

Pledge of Allegiance

by Krystal Kyer

"I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America and to the republic for which it stands, one nation under God, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

Which may be translated as:

Wealthy White Man's Pledge \$

I pledge allegiance to the Concept of the White Man and to the Superiority for which it claims, one oppressor under God, intolerable, with property and privilege for all Wealthy White Men.

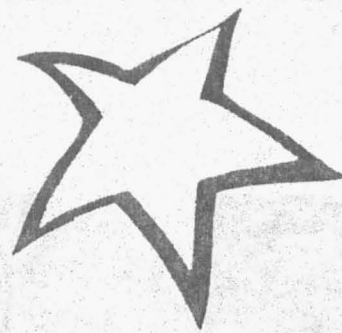


Consumer's Pledge

I pledge allegiance to the dollar of the Federal Reserve and to the corporations for which it serves, one market under Capitalism, exclusive, with entertainment and injustice for all.

Student's Pledge

I pledge allegiance to the classroom of Public Education and to the socializing for which it conducts, one prison of the Mind, inoperable, with ignorance and propaganda for all.



Worker's Pledge

I pledge allegiance to the bosses of the Populace and to the myth for which they espouse, monopolies offering wages, omnipresent, with slavery for the majority and profits for the few.

The CEO's Pledge

I pledge allegiance to our shareholders in the Stock Market and to the wealth for which they hoard, unlimited greed under Capitalism, maximizing profits in the short term while ignoring social and environmental concerns of the majority, as well as future generations.




The Revolutionary's Pledge


I pledge allegiance to Humankind, one of many species sharing Earth, and to fight out of love for our liberation from capital's control, to bring into existence true Democracy and Peace for All.




Vox Populi


What is your worst, best and scariest Halloween costume?

 "Halloween 2000 I dressed up as an acid trip. That was everything ... my worst and my best. It was [the scariest], too. An acid trip. It was a good trip and a bad trip."
- Aaron Pogue

 "Well, my worst was my best costume; that was an X-ray machine. At first it was the best, because I'd drawn what was coming out of my body, you know through an X-ray screen ... and then people attacked it and so it became the worst. And then, my scariest was probably a riot girl."
- Mat Cote

 "[From] when I was about seven through twelve years old, I was Kermit the Frog consistently. And I had a full head costume ... and legs and everything. And it was kind of like, by the time I was twelve it was pretty scary, but when I was seven it was definitely the best costume of all time. My mom had sewed it for me; it was a layered thing."
- Katlin Jones

"I don't know what my scariest costume was. My best—I have two best—I was a door-to-door salesman one year, and another year me and my friend dressed up as a pair of dice. My worst costume—I think one year I dressed up like a gangsta, like a kid from the hood. So those were my best and worst."
- Bekah Agnew

 "One of my best was a sheet. We were in LV and we took sheets from the hotel and made togas. That was kind of good, not the best, but... Scariest was, I was in second grade and I was a punk rocker. I had this orange and black spiked wig. Kinda scary, just the fact that a second grader did it. Worst was probably another elementary school one when I was Miss America, and I had Michael Jordan shoes."
- Troy Petermann

"Best, I was a toothpaste. Worst, I was a princess. And scariest, I was a stripper-cop last year. I was a police officer, but..."
- Ariel Berman



photo: Andrew Cochran
Jacob Wooten, intrepid facilities employee, brandishes a tool of the trade. Wooten was one of the six employees who began a garden that has been vandalized twice and says he would like to speak to the culprit.

Plant Killer(s) at Large

commentary *The Case of the Mysterious Rock Salt Attack*

by Andrew Cochran

On October 9, 2001, Eco-terrorism at its most bizarre struck the heart of the Evergreen campus. The garden between A and E dorms was seeded with rock salt, killing all the plants.

Among the casualties of this vicious attack were cucumbers, tomatoes, jalapeños, and acorn squash. The garden had been planted in early summer and watered daily, carefully weeded, even sung to. The garden was meant to be a community project, with space given to any student who wanted to grow something. The Housing staff that planted the garden did so on their own initiative. Once harvested, some of the vegetables were to be made into fried green tomatoes and given free to students outside the community center. Instead, the students will be feasting on fried green disappointment.

This happened before, in early June. The circumstances were exactly

the same. The crime seems patently absurd. There have been no other occurrences of floricide at the organic farm, in the natural forest surrounding Evergreen, or the manicured landscape of the campus itself. Even half of the garden was left alone. Is this the violent carnivore reaction to Veganism we've all been bracing for? Only time will tell.

Thus far Housing only wants to speak to the perpetrator. There will be no charges filed. The gardeners would like a dialogue with the person who did this. The peculiar and specific nature of the incident, with its scorched-earth overtones, points to a political statement, but what could such a statement be? Another possible motivation is vengeance, but against whom or what? Acorn squash? Who hates acorn squash that much? Finally, one Housing employee offers this theory: the culprit is "just fucking mean." In any case, a

satisfactory explanation would allow for future planning of on-campus gardens. The possibility of a similar garden on the 10th floor of A dorm has been postponed indefinitely due to the attack.

Police Services is emphatically not involved, and it must be reiterated that no charges will be pressed. So if you did this, call Housing at x5012 and tell them why. Then listen to their point of view. Who knows—maybe you will develop an appreciation for their hard work and the ripe, juicy flavor of an organically grown tomato.

Otherwise, take heed from the Book of Deuteronomy, Chapter 29, Verse 23: "The whole land will be a burning waste of salt and sulfur—nothing planted, nothing sprouted, no vegetation growing upon it." Plus we all know how the U.S. deals with terrorists, so it's cruise missiles and Special Forces for you.

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General meeting 5 p.m. Monday

Help decide such things as the Vox Populi question and what the cover photo should be

Paper critique 4 p.m. Thursday

Comment on that day's paper. Air comments, concerns, questions, etc.

Forum 2 p.m. Friday

Join a discussion about journalism and ethics facilitated by CPJ advisor Dianne Conrad

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Pecked to Death by Swans

Have you been searching for a tool you can use on... um... swans? If you have, rejoice. Here it is. "The Swan Tool," a multi-gene show by Miranda July with a live score by Zac Love, will play October 26 and 27 at 8 p.m. at the Experimental Theatre. This show is described as a combination of video, performance, music and helium (high voices?) to "tell the story of a woman who cannot decide whether to live or die." The show is brought to you by Evergreen Expressions, and tickets are \$15 for the general audience and \$10 for students and seniors. You can pick 'em up at Orca, Rainy Day, or the Evergreen Bookstore. Call 866-6833 for more info.
— Erica Nelson

Come Have Halloween Fun!

Do you know what you're doing October 26, 2001? Well, I know what you should be doing. You should come to the Freaky Friday Halloween Costume Ball and get your dance on...

•**What is the Freaky Friday Halloween Costume Ball?** Well, that's simple. It's a dance put on by First People's Advising Services & Housing.

•**Where is the Ball?** It's in L4300 (in other words, the top floor of the Library building).

•**When is the Halloween fun happening?** Friday, October 26, 2001 from 9 p.m. -12 a.m.

•**Does it cost any money?** Nope we got you. We only ask that you bring a non-perishable food item for the campus food bank if you are able to do so.

•**What should you wear?** You can wear formal attire or a freaky Halloween costume.

•**Why should you go?** You should go because it will be an evening of dancing, a variety of music you can shake yourself scary to, and Halloween fun. Plus, there may be special guest stars. Your life just wouldn't be complete if you didn't come. So if you didn't know, well now you know, so go tell a friend.

Also, if you can, check out the Day of the Dead display in the bookstore window next week... more information about this holiday in next week's CPJ.

— Randolph Corradine

Coordinated Protests Against War and Racism

This Saturday will bring what is being called a Day of Internationally Coordinated Protests Against War and Racism. Looking around the CAB, one will find fliers about the event from two groups: the Olympia Movement for Justice and Peace, and A.N.S.W.E.R. (Act Now to Stop War & End Racism.) Both organizations express sympathy over the September 11 incident, but believe that war is not the appropriate response. The day will begin with a gathering at 11:00 a.m. at Sylvester Park, followed by a rally at 11:30 a.m. and a march to the capitol at noon. Participants are encouraged to bring signs, banners, music and any other rally paraphernalia needed.

Food of the Angels

Angels in America Part II Perestroika will be getting its groove on after Thanksgiving, but you can sample some yummy treats from them right now! The cast and crew will hold a bake sale Monday in the CAB to raise money for the performance. They want to let you in to see the show for free, so go get a brownie and support them now.
— Erica Nelson

Oly Massage Resources

Feeling stressed, tense and tight? Think about massage. During tough times, it is useful to have good tools to help deal with stress. Massage is one of the best techniques to manage tension, but if people are new to the Olympia area, they may not know about all the great massage options. This article can help people find massage practitioners and also find out where to learn to do basic massage for family and friends.

Massage is helpful for a wide range of health needs and concerns. It is wonderful for stress and relaxation. It helps with muscle aches & spasms, back & neck pain, headaches, and injuries related to exercise or sports. We find it helps with the healing process of clinical anxiety, and depression. For people recovering from viral illnesses, massage can help the lymph system clear out the last remnants of infection. For those who have moved away from their usual sources of support and hugs, massage provides the wonderful benefits of human touch. Even if people are feeling healthy, massage is a powerful tool that promotes a deeper sense of well being.

