

# ALTERNATIVE MEDIA COLLECTIVE

VOLUME I ISSUE II

SPRING QUARTER

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## Cellador

**Statement of Purpose:** The 2004-2005 school year was the first year *Cellador* was recognized as an Alternative Media publication. It was founded to showcase creative works of UCI students. *Cellador* provides the UCI community with a publication that allows students of all disciplines to share and network with other students through their creative expressions. By printing quarterly throughout the academic year, *Cellador* provides a consistent opportunity for students to view the works of other students and submit their work for publication.

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## Irvine Progressive

**Statement of Purpose:** The Irvine Progressive is a non-partisan publication dedicated to fostering political awareness and intelligent discussion. We seek to provide a forum chiefly for viewpoints associated with the political left at the University of California, Irvine.

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## Jaded

**Statement of Purpose:** Jaded magazine is a form of alternative media to encourage political, cultural, and personal discourse among UCI students. We celebrate and support the Asian Pacific Islander community through the retelling of the past, engaging of the present, and sharing a vision for the future. We hope to build connections and bridge gaps between people of different ethnicities and ways of thinking. The goal of the publication is not only to provide a space where Asian Pacific Islander students can voice different opinions and artistic expressions, but also as a form of community activism through education and awareness. Despite the fact that we are misrepresented, our images misconstrued, and our cultures misunderstood we are not JADED in spirit. This is what we are doing about it.

Contacts: Diana Jou (diana@jadedmag.org), Chris Dea (chris@jadedmag.org), Rosanna Huang (huangr@uci.edu), and Annie Ly (acl@uci.edu)

## Irvine Review

**Statement of Purpose:** The Irvine Review Foundation is a non-profit, non-partisan educational foundation established to promote conservative ideas and enhance the quality of student discourse on the University of California, Irvine campus by publishing a student newspaper and by hosting educational campus events.

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## New Forum

**Statement of Purpose:** New Forum is a publication dedicated to UC Irvine's undergraduate creative writing. We take submissions of short fiction and poetry every quarter, and selected submissions will be printed in our quarterly publication.

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## Sanskriti

**Statement of Purpose:** *Sanskriti* ("culture") is a monthly paper that aims to create a permanent forum for debate, discussion, and enlightenment on the various issues and topics concerning Hinduism and the Hindu culture. *Sanskriti* aims to capture not only the diverse views of the Hindu culture and heritage, but also aims to address misconceptions and distortions that have pervaded Western society. *Sanskriti* bridges the traditional Hindu beliefs to the contemporary Hindu outlook to raise awareness and understanding of the culture as a whole.

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## Forest Fire

**Statement of Purpose:** Forest Fire aims to deliver the UCI community with a looking into the world of independent music, food, culture and politics. We aim to promote and support independent music, journalism, and other outlets of alternative media. Our goal is to keep an independent perspective on local culture and beyond, while at the same time providing UCI students with new and unique perspectives on independent artists and media.

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## Medtimes

**Statement of Purpose:** Med-Times is a medical/scientific newspaper that assists in the advancement and awareness of the art and science of medicine for the educational enhancement of University of California, Irvine (UCI) community.

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The Alternative Media at the University of California, Irvine is a collection of the independent newspapers run by UC Irvine undergraduates. The members of the Alternative Media Board include Cellador, Irvine Progressive, Irvine Review, Jaded, New Forum, MedTimes, Sanskriti, Forest Fire, and South Asian Journal. Alternative Media meets on the 1st, 5th, and 9th Fridays of every quarter. These meetings are open to all UC Irvine students. Alternative Media is sponsored by ASUCI.

The Spring Quarter/Summer Issue of the *Alternative Media Collective* reviews the 2005-2006 year with featured articles from each paper. The purpose of the *Alternative Media Collective* is to provide a review of each independent newspaper and to organize the distinct voices of each paper under the Alternative Media organization.

Interested in getting involved? Contact the papers individually or email [AltMedia.UCI@gmail.com](mailto:AltMedia.UCI@gmail.com)

# Cellador

## Throne Racer

By Benjamin Folk

*Cellador*

Bernard had at one time pioneered the sport of stock car racing. By following closely behind another car he discovered that he wound up in a slip stream, where a strong draft coming from under the car ahead of him pulled his car along giving him an extra burst of speed. This slip-stream allowed Bernard to make spectacular passes at the last second, generally about one hundred yards from the finish line. This was years ago, before endless amounts of money were being poured in to the sport of racing. It had taken the competition almost a full year to catch on to Bernard's discovery. In that year Bernard not only won the circuit championship, he won it in a series of furious last second comebacks that left crowds open mouthed in amazement and other drivers befuddled and yelling cheat. Bernard was at first offended by their claims of foul play, but resentment quickly gave way to a satisfied amusement, for Bernard never cheated. Ever.

