

Cooper Point Journal

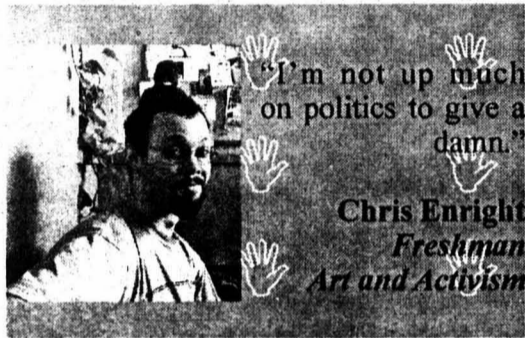
a weekly compilation of student work

volume 32 • issue 28 • may 27, 2004

vox populi

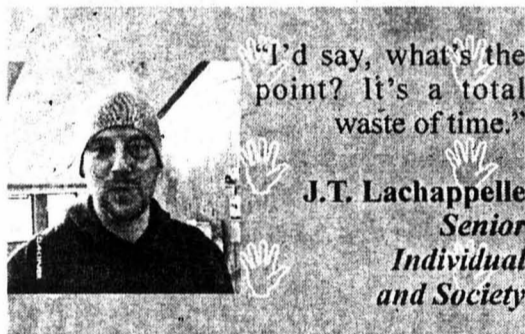
by Jordani Lyons

How do you feel about Ralph Nader's 2004 Presidential candidacy?



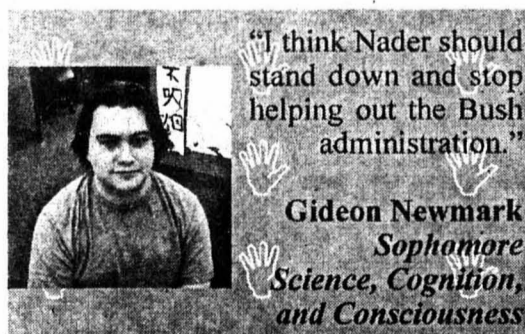
"It's a two-party system and he's bound to lose."

Helen Scoccia
Sophomore
Sight and Incite



"I would like to trust that people are smart enough not to vote for him, rather than let Bush get elected. I hope people vote and not for Bush."

Michelle Angell
Senior
Constructing Citizens



Celldom Heard



photo by Joe Jatcko

Richard Gold, head of Pongo Publishing (which publishes poetry of incarcerated youth) talks with students Wednesday. These tables were part of Celldom Heard, "a day-long benefit to break out the words of incarcerated youth" sponsored by a collection of local prisoner advocacy and other groups, including the Infoshoppe, Crimethinc., the Evergreen Political Information Center and Last Word Books.

Time to Register to VOTE. Do It—It Matters!

by Roberta Zens

I'm urging students to get ready to VOTE in this year's **November 2** general election and September 14 primary election. This means if you plan to register to vote in Thurston County, you need to have your registration form postmarked by **October 2, 2004** to VOTE in the **Presidential election!**

For more info, contact Thurston County Auditor's office at **360.786.5408**.

I'm writing this article in the spring because there will be little time next fall to make sure your voter registration is accurate and up to date. And one thing you may want to consider in advance is the state and county in which you want your vote to be counted. Here are three factors to think about in making that decision:

Residency. Where you register to vote should be the state in which you usually consider yourself a resident. As students, you have a unique choice; you could choose your parents' home, or your school residence. Most states require you to register or change your address at least 30 days before a scheduled election. Keep in mind that the U.S. Postal Service cannot forward an absentee ballot.

Election Issues. What issues matter most to you? Do you want to vote for Thurston County candidates and issues, or would you rather address candidates and issues in your home county and state?

Convenience. Would it be easier to vote at a poll site in Thurston County, or by absentee ballot sent from your home

county clerk or auditor's office?

This year's presidential election will be hotly contested in the following swing states: Maine, New Hampshire, Florida (of course), Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, West Virginia, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Arizona, New Mexico, Nevada, and Oregon.

The candidate who wins the most electoral votes from these states will win the presidency. This may also factor into your strategic thinking about where to vote.

Finally, get more involved. Join a campaign over the summer. You can volunteer for just a short time—even one afternoon or evening—or have a longer commitment

story continued on page 4

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Students, Faculty of Evergreen Dance Program Present Their Work On May 27

The students and faculty of the Dance, Creativity and Culture program invite the campus community to come and dialogue with student researchers about their work covering dance and music ethnography, phenomenological and transpersonal research.

Students have worked in diverse areas, including but not limited to somatic studies, exceptional human experiences, unity consciousness, transgender studies, developmental psychology, social evolution, yoga and consciousness, dance therapy, community-based performance, and cultural dance.

Your conversations with student researchers across topics are welcome and integral to the research process.

Venues include performance and ethnographic studies in COM 110 and posters and interactive work in Seminar II C2105 on Thursday, May 27 from 11-1 p.m. Please feel free to stop by anytime during this time period. We appreciate your presence!

Science Carnival This Weekend!

TESC and the Evergreen Chemistry Club presents the first annual Science Carnival—an assortment of science symposia, demonstrations and hands-on activities—Friday and Saturday, 10 a.m. to 3 p.m., in Lab I and II.

A number of local middle and high schools have been invited to attend. The talks are geared towards a younger audience, so bring the kids. This is an opportunity for hard-working science students at Evergreen to showcase the great work that they are involved with.

Printed schedules of events will be available in the Lab I lobby.

For more information, visit http://scicomp.evergreen.edu/labstores/carnival/

-Brian Pointer

Renaissance Bazaar: Music, Art from Silk Roads Cultures, May 29

This Saturday, May 29, a Renaissance Bazaar will be held in the Library Lobby from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m.

The Bazaar will be a celebration of music, dance, song, puppetry, photography, travel writing, and arts and crafts from Silk Roads cultures spanning China, the Middle East and the Pacific Rim.

The event is free and open to the public. Arts and crafts items will be available for purchase and/or barter.

For more information, contact Char Simons at 867.6710.

Prepare Ye the Way for a Fine Musical

Starting tonight, Godspell comes to the Washington Center for the Performing Arts.

Based on the gospel of Matthew and co-written by Broadway über-mensch Stephen Schwartz, the musical presents the life and teachings of Jesus through various theatrical devices and music styles.

Tickets cost \$10 for adults, \$5 for students and seniors, and \$25 for a family of four or more. Show times are 7 p.m. for evening performances, 3 p.m. for Sunday's matinee.

For more information, contact the Center box office at 753.8586.

No Intercity Transit Service on Memorial Day

Intercity Transit will not operate fixed-route or Dial-A-Lift service on Monday, May 31 or Memorial Day. Service is not available on this and several other major holidays, including Independence Day and Labor Day. In addition, Customer Service will be closed.

For more information, contact Customer Service at 786.1881 on weekdays from 7:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. and weekends from 9 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. Schedules and maps are available online at http://www.intercitytransit.com/.

Head of Pongo Publishing Reads at Traditions May 27

Richard Gold, the head of Pongo Publishing in Seattle, will read from his poetry book The Odd Puppet Odyssey at Traditions on Thursday, May 27 at 7 p.m.

The Pongo Publishing Teen Writing Project is a nonprofit program in Seattle that offers writing therapy to teens who are homeless, in jail, or in other ways leading very difficult lives. Gold publishes collections of their writings and gives away 1,000 copies each year to judges, libraries, therapists and incarcerated youth.

-Sky Cosby, Last Word Books. "Making Our Words Work."

Motown Motown Motown! Evergreen Singers Perform Sunday, June 6

Everyone loves Motown music, but no one loves it more than the students of Scott Ferrell's Evergreen Singers. We've got Motown fever because we just happen to be singing Motown music this quarter. All of us are psyched up and raring to go for this quarter's concert, which will take place in the Recital Hall on Sunday, June 6 at 3 p.m. and 7 p.m.

Some of the songs that we will perform include "How Sweet it is to Be Loved By You," "Loves in Need," "Dancing in the Street," "Ebony and Ivory," "Village Ghetto," "Sir Duke," "I Can't Help Myself (Sugar Pie Honey Bunch)," "Back in My Arms Again," "Reach Out, I'll Be There," and many more. The Supremes will make a special appearance and so will the Jackson 5.