Olympia is an area with a long tradition of massage therapy, so there are many places to receive it. One source is here on campus: Get in Touch massage has seated chair massage on the second floor Tuesdays from 2-6 p.m. They charge by the time: \$5.00 - \$30.00 depending on how much time you want. A typical twenty-minute visit is \$16.00. This is one of the most convenient sources of massage. There are many other choices: check the Yellow Pages under massage. Another option is to come to the Student Health Center and get the Licensed Massage Practitioner Referral list. Many massage practitioners have student rates, so it is relatively easy to find a professional massage at a price that fits your budget.

Another option is to learn the techniques of basic massage to share with family & friends. The Student Health Center is sponsoring a two-hour workshop by Licensed Massage Practitioner Sarah Tubbs on Massage for Stress Reduction. She will focus on techniques for the neck, back, head, hands & feet. The workshop is offered November 8, Thursday evening from 5-7 p.m. in the Lecture Hall Rotunda. The cost is \$10.00 per person. Students can bring a friend or come alone. Call Sarah at 705-2806 to register for the workshop; call early because the class size is limited. This is a great way to learn the tools of massage. — Alyssa Kraft

Health and Healing Student Group

Spread the word: there is a new student organization on campus, and it needs people with an interest in health and healing to make it happen.

Whatever your level of knowledge or interest, come to the first meeting of Future Facilitators of Health and Healing on Wed., Oct. 31 at 1 p.m. on the third floor of the CAB in the Campus Resource Center.

Any questions or answers? I'd love to hear from you. I'm Rosalie and my number is 866-3899. If you're interested but can't make the meeting, call me and we'll chat.

Prison Action Committee Back in Action

The Prison Action Committee (PAC) has reformed this year and is prepared to do more work around prison issues and police brutality. The student group, which has spent much of its efforts in informing the public about the misconceptions surrounding the United States prison system, has decided to take on a more active role in trying to reach those who are incarcerated and working with the community. This year PAC has decided to pursue information on educational resources. Throughout the years PAC has received several letters from prisoners who wonder if they can provide them with information about education. The Prison Action Committee has been formed to turn all of the incarcerated individuals down. This year it hopes to be able to provide prisoners in the Washington area with some information on how they may be able to educate themselves while they are in prison.

The Prison Action Committee has also committed itself to working more closely with the Olympia chapter of Books to Prisoners. Books to Prisoners in Olympia has fallen on some hard times financially. It is has been forced to cut back to only mailing one pound packages. That means that prisoners have to wait over three and a half months to receive one book. Books to Prisoners has asked PAC to help it organize benefits and recruit new volunteers so that it is able to pull itself out of its financial troubles.

The Prison Action Committee is also planning to organize a Mumia Awareness Week at TESC from December 4 to 11. Political prisoner Mumia Abu-Jamal has been incarcerated for almost 20 years for a crime that he did not commit. Through Dec. 4 to 11, there will be teach-ins, speakers, and demonstrations around the world. People in different nations will be doing their best to educate others about the case and put pressure on the United States government to release Mumia Abu-Jamal. The Prison Action Committee also plans on organizing events to support Abu-Jamal and all political prisoners.

The Prison Action Committee meets every Wednesday at 3 p.m. on the third floor of the CAB in Workstation #10. Volunteers are needed and a coordinator position is available. For more information, contact PAC at 867-6724. — Marco Rosaire Rossi

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Saturday, Oct. 13

11:25 p.m.
A student drinking Red Dog beer is arrested for MIP. The report is sent to Grievance and the beer is poured out.

11:46 p.m.
Another student, this time drinking Miller Genuine Draft beer, is arrested for a MIP, but this time, he is given a criminal citation rather than being sent to Grievance. The beer is "photographed and destroyed."

Monday, Oct. 15

3:44 p.m.
A student hurts his back and is taken to Capitol Medical Center.

4:26 p.m.
Burnt food sets off a fire alarm in U-Dorm, but my increasing desensitization to anything red and loud enables me to not care.

6:05 p.m.
From what I can tell from the non-blacked out areas, an officer responds to a report of a woman who was "brandishing a knife and threatening a male." Something happens that is marked-out and then the woman talks to a deputy from somewhere else. She leaves and three guys approach the officer and say they were the ones who called and ask if the police are going to help them. County police show up and the reporting officer leaves after they take over. If you're confused, well, I can't help you there.

6:47 p.m.
A student alters a parking pass because she claims she has not received her financial aid. Her case is forwarded to Grievance.

7:29 p.m.
If anyone who set off the alarm in Q-Dorm by burning food would care to glance at the entry for 4:36 p.m. today, they will see the extent of my interest in this.

10:17 p.m.
Someone cuts wire surrounding a window in the MOD laundry room. Nothing's stolen that I can tell.

11:36 p.m.
Well, you learn something new every day. For example, I just found out what a beer bong is. And some people in Housing found out what it was like to have that bong taken away by the cops after they were seen drinking from it.

Also at this time, another individual in this same Housing area is placed under arrest for MIP (see Oct. 14 at 12:?? a.m.). He is searched and police find marijuana on him. Then they go to his room to discuss the incident. Somewhere in the blacked-out area that follows, a pipe is discovered, leading to its confiscation. While he is not criminally cited for MIP, possession of marijuana, or possession of drug paraphernalia, he does get his case sent to Grievance.

Sunday, Oct. 14

12:?? a.m.
A student is caught with a beer and given a verbal warning for MIP. The report is sent to Grievance. Tomorrow, at 11:36 p.m., this same student will be arrested for three other things.

12:48 a.m.
Yet another student is arrested for MIP, the beer in question being Milwaukee's Best brand. The report is sent to Grievance.

Meanwhile, a mysterious blue bag is found, evidently containing an amount of marijuana. A woman walking by claims the bag, so the officer who found the bag questions her. At some point, a beer is also involved, leading to her getting arrested for MIP/C and possession of marijuana. The report is sent to Grievance.

Tuesday, Oct. 16

1 p.m.
Did I not say already that I had lost all concern about fire alarms in Housing? Or were your ears too deafened by their incessant ringing to hear my cries?

2:14 p.m.
A student loses contact with his father, prompting the worried parent to phone Police Services. Things turn out well, however, when the father calls back to say that his son is safe.

Wednesday, Oct. 17

Watch Law and Order if you want crime today, since two reports, one on graffiti in the library building and the other on a theft from a vehicle in C-Lot, both turn out to be unavailable.

Thursday, Oct. 18

8:46 a.m.
I give up. Another fire alarm is caused by burnt food. Somewhere, to someone, that actually matters. Just not here.

12:05 p.m.
Something cryptically marked as information, whose only notation is "see case report for details," will not be known, since it turns out to have a "no disclosure" attached to it. So really, you can't know what it is.

1:05 p.m.
Likewise, threats made to a staff member also have a "no disclosure" note. So there will be no further details on this report either.

Friday, Oct. 19

If you were hoping to find out how a window on the 4th floor of the library got broken, then you'll have to keep dreaming, since the report is not available.

Saturday, Oct. 20

12:59 a.m.
A student who overdoses on LSD is taken to Capitol Medical Center after police find him "staggering around in front of the [HCC] calling out profanities." He is released and taken back home. The case is referred to the prosecutor for a charge of "unlawful delivery of a controlled substance" on the student's roommate.

Sunday, Oct. 21

The day is quiet, except for another driver arrested for driving with a suspended license.

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Middle East Studies: Faculty Fights Hard-to-Dissuade Arab and Islamic Stereotypes on Campus

by Corey Pein

Evergreen offered an Arabic language course for the first time this year. The faculty were hoping to attract ten students. Forty signed up.

With American bombs dropping in Afghanistan and anthrax in the mail, more people are trying to understand the Middle East — and more college students are studying it.

Evergreen has at least five faculty with backgrounds in Middle East-related studies. Some of them are trying to create a consistent Middle East studies program at Evergreen. And lately, they have found themselves with a quite an audience.

A Summer Cruise

In 1983, a young man named Lance Laird set on shore on the island of Bahrain, in the Persian Gulf. Laird was going to college on a Navy scholarship — he wanted to be a fighter pilot. In his freshman year, he was shipped off help the military monitor the Iran-Iraq war.

The Palestinian Liberation Organization (PLO) was supposed to be "everywhere" in the area, making bombs. His commanding officer told the crew not to talk to the natives because they could be terrorists.

"I talked to everyone I saw," Laird said, "and found some of the friendliest and most hospitable people I'd ever met."

"I talked to everyone I saw and found some of the friendliest and most hospitable people I'd ever met."

Laird was a fundamentalist Christian at the time, and before he traveled to the Gulf his images of Islam were violent and political, "you know, burning effigies of Jimmy Carter."

He didn't find any bombs. He learned to count to 10 in Arabic. And he saw his first mosque.

Then he was hooked.

When returned to school, Laird began studying Islamic history, and changed his major to Arabic. Laird was in awe of his professor, a Shiite Muslim from Tanzania. He took every class the professor offered.

After graduating, Laird spent "way too much time" at Harvard Divinity School, worked with Christian and Moslem churches, and lived in Bethlehem for a year.

Therese Saliba, now an Evergreen faculty involved in Middle East studies, was making a movie in Bethlehem at the same time Laird was there. Laird unwittingly walked past the camera, and was surprised to see himself on-screen years later in Boston, where Saliba was showing her film.

"Therese is one of the reasons I came to Evergreen," said Laird. Saliba, Laird, and other faculty are now trying to build Evergreen's Middle East studies program.