Eventually, another driver caught on to the slip stream. Bernard had never been the technically superior driver, and once his secret was out, the jaw dropping come from behind victories disappeared, as did the open mouthed crowds. His career ended quietly. Not with the grandeur of a fiery explosion he had always secretly hoped for. No, Bernard's final race was the only one he never finished. His car fell victim to the same physics that had given him so many successes, drifting quietly to a stop in the 228th lap of the Virginia Beach 440. The year was 1944. The Throne races were an annual event at Longview Retirement Castle. Every Saturday in

December when the staff on location was at it's lowest number, the residents of The Castle shuffled in slippered feet to the long unused, sea-foam green tiled hallway that served as a track for Throne Races.

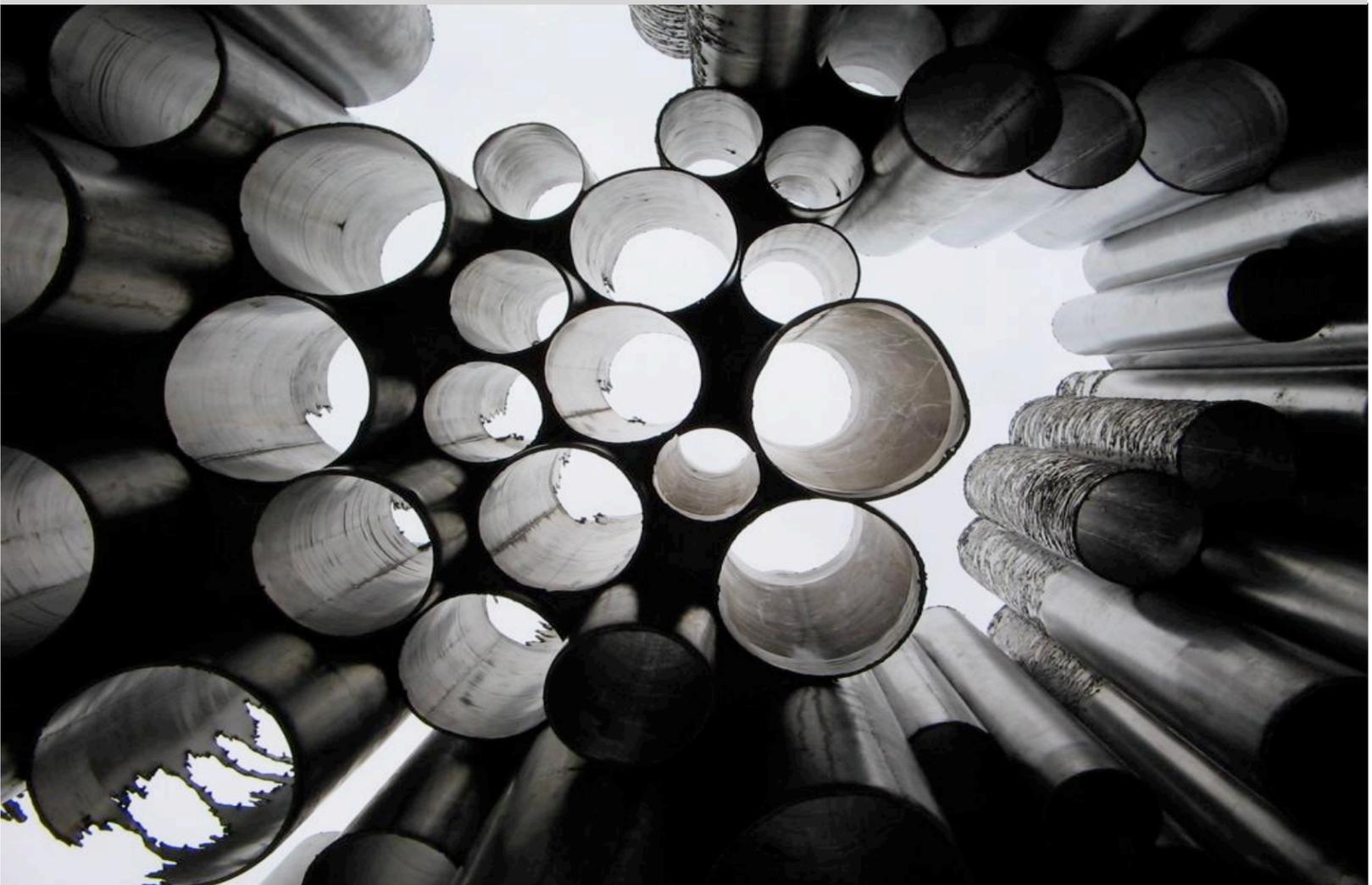
The first Throne race had taken place over a decade before Bernard's time at The Castle. Began by a group of octogenarians growing bored with growing old, they had decided to add a little excitement to their twilight years. Dubbing the rarely used hallway "God's Mile", they gathered some unused wheelchairs to race up and down the green tile. With one of them acting as judge and one as lookout for the ever vigilant orderlies roaming the halls they whiled away countless hours in the soft light of fluorescent bulbs humming softly overhead.

