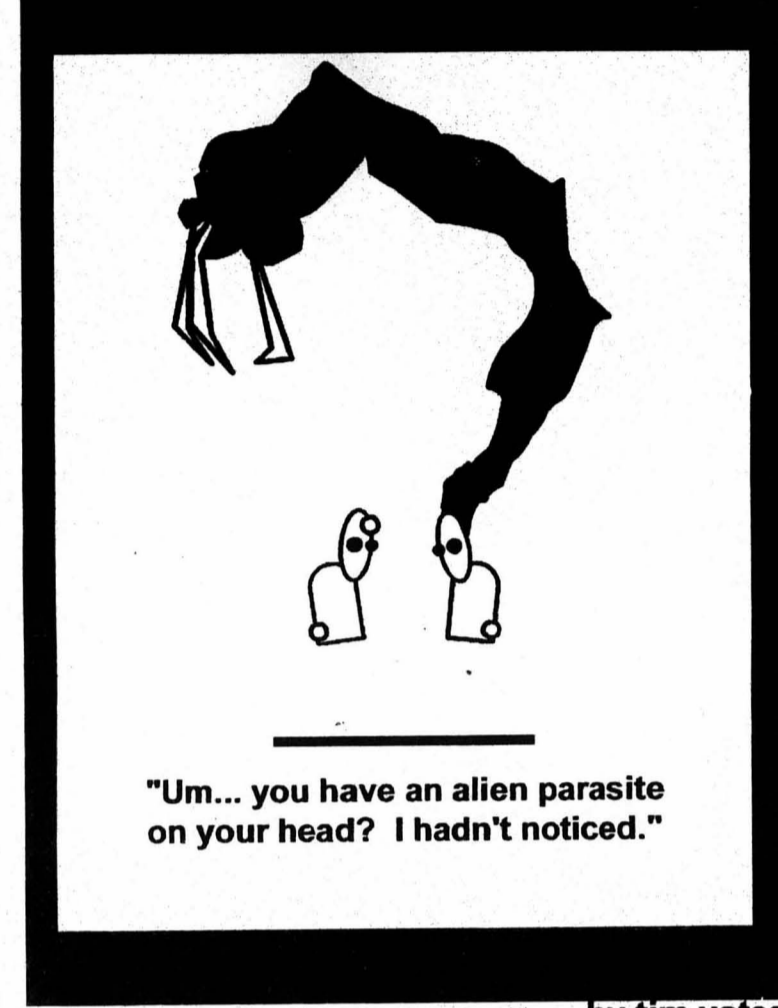
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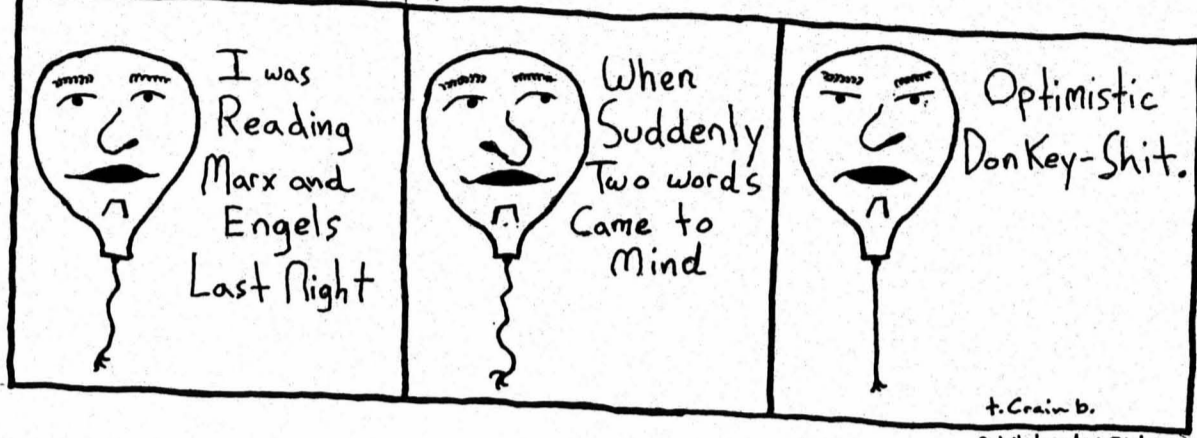
Paint With Lead In It



