

new indicator

Published at UCSD
By the n.i. collective

March 2002
35th Year of Publication

Pastrana escalates Colombian civil war

The United States considers increasing involvement

On February 22, 2002, Colombian President Andrés Pastrana called off the peace talks that had been dragging on for the past three years, plunging Colombia into what some are calling an "all-out war." The government had been trying to reach a cease-fire agreement with the revolutionaries by April 7. The Colombian air force dropped 500- and 1,500-pound bombs on the 16,000 square mile zone that had been ceded to the Revolutionary Armed Forces of Colombia (FARC) as a condition for

"The people are scared, the soldiers cannot protect us."

beginning peace talks in 1998, killing three civilians, including a 2 year old and a 15 year old, and destroying critical infrastructure. In the three years that the FARC controlled the zone, they built over a thousand miles of roads and other civilian infrastructure that the government had neglected to provide for the people.

The FARC are making an orderly retreat from their bases, fading into the jungles and savannahs. Thousands of Colombian troops have been advancing into the zone, leaving residents unsure about what will happen to them. They don't trust that the soldiers can maintain order and protect them from the right-wing paramilitaries which terrorize the Colombian countryside. "The people

are scared," said Maria Ema Barrera, a resident of San Vicente del Caguan. "The soldiers cannot protect us."

The largest of the paramilitary groups, the United Self-Defense Forces of Colombia (AUC), was founded in 1997 to protect the interests of large landowners and drug traffickers. It grew out of the smaller paramilitary armies built up by various drug lords. AUC leader Carlos Castaño claimed in 2000 that 70% of the AUC's income came from drug-related earnings. The AUC is by far the most ruthless of any of the groups in Colombia's civil war. According to the Colombian Police, they were responsible for 804 assassinations, 203 kidnappings, and 75 massacres (with 507 victims) from January to October 2000. The Colombian military provides equipment, training, and funding to the AUC, and have admitted that they don't think they can defeat the FARC without them. Many soldiers and police also fight with the AUC in their spare time as well to augment their salaries.

The United States has spent over \$1 billion financing, arming, and training the Colombian military in the past year, under the pretense of the War on Drugs. The media portrays the FARC as being heavily involved and funded by the drug trade, but this is misleading. Drugs are a major part of the Colombian economy. Drug growers and traffickers live in zones controlled by the FARC, the AUC, and the



Colombian army moves into the demilitarized zone

government. All three of these entities impose taxes on their citizens, as all governing bodies do, so all three collect taxes from people who make their money from the drug trade. The FARC recognizes the harm that the drug trade has done to the Colombian people, and encourages farmers in their zones to grow other crops, but, in many cases, the farmers need to grow coca to survive. Ironically, much of the

continued on page 5

inside

letters to the n.i. collective	p.2
What is revisionism? (and how to fight it)	p.2
Ward and White Privilege	p.3
"Initiate to a Certain Reality" An Interview with Writer Eileen Myles	p.4
Educating Georgie L.	p.6
A new world order? 300 years of colonialism... and counting	p.8
Ché Café Shed Update	p.9
News in Brief	p.12
plot the revolution, revisited	p.7
a novel in process a work-in-progress by stephanie ritter	p.10
how to play dead	p.12



CIA & Military-Industrial Complex recruit at UCSD

Fun at the 2002 UCSD Job Fair

What do the Department of Defense, Walgreens, Qualcomm, Raytheon, the C.I.A., LAPD, Sony and the Los Angeles Department of Water and Power all have in common? Other than the fact that all have been criticized for their corruption and abuses of power, they were all invited to the "Winter Job Fair" on January 23, 2002, sponsored by the Career Services Center (and co-sponsored by Progressive Insurance).

The Job Fair was a festive occasion where students could meet salesmen (I mean representatives) from government agencies and corporations to find out about jobs in the post collegiate world.

Looking at the catalogue for the event, I noticed a curious omission: I could swear (if ever I did such a thing) that I saw a booth for the C.I.A. on Library walk, but for some reason, it was not in the pamphlet. I suspect that our campus' previous history with the C.I.A. recruitment has made them a little jumpy. In years past, they have been chased off campus by professors and students alike and have attracted large protests. On this sunny, San Diego day, however, there were no disturbances as students asked about how they could get involved in covert operations and intelligence gathering (i.e. spying).

Raytheon had one of the busiest



CIA recruiter expounding the virtues of subversion

booths. I guess that this is because business is good these days for one of the largest defense contractors in the world. No one was brave enough to approach the LAPD and they packed up early. It came as no surprise that QUALCOMM was in attendance given their large investment in UCSD and the fact that our Chancellor (Dynes) has a posse... wait, I mean he has large amounts of stock in QUALCOMM.

I was not able to find any jobs that I might be interested in. As a matter of fact there was a subtle theme of military and corporate dominance. I did not notice any local businesses or non-profit organiza-

continued on page 8

What is the meaning of a body?

A Comparison of American and Afghani Death Counts

One thing that we all have in common is our bodies. Most of them have two arms and two legs, one head and hands in addition to other essential parts. Another important aspect of our bodies is that they serve to define our existence. The media talks about bodies in terms of statistics; totals and percentages. Governments make decisions based on bodies. But we might ask ourselves: What is the meaning of a body? Are all bodies equal? These are important questions when bodies are used to justify important decisions by powerful nations.

The corporate media in the most powerful and the most "free" (but not cheap) country in the world seem to be the ones in charge of answering these questions for all of us. There is a definite and suspicious difference in the way an American body and an Afghani body are treated on T.V., the internet and in newspapers over the past 5 months. This difference may be a crucial factor in the American public's seeming acceptance of an unjust war.

On September 11th, the U.S. media reported that 50,000 people work in the World Trade Center. Despite claims that it was not possible to estimate the death toll, a figure of around 10,000 was quoted on many occasions during the first day. Within the week a figure of 6,000 was established as a probable death count. This figure was used during the next month to justify an intense attack on the

supposed enemy.

Slowly, but constantly, the figure of 6,000 has dwindled. Now when we look at what the media are claiming, the figures are around 3,000. (3,225; New Yorker, 2,800; USA Today). This figure is one half of the number that was used to rally this country to war against Afghanistan. As of the submission of this article on March 8, 2002, the official number of confirmed deaths from September 11th is 2798, with 114 reported dead and 116 reported missing in addition. (<http://www.september11victims.com/september11victims/STATISTIC.asp>)

"...some 4,000 Americans were killed up in New York, Americans were killed at the Pentagon, Americans were killed on Flight 93 in a field in Pennsylvania. Since then, there are people who have been hurt in accidents, in the battlefield or in the region, and I just think that the President understands that this battle began September 11th. There may be more injuries, there may be more deaths. And the President regrets each and every one." - White House Press Secretary, Ari Fleischer

These figures are significant because, because of their usage to rally a nation to war. Now that the conflict with Afghanistan is at its end, or rather, now that the short attention span of the American news-watching public has been exhausted,

continued on page 3

letters to the n.i. collective

I very much liked "Inside the Concrete Box: Fascist Architecture at School", and learned a good deal from it. As I'm a writer and not an architect, my comments are conceptual rather than factual.

The visual parallels between Fascist architecture and UCSD architecture are well-done, but I'm not convinced that the concept of "fascism" can work as well as the author would like it to. On her reading, "fascism" is oppressive, limits individual freedom and creativity, encourages conformity, and inhibits privacy. In all these respects, "fascism" is the opposite of something else which we can call "democracy".

Yet, there are institutions which are oppressive, limit individuality, encourage conformity, and inhibit privacy, yet I'm reluctant to call them "fascist". For example, the Catholic Church in the middle ages. Was the Church oppressive? Yes. Was it fascist? My gut-reaction is no.

One could respond that fascism arises when the principles of hierarchical organization are extended to cover an entire society. So, whereas the medieval society had lots of social space that wasn't controlled by the Church, no such "free space" exists in a fascist society.

The problem I have with this response is that fascism really isn't about oppression; it's about control, which is really very different. An oppressive society can only forbid people from doing what they want to do, and it can only do that through threat of punishment or violence. A control society, on the other hand, can make people do what they wouldn't do otherwise. The former is 'repressive'; the latter is productive. While dissenters in Nazi Germany were quickly eliminated, most people didn't dissent, and they weren't miserable under the Third Reich, either.

And this, it seems to me, is one of the hallmarks of fascism. Fascism doesn't prevent people from aspiring to freedom. It doesn't prevent people from doing what they want to do. It makes people

want to do what they wouldn't want to do otherwise (like go to war or deport their neighbors). If you look at Hitler's Germany, you'll find that millions of people loved him (just as Mussolini was loved and Bush is loved) and enthusiastically supported his policies of deportation of the Jews (only later in the war did deportation become extermination) and all-out aggression against the rest of Europe. (Stalin, by contrast, was feared, not loved; Stalin was no fascist.)

Bearing this in mind, if we look at architecture at UCSD, it seems that the goal of much architecture is to make people do things they might not want to do otherwise, such as stand in long lines for over-priced, low-quality fast food at the Price Center. The lay-out of the campus, with long walks between isolated class-rooms, gives little time for social interaction, and the intersection of the trajectories is Price Center.

The day after the Columbine shootings, I happened to be walking on the balcony overlooking the marquee at Price Center. I found that from that position I could have taken out most of the students gathered below for lunch. Later, I was told that Price Center was designed so that the police or national guard could be quickly deployed against a student riot which got "out of hand". That's what makes Price Center fascist: not that it's oppressive, but that it's controlling.

I'm somewhat surprised that the author didn't analyze Center Hall, which is so massive and so hard to navigate around and within. Geisel Library, by contrast, might be "postmodern" (whatever the hell that means), but I'm not sure it conveys the same sense of conquest of space by brute force that you find in Center Hall, the Berlin Dome, or the Hyatt. I'm actually rather fond of Geisel; the glass gives it a light and airy effect, since you can often see through it, and the supports remind me more of flying buttresses than Gothic cathedrals.

Carl Sachs
csachs@ucsd.edu

The Che Cafe is non-fascist in that it expresses the desires that people have formed on their own rather than desires that were produced by larger social forces. It embodies the desires and needs of the people who use it and care for it on a daily basis.

If, however, fascism is manipulative rather than oppressive, then the fascism/democracy distinction can't be explained in terms of oppression/freedom. If fascism isn't oppressive but manipulative, then what is 'freedom'? While democracy appears to provide us (or at least some of us) with freedom from oppression—or the image of such freedom—no one is free from control. The principle difference between "fascism" and "democracy" is that in a truly fascist state all the control comes from one 'site': the Party, the Dictator.

In a "democracy" such as ours, on the other hand, the control is diffused—while some of it comes from the government, but the different levels of government vie with each other for power, and some control comes from business (e.g. through advertisements), through architecture, through public education, through the universities, etc.

The difference between "fascism" and "democracy" then might be one between "concentrated control" and "diffuse control". Our society becomes more fascist as control becomes concentrated; in this sense, it is fair to say that American society became more fascist after September 11.

Oppression is real, both in the States and around the world—no question. But control is equally real, and resistance to control requires different weapons and tactics than does resistance to oppression.