Word of God's Mile slowly spread, as all secrets inevitably do, and over the following weeks and months a few more faces began appearing in the hours between the after lunch nap and the early evening card games. All new arrivals were immediately sworn to secrecy with most promptly telling at least one friend upon leaving. The Castle is a fairly sizeable institution, and as more and more people began showing up the hallway became so crowded that racing became nearly impossible. The spectators outnumbered the racers 5 to 1, making the ever present threat of discovery loom larger than ever. It is unclear who was struck with the inspiration to make Throne racing an annual tournament, but the it was during this time that the rules were written. Through the years those rules have been passed from trusted, liver spotted hand, to liver spotted hand, being put in the care of the previous years winner until the next race.

Bernard had been anxiously awaiting this day for the previous 364. He was determined to bring that old piece of paper covered in the scrawl of men not unlike himself back into his possession.. Until last year he had been the undisputed king of Throne racing, winner of the Golden Crutch an unprecedented three years in a row. He lost to a cocky young second year resident had squeaked by him at the last moment. Hampton Grady O'Connor, a true blue Southern boy from Virginia, had defeated the Peoples Champion. Since losing the right to hold that piece of paper in what he had come to think as their rightful resting place on the top shelf of his closet, Bernard could not shake the feeling that people in the Castle looked at him differently. Where once he had had first dibs on the seat at the bridge table that afforded the best view of one of the two televisions in the day room, after losing to Hampton it had returned to a first come first serve situation. At lunch he could no longer count on Dennis to save him the good dessert. If the lemon meringue pie he fancied happened to be gone by the time he made his way through the buffet line then dammit, he was out of luck, same as anybody else. As nice as the perks had been, and as much as he loved the feel of that wrinkly piece of paper between his fingers, they were not what drove him to win. Bernard's fire drew its fuel from another source. The heart pounding, sweat drenched adrenaline of competition and the ease with which years, decades, melted away in the twenty or thirty seconds it took to get from one end of the hallway to the other. Racing took the wrinkles from his face, filled his head

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## Light by John Walbolt



**From Throne Racer**  
(Continued from page 2)

with thick black hair and made his hands strong again. It reminded him of being at Stella's side, of standing at the top of the podium, a wreath of roses around his neck and a fine mist of sweet champagne making a cloud around his head. The racing reminded him of being alive.

Sitting in the day room Bernard couldn't help but think of the upcoming race. A month ago there had been 24 racers. Now there were only two. Bernard and Hampton. The finals. Time for him to exact his revenge from the young upstart. 'I'm going to get back my seat at the card table, that's for certain.' Bernard's eyes lit up, excitement speeding up his aging heart until it drowned out the noise of the day room as he thought of the impending race. 'I will for the love of god, get back that respect.' His time was coming.

As his eyes roved across the dayroom, sliding over the Domino players, the cluster of white hair surrounding whatever talk show was on the television and the inevitable bridge game, his eyes came to rest on the face of Hampton Grady O'Connor. The knot in his stomach that had been tying itself tighter and tighter over the last two weeks loosed itself, turning in to a flock of butterflies beating their wings double time. 'What is it with this guy? This kid is scaring me for no reason at all.'

Bernard paged through his card catalogue memory with his synapses firing at the walker aided pace of the elderly examining the scrapbook of facts he had gathered since his defeat a year earlier. If he could only form a picture of his opponent perhaps his aching nerves would calm themselves. 'He's from Virginia. Let's see... No one's ever come to visit him. He eats the cafeteria food all the time, he must be on the meal plan. I wonder what he did before he came here? I bet he was a garbage man, or maybe a taxi driver. I bet Lucille knows.' Standing from the couch corner he had been nesting in Bernard made his way, legs stiff from sitting, to the bridge table where Lucy held court. "Luce. Hey Lucy, can I speak to you for a moment?" His smoke cured voice hovered over the table. A hearing aid buzzed. The talk show audience erupted in to laughter.

"Lucille." "Bernard, you're going to have to wait for a minute to speak to me, I'm in the middle of something here." Abashed, Bernard had no choice but to stand idly behind Lucille, waiting for her to finish playing out her hand.

"Behave like a gentleman Bernard, and don't go standing there hemming and hawing like the world is waiting to hear what comes out of that mouth of yours."

'This never would have happened before. She would have loved to speak with me before.

really does. There are rumors, but no one really knows. He was married, but he's not anymore. I don't know why. I don't know what he used to do, no one does, so don't believe 'em if they tell you different. I tell you Bernard," At this she leaned in even closer almost touching Bernard with her withered lips, lowering her voice even further. "The man is a bit of a blank slate."