Be prepared to have a good time and listen to fun music. Remember, this is a FREE event, and it will be located in the Recital Hall of the COM on Sunday, June 6 at 3 p.m. and 7 p.m. Don't miss it!

-Robin Solash

Voices of Color

Colombian Nostalgia

by Jake Taylor

Like the river waits to return to the sea, Like the fields wait to taste water again, Like the crystallized twigs for winter long for the warmth of the sun, Like a lost ant searches for its colony...

Asi espero mi regreso.

To return to a place I've only been once. A place where the sweet aroma of freshly brewed coffee fills the morning air. Where thick blankets of fog rest gently on green fields of delicious sugar cane. Where the jagged Andes kiss the soft white clouds that hover above them. Where the dry desert meets the humid coastline, coastline meets mountains, and the mountains meet the steamy jungle.

Where wax palm trees, native to this region only, sway back and forth with the whispering wind.

Where gold itself is hidden deep within majestic mountainsides. Where legendary lakes shimmer in the midday sun.

This mysterious exotic land is known as the gateway to the vast South American continent.

Inside these borders, there's something for everyone.

A land of contrasts indeed.

Where the poorest of the poor and the wealthiest of the poor can sit together at a bar.

Where elegant apartment complexes are neighbored by learning shanties, without even the simplest of luxuries.

The slumberous warmth acts as an aphrodisiac, forcing all to abandon their sorrows and submit to the seductive surroundings.

The architecture, with its remnants of colonial times, lets one journey into the past without the use of a time machine.

To return to this place they call Colombia, forgotten lands to some, but beloved land to many more.

Where words are spoken and letters written in a flowering and fluent Spanish atmosphere.

Where cobble-stoned streets, the one-room homemade houses in the mountains, and the elegant apartment complexes

all welcome the visitor with open arms and warm smiles. Where the bestiality of a bullfight is recreation,

and the sensual rhythms of salsa swim through the streets. So often I sit and think, Colombia, te quiero, te adoro, te siento...

Like the fields wait to taste water again, Like the crystallized twigs of winter long for the warmth of the sun,

Like the lost ant searches for its colony, And like the river waits to return to the sea.

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.

the CPJ staff Business... 867.6054 Business manager... Andrew James Asst. business manager... Adrian Persaud Ad proofer and archivist... Gianna Dice Ad designer... Nolan Lattyak Circulation manager/Paper archivist... Claire Harlock Distribution manager... Kyra Berkovich Ad sales representative... Jordan Lyons News... 867.6213 Editor-in-chief... Sophal Long Managing editor... Katie Thurman News coordinator... N/A L&O coordinator... Hal Steinberg Page designer... Tim Yates Page designer... Corey Young Photo coordinator... Joe Jatko A&E coordinator... Chelsea Baker Sports & Leisure coordinator... Kyra Berkovich Copy editor... Mitchell Hahn-Branson Copy editor... Robert Hopt Calendar coordinator... Ikuko Takayama Bulletin Board coordinator... Talia Wilson Comics coordinator... Max Averill Comics coordinator... Cassie Wood Advisor... Dianne Conrad Assistant to the advisor... M.A. Selby

Voting Matters

continued from cover

over the summer months. Campaign volunteer activities include phone banking, mailing election materials, organizing and speaking at public meetings, fundraising, doorbelling, and more. There are plenty of ways to help, for the quiet and studious as well as gregarious and super-confident. Campaigns are educational experiences

that allow you to apply your skills and learn new skills, as well as expanding your social network. This can be useful in future job searches and career development. To contact the two largest presidential campaigns, go to these websites: <http://www.JohnKerry.com/> <http://www.GeorgeWBush.com/>

Bombs Away

Interested in owning your very own catapult? If so, this e-mail from Steve Huntsberry, Evergreen's Chief of Police, may interest you:

Hear Ye

Yea Verily! Sorry to disturb all of you but I am taking one last shot at determining who takes responsibility or ownership of the catapult currently located near the scoreboard at the soccer field. The machine needs to find a new home (preferably out of sight). Some students claim that the catapult was built as part of a project/program and we hesitate to dismantle it if someone wants it for their backyard BBQs or repelling neighborhood hordes. Persons with "Onager knowledge" of it, please contact Police Services ASAP; otherwise the infernal device will fall to the "Sword of Facilities" (chainsaw) this weekend.

Sir Chief

An Evergreen Free from Sexual Violence Can Be Ours

by Philippe Lonestar, Peer Education Coordinator

and Evan Fortin, Campus Advocacy Program

Greetings from The Office of Sexual Assault Prevention! We at the Office of Sexual Assault Prevention want to start next year with momentum. New students will be coming to campus, some living on their own for the first time in their lives. This is a confusing and scary time for some. Also, fall is called the "Red Zone," meaning it is the time of the year when the most sexual assaults happen on college campuses.

Additionally, a change in any person's environment can trigger memories of childhood sexual abuse. Many incoming students may also be dealing with the aftermath of or new situations of domestic violence. We offer support to those students who are entering into a new environment by making it as safe and educational as we can. The Campus Advocacy Program, as well as the Peer Education Program with the Office of Sexual Assault Prevention, is dedicated to supporting survivors and empowering students to create an Evergreen free of sexual and domestic violence. We are looking for volunteers to help us make this possible.

Sound like a big job? We will train you. And you will be one in a diverse team. The only requirements for a position in the Peer Education Team or the Campus Advocacy

Program are a willingness to learn, a commitment to anti-oppression and that you'll stay with the program throughout the 2004-2005 school year as a student at Evergreen. We also offer internships, contracts and volunteer hours. Applications are available outside our office in Seminar I, room 4130 or give us a call at 867.5221 (or extension 5221), TDD 800.833.6388. The deadline to apply is June 9.

The office, offering emotional, legal, medical and educational advocacy, was created in response to student activism following one of many assaults that take place on our campus. We are funded partly by Student Activities funds to serve the students, faculty and staff of the Evergreen State College. We're not just for survivors, though! We offer a range of services and resources for friends, family, partners and allies of survivors! We are here for everyone: all ages, genders, sexualities, abilities, races, ethnicities, classes and religions. We also offer workshops, events and resources specifically tailored to YOU. Just ask us how.

Our peer education program, coordinated by Philippe Lonestar, would love to come to your meeting or hold a special

continued on page 5

Wanted: Geoduck Orientation Guides



Check Out the Perks!

- Lunch on June 7
- Lunch on September 17
- Special T-shirt
- Special Recognition
- Hourly pay of \$7.50

We're looking for returning students in good academic standing who are personable, enthusiastic, interested in helping new students and would like to further develop their skills in communication, problem solving, diversity and leadership.

Successful candidates must be able to attend the June 7 orientation, training on September 17 and work a minimum of 15 hours during new student orientation week, September 18-24.

Applications Deadline: Wednesday, June 2, 2004.



For additional information about the program or to pick up an application stop by the Student Activities Office, CAB 320, or call 867-6220.

Stress Orbs, Bubble Pens & Internal Post-Its: Information Processing Management Association Forum Recap

News Analysis/Commentary by Talia M. Wilson

I first went to the Information Processing Management Association's forum about five years ago, tagging along with Dad, who's in his thirtieth year of employment with the State of Washington. It's kinda ironic: IPMA says—in the forum program and on their website—that the two-day forum is open to the public, yet it's mainly state employees and corporate vendors who attend, rarely anyone outside those two spectrums. In fact, my mom attended Tuesday and kept asking over and over, "Is it really OK that I'm here?" I guess the sign-in sheet asking for your agency's name is a little intimidating.

Nonetheless, the forum is a great event to attend to learn about new products, such as Gateway's slate laptop that is designed for note-taking and transcribes the user's "writing" into a word-processed document as well as working in sync with your notes while recording a lecture. (Don't you wish you had that for class?)

Sure, vendors get to show off their products, and the state employees (some of them, anyway) manage to get connections for newer, better products that will help their departments work more efficiently. But the majority just go for the free handouts, which range from coffee mugs to high-tech pens to shoehorns to toy airplanes to stress cows (versus stress orbs—thank you, Mitch, you orb boy-wonder!). And who can blame them? A lot of that stuff—like bubble pens and highlighters with internal post-it notes—you just can't find anywhere else, at least not very easily.