Carl Sachs
csachs@ucsd.edu

got something to tell us? send us your thoughts in 1,500 words or fewer to ni@libertad.ucsd.edu

What is revisionism? (and how to fight it)

The first and last conflicts in any power struggle take place on the battleground of ideas. The ideas we form about the world as it is determine the way in which we act to change it. That is why, as Orwell's famous axiom points out, control of the past is vital to the retention of power. Revisionism sets out to accomplish this through the manipulation of commonly held ideas.

Revisionism as a word originated within the international socialist movement of the early 20th century. Specifically, it referred to a tendency of "revised Marxism" led by Eduard Bernstein, and criticized by VI Lenin in his *Marxism and Revisionism* (1918):

"Bernstein ... gave his name to this trend by coming forward with ... amendments to Marx, revision of Marx, revisionism. Even in Russia where ... non-Marxist socialism has naturally held its ground longest of all, it is plainly passing into revisionism before our very eyes."

Bernstein and co., perceiving the success of Marxism, attached to the category of Marxism ideas which not only were contrary to Marxism, but with which Marxism had been engaged in constant conflict for five decades. Lenin's criticism serves to illustrate the larger problem of commonly accepted categories, historical or otherwise, toward political aims. But Bernstein's revisionism was only the beginning.

With the great propaganda machines

that arose during the World Wars, controlled by capitalists like William Randolph Hearst and their lapdogs in Germany, reality and history were given a new plasticity; the major revisionist disputes still surround this period.

The first major accusations of historical revisionism were sparked by Nikita Khrushchev's announcement to the world after his coup d'etat of a list of crimes committed by Josef Stalin against the Soviet peoples. While the capitalist and fascist press, as well as Leon Trotsky, had for years accused Stalin and the Bolsheviks of a vast array of crimes, Khrushchev's accusations were distinguishable from propaganda in that they dramatically altered accepted Soviet history. This was to be the key point in the split between China and the Soviet Union; Mao Tse-Tung of the Communist Party of China wrote at length in Stalin's defense and of the co-optation of socialism in the Soviet Union by the "revisionist Khrushchev clique". To this day, a split exists within the international communist movement on this point: on the one hand, the Trotskyists or Trotskyites; on the other hand, the anti-revisionists or Stalinists.

The second major dispute over historical revisionism surrounds the fascist holocaust during the second World War. In this dispute, those who disagree with the accepted view of events actually call themselves revisionists; to them it is not a derogatory term. As with any historical dispute, both sides have a political

agenda; it is clear in this case, regardless of the history, that the agenda of the revisionists is a fascist one.

It is clear that although revisionism has taken on a wide variety of specific meanings, as well as both positive and negative connotations, throughout the last century, certain characteristics can be ascribed to revisionism in general, as a trend to be fought. In the most broad sense, revisionism is a manipulation of existing ideas, particularly ideas that are normally thought to be static and unchanging. To manipulate the present is not revisionism, but simply lies and propaganda; to manipulate the past, or ideas normally seen as having been fully developed in the past, is revisionism.

Clearly, the most important question with regard to revisionism is how it can be fought. To understand how to fight revisionism, one must understand how revisionism takes hold. Revisionism uses several typical tactics which must be countered at every turn.

First, revisionists typically ignore context in order to distort truth without stating outright untruths. For example, a revisionist pamphlet about Che Guevara might dredge up an obscure quote to demonstrate that Guevara did not believe women should be revolutionaries, while completely ignoring Guevara's lifelong collaboration with female revolutionaries, on and off the battlefield. The best way

continued on page 5

the new indicator

contributors and staff:
brie, stephanie, kris, kellen, eli, mark

reprinted content by:
seth

copy which is printed without a byline may be assumed to represent the position of the new indicator collective.

articles and letters are welcomed. please type them and send them to: ni@libertad.ucsd.edu or to: new indicator collective B-023C Student Center La Jolla, CA 92093

the views expressed in this publication are solely those of the new indicator collective. while the publisher of this publication is recognized as a campus student organization at the university of california, san diego, the views expressed in its publication do not represent those of asuscd, the university of california, the regents, their officers, or employees. each publication bears the full legal responsibility for its content.

excuse me... are you under 13?

because if you are, you should JOIN THE FUCKING NEW INDICATOR (the natty dread)!!!

OKAY!!!

Photographers
Artists
Writers
Editors
Designers

Join the New Indicator Collective
ni@libertad.ucsd.edu

copyright notice

copyleft notice

all material written by the n.i. (non-credited material) is 'copylefted'

Copyright © 2002 new indicator collective

Verbatim copying and distribution of this entire paper or any entire article within is permitted (and encouraged) in any medium, provided this notice is preserved. (except "Novel in Process" by Stephanie Ritter, which is © 2002 the author and may not be reprinted without permission)

This information is free; you can redistribute it and/or modify it under the terms of the GNU General Public License as published by the Free Software Foundation; either version 2 of the License, or (at your option) any later version.

This work is distributed in the hope that it will be useful, but WITHOUT ANY WARRANTY; without even the implied warranty of MERCHANTABILITY or FITNESS FOR A PARTICULAR PURPOSE. See the GNU General Public License for more details.

For a copy of the GNU General Public License write to the Free Software Foundation, Inc., 675 Mass Ave, Cambridge, MA 02139, USA.

Ward and White Privilege

by Seth Sandronsky

[As UC Regents Ward Connerly and John Moores team up with the American Civil Rights Coalition to pass the Racial Privacy Initiative on the November ballot, opponents of the proposition note that the RPI presents a serious challenge in access to higher education for certain minority racial groups. While Connerly suggests that RPI would help us toward "our" goal of achieving a colorblind society, the reality of racial ideology shows us that race cannot be reduced by simply erasing it as a category on a questionnaire. In other words, the sprint toward a colorblind society is a sprint in the wrong direction.

The following five reasons are given on the ACRC's website (www.acrc1.org) as to why the Racial Privacy Initiative should be passed.

1. California government must respect our right to racial privacy.
2. Race classifications have wreaked havoc throughout history.
3. Race classifications are dividing us today.
4. Race classifications don't solve California's social ills.
5. Race classifications are artificial.

The article below argues that racial ideology while being 'artificial' is in fact a socially constructed product of the investment in whiteness and white privilege. The five reasons presented by the ACRC also shows this investment in white privilege by suggesting that we would benefit from race being made invisible. Only those who benefit from white privilege

would benefit from race being a private matter. —ni]

Ward Connerly supports white privilege by speaking the language of a colorblind society. His proposed ballot measure — the Racial Privacy Initiative — would prohibit many California agencies from seeking racial data. Connerly, who has to get about 1 million signatures by mid-August to qualify the Racial Privacy Initiative for the March 2002 ballot, thus seeks to turn the reality of skin color on its head.

Meanwhile, white privilege is many things. One is not thinking about the meaning of being white. Pointing this out is unacceptable in the mainstream. Connerly is thus able to avoid the subject of white privilege, which makes it more powerful.

W.E.B. Du Bois said that white privilege pays a "public and psychological wage" in America. Much of his point about white skin color rings true today. Publicly, being white includes avoiding police stops based on skin color. Non-white Americans live differently. Just listen to them.

A little over a year ago, I went to one of a series of town hall meetings on racial profiling being held throughout California, sponsored by the Racial Justice Coalition. Dozens of black and brown men and women testified clearly and forcefully how their skin color has spurred harmful stops and arrests by law-enforcement officers. One young woman of color who attends CSU, Sacramento said that a police officer in an unmarked car followed her for miles at night, and then finally showed identification after stopping and requesting her driver's license. The police were attempting to "clear some garbage from the streets," he told her. "I may have

been many things in my life," the young woman said, "but being a piece of garbage isn't one of them."

In the meantime, the voices of the racially profiled have been downplayed by Connerly, a Republican, and California Governor Gray Davis, a Democrat. In fact, the governor has opposed legislation for all of the state's law-enforcement agencies to collect data on the racial profiles of people stopped and arrested.

White privilege also means improved job opportunities. Nationwide, the May jobless rate was 4.4 percent—whites, 3.8 percent, blacks, 8.0 percent and Latinos, 6.2 percent, according to the Bureau of Labor Statistics. Consider white privilege and the reforming of welfare recipients into hourly workers. "Compared to their white counterparts, black recipients were more likely to be required to take a pre-employment test, less likely to obtain employment regardless of educational background and less likely to report receiving job or educational information from caseworkers," the American Friends Service Committee recently reported.

Equality of job opportunity is a myth. White privilege matters when it comes to finding work.

Recall that Connerly, a Sacramento businessman and University of California Regent, backed the state's Proposition 209, which voters passed in 1996. Proposition 209 was a ballot measure that stopped state government preferences based on race and gender. Supposedly, this was the way to return California to a level playing field where citizens competed equally and the most qualified were rewarded.

Biologically, of course, there is a single race. We are all part of the human race.

Yet racial ideology is a different thing. Consider changing definitions of who is white and nonwhite.

Before World War I, America's WASP elite viewed my Jewish immigrant ancestors from Europe as racially inferior. Later, they and many like them "whitened," as Karen Brodtkin Sacks demonstrated in "How Did Jews Become White Folks?"

Irish immigrants to America, once thought to be a separate race, also become white. Noel Ignatiev's book analyzes this subject in stark detail. My point? Race doesn't always have to be a skin color issue. America just seems that way in 2001.

Psychologically, white-skin privilege is very complex. In America, the enslaving of Africans and conquering of Natives created and sustained the idea of nonwhite people who deserve their oppression. Thus arose a definition of whiteness based on theft of labor and land from the darker-skinned "Other." With the American ethnic cleansing came the ideology of white privilege. Later as industrial capitalism began, white workers' additional loss of humanity opened a new chapter of white privilege, David Roediger wrote.

On one hand, job insecurity is partly the story behind the political use of white privilege in California. The military base closures and corporate downsizings and restructurings that cut stable, well-paying jobs during the 1990s paved the way for attacks on immigrants and affirmative action in the state.

On the other hand, appeals to economic class that sidestep white privilege and all that it conceals and reveals are limited. Ralph Nader's two presidential campaigns (that I supported) are cases in point.

White privilege is a misfortune and a part of economic class relations. Not one or the other but both. White Californians can't be free if their nonwhite counterparts are unfree. Ending white privilege is a step towards true equality. Let that be a response to Connerly.

Seth Sandronsky lives in Sacramento, California. ssandron@hotmail.com

Body count:

continued from page 1

we find that the actual numbers are much lower than those originally quoted. Unfortunately this dwindling of interest comes at the time when, if we looked closer, we would realize that in the name of fighting Terrorism to make the world a better place, we have killed more innocent civilians than the terrorist act that started this whole thing. This is not to say that the destruction of the World Trade Center and the resultant deaths were not a tragedy; they most certainly were. It is more that the media and our government have stretched and misused whatever sparse facts they could find for their own suspect agendas.

During the campaign in Afghanistan, the U.S. military did not keep any track of civilian casualties and U.S. media have been almost completely non-existent on sight. The Pentagon has stated that no documentation of civilian casualties is being kept.

When asked in late November how many Afghan civilians had been killed by U.S. bombs, press secretary Ari Fleischer responded, "I don't think you'll ever witness a nation that has worked so hard to avoid civilian casualties as the United States has."

Estimates from independent sources put the civilian death toll in late November at over 3000 with 60 - 65 civilians more being killed per day (3,006 as of Nov. 23, 2001, source: Media Alliance, www.media-alliance.org).