Bernard dropped his voice to match her conspiratorial whisper. "Huh. That's kinda what I figured Luce. Thanks for the info though. Don't let me keep you from that game of yours." A look of excitement sketched itself across the wrinkles around Lucille's eyes.

"This has something to do with that race later today, doesn't it?" "Never you mind that Lucille." "Ohhh, I knew it. I should never have gotten out of my seat. Damn it Bernard, don't you get me in to trouble. He's a nice boy, and I don't want you messing with him."

"You should know me better than that Lucy, come on. You know I'm an honest man. Don't you go worrying your pretty little head, you know I would never cheat. Now let me help you back over to the table." Always the gentleman, Bernard again offered his arm, and again Lucille refused. "Honest or not, I just don't want to give nobody an un-fair advantage in the race today. I know about those tricks you used to pull, mister, and I want a fair and square race today."

## Silent Robbery of Freedom by Peter Park



### On Anatomy

By Summer Clemens

Cellador

you:  
you're courageous like a gun.  
you could suck to the flesh  
rape to the bone  
carve out in out in, in in in  
to peel each feeling from the skin ...  
when all i really want is: an eye for an eye  
tongue to a tongue  
lip to mouth  
song to be sung.  
when all you really want is: noise  
meat  
sex  
and violence, even.

but press up to me, make yours like part of mine  
our bodies:  
like figures in old biology text books  
with brightly colored lines running in complex circuits.  
like children's drawings with disfigured faces, holding hands,  
outmasked by a yellow sun.  
yeah, our bodies are like something on a TV screen  
so im not sure what to make out of it.  
and you're not sure what to make out of me,  
someone who just talks, talks, talks  
as if words meant anything.  
me:  
I'm like a gun with no bullets.

Now this, I gotta stand here like a goddam hand-maid.' Bernard watched the big hand on the single clock in the day room move slowly from hash mark to hash mark. The talk show cut to a commercial about the wonders of the newest brand of diaper. The pile of cards in the middle of the rickety table grew taller. "Excuse me ladies, I will be right back." Lucille's body shook as she pushed herself up on the arms of her chair before transferring her weight to an aluminum walker. She waved Bernard's offered arm away, irritated. Making their way across the room an air of secrecy swirled around Bernard.

"Well," she finally said. "What is it Bernard? I was on quite a streak there you interrupted. This had better be worth my time." "Luce, you gotta tell me what you know about O'Connor."

"Hampton? What do you want with that nice boy?" "Never mind what I want. Just tell me a little piece about him. Do you know what he did to earn his living? Was he married, that kind of thing." "I don't know Bernard. Why do you wanna know this stuff anyway?" A suspicious grimace was twisting her lips, but Bernard figured she would talk. She did nothing but gossip all day, of course she would tell him.

She leaned in close to him, her silver curls brushing against his shoulder.

"Now I don't know much mind you, no one

With that she scooted across the floor as fast as her walker would carry her, leaving Bernard standing open mouthed in a deserted corner of the room.

'Well I'll be. That old badger has got Luce on his side to. I remember when that woman would bring me some of her niece's key lime pie every Thursday, and now she'd rather stand side by side with that little punk.' Bernard knew he needed to concentrate on the race. The hands on the wall clock said there were less than two hours to go before the flag, (or pillowcase) would drop. He needed a plan a strategy to resume his place as people's champion. Ambling back across the day room towards his favorite chair in order to do some serious thinking, he found it occupied by an unfamiliar, heavily wrinkled woman, gumming what could only be the remnants of a praline chocolate bar. 'Of course, of course. Why would anyone save Bernard a spot? The old has been is washed up, he doesn't need a place to rest his legs. Nope, not him.'

He scanned the rest of the room, hoping to see a secluded corner with a vacant chair where he could pull his thoughts together. After circling the room, his cataract ravaged pupils settled on a ratty corduroy chair that had been pushed in to a shadowy corner by the fire exit.

"Ugggh, Christ!" Bernard actually spoke aloud, glancing around furtively before realiz-

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# Irvine Review

## What America Can Learn from Israel's Democracy *An Israeli solution to an American problem*

By Ryan Peeck

*Irvine Review*

America is arguably the finest place on this earth to live and, out of some six billion people, those who live here are among the lucky few. America is one of the world's most advanced democracies and one of the freest places to live in the world. Still, there are times in which it is clear that some in America have much to learn.