Perhaps the state and IPMA should work harder to publicize the forum and let the public know that, yes, they too can attend and become the proud owners of

cool high-tech pens and stress orb-type objects, while learning about the latest in technology. And I don't mean a small blurb or ad in The Olympian, either, but a better campaign to seriously draw the public into this annual event. What would they have to lose? It would just be good PR for IPMA, the state and the corporate sponsors (vendors), with whom the public could interact with on a person-to-person basis. Imagine the possibilities if that happened!

And the vendors—representing such corporations as Gateway, Hewlett-Packard, Novell, Xerox as well as several State agencies—aren't a bunch of scary, impersonal suits; they are (relatively) down-to-earth, "talk to you, not at you" types who are knowledgeable about their company's products, and if they're not, they are wise enough to refer you to someone who does. And usually, talking to the vendors will get you better stuff, like a second stress cow and a tiny, folding Gateway pen, about two inches long, max.

The forum itself is not just walking around, picking up stuff and talking to people. Over the two-day period, many technology workshops and sessions are held, and each day begins with a keynote speaker speech. The event may or may not benefit people in various ways, but furthering one's technology knowledge should not be limited to those either involved with IPMA or employed by the State.

So, until next May, I bring the IPMA to task: Increase public awareness about the forum and technology in general. Until then, I'll be busy with my stress cow and bubble pen.

For more information about the forum, visit <http://www.ipma-wa.com/>.



photo by Talia M. Wilson

Attendees browse vendor booths at the IPMA forum Tuesday morning, May 24. The two-day forum, held annually at St. Martin's Pavilion in Lacey, is a technology hotbed, though it's attended primarily by state employees and corporate representatives.

Free Evergreen

continued from page 4

event for your group, dorm or friends. We can also meet with you individually or in smaller groups. Want to know how sexual assault and domestic violence affect the people in your group specifically? Interested in what YOU can do to end violence on campus? Worried about date rape? Need to get the facts about sexual violence? Desire a fun workshop about sex and communication to spice up your weekly meeting? Want a movie night to get your student group members talking about sexual relationships? Dreaming of a fun and engaging art project? We are here to help you plan, facilitate, entertain and educate you or your group!

The Campus Advocacy Program, another program through the Office

of Sexual Assault Prevention, will be available to provide on call Advocacy 24 hours a day, seven days a week, to any student who would like to speak with a trained peer advocate for emotional, medical or legal support. This new program is an amazing opportunity to directly affect and support a movement intent on ending sexual violence.

The Evergreen Office of Sexual Assault Prevention is here for you. Whether you are a survivor of sexual assault and/or domestic violence in need of support, a friend, family, partner or ally of a survivor, a student wanting to get the facts about sexual assault or domestic violence, or a staff or faculty member interested in these issues, we have something for you. Stop by our office in Seminar I, room 4130 or give us a call at 867.5221 (or extension 5221), TDD relay 800.833.6388.

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MAY ALL BEINGS BE HAPPY. MAY ALL BEINGS BE FREE

Leo Kottke in Oly

by Rev. Christopher Altenburg

On April 23, the downtown streets of Olympia were crowded with people attending the Spring 2004 Arts Walk festival, but if you were one of the fraction who worked to slither past the shuffling frenzy to attend the Leo Kottke performance at the Washington Center for the Performing Arts, then you know of the tranquil musical salvation that lay within the shelter of its massive doors.

Are you with me? That was my overly dramatic intro. You're supposed to write shit like that to hook the reader so that you can spit lots of noise and facts about events without making them feel that they are studying something. It's the gel coating on the NyQuil... it's the chocolate round the Thai cubensis. It's how you get the good stuff without having to taste the chalky protein powder, and it gives me credibility as a writer. Here's where I destroy that credibility.

A couple of days before the show, I arrived back home at 2 a.m. from a Las Vegas road trip. I had, and still have, a farmer's tan and a giant sunburn in the shape of Texas on my chest that I acquired by passing out faded in the blistering sun with my shirt unbuttoned, outside by the Tropicana pool (if you ask I'll show it to

you). Later that night I played a show at the Hell's Kitchen in Tacoma and got there during the \$3 Long Island happy hour. I was still recovering and in questionable shape when I got to the will call window of the Kottke show. I had talked to Upwest Promotions about passes before I had left town and was told that there wouldn't be a problem but was never able to get back to them. I told the will call that I was on the list, but considering the poor communication, I wasn't shocked when I wasn't. I was blowing cigarette smoke while I was explaining this and didn't really have it in me to pull my full hustle and work my way into the show. Suddenly a woman came out and told me that she was the house manager and that she recognized me from Evergreen. She took me past the elderly woman watching the door and down to the floor of the center. "This is for the paper, right?" she asked. "Oh... uh, yeah, yeah," I assured her. "It's 90 minutes and there's no intermission," she replied.

Kottke looked huge sitting in the middle of the stage with nothing but one six- and one twelve-string guitar. I was sleepy and had to urinate badly but didn't want to miss the show. I looked around and saw a lot of old people, just like the last

time that I saw him, but I also saw some younger skulls and even some cornrows. He spoke into the mic while tuning his guitar. "I've been thinking a lot about the differences between me and Britney Spears," he said. His conclusion was that "...she always knows what she's going to say." Still trying to get his guitar in tune, he commented, "This is a dynamic way to start the evening."

If you see a Leo show you have to expect a lot of rambling. He delivers a perfect combination of banter and amazing acoustic guitar pieces. He gets ADHD with it and is always playing random notes throughout his anecdotes, which gives them a *Peter and the Wolf* storytelling quality. He talked about everything and nothing. He told stories about old chess legends and about how he felt that he had finally gotten to a point where he was pretty good until his 11-year-old niece with two weeks of experience beat him at a match. He often talks about the fact that he's rambling/spacing out and even told a story about it involving Dizzy Gillespie. He saw Dizzy in Milan loading his own equipment after a show, and the two sleep-deprived touring musicians struck up a conversation about the level of "drift," as they called it, that a musician has to maintain but not exceed to create. He said that he couldn't believe that that's what he chose to speak to him about when he met him. The best story was simply a story that he had also heard and had liked about Frank Zappa's first

talk show appearance, which was on *The Joe Pine Show*, hosted by "a one-legged World War II vet with nothing left but a bad attitude." When Zappa came out, Pine asked, "So, I suppose your long hair makes you a girl, huh?" to which Frank replied, "I guess your wooden leg makes you a table." Kottke said, "What a mind!" and then kicked into a total unrelated instrumental.

He played amazing instrumental pieces, some of which I recognized from the '70s live release *My Feet are Smiling*, almost effortlessly and moved his hands all over the neck. He messed up a few times, however, but it didn't slow the show at all. He played one song that I saw him do previously, which was titled after the German word for industrial park, which he claims is "one of the most beautiful words of the German language." "Germans have done for the consonant what Hawaiians have done for the vowel," he said. He mentioned that he has a new album coming out, his twenty-seventh I believe, and played a track from it that fit perfectly into his repertoire of the last 30+ years. After a standing ovation, Kottke returned to play an instrumental piece that he said was one of the first three songs that he'd ever written. People raved about the show, but I was less impressed because I've seen him before. The awe dissipates somewhat, but I say, see him at least once. You'll be blown away, and after that it's still an evening of indescribable music.

Dancing Dragons
PRESENTS

Festival in the Forest

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Lost At Last
Hansa Lila
Alpha Ya Ya Oiallo
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Joanne Rand
Joules Graves
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Listen...

Sexual Violence is happening at Evergreen.

We all have something to say...