Another estimate states that as of December 6, 2001, 3,767 civilians had been killed (source: cursor.org).

Date of U.S bombing	Taliban 'claim' as stated in the 'report'	Pentagon/State Department 'truth'	Composite Assessment from Independent Journalism
October 11	Bombed Karam village, 200 killed	Hit military base on hillside. While possible civilians killed, Taliban claims are predictably exaggerated	Two jets bomb the mountain village of Karam comprised of 60 mud houses, during dinner after evening prayer time, killing 100-160 in Karam alone. Reported by: DAWN, the Guardian, the Independent, International Herald Tribune, the Scotsman, the Observer, and BBC News.
October 13	Missile hits civilian homes in Kabul, killing civilians	Pentagon acknowledges a stray missile accidentally struck a populated Kabul area, killing or injuring civilians.	In early a.m., F-18 drops 2,000 lb JDAM bombs upon the dirt-poor Qila Meer Abas neighborhood, 2 kms. south of Kabul airport, killing 4. Reported in: Afghan Islamic Press, Los Angeles Times, Frontier Post, Pakistan Observer, the Guardian, and BBC News.
October 21	Bombed Herat hospital, killing 100+ civilians	Pentagon admits missing military hospital, but says hospital is "considerable distance" from where bomb landed and bomb blast unlikely to cause civilian deaths.	F-18 dropped a 1,000 lb cluster bomb on a 200-bed military hospital and mosque, missing the target by 500-1000 meters. Reported in Afghan Islamic Press, Pakistan News Service, Frontier Post, the Guardian, Times of India, Agence France Presse, and by the UN.
October 29	Hit mosque in Kandahar, killing civilians	No air strike in the general area. Claim is a lie.	A pre-dawn bombing raid and 8-9 cluster bombs fell on October 24th on the mosque in the village of Ishaq Sulaiman near Herat, killing 20. Reported in: Agence France Presse, Reuters, DAWN, the Herald, etc.
October 31	Red Crescent clinic in Kandahar hit, killing 11	A military target was hit and a Red Crescent hospital was in vicinity—100s of meters away and was undamaged.	Pre-dawn raid, F-18 drops a 2,000 lb JDAM bomb on the clinic, killing 15-25. The clinic is reduced to a mangled mess of iron and concrete. Reported in: DAWN, the Times, the Independent, the Guardian, Reuters, and Agence France Presse

A report by a University of New Hampshire professor, Marc Herold, has put the figure at more than 4,000 civilians dead as of January, 2002.

The mass media did not attempt to compile or estimate any death tolls from U.S. bombing in Afghanistan until after the conflict was over. Even now, little or no attention is paid to the human costs of the campaign against Afghanistan.

More recently, various branches of the military are looking into creating their own numbers of civilians killed.

Project on Defense Alternatives, a think tank based in Cambridge, recently estimated that 1,000 to 1,300 Afghan

civilians have been killed in US bombing attacks in a study based mostly on western media accounts.

Another example of how bodies from America are more important than others comes from the rhetoric around terrorist acts against the United States versus terrorist attacks made by the United States. When a terrorist bomb kills Americans, it is reason to declare war, when a C.I.A.-sponsored car bombing kills 80 innocent bystanders in Beirut, the United States is said to be "acting in self-defense" (www.whitehouse.gov/news/briefings).

"Let me just remind everybody that the United States was attacked on September

11th. What we are engaged in now is an act of self-defense to try to root out al Qaeda, to try to deny them safe harbor." - National Security Advisor, Condoleezza Rice.

"...if you're suggesting that an equivalence between the United States protecting itself in the war on Afghanistan and terrorism practiced against the United States, I don't accept the premise of that question and the moral equivalence that you're suggesting." - White House Press Secretary, Ari Fleischer.

The above quotes are telling in several

continued on page 4

"Initiate to a Certain Reality"

An Interview with Writer Eileen Myles

"In *North Building* they used those pale green, yellow, light almost grey-blue bowls—plastic ones that the government buys and distributes everywhere in America so that everyone is aware of institutional eating. The clank of it. The metal soupsoon clucks at the bowl..."

This weaving of memory, poetry and American kitsch opens the chapter of Eileen Myles' novel *Cool for You* that she read at UCSD in early February. The reading took place as part of her interviewing process for the chair position to the new fiction-writing program in the Literature Department.

Myles is a writer associated with both the New York bohemian boys-club poets of the beat generation and the rising subculture of literary San Francisco dykes, and her style reflects these divergent influences. Using broken narrative, anti-realist plotting and structure, and a poet's intuition and eye for sardonic detail, *Cool for You* traces the working-class roots of a young butch dyke named Eileen Myles through institutional America. Drawing from her own experiences, the writer Eileen unapologetically writes about Eileen the character, refusing to fictionalize autobiography in order to validate it within the literary world. The novel later branches into pure poetry unabashedly using metaphors as grandiose as the solar system and inferno.

Myles' literary career has spanned from studying at St. Mark's Church in the East Village in the height of its avant-garde literary and performance epoch of the 70's to her '97 tour with Sister Spit, a travelling group of grrrl slam poets known for their rowdy sex-positive punk aesthetics. Her adoption by Sister Spit and its growing group of literary dykes is one illustrative point of Myles' importance to young queer writers. Michelle Tea, co-founder of Sister Spit, author of the novel *Valencia* and winner of the Lambda award for lesbian fiction, most often cites Myles as her major influence and in fact mentions her in *Valencia*, archiving Myles as mentor to a new subculture of urban punk, sex-positive queer writers.

In the following interview, Myles discusses her experiences touring with Sister Spit, her literary style and process, her experimental roots in the performance art/literary world of the East Village in the 70's, and her unexpected run for President of the United States in 1992.

I came to your work first through an interest in Michelle Tea, who so often refers to you as her major influence, and your tour with Sister Spit sort of involves you in this whole new generation of queer writers. Could you talk a little about touring with Sister Spit, and further, how you feel about being implicated in this newer subculture of queer writers by being thought of as a mentor and influence?

Oh, it's great and the connection happened at a moment in '95, I had just been on a trip to Russia that was sort of disastrous and was going through a breakup, I had a new book but I hadn't done anything to promote it. And that summer, I got this postcard, it was this goofy postcard, someone you don't know writing to say hi. It wasn't just "Hi, I love your work..." It was "Hi! We're just travelling cross-country and we just saw the cutest car, blah, blah, blah...Love, Michelle" And I'd never even met her before. And I remember the front of the postcard was this girl eating a ham sandwich...And I came back from Russia and it was this

horrible fall and I thought I'll just do myself a favor and book a reading at a Different Light even though nobody's paying me to go to San Francisco, and just try to get some publicity for this new book. And just the night before I left, Michelle called and she was like, "Hi, it's Michelle! We sent you a postcard last summer and we heard that you're coming out and it would be really rad if you would come and read here, you could be the feature!" And I'm thinking Oh God, well ok. And it just turned to be this great thing, it was when Sister Spit was doing open mikes at the Coco Club, it was just crowded with girls, and I hadn't done an open mike in years. I recognized the scene, but it was an all girl scene, which I had never seen before. Michelle had turned all these people on to my work and it was just kind of this connecting. When I came to New York in the 70's, the poetry scene was totally different, it was Ginsberg and them, they were all my age now, and they were all fags but I was still hanging out with a bunch of straight boys and then I came out and I met this girl... There was just this little network of women in the scene, but mostly it was a guy's scene, so I had a lesbian life over here with my rowdy girlfriend, but there just weren't a lot of girls in the poetry scene. The thing that was so cool when I met Michelle was that I met that crowd of girls that I wanted now, twenty years younger than me, but we met and it was like my work got heard. And Michelle is so great, I felt like I had met my generation at last. Only there's the age gap, and you can't throw that away because it's real, the age difference is real, but I just feel like what they're doing aesthetically this generation of women is so cool, it's so hot.

And what was it like touring with Sister Spit?

Really good, really great. And you know, it was like I really couldn't drink anymore cause I'd already drank so much, so I thought "I'll just be the quiet one" but no one was really ever on the same page, in the group there were a lot of different energies and I felt really part of it and complementary. It was really cool, travelling across America, it felt really safe in a weird way...Sometimes when we were trying to get hotel rooms, me and Topiary would be urged to go in because we looked the most "normal", and the two of us were like, "We look normal? Yeah, you're right..."

*How do you think about the unconventional structuring of your novels, for instance *Cool for You*, which is structured into these little short narratives that sort of have a life of their own?*

Right, well part of it is just the way I write, I have a poet's attention span. I operate out of a lot of trust, I have a thought and then I finish it and then the next thought comes, and I try not to get in there and think "well, that doesn't follow that" because it does, it just did. It's about associations, even if I can't see the connection now, it's coming. It's beautiful, I think about weaving with all these different colors, I think "Ok, a little more red now," you start to do that...It's very molten, it's about stakes. In a way you're composing musically when you're writing. I wish I knew more about musical composition, I'm really interested in elec-

continued on page 5



Body count:

continued on page 3

ways. The idea that the most powerful nation state ever to exist has to protect itself against one of the poorest countries is plainly absurd. More to the point is the idea that the United States cannot be held to any "moral equivalence" for similar actions in other countries.

The United States has the sole authority to decide who is a terrorist and therefore which bodies can be counted as important.

"Is there one person in the world who gets to decide who is and who is not a terrorist? The State Department, of course, has a list of terrorist nations, terrorist states, entities that belong... So the State Department... probably comes the closest to deciding about a listing of terrorists." — White House Press Secretary, Ari Fleischer.

Even when confronted by the very Americans who have lost loved ones in the September 11th tragedy, pleading, "for the sake of humanity and my children, to stop [the] killing. Please find a non-violent way to bring justice to this world," George W. Bush responds that, "He understands them [the opinions], he respects them, he differs. He believes that this mission is saving lives."

Whose lives? Certainly not those in Afghanistan.

It is fairly obvious that an American body weighs much heavier in the minds of our media and government. To some degree this is to be expected, as so much of their job depends on the support of our American bodies. The more disturbing question to ask is whether the American public will value an American life over an Afghani life. Appealing to misinformation and anger is no longer an acceptable excuse. Either we must admit that people who live in rich western countries take

precedent over people who live in poorer, third world countries or we must seek to educate ourselves and seek to stop the insanity of our government. The ease with which our government convinced us to go to war is also disturbing. How easy would it have been to go to war if we had found out that the terrorists were living in France? Would we have bombed Paris? The fact that these questions seem so ridiculous points to a kind of cultural racism on our part.

Why are there not any significant protests or civil disobedience against this war? Why is our government (not mine!) able to take away so quickly rights that have been fought for over many years? How can the American public stand for these outrages? The only way that these things can go on is through the generation of self-importance at the exclusion of any others in the world. This is the same self-importance that allows this 6% of the population to use 70% of its resources.

The same self-importance allows the media to exaggerate and turn any facts for its own purposes. U.S. media are completely un-credible. Anyone knows that the facts used are notoriously unreliable. The real problem is that no one seems to notice or be concerned that the death count from the W.T.C. attacks has shrunk from over 10,000 to under 3,000. Even more important is why people are not concerned with the utter and total lack of reporting on the number of civilian casualties in Afghanistan.