by tim yates



Toad puddle Martyr



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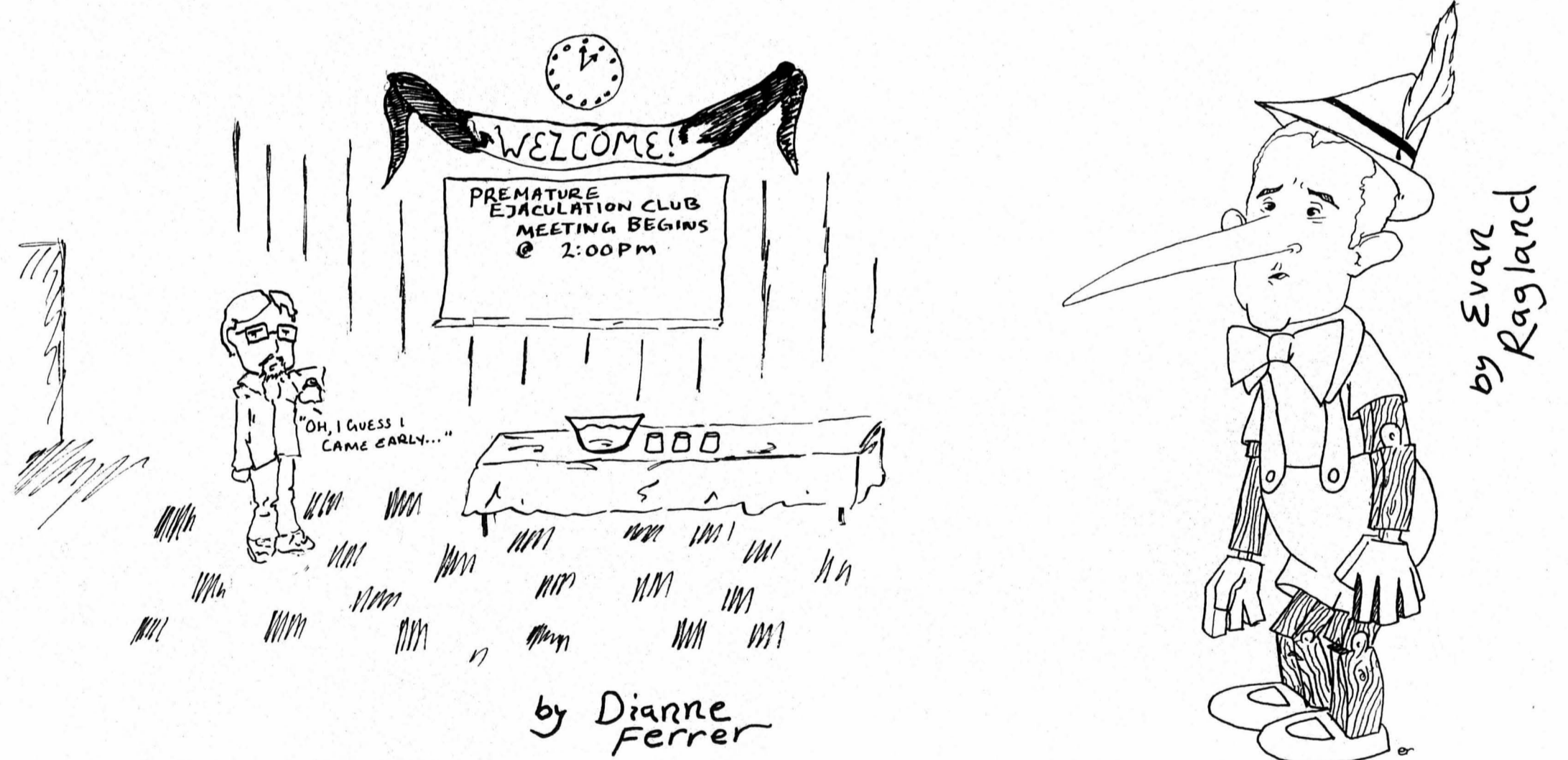
man of my Dreams; .. OR... THE FIRST & LAST TIME I DRINK A FORTY.