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the evergreen office of
Sexual Assault Prevention
Chandra Lindeman, Office Coordinator, Philippe Lonestar, Peer Education Coordinator,
Evan Fortin, Campus Advocacy Program Coordinator.
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Larger Than Life

by Brian Flewell

In the past several years, we have determined that the universe is inflating, like a balloon, stretching space and time. We have found, also, that the universe will most likely keep on expanding at an accelerating rate. Despite knowing this, we have never been able to determine the size of the universe. Logic would dictate that the size of the universe would be twice the size of our observable universe of 13.7 billion (light)years. This assumes that the universe started with a uniform bang. I asked Professor John G. Cramer, a heavy-ion physicist from the University of Washington, about the physics of the early universe and the big bang. He said that "The universe started with bang... but it wasn't necessarily a uniform bang." The energy emitted by the big bang caused a rapid inflation of the size of the universe, causing it to expand, seemingly, faster

than the speed of light (300,000 kilometers per second). This "faster than light" expansion of the universe continued in a four-dimensional direction, length, width, depth, and time, but because of the initial expansion, the actual size of the universe has always been greater than the size of the observable universe.

Let's assume a light beam from the first star left its source 13.5 billion years ago and needed to travel one lightyear to reach an observer. This was at a time when the universe was 1,000 times smaller than it is today. Neil Cornish from Montana State University explains: "Think of it like compound interest. At that time, the universe was about 1,000 times smaller than it is today. Thus, that one light-year has now stretched to become 1,000 light-years," thanks to the cosmic expansion. It is because expansion takes place at

all places in the universe, causing every super-cluster of galaxies to move away from each other, that light seems to travel 1,000 lightyears in the course of a year. In reality, the distance between the source and the observer has expanded to become 1,000 lightyears; the original light would still reach the observer in one year, but if light were emitted from that source today, it would take the proper 1,000 years to reach the observer. Using this method of explaining the expansion of the universe, researchers have found that the actual size of the universe is 156 billion lightyears wide, much greater than the logical 27.3 billion-lightyear figure.

If this theory is to be accepted, we must accept the fact that we will never see the whole of the universe or its proverbial edge. You can read more about the age of the universe at <http://www.space.com/>.

Music! Music! Music! Addendum:

The (Rock) Gospel According to Teaya

by Talia M. Wilson

(OK, last week wasn't the end. I admit it: I lied. So sue me!)

Anyhoos, while God—or whoever—is busy trying to save what's left of rock music, the rest of us must do our duty as well. We, the fans, must continue to search out singers and groups who strive beyond the current mainstream of blah.

An example of this is clearly displayed through one music lover, 16-year-old Teaya Nelson, who was kind enough to share some of her musical influences, artists who have successfully transcended the blah-ness of pop culture:

Dropkick Murphys—This Boston group began in 1996 in the basement of a friend's barbershop, their goal to blend musical influences they'd grown up with into "one loud, raucous, chaotic, and often out of tune mix" they could call their own. After 10+ singles, two EPs and four albums, the group's main goal is to play music that creates an all for one, one for all environment, as stated on their website: "In the true spirit of punk rock, we view the band and audience as one in the same; in other words, our stage and our microphone are yours."

The Casualties—Uniqueness is the key to this group, a foursome who dye their hair varying colors before each performance. They began recording in 1990 but didn't record a full-length album until their 1997 debut *For the Punx*. In 1999, the band embarked on their third successful world tour and released *Early Years: 1990-1995*, which contained rare and early recordings. 2002 brought an entire year of touring: six weeks on the Unity Tour, a headlining tour, the Warped Tour, and the Sun Festival in New Jersey.

The Ramones—These guys burst onto the teenybopper scene in the film *Rock-n-Roll High School*, though they already had a following in the punk scene. They were the first punk rock group among New York's punk uprising to get a major-label record contract, and then released 21 albums in 20 years. And last November, NYC officially named the corner of Bowery and 2nd Ave. "Joey Ramone Place."

Tom Petty & the Heartbreakers—OK, while Tom Petty may seem mainstream (he and his band have been a rock staple for nearly 30 years), his last album, titled

The Last DJ, was so anti-corporate that it was boycotted by several stores and radio stations. True, his music has evolved, but not to the point where it has been sacrificed to the blah-ness of today's mainstream. As Petty told the Associated Press in 2002, "I really have devoted my entire life to this music... and I don't want to see it reduced to a silly caricature."

This is a mere sampling of Teaya's musical favorites, others including Static-X, The Sex Pistols, Red Hot Chili Peppers, and Rammstein.

So, while every person's choices of non-blah will be different, Teaya's selections are just a few examples of how fans everywhere can look beyond the blah and find alternatives to the same old schlock (i.e., Britney, Avril, fake boy bands) on the air waves.

Yeah, I'm definitely down with that.

(This is REALLY the last installment of *Music! Music! Music!* [I mean it this time!] Thanks to *The Nelsons of Rochester* and, once again, to *Chelsea, Rob and Mitch-U*.)

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The Curmudgeon: Customer Service

by Lee Kepraios

This is what customer service has come to in this country:

My TV is on the fritz, which is strange because TV sets don't really go on the fritz anymore. It's something that happened in the sixties. Nowadays, they just flat out don't work. Anyway, I call up to see what's wrong.

I'm cheerfully told by an automatic messaging system that I can "press 1" if I want to order a football game. I don't.

I can "press 2" if I want to learn about a great new money-saving package. I haven't the slightest interest. And even if I did, good fucking luck, because as I said, I'm not getting any picture! So a money-saving package wouldn't do me much good now, would it?

I can "press 3" if I have a technical issue. Eureka!

Now, I am presented with a whole new automated menu. "Press 1" if this is a first-time call.

"Press 2" if this is a repeat call. Which must be their way of screening out real annoying losers. Press that one and they re-route your call to Siberia, I'm convinced.

"Press 3" if there are storms in my area. I run outside. It's dark, but I do see stars. Cassiopeia is clearly shining due

southeast.

On to "press 4" if I'm getting any picture, or "press 5" if I'm getting no picture. I "press 5" and get still another menu! Then a good two minutes of condescending reminders, like, "Check to see that all your cables are plugged in properly and your TV is turned on."

For the life of me, what kind of deranged yo-yo calls a help line, complaining about a TV that isn't working unless he's turned on his TV and discovered... holy fucking shit, it isn't working!

Surely they don't think we're that desperate for entertainment? "Hey honey, I'm gonna call the cable people and be on the phone for hours, just so I can hear their monotonous phone menu options. OK?"

After reassuring words like "Most of the time, it's something simple," I've concluded that none of my TV ailments are simple.

To another menu.

"Press 1" if you're a total package viewer. As if these primo customers are going to get any better treatment!

"Press 2" if you're willing to hang on the line for the remainder of the night without the slightest hope that any real human being will ever talk to you, live or otherwise. Yes, I kind of reworked the language there. But

that was the message. So I pressed it.

Nice music now. Believe it or not, Frank Sinatra. Believe it or not, the song was "My Way." Which is kind of funny, because this is far from "My Way."

Fortunately I have speakerphone. I can move about the room. But I can't go too far.

Just about the time I'm nodding off, someone comes on the line.

"Customer support, may I have your phone number?"

Which I think is rude. They could humor me and ask for my name. Or at least start with something like, "Sorry you've given up an entire evening to put up with this bullshit. What can I do for you?"

No matter. I recite my problem, and get this: I'm told that it's a network issue and those folks aren't in at this hour. Try back tomorrow between eight and five.

Now would that be Pacific or Zimbabwe time, I ask?

Nothing. He's gone. Just like my picture.

I'll stay up. What the heck? 8 a.m. is only two hours away, that is, if it is Pacific and not Zimbabwe time. Need any more on that?

Lee's New Rule of the Week: Slime outlets can't also sell rubbers! MTV

announced last week that it will produce and sell its own line of condoms for distribution in Europe and South America with no word yet on if they'll come out in this country.

Condoms from the network that encourages people to go out and randomly vote because it's "cool." Don't you think maybe if you're responsible for nearly everything wrong with America today, you find a better way to atone? Is this not crazy? It's like sending flowers to the funerals of the people you subway bombed.

I think we all know about MTV by now, don't we? They promote the worst values in the world; narcissism, materialism, looksism and having a ride that is not "pimped." Just the very group that should be encouraged to have sex and further pollute the gene pool: the young, dumb MTV demographic. And don't tell me that condom sales will promote safe sex. MTV knows its viewers do nothing safely, particularly after watching two bruised, sterile jackasses getting teabagged by an Indian elephant. I say we leave clumsy, awkward, apologetic, premature, anti-climactic teenage sex as is, without any interference from straight thinking and clear judgment.

by Tristan Swanson

Worried about life after Evergreen?

