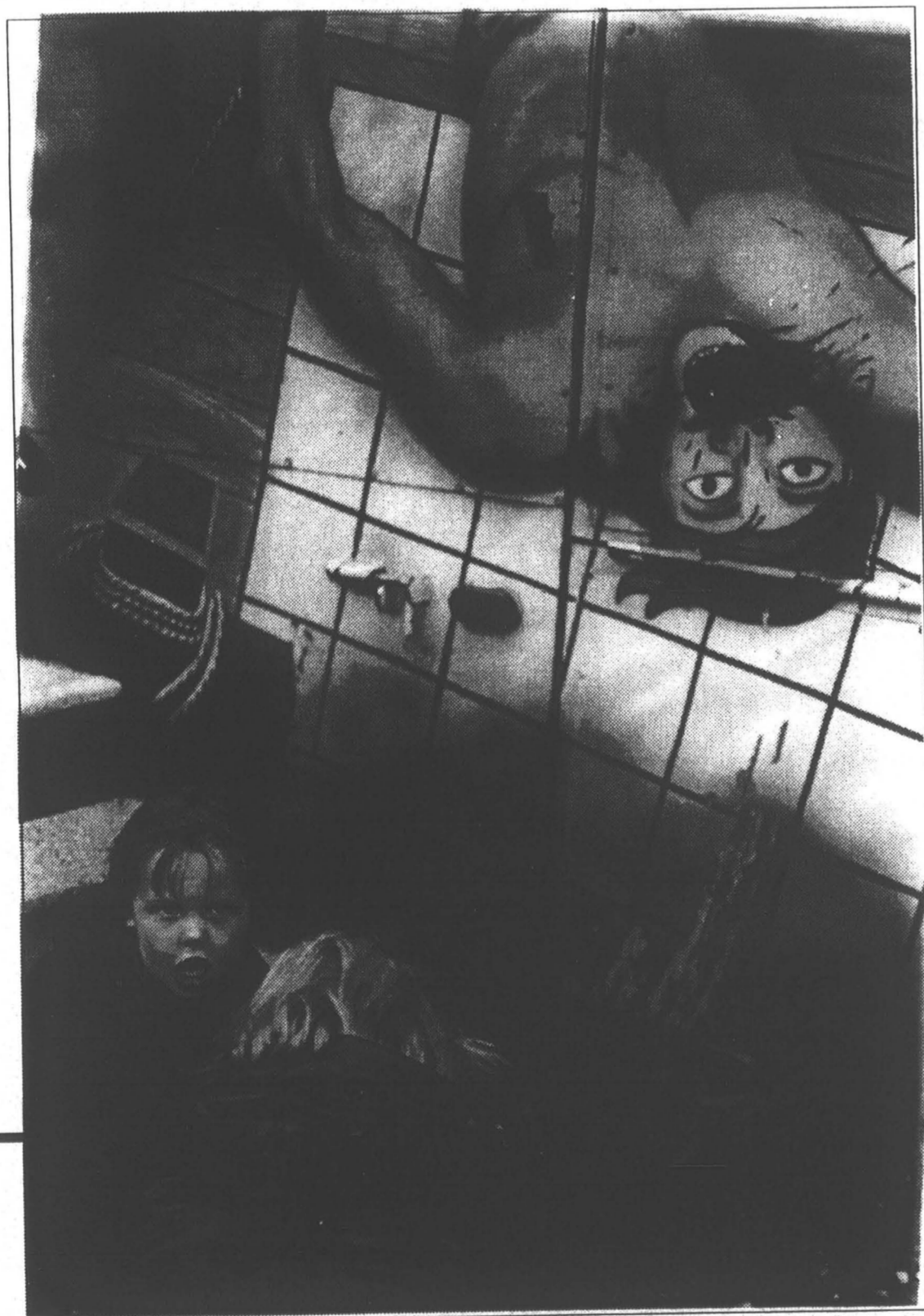
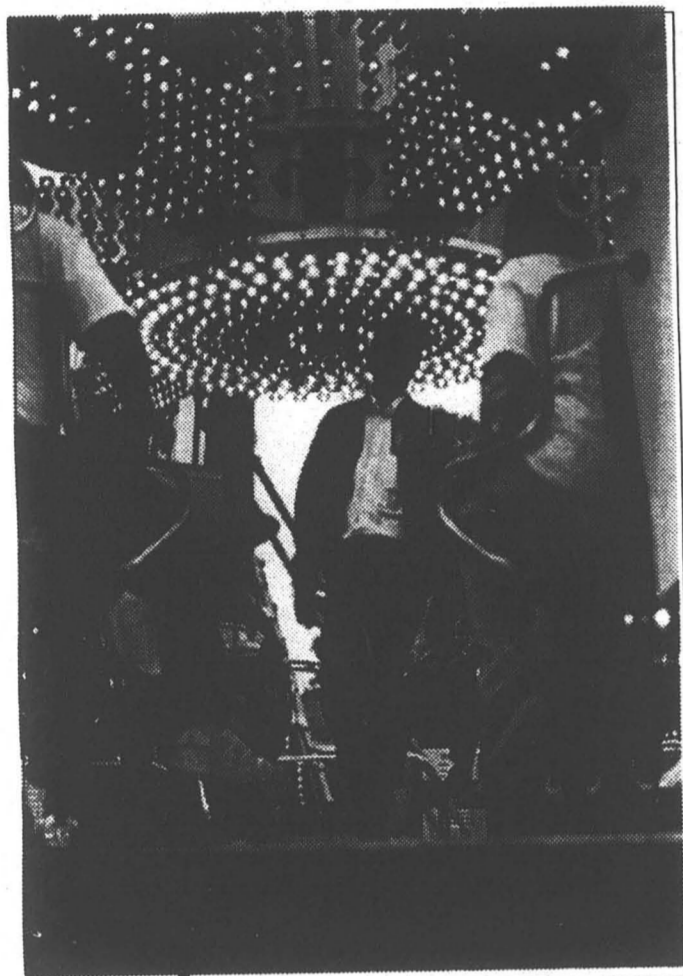


s e e p a g e



photos by Aaron Cansler

Cooper Point Journal • 12 • February 17, 2000

Cooper Point Journal

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Government and Mayhem give way to Coalition

by Patrick L. Mouton

The recent efforts surrounding the proposal and implementation of a structured student governance system at Evergreen have been met with many challenges.

Some challenges have come from our campus culture and its opposition to anything that resembles structure and tradition. Other challenges have stemmed from personal hostilities within the Students for an Evergreen Student Coalition meetings. Many obstacles like the ones that were chronicled in the Feb. 17 CPJ article have been resolved by the presence of facilitator Cory Meador from the Center for Mediation Services.

The "exaggerated civility" of last week has developed into a renewed sense of coalition, sharing, and respect. The SESC meetings, once a tabled assembly of tense and frustrated student leaders, has given way to a new spirit and enthusiasm. Student generated proposals ranging from a community cooperative style to one incorporating more of a town meeting approach were presented to the coalition.

The SESC will sponsor a community discussion in the main floor of the CAB on Wednesday, March 1 from 1 p.m. to 3 p.m. SESC members will be there to participate in discussions about the various models and possibilities, including the "no government" option. There will be live music before and after the discussions and presentations.

As a member of the SESC I hope that all students take advantage of this opportunity to incorporate and put into action many of the structural concepts and theories we have been learning at Evergreen. As a student, I understand that pontificating about political processes and structures doesn't fit into the ninth week quarter chaos most of us are going through. For me it is a decision that I have weighed upon an already tilted scale. The chance to have this type of input and voice in the creation and implementation of a new campus governance model—or the preservation of the existing system is too great for me to pass up...how about you?

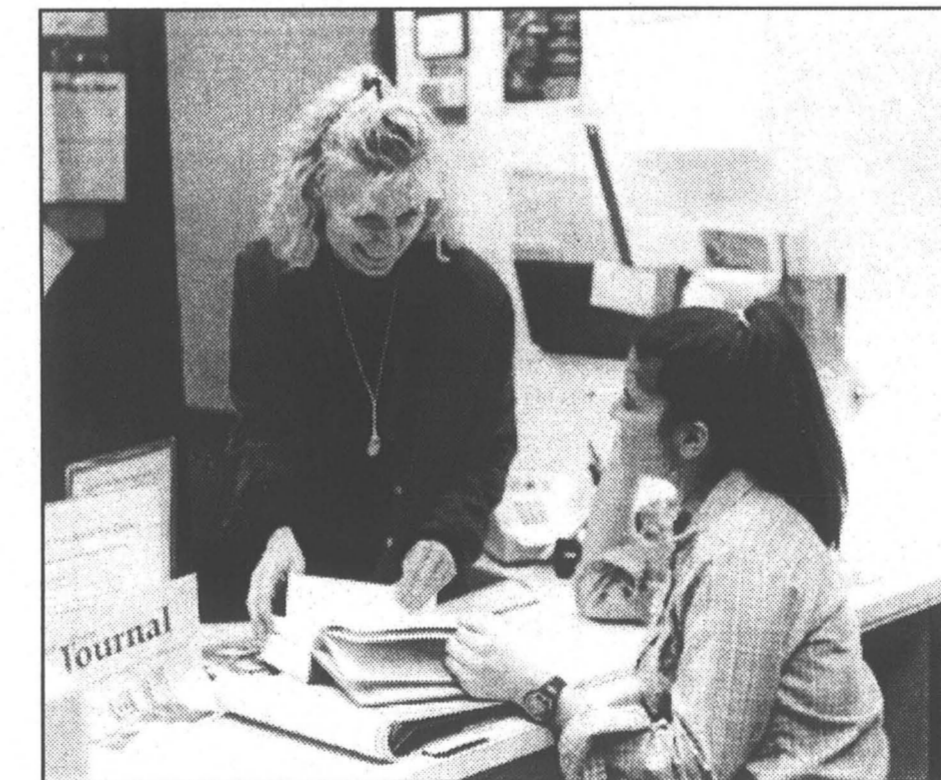
See more Governance opinions on page 7

What is this "sun" you speak of?



photo by Ashley Shomo
A trio of Greeners are blinded and confused by the giant glowing orb known to many as "Sun." "Sun," "Sun," a k a "Hey, What Is That Yellow Thing?" and "It Makes My Retinas Hurt" made a brief cameo last week. Sadly, as Washington only has one season, clouds returned and foiled "Suns" warm glory.

The LRC builds better writers, hence, papers



LRC director Olivia Archibald tutors a student.

by Mac Lojowsky

With Evergreen's unique, primary emphasis on writing, the Learning Resource Center (LRC) is highly respected as a valuable campus resource.

LRC writing tutors are on hand Sunday through Friday to assist all-level students with all types of writing concerns. During the fall quarter there were 26 undergraduate writing tutors. This small group

of tutors saw 492 LRC visits and over twelve hundred student one-on-one conferences.

The most common visitors to the Center are students with writing program-related papers. Entrance papers, Masters' theses, and scholarship essays also visit the LRC on a regular basis.