It is obvious from the above figures that an American body is worth more than an Afghan body according to those at the head of the American institutions of power. The media must feel that reporting on deaths in Afghanistan would hurt business. This is obviously true when business is forming and controlling the opinion of the American public. As for those who live in Afghanistan, I guess it may be truly said that they are enduring "freedom," our freedom.

Colombia:

continued from page 1

money the U.S. spends in aid to Colombia gets funneled through the military to the AUC, which is much more linked to the drug trade than the FARC.

One of the main reasons that Pastrana gave for the bombings and invasion is the recent hijacking of a commercial airliner and kidnapping of a senator and a presidential candidate. This makes sense until one thinks about the fact that he had been preparing to end the peace process and take back the demilitarized zone for months. In January, he reached a last-minute agreement with the FARC, just a few hours before the "agreement-or-invasion" deadline he had set. Ever since the demilitarized zone was granted, he has been on the verge of taking it back, and the peace process had always been very precarious.

Part of the increased aid that Bush promised Pastrana last week was \$98 million for increased security for an oil pipeline used by Occidental Petroleum that had come under attack by the FARC. In Colombia, as in Afghanistan, Kuwait, and so many of the other conflicts that the United States has been involved in recently, protecting American oil interests is a hidden motivation behind fighting drugs, terrorism, or Saddam Hussein. Oil, money, and winning the favor of the United States are all very strong arguments for invading the demilitarized zone. It appears that Pastrana took advantage of recent events and the terrorism hysteria to carry out a course of action that he had been planning for a long time.

Eileen Myles:

continued from page 4

tronic music; I would love to work with musicians or compose that way.

You talk a lot about influences from other genres, like music, science fiction, film...

Yeah, because they put things together differently, in a way that really makes sense to me, and us. We all speak in all these other languages, and it's really great to see the novel updated by writing in all these other languages...The coolest woman of the twentieth century I think was Gertrude Stein. Before she had even seen a film, she was thinking about it. All of her repetitions were totally about imitating film. When a hand moves in a film, it's a hundred different little pictures of the same hand moving, and I think when you're arranging paragraphs and chapters, you're doing just that.

Yesterday at the reading [at UCSD] you said that you are opposed to narrative, do you mean that there's another force that moves a novel other than what is traditionally thought of as narrative?

Yeah, I think there are other narratives. When people look at narratives, I mean the classic beginning, middle and end of a story, I know I'm not the first person to suggest that...it's kind of like the narrative of the male orgasm perhaps. You know what I mean? Perhaps if the writer were female, or perhaps that isn't the only way a man could have sex, that "I know where I'm going, I know where I'm going, I'm getting there" kind of thing, that there are more ways to get there, and maybe there are many orgasms in a book. Think about if you're writing about a kid sitting somewhere, I mean wouldn't the



Troops land near San Vicente del Caguan

The United States is stepping up military aid to Colombia. Under current law, military assistance is limited to anti-drug efforts. Bush's top advisors met last Tuesday to discuss extending the war on terrorism to Colombia, and the U.S. already sped up the delivery of spare parts for the U.S.-made military equipment used by the Colombian military, and have promised to share intelligence with the Colombian government.

Despite the fact that the FARC and the Colombian government have been at war since 1964, the FARC has not been granted "wartime belligerent" status, which would grant them more rights under the Geneva Accord. They are being framed as terrorists, not one party in a civil war, which makes it far easier for the Colombian and United States governments to attack them.

kid just sit there and look at their foot for a long time? Like when experimental film started, it was okay to just show a record turning, or focus on a tree for a long time. And people who don't like experimental film are like "Okay, okay I see the tree" but no, if you can't stand that, you don't see the tree. And there's the right to do that in fiction.

It's strange how that Aristotelian "male orgasm" strand of Realism has become such an oppressive regime in literature and theatre...

Right, as if there were one reality. You can be entirely experimental and perhaps be a greater realist. I mean what's so real about that conventional novel, it's the most artificial thing in the world.

Are you interested in representing your reality?

Oh sure, I feel like I've always written from a place where I felt was endangered. The thing I said yesterday about being my own biographer, my own "Boswell", meant that there was such a sense of being a female, the obvious identity things of being gay, being an artist from a working-class family. I mean I was the first person in my family to go to college you know, I should have been a school teacher. That's the weird thing about thinking about taking this job [at UCSD]. Why am I suddenly being the good girl at 52? Or the good boy, or whatever...So maybe it is my class coming home to roost. But it seems like the way to write about reality in a book using materials from your own life is to kind of curate that, kind of install it safely in a museum of lit. There is no museum of literature, but there are literary acts and actions.

continued on page 6

Revisionism:

continued from page 2

to combat this kind of revisionism is to check context; if an extraordinary claim is made generalizing from one or two examples, we must rigorously research the situation surrounding the examples, and also search for other examples to corroborate the generalization.

Second, revisionists take advantage of a general unwillingness to check references. A surprising number of respected academics cite such sources as rumor and hearsay in making historically important claims. The obvious way to fight this tactic is to check sources; and more importantly, to maintain a healthy suspicion of any work that does not cite sources.

Third, a situation which, while not necessarily engineered by revisionists, plays into their hands, is any situation of historical ignorance. Some supposed radicals even go so far as to discount history as important altogether. What they are ignoring is that their own actions are a continuation of a historical process; today's capitalists did not invent capitalism, and today's anarchists did not invent anarchism. By allowing ourselves to be ignorant of history, we open ourselves up to revisionist ideas, which prey on this ignorance. If we fail to learn, for example, about the events in the Soviet Union, we may be forever convinced that communism failed because it is an inherently flawed system—a conviction which plays directly into the hands of the imperialists. The more we attempt to deny history, and the less we learn about it, the more it con-

continued on page 6

GROUNDWORK

BOOKSTORE & COLLECTIVE



a political collective and non-profit bookstore working toward social change to enable people to take control over their own lives.

Specializing in:

- Political Theory
- LGBT Studies & Fiction
- Feminist Theory
- Social Movements
- Labor Studies
- Literary & Cultural Criticism
- African-American, Chicana/o Studies, Asian Pacific Islander, Native American Studies
- Race Theory
- Political Economy & Imperialism
- Pins • Posters • Bumperstickers
- Periodicals • T-Shirts

Groundwork Books & Resource Center

0323 Student Center

La Jolla, CA, 92037

Phone: 858/452-9625

Fax: 858/452-0325

<http://groundwork.ucsd.edu>

e-mail: gwbooks@groundwork.ucsd.edu





Women must realize that rapists aren't necessarily "bad" people, they just like to get their fuck on.

People must realize that women who kill rapists aren't necessarily "bad" people, they just like to get their target practice on.

Eileen Myles:

continued from page 5

Can you describe your experiences coming to New York in the 70's and working at St. Mark's Church? What was going on at the time?

Patti Smith was working there when I first got to New York, and you know, Jim Carroll, Robert Lowell, Yoko Ono, people who were really well known were still performing there, Williams Burroughs. It was a real poetry rock kind of moment when I first came to town. You know, I went to graduate school in Queens for like two months, but what was the point? I was commuting out to the boroughs, and here was the East Village with cheap rent and everyone was in a band, punk rock, there was a whole kind of like poetry-music fusion going on at the moment that made it seem like, why would a poet want to be in the academy when you were out here?

Did you feel that there was an interweaving of performance and literature going on?

Well, there was sharing spaces, there were no performance spaces in the 70's, just The Kitchen and St. Mark's Church. It was Spalding Gray, Mabou Mines, Stuart Sherman, Laurie Anderson, they were all just doing little performances around. Performance, dance, writing, they were all very blended at the time. Part of it was real estate, there were cheap apartments, cheap lofts, people were neighbors and had parties, and everybody went. In the 80's it seemed like everything changed. It had nothing to do with money. There was this guy, you probably know about these people, who was living outside for a year and then tied himself to that woman for a year... And so he would announce appearances... And all these people came, it was very old avant-garde, I was a kid then and they had been doing this stuff for twenty years, everybody would just sort of show up and bring a bottle of wine, take a picture... and that was it, it was like this ritual. Or going through Soho and seeing Stuart Sherman performing on a street corner. Not for money. Or ten people would show up at someone's apartment to watch someone crawl across the floor very slowly. It was like, we are initiates to a certain reality, and we are witnessing it and maybe someone would take a picture

or document it, but that would be it. And suddenly in the 80's everyone was doing HBO shows.

How did your decision to run for President come about?

Kind of out of performance, I had been writing and reading, memorizing and reciting, and then I don't know, there was a moment in the 80's in New York, when I wasn't getting what I wanted, I didn't have an HBO show! And I thought why am I doing everything just to get something? I thought from now on, I'm only going to do things that are intrinsically interesting to me and see what that's like. I started to do things like panels, benefits, in a performance context. And then the Gulf War happened, and I was in India at the time, I was always in these positions having to defend U.S. policy and I felt very politicized at the time. And then Bush gave that speech about the politically correct in 1990, about the real danger to freedom of speech is the minorities, homosexuals, women, just people who are complaining too much. And the New York Times said that was the beginning of the 1992 campaign trail, that freedom of speech would really be an issue in this campaign and

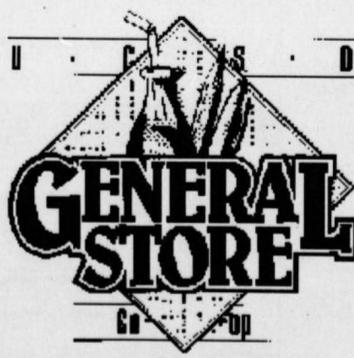
when I read that I thought I'm 40 years old, I'm sure I can run. So I went to the New York Board of Elections, and I just started running. It was kind of like that performance artist who stayed outside for a year, I decided that every reading, every panel, every situation, everything that I was asked to do publicly between April of '91 and November of '92, would be a campaign op. And I had the attitude that I was not allowed to not run ever. But my campaign would be whatever it was I felt. If I felt lousy, I would be the presidential candidate who felt lousy. If I had my period, and someone asked "How's the Campaign?" I would say, "Well, I don't know, I have cramps." It was just this ludicrous thing, I was on MTV, it was really wild. But I really felt that as a poet, I attacked the idea of distributing poetry differently. My point was that, if you added up all the people in America who were working class, under \$25,000 a year, who were female, who were queer, who were artists, if all of us put our votes together, you know I could be elected. And so, I'm your representative. There's nobody running who needs healthcare, I need it, I don't have it! I will get it for you. So logically, it made so much sense and it was really kind of fun.

Revisionism:

continued from page 5

trols us.

Revisionism is a problem which will become more and more important as this century presses on. The lessons of the 20th century will help determine the actions of the 21st century, as the lessons of the 19th century dictated the events of the 20th. If we blindly allow truth and history, recent and distant, to be manipulated unchecked, soon even the most radical of our radicalism will be turned against us. It is up to us to fight for the future; it is therefore our duty to arm ourselves with the past.



