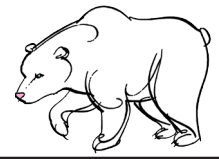




ECO COLUMBIA



"THE SCOOP ON ALL THINGS SUSTAINABLE"

MARCH 2010 VOL. 1, ISSUE 4 A COLUMBIA COLLEGE COLLABORATION



DEAR READERS,

So how much of the winter Olympics did you watch? Overtime hockey thrillers, speed skating, and luge were only a few of the high paced sports on display. Don't forget about curling too. Growing up I always revered the games. At the click of my finger were the world's best athletes on the biggest stage, competing for their *country*. What's not to love?! Well, plenty of things really. The repercussions and strain that the Olympics put on a city is immeasurable. It's all fun and games until the smoke clears, the trash is swept up, and the world goes home. It took 12,000 security and police personnel (nearly 1/3rd of the Vancouver Olympics' budget) to suppress community voices and keep up a friendly facade for the world. Meanwhile, the government continues to sell, lease and develop Native lands to corporations, including mining, logging, oil and gas pipelines, and resorts. Indigenous peoples suffer the highest rates of poverty, unemployment, imprisonment, police violence and disease in Canada. Homelessness nearly tripled as a result of new construction and the destruction of low-income housing units for the winter games. Prior to the Olympics, Vancouver criminalized begging for money, sleeping outdoors and other activities commonly engaged in by homeless or economically marginalized people. New city benches were designed so people could not lie down on them. What, really? The lengths that people go through to cover up these travesties are unbelievable. Did you hear about "tent city"? There was a makeshift gathering of tent homes to serve as a visual depiction of conditions in the area. With firm pressure from these people BC Housing found social housing units for 35 homeless people who had joined the tent city set up by anti-poverty groups. A small step in the right direction and a personal testimonial that you should always fight for what you believe in. The saying "There are three sides to a story" resonates with me. I think about this a lot. There's your side, my side, and then the truth. It begs me to ask the question: Is two weeks on the grandest stage worth it? Well I guess it depends on what side you believe.

Peace,
Neale

RECYCLING ELECTRONICS

EASIER THAN EVER

Some of the worst things you can throw away are your electronics. Not only is it wasteful, it's dangerous, as many devices include heavy metals in their batteries (such as mercury, lead, and nickel) which can contaminate soil and pollute water ways if they are improperly disposed of.

As more and more people start to upgrade their cell phones more frequently, public awareness about the topic has become more widespread.

Many service providers now offer recycling services or pre-paid envelopes for old phones when a new one is purchased, and many cities have recycling boxes at grocery stores, train stations, and other public places. It's easier than ever to recycle your old cell phone; it's the other gadgets, laptops, printers, ink cartridges, and others, that can sometimes be the problem.

As most brands are now required to accept their products back

for recycling, sites like epa.gov can help you figure out who offers what, or just point you in the right direction of a drop box nearby. Alternatively, some independent retailers like Radio Shack and Best Buy not only provide kiosks (where you can recycle everything from batteries to DVDs) but a number of services (bestbuy.com/recycling) that include a trade-in program, which lets you swap a functioning electronic for store credit. It's a win-win!

Article by Caro Griffin

THE WHIPPOORWILL

A WALK THROUGH NATURE

The rocky hills of the Ozarks are filled with fossils. An ancient ocean used to flow abundant with life above these busy knolls. Sometimes at the tops of these small mountains, early in the morning, when the sun shines sideways from the East through the cedars and the oak trees, you can smell the stale damp of decay rising from the warmed Earth. The pungently preserved odor of corpses, prehistoric crustaceans and early photosynthetic plant life, long since deceased, still linger like the smell of an animal killed yesterday.

I am careful to tread lightly over these ancestors, not only out of respect, but also because my feet are bare and fleshy and Ozark rock rubble is far from smooth. I am trying my hardest not to make too much sound this morning. I am hunting out of desperate hunger.

Try as I may, the balls and the palms of my feet are still crunching on the sharp fossils, still shooting triangular pieces of shale left and right, outwards in front of me. My toes catch on a large sandstone rock rooted into the red mud and leafy decay of the forest floor. But my balance is stronger than a human's, because I am animal. Yesterday I was animal, today I am animal, and tomorrow I

will be animal.

"Ah" my mind exclaims triumphantly as I hear the low

night. She knows I am part human. She is scared; she is no longer under the cover of nightfall. I feel her avian frame near me.