The LRC writing tutors are adamant in the philosophy "we do not provide an editing service." Rather, the LRC writing tutors are available for students who wish to focus upon their overall writing abilities.

Almost half of the students who utilize the LRC are Evergreen's freshmen. These freshmen visits reflect both Evergreen's beauty and its weakness. Almost all other public and private educational institutions in America want their students to either memorize (and regurgitate) the facts or make the most logical choice between choices "a, b, c or d" on the multiple-choice test.

At Evergreen, students are required to actually inquire, learn, and reflect about the subject matter. This synthesis of thought is usually demonstrated through academic

papers.

Many of Evergreen's incoming freshmen graduate from high school without learning the basic thesis-driven, five-paragraph paper. These students are also removed from their traditional home environments and placed into Evergreen's atmosphere.

In addition to discovering everything they have been previously taught is a "lie," they also have weekly requirements to write a book response paper, a seminar paper, and a couple research papers each quarter. It is no surprise that almost half of Evergreen's freshmen don't come back.

The faculty are overwhelmed as it is, and have no intention of spending class time to teach basic writing skills. This is where the LRC writing tutors come in—Evergreen's great hope to continue state accreditation.

Anna Shelton, a Core writing tutor explains peer tutoring "removes the levels of authority. It takes down barriers because we're in the same situation. They can ask questions they'd otherwise feel are 'dumb.' It's empowering on both sides, the tutor and the student."

While all writing tutors are distinguished writers, weekly training sessions are a requirement of the job. These sessions cover a variety of topics including: thesis construction, documentation styles, alternatives to the thesis-driven essay, as well as several other teaching methods. Writing Director Olivia Archibald, states that the LRC's goal is to make "not better papers, but better writers."

Recently, Bill Ransom and Archibald began a weekly program in the LRC. Each Friday at 10:00 a.m., a different faculty who has written, published, or taught a writing course will come in and discuss their specialty. Over 40 of Evergreen's teachers have been contacted and about half so far have agreed to participate. Anyone who has an interest in writing can and should attend these seminars.

With the popularity of the LRC comes a few hurdles and Archibald feels that some changes are needed.

"There's times we don't even have table space," she explains, "and the noise level disturbs the offices across the hall."

Archibald envisions "a larger location (for the LRC), much more centrally located, with two components: One as a place for conversations about writing, the other as a place for one-on-one conferences."

Despite the size, Evergreen's Learning Resource Center is still a place for all students to improve, discuss, or create their writing skills. The Center also has an entire library of writing reference books and friendly tutors.

Students are encouraged to make appointments beforehand (especially those with longer papers), by calling x6412. From ego-advanced writers to foreign exchange students, to the average student who just can't get their paper started, the LRC exists for you; utilize it.

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Police Blotter 2000: Highlights

edited by Jen Blackford

This week, Police Blotter may seem a little more serious. That's because there are a great deal of incidents that are in themselves serious things. Besides the ubiquitous fire alarms, student habitation, and lost wallets, there were two thefts, three DUIs, and a serious incident involving mental health and disturbances. All in all, not really laughing matters.

But hey, it's eighth week, so I'm sure many people have lost their sense of humor by now. I know working on two research papers has effectively drained any ounce of humanity I once had.

Monday, Feb. 14
2:22 p.m. Fire alarm at U-Dorm. No word on if it was caused by burnt food, incense, or exploding stuffed animals.
5:24 p.m. Mental Complaint at A-Dorm. Confidential in order to protect the victim.
7:18 p.m. Fire alarm at S-Dorm caused by burnt food. The second this week and the first for the untucky residents of this dorm. If someone was trying to cook a dinner for his or her sweetheart, I would suggest not burning it to a charcoal black. That tends to irritate a person.

Tuesday, Feb. 15
9 a.m. Someone lost a wallet somewhere on Evergreen campus.
4:34 p.m. Disturbance at the Computer Center. Kept confidential to protect the victim.
4:35 p.m. Unwanted person in A-Dorm. Kept confidential to protect the victim.

Wednesday, Feb. 16
7:15 a.m. You can tell it's getting close to the end of the quarter when Police Services catches a student snoozing on a couch in the Comm building.
8:42 p.m. Fire alarm at S-Dorm caused by burnt food. I would suggest that someone enroll these folks in cooking class fairly quickly because two alarms in one week is starting to remind me of A-Dorm (and even that didn't happen as often as this.)

Thursday, Feb. 17
2:09 p.m. Student loses control of bike and is injured near the CRC.

Friday, Feb. 18
3:25 a.m. Suspicious circumstance. I wish I could tell you what it was, but, alas, my eagle eyes missed this on the blotter, and so no case report for you this week.
8:30 a.m. A non student is trespassed from campus. Related to the suspicious circumstance, so again I am in the dark as to what this is all about.
4:31 p.m. Apparently, a poor soul was just dying to eat the overpriced food in the Greenery, because someone tried to break in.
6:26 p.m. Theft still under investigation.

Saturday, Feb. 19
3:26 p.m. Arrest and release for driving with a suspended license.
8:53 p.m. A computer is stolen from a room in Housing. The second this month, leading me to think that maybe some people don't want to wait to use the computer lab during the end of the quarter.

Sunday, Feb. 20
2:36 a.m. Arrest for DUI. Due to the amount of crime going on this week, this will also not have a case report until next week.
5:16 a.m. A medical incident in U-Dorm leads to a brief police investigation.
2:58 p.m. Another unlucky person lost a wallet somewhere on TESC.

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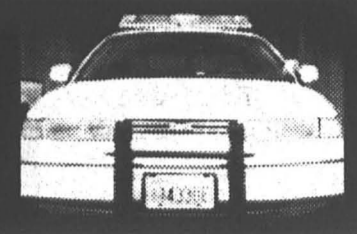
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Every Friday @ 2 p.m.

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Police Briefs



Trouble at Home

Saturday, Feb. 19
1:35 a.m.

The Crime Watch Patrol reports seeing what appears to be sparklers being lit behind student housing. When the police respond to the unnamed dorm, they find a student talking to one of the Housing staff. The Greener claims that he is a "fire breather" and was showing off his skill for a party.

After discovering two bottles of beer inside his backpack, he is detained for investigation of possible reckless burning, but is released into the Grievance Process.

Trouble on the Move

Saturday, Feb. 19
8 p.m.

An officer stops a gentleman who has made a number of interesting turns, all in the wrong lane. Upon pulling him over, the officer smells intoxicants on the driver's breath and asks him to step out of the car.

Ultimately, the driver is criminally cited for DUI and possession of drug paraphernalia (a pipe with traces of THC is found in the car). He is also given infractions for driving without proof of insurance, disguising an alcohol container, and having an open container in the car. He is released on his own recognizance, having just gained a whole lot of trouble in a very short time.

Sunday, Feb. 20
2:50 a.m.

A car turns without signaling and is pulled over by the police. An officer notes the odor of alcohol coming from the driver so the man is given field sobriety tests.

Subsequently, he is placed under arrest for DUI and a search of his car reveals a pipe, a bong, a baggy full of pot, and a black container also filled with pot. In addition, two beer cans are found under the seat. The driver is released on his signature and a promise to appear in court.

5:20 p.m.

Yet another car is stopped on Sunday, this time for speeding. Unlike previous malefactors, this one is not under the influence. He does, however, have a concealed weapon, which he tells the police, that he has a permit for.

The driver has an active warrant out for driving with a suspended license, so he is arrested. A search of this vehicle turns up a machete and a wooden club. The man says he needs these for protection.

He is given infractions for speeding, driving with expired registration, and no proof of liability insurance. He is cited and released for driving with a suspended license.

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

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

errata
We messed up the headlines for last week's briefs, if you didn't notice.
Speaking of headlines, the one we came up with for Amy Loskota's "Grumpy Wench Rant" may not have been in the best taste.

Mark Wellman cometh

The Wilderness Center is proud to bring Mark Wellman to visit Evergreen on Friday, Feb. 25.

Mark Wellman is the first paraplegic athlete to scale some massive cliffs in Yosemite and ski across the Sierra Nevada unassisted. He will be presenting his lecture "No Barriers" in Bay 1 of the CRC gymnasium at 3 p.m.

"No Barriers" includes the story of Mark's recovery from the climbing accident of which his paraplegia resulted. He will share some exceptional footage from his video, also titled "No Barriers," which documents his historic climbs and expeditions.

Following the lecture, Mark will demonstrate his adaptive climbing style and equipment in Evergreen's state of the art Climbing Gym. This will present an opportunity for disabled students and members of the community to try Mark's methods and equipment.

For further information, contact Mary-Pat Sullivan at 866-6000 x6987 or Greg Skinner at 866-6000 x6533 (leave a message).

Sponsored by The Evergreen State College, St. Martin's College, and a few commercial organizations.

Zine for survivors in the works

Sexual Harassment and Assault Prevention Education, or SHAPE, needs your work to publish in a zine that will address sexual violence in our lives and our communities. SHAPE is seeking stories of how you or someone close to you survived sexual violence. These stories can take the form of poetry, prose, black and white photos, drawings, or anything else you feel would be helpful to a survivor.

The deadline for submissions is March 31. Submit your work to the folders in the Women's resource Center or the SHAPE office up in CAB 320. Submissions can be in their final format (8" x 7"), or you can submit typed material to be formatted for you. If your format includes handwriting or drawing, make sure it's dark and legible.

You can have your work published anonymously but SHAPE must have a way to contact you. If they can't, there's a chance they may not be able to publish your work, or they may make changes without consulting with you.

Please do not include the last names of anyone but yourself in your material.

If you have any questions, feel free to call Robin at x6724.

SEED workshop

SEED (Students at Evergreen for Ecological Design) hosts a Solviva Greenhouse Workshop, "The Solar-Dynamic Bio-Benign Design," or "Integrated Poultry & Vegetable Food Systems." If that means anything to you, the workshop takes place on Feb. 27, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., in the Lecture Hall 1.

Anna Edey, founder of the Solviva Company, will speak about her Solar-Dynamic Bio-Benign Solviva Greenhouse, world renowned for its highly productive and intensive year-round food production systems. She will articulate on the ecologically minded systems of the Solviva greenhouse and share her 15-years of experience in growing food in the Solviva greenhouse year-round on Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts.

Ms. Edey will also share her experience and vision of low-impact living. She will discuss alternative ways to manage household wastes, including compost toilets, composting flush toilets, solar compost pasteurization systems, and grey-water purification/irrigation

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Working class or white trash?

I was recently inspired by a TESC produced zine, on working class students, to write a bit on poverty-class students at Evergreen. My father was crushed by two floors of falling roof in a fire he was fighting. He was retired at 32, in his prime, and given a thousand bucks a month.

One thousand dollars does not pay for rent and food for a family of four even back in 1985. My mom did what she could until she had a back injury as a nursing assistant and was immobilized.