On April 18th, Israel's newly appointed Deputy Consul General to San Francisco, Ishmael Khaldi, visited UCI, without much fanfare. Khaldi is from Israel, grew up there, has Israeli citizenship, but is not a Jew. He is, in fact, a part of the Arab minority that exists within Israel. Within that minority, he is part of yet another minority; he is a Bedouin. From 1931 until the creation of the state of Israel in 1948, Bedouins and Jews fought together against Arab national movements and the British police. The Jews respected the Bedouins and saw that their interests could coincide. The Bedouins saw that in fact their interests did overlap and that the Jews were willing to give them a voice in the political process, and so they cast their lots together and fought side-by-side. "As nomads, for years we were punished by the Ottoman regime that tried to [and] did prevent the Bedouin from moving from place to place," Khaldi says. "The British police did the same." The Jews tried to understand "the culture and economic tensions that [the Bedouin] had with the rest of the Arabic population,"

and what resulted was "Jews and Arabs fighting on a piece of land, trying to live together." Even amid modern terrorism, Bedouin stand side-by-side with Israeli Jews; seventeen Bedouin were killed during the Intifada, two of them Khaldi's friends. The Intifada, terrorism, war, and the economy each affect the Bedouin just as much as the Jews. Khaldi is proud of this, however, because despite that "whatever happens to Israel will happen to us" he knows that in the end "it's our [the Bedouin's] country."

Khaldi's goal in the United States is to help end the harsh anti-Semitism Jews face, particularly on campus. As he spoke about Israel, however, it became clear that his story – and that of the Bedouin – is something of an example of which Americans seem to have lost sight. In the early 1900s, amid ever-increasing division, President Theodore Roosevelt made it clear that

"the one absolutely certain way of bringing this nation to ruin, of preventing all possibility of its continuing to be a nation at all, would be to permit it to become a tangle of squabbling nationalities, an intricate knot of German-Americans, Irish-Americans, English-Americans, French-Americans, Scandinavian-Americans or Italian-Americans, each preserving its separate nationality, each at heart feeling more sympathy with Europeans of that nationality, than with the other citizens of the American Republic."

Nevertheless, almost a century later, Americans insist upon dividing themselves along racial, ethnic, and nationalistic lines. Israeli Jews and Israeli Bedouins are able to

peacefully coexist despite different cultures, religions, and

ethnicities because the Bedouin "are part of Israeli society." In the most fundamental and important sense, says Khaldi, "we are Israelis." Khaldi admits that the Bedouin are "losing [their] heritage, we don't want this to happen [but] it will happen gradually." He admits that integrating two completely different groups of people is difficult, and that "a shepherd cannot be made a high-tech engineer overnight," but even the Bedouin living in tents, "in the north, have satellite dishes." Khaldi knows that "not everything is fine; Israel is not a perfect country... but I think we are on the right path." And though, no doubt, racism exists in Israel, just as it does everywhere in the world, Khaldi does not use it as a trump card. "The chances are equal for us [Arabs]," he says, "like every other Jew."

The difference between the Bedouin minority within a minority in Israel, and minorities in America, is this attitude. The Bedouin in Israel have taken ownership. They have played a role in building their country, and though there are challenges, Israel is as much their country as it is anyone else's. The Bedouin do not try to reconquer Israel for "their people," nor do they obstruct the Jewish majority every step of the way. Americans who are something else first, be they Mexican-American, African-American, Irish-American, Arab-American, or German-American, need to take a step back and learn from a democracy much younger than America.

## It's Our World Too: *A look at conservative environmental policy*

By Rachel Bigley

*Irvine Review*

Bryan Hannegan knows energy. The former senior energy advisor to President Bush and UCI alumnus has played an instrumental role in shaping United States environmental policy for several years. I recently asked Mr. Hannegan some questions about his field of expertise and the Administration's progress. Although many liberal groups criticize the Administration's environmental initiatives, the President's environmental and energy agenda is arguably the most ambitious and proactive in recent history.

Among contentious environmental issues, the Kyoto Protocol ranks high on the list. Liberal groups have been up in arms for years over a refusal on the part of the Bush Administration to commit the United States to this treaty. However, the Kyoto Protocol is, according to many critics, inherently flawed—it would be detrimental to the nation's economy and would achieve dubious results. In my interview with Mr. Hannegan, I asked him about this measure.

**Rachel Bigley:** *In what ways would ratification of the Kyoto Protocol contribute to a decline of the U.S. economy? Are there any other reasons why the President feels the Kyoto Protocol is flawed?*

**Bryan Hannegan:** *The President rejected the*

*Kyoto Protocol for the same reasons the U.S. Senate unanimously advised against it in 1997 – it would have a significant, negative impact on the U.S. economy, and it did not include similar commitments by developing nations to reduce their greenhouse gas emissions. The non-partisan Energy Information Administration (EIA) analyzed the economic impact of the Kyoto Protocol on the U.S. economy and found that it would result in nearly \$400 billion dollars on lost economic growth and close to 5 million lost jobs. Kyoto would have had a disproportionate impact on the U.S. economy compared to the other signatories, and it would have put us at a competitive disadvantage with respect to our global trading partners, many of whom, like China and India, would not have similar emissions limits. As a result, instead of reducing emissions here at home, EIA found that U.S. firms would likely just move overseas to countries outside the Kyoto Protocol, where there are no emissions limits and no taxes on energy required to ensure compliance with those limits.*

Because President Bush recognizes the problem with this treaty, he has united with the nations of Australia, China, India, Japan, and South Korea to create a more environmentally and economically sound alternative: the Asia-Pacific Partnership. However, this, too, has been denigrated by some liberal critics seeking to play politics with environmental issues.