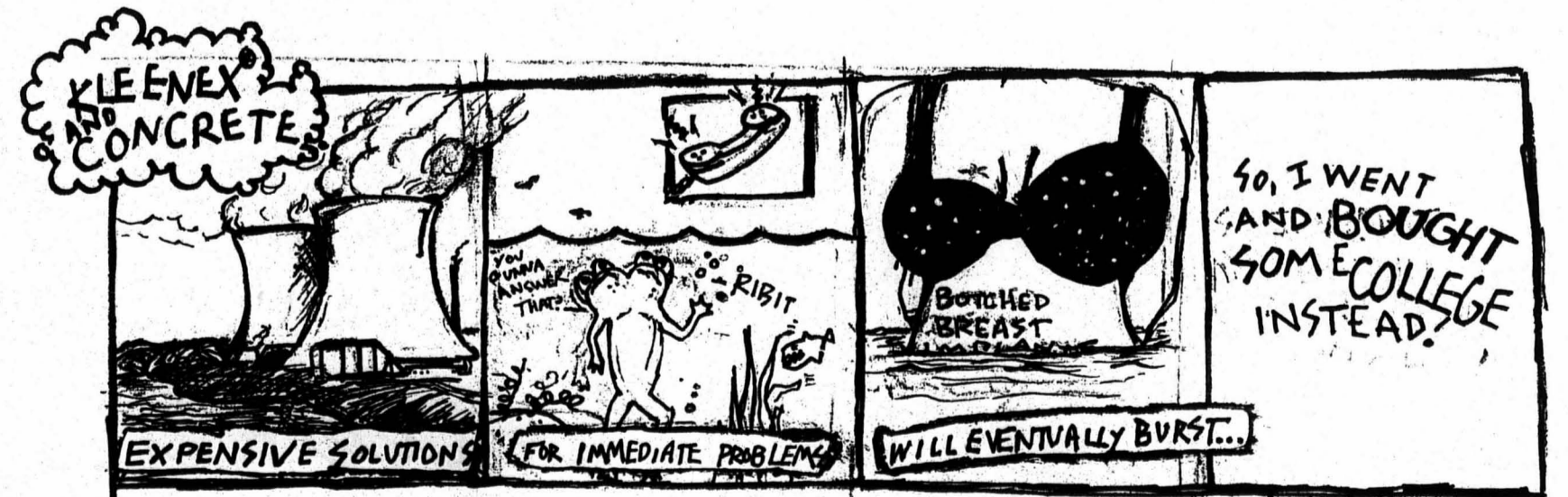
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EDGAR LeDISH: HALF MAN, HALF FISH by MAX AVERILL