My parents were ashamed of their disabilities and it was a rare day when they bent to ask for outside help. We lived for many years off their various schemes and small businesses.

For my first year of high school, we had no running water, no heat, and no toilet. We dug a pit with a board over it in the back forty acres. In high school people when would ask me why I didn't shave "those places" I remember looking at them dumbfoundedly and saying "Well we don't have any running water."

I remember washing our clothes at the local trailer park laundry and someone stealing all our new thrift store school clothes. I remember cutting my feet on exposed carpet tacking and having to put on my dad's electrical gloves to remove the bats that would roost in the house.

My parents did not abandon me to the world either. They are still paying for my freshman year of college and that is all they can afford. They are the ones who let me move back home after I nearly died of pneumonia and had to quit teaching Outdoor Ed. They are the ones who helped me go back to junior college, but I am the one who made it to Evergreen.

Who cares if their parenting was crummy and I suffered some violent abuse? I survived. I was a pretty nasty kid sometimes.

They are the ones who finished their college degrees last year and in their late forties they are going to be working the rest of their lives.

When I started college I mopped and cleaned the college preschool every day of the week. Since then, I have spent much time with a mop. I am not cute enough to be a waitress, so I am the maid. I have been a caregiver for kids and mentally challenged children. I have hiked 100 miles introducing the natural world to inner city and privileged youth alike. My worst job was giving full medical care, forty-five hours a week, to the pain-twisted and mentally ill people who are allowed to live in our society for the sake of human compassion.

Good for me, I don't need your sympathy. I did this to pay for my education and survive life as a single independent being. I did it to never have to live in my car again and to never have to ask my parents to sacrifice their basic needs to bail me out.

I know some folks have made fun of me because I am dependent completely on my financial aid as it gives me my basic needs. When my car breaks, I just ride the bus and my bike. My teeth are rotten, I need glasses, and I am going correctly deaf until I can get a job with health care coverage.

We smile and pretend we are okay like everybody else. We pray we will never get seriously ill and we pray that we never will get seriously injured. I broke my foot once and set it myself to avoid a hospital bill. It could have been much worse.

Living like this has made me into an opportunist. It has made me a scrapping scavenger who is completely lost in compusing value from what others discard. It made me develop a prejudice against rich people. It still makes me bitter that any 18-year-old can breeze through four years of college and at twenty-one have a degree and act as a superior to me.

While at Evergreen, it is hard living with people who throw around cash like it is no matter. One roommate's parents sent her corned-Ed Omaha filet mignon in the mail. Another roommate consistently used her 500-dollar allowance to buy drugs. They shopped at sweatshop-made Old Navy and the Gap, while I still get sick to my stomach when I have to pay over twenty dollars for anything. My roommates would leave perfectly good food out till it went bad. It horrified me, as I have issues with food waste.

When you are desperate, they give you food stamps, all the food you can eat, and not a dollar for anything else. This is why so many poor people are so fat, as food is all we can afford.

Poverty is mark of shame. Growing up poor stunts your development and keeps you from functioning in the middle class world. I can't handle invisible money. I can't have a credit card—the wanting it allows is too much for me. It is the maxed-out credit cards and overdrawn bank accounts that hold us down.

Still, there are times I am so tempted to commit petty crimes just to fill that inner aching emptiness that lack has created. It is what the nuclear family based economy fears most, for sharing resources reduces the amount needed of any item. Community, honest communication, and the frightening idea of trust are the catalyst to the next evolution of humanity. We are the silence that needs to learn its voice.

Our public transportation is at a risk again with the current Initiative 710 & 711. If prices rise taxes must rise. It seems so funny to me that people expect taxes to be lower and government services to spend more money. We

...continued on page 4

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Herman revels in the memory of Darwin

by Ashley Shomo

Steve Herman waits to make sure everyone is paying attention. He reads a quote from the journal of Charles Darwin beginning with the date.

"March 5, 1832."

He pauses for a moment and continues to read.

"It is a new and pleasant thing for me to be conscious that naturalizing is doing my duty, and that if I neglected that duty, I should at the same time neglect what has for years given me such pleasure."

Herman reads this quote because, "this is the essence of what I've taught at Evergreen for 29 years."

In fact, Herman's classes often have included readings from Darwin's journal titled "Voyage of the Beagle." This, he said, guides his students when they're asked to keep journals during 21 to 25 days of field work.

Darwin's contributions to science and his gentle nature earned him a permanent place of honor in Herman's life.

He expresses this respect with regular visits to Darwin's home in England, by teaching Darwin's ideas in his classes, by setting up a Darwin display in the Library, and by celebrating Darwin's birthday at Evergreen every February.

You see, he's been doing this for years. A carrot and cream cheese birthday cake, freshly brewed coffee, and a room full of people.

So, why does Herman invest so much time in Darwin?

"It's mostly what he did and the fact that he loved nature," he said. Darwin was a man of "enlarged curiosity."

Herman says he thinks it unfair that we look to Einstein—the creator of the atomic bomb—as a "cuddly teddy bear" since Darwin is "at least as great as Einstein" and much more qualified to fill the teddy bear position.

"He's just misunderstood," says Herman.

"The fact of the matter is, he was a very quiet man who never raised his voice."

So, Herman finds various ways to pay homage.

The last time Herman visited Darwin's house, he stuffed his pockets full of flint rocks from a fallen wall. The rocks now sit "right over my computer station within a meter of my head."

Herman also praises Photo Services for

their restoration of his underexposed photo of himself sitting in Darwin's chair.

Herman likes to tell the story. At Darwin's home, he lingered in front of a golden rope barrier that protected Darwin's newly renovated study room and "spent a lot of time in that room sort of looking at stuff." He saw books, a microscope, a chair with a lap board next to it, and large wheels on each leg of the chair—"That was probably to conserve time and energy."

One day, "this tall, Eleanor Roosevelt-like woman—the conservator—said 'would you like to sit in the chair?'"

Of course, he did.



Steve Herman basks in the environment of his mentor. photo courtesy of Steve Herman

Last Thursday, Herman started by writing "Happy Birthday Charlie Darwin" on a chalk board in the Rotunda of the Lecture Hall where approximately 40 people gathered in celebration.

One first-year student said this was her first Darwin party.

"I'm hoping Charles Darwin will walk through that door right now," she said.

With a good look around one might suggest that he did.

Stories about Darwin's Beagle journey billowed from clusters of Darwin-devotees. Long-time faculty Paul Butler, John Longino, Rob Cole Gabe Tucker, and Al Wiedemann gave a nod and smile in passing—like veterans coming together for the first time in years.

Students wander proudly and start their own Darwin discussions while Herman, still milling about, gives a hearty "welcome" to each newcomer.

The slide-show, compiled by Herman, Tucker and Weidemann, started with pictures of the house Darwin used to live in after a \$4 million renovation.

The Darwin house, now white and shiny, sat on a green field with red flowers to one side and a glass greenhouse to another. The greenhouse, Herman said, is where Darwin conducted many of his botanical experiments.

Herman pointed to a Mulberry tree in

the photo and said it's relatively new. Darwin's granddaughter planted it after Darwin's death to replace the former Mulberry that was leaning on stilts.

"She looked at it and said 'Well, that looks a little old. We better replace it.'"

The house, the tree, and the flowers were all a part of the airbrushed design on Darwin's birthday cake. The cake read, "Happy 191st birthday Charles Darwin."

Herman hopes this tradition never stops. "We're sort of passing the baton at this point," he said.

Although he's not planning on leaving Evergreen right away, the day will come.

Until then, Herman's dedication to Darwin will be nearby.

"Darwin's work changed the world in many ways," Herman said. "He was a wonderful human being and an excellent naturalist."

Baptized, but not by fire

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL COMMENTARY

by Arline Fullerton

I am a "Greener Geezer" and this is my second year at TESC as a part-time student. Yes, I am a grandmother who is rushing to get my degree before I start drawing social security. Time spent here is pure joy after a long marriage and eight children.

As one of a growing minority of "Greener Geezers" who enjoys reading the Cooper Point Journal most every week, I have decided to submit some material that reflects my views and even my past. If you are a "Geezer" now or are approaching "Geezerhood", I would enjoy reading your views and experiences also. We do have value and we do have a voice.

This is an experience I had back when I was married with children.

BAPTIZED, BUT NOT BY FIRE OR WATER

"We need to get rid of those two ponies," grumbled my husband as he came in from the barn. "I'm tired of hauling hay and grain, and besides the kids never ride them any more."

That night, after talking it over with our two children, we all agreed to sell the ponies and put the resulting money toward a go-cart. Feeling relieved, my husband called some friends who owned a stock hauling truck and made arrangements to haul us and our load to the auction the following weekend.

It was a typical cold and dreary Western Washington morning that Saturday in February. The sky was gray with a light rain falling after a night of torrential down pour. Our friends, Jack and Vi, arrived in their one-ton stock truck to load up our too-old-to-ride-a-pony children, my husband, myself, and the ponies.

Arriving at the stock auction barn later that morning, we found the off-loading ramps already filled with other trucks, and trailers, so we unloaded the ponies in the parking lot and led them to the barn. Now all we had to do was find an incline up to the barn level and put them in a pen. It was still raining and the grounds were full of mud and manure. Someone directed us to the back of the barn where they thought there was an entrance door.

"This must be the place." I yelled as I spoiled a concrete slab leading to a big door. I shall pause briefly to explain what this auction barn was like. Inside the barn were many small pens to hold cows, horses, goats, pigs, or what ever farm animals a person wanted to sell. Running through each pen was a trough, snaking through the barn, that flushed all animal waste and water out under a big door to a long holding pit in the back. The steady rain had filled the pit to the top and now it looked like a manure covered concrete slab leading to a big door. With this in mind, I shall continue with my story.

As I stepped up on what I thought was a concrete slab and took the next step toward the big door, my foot began to sink. My first thought was, "Oh, no! Well it's just my one foot." But my foot went three feet into a thick manure soup. With my first foot still on the concrete edge behind, I pitched forward and shot out an arm. My next thought was, "Well, it's only one arm and leg." But my fate was inescapable, and with my mouth wide open, I executed a perfect slow motion cartwheel into a vat of manure, and sank to the bottom like a rock.

It was magnificent! I rose out of the refuse like the fabled Phoenix from the ashes, only instead of ashes it was chunks of manure coating me from the top of my head to my waist with the rest of me still submerged in the mire. The weight of the stuff tore the pockets off my coat.

The first thing I heard as I struggled to my feet were my children crying out, "Mama!" and far away I could hear the laughing of a hyena that was later identified as my husband. After a lot of spitting, and wiping debris from my eyes, I finally saw Jack holding out a helping hand. I grabbed my purse that was sliding under like the Titanic, and with a lot of urging, I managed to stagger to higher ground.

