

# Not In Our Name

Responses to the national petition

"Doing 'everything possible' makes those who would oppose the administration no better than the lawless administration itself. People must be guided by principles or their actions are arbitrary and capricious." - Meta Hogan, Senior, American City

International affairs are too depressing. As is our president. - Andrew Bleeker

"Where do I sign?" - Natalie Johnson M20, Senior

"...everything's not black and white and that's how Bush sees it." - McKenzie Mudge

Alexa DeJoannis

Katy Maehl

"More or less." - Brent Patterson

"It doesn't help that our president is a big, fat hypocrite. If Saddam disarms, so should we. We're the ones with a track record for nuking people." - Nathan Smith, on an art contract, Senior

Although I do not agree with the document, I hold a strong stance against the US government ordering our military into Iraq. It is clearly obvious that at the root of this ordeal is corporate self-interest at the presidential level. If the big guys are thirsty for Iraq's oil, get it with their own time and money, not the country's. The United States military is not to be lowered and debased to the status of mere mercenaries.

-Aaron Gaponoff, Second year, course: Patterns Across Space and Time

"War was our first declaration. Citizens asked, 'are we at war (now) that we are attacked?', 'are we to strike back?' .... But to act upon the ideas of violence is total misunderstanding. I know no reasons behind any massacre today or even if it has relevance in this so called 'War on Terrorism.' But this 'War on Terrorism' is in itself, and of effect, wrong. Suppression of terrorism is, I do believe, necessary. but to ask to wage war on a secretive, underground operating system of attackers is to naively attack the so called hero; protagonist. .... War is a mutual aggraration of party one and party two. War is presentation of your cause against any level of oppression. So to attack these shadow attackers is to lose ourselves into these very shadows. By all means, let us set out to expose and subdue the terrorism of the world.... Iraq itself is no specific antagonist. There exist too much worldly gangsters making goals of nations and/or peoples destruction. Make no war but find the ways of peace between the many of the world." -Casey Tornga 1st year

"I don't think breaking the law is the way to go about showing the government we oppose the war." -April Nelson

"The war of Iraq is more important than that of Afghanistan, and has similar reason. Saddam is more hated by me than anyone else I know." - Charles Hollis, Env. Science and Writing major

I agree with everything this document says except the last line. "Rally others to do everything possible to stop it," is not acceptable language. Violence comes out of "everything possible". -Erica Nelson, Senior Numeracy and Journalism

"I agree with the general principle, but I cannot speak for the facts. The idea of one nation deciding what another nation can and cannot do is preposterous. The only effective method I see is the creation of a world-wide organization with the military force to enforce the laws. It needs to be an organization in which all the states are involved, and unlike the UN cannot be stopped by one of these nations alone." - Moses Kanbert, 2nd year

"I oppose the USA PATRIOT ACT. The increased oppression and relentless calls for war from the Bush, Jr. administration under the guise of patriotism are ridiculous. Let's be patriotic by distributing wealth among those who need it and stop spending money on arms and other forms of corporate welfare. These wars are farces, the dictators often trained, propped up and then turned on by our own country." - Nolan Lattyak

"In full agreeance, yo!" - Kyle Z. Smith

"I agree. My ideas and views on 'the war on terrorism' (as if it was possible to declare war against an idea) are not representative of the ideas and views expressed by 'our' president. I do not support his rushed actions and blind instinct-based 'leadership' of our country, our name, and our nation's soldiers." - Jeremy Stutes, 1st year

## VOX populi

by Brent Patterson and Evan James

If you were to name Evergreen's architectural style, what would you call it?

"Concrete interspersed amongst the trees. Lots of squares... and lines...defying nature. The Compound?" Jason Wells, Kung-Fu class

"Seventies modern industrial with a hippie green twist." Karina Beadling, sophomore, Health and Human Development

"Concrete Corruption." Michael Arnow, senior, Seeking Justice

"German industrialist... I like that crane." Allison Gould, senior, Seeking Justice

"Creative Concrete." Rafael Dwan, senior, Intermediate Spanish

"Sandstone seventies. It's not gothic in any way. It's contemporary." Gail McCall, (left) junior, Hispanic Forms in Life and Art

"All I could think of was Concrete Jungle." Breanne McClanahan, senior, Hispanic Forms in Life and Art

## Evergreen Hires Fifteen New Faculty



Biologist Dr. Heather Heying photo by Jon McAllister

by Jon McAllister

I spoke with Rita Pougiales, Ph.D., about how Evergreen's hiring process works and she explained to me that professors are originally hired for two three-year contracts and when that is completed they are evaluated and reviewed for a conversion to an eight-year appointment. This is Evergreen's equivalent to tenure. The college bases its hiring needs on the increase in student population, the changes in program needs, and the number of retiring faculty. She also said, "The new faculty is a mix of people with quite a lot of experience who are new to this college and this style of learning but are extremely eager to participate and get involved. I feel a tremendous amount of energy blended with experience and new ideas."

There are eight new term faculty this year and seven visiting faculty. "New term" faculty positions are positions typically involving an initial three-year contract and eligibility for continuing appointment after three to six years of full-time Evergreen teaching. "Visiting" faculty positions are positions that are opened in response to short-term needs, lasting one academic year or less. For more information about the faculty hiring processes you can visit <http://www.evergreen.edu/facultyhiring/> or call the Academic Deans office at 867-6387 in LIB 2211.

### Bios on 2 New Faculty:

Heather Heying Ph. D.

Heather is the first of fifteen newly hired faculty who will be covered here in the CPJ. Heather Heying received her Ph. D. in Biology last year from the University of Michigan-Ann Arbor. Her undergraduate degree was in Anthropology from the University of California at Santa Cruz. When I spoke with her I was impressed by her candor and experience. She has written a book called *Antipode* which was published by Saint Martin's Press just this year. It is currently available in our bookstore and is required reading for her program "Freshwater Ecology" which she teaches with Rob Cole. *Antipode* details her experiences in Madagascar where she was even wounded by a female lemur that bit her arm! You can find more information about Heather and her book at [www.bamboofrog.org](http://www.bamboofrog.org).

Heather grew up in Pacific Palisades which is in west L.A. Her hobbies are mountain biking, ultimate frisbee, and being a "potter" -which means she makes clay things. Heather loves pets, especially cats. For the Spring Quarter, Heather will be teaching a sixteen credit class on the Evolution of the Social Behavior of Animals. The class will be by application and for juniors and seniors only. Heather was attracted to Evergreen because she was exposed to a lot of independent type learning at both her high school and at the University of California at Santa Cruz. Heather is one of our "new term" faculty.

see Faculty page 5

see Jets page 6

## Why Don't You Just Cry and Write a Song About It or Something?

by Ian Mansfield

In a scene whose very name is practically a slur against its fans, and whose bands define their presence by denying their place in it, emo manages to produce a startling number of bands and fans. While bands like Jimmy Eat World and Dashboard Confessional deserve the derision they inspire, Jets to Brazil has embraced the original, challenging spirit of emo pioneers like Fugazi, Sunny Day Real Estate, and (not surprisingly) Jawbreaker. After the breakup of the latter, frontman Blake Schwarzenbach moved to Brooklyn and formed Jets to Brazil with an eye towards moving beyond the emo scene that confounded label executives and left fans expecting a rehash of *24 Hour Revenge Therapy*. With the release of its third album, *Perfecting Loneliness* (Jade Tree), JTB has simultaneously moved towards a more accessible "rock" sound while continuing to experiment with more diverse and sprawling arrangements. This is, of course, a Jets to Brazil album. The songs rarely move in a linear progression and won't get mistaken for Weezer anytime soon. Nonetheless, it betrays more classic rock influences than its predecessors. "Rocket Boy," one of several songs which include a string section and Schwarzenbach on piano, sounds like Elton John shaving his head, lamenting a breakup, and throwing back Pabst Blue Ribbon. "You're the One I Want," the catchiest song Jets to Brazil has ever recorded, recalls the glory days of lightweight early 60's pop-rock, when the Beatles took Dextrine instead of acid. Still, the cascading walls of guitar sneak their way into most of *Perfecting Loneliness*, and the breakdowns still inspire ironic, exaggerated headbanging. This balance between pop songwriting and indie-rock experimentation succeeds for the large part ("Cat Heaven" is a glaring exception), making it JTB's most musically interesting album. Unfortunately, those expecting the hallucinatory imagery of *Orange Rhyming Dictionary* will be disappointed. In the name of emotional directness (how emo is that?) Schwarzenbach has abandoned the Burroughs-esque imagery of songs like "Morning New Disease," an apparent account of a fever dream. The lyrics still may not always rhyme, but they do actually make sense by the second listen. While a title like *Perfecting Loneliness*, coming from a man who once sang "Now I'm making out the shapes I like the shower rod-can it take my weight?," would imply that the album is about as uplifting as Sylvia Plath's diary, Schwarzenbach thankfully does not stick to the emo standby subject of broken hearts. "Psalm" continues the explicit exploration of spirituality that began on *Four Corned Night's* "Seven/Stars." Even more passionate is "Disgrace,"

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# Sid White, Founding Faculty, in Recovery

by Enrique Riveros-Schafer

Sid White, one of the founding faculty of the college, experienced a stroke recently. He is currently in rehabilitation at St. Peter's Hospital. According to his wife Pat, he is responding very positively to the treatment and making good progress. For those who would like to send a note to Sid, you can either do so through his e-mail (patandsid@attbi.com) or by post. His address is 835 Phelps Lane NW, Olympia, WA 98502. He can also have visitors. He is in room 4A on the 3rd floor of the Rehabilitation Building (B) which is directly behind St. Peter's Hospital. Visiting hours begin at 4 p.m.