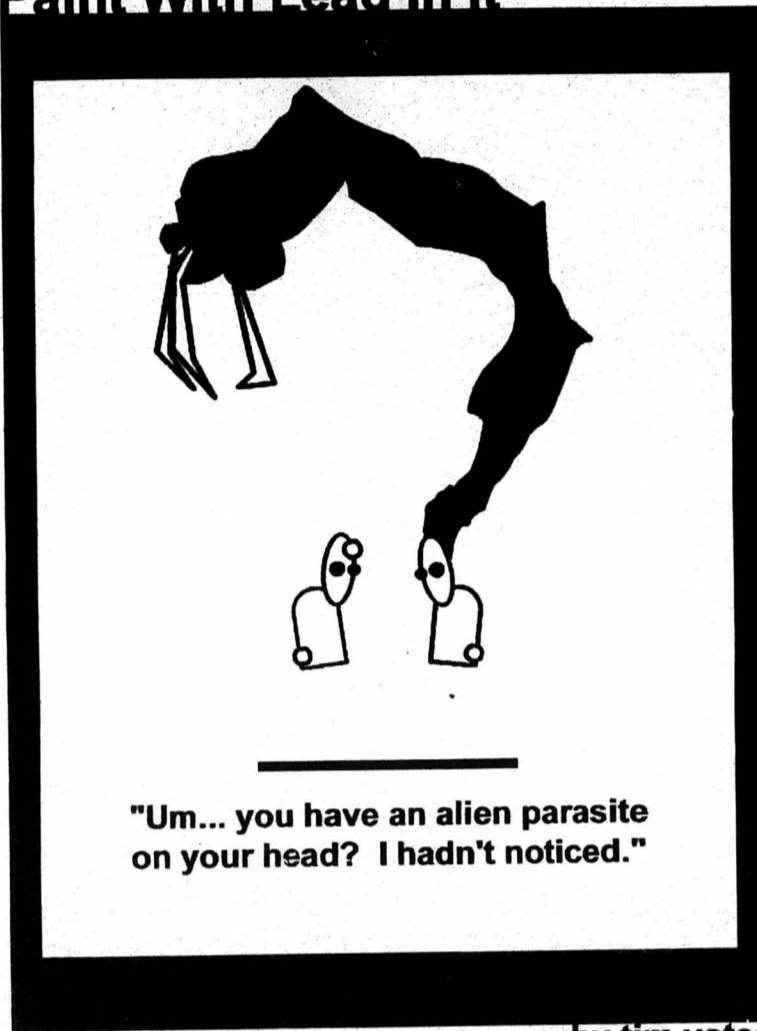


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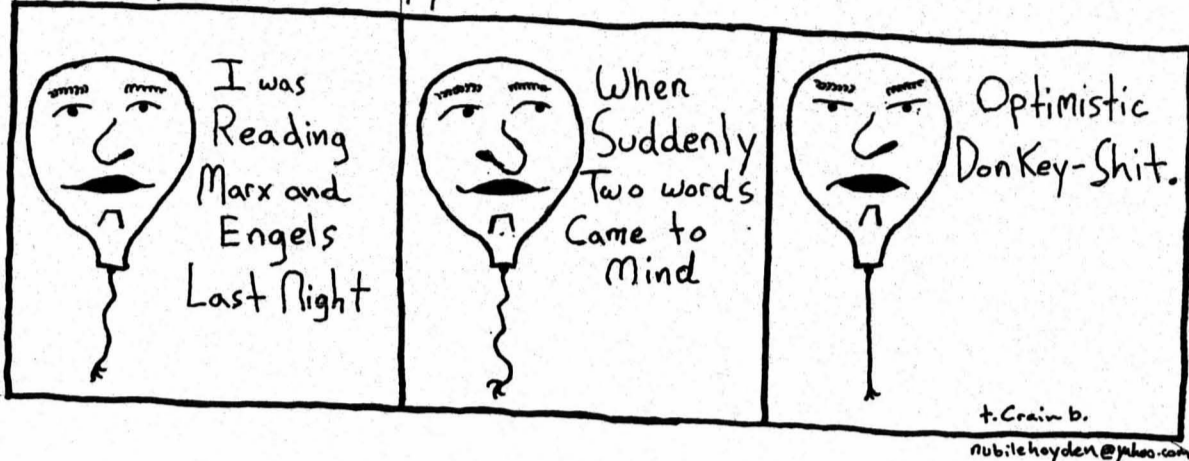
ANTHONY ATLAS ANTIDIFRACTION