Then—

The explosive sound of feathers is in the air as she swoops out of a 100-year-old cedar to my right. I catch a glimpse of her black silhouette against the sunrise.

I lunge into the air, instinctually, belly first with wanting. For a few seconds I am falling upward with predatory strength to meet the fluttering night bird. After

her I fly. I am inches from her tail as I stretch my arms towards her, letting my energies flow through my palms and fingertips. I grasp her tail... and begin to fall. As we descend to the rocky earth, I pull her closer to me, wrapping my arms around her wings and hugging her possessively to my chest. She made



PHOTO CREDIT | WWW.NENATURE.COM

melancholy call of a Whippoorwill. She is close. She called out to see who was there, perhaps another one of her kind, but no bird replies. I hold my stance, plant my feet and feel the Earth's vibrations and momentum as it spins towards the sun, turning the woods golden with morning light.

I decide to answer her, to tell her I am here. I whistle low, the call of a Whippoorwill, the songbird of the

CONTINUED ON PG. 02

Article by Samantha Christmann

WHIPPOORWILL CONTINUED

no sound when we hit the stony soil. She trusted me, and I her.

First, I snap her neck. Then, I run, swiftly, leaping over ferns and boulders and fallen trees to safety. Where safety is, I am not sure, but I will find it, because I am small and I am fast.

Mountain lions are faster than I, I know this, and I know that they prefer to leap onto their prey from steep heights. The thought of heights make my palms sweat, the thought of mountain lions make me shiver, so I run harder. I'd be an easy meal with an appetizer to the yellow beasts.

My stomach growls as I spot a shallow cave ahead of me. As I run, I pull a sapling out of the ground with my bird-free hand and dive into the cave with the bird and the dying tree. I hide the bird behind me and proceed to whittle a spear out of the child tree, letting its sour sticky blood spill onto my hands, mixing with

the Whippoorwill's. Once I am done whittling, having made a weapon to protect myself from jealous carnivores, I can eat.

I do not cook the meat. My stomach has adapted to such a diet. I pull her dark feathers out and pile them together for safekeeping. I will keep her bones, too. I bite into her cold flesh and shudder. Two emotions provoked this shudder, one was the ecstasy of hunger, and the second was the thought of eating this bird raw six months ago... When I was a "civilized" woman. A part of me wants to vomit all over the bird and cry, but I know that if I vomited, nothing would come out of my starving frame.

I did not choose this life, it was chosen for me. I have adapted, evolved you might say. Others call it degeneration, but I know in my heart of hearts, that within the next fifteen years, every last human on this planet will be living as I am now. Like my delicious Whippoorwill, not everyone will live to see it.

contact us

Want to join EPIC, submit something for the newsletter (all mediums accepted) or ask a question? We can be contacted at recycling@colum.edu.

spread the word

Tell your friends about this newsletter and how to be more environmentally-conscious. Every little action helps.

other info

Try these other sites for more eco-info: www.grist.org, www.epa.gov/, earth911.com, & www.colum.edu/recycling.



FUTURE EPIC DATES

UPCOMING DATES, EVENTS & DEADLINES EPIC WANTS YOU TO KNOW

Mar. 17, 7:00p
\$15 suggested donation

Terra Firma is a small group of volunteers in the Chicago area bringing eco issues right to you on CAN TV local access channels. Come out to enjoy great music, food, & drinks all night! Spend your St. Patrick's Day with The Shams Band, RealLife, & other great acts. Green is the theme! 6970 N. Glenwood Ave. Chicago, No Exit Café (Morse Red Line)

Mar. 19, 8:00p, Mar. 20, 2:00p
\$15 public, \$20 students

"Welcome to the Saudi Arabia of Coal" is an original & groundbreaking multimedia production that brings a national audience into the frontlines of the coalfields and mountaintop removal issue today. A must see! 1104 S. Wabash Ave. Chicago IL Columbia College Conaway Center www.coalfreefutureproject.org

PHONE BOOKS STILL EXIST?

TAKE A MINUTE, SAVE A TREE

When it comes to sustainability, we all know that little things can go a long way to preserving our planet's resources. Whether it's turning off your power strip when you're not using it, or just making sure to hit the light switch when you leave the room, small changes add up to make big differences. The founders of a new website are working on their own way to combat waste, one phone book at a time.