# Help a Child Learn to Read

by Aaron Hobbs

The Washington Reading Corps is looking for volunteers. Anyone who can give an hour or more per week to tutor a child is welcome.

We practice with children who are struggling with reading--and guess what? There are many. The amount of children we can help is limited only by the number of volunteer tutors we have.

If you are interested in making a difference in the life of a child, or interested in education as a life-path, please call Aaron or Justin at 412-4658. The Washington Reading Corps is a branch of AmeriCorps. We are located at Lacey Elementary.

# So What's the Deal With the Music Scene?

by Draw Mason

Got a band but can't find a gig? Got a song but can't find a band? Or do you just want to dance, but can't find a place to get down? Well, there's a new S&A group here at Evergreen tentatively called "The Musicians Club" (if you can think of a better name, maybe one with a F.U.N.K.Y. acronym, let us know). We are dedicated to creating a more accessible, inclusive and fun music scene in Olympia. You're invited to get involved in making local music happen! Come to our meetings on Wednesdays at 5 p.m. in the S&A area on the third floor of the CAB. The meetings will be focused around networking musicians together to inspire creative collaboration. We'll also be organizing upcoming shows and open mics at the HCC and other venues on and off campus. For more info contact the Musicians Club at [onebeat@musician.org](mailto:onebeat@musician.org)

# "Bass... NYC style"

by Nathan Levine

I'm not sure how Evergreen has been lucky enough to host a smattering of some of the world's best musicians in the past few years, but our luck doesn't seem to be running out anytime soon!

Next Monday night, Mark Helias, one of New York's finest double bassists, will play at the Organic Farmhouse with the Open Loose Trio. Helias has been making innovative music since the beginning of his career in the mid-seventies. He's enjoyed long musical associations with Dewey Redman, Don Cherry, Gerry Hemingway and many others in the jazz and creative music scene. Mark has been called "one of New York's finest composers, thinkers and instrumentalists" by *New York Times* writer Peter Watrous.

Helias started the trio as an outlet for his compositions and it quickly evolved into one of the more exciting jazz trios in NYC. Consisting of Helias on bass, Tom Rainey on drums and Tony Malaby on tenor saxophone, Open Loose performs an excellent mixture of improvisation and composition that plays along the fine line between straight ahead and very out, experimental music. Their sound is based in the world of jazz but it is not bound to that world by any means. Open Loose touches upon contemporary classical music, noise, groove, dub and world music in their flights of aural exploration.

The night will start off with a set by local group Shatners Bassoon, a creative jazz/noise music ensemble devoted to the creation and evolution of what creative music is to be... and not to be,

for that matter. These are some of the cats responsible for "Heigh Ho! The Strange and Beautiful Music of Walt Disney" and "Om..." (a musical séance that attempted to contact the spirit of John Coltrane), two wild concerts that happened last year in downtown Olympia. A re-grouping a few weeks ago offered up a fabulous show at Coffee Messiah on Capitol Hill in Seattle.

The show at the Organic Farmhouse is sponsored in part by Aural Frappe, the student improv group on campus that meets every few weeks to explore sound, theater and dance on one hand and on the other hand helps to bring world-class creative music to Evergreen at least a couple of times a year. Be watching for a double bass & trombone duet concert in December with Torsten Muller and Paul Rutherford, two highly accomplished creative musicians from Germany and England.

Remember, creative music is your friend and to forget this could be potentially fatal to your future appreciation of new music. Or, in the memorable words of Ralph Carney, "Fun, fun, fun. I got you on the run. Fun, fun, fun... have fun!"

Mark Helias' Open Loose Trio & Shatners Bassoon perform at the Organic Farmhouse on Monday, October 28th. Show starts at 8 p.m. \$6 students, \$10 general.

# Voices of Color: My Culture

by Kashif Nuriddin

My second year at The Evergreen State College began as a struggle for me. In pursuit of higher education I often contemplate my goal for how I will apply my education. One question I constantly ask myself: what do I endeavor to accomplish by attending college?

When I applied to the Evergreen State College I was exasperated with educational institutions in this country. From my experience, I understood that these institutions were only interested in acquiring money and cultivating the individual. Also, I felt as though I was being indoctrinated to become a product of this system and it's status quo. Conventional education, for me, seems to be propaganda aimed at the perpetuation of white supremacy. While in class, I would often hear statistics about high crime rates in the "black" communities and how primitive the "black continent is." The ideology enumerated at these institutions made the "black culture" repugnant and the "white culture" attractive to assimilation. The ancient Egyptians had a quote, "Know thyself," but how, considering these circumstances, can I know myself when knowledge about the positive aspects of my cultural history are concealed, and the negative aspects exploited?

I am from Oklahoma, the land of the 5 civilized tribes. Even though this land was supposed to be Indian Territory, conservative whites are the majority and control most of the resources. It is like I grew up on a reservation because my people are confined to one section of the town, segregated from everyone else. Gang

violence, alcohol and drug use, and inferiority complexes plague my community. They feel inferior to whites because, according to society's terms, whites are the only ones portrayed as successful. Fallacies and stereotypes are what we learn and accept in my community. We have accepted subservient standards and positioned ourselves into these roles. People who strive to become educated are scorned and identified by derogatory terms in my community. Possibly we have rebelled against education because the curriculum taught in schools has not been formulated for us. We don't know ourselves and consequently we have accepted the negative depictions of our culture that is promoted by the majority. How can colleges and universities contribute to the enhancement of social consciousness in situations like these? My contention is they cannot.

The Evergreen State College claims to support alternative learning and eccentric educational approaches and structures. These qualities are good because they encourage questioning the dominant paradigm and critical thinking. I think questioning people's definition of reality and education is important in terms of realizing ones own identity. Pertaining to my community, I believe analyzing society's definitions in a skeptical way is essential in understanding our purpose as people of color. Education is meant to give guidance and purpose. Does The Evergreen State College or any other institution give that sense of direction to people? My contention is they do not.

# Free Trade Area of the Americas

by David Hernick

On the thirtieth of October, the largest social organization in Ecuador, Conaie, is planning to protest the ALCA (Area de Libre Comercio de las Americas) free trade agreement and is expecting 20,000 protesters. This will be the biggest meeting for negotiations of the FTAA since the Summit of the Americas in Quebec City in April, 2001.

Trade agreements like NAFTA (North American Free Trade Agreement) and the FTAA strengthen the gap between the very rich and the poor. It forces government to cater to multinational corporations, and neglect their people and their land. The FTAA is the expansion of NAFTA to the 34 countries of the North and South American continents (Cuba is the only excluded country.)

The Metalclad Corporation, based out of California, bought a Mexican company with a plan to re-open a toxic waste disposal facility in the rural state of San Luis Potosi in Mexico. Before this could be done, a geological study revealed that this could contaminate ground water by leaking toxic waste into an aquifer. Local communities used this aquifer for drinking water. The governor of San Luis Potosi halted the project and declared

the surrounding 600,000 acres an ecological reserve. Claiming that the Mexican government had "expropriated" the future profits that it would make from the waste facility, Metalclad used NAFTA to sue in October 1996. In the end, the NAFTA tribunal sided with Metalclad and awarded the company \$15.6 million for its trouble. This was the first such NAFTA case that was settled and is a terrible precedent for other cases as well as an indication of what would be in store for future environmental initiatives. Negotiations to form the FTAA started in 1994 and will essentially replicate the devastation of NAFTA. President Bush plans to have the FTAA take effect in 2005. This issue was only made worse when the House approved Fast Track (HR 3005) on December 6th, 2001 by a one vote margin with tons of last minute political deals. This bill shortens deliberation in congress about trade issues and gives President Bush extended authority on all trade negotiations.

For more information: <http://www.ftaa-alca.org/> <http://stopftaa.org/> <http://www.infoshop.org/>



by Apryl Nelson

**October 13**  
10:09 a.m.  
Burnt food causes the fire alarm to go off in yet another random dorm.

**October 14**  
4:45 p.m.  
Yellow boots remind me of rainy days as a child, what about you? Well, if you have overdue parking tickets, yellow boots aren't as happy. With a boot on your car you can't really go anywhere, so the offender had to pay off his parking tickets. I say "good job," except for one small problem: you can't pay something then place a "stop payment" on the check. That's just wrong.