Think of it as a vast black hole where you and your Evergreen degree spiral back home only to find out there are no jobs for you besides serving people coffee for four dollars in a bright green Starbucks apron (or worse, waxing the floor on the midnight to dawn shift at Wal-Mart)? Now, seven months after snatching my diploma from Les Purce's hands, I have bit of advice for Evergreen seniors: flee the country.

Finding prospects for employment dim last June, the country in recession, at war, and led by an incompetent nincompoop, I received a phone call that went like this.

Friend: My dad just bought an apartment in Budapest, you want to come live there with me?

Me: Yes.

And off I went.

For the last five months I've lived in Budapest, specifically in Pesht, and even more specifically in the fifth district of Pesht. Budapest is divided into two sides, convenient for memory, a Buda (westside) side and a Pesht (eastside) side. The fifth district is sort of like the Manhattan of Budapest, the heart, soul, and hub of Budapest, which, like New York, New York, is very a large city.

My apartment overlooked the leafy Honved Ter (ter means park) across from the Ministry of Defense (honed means soldier). My neighborhood, consisting of row after row of gorgeous nineteenth-century apartment blocks with storefronts in the bottom of every building, was breathtaking. For a twenty-two- (sadly, now twenty-three)

year-old, there were additional perks to our location: Down our very block was the hippest club in Budapest, across the park was a grocery store with liters of good German beer for 50 cents, an internet café across the street, and also, at the end of our block, the most wonderful thing a person could ask for—a chicken, beef, and falafel gyro stand.

But really, you can figure out all the wonderful things once you get there. The question really is: How do you do it?

How to get there

Long-term visa expanding visits to Hungary are way cheaper than your average European vacation. I'm sure a sizable portion of the Evergreen student body has taken backpacking, train riding, youth hostel staying European trips before. So have I, and while fun, this was not either the economical or even the best way to get to know Europe. This is how you live in Europe indefinitely:

First get your job and save up \$3,000 to \$4,000—come on, it's not that hard, and it definitely shouldn't take you more than three to five months. Secondly, don't buy your ticket for the summer—plane tickets during the summer are grossly overpriced, and since you're not in school, work during the summer and start your voyage in autumn, when tickets can be had for a fraction of the price. Third, don't fly directly anywhere but to London or Paris. A ticket to Budapest in October can still run at \$600 or \$700, but

tickets to London or Paris can be had for as little as \$250 (seriously) with charter flights to cities all over Europe for no more than \$60 to \$70. Now, you're in Europe and hopefully have spent no more than four hundred of your \$3,000 to \$4,000.

Finding an apartment is easy. Really easy. Once you've decided on the European city of your choice, find out what that city's English expat newspaper is. There is one of these in every major Western and Eastern European city and they specialize in real estate listings. The one in Budapest, the *Budapest Sun*, has its own website, and every week runs about 20 to 30 apartment listings ranging from small, out of the way, but furnished (you probably want furnished) apartments for \$250 a month to grand fourteen foot high ceiling apartments for around \$800. Another great feature of the *Budapest Sun* is that it has an online message board where, if you wanted grander accommodations, you could post ads looking for a roommate to share your three-bedroom with huge windows facing the Danube.

If you've been conservative and are paying no more than \$350 a month in rent and utilities (which anywhere east of Austria has gotten you a wonderful apartment downtown), you now, for your six-month lease, owe \$2100. Between that and the four hundred you spent on your plane ticket, you're thinking, "I'm not going to have much fun with \$500 spread out over six months." and you are right. Who wants to go to Europe to eat bread crusts and drink water? Get a job, buddy, it's also really easy.

Everybody has heard that there are jobs as English teachers all over Europe, but if you were like me, you probably are skeptical and are turned off by having to pass something called a TOEFL. Well, you should have been skeptical of needing the TOEFL to teach, because you most certainly don't, but there really are a ton of jobs. It's not a tall tale. Within days, my roommate, Austin Wester (another former Evergreen student) found a job teaching at a pre-school and was getting paid *over \$400 a month* for talking to kids in English for three hours a day. Okay, so this isn't quite a vacation if you have to work, but three hours a day for \$400 is nothing, and now, drum roll, you have about \$125 a week as discretionary income—that's not even taking into account Grandma's birthday and Christmas checks.

Seniors, next May you'll walk up on that stage and take that diploma from Les. After exiting stage left you'll notice a funny feeling spreading from the pit of your stomach to back of your brain: this emotion is called *anxiety*. I hope this article helps you swallow hard and push back the tide of worry. The bubble will burst, but believe me, it's much less jarring when you know the next six months will be spent traveling between Krakow and Prague instead of between your parents' rec room and kitchen. Good to luck to all.

Tristan Swanson graduated last year and is available for comment at TrSwanson80@yahoo.com.

In Response to "The Anti-Green Solution": The Story of When Marx Met Michael Jackson

by Tony Brave

It happened to be a rainy day when a dismayed Marx was walking down the road to the deli, when he came across Michael Jackson moon-walking about and singing to himself. Marx's heart jumped at the sight of Michael, and after kowtowing twice he quickly addressed him. "Master, I have been trying to come up with a Manifesto that will put to end all inequality in the world. Yet, with all my effort, I still cannot find a solution. Sir, I beg of you, what shall I do?"

Mike, without missing a step in his moon-walking, replied, "Should I know how to solve the problem of inequality? When embracing the One, the self no longer has any need or desire to deal with the futility of dictation." With that, Michael exclaimed, "Shamone!" and disappeared into thin air, leaving Marx once again in confusion.

Marx was so sad that he stayed in his house for four months, pondering what Michael had said, without seeing any of his fellow comrades. On the third day of the third month of the year of the ram, he was staring at his unfinished Manifesto, which happened to still be sitting where he left it on his desk so long ago, when he heard from a distance someone softly singing "Billie Jean." Marx immediately leapt up from his chair, knowing that it must be the King of Pop.

After collecting himself, he followed the voice awhile until he came to a lake just off

a dirt road where the Great Safe himself was once again singing. This time Michael was smoking on his pipe, looking wistfully out at the colorful sunset. "Oh, it's you again," said Michael with a little laugh. "Have you understood the Oneness of the universe, or is the world still on your shoulders?"

"Master, I must admit that I cannot understand the words that you had spoken to me earlier. I cannot let go of my endeavor of saving the world," Karl said with his head hung low.

After a moment, and still looking off into the sunset, Michael sighed and finally spoke again. "Only when you learn to let go of the division of things and seek out and embrace your original nature will peace come about. Inequality follows whenever the self-proclaimed 'wise leaders' seek knowledge in order to bring peace and order. Calm your mind and you will be able to understand the way of the universe as effortlessly as this lake reflects the sunset."

With a flash of insight Marx thanked his master, and after a long and heavy bow he went on his way. Thus, Marx was reverently remembered in history as the "Merry Old Man of the Mountains," who joyfully tilled his garden and went about his life without any effort, eventually to mysteriously disappear into the all-encompassing Ethereal Void.

by Connor Moran

The year is almost over and I'm getting feisty. Previously I've made a point of avoiding issues that would require major campus changes. But there are some things that bug me too much to continue sitting on. One of these issues is the hours of operation of campus services. Considering that this is a college campus, these hours are generally not put together in a very college student-friendly way.

Now, I don't think it's going to surprise anyone that college students tend to stay up late at night and sleep in well into the morning when they don't have class. This isn't true of every student, but it is an accurate enough generalization that it is reasonable to expect that this kind of schedule would be taken into account by those who set the hours for campus services.

It is not logical, for example, for the one source of hot food on campus on Sunday to be closed at two in the afternoon. I think I'm reasonably typical, and I'm rarely out of bed on Sunday before eleven. I often stay in until well after twelve. Once I get out of bed, take a shower, etc., there's a pretty good chance that the Market is going to be closed. This is just stupid. Don't these people want my money? I'm not even asking for longer hours here, just hours that fit my schedule and the

schedule of other students.