Stifling his laugh, Jack grabbed a nearby garden hose that was used to wash out the stock trucks and started washing me down. By the time he was done with my bath, I was so cold that the water from the hose felt warmer

than the cold air, and when my husband arrived with the auction owner, I could hardly speak. The owner kept apologizing as he slowly led my shivering body next door to his house. "Help this poor lady clean up," he instructed his wife. "She has had an unfortunate accident." His wife was a sympathetic woman who quickly stripped off my coat and clothing and dumped them into her washer. My fingers and limbs were so stiff from the cold that I wasn't much help. The chill seemed to go to the very core of my body. Wrapped in a big towel, she led me to the bathroom where a large tub that was filling with warm water.

Jack had done such a good job hosing me down in the parking lot that no one realized the extent of the damage. As the owner's wife helped me remove my underwear, she uncovered a thick layer of manure in the shape of my bra and panties.

"You poor lamb. This is going to be a tougher job than I thought," she said as she helped me scrape the lingering residue off my body. "Perhaps we need to bath you first for the big stuff, then do a second bath so you can soak a while, and warm up."

Much later, bathed, wrapped in a warm fleecy bathrobe, and sipping hot chocolate, I began cleaning out my purse. The gum and Kleenex tissue were totaled but I managed to save my pictures and I.D. The invasive manure even got inside the lipstick tube. The good woman finally brought my freshly laundered clothing and I dressed quickly. My shoes were wet, but clean, and all I wanted to do was sell those two ponies and go home.

The return trip home, in the stock truck with my family and friends, was a time of reflection as we recounted the adventure from each respective viewpoint. Comments flew around like, "Falling into a vat of manure and coming out smelling like a rose," and "you sure know how to have a good time." The next day I called my Doctor to see if I should have a tetanus shot and when I explained to him why I thought I needed one, I never got an answer. He couldn't stop laughing.

WENCH

continued from page 3...

need more roads; we need to pay for it with normal tag costs. We need to support our public transportation. It is a simple right across the States. Our public transportation is one of the reasons I moved to Olympia. If 1-711 passes there will be no buses in Olympia next January. It will take 80% of the state's transportation budget and spend it on roads and it will shut down carpool lanes. 710 will remove property taxes on vehicles. This means even less money for the state government. The middle class gets a small discount, and the big money goes to the rich folks. As the poor get poorer and the rich get richer, a disparity occurs. You get a greater amount of crime, and loss of jobs by people trapped in their economic caste. It gets easier for folks to do illegal things to get by. The people who have cars get an advantage over those who don't have them. SO we are rewarding those who want to turn this State into a smog-filled over-populated paradise like the one they used to live in.

What can us low-income folks do to keep our money out of the upper classes pockets? Currently in Olympia local business people are capitalizing by buying up all the vacant properties and using them as rentals. They are taking lawns and backyards and building miniscule apartments. Renting is another way to become trapped in poverty. Your money goes nowhere. If you can buy a house or organize a lease contract with your landlord, do so. We need to keep our neighborhoods belonging to the residents and our money out of the hands of the rich. When you buy clothes be thrifty, buy the stuff that lasts, and give your old clothes to the free box. Buy your food from locally owned businesses like the Co-op or Thriftway. Pay attention to your community's events and news. If not, some bad and good things can happen. I wonder where us small potatoes will be pushed to next, Alaska? Will us urban peasants be chased to the ends of the earth to escape the corruption of money? For right now, I urge you to do two things. On Feb. 26, join the Public Transportation arch at noon in Sylvester Park. Then make your voice heard. VOTE on February 29, you can do so in Lab II if you can't make it to your local polling place. We can make a difference in politics or the other side dominates until they die off.

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— Article I, Section 5, Washington State Constitution 1889

Letters & Opinions

"Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances."

— First Amendment, U.S. Constitution

Close-call car crashes on campus all too common

by Kris Green

This morning at 9:30 a.m., I drove my roommate to school and dropped her off at the library loop. I live close to the school, and as I was heading home, I reached the intersection of Overhulse and Evergreen Parkway. (Overhulse to me is the road that leads to the feed store on Mud Bay Road.) There was a tan/grayish car at the stop sign but they were not completely stopped; they were more or less moving back and forth as if they were moving the clutch in and out, or putting the car in reverse and forward repeatedly. I decided to honk the horn and let them know I saw them and hoped they would see me. I was about two feet away from them in the left lane headed toward Cooper Point Road, when they all of a sudden shot out in front of me! I put my brakes on quickly and shot to the right of their car to avoid it. I catapulted back over to the curb in the left lane and I believe my tire hit the curb and I shot back over into the right lane and managed to gain control of my car and get it onto the shoulder. It was raining out, so my car, while it was being catapulted, was also sliding. I had missed the car by inches. My car would have been totaled and there would have been a huge dent in their car.

After I had stopped, I looked over to my left and noticed the car drove quickly onto Overhulse toward Housing. They didn't even stop to see if I was ok! I didn't see the license plate but what I did see was three people who looked like students. Because they were heading toward Housing, I assumed they were Evergreen students. That is why I have submitted this to the CPJ. I want them to know the story.

To continue, a woman had been watching the whole situation and flashed the ok sign to me and I shook my head so she pulled over. I asked her if I had hit anything because it felt like I had—I think it was the curb—and she said no and that I barely missed them. I asked her if she had gotten the license

plate and she said no, not yet. I am very thankful that she stopped and if you read this, thank you, if I didn't tell you then.

I then went looking for the car. I drove around the F-lot, I drove the loop by the dorms, and I drove into the parking lot at Cooper's Glen. I did find cars that looked like the car, but was unsure. I was extremely angry and wanted to give the people a piece of my mind.

I am pregnant and am extremely glad that nothing happened in this situation. I was told by someone to just be glad that I am ok, but I have been brewing on this all day. I am glad that my baby and I are ok, but I feel it is important I get out what I want to say.

I am not glad that someone didn't have the humanity to stop and see how I was doing. I am angry and frightened of how we are treating each other these days. I want the people that ran the stop sign to know that I think they are cowards. I also want them to know that they should learn to take responsibility for their actions, especially when it profoundly affects another person. Try a little kindness and compassion. I am extremely disheartened with your way of handling the situation and hope one day you will learn to be responsible for yourselves. (There were about three people in the car.) I hope that you don't have to learn the hard way. You could have really affected my life in a major way and possibly caused a miscarriage. Think before you act, AND please and snap out of your little world.

Again, I am thankful for the woman that stopped to check on me and am glad that she has a spark of humanity in her. We need to care more for each other. Please, if you are in a situation where your actions may profoundly affect another, check to see if they are all right, apologize, or something. Take responsibility for your actions. Put yourselves in their shoes and be human. ♣

Hey everyone! As this quarter comes to a close there is still one topic that is as hotly disputed as it was since the start of the academic year. You guessed it, it's the **Campus Lockdown!** Has this tactic worked, or is the idea of community being suppressed? For the **March 9 issue** of the Cooper Point Journal, L&O will be dedicated to the discussion of this topic. Bring in your letters and opinions soon though, because the **deadline is Friday, March 31!**

Remember, you can e-mail us too! The address is: CPJ@evergreen.edu

How to submit:

Please bring or address all responses or other forms of commentary to the Cooper Point Journal office in CAB 316. The deadline is at 4 p.m. on Friday for the following week's edition. The word limit for responses is 450 words; for commentary it's 600 words.

The CPJ wants to use as much space as possible on these pages for letters and opinions. Therefore, in practice, we have allowed contributors to exceed the word limit when space is available. When space is limited, the submissions are prioritized according to when the CPJ gets them. Priority is always given to Evergreen students.

Please note: the CPJ does not check its e-mail daily; the arrival of e-mailed letters may be delayed and may cause the letter to be held until the following issues. We will accept typed submissions, but those provided on disk are greatly appreciated.

All submissions must have the author's name and a phone number.

We're all wacko revolutionaries

By Scott Fraundorf

This is a manifesto of personal growth, freedom and revolution and a magnificent attempt to create something better than the boring drudgery of an authoritarian, patriarch, corporate run, consumer society. It's time to find a new sense of freedom more potent than that preached by any anarchist, socialist or democrat, more reality changing than any poetry, art, or music ever has been and a new sense of equality and participation that exposes the political systems of the past, and present for the boring, depressing alienating structures they are.

There comes a point when we realize how much social dishonesty, depression, and alienation exists around us and endeavor to expose it. To create a new sense of openness that destroys that inner sense of repression and self-hatred we've internalized all of our lives. For different people it was for different reasons. For some it was ridicule in middle, and high school for being somehow different and unable to fit in to the rigid ideas of what was cool, OK, and beautiful. For others who fit in to some degree it was the anxiety, and pressure they had to deal with and the feeling that they had no real affinity based on who they were with any of their friends.

These insecurities, and illusory hesitations are what have allowed dictators, monarchs, and corporations to exert tremendous power over the population and get away with "murder," so to speak. Consistently, we are exposed to the threat of nuclear war, and annihilation. Pollution and radioactive waste exposes us to a high risk of cancer despite the media's attempts to cover up the increasing cancer rates and death. But this is not a manifesto of despair. This is a manifesto of the kind of freedom that we can all realize. A realization that we can all have the life we want,

be the person we want to be, and shed all illusions of beauty, perfection, coolness, or happy endings. And realize this is just a life long adventure in the reality factory.

But I don't expect people to read these boring words, and I certainly don't expect people to listen. But many people are already reclaiming their own lives which is way more revolutionary than mindlessly attending boring meetings that increase our own alienation. Many people are beginning to expose social situations for the dishonesty, and desparation that they entail and bring people out of their life long hiding. Television as an institution's main purpose is to create a place for us to hide from the chaos of the real world. And advertising and sitcoms set up our interaction and how we view our own bodies. It's a sedative, and we learn to see it as an informant. And we also learn to perceive the world in a structured way. Until we "KICK OUR ADDICTION TO LONELINESS"

Until we get rid of our anxiety, and become the chaotic, crazy, uncivilized, nerdy, wackos we really are to the extreme. Build affinities, and friendships, and romances with other people based on this newfound sense of freedom from the pain, and drudgery and shame set up by people hungry for power at our expense. Until we learn to see our lives as perpetual play rather than perpetually uncreative work. Until we learn that the spectacle of rockstars, and politicians and experts demeans our own ability to discern for ourselves. That is when shit really starts to hit the fan. When we become aware, and awake and are willing to walk through terror and thrill to change our own reality and the reality of others into something far more magnificent, glorious and fun. ♣



Ben's 9

Like Letterman without the East Coast Humor

By Ben Kinkade

9 Alternative Transportation Methods for Students (besides the obvious forms of transport)

1. Tunnel under Mud Bay Road traveling like Bugs Bunny.
2. Parachute out of a plane flying over.
3. Jump on board a fire truck on its way to TESC.
4. Line up along Mud Bay Road and hitchhike in (I don't recommend this!)
5. One word: horseback
6. If your bus route was erased go take Eymann's car.
7. Parasail off of trucks traveling towards college.
8. Kayak into Geoduck Beach and hike in.
9. Jetpack

LETTERS AND OPINIONS

Student Government: The Eternal Battle

by Douglas M. Mackar

The existence or non-existence of a student government is irrelevant—what is relevant is communication. If we can't solve the problem of communication, then we have no right to create a system of government that will inevitably be based on communication.