Inspired by the National No-Call Directory, a save haven for all of us who hate telemarketers, and motivated by the constant delivery

of phone books he was receiving, a Missouri college student has started YellowPagesGoesGreen.org.

The aim is not to stop the production of phone books and directories all together, but to prevent them from being delivered where they will not be used. Every year, 19 million trees are harvested in order to produce 500 million directories. Due to the increase of smart phones and the popularity of search engines, many of these books will just end up in landfills without ever having been used. By adding your name to the list, you can prevent the delivery of your own book and raise awareness about the amount of waste involved in their production.

Article by Caro Griffin

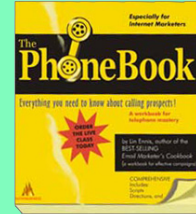


PHOTO CREDIT | WWW.NOTFREEPRESS.COM

GREEN FILM SHOWCASE

CALL FOR WORK!

Along with the Eco Fair and other earth-centric events planned for the month of April, the Columbia Recycling Program is having a one day green film showcase!

The event will take place on Tuesday, April 13th, and will take

Baldyga at the Recycling office, located on the fifth floor of the 916 S. Wabash building.

This showcase is open to all college students. Get exposed!

What is allowed? Videos that relate to the environment and environmental issues. There is no time limit on videos!

Dig up that old video from class, make it a current class project, or create something unique for the day! Submissions will be awarded with a prize pack!



replace normally scheduled documentary screening. We want to see how the earth has inspired you!

Submissions are due by Thursday, April 1st. Please email videos to nbaldyga@colum.edu or drop off a hard copy for Neale

PHOTO CREDIT | CCC RECYCLING PROGRAM

BRIGHTIDEA!

Visit CCC's Green Biz Channel! The green biz channel was started from the efforts of co-workers in the Columbia Recycling Program. It spotlights area businesses and organizations that are striving to better the world around them by engaging in sustainable activities.

Recently, the first video focused on I-GO car sharing:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Ewp8YAd4fqM>

Mar. 27, 8:30-9:30p, FREE
Earth Hour 2010

Millions of people will come together globally to call for action on climate change by doing something quite simple, turning off their lights for an hour. The movement symbolizes that by working together, each of us can make a positive impact, protecting our future & future generations. Columbia will be participating. Are you? www.earthhour.org

Mar. 20, 12:32p Central Time
The First Day of Spring!

The thaw is coming (followed by the flowers)! The sun will cross directly over the Earth's equator at this time, better known as the vernal equinox.

UNTOUCHED

EPISODE ONE

Where do you think we are Bunny?" said Kitty, looking up at the sky. The two critters were riding a washing machine across the ocean. They found it in the junkyard they grew up in—a floating seaborne landfill—and thought it was a spaceship. They plopped it into the water, saw it bob up and down, it didn't sink, so they jumped inside.

Kitty and Bunny were robots made by a stressed out graduate student at the turn of the century for part of the thesis he never finished. Kitty was royal blue, and Bunny was golden yellow, colors he stole from the American Apparel catalog.

"Um. The water!" Bunny replied.

"Still?"

"Still." Kitty and Bunny have been smoking cigarettes their entire existence. There were trucks of cigarettes dumped into the landfill they were discarded into.

"Should we check?" Bunny popped up to his feet and knelt down. Kitty stuck her cigarette into her mouth, climbed onto

Bunny's shoulders, grabbed the lip of the washing machine—it didn't have a top anymore—and looked for land.

"Well. I seee. Hm. Something. Sorta green? But its far." Kitty said as she fell back into the washing machine.

"I hope we're not out here forever!" Bunny said exasperated. They chain smoked for hours until the washing machine crash landed onto a beach and spit them out.

They didn't know where they were. It was the Jersey Shore, a place with more trash than they could ever imagine. They ran amok looking through all of it for what seemed like half an hour to them, it was six months our time.

"This is the coolest thing.

EVER!" Bunny said as he jumped onto the hood of an old rusted over blood colored car, not knowing what it was.

"Yeeeah! I betcha it likes me more then you!" In their eyes, all garbage was alive, because that's all they knew they were.

"Nu-uh, hey" Bunny poked at the windshield, right at the crack, glass crumbled a bit and the headlights turned on. The car coughed some smoke, dust, and dirt out his grill, splattering it all over Kitty. Bunny rolled off the hood laughing.