**RB:** *Critics have stated that President Bush's alternative, the Asia Pacific Partnership, "will be ineffective without any enforcement measures." Why does this administration disagree?*

**BH:** *The key to addressing climate change is to ensure that our future investments in energy technology and infrastructure are cleaner and more efficient. Fast growing nations like China and India are rapidly expanding their energy infrastructure right now – and if we can work with them in a cooperative way to develop along a cleaner, and more efficient path, then we can avoid the projected large increase in greenhouse gas emissions from those countries. The Asia-Pacific Partnership will engage countries that comprise roughly half of the world's economy, and half of the world's greenhouse gas emissions, in efforts to identify cost-effective opportunities for greenhouse gas emissions reductions, and then direct private sector investments to those opportunities so that we can get the greatest emissions reductions for the lowest costs. Because the private sector will gain access to new markets for their products, and be able to reduce emissions at a profit, there won't be a need for enforcement – the private sector will want to do more, not less.*

While combining our efforts with those of other countries to reduce global pollution, the

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***It's Our World Too***  
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Administration maintains that decreasing our dependency on foreign oil is an equally important part of the agenda. This two-pronged approach enhances our national security and economic stability, in addition to implementing stricter emissions standards.

**RB:** *What are the necessary steps we must take to decrease our dependency on foreign oil as a form of energy?*

**BH:** *There are three ways to reduce our dependence on foreign oil, and the Bush Administration is hard at work on all three. First, as the President suggests, we must produce more oil at home, from places such as the deepwa-*

*ter Gulf of Mexico, and the North Slope of Alaska (including ANWR). Using the most modern technologies and strongest environmental laws anywhere in the world, we can produce more domestic oil cleanly, and with less environmental impact than ever before. Instead of sending our hard-earned dollars and jobs overseas, we can keep them here at*

## The Birth of 21<sup>st</sup> Century Minutemen

### *The amazing ideas born of Starbucks dreams*

By Vanessa Gonzales

*Irvine Review*

Since the April 1st unveiling of the Minuteman Project, Jim Gilchrist has become a national figure, heading the national volunteer campaign, lobbying for stricter immigration laws in Washington DC, and running for the 48th District Congressional seat - all to issue a wake up call to America. Motivated by the porous Swiss cheese borders of Arizona, Gilchrist saw an opportunity for all states to come together in the interest of preserving the homeland, an homage to the minutemen of long ago, and so the project was named.

Their first mission, adding support to the Arizona border, required the guarding of 23 linear miles. With the help of Minutemen volunteers, the area was shut down for ten days. The result: "Invasion came to an abrupt halt." Through this, and successive Minutemen operations, Gilchrist's theory proved correct: "Physical presence will help secure the borders."

Since that first patrol in Arizona, volunteer membership has skyrocketed and the effectiveness of the campaign has pushed the Minutemen and their founder to the spotlight. Along with praise for "doing the jobs Congress won't do," they have both been praised by supporters received massive amounts of threats and hate mail from opponents.

The Minuteman Project website clearly states "MMP has no affiliation with, nor will we accept any assistance by or interference from, separatists, racists, or supremacy groups or individuals, no matter what their race, color, or creed." In an effort to further combat questionable volunteers, the volunteer forms on the official website indicate a fee of \$50 for a background check. Potential volunteers are also interviewed by phone. Gilchrist, fully confident in the

background checks, adds, "Because of our inclusion of members (current and retired) of law enforcement in our volunteer ranks, we have no problem weeding out prospective undesirables. Also, if someone presents him or herself in an unfavorable manner, then we ask them to leave our ranks."

Locally now, the Minutemen are fighting for their First Amendment rights. Recently denied a bid in the March 4th Laguna Beach Patriots Day Parade, Gilchrist and the Minutemen were "ordered to stay out of Laguna Beach for the entire day" but being a peaceful, law abiding group, they made the difficult decision to forfeit further legal action and discourage any public protest. Gilchrist, in anticipation of the upcoming parade commented, "We will sacrifice our First Amendment rights for the day." At the time of this interview, the Minutemen had been invited to the march in the Swallows Day Parade of San Juan Capistrano. Days before the event, there were told the given the now familiar line: "the controversial, political message of the Minutemen is not consistent with the spirit of community that the parade celebrates."