**October 15**  
Nothing!!!

**October 16**  
12:20 a.m.  
Do Wednesdays make good nights for camp-outs? Sure they do, if you aren't sleeping in your truck in C lot. That's when the problems start, because sleeping on campus isn't allowed, especially since there are dorms here. Sorry.

**11:23 p.m.**  
Bong: a simple water pipe consisting of a bottle or vertical tube partially filled with a liquid (such as water or liqueur) and a smaller offset tube ending in a bowl. This is also what was found chilling on a computer desk during a walk-through on campus housing. After contact was made with the resident, the bong was confiscated. The case was sent to grievance and the rest of the report ends in black lines. I'm assuming that the evidence locker is one "bong" richer this evening. (Thanks to [www.m-w.com](http://www.m-w.com) for the definition.)

**October 17**  
9:01 p.m.  
Here's a little dialogue for you:  
"Do you know why I pulled you over?"  
"Depends on how long you were following me."  
"Let's start from the top."  
"Here it goes: I ran a stop sign. I changed lanes illegally! I changed lanes without signaling..." (most of the dialogue from "Liar, Liar"). To top it all off, the driver had her cousin's suspended license in the car, and it looked a lot like her, which caused a little confusion, but everything was cleared up. The suspended license was confiscated... end of report, apparently.

**October 18**  
6:33 p.m.  
Roller-blading in the CAB. There's a new one. Of course I can totally see how someone would want to do it. I mean it's warm in the CAB, and the floor is smooth. The best part is, if you get permission from the S&A board, I think it's ok to do it.  
7:00 p.m.  
The masked salal thief strikes for the first time this year. Ok, so the person harvesting salal isn't masked and, well, he or she isn't stealing in the grand scheme of things, but when it comes to plant life on government property, there really isn't a grand scheme of things. There's leaving the plant life alone and then there's taking it. But since you can get a permit to harvest salal, I have no pity for people harvesting it without a permit. You wouldn't drive with out a license... well, some people might, but that's not legal either.

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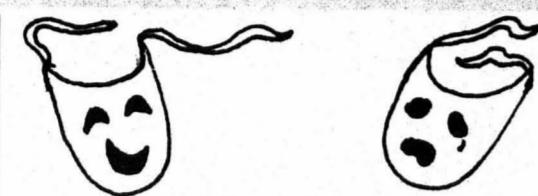
### Entrapment and Depression: Has New York's punk revival replaced the Manchester scene?

by Dan Krow

Is this possible? Could I actually prefer Interpol to Joy Division? For an avowed music snob like myself, that kind of thing is nothing less than blasphemy. It's like saying you prefer the Strokes to the New York Dolls. It's casting your vote for the posers, for the bands who have figured out their look before they've played one note.

But alas, I find myself preferring these bummed-out Brooklyn boys to Manchester's moodiest. Because there is no denying that Interpol's debut, "Turn On The Bright Lights," sounds a lot like Joy Division. The baritone vocals, the Richter-scale-registering bass lines, the atmospheric guitar tone that seems to dissipate into the air like cigarette smoke on a cold night? It's all there. You can't help but feel nostalgic and disgusted at the same time. During my first few listens to the record, I found myself asking the obvious question, "Why don't I just listen to Joy Division?" Why waste time with the real thing? But then slowly I realized the fundamental difference between Interpol and Joy Division. Beneath the airy guitars and menacing bass lines lays not a sense of doom, but one of malaise. Ian Curtis' claustrophobic narratives of entrapment and depression are nowhere to be found on "Turn On..."; instead they are replaced by tales of bored hipsters and hangover-induced introspection. Vocalist Paul Banks seems more inspired by ennui than epilepsy. But to fully appreciate Interpol, you have to realize they've transplanted the doom and gloom of early 1980's Manchester into a flourishing music scene in the middle of a city still trying to cope with the incomprehensible. Like the Strokes, Banks and Co. tell tales of lives spent in equal parts confusion, anger and ecstasy. Tales that carry extra emotional weight when you realize they're not about city life, but life in The City. When Ian Curtis sang "She's Lost Control," he easily could have been singing about New York City after 9/11, and that's what elevates Interpol above the rest of the punk revival bands.

See CD review, page 7, for more on Bright Eyes...



### Claire at Play

THIS WEEK: Modern Medea Meets Midnight Masses

by Claire Harlock

The Medea, Euripides' masterpiece based on the haunting and passionate Greek myth, is coming this weekend to Olympia's Midnight Sun Performance Space.

The Alleged Theater Project's production of Medea will be directed by Jon Tallman, who spent several years at The Evergreen State College studying acting and directing. "I am very interested in philosophy," Tallman said, "and theatrical philosophy is what first drew me to theater. I tried to quit a couple of times, but it never worked, I always came back." He directed three one-act plays based on the works of e.e. cummings at TESC and worked with Harlequin Productions during their run of King.

John Tallman, Noah Johnson and Paul Hawkhurst form the core of the Alleged Theater Project. Although Medea premiered in Athens in 431 B.C.E., Tallman hopes to modernize this tale of revenge. "I approach this play with precisely that in mind," he said. "Although I tried to modernize the use of the chorus, I ended up viewing it in a relatively traditional light—as a bystander, unable to intervene." That sense of powerlessness is felt throughout the play, and it resonates with Tallman. "It was the first thing that interested me in Medea," he said. "The characters are trying to stop something but it happens anyway. The inevitability of destruction is always looming over them."

The Alleged Theater Project has already planned another as-yet unnamed production for March. TESC graduates get top billing in the roles of Medea (Lauren O'Neil) and Jason of the Argonauts (Aaron Anderson). The cast also includes Roark Brewster as Creon, Rebecca Henrie as Agave, Colleen Meserve as the chorus, Jessica De Lashmutt as the messenger, Gabe Vortolussi as the tutor, and Rachel Wagner as the nurse. The Medea is produced by Noah Johnson, with set and lighting by Paul Hawkhurst. Show times are Thursday, October 24th and Friday, October 25th at 8 p.m.; and Saturday October 26th at

1:30 p.m. and 8 p.m. at the Midnight Sun Performance Space, 113 North Columbia Street, downtown Olympia. Doors open half an hour before each show and tickets are \$5 at the door. Seating is limited to 40, so come early.

Note to Viewers: If you have a 30-word or less review of The Medea, e-mail it to me at twocentsCPJ@hotmail.com by 3 p.m. Sunday, Oct. 27th and I will try to include it at the end of next week's review.

### When Irish Eyes Are Smiling:

Conor Oberst split in half, but in a good way

by Dan Krow

It's not often anymore that a concert feels momentous. Most feel done before they've even started, as if the audience knows how they'll feel about an artist before they've even played a note. They'll play and we'll cheer; maybe we'll call out a request but as long as they stick to mostly old material, we'll feel placated, if not inspired. Friday's Bright Eyes show at the Showbox felt momentous. In an hour and a half, Conor Oberst proved himself to be one of the most important young songwriters today. But he also proved he's still got a long way to go. After two short sets by The Bruces (with Bright Eyes' lead singer Conor Oberst playing bass) and Portland's M. Ward, each artist alternated twanging with a rootsy solemnity and rocking with a Dylan-like looseness. In a moment of foreshadowing, M. Ward sang that he had been "split in half like Carolina." It became clear later in the night that the same fate had befallen Conor Oberst. Hitting the stage with a caravan of instruments (chimes, keyboards, a banjo, an oboe, a flute), Oberst's backing band couldn't have looked more like a family. Despite Oberst's reputation as a tortured miserabilist, his friends looked as if they agreed with Oberst's assertion in the press about his new album that he's moving toward a more "positive" outlook. Not that Conor was smiling or anything, but he didn't look angry or broken like the last time I saw him in concert. Opening the show with "False Advertising," Oberst and Co. flawlessly frolicked in pastoral melodies and melancholic-mood music. As the mini-orchestra contracted and swelled, they proved over and over how much chamber pop can actually rock if done correctly. Every crescendo was sprinkled with airy, light touches that tickled the hairs on

Jets continued from cover

Stars." Even more passionate is "Disgrace," where Schwarzenbach attacks not only the president, but artists like Bruce Springsteen and Neil Young who have made new careers out of 9/11 telethons. His trademark bitter sarcasm is in fine form on lines like "We'll need a lot of heroes for this war / Pick up your guitar / Will the last hand please bring the flag? / 'Cause no one's rocking the boat and some kids here said they wanna dance." Indie-rock and emo are littered with a trail of bands who unsuccessfully tried to make their music more accessible while still maintaining that spark that made them so creative and distinct in the first place. As a matter of fact, Jawbreaker's *Dear You* though now a landmark emo album, inspired cries of "sellout" upon its initial release. History will probably not be so kind to most of today's emo bands, who use the term as a license to write about teenage love, which has dominated pop music since the earth was flat. However, Jets to Brazil has done admirably with *Perfecting Loneliness*. While it does not achieve the free verse brilliance of "Orange Rhyming Dictionary," "Perfecting Loneliness" is the most complete Jets to Brazil album yet. And God knows it will still inspire usernames on LiveJournal and MakeoutClub.

my arm. But Oberst truly proved himself worthy of his recent critical praise when he slipped the words "God Saves Oil Prices" into "A Day Is Gonna Come." Sounding aching and off the cuff, Conor corrected himself, saying "Oh no, I mean... God saves Texas family oil fortunes." The crowd reacted with spontaneous applause. And though it sounded like the audience hadn't earned the right to make such a statement, Oberst certainly had. In his willingness to reveal himself as simply another salesman (in the same song too!), Oberst earned the right to accuse a certain wealthy family of hypocrisy. But just as quickly the old Conor was back. The one who sings "Katie With a K's Song (Love is Real)" to end every show. The one who reduces the complexity of his post-9/11 song "Let's Not Shit Ourselves" to the pre-song comment, "So I guess the moral of the story is we need more love in the world." Although I doubt Oberst is a nihilist (though he does have nihilistic tendencies), I couldn't help feeling like he hadn't said what he meant to say at all. Especially when he played a new song during the encore, in which he used theater as a metaphor for life, singing about being left behind "as the trees are rolled away." If all the world is a stage, then doesn't that make love just another pose? By demanding salvation through love, Oberst mixes idealism and romanticism, a deadly mixture if there ever was one. Until he figures this out, Bright Eyes will forever seem like a band fronted by two people. Thankfully for us, those two people are two of the most important artists in music today.