Last year Evergreen had a class called "Imagining the Middle East," a kind of preliminary version of the program. Most of Evergreen's language and culture programs repeat every two years. The Arabic programs run on a three-year cycle,

meaning fewer students have an opportunity to take them.

Laird thinks the role of Middle-East studies in education, and his roles as a professor and expert, have changed since the September 11 attacks.

He's spoken at local churches and held teach-ins. Students, he says, are using every opportunity to ask questions about Islam in his class.

"This always happens in a conflict," Laird said, "Unfortunately, people get interested when we happen to be killing Muslims."

Education and Understanding

Many students today have grown up with the same stereotypical images of Arabs that Laird did twenty years ago. He thinks the role of Middle East and Islamic studies is to create understanding among students about other cultures.

He recalls his student days, when CIA recruiters would show up in his Arabic classes, and high school kids learned a lot about the Soviet Union. He thinks Islam has replaced Communism as the new "bogeyman."

"That's why I joined the Navy, I wanted to shoot Russians," Laird said. "...I went to the Gulf on a summer cruise, then I didn't want to be in the Navy anymore."

"Just as Christians wouldn't want Jerry Falwell as their spokesman, Muslims don't want Osama bin Laden," he said.

Laird explains that a jihad means "a struggle."

"You could have a jihad against an exam," Laird said, and only in a specific religious sense does the word mean "holy war."

Laird says that American and Middle Eastern people are basically the same. They have the same kind of disagreements, and the same kind of values. He also says their leaders use religion for political reasons in the same way.

"People know that mass murder isn't justifiable," he says, though both President Bush and bin Laden use God in their speeches.

He hopes his students will learn how to critique media and government portrayals of Islam, and separate religion from politics.

As for Middle East studies at Evergreen, Laird says the program is "coming together." The college has not planned to hire any more faculty for the program, but that could change with time.

Nancy Taylor, an academic dean, was amazed at the number of students who enrolled in the Arabic program this year. The college is hiring dozens of faculty in coming years. New Middle East studies faculty aren't on the list, but Taylor suggests that they could be if the interest keeps up—and if other hard-to-recruit positions don't get filled.

Lance Laird says that students who would like to see Middle East studies at Evergreen can contact him (x6381), Therese Saliba (x6854), or Steve Niva (x5612) with their questions and ideas.

"Unfortunately, people get interested when we happen to be killing Muslims."

Evergreen Student Watched the Towers Fall

by Katie Gordon



Koeltzow

Abel Koeltzow, a senior at Evergreen, was only 23 blocks away from the World Trade Center towers in New York City when two airplanes struck them on September 11.

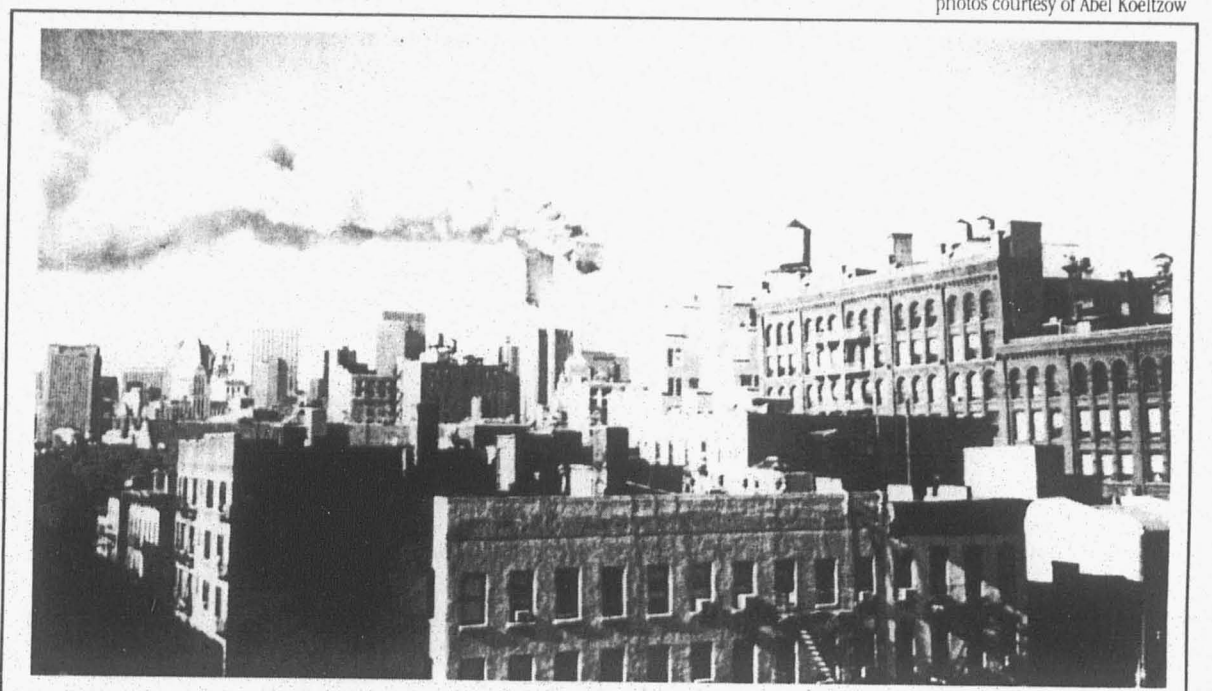
This Evergreen basketball player, who is also an office assistant for the Athletics and Recreation department at Evergreen, had just spent ten days touring New York City for the first time when this catastrophe occurred.

Koeltzow, who wants to graduate with an emphasis in business administration so that he can someday become the President of Design and Distribution for Nike, woke up on the morning of the eleventh to a phone call from a friend wanting to know if he was all right.

After turning on the TV to see what was going on, he ran upstairs to the top of the apartment building. From there he had a direct view of the burning towers.

Thirty minutes later, Koeltzow, who is originally from Colorado, watched the first building fall.

"All of a sudden the first one fell, right in front of me, it just fell, and I couldn't believe it," Koeltzow said. "I didn't think that it would fall. I thought it would smoke



Abel Koeltzow was 20 blocks north of the World Trade Center Towers on the morning of September 11...

for a long time, and they would get the fire out."

The day before, Koeltzow had been to the top of the Trade Towers. As a result, watching them go down was startling.

"Afterwards, to understand [from being there] how many people worked in [the buildings] and how massive these structures really were was mind blowing," Koeltzow

said.

Once things started settling down, Koeltzow and his friend helped the volunteers. "We were directing traffic; we would walk around and make sure that everyone had water; we would pass out food to the people who were standing in line to give blood, things like that," Koeltzow said.

Although he was helping in these ways, Koeltzow said that he really felt helpless because there wasn't enough for him to do.

"You weren't needed for help but you couldn't go shopping or something like

that. You really felt bad when you were sitting in a store eating lunch because you would think 'there's got to be something I can do for these people,'" he said.

"From the 11th to the 16th you still had to eat; you still had to do those kinds of things, but you really didn't feel like anything else," Koeltzow added. "You just sat there with friends and just thought about it."

And there was a lot to think about. Koeltzow watched people search for lost loved ones for hours on end and saw people jump out of the buildings with his own eyes.

"I saw so many things that I wish I never would have seen, but I also saw so many unbelievable acts of kindness," Koeltzow said.

"One thing that I was really impressed with [was the way the New Yorkers reacted]. Their first reaction to all of this was they didn't want war," Koeltzow said.

"They wanted answers, but they didn't feel like they

needed revenge, which was really surprising to me.

"It was amazing what the New York people did, how they came together," he added. "All the different candlelight vigils and the makeshift memorials that they made were really impressive."

When Koeltzow got back all he really wanted to do was reclaim his life. "I just wanted to get back into the daily routine," he said.

However, Koeltzow believes that he is in no way a victim of what happened on September 11.

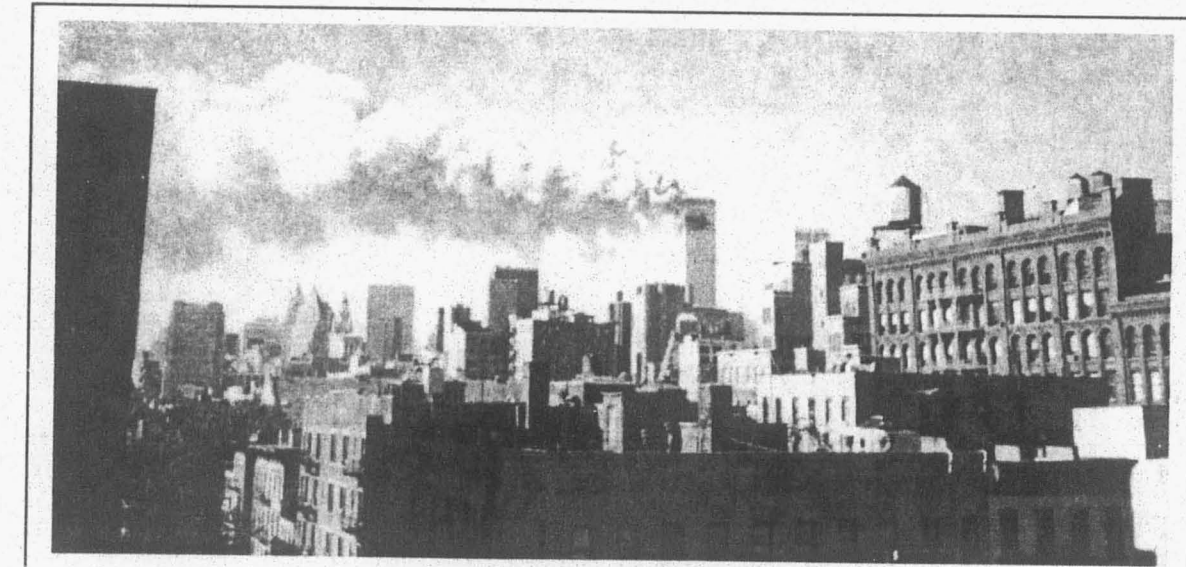
"I really feel for the children that are now orphans, and the families that have lost people," Koeltzow said. "But I am the least victimized person of this entire event."