Last fall, Gilchrist ran for the Congressional seat that opened in the 48th District, which encompasses the UC Irvine campus. Frustrated with politicians inability to confront the illegal immigration problem, Gilchrist stated, "I had no intentions of making friends; I had the intention of getting the damn job done." Running as a conservative independent, Gilchrist won 36% of the vote at the polls, but was beaten by a few percentage points by the "financial powerhouses" of the Democrat and Republican parties who "buy their way into office." Although he did not win the election, he succeeded in calling attention to illegal immigration issues. Focused on the Minuteman Project, Gilchrist is doubtful he will run for office again- that is unless Viaregoso runs or "if Arnold grants illegal

immigrants licenses."

Gilchrist is currently working with *Unfit for Command* author Jerome Corsi on an upcoming memoir of the Minuteman story which they hope to entitle *The Minuteman Project: Securing America for Legal Immigration*.

A fan of legal immigration, Gilchrist is motivated by his desire to preserve America's economic and cultural future. Discussing illegal immigrants taking the jobs of American citizens, Gilchrist called the takeover the "last Trojan horse" in an economic, rather than militaristic, fashion. The result: the "shrinking middle class pays taxes for everyone." He points out that welfare and food stamps are reserved "for the American poor, not every illegal alien who wants to bring their family here." With the huge waves of illegal immigration, those benefits meant to help American citizens are going to citizens of a different country. As Gilchrist indicates, "6.5 billion people is a death wish for the future of the country." With the rate of illegal immigration increasing 10-15% each year, by 2015 there will be 20 million or more illegal immigrants crossing the border each year. Within the next 20-30 year if things continue as they do, the United States will be a mirror image of what Mexico's economy is today. Gilchrist stressed that poorly guarded fences pose huge security risks to the United States and, because they are continually used by drug smugglers, slave traders and terrorists, open this country up to crime and danger. The refusal of illegal immigrants to assimilate and learn English further deteriorates the fabric of our society. "Most Americans want Americans here, despite their color or creed," Gilchrist notes. He points out that what we as Americans have is unity, and that unlike the people of India with 26 languages, we share a English as our language; our society, unlike many other fractured societies, shares the common bond of communication.

## Teaching Liberalism: *How college students are taught liberalism*

By Ryan Peck

*Irvine Review*

The vast majority of UC Irvine professors suffer from a critical flaw. It affects their teaching and their students' learning. The flaw? Liberalism. What does it mean that professors are "liberal"? Does it mean they vote Democrat? Does it simply mean they align themselves left of center? And, if that is what "liberal" professors do, why does it matter?

A liberal professor most likely does each of these things. He votes Democrat, advocates, in public or in private, for a world without borders, and staunchly defends a woman's "right" to terminate her unborn child. The problem, however, is not so much

that in one's private life he does these things. Rather, the crux of the dilemma lies in the fact that these beliefs manage to affect the way professors teach young, impressionable students.

The immediate criticism of this position will be that college students are anything but young and impressionable. This, however, does not stand close inspection. Professors are sometimes two to three times the age of their students. Not only are students relatively young, they are extremely impressionable. Lest anyone think this is not the case, indulge the use of an example. MTV News - that is, the segment of the broadcast that is neither a rap video nor a "reality" TV show - reports on the situation in the Sudan. Despite a couple references to pop-culture, this report is the

main news item. Students, who by staggering proportion do not keep apprised of the news, come to classes indignant that this could be allowed. They have no context, no understanding of how or why it is happening, no idea how to solve the problem, but they adamantly insist that, surely, "something can be done" and that "we are just ignoring suffering people while we drive around Orange County in BMWs." These students then drive their BMWs home and turn back on MTV. Do not doubt that this happens, and happens daily. As younger generations become politically active, popular culture has an ever-increasing effect on the "in" issues. These students do not think for themselves; they zone out listening to rap videos and MTV "News" and are,

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# Irvine Progressive

## Big Brother Is Not Allowed In My House

By Puya Abassi

*Irvine Progressive*

We have arrived at a point that has been feared from the start of this experiment in democracy. Under a single administration, we have seen the rise of a leader who sternly believes he has the Constitutional right to claim himself the absolute ruler of all he surveys. In a felonious move of such arrogance and illegitimate power, President Bush proudly admitted that he used the National Security Agency to eavesdrop on the phone calls and emails of American people, allegedly to protect the nation from a terrorist attack. The crime he committed is not spying on Americans, but rather doing so without a warrant from the FISA court (quite possibly the easiest court to obtain a warrant from).

Mr. President, I strongly believe that right now the American people need some protection from you. But to make the claim that our President has committed a crime would be irresponsible on my behalf unless I had some evidence to prove that the President has acted illegally and unconstitutionally. So I shall elaborate the details as best as I can so that even the most simple minded right-wing ideologue can be convinced that this President deserves to be impeached, locked up, maybe even tarred and feathered.