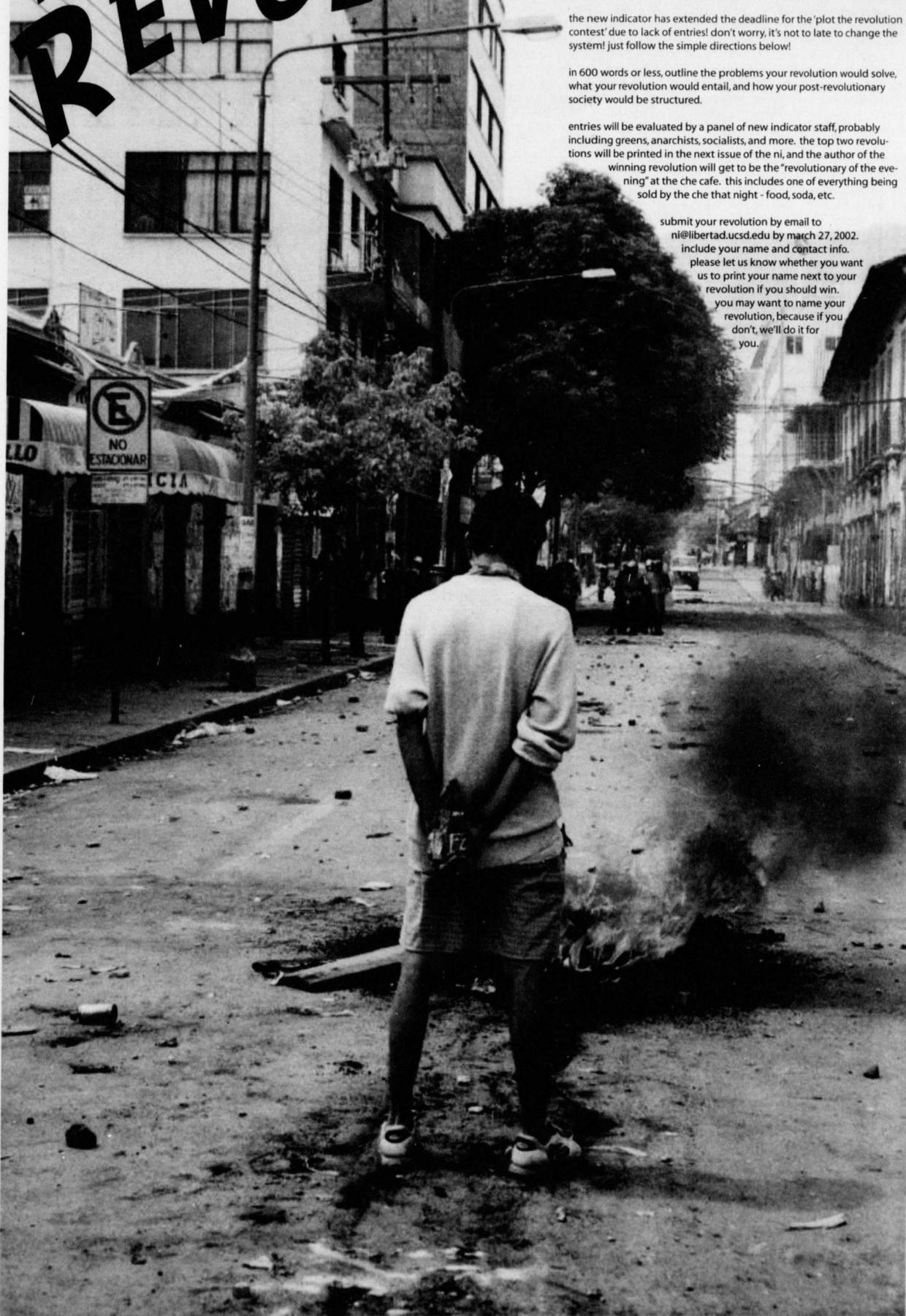
The General Store Co-op is a student-run store which was founded in 1980 to offer students a less expensive alternative to the high Price Center. As a student cooperative, we try to provide the University community with the best quality merchandise at the lowest prices. And we succeed!

The General Store Co-op carries items such as selected essential school and office supplies, household and personal items, stationery and gift wrap, clothing (including UCSD logos), and food and snack items - all of which range from 5-25% less than anywhere else on campus.

We sell textbooks, which are guaranteed to cost less than at the UCSD bookstore.

The General Store Co-Op is located in the Student Cooperative Center, in between the Food Co-Op and KSDT. 858-534-3932

PLOT THE REVOLUTION!



the new indicator has extended the deadline for the 'plot the revolution contest' due to lack of entries! don't worry, it's not too late to change the system! just follow the simple directions below!

in 600 words or less, outline the problems your revolution would solve, what your revolution would entail, and how your post-revolutionary society would be structured.

entries will be evaluated by a panel of new indicator staff, probably including greens, anarchists, socialists, and more. the top two revolutions will be printed in the next issue of the ni, and the author of the winning revolution will get to be the "revolutionary of the evening" at the che cafe. this includes one of everything being sold by the che that night - food, soda, etc.

submit your revolution by email to ni@libertad.ucsd.edu by march 27, 2002. include your name and contact info. please let us know whether you want us to print your name next to your revolution if you should win. you may want to name your revolution, because if you don't, we'll do it for you.

A new world order?

300 years of colonialism... and counting

For some reason, many people view history as a boring subject, full of dates that mark this treaty or that war, but which has little or no relation to their own experience. People are consumed by the day to day drudgery of uninteresting and unengaging jobs, just so they can pay the rent and put some food on the table. Thus, it should come as no surprise to the scholar that history is often viewed with apathy. People have become increasingly preoccupied with the present, and as such, have little or no time for the past. In fact, the "powers that be" promote this reduction of intellectual life, as people who have no time to spend thinking about their situation have little time to spend getting mad about it either. Mindless entertainment in the form of sitcoms and soap operas are the norm on television, with only PBS providing some educational television experiences to those who do not have access to cable. In the spirit of ancient Rome, people are distracted from more important issues in their lives with the proverbial "breads and circuses," today taking the form of beer and sports events. People have become slaves to the "new economy," and what little time they spend with their families leaves even less room for other intellectual pursuits. From this point of view, it can be seen that the European imperialism of the 18th, 19th, and 20th centuries is maintained even today, though it is more insidious now than ever before, as the political and economic elite not only separate themselves from other country's people, but from their own.

The Industrial Revolution during the latter half of the 18th century spurred the expansion of European colonies that

had previously gone decades without significant growth. With increased production of machinery came an increase on the demand for raw materials such as cotton, silk, indigo, and hemp. Where previously traders sought to acquire finished goods (textiles) or luxury items (spices), they now turned to raw materials at the beginning of the 19th century. Of course, Europeans could not depend on the native populations or governments to provide steady supplies of these materials. Local rulers were entirely too unpredictable; thus, the solution was to take whatever steps deemed necessary to insure that production continued. Sometimes, as in the case of King Jaja of Obopo in Nigeria, various "rights" to natural resources were, through subterfuge, stolen from the local governments. Lip service to legality often accompanied these transactions. The local governments could do virtually nothing about these injustices, as the European colonists had their governments' military backing. What the Europeans could not take "legally," they took by force. Anyone in the way of European profits and commercialism was either killed, suppressed, or converted with religion.

Europeans did do certain things that can be viewed as beneficial for the natives in colonies. However, when one looks beneath the surface of these actions, it becomes clear their beneficence was at best incidental. For example, the Europeans educated some of the native population in language, customs, and religion. For the most part, though, the

only people who had access to such education were the elite of the native population. In addition, one of the main reasons Europeans did this was to avoid the cost of importing colonists and having to pay them European wages. Natives could be taught to perform the same functions as their European counterparts, but could be paid significantly less. Initially, the education provided to the native elite served the European masters more than the native population. Fortunately, there was an unseen consequence of the policy of education: European educated natives eventually saw the injustices perpetrated on their countries, and began to organize resistance to colonial rule.

Actions taken in regard to the colonies were, for the most part, selfish in nature. There was little concern for the lives of the subjugated peoples. This became the case increasingly as time passed and government sponsored racism took hold. The 19th century saw the justification on the part of the Europeans of their strategies with respect to colonial rule. It became a widely held belief that the White Man had a moral responsibility to bring European culture to the backwards natives of the colonies. If the natives revolted, they were punished. If they were uncooperative, they were punished. In fact, if the natives didn't do exactly what the Europeans wanted them to, they were punished. Europeans regarded the colonial natives as inferior in every respect, but especially in moral and mental aspects.

Europeans devised various ways to extract the natural resources from the colony while returning as little as possible to its people and earning as much as possible from the sale of finished goods back to the native population. To this end,

only the barest minimum of industry was set up in the colonies themselves; instead, the colonies were left to produce the far less economically valuable raw materials. This meant that even if the colony were to get out of hand, they would have neither the infrastructure nor the economic ability to take action against their European masters. The Europeans also had various insidious ways of controlling the natives which included causing strife between factions. The old strategy of "divide and conquer" worked very well for the Europeans, as the natives spent all their time killing each other, when they could have otherwise concentrated on expelling the foreign invaders.

These methods of controlling people and economies still exist today. The most marked examples are Africa and Central and South America. African countries are held in economic head locks by organizations such as the IMF, WTO, and the World Bank, all of which are European controlled. Many African countries owe so much money to these organizations that their entire yearly production is spent paying back loans (loans which, by the way, can never be paid off completely), instead of building the local infrastructure needed to care for their own populations. In Central and South America, the United States provides military training to the soldiers of the current regimes. Unfortunately, much of this training is used against the people of those countries (the most striking examples of which are the death squads in El Salvador, Guatemala, Colombia, and other countries). Some of the governments of Central and South America are actually just puppets of the

continued on page 9

Recruitment:

continued from page 1

tions in attendance except for the Red Cross (and in looking at the list of 57 "Employers" in attendance my suspicions were confirmed). Oh wait, I forgot that the University of California, San Diego is a non-profit organization (or "business" as our chancellors are so fond of pointing out). To be fair, there were many governmental institutions in attendance, like the U.S. Air Force, the Department of State, the Navy, and various police departments. I was briefly hopeful when I saw some company named "Progressive" but my hopes were dashed when I found out that it was a "visionary" and "maverick" auto insurance company.

Maybe I am too picky. Maybe I need to accept my role as an American and start working for a system that oppresses whole populations and produces the weapons,

technology and surveillance to do so. Or maybe I should work for companies that are using up all of the planet's natural resources (especially in other countries), shifting any burdens of this onto future generations or isolated poor populations. Maybe I shouldn't criticize this system and instead put in my time helping poor people by being a benevolent westerner; perhaps working in the Peace Corps for two years will be penance enough for my contributions to their suffering. I could work for a Biotech company in order to mass produce semi-useful drugs and over market them to a pleasure obsessed society at the expense of making life saving medication affordable to impoverished peoples around the world. Maybe none of this is my problem. I will just work at the largest fitness chain in America and forget all about it. I mean, what is a job anyways? It doesn't really matter what you do, as long as you are having fun, right? I am not the one killing people.



The harbingers of death, the USMC and Raytheon (a defense contractor) recruit with the Dynes-money-laden Qualcomm on Library Walk last month.