### Malian Guitarist to play as Part of the "Evergreen Expressions Visiting Artist Series"

by Jon McAllister

On October 25 and 26 at 8 p.m., the great African guitarist Djelimady Tounkara will come to Evergreen to perform two nights of astonishing traditional griot music. Tounkara is an African guitarist from Mali, which is located in Central Africa just south of Algeria and Mauritania. Considered one of the world's finest guitar players, Tounkara will play traditional

a passion for the guitar, and the passion grew to love.

I spoke with Jennifer Kuhns, who is the Marketing Coordinator for the Media and Performing Arts at Evergreen. She is an alumna of the college and she's very excited about this season's line-up. "The whole season has a really good feeling and a lot of energy behind it," says Jennifer. "The Visiting Artist Series brings new shows to



Above: Guitarist Djelimady Tounkara  
Left: Coordinator Jennifer Kuhns



left: promotional photo  
above: photo by Jon McAllister

Manding music supported by the lute, percussion and vocals. Tounkara was born in Boudefo in the heart of Manding griot country. It was there that he learned the traditional art form called jeliva. Tounkara grew up playing drums at social gatherings and by the time he was a young man had mastered the more traditional instruments like the balafon, the kora, and the n'goni. He then discovered

the community and is a real benefit to the students because it gives them a chance to get direct contact with the artists."

Tounkara will be playing music from the traditional art form jeliva, and I, personally, am looking forward to these two nights of refreshing, traditional, and explorative music. For more information, you can call the box office at 867-6833, or visit the Performing and Media Arts web-site at [www.evergreen.edu/expressions](http://www.evergreen.edu/expressions). Tounkara's CD, *Sigui*, is currently available at the

### A Review of Djelimady Tounkara's CD, titled Sigui

by Jon McAllister

While I listened to *Sigui*, I was drawn into the world of traditional Manding music. Tounkara is backed up vocally both by his own daughter, Fatoumata, and Mamany Keita. However, it is his flowing, imaginative guitar-playing that captured my attention. The music kept me interested and moved my imagination from one scene to the next without interruption.

Tounkara's mastery of the guitar is clearly evident, as is his love for traditional music itself. He showcases his talent by playing a solo track called "Samakoun." The CD is an exploration of where Tounkara has come from, and for those interested in traditional griot music, this CD is definitely a must.

## Chamber-core grows up, develops social conscience

(beyond the blatant immorality of her turning me down for a date last friday)

by Dan Krow

Last year, during the glory days of All You Can Eat dinners, I overheard three girls discussing Bright Eyes, aka Conor Oberst, in the cafeteria. In spiteful tones, one girl suggested that Oberst's music would vastly improve if he wasn't so "self-obsessed". Is self-obsession a trait that hinders true artistic expression? I doubt it. Egocentrism is written into a lead singer's job description. Oberst's problem isn't his oh-poor-me disposition, it's the quality of his poetry. Sentiments that, if obscured in delicately chosen metaphors, become exquisite and universal, appear boring and obvious when rendered in Oberst's teenage diary prose. His lyrics are full of suns, moons, stars, "fields of ripe tomatoes", and other images straight out of Romantic Poetry 101. So then what makes *Lifted, Or The Story Is In The Soil...* such an extraordinary album, worthy of its comparisons to Dylan and Neil Young? First of all, there's the music. If music can be compared to architecture, the arrangements on the new Bright Eyes album are as ornate as the Palace of Versailles. Trumpets swell to militaristic bombast, pedal steels twang with a lush loneliness, orchestras waltz so beautifully it's like a room full of ballerinas pirouetting in time with the music. Perhaps in union with Oberst's romantic

proclivities, the arrangements suggest a sort of classicism, a palace chamber for Oberst to play his chamber-pop. But more than the music, Oberst has found something that makes the triteness of his lyrics irrelevant: self-consciousness. Oberst isn't happy being a bi-polar pin-up. Declaring "fuck my face, fuck my fame" on "False Advertising", Conor is realizing that his teenage diary doesn't seem so honest now that he's twenty-two. In fact, it seems like a downright lie. All those "psalms of praise" he dedicated to his teenage crushes are beginning to seem unworthy of their subjects. And anyways, he's found a new subject to whine about: the fate of our souls. From exploring the nature of truth on "A Day Is Gonna Come..." to the state of the world on "Let's Not Shit Ourselves," Conor is wrestling with the big questions and he's bringing every ounce of emotion to them that he brought to songs about being dumped. "Let's Not Shit Ourselves" is far superior to any other song written about post 9/11 America because Oberst strips away the sentimentality and pits us face to face with the harsh reality of the human condition, offering love as the only solution to mass confusion and pain.

So in reply to that girl in the Greenery: Give the kid a try, ladies. Underneath his pretentious poetry, he just might be one of the greatest songwriters we have today.

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the cooper point journal

january 24, 2002

Outside Olympia, Greeners are globetrotting to exotic adventures and dangerous locales...

# Peace Signs in Palestine

## Adventure Travel: Ego vs. Education, Risk vs. Reward

by Laura Nelson

by Michael Graney

I am presently sitting in a cafe sipping a double espresso in the most charming city I have ever been to, Cuzco, (or Cusco or Quosquo) Peru. It is 8 a.m. and I am waiting to meet six other travelers who will be joining me on an adventure expedition.

The questions are: "Why, what do you hope to gain from traveling to some strange and remote place? What possible lesson can you come away with from risking your life climbing a 19,000-foot peak? The answers I can give at 41 years are a great deal different from the ones I would have given at 25.

I am meeting six other friends from the States, ages 21-39, of varying degrees of expertise in the field of adventure travel and outdoor sports. In four days time I will begin crossing the Andes on foot. I will attempt to climb a 19,000-foot peak and I will run a river through the deepest gorge in the world. And I guarantee that there will be a few days in there when I will be suffering, and not a day when I am not in some physical discomfort. I will definitely wonder what the hell I am doing out there and why I left my wonderful girlfriend and our sweet cottage.

Traversing this region on foot and river gives me a better perspective on the difficulties encountered by the Inca in their daily lives and in achieving the great works they did achieve. I believe it gives me a truer sense of history. The Inca built on the mountain tops, they crossed the high places, they built along the river. The Inca even had a prayer of thanks for when they successfully crossed a high place: "We give thanks to Him who enables us to raise the burden, to ascend to such rugged heights as these." This prayer was still in use in de la Vega's time, 1536-1616. The Inca worshipped two deities, the Sun, which was visible, and Pachacamac (to whom the prayer is given), who is the "invisible and unknown God." In my language I offer this prayer: "I give thanks to the physical which gives me the strength to carry this and to the spiritual which gives me the will to carry this."

I believe that this accurately sums up some of the more esoteric aspects of adventure travel. The word adventure implies risk. It does not imply, anymore, the connections between physical, spiritual and mental discipline. But these connections are unavoidable on a true expedition which deals with more than simple ego enhancement. It is all about your approach. Go somewhere with the specific aim of getting in, climbing and getting out and you'll get nothing out of the experience. Go in with a will to explore the culture and geography slowly, learn the language, meet and speak to the people and things start happening that far exceed the rewards of simple "extreme" sports.

Adventure travel has the potential to train us in ethical and spiritual consciousness, risk management, liability and security. Now none of this is to say one shouldn't be careful. Odd juxtaposition, isn't it?

Play it conservative and you will still have plenty of amazing stories to tell. As you become more seasoned you can make broader choices. I have heard too many stories first-hand of people going to have a smoke with a local and ending up mugged, raped or both. If you want to climb a mountain or run a river, great! But either get appropriate training or go with well-respected guides, even if they are more expensive. What is the value of your life? It is crazy to hear people dickering for a \$20 break on price in this high-stakes game.