After returning home, Koeltzow said that lots of people didn't believe that he had been there, but after hearing his story they were glad to know he was all right. "When I got back I got hugs from people I wouldn't normally get hugs from," Koeltzow said.

Koeltzow doesn't regret that he was there. "It was an experience, it wasn't a great experience, but it was an experience to be there and to be a part of it, and to be able to help out," he said.

When looking back to what Koeltzow thought of the towers before that day, he says he really didn't notice them until after they fell.

"Once they're gone then you notice them I mean, when they're there it's like they're just part of the city, but once they're gone, you can really tell how much a part of the city they really were," he said. "I guess that it's like anything in life, once it's gone, then you learn to appreciate it."



...where he captured both towers smoldering (top) and the first tower falling (above) from a rooftop.

Hepatitis C: A Cunning Killer (In honor of Liver Awareness Month)

by Verma Doherty

Could it be there is a disease affecting approximately four million Americans, chronically infecting around 2.7 million of those people? Could it be this disease infects 35,000 new victims a year, sometimes without any symptoms at all? The answer to both those questions is yes. That disease is Hepatitis C.

Hepatitis C, or HCV, is a liver disease that is primarily spread through contact with the blood of an infected person. Although it is rarely spread through sex, if there is a body fluid exchange then contraction is possible. The most common way HCV spreads is through intravenous drug use, i.e. sharing needles. Moreover, even if you have only injected street drugs one time, you may have Hep.C.

Though uncommon, contraction of HCV through tattoos or piercings is possible if the equipment used is not properly cleaned.

People who have homemade tattoos or piercings should check with their health care provider to see if they should be tested. Most reputable tattoo and piercing shops should follow proper sterilization procedures, but if not, then it's a good bet that sooner or later they are passing HCV along with that nifty design or nose

ring.

Although both Hepatitis A and B have vaccines, Hepatitis C does not. In addition, the acute forms of Hepatitis A and B have very dramatic symptoms, but Hepatitis C does not. The symptoms of acute HCV are similar to the flu: Fatigue, abdominal pain, loss of appetite and nausea. Other signs include jaundice and dark urine.

However, 80% of those exposed have no symptoms at all. That is what makes Hepatitis C so insidious and potentially lethal. Someone could have HCV for years and not notice the damage it is doing to their liver. Acute Hep.C can become chronic if one's antibodies are not able to conquer it. Even those who do not have the chronic form of Hep.C will continue to test positive for the virus.

Also, since the disease itself mutates, an antibody response may not be enough to keep it in check.

The Center for Disease Control recommends Hepatitis C testing for the following risk groups:

- 1) I.V. drug users, past or present.
- 2) Persons who received any blood clotting products before 1987.

- 3) Hemodialysis patients.
- 4) Recipients of blood and/or solid organs before 1992.
- 5) Those with undiagnosed liver problems.
- 6) Infants born to infected mothers.
- 7) Healthcare workers who have been stuck by a known infected needle.

So, you're not one of those listed above. That's great! Still, take a moment to check out prevention strategies:

- 1) Don't shoot drugs. If you do, stop, and get into a treatment program. If you can't stop, do not share needles, syringes, water, spoons, etc., and get shots for Hep.A and Hep.B.
- 2) Do not share razors, toothbrushes, or any personal item that could have some blood on it.
- 3) Healthcare worker? Follow routine barrier precautions and safe sharps disposal.
- 4) Yo! Thought about getting a tattoo or piercing? Make sure you go somewhere reputable and, above that, somewhere

with proper cleaning and sterilizing procedures.

5) Rarely doesn't mean never. HCV can be spread through sex. If you do it with multiple partners, use a latex condom and get a Hep.B shot.

6) If you know you are HCV positive, please do not attempt to donate blood, organs or tissue. And cover your cuts!

For more information about Hepatitis C, contact your local health department. Information can also be found at these web sites:

www.cdc.gov
www.scn.org/hepatitis
www.liverfoundation.org
<http://frontline-hepatitis-awareness.com>

Also, you can contact the Hepatitis Education Project in Seattle at (206) 732-0311.

For anonymous home testing, Home Access Health has a test kit: 1(888) 888-HEPC

There are treatment options available for Hepatitis C. So, if you are at risk, get tested now, even if you feel fine, and even if your doctor doesn't mention it. Some doctors are not HCV savvy, but that doesn't mean you can't be. Play safe.

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Registration and Regurgitation

This year the decision was made to allow students to exceed the 16 credit hour limit. With my usual flair for doing things in as unorthodox a manner as possible, I managed to run afoul of the new policy. In truth I have to admit I didn't actually read the policy as it was stated in the letter Admissions sent out; I don't remember getting it. But then, I wouldn't remember anyway; those things are written in a sub-dialect of the English language that has anesthetic effect on my brain. By the end of the second line I forget what the first one said, and by the end of the first paragraph I've forgotten how to read all together.

Besides, what's to know? From ten to eighteen credits one low price, twenty credits costs you ... yada, yada, yada ... you get the picture. All I heard was that I could get two additional credits that I was already paying for, right? Suddenly Ron Popiel was running Admissions: "How much would you pay for a degree like this? Wait! Don't answer yet. Order before midnight and we'll throw in the pocket fisherman absolutely free..."

When I stopped to think about it, I didn't like what upping the limit implied: that somehow I've been doing less than a full quarter's worth of work, that sixteen credits isn't really a "full load," that I've been slacking. On the other hand, if they're willing to let me load it on and get out of here a little quicker, who am I to argue? The sooner I graduate, the sooner I start paying off the student loans - or maybe grad school?

So I sat down with two of my favorite faculty and hammered out the contracts to eighteen credits of the nastiest, most rigorous, gut-wrenching studies I could think of: Calculus and Bio-statistics. They told me it was worth more, but I didn't have the money for the extra two credits; besides, I just wanted to conquer my math phobia and pass the GRE.

The sun was shining on Red Square, so with a smile on face and a song in my heart I sauntered over to Admissions. An hour and a half later I finally made it to the head of the line, after leaving once to make the requisite three copies and leaving again to retrieve and fill in the correct form. Undaunted, I strode to the next available window with the confidence of one who has spent the last half hour visualizing the brief, efficient, but pleasant exchange that would surely follow, the most lengthy detail of which would be waiting as my ID number was entered. As I mechanically went through the ritual of registration, I was thinking what is my ID number anyway, ah, let's see, A, zero, zero ... when my bubble burst.

"I'm sorry, what did you say?"
"You can't take eighteen credits. You see, you have all contracts, and you can only go over sixteen if you're taking a program and a contract or part-time classes. You can't take eighteen credits all as contracts."

I'm thinking this can't be right.
"It was in the mailing we sent out, didn't you read it?"

Yeah, right, mailing - I'm thinking this place was built on the premise that I am responsible for my education! I have the blessings of two faculty members; they're neophytes either. It's not like that "visiting faculty" member last summer. I'm not going to get away with squat with these guys; they know me too well. And besides, the person next to me is taking a full-time program and getting some two-credit blow-off contract basically for free! And this person is telling me I can't have the same number of credits when I'm paying the same amount? I attempted to convey this frustration in simple but eloquent terms.

"This is crap."

Everything up to this point I had found merely frustrating, but what came next just about drove me through the roof. There is something about encasing a person behind laminates, counters, computer terminals and all the other trappings of a "window" that somehow transforms a normally decent, likable human being into something vilified and hated. It's not their fault, it's ours. We create needs for which the only known solution in the universe is the "window." Here was a person I knew in "real life," had met with, talked with, liked and respected. And yet what this person did next pushed me to the brink. In a tone that belied far too much practice and with the most mechanical of smiles, she intoned the mantra of that most immovable of objects - the bureaucracy:

"It's policy."
I have since envisioned the ultimate stalemate between the two-year-old and the bureaucrat: "Why?" "Because it's policy." "But why?" ad infinitum. There is a small piece of the history of this institution of which I am most fond. When the question of a motto for the school came up, the Latin translation was then-President Charles McCann's second suggestion. His original choice drew on his experience in the U.S. Navy, where there is a most cogent term for those minutiae called protocol that get in the way of someone doing their job. He suggested, "No chickenshit." At that moment I felt I was up to my lip in the stuff.

All this, of course, happened at 4:30 on the day before the registration deadline, a Thursday. The faculty with whom I had contracted hasn't set foot on campus more than three times on a Friday in the last ten years, so getting all the paper work signed again before the deadline was questionable at best. Without much of a plan and even less hope, I blundered into the Deans' area, where by sheer dumb luck I met with the one person who could help me sort things out. Brian Price was also the only person in the office. Being new to the job, he hadn't learned to schedule a meeting somewhere outside his office in the late afternoon, preferably near his parking spot.