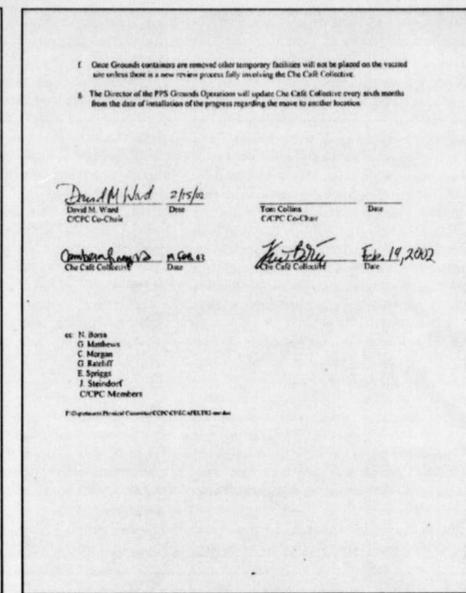
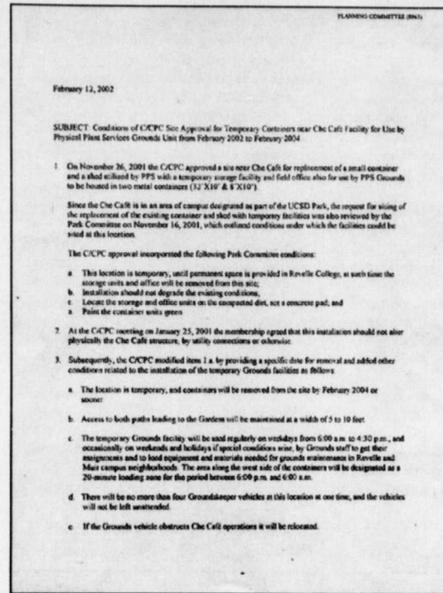


Ché Café and UCSD administration sign a binding agreement

In our last issue, we ran an article about the UCSD administration trying to install a shed next to the Ché Café, interfering with the operation of the Café without giving a timeline for removal. Since then, the UCSD administration and the Ché Café Collective have come to an agreement (see below). This agreement guarantees that the container will be moved within the next two years. It also minimizes the effects its presence will have on the operations of the Ché Café.

In fighting for its rights, the Ché Café Collective has shown that a meaningful compromise can be made between students needs and the administration's desires. It has also shown that students do have a say over our campus. We just have to be courageous enough to stand up and make our voice heard.

Below is the press release sent out by the Ché Café:



The Ché Café Collective wins a legally binding agreement from UCSD administration

The Ché Café Collective has reached an agreement with the UCSD administration. The Ché Café and the UCSD administration agreed on a written document which guarantees that the container, to be installed in early March, will be removed by February of 2004. In addition, the administration agreed not to touch the Ché Café building in any way with the installation of the container and shed.

These are important victories for the Ché Café Collective because we have a long history of being encroached upon by the University administration. This time we said, "Enough is enough." We are willing to be reasonable but we expect the same treatment from the university.

When the shed and container are removed, we hope to use the area to expand the garden and entrance areas to the Ché Café, in order to make both more inviting and accessible to the public.

This is just one step in revitalizing the Ché Café as a community center for both students and the San Diego community. We hope that it will give us momentum to create even greater change in the future.

Thanks to all in the UCSD and San Diego activist community for your generous support in getting the message out and calling/pressuring UCSD administrators to work with us.



Colonialism:

continued from page 8

US. They are economically bound to the US, and must do what is asked of them, or enormous sanctions are imposed.

In addition, free trade agreements are forced on developing countries. The main result of these treaties is the creation of cheap labor. In certain countries such as Myanmar, there is an enforced military tenure for all citizens which, in reality, is little more than slavery, as the new recruits are used to man factories for little or no pay at all. U.S. and European companies then move their factories and assembly plants to the developing countries so as to exploit the cheaper cost of production. Profits from the finished goods are thus increased, and because the value of the finished products is so high in so-called first world countries, the companies make a killing, all at the expense of the workers of their parent countries. Also, many of these companies are subsidized by federal monies from their parent countries, which only makes the exploitation of the parent population worse. Their tax dollars are used to produce goods with foreign labor, which are then sold back to them at exorbitant prices. In effect, the parent population gets bilked of their money twice.

On top of these economic policies, United States and European laws are

weighted highly in favor of corporations, as opposed to individuals. Corporations hold all the personal liberties of individuals with few of the accompanying liabilities. For example, the Supreme Court has upheld a company's right to free speech, while at the same time limiting the enforceable punishments (caps on settlements, etc.) in cases of corporate crime. Ostensibly, this is done for the worker's benefit, as a corporation which is given an effective "death penalty" destroys jobs and produces unemployment.

With respect to rights, a corporation's rights are far more powerful than any individuals, mainly because a corporation usually have far greater resources to draw upon than individuals do. In capitalist regimes, money is really the only thing that matters. Those with the money get the boons of power; those without it remain at the mercy of the powerful. One glaring instance is the right to the freedom of speech. The Supreme Court has said that the right to the freedom of speech does not imply that you have the right to make your voice heard. So, while you can say whatever you want, you are not guaranteed access to venues which would allow others to hear what you have say.

Colonialism has not ended, it has simply transformed. In the 18th and 19th centuries, colonialism was more explicit. European governments actually invaded and took overt military action against disobedient colonial regions. Today, the

"first world" countries perform acts of economic, as opposed to overt physical, warfare against "rogue" states. Propaganda in the form of commercialism and consumerism has invaded our lives, pandering to wants and desires instead of needs. No one needs DVDs, or computers, or SUVs. In fact, possessions can actually cause more problems than they solve, though it is sometimes difficult to realize. Car payments, mortgage payments, credit card bills; the list of monetary obligations

never seems to end. Possessions are in the end irrelevant, as great people are ultimately not judged by what they own, but by who they are and what they believe. As John Lennon put it in "The Ballad of John and Yoko," "Savin' all your money for a rainy day, givin all your clothes to charity. Last night the wife said, oh boy, when you're dead, you don't take nothin' with you but your soul."



We are a non-profit, student run & owned business. We sell tasty vegetarian food (burritos, bagels, yogurt, fruit juices...) at low prices. We believe that by keeping prices down and stocking our store with good, healthy food, we are providing a much-appreciated service to students who want an alternative to the costly and rarely-nutritious food offered elsewhere on campus.

We're located in the student cooperative center near the reveille campus along with soft reserves, the grove cafe & the co-ops. We're open 8-5pm every weekday during the school year.

KSDT
KSDTRADIO.ORG

A Novel in Process

by Stephanie Ritter

The stones making up the first mile of the narrow floor from the trailhead were smooth and large. I was glad to be wearing my hiking sandals. I glanced back at Justin who was barefoot and struggling at times trying to find his footing. Masses of people waded by us in the river, some going downriver some heading up with us. After a mile of hiking through the water the crowds dissipated. Here and there a few families and couples still trudged on through the clear green water toward where the narrows earned their name. As the canyon narrowed, Ryan and I ran our hands along the smooth rock walls. The dark red rock contrasted spectacularly with the bright green water.

To the right the canyon branched off into an outlet. We headed that way and soon found ourselves in a deep pool. I climbed up onto a rock about four feet over the river and jumped cannonball style into the water. I let myself sink and settle into the soft sand. I opened my eyes and could see the break in the water where the walls began. I swam over and ran my hand again along the wall. It never felt so good to be walled-in, I thought.

Justin and Ryan had laid themselves out on an outcropping of low-lying rocks by the river.

wasn't responding I proceeded to pull his balled up sweater of a pillow out from under his head. Justin's head thumped as it landed in the soft sand beneath his tent. At some point during the night he must have slipped his head outside of his tent because it stuck out with the rest of his body inside. I laughed, covering my mouth with my hand. It looked like his body had been swallowed by the tent and his head spat out like a bone.

"What are you laughing at?" He was awake and glaring at me with an awkward smile. I don't think he was used to having his pranks returned. "It's almost as bad as my death stare."

"Your death stare? Is that what you call it?" I threw my head back in amusement and then turned to see if Ryan was awake.

"Jeez, I had no idea you were such a taskmaster, Sara," Ryan complained from within his tent. I could hear him zipping up his pants. Justin looked back at me with smiling eyes.

"All right. You got me back. Now don't try that again," he whispered.

"I was just testing if you could be scared," I said.

"Well, I guess you have your answer," he replied.

"Yep, I sure do, you're a scaredy cat, who's awfully hard to wake. Now what's for breakfast?"

Justin pulled my hand toward his mouth. "Oatmeal," he said as he gently kissed it.

"Look Justin, don't get any ideas okay? I

with your presence."

"This'll actually encourage growth, so there's no harm in what I'm doing, as long as I don't damage the roots."

Ryan had told me the night before about how he and Justin had met. Ryan was working at the nursery when Justin moved to Santa Fe to be head of marketing and sales for the nursery. Since Justin had to sell the plants the nursery agreed to make Justin's house in Santa Fe a demonstration site for the nursery.

"That way if Justin had clients over for dinner, he would be able to show off his landscaping as a way to sell the nursery," Ryan had said. "Since part of my job was to install plants I was sent to work on his landscape. I worked on it for a couple of weeks, and by the end we were friends. I showed him around town, mainly the bars."

Ryan was now examining the stem of a beautiful yet tiny purple flower head perched on the edge of a long green stem. I went over to him and watched as he examined the stem.

"Plants are such beautiful creatures," his hand delicately smoothed the leaves and trailed downward along the stem toward the base of the plant. "No matter what you do, if you raise them under the right conditions they always turn out at least as well as you planned, but more times than not, they turn out better."

The sage plant he looked at was indeed really beautiful. At least if I was anywhere close in interpreting Ryan's definition of beauty the plant

Between them lay a narrow strip of golden sand. Both men had strong musculature and bore a striking resemblance.

"You guys look so much like brothers," I called to them from the river below. They both tilted their heads, their long brown hair draping against the rock.

"We're not" Ryan called back.

"Do women ever hit on you because you look so much alike? Like a menage-a-trois thing?"

"I don't know, Sara. Do they?" Ryan replied. Apparently he was accusing me. Justin stayed silent on his rock.

"I'm insulted, Ryan. Do you think I'm hitting on you guys?" I said incredulously. "After all, you guys stole my coffee pot."

"Yeah, and you came to retrieve it," said Justin.

"I thought you were asleep, Justin. Why don't you just stay out of this?" I called back teasingly.

These guys were too alike for me to actually like one of them. They reminded me of brothers. I was in no mood to be hit on or vice versa. But they were still fun to play with.

We swam and hiked the rest of the day, admiring the cool shade and calming colors of the canyon. When we hiked out later that day I gave Justin my shoes. He took them without complaint.

"Come with us tomorrow," Justin said as

hardly know you and I want this trip to be fun. So don't get funny on me." Justin looked back at me disconcertedly.

"Who said oatmeal was funny? If you don't like it you can just say so and we'll make something else," he joked back.

The sound of Ryan setting up the stove started me and my shoulders slightly lurched forward at the sound.

"It's a good thing you're going with us, honey. This way you'll know who's making what sounds."

I felt so stupid. Why does my body always react to inane things? I stood up and headed toward Ryan at the stove.

"It's a good thing we copied our licenses, Ryan. This girl might get killed by a bear and then they'll think it's our fault."