Paint With Lead In It



by tim yates

Toad puddle Martyr

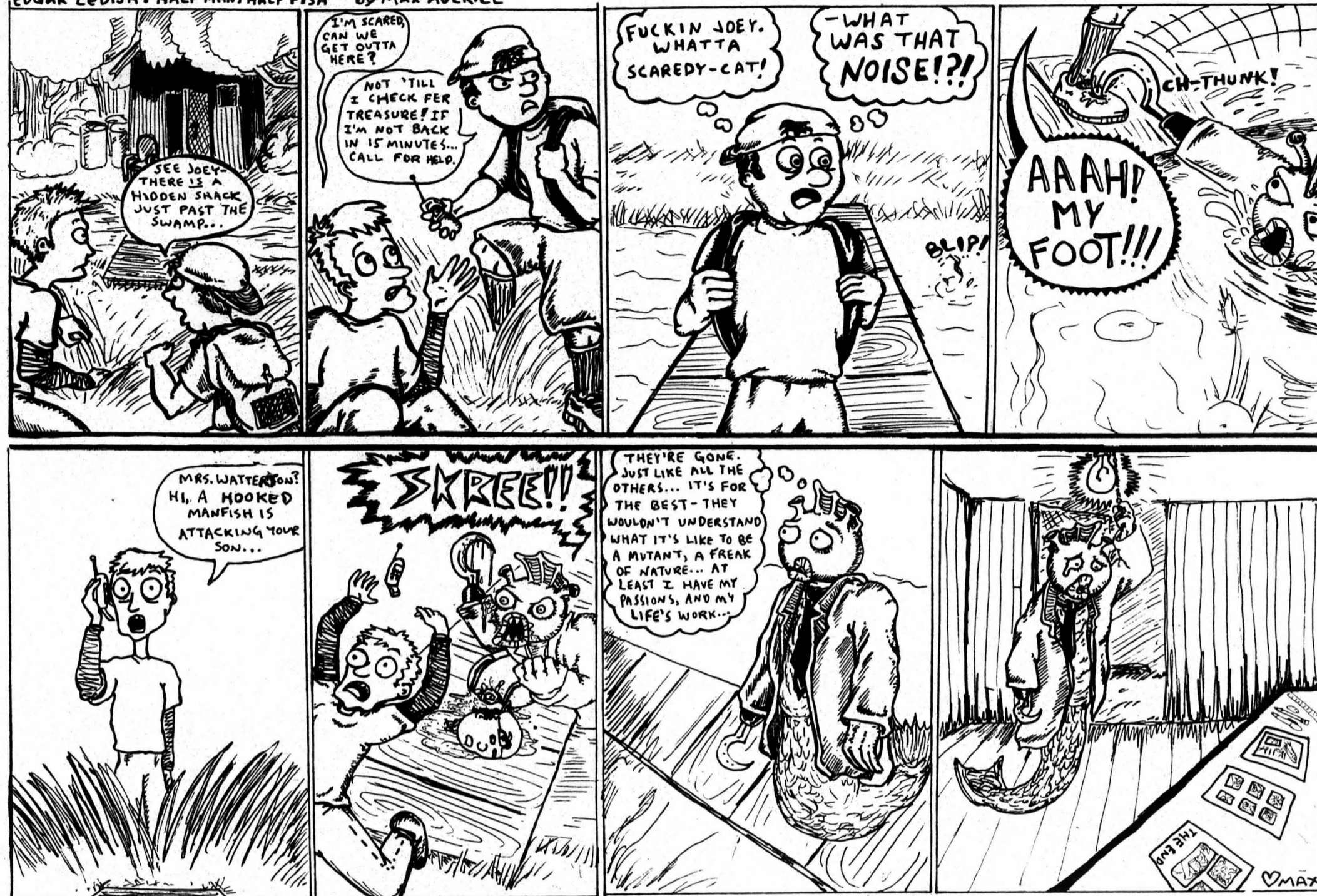


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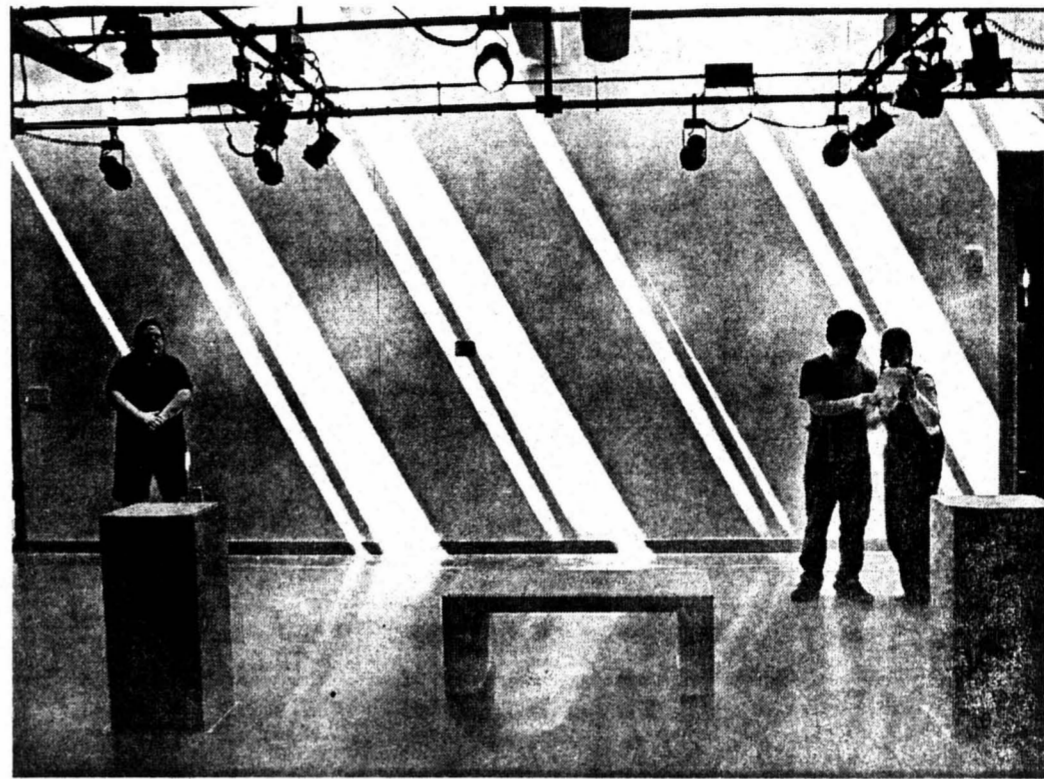
man of my Dreams; .. @R?..



EDGAR LeDISH: HALF MAN, HALF FISH by MAX AVERILL



SCENES FROM
"MUSEUM"



May 20-23

and May 27-30



Seminar II
Building C
4th Floor

CONTRIBUTED BY *Lee Kepraios*