The cover story of the Feb. 17 CPJ demonstrated how poor communication can tear a group apart no matter how clear their intentions may be. The group I'm referring to is the so-called Student Coalition. You can call it the Student Coalition, the Greener Party, the Students for the Freewill of Students or whatever, but what is it? It's a student government. Call it what it is. If it's going to be a Student Unity Coalition then tell us what that means and tell us how that works—but if it's going to be a student government, don't put another name over it in an attempt to not alienate anyone. Don't blanket your intentions. Speak to me the truth. Nothing is more alienating than lies. I don't trust you already, just for that.

We live in a world of symbols. Once you name something it loses its meaning—it becomes that name and everything it is lies below that name—let's talk about what it is.

I'm not saying that student government is a bad thing and I'm not saying that we should not have a student government—what I'm saying is let's not just go jumping into a student government thinking that that's going to solve all of our problems because it's not—no matter how it's organized. What's going to happen is you're going to have the same challenges you have right now except there will be a government to direct the attention to, and also the blame. We don't need an organization of government—we need an organization of communication.

What do you want? You want a clear, effective way for people to voice their concerns. A. What needs to be done? B. How do we let people know what needs to be done? C. How do we let the school know what we want done and have them take us seriously? Let's be clear about this—The administration at Evergreen is not oppressive to the students, so this provides us with the perfect opportunity to work together. We're not fighting against the administration here; we're trying to work with them. If we can work with them freely, then we've got something, then we've got a start.

What we need is an independent contract where a student is co-president. That way we have a student in office as the president, the co-president—One of our own students working on a one year contract, 16 credits/qr, sharing full responsibility with the other co-president—Call up the would-be presidents and ask them what they think about that.

Now I don't want anyone writing back telling me what you think about what I say, I want you writing in and telling us what your ideas are. That's what most folks shy away from—specific ideas of how to make this work.

Let's not get in rhetorical arguments with one another. Let's get on the path to working together and finding solutions, finding the answers—

We have a lot of intelligent people at this school, a lot of politically oriented minds, a lot of revolutionaries, right? Well here's your chance to build Utopia, or Ecotopia or Anarchyland or whatever. The stage is yours. Let's not follow blindly the poor example of history; let's start fresh with something we believe in. This is our chance to change the world. Good luck.

Think twice before drawing down dams

by Lisa Slonike

I am writing in response to WASHPIRG's commentary by Sean Rogers "Snake River Dams: Cheap Electricity or Salmon Blenders" in the February 17 issue, because I just cannot disagree with it more. I am from the Lewis-Clark valley in South-Eastern Washington/Panhandle of Idaho. This is one of the areas that would be drastically affected by the dam removal if it happened. The Snake and Clearwater Rivers form a confluence in the Lewis-Clark valley. They are the cornerstone of our community. And they have a lot to do with the salmon and dams.

Several years back, the Snake River dams had a draw-down of the river to help the salmon find their way to the ocean so that they could be happy little fish. What actually happened was that the draw down did not help salmon survival and, in fact, it really hurt the humans financially and emotionally. The draw-down re-routed the water of the Snake River so that the mighty river became a muddy little stream. The draw-down nearly destroyed our community. Lewiston Idaho is the world's furthest in-land seaport. Not that year, though. The waterways

were useless without water. All of the boats that everyone seems to own (our community has the highest number of boats per capita) sat in driveways not being used for fishing or recreation. How could they be used when the marinas and docks were hundreds of yards away from a tiny, mud-filled, and stagnant stream? The owner of the local marina went out of business. Without water there are no boats and the marina is just a building over top mud. If all of this happened because of one year, imagine what would happen if this was permanent.

So, that year, the Lewis-Clark valley (which already has a high proportion of economically disadvantaged citizens living there) lost income from trade, tourism and recreation. Many people who wanted to go see the dismal stream that had once been our mighty Snake River got stuck in the mud that was now waist deep. It was a very depressing sight for our citizens. What use were our rivers without water? Everyone had to drive daily across at least one of the three bridges that connect the cities of Lewiston and Clarkston. We were being constantly reminded of the consequences of the draw-down because of this. It was rather depressing for everyone who lived there.

I remember asking my teachers and my parents if they were going to do the draw-down again the next year. Because even I knew that what was happening wasn't good for us humans. However, if it helped the endangered salmon, well, then maybe it was okay. When the reports came back the next year saying that the draw-down which had ravaged our community had not significantly helped the salmon, I remember thinking, "All of that for nothing?"

So, remind yourself of a ruined economy and the salmon that weren't helped by the Snake River draw-down before you suggest we get rid of the dams on the Snake River. Besides, what are we going to replace all of our hydro-electricity with? How about more nuclear power from Hanford? Or what about coal power so that we can pollute our beautiful blue skies and pristine water sources. We've already altered the landscape with our own presence. So, unless you leave with the dams (which I highly doubt you will) the alternatives to hydro-electricity are much worse. Think before you encourage others to ruin economies for something that won't have much of an impact on the animal you're trying to help.

by David Smith

Why? Because education is much more than just what goes on in the classroom. At Evergreen, we not only have the opportunity to direct the course of our education but also the atmosphere in which that education takes place. Opportunities come with responsibilities. Without some structure to channel our voice our needs and opinions will continue to dissipate in frustration. Our wishes and opinions will continue to go largely unconsidered by the administration, not because of indifference on the part of the Board of Trustees but because of a lack of any clear, regular, lines of communication. In the absence of

Pro:
"Without some structure to channel our voice our needs and opinions will continue to dissipate in frustration."

attachment to the idea of a whole, we drift apart or into smaller groups with more easily defined identities and clearer voices. We need to form a new coalition of minds that can function both in the conventional mechanisms of their bureaucracy and our non-traditional environment. Opinions are affected by our relations to others; not peer pressure so much as perspective. What affects one segment, group, or individual one day may have an unseen impact on someone else the next. Without the contact of community, the repercussions go unnoticed because "No one knew." The communities we live and work in affect us whether we choose to affect them or not. By existing in separate, smaller groups and ignoring the larger community we only hurt ourselves. We are a community; what affects one of us in some way or other affects us all. Whether we act or are acted upon is up to us.

This kind of isolation has a direct negative impact on the sense of community at Evergreen. Without a communal voice, with no attachment to the idea of a whole, we drift apart or into smaller groups with more easily defined identities and clearer voices. We need to form a new coalition of minds that can function both in the conventional mechanisms of their bureaucracy and our non-traditional environment. Opinions are affected by our relations to others; not peer pressure so much as perspective. What affects one segment, group, or individual one day may have an unseen impact on someone else the next. Without the contact of community, the repercussions go unnoticed because "No one knew." The communities we live and work in affect us whether we choose to affect them or not. By existing in separate, smaller groups and ignoring the larger community we only hurt ourselves. We are a community; what affects one of us in some way or other affects us all. Whether we act or are acted upon is up to us.

Con:
"Let's not go jumping into a student government thinking that that's going to solve all of our problems—because it's not."

I had a conversation recently with someone who was all fired up about a prospective new faculty member. She found out "they" hired the other candidate, she was "frustrated." She thought that the new hire was rather ordinary—intelligent, knowledgeable but no spark. She described energy and passion and fire—the things that inspire students, the things we associate with Evergreen. However, a student is lucky if they can remember one person in their academic career who made a difference, fueled their curiosity, and inspired them. Evergreen is very lucky; Dave Hitchens, Russ Davis, Tom Rainey, Rita Pougiales, talk to their students and watch the animation, the passion. What this place will be in the next 30 years depends on decisions that are being made right now. Other schools have tried to break the mold, to do what we do, but it's an uphill battle.

All great ideas start like Evergreen started out—with some very romantic, charismatic ideals. That initial spark attracts creative, ambitious minds. The idea grows and expands; an organization is born. Eventually more effort is put in to managing the organization than goes into the original premise; inertia sets in. The founding faculty at Evergreen are retiring; it's time for new faces and new ideas. The people in charge of who gets hired and consequently, what this idea becomes, are not necessarily committed to the ideals that make this place what it is. That's not a criticism, that's life. We have the opportunity and responsibility to create a form of student participation in the administration that could be as unique and innovative as our education and at the same time try to reinvigorate the institution. We might not be able to change a thing, but then again, we might. One thing's for sure; as it stands now, we're not affecting anything... and we've only ourselves to blame.



Photo by Chris Hooper

Introducing Chump Change

Musical stylings come easy for these Chumps

by Kris Hooper

There have been many times in my life when I've wanted to rip up a copy of the Stranger or the Rocket and urinate on it. One of the reasons is their reviews of bands. In the Rocket's case I couldn't care less about some butt-rock band doing Whitesnake covers at Jimmy Z's. When it comes to the Stranger I find the reviews pretentious. This is either due to the writer's tone or the attitude of the group. Despite my disdain for these reviews I've always wanted to do one. If I ever had the means to push my subjective musical tastes on unsuspecting readers, the time is now.

Three of my close friends have been in a band called "Chump Change" on and off for the past year. I had never heard them play until one night last week when I found myself at their rehearsal space, getting pleasantly buzzed off cans of Milwaukee's Best and the fumes of their kerosene heater. It took only a few songs before I realized I was in the presence of punk rock juggernauts.

Chump Change is a trio consisting of Justin Robinson on drums, Trevor Goodloe on bass, and vocalist Tony Barry on guitar. The band has the qualities I look for most - and that is to be loud, fast, and abrasive. There is something to be said for a group that can blend a Social Distortion cover next to a spunky Elvis tune without batting an eyelash. Chump Change is more than just a

cover band. Most of their songs are original and the set is about thirty five minutes long.

I'm sure the epiphany that most punk bands are dumber than Anna Nicole Smith whacked out on quaaludes shocks nobody. Chump Change doesn't fit into that mold. As masters of improv, the band was able to create a song in my honor within minutes. The song is about what they perceive my life to be like living on Evergreen's campus. I was so amused that my existence here at Evergreen could inspire a satirical song with such homoerotic overtones, I knew at that moment I had to write about the band. They call the song, "Dude Dorm" and the lyrics go a little something like this:

- Dude dorm, men enjoying manhood
- Dude dorm, pukin' on the floor
- Dude dorm, listenin' to Ozzy Osborne
- Dude dorm
Hippies suck
Hippies suck
- Dude dorm, feel the vibrations
- Dude dorm, join the sensation
Dude dorm!

Call it juvenile and repetitive if you must, I prefer to say it's melodic minimalism at its best.

Out of all the traits a band can possess, arrogance is the one I despise the most. It seems to me this is one of the driving forces of bands in our collective age group. When I see a band strut around, on stage or off, like the cock-of-the-walk I don't know whether I'll lose my temper or lunch first. But when I see a band playing simply for the love of music with no regard for the spotlight, I feel that the spotlight should be shined in their direction at least once.