"Every normal [person] must be tempted, at times, to spit on his hands, hoist the black flag, and begin slitting throats." This quote is attributed to H.L. Mencken, a notable journalist of the past century, and it is a favorite of mine. I think of it often when I find myself crosswise of the system, which is to say I think of it often. I entered Brian's office expecting the intellectual equivalent of a bloodbath. The mantra of the immovable had been uttered, and I knew I was dead meat, but I was going have the satisfaction of a moral victory at the very least. I was determined not to be a martyr to my own foolish temper; I would state my case rationally, evenly and as articulately as possible and then sit back and wait for verbal smoke screen. Instead Brian was open, charming and thoroughly likeable. All of which was a little frustrating.

In the end I won the moral battle but lost the war. Brian agreed that perhaps the policy should be reexamined, and if I would summarize my experience he would put it before the other Deans for consideration. He used his authority to help me adjust my contract to conform to policy before the deadline; but as for the elusive two credits, I was out of luck. Two out of three ain't bad, but I still think this place owes me two credits or about two hundred dollars. Cash only - no checks, please - it's my policy.

— David Smith

by Zena Hartung

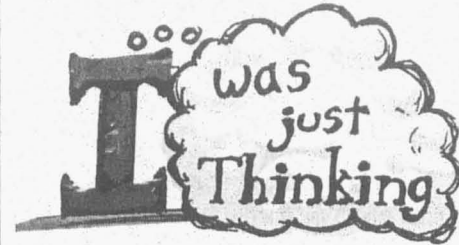
Students new to Evergreen may not have heard, but we have a recent Evergreen graduate (class of 2000) running for Olympia City Council. His name is Steve Hughes, and he graduated with a liberal arts degree after studying American studies, history and literature. Steve was active in a couple of progressive on-campus organizations, including being the coordinator of Latin American Solidarity and the Union of Student Workers.



He has remained in the Olympia area. His Evergreen studies made him mindful of the national and international issues of the environment, workers' rights and civil liberties, and he saw running for City Council as "a way to bring

awareness of the larger issues to how they play out at the local level." Steve was referring to the recent news that the Port of Olympia was negotiating with a large hotel chain to provide a hotel to match with a convention center on Port properties. "The incentives with a liberal arts degree offer the large hotel chains to do business locally amount to a subsidy, but what do we, the citizens, get back?" According to Steve Hughes, the hotels give back low-wage jobs, and since they operate on a multinational scale, they take far more than they ever return to the communities where they build.

Steve Hughes wishes to thank all his friends, both on and off campus, and his campaign manager, Dan Leahy, and to urge all to vote for him for City Council on November 6.



The Shadowy, Twilight World or Week Five

by Gwen Gray

And lo! Week five is upon us. I didn't see it coming, did you? I would swear that about three days ago I was drawing the first doodles on my otherwise pristine syllabus and listening to my professor's opening lecture. He mentioned a possible mid-term-sort-of-thing in week five, and I thought merrily that it was hardly time for me to worry about that yet. I just hate it when I make me look stupid in front of myself. Week five does that to me every time.

I can never decide whether or not week five stresses me out more than week nine. I certainly feel more stressed in week nine, but a lot of that is accumulated lack of sleep. Also, it is the feeling that at any moment my brain will explode, causing globs of the information I've been accumulating all quarter to fly everywhere. The point is, I'm more functional in week five, and I think that's the source of its peculiar cruelty. You see, in week five, as in week nine, I am suddenly seized with a panicked realization that there are a lot of things I should have done that I have not, and a guilty fear that the things I have done were not done very well. The difference is that in week nine I have two dubious but significant comforts. First, I know that there is nowhere near enough time left for me to do anything about my performance, even if I had the energy. Secondly, I know that the whole thing will be over, for better or for worse, in ten days. In week five I have the time and the stamina to deal with it all, and I haven't got anything better to do for the next month, so it becomes a matter of will power. Those are possibly my least favorite words in our language.

This makes it sound like I have a lot of trouble with school, which I don't. Not where results are concerned, anyway. I always get full credit, and the worst eval I've ever received was only partially complimentary. Worse, I'm one of those people you pray won't end up in your

program. At 2:45 on a Thursday afternoon I will raise my hand and, with that single hand, ruin everyone's weekend by saying,

"So, it says in the back of the syllabus that we have a paper and the outline for our major project due on Tuesday. Could you talk a little about what you want from our outlines please?"

Thus causing the professor to say, "Oh, yes, I'd forgotten all about that..."

If questioned afterward about why I did this, I will blink perplexedly at the questioner and say,

"Well, I wanted to be sure I'm doing it right."
This quarter I am occupying the odd, neither-fish-nor-fowl territory of a program assistant, and vexing the other program assistants by proposing more work for our fellow students than they think is reasonable and agreeing with every additional assignment our professor suggests. I think they're trying to decide whether I'm insane, a sadist, or just sucking up. I don't have the heart to tell them that I honestly think all the extra work is good for us.

Given my irritatingly academic disposition, I should be on top of everything and feeling pretty relaxed about it being week five. I don't know why I'm not. Part of it is my overwhelming tendency to procrastinate and the fact that I work best three hours before what I'm working on is due. I always get it done, though. In spite of this, I remain convinced that I'm horribly behind in technique, if not in assignments. A lot of my unnecessary keenness comes from an inner certainty that I'm doing all this wrong.

Whatever it is, why-ever it is, week five is a dreadful time for me. I generally survive it only by holding on to the fact that, not very far in the future, is week nine, when I will be too tired to do any really inspired panicking. I'd love to write some more about it but I have to go update and reorganize my portfolio. Again.

Take Back the Night

Senior Annie Judah thought October was passing by without the attention it deserved.

It's Sexual Assault and Domestic Violence Awareness month but "there weren't any candle light vigils or anything," Judah said. "The issues were kind of glossed over."

She decided to do something about it. She organized Take Back the Night - something she'd done while she went to college at Whitworth - and invited TESC professor and activist Simona Sharoni to speak.

Take Back the Night's original date was today, but when Judah realized it would conflict with the peace forum downtown, she pushed her event forward to Nov. 8. Sharoni was asked to speak at the peace forum and Judah thought people would be

torn between supporting two important issues.

Judah rescheduled because Take Back the Night needs a healthy headcount: "A rally like this is about getting the numbers. It's really hard to take back the night with twelve people," Judah said. Besides, she wanted to go to the peace forum herself.

On Nov. 8 at 7 p.m., Sharoni will speak in the Library lobby and so will others, including representatives from SafePlace - a rape relief and women's shelter downtown. Judah says after listening to speakers, participants will march through campus, then return to the library for an open mic for people to talk about their experiences with sexual assault and domestic violence.

For more information, contact Judah at 866-2471. - Whitney Kvasager

A Quicker Start making Evergreen Connections

Two free meals, a workshop run by a local Co-op director, and strategies to tap into the President's Diversity Fund are all part of this weekend's Fall Student Leadership Conference presented by Student Activities.

"It's open to all students," says Student Activities Director Tom Mercado. "If there's a student who's not involved in a group, this would be the place to start, even if they're just curious."

There are currently 53 different student groups on campus, and Mercado says they can play a critical role in a student's happiness and success at Evergreen.

"In some ways, it's the stuff student government would do, and until that's set up we'll just keep bringing people together," Mercado says.

The conference will get underway with a continental breakfast at 9 a.m. in LIB 4300, followed by a two-hour workshop on consensus decision making facilitated by Olympia Co-op Director Grace Cox. Lunch runs from 12:30 to 1:30 p.m. and the afternoon includes a discussion on local funding opportunities for student groups, an event calendar session and a round table discussion.

In years past, a similar conference has

taken place in January, but Student Activities staff wanted to get a quicker start on helping newer students make connections this year.

"The bottom line is it's harder to walk away when you gotta say goodbye to someone," Mercado says.