So adventure travel teaches us about foreign cultures. It also teaches us to explore the deeper, less visible aspects of the human spirit. Adventure teaches us to explore the unknown with an open heart and an open mind, to be prepared for any eventuality and to accept both risk and responsibility.

Finally, always remember: travelers are the best ambassadors of our culture. Like it or not you represent the USA. If you are like me and find yourself embarrassed by the excesses of the USA, then make certain that you do not leave the same impression in your wake. It takes ten good acts to wipe out the memory of a single bad one.

## Port-au-Prince

by Harold Fuller-Bennett

I visited Haiti, a small Caribbean nation, for a few weeks at the end of the summer. What follows is a bit of my journal, a small window on a life very different from our own.

The principal traffic outside the walls of our apartment are the water carriers. Most of them are children. They skip down in pairs and threes and sixes, swinging and banging empty jugs. They go to the source, a fountain in the ravine below our house. There is a party atmosphere around the spring as the kids wait their turn for the water, yelling and singing. Some have decent clothes and walk happily. They probably attend school and are helping their parents in their free time. Others are shabbily dressed. They are servants, orphans, or the children of very poor parents who gave their offspring to another family. Their faces don't share the joy of the other children. They work hard, and without education they do not have much hope for a better life. When a group has filled their jugs they lug their cargo (on their heads if they are girls, awkwardly in their arms if they are boys) back up to a house on the mountain. We are all out of reach of the city water grid here in Pacot, but a water truck fills our building's cistern.

Port-au-Prince is trying to grow, but it has nowhere to expand but up steep hillsides. The city has mountains to the north and south, the sea to the east, and wealthy Petionville in the west. New houses, hovels and shacks must be built on sheer slopes, perilous during the rainy season, out of the reach of municipal services, and crowded. If a driver loses control, pedestrians don't have anywhere to run. Luckily, the roads are in such a poor state that most cannot help but drive extremely slow. Rue Pacot, like all the streets in this neighborhood, has a somewhat medieval feel. It is a wealthy quarter of a very poor city, so all the houses and lawns are guarded by high cement, often topped with barbed wire or pieces of broken glass. All of Haiti, in fact, is filled with such walls. Before you build something, you must build a wall around it. I have seen many walls around empty lots. There are many beautiful houses in this neighborhood, but all you get to see is the roofs. The water-carrying kids do not even get that. They toil, overshadowed by the dikes that prevent them from flooding into the richer world that surrounds them.

Paranoid that someone would notice and turn me in, I crawled over the person next to me and, with as much indifference as I could muster, walked toward the rear of the plane with my book in hand. The first door that I came to displayed a green "unoccupied" sign, with a few of the letters faded. I slipped into the bathroom. On the toilet, I tore the marked pages out of my Lonely Planet guide to Israel and the Occupied Territories, folded them in half, and threw them into the trash. These pages, most likely bound for an incinerator or landfill somewhere near Tel Aviv, contained information about such events as the war of 1948, which the Israelis call "the War of Independence," and Palestinians know as "the Catastrophe." The information itself, a very brief history of the land to which both Israelis and Palestinians make a claim, was not incriminating at all. What sent me to the bathroom so calmly were my underlines and notes in the margins.

In a few hours, I would land in Tel Aviv, Israel, with the intent of traveling into the West Bank as a member of the ISM (International Solidarity Movement). I was there to involve myself with Palestinians in non-violent direct action against the IDF (Israeli Defense Force). Internationals had been traveling to Palestine since June for the Freedom Summer Campaign and before that for other campaigns. The Israeli government sees these people as working with the enemy. The Israeli government claims that the Palestinians are a population of real or potential terrorists. They use this to justify their ongoing occupation of the West Bank and Gaza and to justify the turning back of over 200 internationals suspected of flying into Tel Aviv with the intent of aiding the enemy. In order to get in, I had to have a story.

I would tell the immigration official that I was there as a tourist to see the holy sites in Jerusalem and to visit the most beautiful parts of Israel. I was prepared for hours of interrogation and searches. I left Khalil Gibran's The Prophet at home because he's Lebanese. I bought a new journal and wrote nothing about the purpose of my travels in it. I underlined the chapters in my guidebook on the beautiful Israeli sites I would visit. (All of these, while no doubt beautiful and worth visiting, were false.) I had rehearsed with my partner again and again our falsified answers to inane questions like, "where did you get the money for this trip?" and, "aren't you scared to be here right now?" You see, I was a traveler with a political purpose. I could not fly directly into Palestine, and Israel didn't want me.

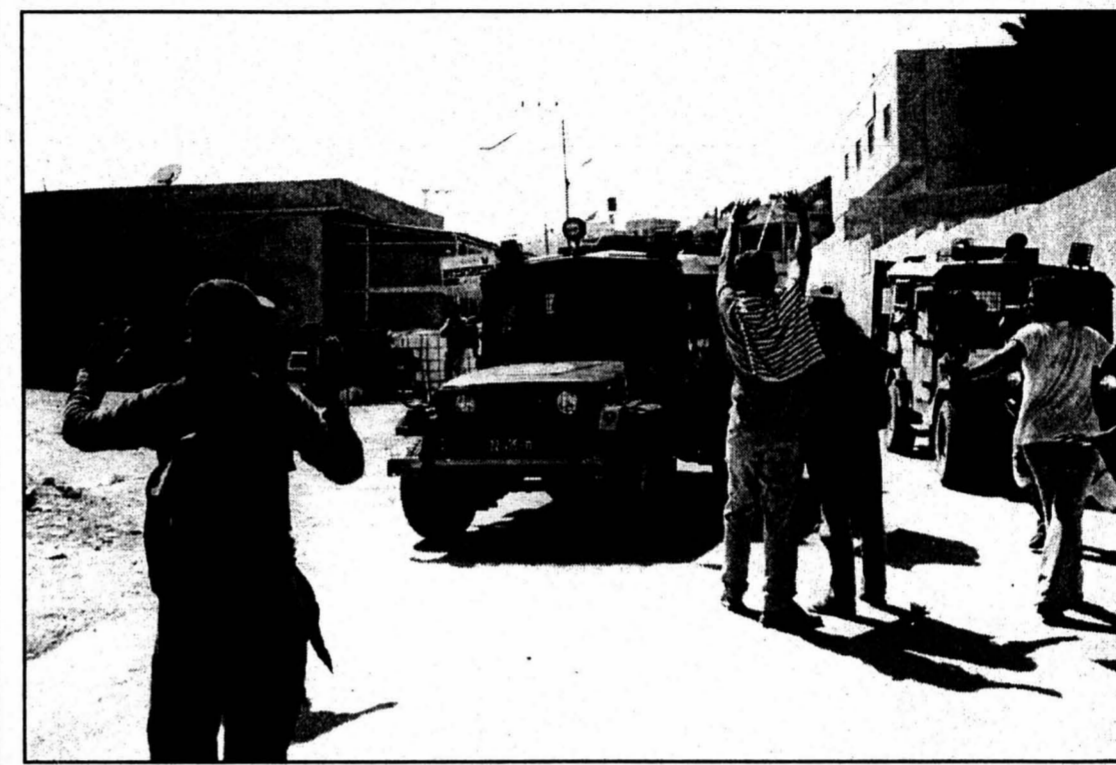
As I strapped my seat belt on and put my seat back into its upright position, I felt more terrified than I remember feeling perhaps in my entire life. My legs twitched. My lungs strained for air. My mind spun and dizzied itself. The immigration officer was completely disinterested. She asked two questions (from where did I fly in and for what purpose was I in Israel) and, without looking at me, stamped my passport. That was it. I was in and I could breathe.

I would feel such terror twice more during the three weeks that I was in that land. Both times would, like the first, be moments of anticipation--waiting. Both would be fear of what I imagined my experience to be--before I had really experienced occupation.

After less than two days in the West Bank, I understood what some ISM folks referred to as the "protective bubble." This bubble came automatically with my white skin and my U.S. citizenship. All U.S. citizens--white folks especially--have a protective bubble that can be used in places like Palestine. Behind every U.S. passport, Israeli officials see massive political, financial, and military support. This support from the U.S. has ensured the strength of the state of Israel and its occupation of the West Bank and Gaza since 1967. Also, the privilege afforded to internationals throws into nauseating contrast the level to which Palestinians have been dehumanized. I was waved through a checkpoint with a smile by an Israeli soldier while five young Palestinian men, no doubt trying to reach their girlfriends or jobs in a neighboring town, were forced to kneel with hands behind backs for hours in the hot sun. Their crime: being young Palestinian men.

The injustice done to these young men was a fraction of the injustice that I would witness in the West Bank. My presence there gave Palestinians hope, and alleviated some injustice for brief moments. My presence did not end the injustice. I am working on that now, and will be for a long time.

For more detailed information about the experience of International Solidarity Movement (ISM) or people in Palestine, attend our slide show at Evergreen on or near October 29th. Look for fliers and contact me with any questions at [laurajay@riseup.net](mailto:laurajay@riseup.net).