Chump Change has no intentions what so ever of playing shows or releasing singles. They personify the very essence of the music they play, doing it by themselves and for themselves. In that way they are like the J.D. Salingers of punk. That's overstepping it, I know, but like I said before: I've always wanted to write a review like they do in the Stranger.

Submit to the CPJ

...and you won't be sorry

Technically impressive, message laden

by Megan Grumbling

Media critics, sensualists, and feminists might all have found a stimulating multi-media engagement in this past weekend's exhibition of installment art by Mediaworks film and video-production students. A surprisingly refreshing show, its artists explored philosophical and social concepts in exciting participatory formats using both media technology and objects of the everyday.

The New Testament, playing cards, Heinlein novels, and an empty whiskey bottle paced my steps up to the first landing of "Light on the Stairs," an installment by Crystal Valliant constructed in one of the COM building stairways. On the landing an anecdote painted upon a back-lit windowpane told of "a kid so tall that he could touch the stars," but found that they were "sharp and pointy." This first leg of the stairway journey set a rather whimsical tone for Valliant's theme of the human stretch toward conception of the inconceivable universe. In her artist's notes, somewhat more thematically accessible than the installation itself, Valliant mused that "wherever we look we see either a shadow or a reflection of ourselves. Maybe that's all we can see."

As the exploration rounded up and around the staircase, Valliant counterposed the intangibility of the universe (always expected to emerge at the next landing) with the human impulse to express it by projecting slides of script and doodle-filled notebooks that appeared as inscrutable as galaxies. Clinging this tension was the strange solemnity of confrontation, finally, with "the stars," made up of four five-foot standing lamps with light bent, thrown, and sprayed by manipulated aluminum. Though the first few landings had seemed somewhat blithely undertaken, the expression of "stars" somehow let this question hang: For all human intents and purposes, for art and for understanding, to what degree is conception creation?

I was momentarily taken aback when I first stepped into the Experimental Theater and saw an "Ally McBeal" episode playing on video. On closer inspection, however, it became evident that Ally and friends were there to heighten the satirical qualities of a very smart commentary on modern law designed by Michelle Odo, Sindi Somers, and Tiffany Tudder. This installation took the form of a person-sized board game complete with cards, a huge die, badges to win and lose, and board-squares entitled "Jail," "Jury Box," and "Evergreen State College Law School." I

watched as a woman and her young friend began a game. Things started out badly for the younger girl, who was caught drag racing down State and had to lose a badge. She, however, got a break on her next turn when charged with domestic violence: "Being a professional athlete, it has become expected of you. No penalty." Her opponent, accused of sexual harassment, was found guilty despite having, as a female, six chances to roll the necessary not-guilty two (Had she been a male, she would have had but one.). In concept and execution, the Law Game was strikingly effective, driving home the absurdities of today's media-enhanced legal system with jaw-cracking precision.

Even more explicit in indicting mass media was Aaron Cansler's offering. Cansler constructed a booth enclosed in wire and clear plastic with walls barged from three sides by a slides and video montage of media imagery at its most mindless - home shopping ads, compassionate newscaster smiles, and logo upon logo - all in disorientingly rapid succession. Inside the booth, naturally, all projected images were reversed. An audio loop of densely layered media-babble completed the sensation of total inundation and of being helpless in the heart of the beast. Cansler commented that he found it equally provoking to remain outside and to observe the silhouettes and reactions of others inside the booth, a remark that I think testifies to both the artistic strength and implicitly political nature of his piece. Cansler's concept was simple and accessible; the technical logistics pulled it off to great sensorial effect.

Technical excellence abounded at the Mediaworks show. Particularly impressive - and description defying - was Tracy Andrews' installation. Alternating the upper-bodies and up-raised legs of Barbie-type dolls, each slightly more bent than the previous piece, were positioned in a ring, with each like component bent at a slightly changed angle from the one previous. Andrews' piece involved a revolving ring of upper bodies and legs ripped from Barbie-type dolls, each bent to a slightly different degree than the next. Spun by a motor and viewed under a strobe, the dolls appeared to be bowing and flexing legs at the viewer. A faint but rather chilling music box melody accompanied the piece. The technical ingenuity of Andrews' installation notwithstanding, I initially found it somewhat artistically inaccessible. Andrews declined to comment on her motivating ideologies, and beyond seeing a general feminist

critique of female role and body representation in the media, I was unclear both as to her statement and of my own interpretation. A few days later, however, with the intensity of the her image still clear, I found myself reconsidering. It seems to me now that the effects of the strobe and the strange horror of the bowing dolls evoked a sense of paralysis akin to the helplessness of looking into a photo of the unalterable past. In this case, I was looking into a connoted childhood - my own, let's say, by the extension of connotation - and seeing it in unalterable burlesque. The power of that discomfort, though cryptic, eventually forced me to reflect upon at the feminist issues with which at first seemed undeveloped in this piece.

Huts of bound branches draped in fabrics and tied down to stones comprised Andrew Taylor's stunning celebration of the nomad and exploration of the idea of "home." Taylor designed the interior of each hut as a sensually stimulating space for the participant to enjoy, hoping that in the process, participants would "use all of their senses to recreate their idea of space." The sensorial harmony of the first two huts were testimony to a truly magnificent sensibility on Taylor's part to the nuances and effects of color, light, contrast, and texture. Warm orange fabrics were backlit against deep blue white light from monitors. The light bathed apples and oranges and clear glass bottles in soothing iridescence, while lavender scented the air. Taylor's sensorial choreography was breath-taking in the truest sense.

The third hut was more discordant. Potato sacks lay draped amongst mismatched fabrics while a monitor drew the eye into a rapid progression of confused but evolving images. Taylor pointed out that this hut was not tied down to rocks and to the earth, as the first two were. Rather, it represented transition - the process of "making a space that feels good," for which one needs to employ "all their magic, all their talents." I commend Taylor, who so successfully engages that most stimulating magic sense, in the name of both philosophical reflection and of aesthetic pleasure.

What is ultimately most impressive in Mediaworks' exhibition is that the artists' technological media were integrated into their works technically and conceptually without dominating the artistry. I did not have the impression that I was viewing an exhibit of *media artists*; rather I perceived a group of artists who chose to employ technological media creatively and sensitively to heighten their expression.

► Fiction Review

In Quest of the Infinite

By Angelica Mayo

This mythical story recounts the journey of eight strangers who meet on the road and travel together to the mountains of Himarest in Distant land to seek the wisdom of a sage.

Throughout their pilgrimage to Himarest and during their conversations with the sage, the explorers come face to face with their most compelling issues. For each, where to draw the line takes center stage - especially in the areas of individual and group rights, materialism and spirituality, morality and ethical behavior. In their quest for harmony and balance they discover the inherent disharmony and imbalance of ego.

It is not necessary to read between the lines to see how the plights of these eight explorers mirror mainstream society, paraphrasing our own moral, spiritual, and ethical issues. During their ten days with the sage the group wanders through time, space, mind and matter to discover the universal Self.

The wisdom of this book lies in Kolluru's ability to seduce people of all reading levels. Part adventure, part parable, and part road map, this mythical tale delivers timely concepts and common sense solutions that can lead to self-mastery.



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Stylist

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when do words become fighting words no longer protected by the 1st Amendment?
 what kinds of control does the college have over a publication created and distributed on campus?
 when are words no longer protected by the 1st Amendment?
 what kinds of info must campus police make available?
 does the college have any say-so about the content of your web page that's linked to Evergreen's site?
 are faculty, administrators and staff members public figures whose actions and lives can be examined and criticized in print, on air or on a web page?

what's considered invasion of privacy?
 when is opinion not protected by the First Amendment?
 when does what you write about someone for print, electronic media or a web site stop being criticism and start being libel?
 when can you use text, art, photos, graphics from someone else's publication in your publication?
 when is what you write for print, electronic media or a web site not covered by the 1st Amendment?
 when can a person lie about who they really are in order to get info they intend to print, to air or put on a web page?

Mark Goodman

nationally acclaimed authority on student First Amendment expression rights and executive director of the Student Press Law Center

has the answer to these and other questions about your 1st Amendment rights

Bring your questions (& lunch) and talk with Mark
MONDAY FEB 28
noon - 2pm CAB 320

be the editor

the **application** packet for
2000-01 CPJ editor-in-chief
 available

in
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deadline to apply:
 5 p.m. Monday, Feb. 28

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TODAY

Thursday, February 24

The Evergreen State College
 Library Lobby

6:30 PM

with Q&A to follow

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Sports



Coach Rick Harden tries desperately to fire up the team. photo by Paul Hawxhurst

**Heartbreaking Loss Ends
 Season for Women's Basketball**

by Molly Erikson

The women's last game summed up their disappointing season with a 63-60 loss to the Northwest Eagles in a home game Saturday night.

The Eagles led 61-47 with 5:20 left in the game, but the Geoducks 11-0 shooting streak cut the deficit to 61-59 with 42 seconds remaining. The crowd held their breath as the Geoducks had their last chance at tying the game with a three-pointer.

Unfortunately, it was not to be, as the ball bounced off the rim and the Eagles clinched the win.

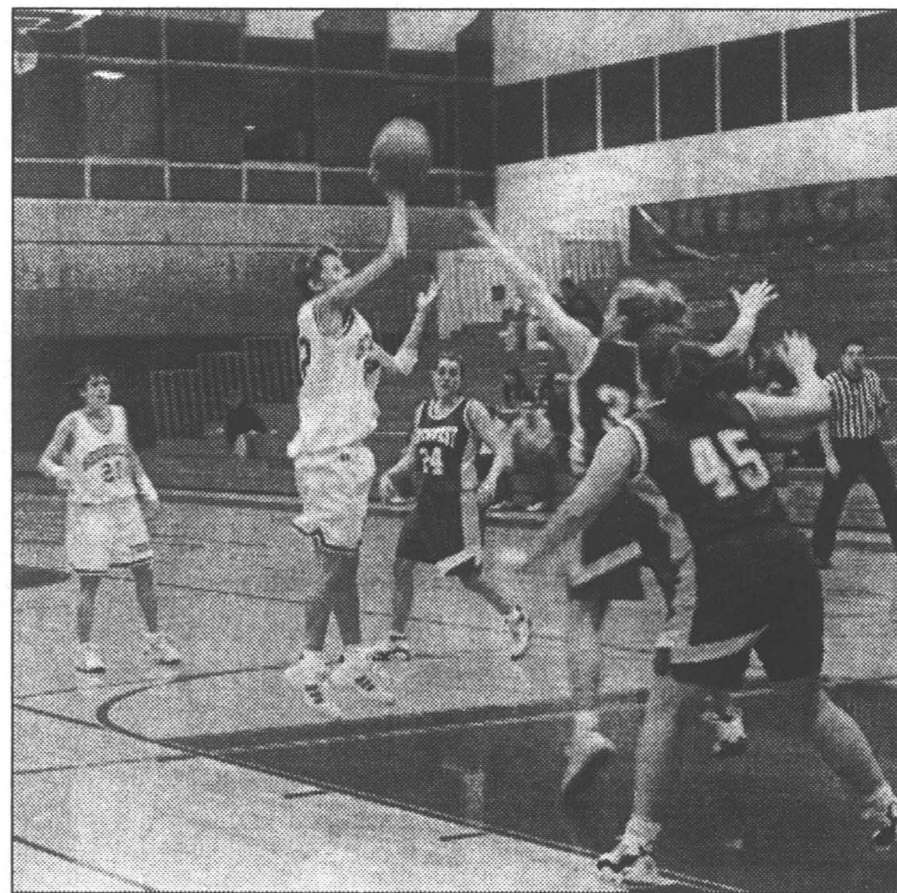
The loss may have been especially disappointing due to the Geoducks seven broken records. Annette Goff's eight three-pointers and 27 points broke two records and tied another.