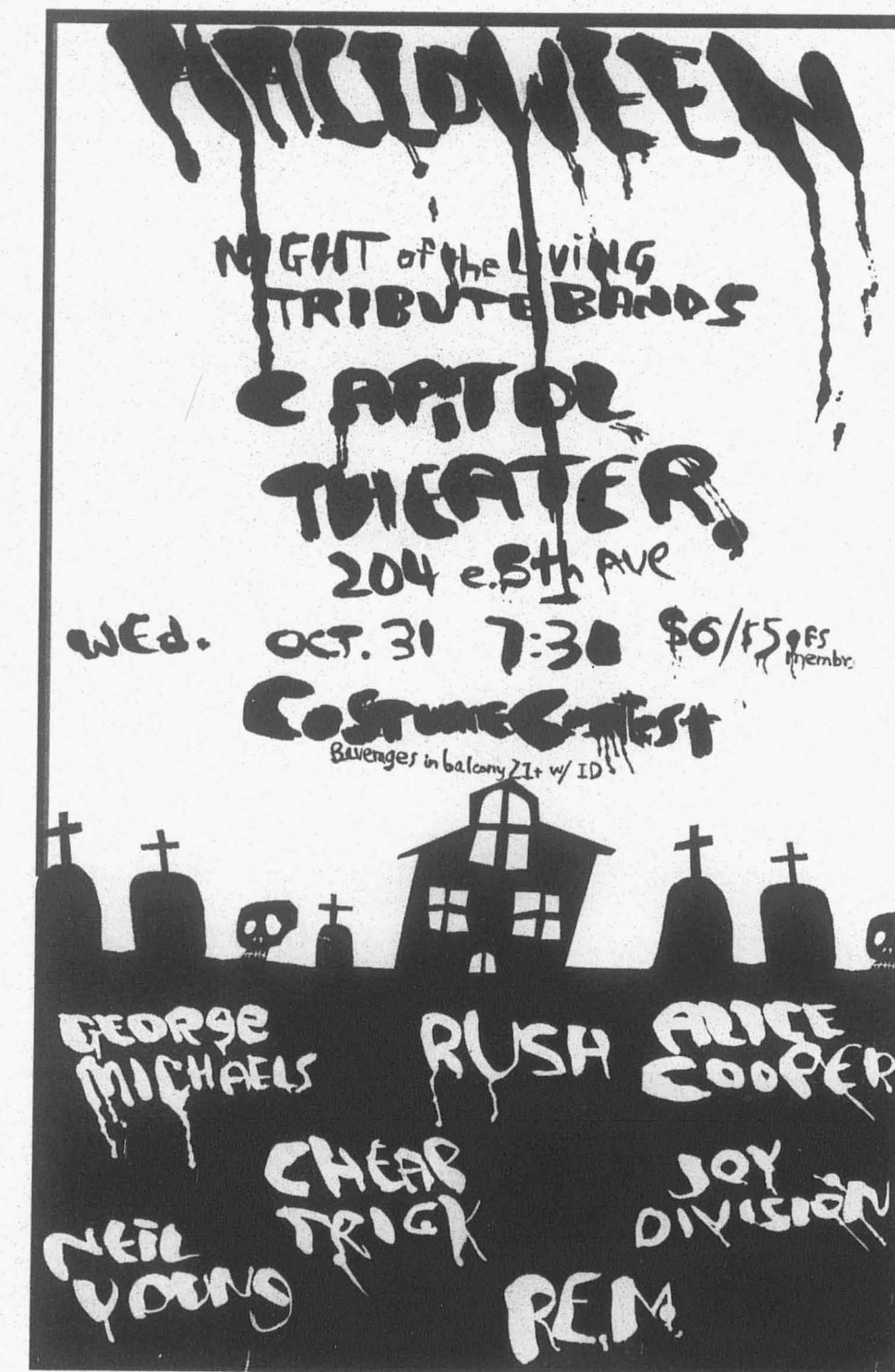
To reserve a spot at the conference and to guarantee a plate, drop by the Student Activities desk at CAB 320 or call extension 6220 by 5 p.m. on Friday. - Kevan Moore

Bike Shop = a good time and a good deal

Downstairs in the CAB lurks a powerful tool for bikers. The Evergreen Bike Shop is a student-run club with the sole mission of making bicyclists' lives easier. For a nominal cost per quarter - \$4 for students, \$5 for alumni, and \$6 for everyone else - the bike shop will assist you in fixing your bike. It is their goal to show you how to fix your bike so you aren't charged the going rate of \$40 an hour that most places charge.

- Andrew Cochran

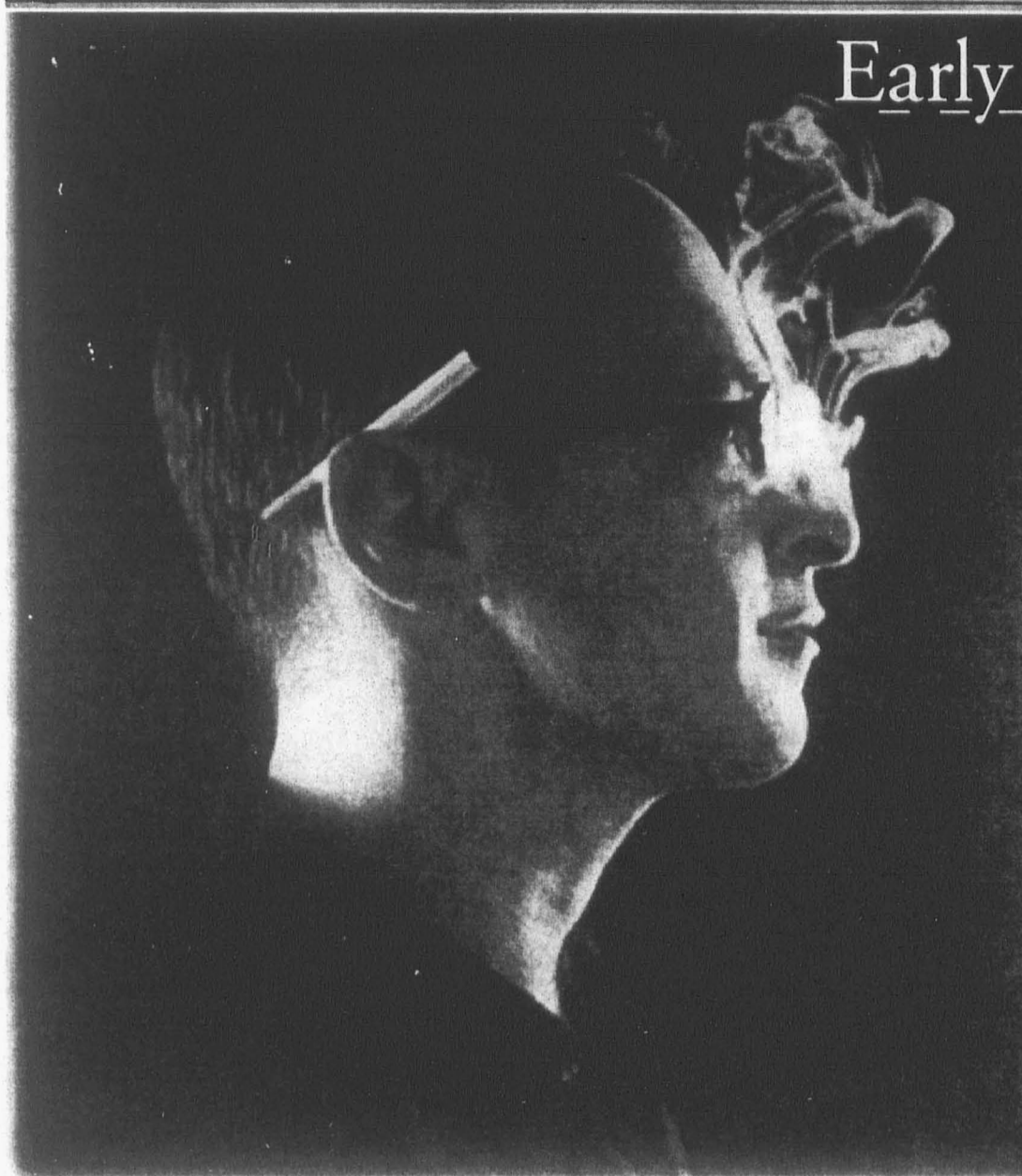
Take Back the Night
Nov. 8
7 p.m.
Library Lobby



Q: What do you get when you cross information to improve the health of your campus community with **2 movie tickets, or a check for \$10 dollars, or the chance to win a \$1000 gift certificate?**

A: www.datstat.com/mc2

For more information contact: Elizabeth McHugh or Jason Kilmer at 360-867-5516. This is a collaborative alcohol and drug research/health promotion project conducted by The Evergreen State College, Western Washington University, and UW Dept. of PBS&I.



Early Festivities: Author Reads from SantaLand Diaries

Tuesday, Olympia hosted a writer who started his career as an editor. I wear green velvet knickers, a forest green velvet smock, and a pointed hat decorated with spangles. This is my work uniform." Introduced as a apartment cleaner in New York, David Sedaris read "The SantaLand Diaries," his strange-but-true experiences as a Macy's Christmas elf on NPR, where he immediately landed him acclaim and a book deal.

Since then, Sedaris has made a career out of his hilarious, unforgettable, sometimes surreal life. Working as a window cleaner, a house painter, a fruit picker, and a "maid" to make ends meet, he always had material to spare for his biting, sarcastic work. His latest book, *Me Talk Pretty One Day*, recounts his efforts to learn French and fit into the culture of France, where he now lives. Sedaris' previous book, *Naked*, a bestseller, dissected his family life. He is said to have withheld his Christmas presents until all his family members signed releases promising not to sue him.

Born second of six kids and raised in Raleigh, North Carolina, Sedaris took his cue from his mother, a dark, macabre woman who died of lung cancer in 1991. He still smokes despite her early death, saying, "you've got to die of something, right?"

Early in his life he took refuge in art and theatre, publishing his quirky stories in independent magazines after a stint in Chicago as a writing teacher. After his overnight success with "The SantaLand Diaries" on NPR, Sedaris gave up offers to write for Seinfeld and Volkswagen commercials to become a full-time writer. Sedaris and his sister Amy, an actress most famous for the Comedy Central show *Strangers With Candy*, have written plays together under the name The Talent Family.

Joining Sedaris was Sarah Vowell, who also got her start on NPR. Her first book, *Take the Cannoli*, prompted People magazine to call her "wise, witty, and refreshingly warm-hearted."

Proud to be an Okie from Muskogee, Vowell grew up "white trash" with a gun-obsessed father ("I had to move revolvers out of my way to make room for a bowl of Rice Krispies on the kitchen table"), and parlayed her eclectic obsessions - Bruce Springsteen, The Godfather movies, her Cherokee ancestors, Frank Sinatra - into witty, sarcastic jabs at herself, her family and America. Newsweek awarded her Rookie of the Year for 1997, calling her "a cracker with talent to burn."