Military police jeeps try to break through internationals standing in front of them, protecting Palestinians. There were French, American, Spanish, Danish, German and Japanese peace activists here because the villagers knew there would be trouble. The Israeli peace activists arrived earlier and requested our protection. Police shot tear gas mortars, tear gas grenades and concussion grenades to disperse us, but we stood our ground.

### Photos and captions by Conor Kenny

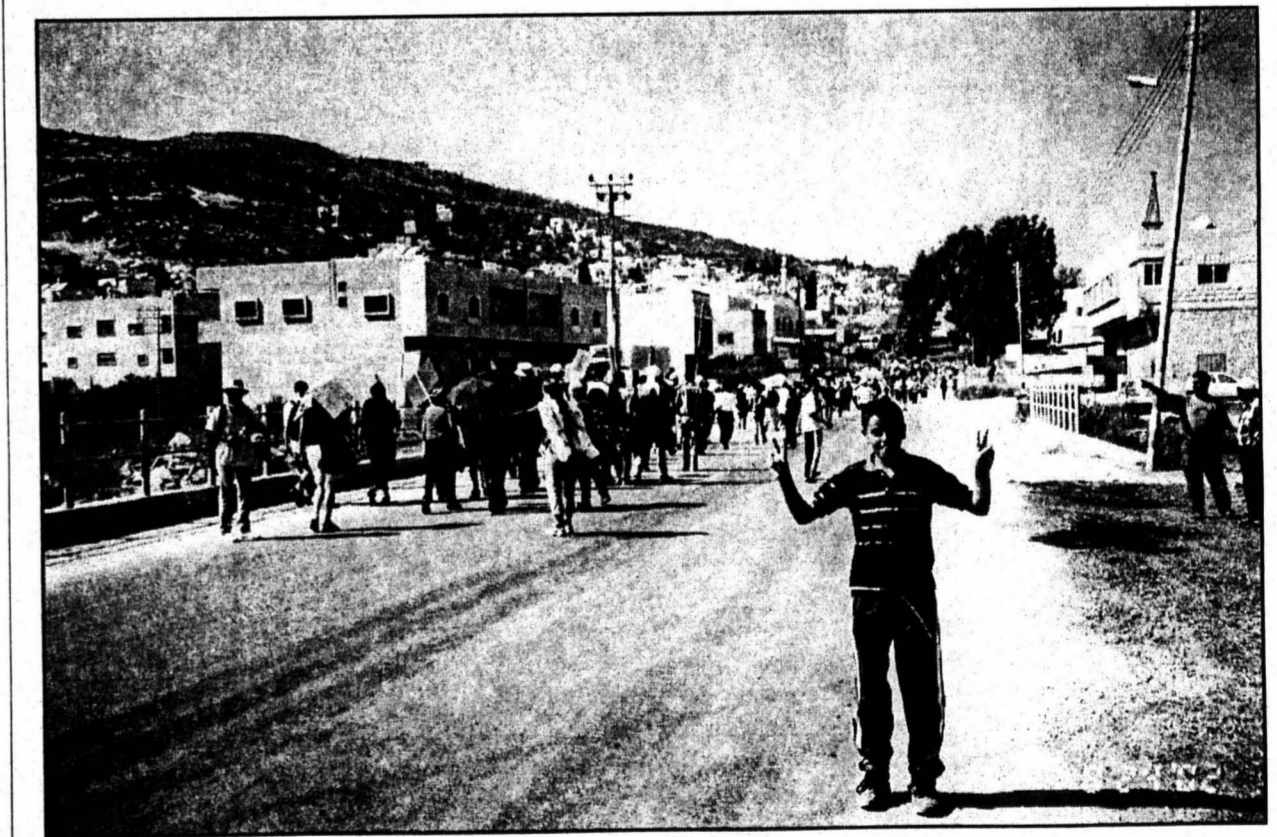
These three pictures are from a joint Israeli-Palestinian peace/anti-occupation rally held in the village of Huwarra. Conor Kenny is an Evergreen student who participated in the ISM along with Laura Nelson. Huwarra is next-door to an occupation army military base and thus has been under curfew for over two years (since the start of the intifada, or "uprising"). The town has experienced food shortages for several months because only U.N. food trucks are allowed into the village.



This is at the actual demonstration. Note the signs in Arabic, Hebrew and English. The area was crowded with Palestinians, Israelis and a few dozen internationals hugging and shouting, "Peace, yes! Occupation, no!" The bandana was for the tear gas that they shot at us all afternoon.



A Red Cross/Red Crescent ambulance shot up by the Israeli Occupation Army. Most of the ambulances I saw had a bullet hole somewhere on them. The Geneva Convention explicitly forbids armies from hindering ambulances or medical personnel. One of the things we were constantly doing was negotiating the safe passage of ambulances. Most days during the curfew the only people on the road were ambulances, tanks and insane taxi drivers--probably the folks most adept at evading the army.



Israeli peace activists, 300 or more, who had come into the West Bank to bring food to the villagers and protest the occupation. The army tried to block them from entering and had beaten and arrested a few, but they simply marched on. The boy was one of the Palestinian locals who had rushed down to welcome the activists. The Israelis were from Taaush, a peace group of Israeli Jews opposed to the occupation. It is important to realize that there are many, many Israelis opposed to the occupation for practical as well as humanitarian and ethical reasons. While I was there we called an Israeli human rights group to report Palestinian arrests so they could work on getting them released.



THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24

- Here's your chance to explore the Hudson Bay Company's history. A full hour of "edutainment" will be yours at the Lacey Community center (6729 Pacific Ave) from 7:00 to 8:30 p.m.
  - Come to the weekly Greeners for Peace Meeting at 5:00 p.m. in the Student Activities office in the CAB. They're Greeners! And they're for Peace!
  - Come to Library 4300 from 6:00 to 10:00 p.m. for a "networking and music event" sponsored by EPIC and TESC Labor Center, featuring la Paz, a hip hop group from L.A.
- FRIDAY, OCTOBER 25**
- Guitarist Djelimady Tounkara (try saying that five times fast) will perform his mesmerizing Malian melodies at the Experimental Theatre at 8:00 p.m. 8 bucks for students, 15 for everyone else.
  - The U.S. Amateur Ballroom Dancers Association is hosting a Halloween Ball! A free dance lesson starts at 7:00 p.m. and dancing goes from 8:00 to 11:00. Costumes are optional. Prices are \$6 per person for members, \$8 for the rest of us. Be there at the Olympia Elks, 1818 E. 4th Ave in Olympia.
- SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26**
- Djelimady strums his guitar yet again, also at the Experimental Theatre at 8:00.
  - More ICOGJATTOWAC (the international conference thing) today from 8:00 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.
  - Protest the so-called Patriot Act on its anniversary! Here's your

chance to strike a blow for freedom, justice, and the American way, just like Superman! See [www.internationalANSWER.org](http://www.internationalANSWER.org) for details.

- A nifty workshop on "The Theory and Practice of Peace Activism" will take place in the Garden Room at Gloria Dei Lutheran Church, from 10:00 a.m. to 4:20 p.m., just bring a brownbag lunch and a reasonable donation.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 27

- The Olympia Chamber Orchestra will perform at the Evergreen Recital Hall. All kinds of pretty music, only 15 bucks (10 for Greeners). Starts at 8:00 p.m.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 28

- S&A has their weekly meeting in CAB 315 from 3:00 to 5:00 p.m.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 29

- Guatemalan rainforest organization leader Santos Choc will speak about all the evil and destructive environmental practices in Central America, as well as the Central American Free Trade Agreement. Be there at 7:00 p.m. at Traditions on 5th and Water.
- EQA has its weekly meeting at 4:30 in Library 2220
- A program called Stories from Palestine will take place at 6:00 p.m. in Lecture Hall 1. Come enjoy stories, reflections, and slides from community members recently returned from Israel and Palestine.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 31

- EPIC's weekly meeting takes place at 2:00 p.m. in Library 3500.

Social Justice Teach-in Examines Solutions

press release from Seattle Radical Women

Optimistic rebels from all walks of life are invited to take part in a one day educational conference called "Imagine Revolution" to be held at the University of Washington School of Social Work on Saturday, November 9.

Guest speakers include seasoned political organizers from Australia, El Salvador, and the U.S. They will explore the possibility of creating societies based on global cooperation and economic planning where art, wealth and justice are shared by all. Registration opens at 8:30 a.m.

"Strong Medicine: Toxic Capitalism and the Socialist Cure," the first panel discussion, kicks off the day-long event at 9:30 a.m. Addressing this topic will be veteran Salvadoran labor leader Salvador Duarte who was arrested and tortured five times during the civil war in his country; retired economics professor Mel Leiman who wrote *The Political Economy of Racism*; and pioneer tradeswoman and Marxist scholar Megan Cornish.

"Women and Resistance: Alive and Inseparable" is the focus of an 11:30 am roundtable that includes Australian feminist Debbie Brennan, Mujeres Racionales co-founder Marta Hernandez of El Salvador, and U.S. National Radical Women Organizer Nancy Reiko Kato of San Francisco.