I knew he was joking, but it still hurt. Obviously copying their licenses if a bear killed me would mean that they would still be suspects. But he didn't mean that a bear might actually kill me, he just knew that the thought had crossed my mind. How did he know the way I felt, the way I reacted to the smallest of things? Maybe it was obvious. Maybe I could just make myself assume the worst and then my body would never react. Oh great, then if I really get attacked I wouldn't react, no adrenaline, what the hell then? This is ridiculous, now I'm thinking about bears instead of what Justin just said.

I picked up the box of oatmeal and poured the contents into the boiling water. Ryan's sleepy

eyes wandered over his camping gear, mentally preparing for the hike.

"Do you have everything you need?" I asked nonchalantly.

"Yeah, do you?" The tone of his remark stung, as if I were suddenly a burden, an extra item in his backpack. "Sorry, I didn't mean that. I'm not quite awake. I get nicer as the sun comes out, kind of like a butterfly."

"Yeah, a butterfly with bite," I thought to myself.

I decided to forget about talking to them and focused on the oatmeal. Was I doing the right thing by going out into the backcountry with these guys?

Ryan handed me two aluminum bowls and set one on a log next to the stove. The oatmeal steamed as he scooped it into the bowls. He smiled at me meekly and gestured toward the rising sun.

"See, I'm getting nicer," he said with his sweetest voice.

I smiled back at him and made a mental note to avoid talking to Ryan before the sunrise. No problem, I thought, I'll still be sound asleep in my tent.

Everything will be fine, I thought as I ingested lumpy spoonfuls of oatmeal.

The trail we followed was paved with red dirt and lined with various sages, spindly plants well adapted to the hot dry environment of Southwestern Utah. As we walked I stared up at the

walls, even if the wind picked up we would be protected. Justin and I took the cooking equipment out of our bags and began to set up the stove. Like all of Justin's stuff the cooking equipment looked expensive.

"It's okay," Justin said, grabbing the handle of the pot I held and pulling it out of my hand. "If you want to go and do something, I can set this up by myself. How does pasta sound?"

"Sounds wonderful." I was famished. We had skipped lunch because none of us really cared about eating, the trail was so beautiful and inviting, we just kept walking until we came to the campsite, eight miles later. Even though I was hungry I desperately wanted to explore the smooth rock walls of the amphitheater. In places the rock formed angry angles that then formed hollowed out caves, like slanted slits in the rock. I wanted to see if there were any petroglyphs and what types of animals could be found around the rock walls. I even wanted to climb segments of it, feeling the smooth rock in my hand, my fingers digging deep into a crevice. I needed to be alone to wander for a while.

"Thanks, Justin. If you're sure you can handle it, I'm going to go exploring for a bit."

"Not a problem," he answered, pulling a long package of spaghetti out of his bag. "Do we have enough water for that?" I asked. I had carried about a half-gallon of water in my pack, as had Ryan and Justin.

"We have enough for tonight, but tomorrow we'll have to purify some."

we prepared avocado and tomato sandwiches by the river.

"Look, I'll come with you, but you have to do one thing," I said.

"What?" asked Justin.

"When we get the backcountry permit, I want you guys to photocopy your driver's licenses and give them to the rangers."

"What?" They stared at me in disbelief.

"I know it sounds like I don't trust you, but I guess I don't. What's the harm in that? If you guys prove to be good guys, like I know you will, then this precaution won't matter a bit. But if you turn out to be rapist murderers and I don't come back from the hike then, well, the rangers will know who to track down. It's really just about justice. Either way you guys could still kill me, but this way you'll get caught."

"Oh my god," Ryan exclaimed. "Are you paranoid or what?"

"Like I said it's not paranoia, it's precaution."

A moment passed with Justin and Ryan staring stupefied at me as I carefully ate my sandwich.

"Well, I guess you are right," Ryan said with a sardonic smile. "Either way, we could still kill you, and they say people kill purely for the kill without thought for consequence. So I guess, Justin, we'll get our kicks anyway."

Justin looked at him menacingly. "It's not a problem, Sara," he said reassuringly.

"All right then, I'll go with you. Sounds exciting anyway - I love hot springs."

I nudged his shoulder and seeing that he

awful rock formations spiraling off-kilter into the clear blue sky. Each formation had a different way of leaning on its side as if each bent an ear to hear the sounds of the desert floor. I imagined each as a storyteller gathering secrets from the desert that each one heard alike, each formation spinning wild stories to tell the other.

Various birds chirped as we walked. Every once in a while Justin would look over his shoulder and point in the direction of the sound, identifying each as we went along. His pack swung slightly over his hips, side to side, as he swaggered along the trail like a cowboy in the wrong era. All he needed was a hat and spurs, I thought. He wore a dark blue bandana tied around his forehead pulling back his dark hair. His boots were of course, really nice as boots go, but well worn and dusty.

Ryan had fallen behind us, gathering specimens of plants, each tiny snippet he slipped into a zip lock bag.

"What are you doing? A land survey?" I asked jokingly.

"I like to remember the places I've been," he responded sincerely.

"Do you think it's really a good idea to take things like that? What if everyone did that?"

"Well, that's the point, most people remember places by the scenery, I like to remember them by their plants."

"Yeah, so you're a little different. But you're still harming the plants. You know the saying, pack it in, pack it out, don't alter the landscape

teacher while his Mom stood there waiting to give him a ride home.

"You shouldn't say things like that," I told her as I struggled to contain my anger. This is the same woman who has told me that her child has uncontrollable anger, yet she can't even bother to examine her own, let alone temper it.

She looked at me with cold eyes. "You don't need to tell me what I should or should not do. You are not God, Miss Sara!" she shot back at me in condescension.

Anyone who actually thought I would compare myself with God had a screw or two loose. Anything I said would be lost on her so I decided to ignore her. I kept on walking.

The next day I saw her. It was before lunch and I spotted her near the picnic tables, camera in hand. I radioed the principle to let her know that Daniel's Mom was illegally on campus, as are all unregistered persons that come onto campus, and walked back to my classroom. This was the last thing our program needed, a parent who is illegally on campus, illegally taking photos of children, and spying on my classroom.

Several weeks later when her child attacked another student, I almost wished she had been there spying on us. Her son, angered at another student's move in handball went after him on the playground. My aide and I chased them until we were able to get between and block his punches. Soon we had him restrained and took him into the classroom to cool down. I wondered what his home life was like.

The next morning we said goodbye. Justin

I looked up as I heard the sounds of water splashing. Ryan and Justin were having a water fight with the stream water - instead of boiling it. Oh great, I thought.

The next day went seamlessly, uneventful and beautiful. When we got back to the parking lot where our cars were parked we loaded our stuff into our cars and went to have a beer.

"So where are you guys headed now?" I asked between huge sips of Heineken.

"I think we'll hang out here one more day to relax and then head back to Santa Fe," Justin said whimsically. "It's so nice to be on vacation."

He looked at me with soft eyes, watering slightly near the corners. "Did you have fun, Sara?"

"Yeah," I said.

"I'm sorry about the purifier," he said softly. He took my hand like he had that morning so many days ago. "I didn't try anything though, did I?" He looked handsome in the dim light of the bar. The sun setting outside bounced off his hair and shadowed his eyes.

"No, you didn't, and I am also glad that I wasn't eaten by a bear," I said smiling at both of them. "After this beer, let's go report to the station, okay?"

They both nodded and we proceeded to finish our beer. The warmth of it filled my body. I began to feel drowsy. Ah, this is the life, I thought.



"Yeah and you'll especially love them after hiking 16 miles to get to them," Justin said. "Ouch," I said. I hoped my blisters healed by then.

"Wake up sleepy!" I whispered into Justin's tent the next morning. "Get up!" I nudged his shoulder and seeing that he

can boil enough for what we need. We'll just use water for drinking and not for cooking," Ryan and I looked at Justin as if his comments were superfluous. I sat down in the soft dirt and fingered the small pebbles at my feet. Shit, I thought, we're in the desert and we're going to drink hot water. Perfect.

The rest of the day passed without any problems. We boiled enough water for that day and watched as our plastic bottles inverted and twisted with the heat of the water as we filled them. After several hours the water temperature had changed to slightly warmer than lukewarm. I drank until I wasn't thirsty and sat on a rock thinking that I would never trust anyone again when it came to water.

Ryan's face began to look thinner to me than it ever had before. Suddenly I was unavoidably aware of the difference between Ryan and Justin's appearance. Ryan was stockier in body but had a thin face with sunken pockets below his eyes and mouth. His hair was fuller and wavier than Justin's and it bounced as he walked. Justin seemed to always walk with the same swagger, his head moving as if it were pulled by a piece of string in front of him, perfectly balanced. Justin's hands had long slender fingers covered by taut smooth brown skin and they hung to his side aligned with his legs as he walked. Ryan swung his thick and stocky hands.

We packed our gear and left the campsite in silence. Ryan and Justin walked behind me as the trail dipped into a shallow valley. Dark

shadows covered the landscape, the temperature was noticeably cooler and I knew water must be near. We had been walking for about 3 hours covering perhaps 7 miles and the hot springs were nestled into the far end of the valley. As I followed the winding path the familiar red rocks lined the trail, creeping up ever closer until the trail crossed up and over one segment of the rock. Steam rose from behind the rock. The hot springs were on the other side.

I quickly stripped before the guys caught up and sunk down into the steaming water. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon and the summer air was cooling down. I lay my head upon a rock behind me and the dark water covered my body.

"Boy she's quick on the draw," I heard Justin joke with Ryan from the other side of the pool. I looked up and smiled.

"This is my favorite place to be," I called to them happily.

"It looks like it," said Ryan.

The boys stripped and waded into the hot pool. Steam rose from their bodies and in deep whirls around them. They each settled down near a rock and rested their heads comfortably.

"Thank God we're here," Ryan said drowsily. "I think I like hot springs as much as you do, Sara." He winked at me and then closed his eyes. Well at least it seemed like he was getting over the water incident.

"I'm gonna strangle him," Daniel's Mom told me one such time. Daniel had been absentmindedly ushered onto a bus by a substitute

Ryan had shown me his purifier when we first met. "This has carried me across many a trail," he said nostalgically as he showed me the white bottle about as long as my forearm.

Well, I hope it still will, I thought as I walked away from Justin at the stove to explore the campground.

From the base of the rock on the northernmost side of the amphitheater I could see a thin crack that made its way from about four feet off the ground all the way to the top. The crack flared half way up widening to about six inches in diameter. Six feet up from the beginning of the flare ran a ledge horizontally along the amphitheater wall. This ledge was paralleled by another ledge ten feet higher up the wall. The walls seemed to be about 30 feet in height and leaned back a little so as to look like a comfortable climb with lots of rest spots along the way.

My hands were moist as I felt for the first holds and inserted the toes of my right foot sideways into the crack and twisted them flat, like turning a key. I stepped up onto my right foot and inserted my left foot one foot higher than my right in the same fashion, inserting sideways and twisting to a horizontal stepping position. The crack was smooth and solid and I made it easily the twelve feet up to the first ledge. From here I stepped out of the crack, edging my right foot along the ledge and bringing my left foot after it simultaneously moving my hands along the wall. There were plenty of divots along the wall that made perfect handholds. I could

even see some holds that looked like dinner plates, large enough to serve food on.

The ledge widened to about three feet and I sat down to enjoy the view of the expanse of the valley. Far off into the distance I could see faint clouds, cumulous clouds in the shape of huge thunderheads.