Similarly, the health center has woe-fully few hours considering how important its work is. I understand that it costs money to run and I'm sure if there was the staff to keep the center open longer it would happen. But this is an important investment the college ought to make. As of now, the health center is never open after seven and is more often closed well before that. It is closed over the lunch hour. I don't know about most people, but during the day I have class. It doesn't help me when things are open then. I need them to be open when I'm not busy with other things. Like, say, my lunch hour. Worse, the center closes at noon on Fridays. Now, if I had class on Friday, I doubt I'd be out before noon. I don't. Which means that I'm not going to be out of my bed, showered, and across campus before noon. Especially if I'm sick.

This would bother me less if the health center hours were at least regular. But there's no way that I'm going to be able to remember whether the center is open late on Monday or Tuesday.

What's YOUR problem? E-mail it to me at marcon03@evergreen.edu.

Campus Hours: It's Everyone's Problem

Supply Side and the "Laffer Curve"

by Mike Treadwell

Once upon a time I went to some socialist website on the internet and there was some blog entry blasting former editor of the Wall Street Journal Robert Bartlett. Claims were made against Bartlett such as "bigot" and "uncaring." (As if socialists were the only people in the world who are caring.) The entry went on to blast his promotion of "supply side economics," which Bartlett published in 1980 and 1982 in a series of articles on his editorial page. The article stated that the "supply side economics" theory was not based in anything economic. I had my reservations about the supply side tendency for completely different reasons than the socialists, but last weekend I was treated to an interesting story by the founders themselves.

The 1970s were filled with rot. You had a succession of terrible presidents, a divided country, crime in the big cities of New York, Los Angeles and Chicago, and a double-digit inflation situation in the late '70s. This is where Arthur B. Laffer and Stephen Entin come in. As economists and policy advisors in the '70s, they saw

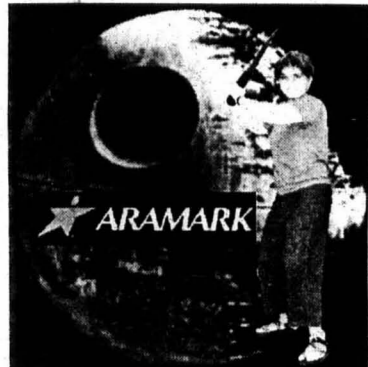
a problem they claimed the Keynesians could not solve. Before I explain what the problem was, I need to back up. John Maynard Keynes was one of the greatest intellectuals of the 20th century. Although he thought about a lot of different things, he was primarily an economist. Keynes made a claim that a situation of high inflation and high unemployment was impossible. This is where Laffer and Entin come in. They were asked as policy advisors how to deal with that same situation in the '70s.

Entin and Laffer asked themselves, "Where do we start with something that Keynes said was impossible?" Keynesians didn't have an answer, or at least an answer that satisfied Laffer and Entin. They started working on the problem. They came to conclusions that were at odds with the Keynesians. They said that to most of a point, supply created the demand. Entin's succinct reasoning was that, "You can demand to go to Mars, but unless someone supplies the means to do so, you just can't do that." Stimulating growth through deficit spending at the right points, they maintained, would

get the economy out the recession.

The policy recommendation the "supply-side" guys advocated was a deficit spending tax cut aimed at businesses and particularly businesses that had a lot of capital and employees. Policy makers didn't listen at first because these advocates were not well known. But through an acquaintance named Bob Bartlett who had access to a printing press, Laffer and Entin made their mark on American politics and political economy forever.

I don't agree with the "supply-side" conclusion, but I thought the history was so interesting and important that it should be printed. History, or ignorance of history, will either vindicate them or vilify them. The impact those two economists/policy advisors made in American politics will continue to be felt for a very long time. Indeed, someone remarked after the speech that Dick Cheney had said, "Reagan proved deficits didn't matter." That's history in progress for you.



The Food Service Empire Versus the Rebel Alliance!

(Which Side Are You On?)

by Chris "Topher Won-Kin-opher" Alexander

THINGS WERE NOT GOING WELL FOR THE ALLIANCE... recently, the Empire sent one of its bases, the Aramark Corporation Death Star, to announce its intentions to negotiate with the planet of Evergreen to operate its food service, presently being operated by Bon Appétit, a wholly owned subsidiary of the equally insidious Compass Group. Aramark Corporation is the third largest base of its kind (or, in imperial parlance, "institutional food-service industry") on its home planet Earth, operating in eighteen countries and providing "efficient" service for schools, corporations, hospitals, and "government services."

The alliance, upon hearing the news (smuggled via an unusually plucky R2-D2 robot), began mobilizing for action. Preventing the Death Star from striking on Evergreen soil was paramount for the rebels; they knew well that failure to stop the insatiable greed of the Empire would spell death for the alliance.

Prior to setting its sights on Evergreen, Aramark had already established itself as a "premier food and services provider" throughout the galaxy. Its pattern of conquest for planets under the classification of "public services" was fiendishly simple: convincing legislators into giving it control of coveted food service traditionally provided by the government itself. It was able to do this by promising a cheaper bill for the service than the government could provide, which it did by slashing costs on labor and general quality of food. The name of this mission of usurpation was called "Operation Outsource."

One of these services, previously

provided by the public sector, was the food given to prisoners of the Empire. In the state of Florida, the governor (known as Darth Jed, no less than the brother of the emperor) had awarded Aramark with a contract to provide food for 128 jails, for \$58 million. This was done even after the state of Ohio had ended a similar contract after the corporation caused "near riot conditions" with a distinctly Dickensian innovation to cutting costs: minuscule servings of the food. Additionally, an investigative report done by the Tampa Tribune discovered that the corporation had charged the state for phantom meals and had failed to deliver the promised savings. Darth Jed and his coterie nevertheless decided to contract with Aramark, which donated \$25,000 to the Florida Republican Party during his last election campaign (and nothing to their Democratic opponents).

Aramark's relationship with the Florida prisons had proven itself to be no less problematic than the botched Ohio invasion: Reports of cold and tepid food, irritable inmates and vomiting were numerous, and as of 2002 it had paid \$100,000 in fines for serving spoiled food to a literally captive market. This had done nothing to deter the base's ravenous appropriation of resources and bounty (or, as the Empire's generals liked to call it, "profit," or "revenue"). However, the corporation reported \$9.4 billion in "revenue" for fiscal year 2003. This was an impressive accomplishment, even when considering the corporation spent 88 cents per meal to serve the prisoners.

The Aramark Corporation Death Star

has a special place in the hearts of the highest echelons of the Empire. Cabinet member Rod Paige, overseer of the Department of Education, had, in his tenure as Houston school superintendent, turned the business of feeding Houston's school children to the Death Star. The move cost Houston's school board \$4.5 million over the course of two years (until, nearing contract renewal, Aramark severely cut the kitchen staff and eliminated the substitute staff completely). Another connection was found in former New Jersey governor Thomas Kean. Handpicked by Emperor George to lead the congressional investigation into the events of September 11th, Kean was a director of Aramark since 1994. As a director, he collected \$465,000 in 2002 from Aramark, almost triple what he made as the President of Drew University in New Jersey (which, under his aegis, granted a \$2 million contract to Aramark in 1997).

One of the main stratagems behind Operation Outsource was that jobs once in the public sector became jobs provided by Aramark; cafeteria workers in Houston, for example, went from employees of Texas to employees of Aramark. This created a tremendous difference in terms of benefits and wages that were previously guaranteed. Accordingly, labor tension followed Aramark where it landed, as it attempted to slash benefits and prevent collective bargaining. Its management in one Minnesota college retaliated against student workers attempting to bring grievances through a petition by unilaterally ending their free meals.

Prior to Bon Appétit, Evergreen's

food had previously been provided by Fine Host Corporation. In what could only be described as a stomach-churning turn of events, Aramark acquired Fine Host in 2002. Additionally, one Bon Appétit worker reported to the alliance that some of the same people from Fine Host were seen "inspecting" the premises of the campus prior to Aramark's proposal. The sale made the specter of low-quality food and worker mistreatment much more palpable.