At 2:30 p.m. an in-depth discussion of "Race and Revolution" will be spearheaded by Portland Chicano educator Eduardo Martinez Zapata and Cuba solidarity activist Emily Woo Yamasaki from New York City. They plan on exploring the rela-

tionship between class and race oppression and between individual and systemic racism.

A variety of interactive workshops will begin at 3:45 p.m. Acclaimed Bay Area writer Nellie Wong will lead a session on "Poetry and Rebellion" with Los Angeles literary artist Cheryl Deptowicz. Current day political action will be debated in several groupings, including one with delegates from the King and Los Angeles County Labor Councils on "Unionists Against War" and another on "Student/Staff Campus Coalitions" moderated by U.C. Berkeley agitator Toni Mendicino. Tips on creating "Left Electoral Alliances" will be shared by Peter Murray, Senate campaign manager for Australian Socialist Alliance candidate Alison Thorne. Lessons from the past will be probed by gay movement trailblazer Chris Smith on "Hidden History of Queer Radicals" and international analyst Stephen Durham on "Great 20th Century Revolutions." Those interested in access to media won't want to miss the insights about alternative radio provided by Jennifer Laverdure, a member of the Bread and Roses Collective at Portland's KBOO radio station.

This free teach-in will be at the University of Washington, School of Social Work, 4101 15th Ave. NE, 3rd Floor, in Seattle. It is sponsored by Campus Radical Women and the Freedom Socialist Party. Childcare will be available, if you call three days in advance. If you'd like more information, call 206-722-6057 or email [RW@seattle.mindspring.com](mailto:RW@seattle.mindspring.com).

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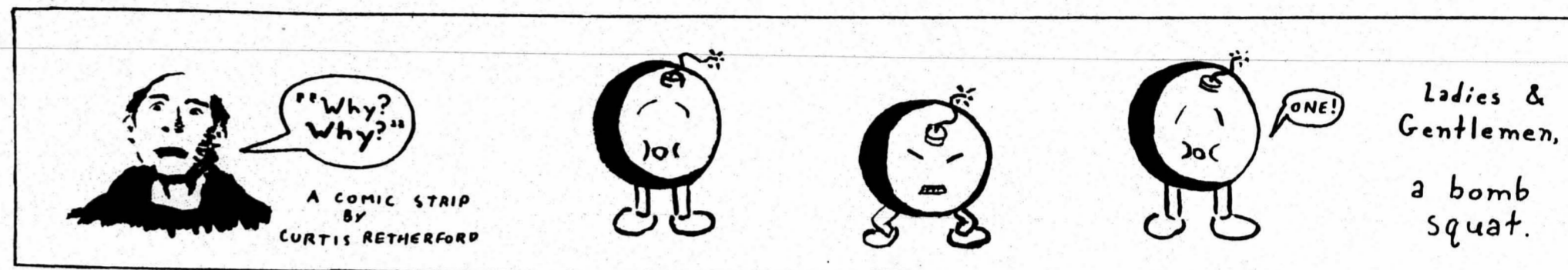
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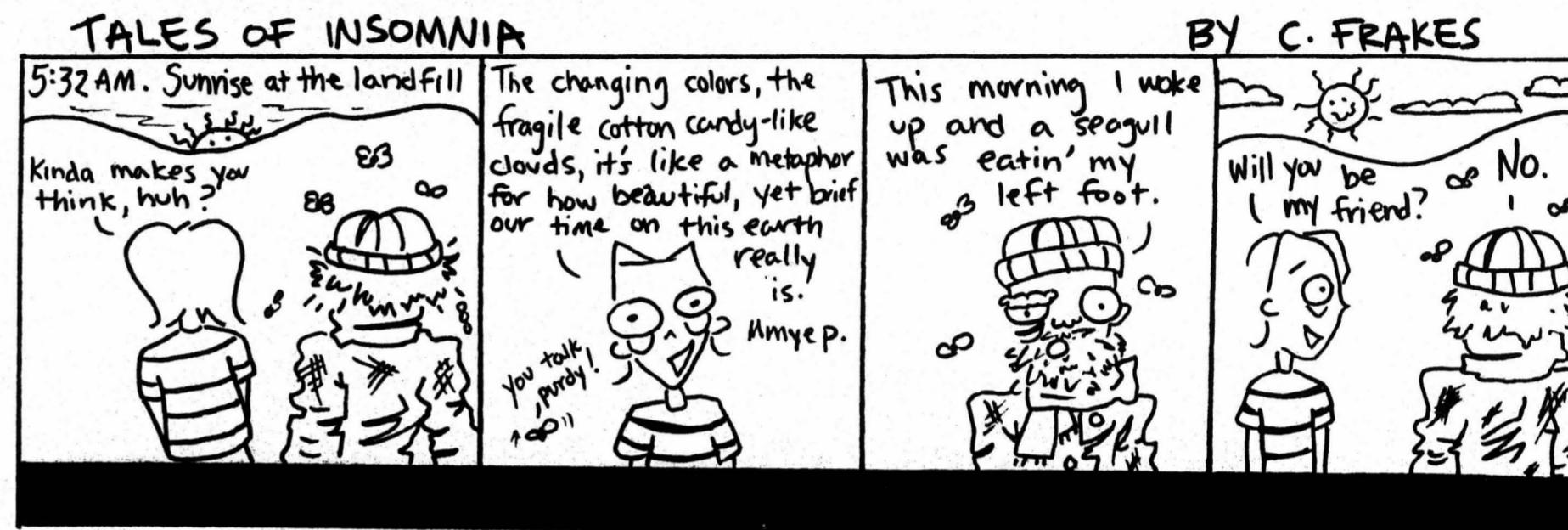
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Why?Why? by Curtis Retherford