It would rain soon. I'll finish this crack and then get back to set-up the tent, I thought. Thank god I brought the rain fly. I had considered leaving it behind as it only added weight to my load, and then remembered the times I had been caught in a summer thunderstorm in the desert and thought against it. Now I was happy I had carried the extra weight.

It was exhilarating nearing the top of the crack. It had widened like I had thought from below to a full six inches, and cramming my hands into the crack was somewhat of a balancing nightmare. I continually looked for holds on the exterior of the crack, here and there placing my foot on these same holds instead of in the crack. When a knob broke under my left foot, my feet slid away beneath me. My left elbow banged against the rock. My fingers still held on. I hung there for a few seconds before I realized the strain on my forearms. I pulled myself up so that my head was at the level of my fingertips, my toes leveraging the awkward weight of my adrenaline-filled body. I did what no climber should ever do when they are climbing without a rope, I looked down. The world was one mess of rocks waiting to catch the fragile mass of flesh

and blood that would no longer be my body. My hands began to slip on the rock. I moved my feet into a secure position and looked back up toward the top of the rock. Fuck, I thought, got to get to the top.

When I reached the top I paused for only a moment to admire the sun setting and the arid desert landscape around me, the clouds were rapidly approaching, looming high overhead in an ominous puff of gray. I walked along the ledge looking for a decent and found a sloping path on the far side of the amphitheater. I was running out of time, already the smell of rain on hot sand filled the air. I returned to the camp feeling rejuvenated. I was ready to eat.

"Have you guys seen those clouds?" I asked as soon as they were in hearing distance, my voice carried through the amphitheater with a soft, distant echo.

"Yeah, we need to eat soon," Ryan said.

Ryan was attending the stove while Justin set up both of their tents. One was already up, but he was struggling with the second one. I walked over to him and pulled one of the thin poles out from where it caught the tent fabric.

"It's just caught," I told Justin.

"Thanks," he replied earnestly.

I walked over to my backpack and pulled the tent from the outer pocket where it was stowed with a bungee cord. Quickly pulling the tent out from the stuff sack I laid it on the ground and began inserting the segments of the poles one into the other until two eight-foot poles lay side

by side. I pushed the poles through their respective mesh grooves and the tent popped up into the air. A rush of gentle wind caught one side of the tent and lifted it off the ground. I pushed it back down and grabbed the stakes. Once the tent was soundly secured I returned to the stove and helped Ryan and Justin spoon the pasta into bowls.

"Looks like a rough night ahead," Justin said grimly. We ate in silence.

We washed the dishes in our remaining water and headed off to our tents. It had begun to softly rain and a warm breeze whipped gently through the amphitheater. We were all tired from the hike and ready to sleep away the night. I was excited for the next day when we would reach the hot springs.

I awoke in pitch darkness to the howling of the wind. The left corner of the tent near my feet was soaked through with the rain. After fruitlessly trying to skirt the water out of the tent door I lay back and listened to the howling. Inside my tent it was warm and humid, I turned on my side and watched rain drops bounce off the rain-fly. My back was sore from the hard ground but the rest of my body was enjoying the delicious comfort of a semi-dry tent in the rain.

Outside of the amphitheater the stream was swollen with the night's rain. I sat on the edge with Ryan's purifier and filled the cavity with water. Screwing the lid onto the top the pump sat snugly at a right angle on the side. This

gave me his phone number at the nursery and I hugged me goodbye.

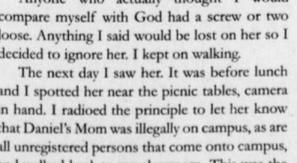
"It was great to meet you, Sara." He smiled mischievously and demurely kissed me on the cheek. "I'll try to visit you in L.A. some time."

"Sure," I said almost sarcastically, knowing that he would never make the effort. "We'll see."

This novel is a work-in-progress. Another section will appear in the next issue of the new indicator.

Ché Café Collective
534-2311 // checafe.ucsd.edu

Vegan All-You-Can-Eat
Tuesdays & Thursdays: 5-7pm
\$2/plate \$4/all-you-can-eat



The Ché Café Collective is dedicated to providing inexpensive, healthy vegetarian food, all-ages entertainment, and alternative education. Entertainment at the Ché ranges from poetry readings and plays to forums, or shows of local bands.

The Ché Café is open to having people come by and help out. The Café provides a great opportunity for people to get involved in the process of cooking, running a restaurant and/or putting on events at any level they feel comfortable at. Stop by or call us at (858) 534-2311.

The Ché Café is located on the Revelle campus behind the Undergraduate library and down the hill from Stonehenge. We're the building with all the murals on it.

Collective Meetings: Thursday, 8:30pm, Ché Café. Open to all.

News in Brief

San Diego, CA:

The Immigration and Naturalization Service began raiding the trolley for undocumented immigrants last week, demanding proof of citizenship from trolley riders who looked like they could have been of Mexican (or other Latin American) descent. Benjamin Prado, an organizer for the Raza Rights Coalition, was beaten and arrested by 12 Border Patrol officers for videotaping this harassment, and his video camera was confiscated and destroyed. Supporters organized a press conference and rally, and he was released from custody shortly thereafter, but the raids continue.

Argentina:

The Piqueteros in Argentina are in control of a 150 km section in the northern part of the country. They've used non-violent direct action to liberate a town of over 30,000 people, shutdown oil refineries and more. The workers are taking over the factories and running them themselves, through direct democracy in the form of mass assemblies. This is also how they have been coordinating all the protests against the economic situation and against representative "democracy" and capitalism in general.

Indonesia:

In the latest chapter of Indonesian political insanity, Akbar Tandjung, Speaker of the Indonesian Parliament, was arrested for corruption the same day that former President Suharto's son was indicted for the murder of a judge.

China:

The Falun Gong severely annoyed the Chinese Communist Party by making an unauthorized television broadcast alleging the fabrication of evidence by authorities and condemning attacks on their movement.

Nepal:

Maoist rebels in Nepal launched their biggest attack yet, bombing police, military, and financial installations in the town of Mangelsen, killing at least 153 people. The Nepalese government struggled to appear unshaken by the attacks, but the nation's poor have strong sympathies for the rebels and are growing increasingly restless.

Peru:

A former member of the Grupo Colina death squad admitted Monday that members of Shining Path and the MRTA and intelligence agents suspected of leaking information to the media were tortured, murdered and buried in a vegetable patch in the grounds of the army headquarters during Fujimori's term as president. Other ex-members of Grupo Colina are also coming forward with tales of abandoning bodies of alleged leftists on a beach just south of Lima and burning the bodies in a secret incinerator in the basement of the Army headquarters. Fujimori's 10-year rule gave Peru one of the worst human rights records in Latin America. He is currently living in Japan, but Peru wants him extradited to stand trial for the abuses he committed while president.

China:

Thirty McDonald's restaurants in Beijing were forced to remove their "golden arches" signs after the govern-

ment passed new regulations affecting the placement and size of advertisements.

Japan:

The Japanese cabinet approved a human rights bill that may prevent the media from harassing people. The media expressed disapproval.

Los Angeles, CA:

Charges against raisethefist.com founder Sherman Austin have been dropped. His house was raided in January by the L.A. County Joint Terrorism Task Force (comprised of the Secret Service, LAPD, FBI, and LA County Sheriff's Dept.) and all of his computer equipment was confiscated, along with anarchist literature. He was arrested a few days later in Washington D.C. on suspicion of terrorist activity or intentions, but the Federal Judge in LA County refused to indict him because of the lack of evidence.

Washington D.C

The vote today for Bush's candidate for the federal judiciary, Charles W. Pickering, has been extended for a full week. This will allow Pickering's supporters to bolster their support for the Mississippi Judge. Pickering, who is against abortion and interracial marriages was nominated by Bush to the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals. Pickering's nomination foreshadows Bush's possible nominations to the Supreme Court as at least one Justice, Sandra Day O'Connor, has spoken openly about retirement. The extension of his vote is surrounded in controversy as the reason for the extension is in reaction to Senate members' both public and private statements that they would not vote in favor of Pickering's nomination.

how to play dead

seventeen years old. i'm asleep at my best friend's house, and wake up to him fucking me. i'm everywhere but there. my mind is flashing through every bit of violence i have experienced in my life to that point, and i can't open my mouth to speak. i struggle to push him off but can't. "shhh," he says. "it's okay." when he's done, i drive home crying. i don't tell my parents, i don't tell my friends. i don't tell anyone for three years. i'm never going to be able to be like i was before. i'm never going to be able to be a trusting person, i'm never going to be able to feel safe around any of my friends, i'm never going to be able to enter a room without immediately noting where all possible exits are. i freak out unpredictably when people touch me, unable to speak or move. this person, my friend, fucked with my head more than he will ever know.

but this isn't about me and this isn't about him. this is about how our society creates and maintains a rape culture. this is about how boys and girls are taught gender roles which lead to unacceptable power dynamics in friendships and relationships. this is about power and violence and patriarchy and survival. this is about how the attitudes and ideas which lead to rape are perpetuated and reproduced in popular culture. and this is about how women who challenge these attitudes and ideas, women who stand up for themselves, women who fight back, are constructed as bitches/dykes/luts who take things too seriously/ are making it up/ are overly sensitive.

what is a rape culture? it's like... in our culture, men are socialized to be aggressive, and women passive and helpless. all the power dynamics that get played out in a rape are power dynamics that our society is founded upon. strength/aggression/confidence/power dominate and violate weak-

ness/dependence/nurturing/passivity. it's like... men are socialized with all the characteristics one would attribute to a rapist, and women are socialized with all the characteristics one would attribute to a victim. rape is not an act of sex, it is an act of power and violence. rape is the power dynamics and gender roles of our society played out through an act of sexual violence.

so each time we fall into the trap of these gender roles, we're reinforcing them. each time we let sexist behavior go unchallenged, each time we let a girl lose faith in herself, each time we let a guy dominate a meeting, or interrupt, or push his agenda, each time we don't notice the girls on the edge of the room who aren't saying anything, we are building and reinforcing this system.

it's all over the media too. television, movies, newspapers, magazines, and music videos support and build this culture, sometimes subtly, through their portrayals of gendered interactions, and sometimes blatantly by outright promoting rape. we need to hold them accountable for their role in creating and maintaining violent gender dynamics.

"lighten up," i'm always told when i point out behavior that reinforces this rape culture. "you take things too seriously." of course i take things seriously. this is my life, this is my reality, and this is the reality of every fucking woman in the world. just because you don't take our lives seriously doesn't mean that we shouldn't. it means you should. dismissing the concerns of women is yet another tool used for maintaining the current system, and we need to get over this, and listen to what women need. we need to be constantly aware of the perpetuation of violent gender dynamics that is going on all around us, so we can be constantly challenging it.

dear xxxxxx,

you fucking knew better. you were supposed to be my fucking friend, yeah well... i guess that wasn't for real. you fucked up. i hold you completely responsible for your actions, and i want you to know that. and i'm over it now, as much as i ever will be. i've moved on with my life, and i'm a stronger person because of it, no thanks to you. i am surrounded by wonderful people and i'm working on amazing projects and you have no place in my life. do you wanna hurt me? yeah go ahead and try...

fuck you. xoxo.

p.s. yes, this is why i don't return your phone calls.