The alliance knew it was time to act, and act quickly. Though Evergreen had no tradition of in-house operation, they knew that awarding the contract to the Death Star would mean annihilation. Operating under the (albeit preposterous) moniker of Students Organizing for Food Autonomy, SOFA had been trying to convince Evergreen to adopt a sustainable, self-operated food service model and end its perennial reliance on corporate outsourcing. A long-term contract with Aramark would do more than curse the soil with borderline-indigestible food; it would effectively extinguish the possibility for a food service more in keeping with the purported values of Evergreen. The alliance also knew that there was an inevitable retort that the problems of the Aramark Death Star could just as easily be seen with any Death Star, and it is a retort that the alliance thought was absolutely correct. To them, the issue was not that Aramark represented a particularly reprehensible corporation (although it did). The issue was that subcontracting out food service was near-sighted and unsustainable.

The alliance mobilized for action...

The Definite Article

On Vocabulary and Intelligence

by Ellen Peterson

The parallel of vocabulary with thought has been haunting me lately. I've heard that IQ tests do not actually determine a person's intelligence, only a person's breadth of vocabulary; people with large vocabularies and quick comprehension of words apparently score high on the IQ test.

I have been reading *The Story of My Life*, the autobiography of Helen Keller, who grew up both deaf and blind. In the Appendices, her teacher Anne Sullivan observes the fact that we all make up our vocabularies by assimilating all the words we have ever been exposed to.

No doubt you have immediately thought of the book *1984* and *Newspeak*, the deliberate carving down of the vocabulary of the populace into a soulless, colorless language void of variety. I myself have not read the book, but have often heard the idea that the less words one has to use, the more vague and inarticulate one's thought will be also. I wonder whether there is truth to the idea. I know

that Helen Keller described the discovery of language (she learned at age seven) as a liberating light that freed her from her frustration of mental solitude and made her able to make contact with others and with the world around her. In Helen's case she suffered not from small intelligence but from isolation, and language brought her closer to others.

The culture of Victorian England was bookish and literate (the part of society that wasn't down in the mines or dying in factories, that is). However, though their way with words made for a generation of genius authors, I do not think that England was as advanced in communicating as it was in articulating; England was cruel enough. Their language did not bring them closer to the people whom they colonized.

As I talk with my fellow students, I am continually aware of our differences in background: those of us who grew up with no television and articulate (sometimes book-devouring) parents are

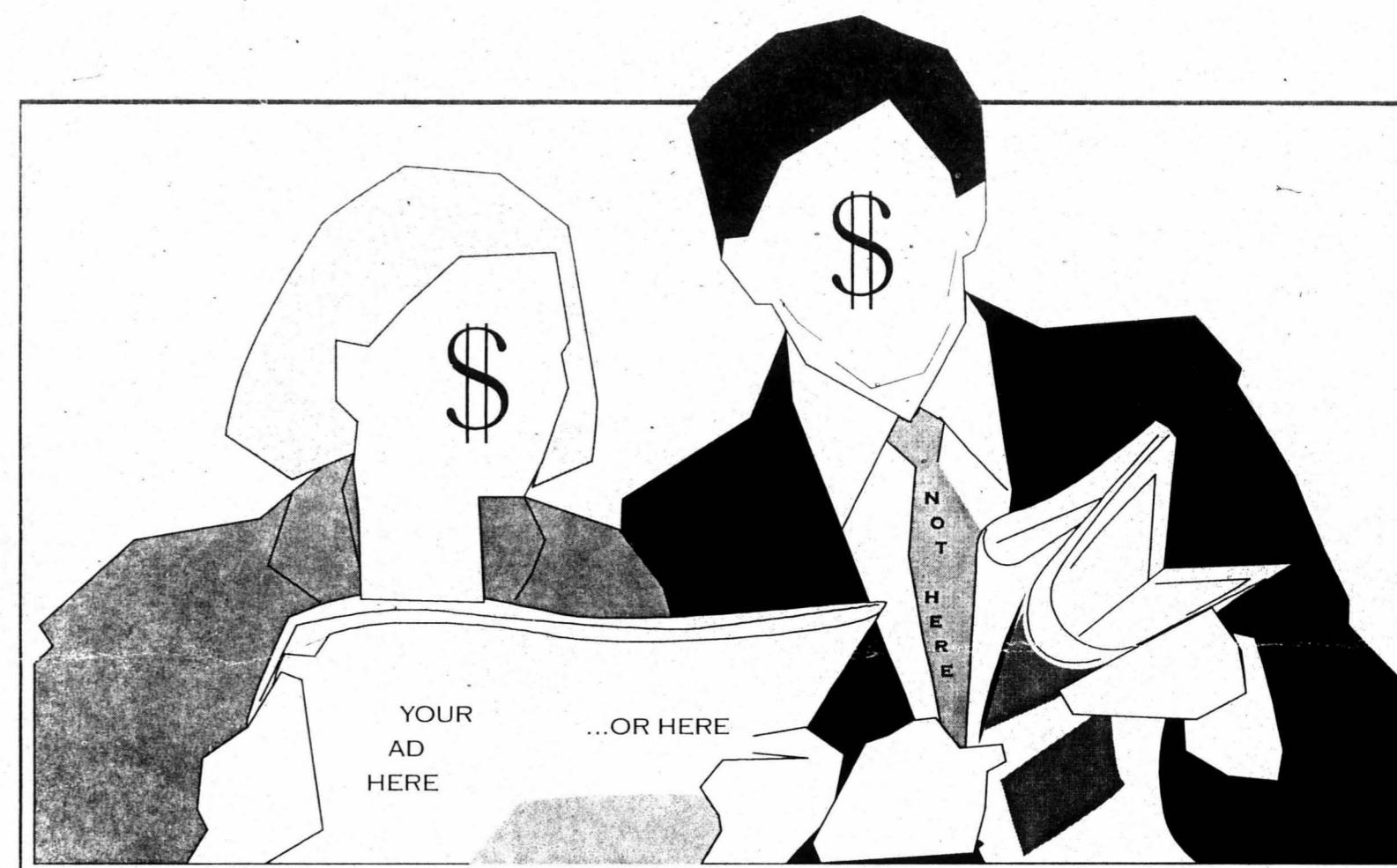
ourselves generally articulate. Those of us whose exposure to the English language was largely through television and other passive sources have a different quality of speech, sometimes a kind of slur. It also seems that people who have grown up participating in intelligent conversation are more able or willing to put their thoughts directly into words, whereas others may not find resonance with words and would rather find any other medium to express themselves in.

As I grapple with this subject I wonder whether I am steering myself entirely away from the point: that vocabulary use and communication are entirely separate. While some people adore and collect words, others use what little they have with the skill that comes from attentiveness and warmth. The moral of the story: Not everyone loves semantics.

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The deadline to submit your writing, art, photos, advertisements, classifieds, or anything else for the final issue of the quarter is **Tuesday, June 1 at 3 p.m.!** See the bottom half of Page 2 to see how to send in your contributions!

This money supports the Cooper Point Journal Student Learning Laboratory.

This week in Sports History

May 24, 1935—Jesse Owens breaks or ties six world records in less than an hour at the Big Ten Championship in Ann Arbor, Mich.

May 25, 1935—The Cincinnati Reds and the Philadelphia Philly's play in the first major league game at night under floodlights at Crosley Field.

May 28, 1888—Jim Thorpe, Olympian, footballer, baseball player and track star, was born.

The Sports Question of the Week:

How guilty is Kobe?
(Check all that apply)

- A) Bobby Knight-guilty
- B) Daryl Strawberry-guilty
- C) Ray Lewis-guilty
- D) OJ-guilty
- E) Todd Bertuzzi-guilty
- F) Husky-guilty
- G) Mike Price-guilty
- H) Marv Albert-guilty
- I) Frank Gifford-guilty
- J) East German women-guilty
- K) Tonya Harding-guilty
- L) Mike Tyson-guilty
- M) Marie Rene Le Gougne-guilty
- N) Lawrence Phillips-guilty
- O) Larry Eustacy-guilty
- P) Clem Haskins-guilty
- Q) Bill Romanowski-guilty
- R) Black Socks-guilty
- S) Maurice Clarette-guilty



Bobby Knight Guilty



Daryl Strawberry Guilty



East German Women Guilty

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EDITORS ARE LIKE ONIONS... (EWS course 10185) will focus on the knowledge, skills & abilities needed and gained by student organization leaders, using the position of Cooper Point Journal editor-in-chief as a means to examine the demands of student-group leadership.