Dylan's Heart Beats Again

by Nicholas Tillett

Recently, I had the chance to catch one of the shows in Bob Dylan's latest installment of his "Never Ending Tour." An indoor show at the Key Arena, it wasn't the best venue I've seen him play, but the lighting and the unexpectedly good sound quality helped things out.

Dylan and his band started things off with a resounding version of "Wait for the Light to Shine," a song by Fred Rose. Cooling things off with "To Ramona," I was vulnerable and had no idea what was to come next.

With five of his shows under my belt, I had never seen Dylan play "It's All Right Ma" until this night. It was phenomenal. It was one of many great songs of the night, including a very reworked version of "Masters of War," "A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall," and "Country Pie."

He also stuck in some standards: "Stuck Inside of Mobile," "Like a Rolling Stone," "Forever Young," and a surprisingly powerful rendition of "Blowin' In the Wind." Dylan also played four songs off of his brand-new record, including "Love and Theft," and "Tweedle Dee & Tweedle Dum," the first track on the record.

The record itself is a great piece of work. As a whole, I think I like it better than *Time Out of Mind*, his last release. The best song on this new record: "Mississippi." If you don't have this album, go and get it. If you've never seen Dylan before, go and see him.

Some seem to think he has lost some of his magic; that he's too old to still be playing out. This couldn't be further from the truth. He still has what he's had for years: great songs, great spirit, and a great band backing him up. That's not to say that he relies excessively on the band. He played solos during the show, and the band only offered backup vocals when they were essential to the feel of the song. So what's the bottom line?

Bob Dylan has still got it.



Heather Anderson



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WILD SMILES: Hipsters Meet Charlie Ahearn

by Andrew Start

"One, two, three - a to the funk, let's let the Film Fest bring our brothers to the front - Lines, time, a kick up slide rhyme, this rally ain't finished till we talk about some crime."

Like what the F*%# was up with the bumpy turntables, hipsters dancing on the stage even if they weren't able. At least the MC represented from the Bronx, his skills with kissin' booty brought us right into the comp-ton of the real swank Oldschool effect, and a lecture with his insights made it better than sex.

Ok, I better stop.

Needless to say I had a good time at The Oly Film Festivals' Hip Hop Celebration. The evening began with a bag of yummy popcorn: Tamari, nutritional yeast, buttery salt (not salty butter), and just a dash of love (wink, wink); yours truly was half an hour early to the presentation, thus having plenty of time to develop acute claustrophobia as hordes of people piled in, around, and nearly on top of me from every direction. "Oh well" (scarf, scarf, snort) "Yum."

I moved to the balcony.

Ten minutes later a funky white man with glasses, garbed in a big coat and stocking cap, began to divulge



The historic Capitol Theater, downtown Oly.

Photo: Tyler Vega

unto us a wonderfully informative monologue of His-tory in the hip-hop movement of the 1970's and 1980's. Charlie Ahearn started by thanking the anonymous artists who had recently tagged the wall behind the Capitol Theater saying, "It nearly brought tears to my eyes."

This was followed with the ever piercing and prerogative, "I bet you are wondering how a white guy like

me, got so involved with the hip hop scene."

Apparently Ahearn had been involved with graffiti art for some time and had an 'in' on all the hippest showcases going on in the Bronx at that time. He walked into a show one day and told The Grand Master Flash (or was it Fab Five Freddy?) that he was

see Wild Smiles page 10

WHERE IS THE SLAM?

EXCUSE ME

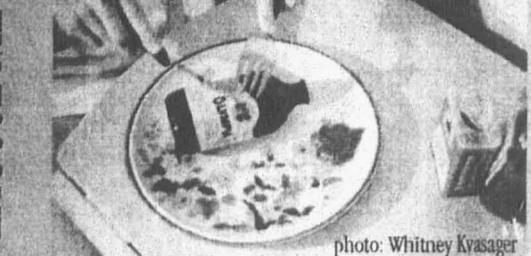


photo: Whitney Kravager

By Rafael Dwan

On the top floor of Oly World News on Saturday Night I find poetry amidst the smells of hot pepper and cigarette smoke. On a stage graced by an empty drumset next to a DJ and his red-lit turntables poets read their staccato lines over a microphone or without aid, which I prefer because the speaker is screaming in my ear and the punctuated consonants have a physical power that jolts my coffee-fueled body.

There's a crowd and five judges and some of the poems rhyme and some don't. The poets come to the stage in an order determined by drawing names from a jar. They read poems with names like "Run Jane Run", "12 Step Program" and "Mechanized Livers". Sara Sue's name is drawn, she walks to the stage, the audience "shows the love" as commanded by Duke, the MC.

"I was accidentally asleep at the curtain call," she reads, "I did not receive my ovation," and as the poem ends she goes quickly back to her seat, arms wrapped protectively around herself as the crowd hollers respect.

Incongruously, after each poet's performance the five judges (volunteers from the audience) give scores like some Olympic event. Poetry as competitive sport, the autumn dressed crowd expresses their approval or disapproval as each score is read.

I realize "serpentine" is not a word, but I don't mind, because it's poetry. Poetry, yes-political poems, spiritual, sexual, nightmares and wet dreams and childhood, most of the poets stare hard at the crowd and do not seem to blink. We take a break, the DJ plays some beats.

Me, I didn't know what I was getting into when I came to this. Don't tell anyone, but I'm here for some random Spanish assignment. For others who may be dabbling in their slam knowledge, it goes like this: two rounds, one poem per poet per round, and after three of the seven poets have been eliminated the order of slammers reverses for the second round. The winner has the highest cumulative score.

Slams in more cosmopolitan metropolises apparently get all involved, with team competitions and regionals and, I imagine, trophies of some kind. In fact, according to my worldly companion this night, "A lot of the slammers here don't even slam," whatever that means. I guess purists should seek out other forums for total satisfaction, but if you dig poetry, even without the slam prefix, this little scene will probably be worth your time. It'll be happening again, for it's a monthly event.

Sara Sue gets up again, comments on the poor lighting, makes it difficult to read the poem she just wrote. "As I turned over and over your face was there on all sides like a prism," and "I need to be with those who use silence properly." She pauses, laughs nervously, and reads on. "Everything in this room is about to spill, and there's no ending to this poem." She walks back.

Another poet, "Light a match and put it out against your flesh. You smell sulfur and also roses. You see what I mean?"

The scores are tallied. Brian wins. MC Duke thanks everyone, thanks the poetry, talks about hey, maybe we should form an Olympia Slam Team, anyone interested?

He thanks the audience, "Y' all are beautiful, and you open yourself up to stuff like this, so give yourselves some credit."

A drummer appears as the DJ spins, Duke and a slammer identified as Beer For Breakfast start free-eying. Beer will be flowing for a while. Mission: Louder my stuff and leave.

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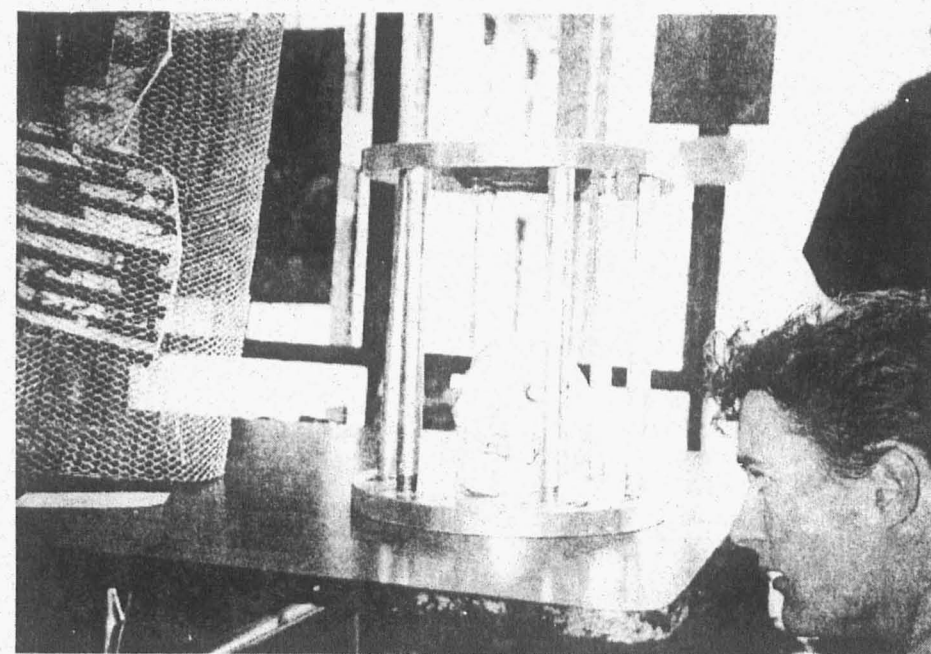
from page 9

interested in making a film about the scene. Someone liked his idea; and it was soon to be a community project. He began working with all the best MC's and groups (The Fantastic Five, Busy Bee, Cold Crush Crew, Lisa Lee), the b-boys (Crazy Legs and the Rock Steady Crew), and secured Fab Five Freddy, Patti Astor and legendary graffiti artist Lee to play in the lead roles in his film "Wild Style". The film was to become the Original and utmost authentic hip-hop film to date. Many consider the soundtrack to be "The Bomb."

I just let it soak in.
Being totally ignorant to this artistic movement, or that it was a movement (until recently), I began to develop an understanding for something ever rebellious and provocative, communal and competitive. In suburban culture, hip-hop is soft spoken because it grates against the nerves of good upper class white folk. Graffiti is trashy vandalism. Rap is not music. This is what I learned as a child. In the city, this urban phenomenon has been growing rapidly and widely since the 1970's. Thank the Lord almighty; I was finally keyed in to the heart of a rich culture that had always been presented as corporate MTV videos and Raiders jackets to my cracker ass. "Wild Style" was awesome.