"We did a great job getting Annette looks tonight," said Geoduck head coach Rick Harden. "Hitting eight three-pointers in a game is plain awesome."

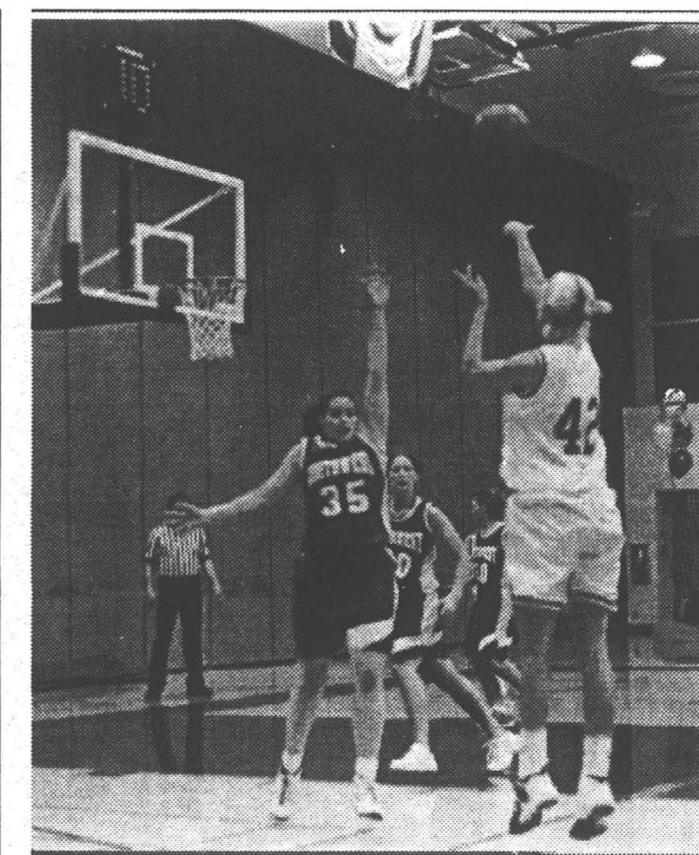
Chrissie Voyles and Erin McLeod made the most of their final collegiate games. Voyles had a career high 16 rebounds and ten points for Evergreen, while McLeod scored 12 points and grabbed eight rebounds.

"I am really proud of the effort our seniors had tonight," Harden said. "For May to have ten assists, Chrissie (Voyles) to grab sixteen rebounds, and McLeod to play with such intensity; that is great. They left everything they had out on the floor."

Women's basketball ended their season with a record of 4 and 21. The men play Oregon Tech, Wed. night in Klamath Falls, Oregon in their last game of the season.



McLeod shoots past the Eagles. photo by Paul Hauxhurst



Voyles aims for a three-pointer. photo by Paul Hawxhurst

Upcoming Events

Swimming-March 1-4, NAIA National Championships, @Burnaby, Canada

Men's and Women's Tennis-March 1 vs University of Puget Sound @Tacoma, Washington-3:30 p.m.

TESC Bak Shaolin Eagle Claw Kung Fu Team @ Double Diamonds National Tournament- Feb. 25-26 in Lincoln City, Oregon

Roller Hockey: All Levels Welcome- Wed 7:30 p.m.-9:30 p.m. w/ sticks and Sun. 3:30 p.m.-5:30 p.m. w/balls in Sports Pavilion near HCC

Volleyball Club-Mon. and Wed 6 p.m.-9 p.m. in the CRC

Yoga Club-Wed. and Fri.-Noon-1:30 in CRC room 117

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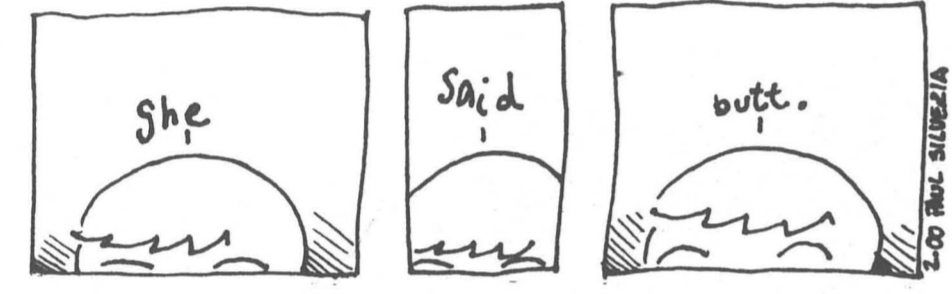
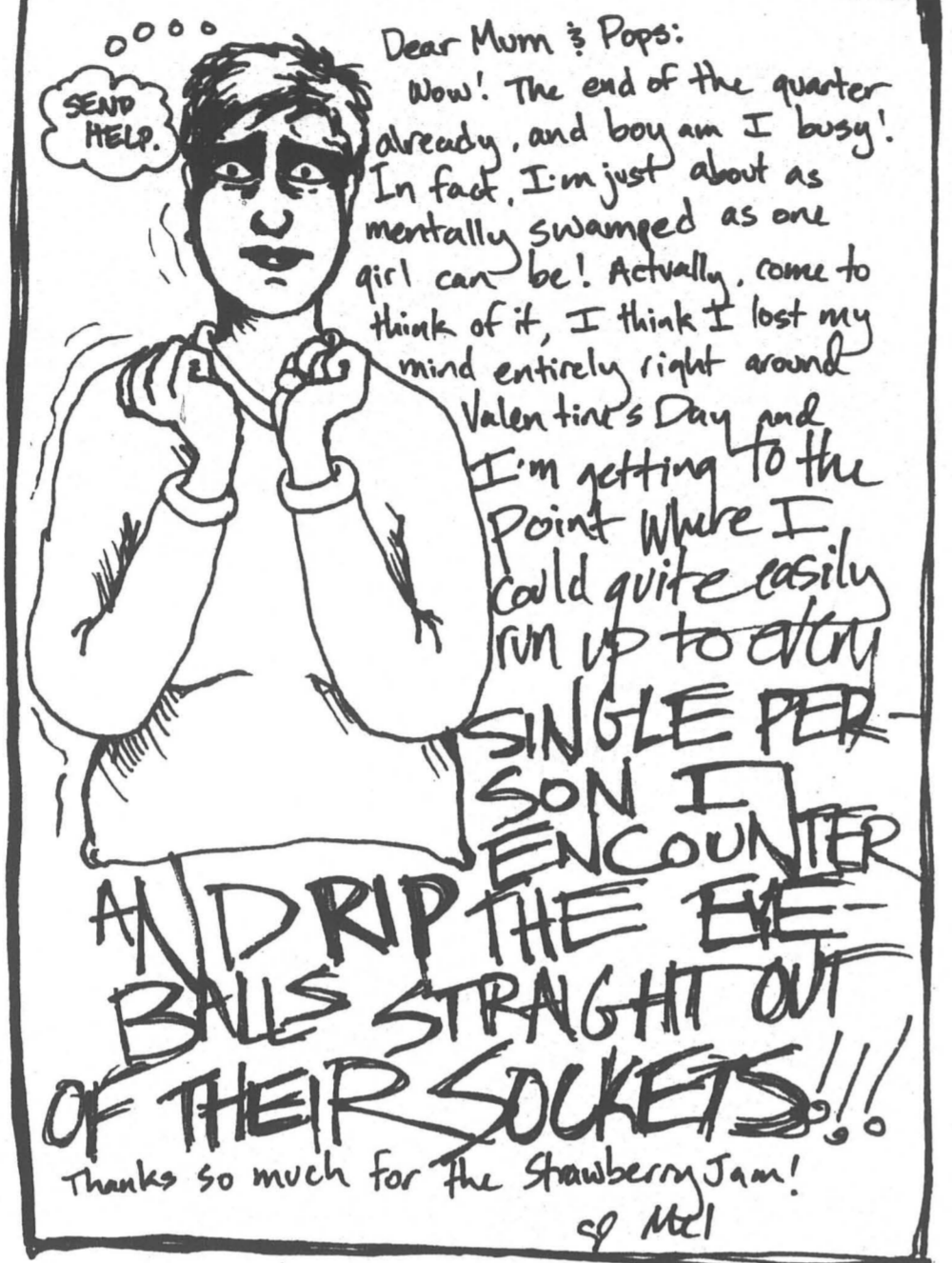
Week Eight: who's your candidate?

Register to vote...then vote, daddy-o

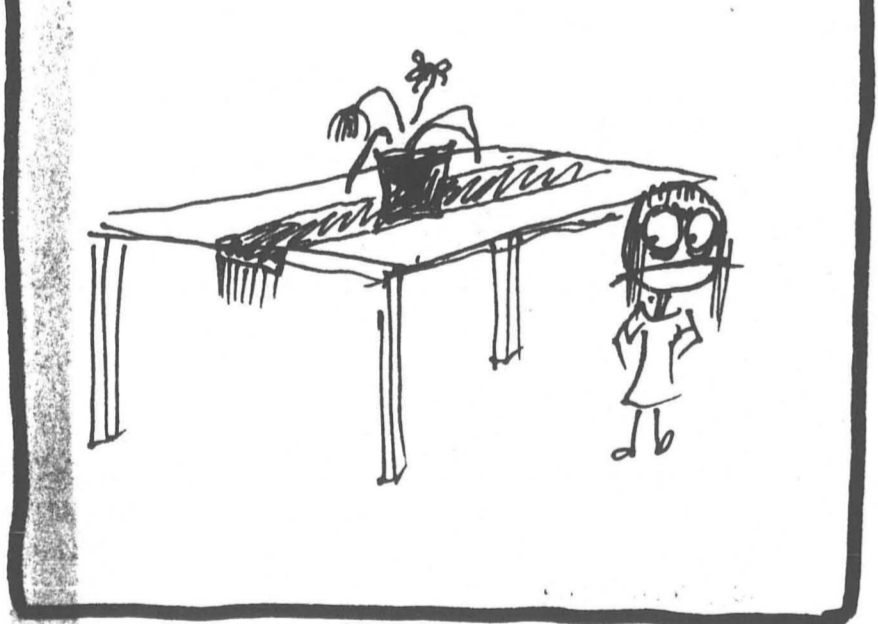
NOMEANSGO ©2000 ARIEL GREGORY



I AM SPAZZ by Mel Heywood



There once was a girl named Mabel who had a three-legged table. It wobbled and tilted. Mabel felt jilted. So became leg # 4 of her table.