"Well" the car said with the voice of an old man "I like you both."

"You spit on me!" Kitty said, schlepping dirt off her shoulders.

"That was a wake up sneeze" the car replied "do you know where you kids are? And why are you smoking?"

"We always do

that" Bunny said taking a drag on his cigarette. "How did you get here? This is the most fun place ever! So many toys! Are you a toy?"

The car laughed, amused at their curiosity.

"Not at all. I'm an Oldsmobile" Kitty and Bunny were now sitting on his hood cross legged, turned to each other and repeated Oooldsmobile to each other. "That's right, Oldsmobile. I was made in Detroit—"

"Who is Detroit?" interrupted Kitty.

"Oh, you kids are not from around here."

"We're from college" Bunny said.

"Yeah a project." Kitty said.

"Well you kids hop in" car opened his doors, "and I'll take you to a college place you kids might recognize." Kitty and Bunny graciously ran into his front seat They stood on the leather, their heads barely able to see out the windows. Car drove them to New York City. On the way he explained how he was left on the beach on a date when a boy hotwired him to impress a girl. They ditched him there in a secluded part of the beach in fear of getting caught.

"Where are we?!" Bunny screamed.

"I'm taking you through New York City. In its time, it was known as the dirtiest place around!" car was looking for a certain pizzeria. The pizzeria the boy took the girl to on the date before they abandoned him.

"It looks soooo pretty! So much to play with!" Kitty was literally scratching at the window from her excitement seeing all the trash.

"Yeah... Toys. You guys look in there" and car pulled right up to the pizzeria. Kitty and Bunny ran straight in through what would have been the front window oblivious to the broken glass and stone they trampled over.

"Look at this rust! Its so many different colors from the rust at home!" Bunny didn't know he was looking at mold. One of the only things still surviving on Earth. That and roaches, but NYC always had its roaches.

Examining all the things they found, silver wear, old signs and paintings, receipts, pizza boxes, Bunny picked up a rusted fork and poked at the mold. A mouth and eyes appeared. The mold yawned and the voice of a big man from Brooklyn emerged from his lips.

"Whose-a-wakin me up?"

"ME!" Screamed Bunny.

"My name is Kitty!"

The mold looked around eyes groggy from years of sleeping.

"What, ya kids are so little, where you guys's from?"

"The junkyard playground!

Or. Something!" Kitty said scratching her head. "Car is outside, he knows more! Come with us and play!"

The mold sulked. "I ain't goin anywheres. I ain't got no legs. My mother was a pepperoni for chrissake! I need a can or somfin to ride in."

Bunny and Kitty scrambled around looking. Bunny found a fallen down print of Andy Warhol's Campbell's soup can, shoved it in mold's face and said,

"Isn't this food? A can?"

Mold sighed. "No—that's art."

Kitty and Bunny looked at each other again and repeated, aaaart to each other.

"Yeas, art. Y'know, like that over theres" mold pointed to a framed picture, fully intact of Rene Magritte's C'nest Pas un Pipe "that's art too."

"No, that's a pipe. Can we smoke it?" said Kitty.

Mold sighed again, "No, you sees, it's ironics, looks like a pipe, says it ain't."

Kitty lit another cigarette melodramatically, took a big puff and screamed, "So is all people did make art about food you can't eat and pipes I can't smoke?"

Bunny chimed in unheard, "that's ironic" and ran to ask car if he had a can somewhere, or knew where to get one.

Mold tried to calm Kitty down, "yes that's all theys did. Why d'ya think the Earf is littered with all this stuff not even them roaches eat?"

Car started honking. Bunny came running back with an unopened can of worms from car's trunk. He and Kitty stabbed it back and forth with the fork they poked Mr. Mold with until it burst open with a few soggy worms that fell to the floor. Roaches scampered and carried the dead worms away in the blink of an eye. Bunny scraped Mr. Mold into the now empty can and ran back to car, while Kitty lit another cigarette, throwing her old one to the floor in the pizzeria to be left untouched.

Story by Ian Jones

A reminder: Don't forget to check the Recycling Program's blog for recent green job and internship opportunities for students! You can find the blog at <http://cccrecycling.blogspot.com>

Springtime is almost here!

This newsletter designed and created by Alexa Heinrich. Green Revolution image designed by Simon Cervania. Thank you to anyone who contributed to the Eco Columbia newsletter!