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INAUGURAL 5K RUN/WALK
SUNDAY, JUNE 13TH, 9am
The Evergreen State College Campus
Olympia, WA

USATF CERTIFIED & SANCTIONED
Visit Online for Registration & Race Details

www.evergreen.edu/library/5k

For more information call 360-867-6487

Thursday, May 27
7 p.m. Writing Group: Writer's Roundtable at Barnes & Noble Booksellers

Wednesday, June 2
2-3 p.m. Grammar Rodeo: Homonyms & Word Usage in Library 2221.
4:30-6 p.m. Evaluation Writing in Library 2221.

Every Wednesday
3-4 p.m. Jewish Cultural Center in Lib 2129.
5 p.m. Coed Evergreen Wrestling Club in CRC 117. (Wednesday through Friday)
6 p.m. The Improv Club meets Wednesdays in Library 1600. For info: improv@evergreen.edu or 360.867.6412.

Saturday, May 29
11 a.m. Storytime: Summer Reading at Barnes & Noble Booksellers

Thursday, June 3
7:30 p.m. A tantalizing dinner, with vegetarian option, available at 6:30 p.m. for a \$6.50 donation. New Freeway Hall, 5018 Rainier Ave. S., Seattle. For more information, rides or childcare, call 206.722.6057 or 722.2453. Everyone welcome. Wheelchair accessible.

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

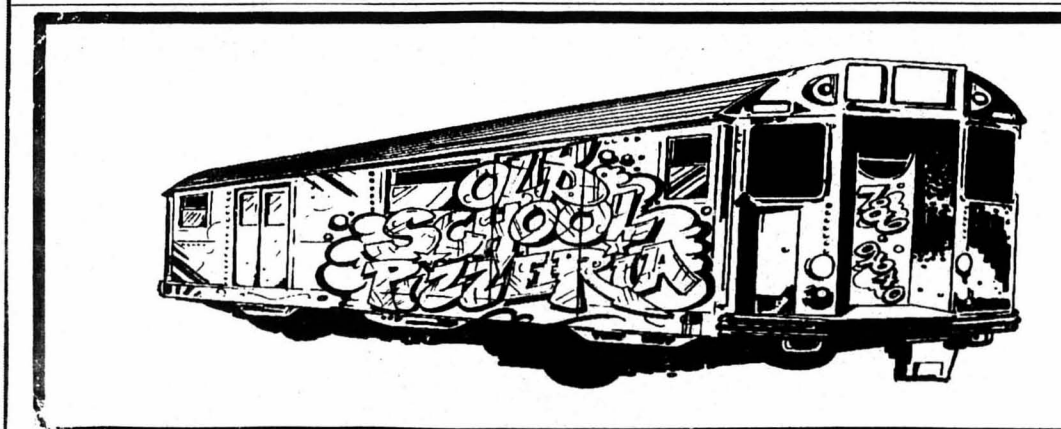
Every Sunday
7 p.m. G.R.A.S. Anime Night at in The Edge in A Dorm.



We provide the ride. You provide the fun!

Intercity Transit is your ticket off campus! Ride free with your Evergreen student ID on all local routes to plenty of fun destinations. Grab a pizza or take in some music, go biking, shopping, skateboarding, whatever! Give us a call or go online for more information.

Intercity Transit
www.intercitytransit.com
360-786-1881



Last Word Books 119 5th AVE
Locally Owned & Operated co-op
Buy Sell community Trade Book Shop

EDGAR LE DISH: HALF BASS, ALL SASS! by Max Averill

YOU KILLED MY SON, MAN-FISH!

COME OUT OF YOUR SHACK SO WE CAN BUTCHER YOU!

UH... BOB? YOUR HAIR-

AT LAST, MY UNHOLY EXISTENCE WILL BE ERADICATED, FOREVER CLEANSING NATURE'S PRISTINE RECORD OF ANY UNSIGHTLY BLEMISHES. WOE UNTO ME, FOR I HAD NOT THE STRENGTH TO DO THE DEED MYSELF.

HE'S NOT A BAD GUY, HE'S A POET!

WHO BROUGHT THE GIRL?

DON'T LOOK AT ME BOB, I'M IMPOTENT!

AN ANGRY MOB APPROACHETH...

HEY GUYS! BEFORE WE WHACK EDGAR - YOU SHOULD SEE HIS COMICS - THEY'RE PRETTY GOOD!

WOW! MORE SATIRICAL THAN DOONESBURY!

EDHIER THAN BOONDOCKS!

FUZZIER THAN GET FUZZY!

LESS MUND ROTTING THAN CATHY!

AW SHUCKS! WE CAN'T KILL AN ARTIST! COME DOWN EDGAR, AND BEGIN LIFE ANEW WITH US, YOUR FRIENDS!

WHU-

A MESSAGE FROM THE ARTIST:
EDGAR THE MAN-FISH IS NOT REPRESENTATIVE OF ME, SO STOP HUCKIN BRICKS AT ME AND CALLIN ME AN "MEMO BITCH." THANK YOU.

Paint With Lead In It by tim yates

We're live on the streets getting the public opinion of the box office smash film "Robot Toe."

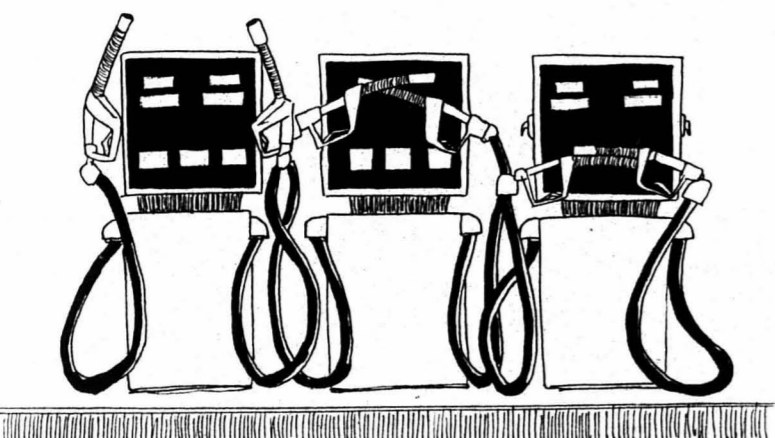
Robot Toe is wicked trendy which is why I like it. Rock on.

I must say, I think David Lynch did a better job illustrating the sentient appendage metaphor in his early film "Bag". I have tattoos in lewd places.

I am here to help you. I will shove bread down your throat for you.

It seems "Robot Toe" gets the public thumb-up. Join us tomorrow when we take a close look at "The Passion of the Sidhartha."

www.paintwithleadinit.com



What? Is it my fault my parents named me Horrendous Captain Fuckface?

Kilchis'04

hollywood zap

People tell me my son's a video game "wizards," but can he fly a helicopter? I'm an electrician and I worked on a lot of choppers in Vietnam.

That's where I met Joshua and Zack's mother Lin. She's from Hong Kong and she has a communist. I caught a bit of shit from my buddies, at first of course I stuck up for her, but she don't get me started on the call war... I'll save that lecture for another time.

Sure I know all about those arduous where Zack hangs out. I used to repair game consoles for extra cash.

I've managed to save up enough money to buy this Bell-77 helicopter. Zack and I used to go flying just about every Sunday but he won't come along in months.

I think he might be hanging out with a bad crowd.

Need anything?

Nah.

by Jon Clark Applesreek@hawaii.com

BY DIANNE FERRER

Toadpuddle Martyr

I got lip Cancer from Dipping too Much

...

Hey, at least it's Not ass Cancer.

thom burns
noble.hayden@yahoo.com

While John Kerry was busy kissing babies...

American Public

Duke Brien
©2004

Forced Laughter

Hi everyone! Just here to say you should all go to the Olympia Comic's Festival this weekend instead of Sasquatch music festival or that Renaissance Bizarre or just sitting around in your dorm getting high like last weekend.

Gah! where did you come from?

I'm a hallucination. You've been so busy working on stuff for the festival, you haven't eaten or slept in two days.

There was supposed to be a third panel here, but the cartoonist was too busy rolling around on the floor screaming to finish it. So instead, here's a robot (everybody loves robots!)

by C. Frakes