Tales of Insomnia by Colleen Frakes



Yo ♥ Frijoles by Elicia Sanchez

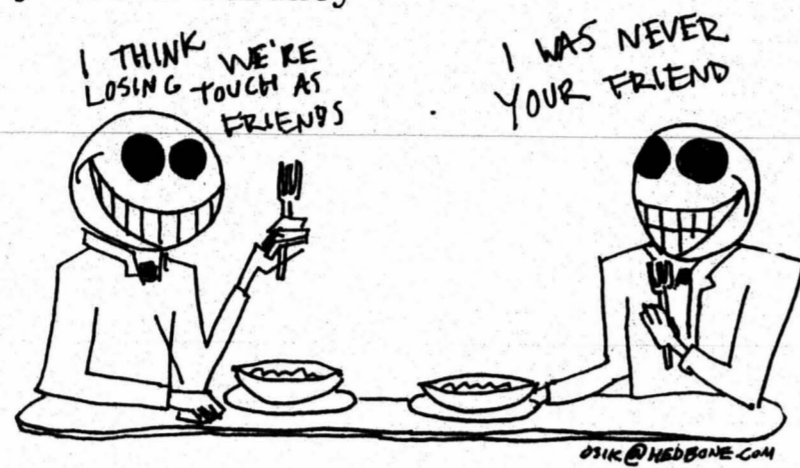


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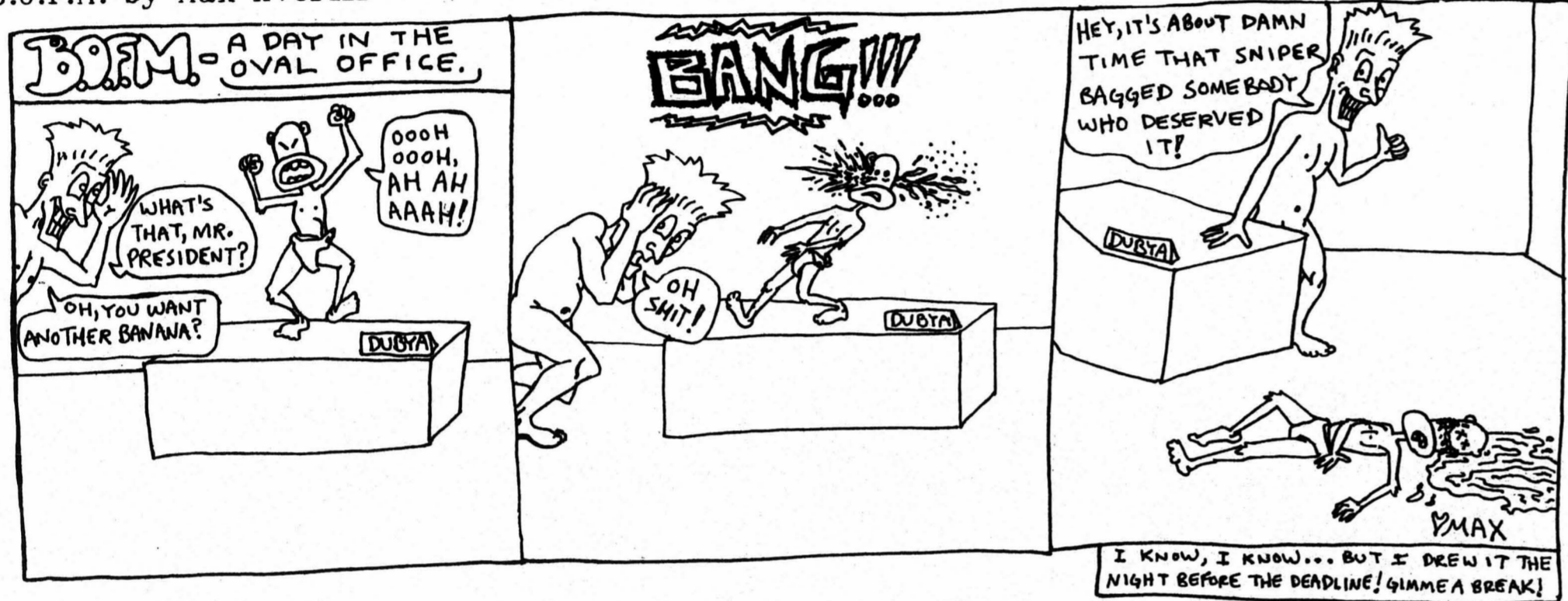
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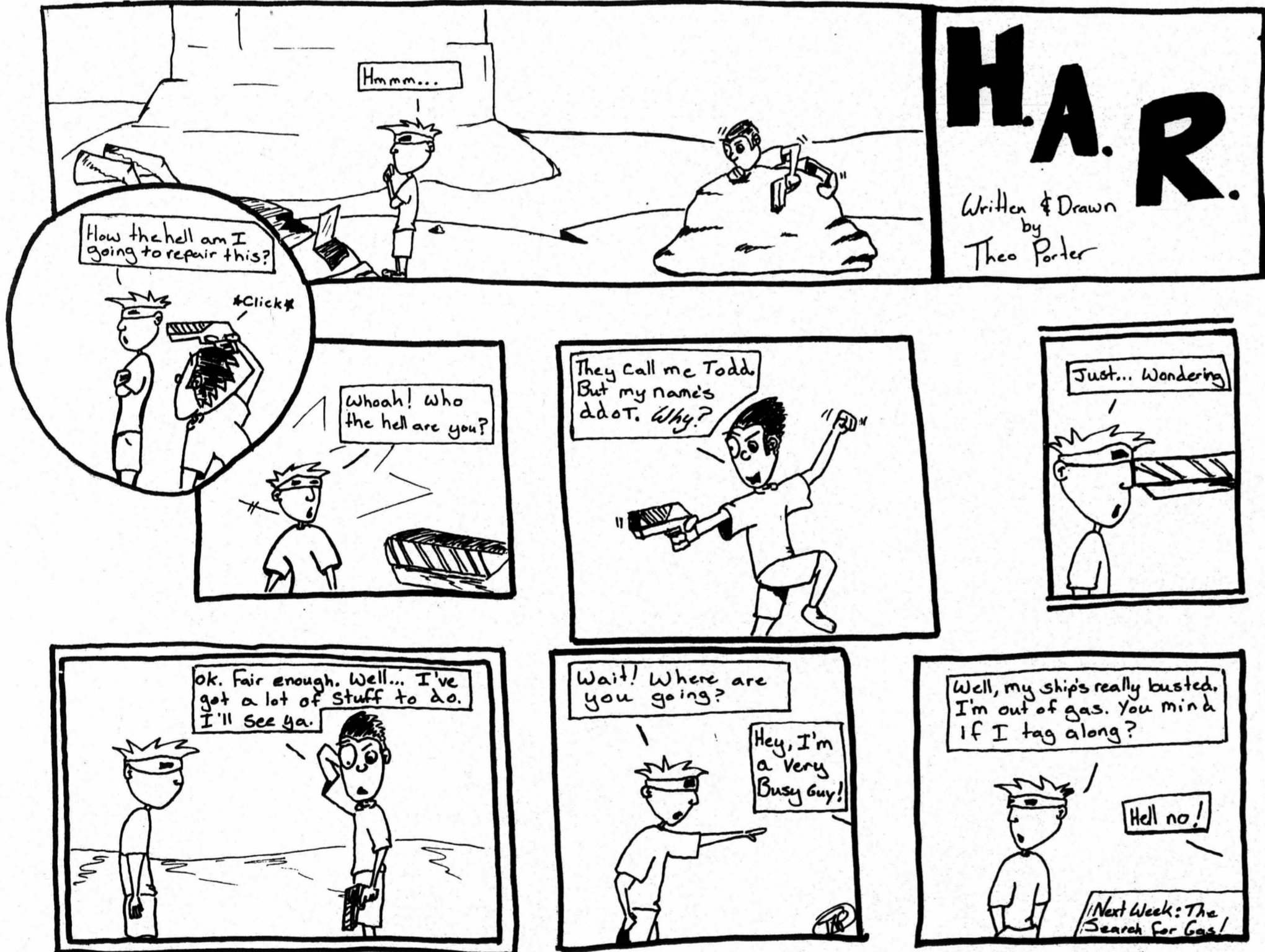
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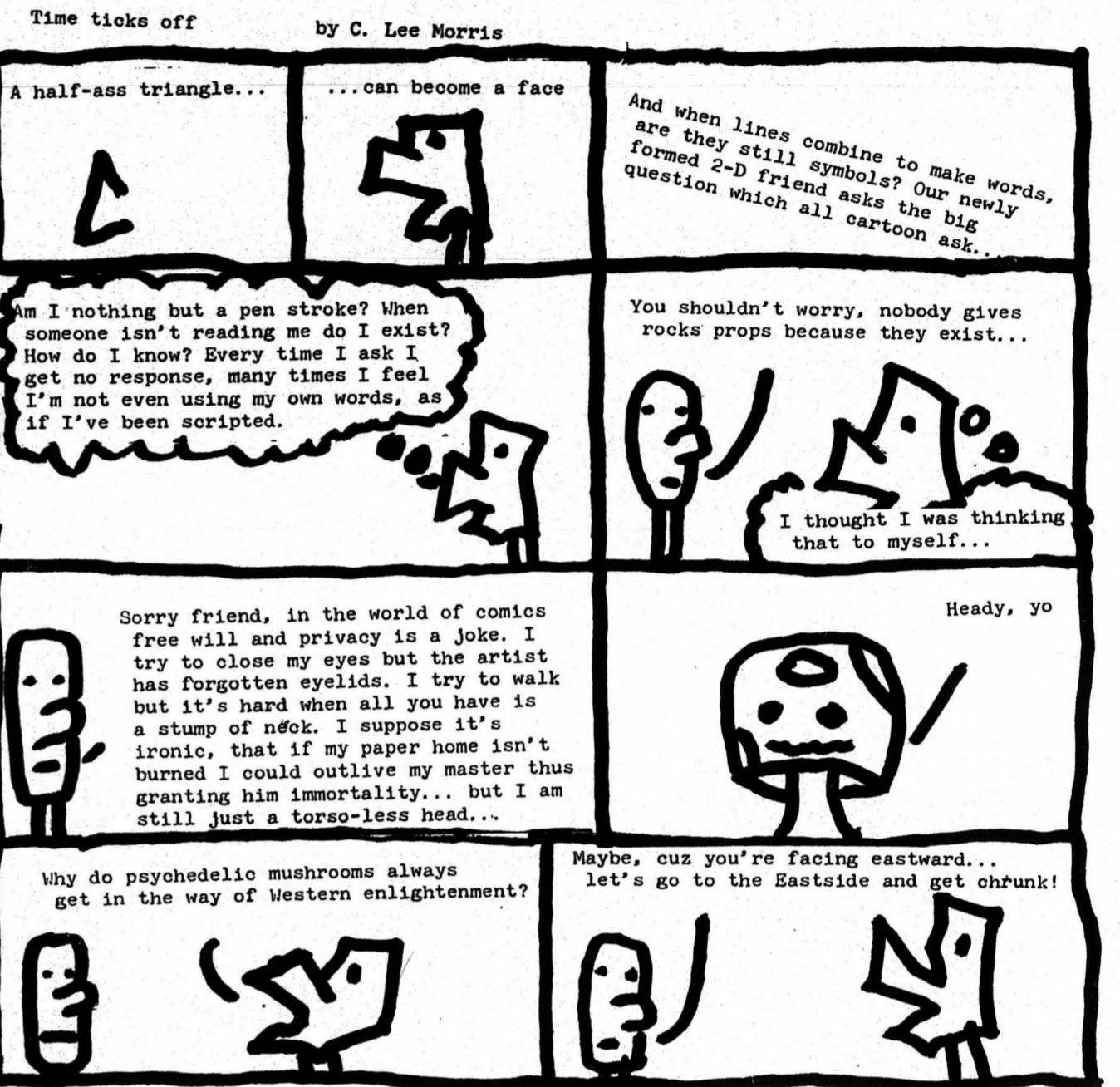
B.O.F.M. by Max Averill



H.A.R. by Theo Porter



Time ticks off by Cody Lee Morris



RATS by Steve Burnham



More RATS by Steve Burnham



W.Y.L.T.B.A.M.? by Timothy Bard