The film was followed with a disjointed dance party complete with a 'break' circle and two turntables. The records kept skipping and the two DJ's - Jessica and Chris, would look over at the people dancing on the stage as though they were the culprits. It happened several times when no one was thumping. Either the equipment was extra sensitive, or your local spinsters just kept dropping the beat. Regardless, a good time was had by all - although the alleged all night affair ended at a meager 2:10 a.m. I'm sure they do it better in the Bronx.

I Knew Him Well



Students in the core program *Politics of Sin and Punishment* showcased their art projects in the Library Lobby on Tuesday. photo: Corey Pein

thursday october 25

Olympia Movement for Justice and Peace presents a forum and teach-in, 7-9 p.m. at The United Churches, 110 11th Ave SE. For information call 360.352.8526

friday october 26

Playback Theatre and the Olympia Hostel Board present "Stories of Travel," 7:30 p.m. at Traditions, 300 5th Ave SW. Suggested donation \$5-10.

Miranda July's "The Swan Tool," 8 p.m. in the Communications Building Experimental Theatre. For more information call 866.6833

saturday october 27

Friends of Scenic Hot Springs public meeting, 3:30 p.m. at the Skykomish Chalet Restaurant. For more information, email friendsoshs@hotmail.com

Olympia Chamber Orchestra, 8 p.m. in the Communications Building Recital Hall. Get tickets from Washington Center for Performing Arts 360.753.8586 or at the door: \$15 adult, \$10 student/senior, \$5 children. For more information call 360.352.6223

Miranda July's "The Swan Tool," 8 p.m. in the Communications Building Experimental Theatre. 866.6833

A DAY OF INTERNATIONALLY COORDINATED PROTESTS AGAINST WAR AND RACISM: Gathering at 11:00 a.m. in Sylvester Park, Rally at 11:30 a.m., March to Capitol 12 noon. For more information call Matt Ford 360.866.9037

sunday october 28

Irish Ceili! Party down with Irish tunes, dancing, and a potluck at 6 p.m. in Library 4300. Free--bring something for the potluck.

Gather Us In: Every Sunday at 7 p.m. in the Longhouse at TESC.

BigShowCity General Interest and Informational Meeting, 3-5 p.m. at Midnight Sun, 113 N. Columbia St. Seeking organizers for the Performing Arts and Theatre festival in May. Bigshowcity@yahoo.com or call Elizabeth Lord 360.754.7114

monday october 29

Monday nights open mic at Charlie's on 4th Ave. Starts at 8:30 p.m.

tuesday october 30

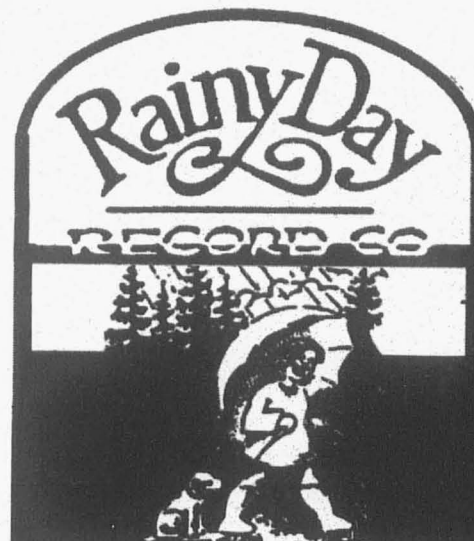
Nothing.

wednesday october 31

This is Halloween. Woo-hoo. Get crazy.

Dance Team meets every Wednesday in CRC 316 from 2-4 p.m. For more information call Heather at extension 6143

Future Facilitators of Health & Healing meets at 1 p.m. in CRC. For more information call Roselie 866.3899



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Geoff Dugmaler VS Conner O'Guinn

I am BUILT TO SPILL

No, I Am

Out To Lunch

SHELL CALL, SHE'S GOT TO!

I HATE TO BE THE BEARER OF BAD NEWS, BUT NO SHE DOESN'T.

OK NOW I'M GOING INSANE MY TEDDY BEAR IS TALKING TO ME.

No YOU'RE NOT AND YOU SHOULD ALL BE SO LUCKY!

Theo Porter

WHEN SUDDENLY, WITHOUT WARNING, ALL THE PANELS DISSAPARED!

what's the penny me? LETS GO OFF! WHO'S YOU? REALLY WOULDNT YOU SAY IT HAS MIND? THIS JUST... me? ingameback! i'm gonna be

B.O.F.M. BY MAX AVERILL 11/18/01

HELLO VIEWERS, I'M DIRK JOHNSON YOUR SOLEMN NEWSCASTER, AND THIS IS JEFF, THE PEPPY SPARKS GUY, AND TINA, THE EXTREMELY DITZY WEATHERGIRL. HERE'S THE NEWS...

SEVEN MORE CATS HAVE BEEN FOUND GENTLY SLASHED TO WHAT THE!

WHOA... SORRY BUT YER RPT. HEY! ARE WE ON THE TV?? GUARDS!!!

SON, WERE THE RENT-A-COPS... I MEAN, POLICE!! NOW PUT SOME DAMN PAINTS ON!!! CAN I SHOOT 'EM BISS? PLEASE!

LUCKILY, MY GUN'S ALWAYS DRAWN!!!

THAT'S ALL FOR NOW, FOLKS! AS FOR THE 11 O'CLOCK NEWS, I'LL BE GETTING IT ON WITH TINA, SO HAVE A GOOD NIGHT!!

CHANNEL 8 NEWS

Suck My Dick! by Mr. cady Field
possibly the most absurd and offensive comic of the year...

I'm drunk right now!

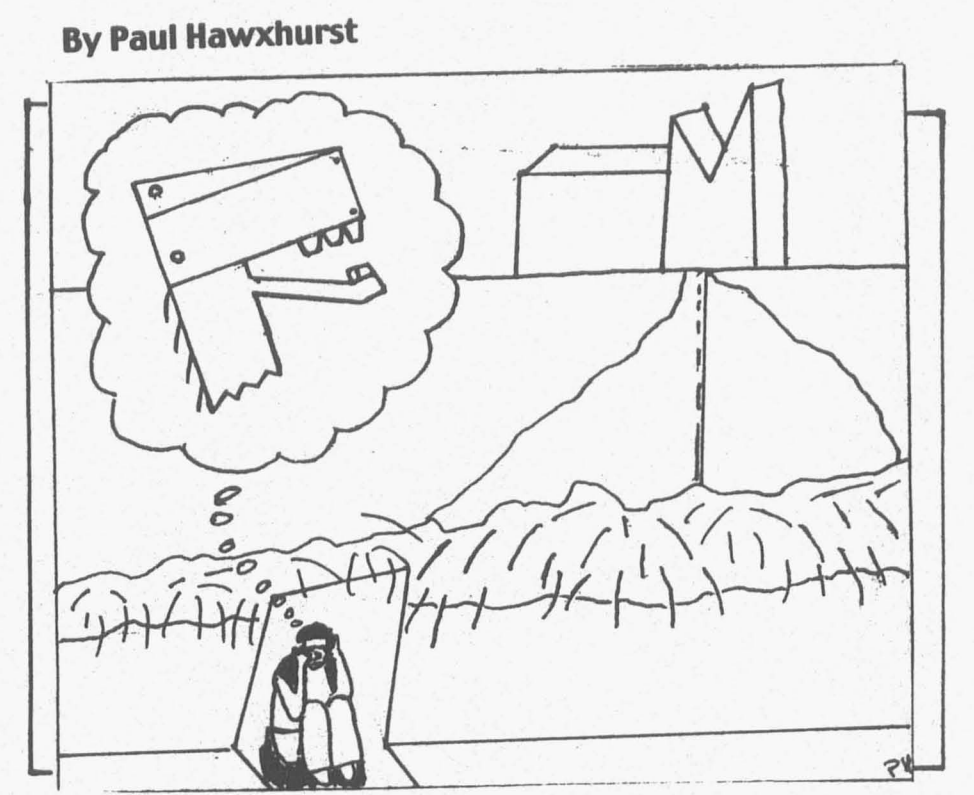
I just did a line of blow!

I jerked off 3 minutes ago!

I'm gonna poke!

My nose is bleeding!

I'm gonna go jerk off again, I'll see you guys later!



After the explosion was the screaming horses; I wanted to slit my throat from ear to ear.

SUBMIT COMIX BY 2PM FRIDAYS AT CAB 316

"WHO LIKES Milkshakes?" by benjamin fucking parrish.

it's another day of sortin' letters in the post office, ill tell you what.

well ill be. i bet you get all kinds of interesting things going through the mail.

you bet. one time i found this hot w/ some postage on the back.

gee, that's a beautiful story.

so, wh... did that six pack of shawst get put in my po box, then?

the end.
© 1998 associated press.

By Steve Burnham

THAT IS FOLLOW INSANITY!

I KNOW, AND, THEN, I FAW 30 MILES PUSHING THE WHEELBARROW.

Wow! THAT SURE IS INSANITY!

No it isn't. Its bullshit! I JUST MADE ALL OF IT UP AND YOU BELIEVED IT ALL! JACKASS!

MAN! DEFINATE TOTAL INSANITY. I KNEW IT!!