COMIX ;)

WANDA & PIPPIE by crazy Mel in honor of chinchillas worldwide.



Thursday 2.24.00

6:30 p.m. - Democratic Presidential Candidate Bill Bradley to speak about the environment in the Library lobby. Questions will be welcome.
7 p.m. - Queer Film Night at the Edge in A-Dorm. Gather to watch queer movies, hang out, eat popcorn and discuss the films.
7:30 p.m. - Open mic at the HCC. Sign up at 8 p.m., closes at 9 p.m.

Friday 2.25.00

8 a.m. - AIDS memorial quilt display.
10 p.m. to 2 a.m. - Visitation artwork and dance on the second and third floors of the library.
Noon to 5 p.m. - Fade to Black film and lecture—discussion about reel images of African Americans in Lecture Hall one.
3 p.m. - Mark Wellman, famous paraplegic athlete, presents his lecture "No Barriers" in bay one of the CRC. Following the presentation, Wellman will demonstrate his adaptive climbing style and equipment in the Climbing Gym.
4 p.m. - Action training camp for post WTO action at PRAXIS—in the alley across the street from Orca Books downtown.
7 p.m. - Author William Upsi Wimsatt speaking on "Why Greeners are America's best hope to save our ass in 2000," in the first floor of the Library. Wimsatt is the author of "Bomb the Suburbs"
8 p.m. - Reggae with Boogie Brown in the Library lobby.
8:30 p.m. - EQA drag show in the Library lobby.
9 p.m. - Bad Brains (Soul Brains) reunion at the 4th Ave. Tavern downtown. The cost is \$12 and is 21+.
9:30 p.m. - Popular Music, Co Co, and Dennis Driscoll and the dailtones at the Midnight Sun. The cost is \$4.

Saturday 2.26.00

10 a.m. - Bus cut rally, festival, and information fair at Sylvester Park with food and music.
Noon - Bus cut parade from the park to the Capitol.
8 p.m. to midnight - Swing dance to an 18 piece band. Swing lessons will commence the revelry. In the Longhouse. \$4 for students.

Sunday 2.27.00

10 a.m. to 5 p.m. - Speaker Anna Edey to speak about the Solar-Dynamic Bio-Benign Solviva Greenhouse. She will talk about low-impact living, alternative waste management, and urban gardening. The forum will be in the Rotunda in Lecture Hall one.
3 to 4:30 p.m. - Sound Exchange membership meeting at the Olympia Timberland Library, downtown. It is a potluck.
4:30 p.m. - Video and discussion about "Anti-trapping Initiatives for all body-gripping traps in Washington," in CAB 315.
7 p.m. - Open poetry mic at Olympia World News.
9 p.m. - The Black Light Co. with DJs Kyuui and Scoops present XYZ—a performance piece at the Library lobby. Refreshments will be served courtesy of the host. The lobby will stay open for dancing after the performance.

Monday 2.28.00

7 a.m. - Departure time for EPICs trip to Berkeley for a networking conference. All interested students should call x6144 for more information.
noon to 2 p.m. - Brown bag discussion with First Amendment (free speech) expert Mark Goodman in CAB 320. Come prepared with questions about First Amendment rights regarding expression in a college environment.
2 p.m. to 3 p.m. - Free bread and bagels in the CAB.
3 p.m. to 5 p.m. - First Amendment expert Mark Goodman reviews legal cases that have affirmed the legal rights of students. Open to all; in the Longhouse.
6 p.m. to 12 a.m. - Reflections—Creative reflections by students and faculty of color on their joys and struggles. This evening of performance, food and dance will be in the Longhouse.

Tuesday 2.29.00

Voting primary for U.S. Presidential candidates

7 p.m. - A showing of "PAHA SAPA: The Struggle for the Black Hills," as told by elders of the Lakota Cheyenne Nations at Traditions Fair Trade, 300 Fifth Ave. SW, downtown.
6 to 8 p.m. - Students for Evergreen Student Coalition meeting in CAB 320.
6 to 9 p.m. - Community question/answer session with Evergreen Alum and Congressional Candidate Kevin Bonagofski in CAB 108.

Wednesday 3.1.00

1 p.m. - EQA all queers discussion group LIB 3500.
4 to 6 p.m. - Academic Fair in the Library lobby.
6 p.m. - WashPirg holds their core meeting in SEM 3157
9 to 11:30 p.m. - Open mic at Hannah's, 123 5th Ave SW, downtown Olympia. 21+.

Thursday 3.2.00

Noon to 1:30 p.m. - Public Forum for Native Plan Landscaping on TESC Central Campus in the Library lobby.
7 p.m. - Queer Film Night at the Edge in A-Dorm. Gather to watch queer movies, hang out, eat popcorn and discuss the films.
7:30 p.m. - Open mic at the HCC. Sign up at 8 p.m., closes at 9 p.m.

We need a calendar editor, baby. Swing on up to CAB 316 and scope the scene that'll break you out.

Student Group Meetings

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

AFISH Advocates for Improving Salmon Habitat. Meetings are at 3 p.m. on Wednesdays in CAB 320
The Bike Shop is a place where you can come fix your bicycle with tools provided by the shop. Schedules for their hours are posted in the CAB and the Library. For more information call Murphy or Scott at x6399.
EARN works to promote awareness about animal rights & vegetarianism on and off campus. Meetings are on Wednesdays @ 4:30 p.m. in CAB 320. Contact Briana Waters or Deirdre Coulter @ x6555.
Emergency Response Team (ERT) is a student run team that is trained in advanced First Aid and Urban Search and Rescue in preparation for a disaster or emergency. It meets on Mondays @ 5:30 p.m. in the Housing Community Center. Contact Ian Maddaus for more info: ert@elwha.evergreen.edu.
ERC is an environmental resource center for political and ecological information concerning local bioregional and global environmental issues. Meetings are Wednesdays @ 3 p.m. in LIB 3500. Call x6784, 3rd floor of CAB building for info.
The Evergreen Medieval Society is Evergreen's branch of the Society for Creative Anachronisms. They meet

Mondays at 4:30 p.m. in CAB 320 by the couches. For info call Amy Loskota x6412.
Evergreen Students for Christ meets Mondays @ 7 p.m. in LIB 2219 for Bible study and discussion on activism.
The Evergreen Swing Club (the other TESC) welcomes ANYONE who is interested in dancing to join us for free weekly lessons. We provide a place to learn and practice both East Coast and Lindy swing. Meetings are Thursdays @ 7 p.m. on 1st floor of the library and @ 2:30 p.m. Saturdays in the HCC. Contact David Yates @ 866-1988 for info.
Film This Hands-on Filmmaking, Film Forum, and visiting artist. Meetings are every Wednesday 3-5 p.m. in Lab I 1047. Contact Will Smith @ 867-9595 or e-mail him @: film_this@hotmail.com for more information.
Flamenco Club meets in CRC 316 from noon to 3 p.m. Call Anna @ 376-1409 or e-mail olyflamenco@hotmail.com.
Jewish Cultural Center: strives to create an open community for Jews and others interested on the Evergreen campus. Meetings are 2 p.m. in CAB 320 in J.C.C. Call Shmuel or Dayla @ x6493.
MECHA & LASO meet every Wednesday at 6 p.m. in CAB 320 in the Mecha Office. Call Mecha x6143 or LASO 6583 for info.
Middle East Resource Center strives to provide an academic resource and cultural connections to students and the community at large. They meet on Monday 5:30 p.m. - 7 p.m. Contact Yousof Fahoum 352-7757 for info.
Native Student Alliance is committed to building cross-cultural awareness to better conceptualize how people from diverse

ethnicity can stand together with other indigenous groups. They meet Mondays @ noon in the third floor of the CAB. Call Megan or Corinne @ x6105 for info.
The Ninth Wave: The Evergreen Celtic Cultural League is dedicated to exploring and transmitting cultural traditions of the greater Celtic Diaspora. Meetings are Wednesdays in LIB 3402 @ 2 p.m. For info call x6749 or email @ http://192.211.16.30/users1/mabus/ecclframes.html.
Percussion Club seeks to enhance percussive life at Evergreen. It meets Wednesdays @ 7:30 p.m. in the Longhouse. Call Elijah or Tamara at x6879 for info.
Prison Action Committee meets every Wednesday at 3:30 p.m. on the third floor of the CAB in the couches in front of the mural. Call x6749 for more information.
SEED works to unite nature, culture and techniques to reintegrate the needs of human society within the balance of nature. SEED meets Thursdays at 5 p.m. in Lab II room 2242. Call Craig or James at x5019 for more info.
Sexual Harassment and Assault Prevention Education (SHAPE) offers resources, plans events, and educates about the prevention of sexual violence/ assault @ Evergreen and within the larger community. They meet Mondays @ 3:30. For more information call at x6724 or stop by the office in the third floor of the CAB.
Slightly West is Evergreen's official literary arts magazine. Meetings are Wednesdays 1:30 p.m. - 2:30 p.m., and office hours are 12 p.m. - 4 p.m. Call x6879, or go to the 3rd floor of CAB to find out more.
The Student Activities Board is a student

group responsible for the allocation of student fees. Meets Mondays and Wednesdays from 4 - 6 p.m. Get in touch with Joe Groshong for info.
Student Arts Council specializes in all art and fun shows. Meetings held Wednesdays @ 4 p.m. in the pit of the 3rd fl. CAB. Get in touch with Laura Moore x6412 or in the S&A office for info.
Students for Evergreen Student Coalition meets in CAB 315 from 6 to 8 p.m.
Students For Free Tibet meets Wednesdays @ 1 p.m. in Lib 2221. Contact Lancey at x6493 for more information.
Umoja (a Swahili word for Unity) attempts to capture the interest of the Evergreen community who are of African descent. Their purpose is to create a place in the Evergreen community which teaches and provides activities for African-American students at Evergreen. Meetings are @ 1:30 p.m. on Wednesdays in CAB 320. Call x6781 for info.
Union of Student Workers seeks to create and maintain a voice of collective support for student workers. Meetings are Wednesday @ 2 p.m. in L2220. Info: Steve or Robin x6098.
Women of Color Coalition seeks to create a space that is free of racism, sexism, homophobia, classism, xenophobia, and all forms of oppression, so we can work collectively on issues that concern women of color. Meetings are the 1st & 3rd Tuesday of every month @ 3:30. Call Fatema or Teresa @ x 6006 for more information.
Yoga Club meets in CAB 315 Mondays Wednesdays, and Fridays 12:1-30 p.m., and Thursdays 12:30-2 p.m.. Bring ideas!