Point one: the President cannot intentionally break a law because simply he considers it an inconvenience. The President, along with Attorney General Alberto Gonzalez and other administration members, assert that in today's world of technology it would be hard to obtain warrants from the FISA court and act fast on a tip. While this assertion would seem hard to contend, many people including the highest lawyer of our land, Mr. Gonzalez, tend to forget that the FISA provision allows for retroactive warrants up to 72 hours after the act of wiretapping.

Translation: if there is a hot tip on a phone-line that needs to be eavesdropped on, the NSA can listen in on the conversation and then obtain the warrant within three day afterwards. It is unjustifiable to ignore a law simply because one does not like to go through the procedures of obtaining a warrant (which happens to only take a few hours). If the

President feels that FISA is hindering his "war on terror," then he can attempt to legitimately change the law by introducing new legislation it to Congress. It wouldn't be hard to pass with his party in control of both Houses and its quite fanatical allegiance to the President.

Point two: the President cannot claim war time executive power on an undeclared war that seems to have no end. President Bush claims that "the war on terror is global and indefinite in scope..." which can be combined with Article II of the Constitution that states that wartime powers rest in the executive branch. What results is no longer a democratic president, but rather a dictator who will both unilaterally enact the measures his cadre views fit and determine the mechanisms of accountability (or lack thereof) by which such measures are checked and balanced.

Most interesting is that the platform of the right wing has always been about removing the federal government from our lives, based on the conviction that the government cannot be trusted to help us. For once I will agree with the right wing. This government cannot be trusted, and the true scope of this wiretapping will most likely incite many Americans who do not agree with the president's actions. History, as it shows, repeats itself, and what is currently taking place sounds amazingly similar to the kind of actions Nixon authorized that lead to his resignation.

Point three: When the person in charge of the NSA does not know his U.S. Constitution, we are in deep trouble. General Michael Hayden, the former head of the NSA and mastermind of the wiretapping program, was recently brought forth by the Bush Administration to hold a press conference in order to ease the mind of Americans on what is going on in his agency. What resulted was truly terrifying. When asked by a reporter whether or not the wiretapping followed the 4<sup>th</sup> Amendment in reference to the requirements for issuing warrants and the NSA's lack of probable cause, the General strongly replied: "No, actually—the Fourth Amendment actually protects all of us against unreasonable search and seizure. That's what it says." While the reporter insisted that the Constitution made specific mention of probable cause being needed, Gen. Hayden gave the brilliant

assertion: "...if there is any amendment to the Constitution that employees of the [NSA] are familiar with, it's the Fourth."

Well unfortunately for General Hayden, I, among many other people in this country, have read the Constitution and the Bill of Rights. The Fourth amendment clearly states: "...no Warrants shall issue, **but upon probable cause...**" To make such a mistake anywhere else would be forgivable, but this man, the head of the agency in charge of our national security, believes his organization has the Constitutional right to listen to our phone calls and he doesn't even know what the Fourth Amendment says.

It cannot be denied that our country is on the brink of a presidential crisis. The man who took an oath to uphold our Constitution is doing the exact opposite by maneuvering his way around it, leading to circumstances where he has absolute power over our lives. Most Democrats, along with several Republicans in Congress, believe that the President exceeded the limits of his power and as a result, hearings on the matter will be held in the near future.

The fact of the matter is, President Bush intentionally and admittedly broke the FISA law(USC Title 50, Chapter 36, Subchapter 1) which is considered not only an impeachable offense, but also a felony punishable by up to 5 years in prison and \$10,000 fine per count (Bush admitted to re-authorizing the wiretaps thirty separate times). But why has nothing seriously been done to deal with this problem?

President Clinton lied about an affair, got impeached, and nearly lost his office. Unfortunately, the exercise of the article of impeachment is only possible by the House of Representatives, which is currently controlled by right wing sycophants who are determined to preserve their President's mandate. Every citizen, whose rights are being unduly assaulted, should be absolutely outraged. There are those who defend the President's actions, believing that the Constitution and our freedoms can be set aside to protect the nation from future terrorist attacks.

In response to those people, Benjamin Franklin phrased it the best: "The man who trades freedom for security does not deserve nor will he receive either." Amen.

## Killer Coke

By Anita Issagholyan

*Irvine Progressive*

Nearly everyone has the nostalgic childhood memory of opening a cold can of Coca-Cola on a hot summer's day. Nearly all of us drink Coke or Coca-Cola products daily. We buy the drinks from vending machines and fill up our big gulps with Coke for necessary caffeine highs at 3 am. But have we ever thought of where our Coke comes from or what affect it has on others? Of course not-it's just a soft drink right? You'd be surprised...

In Colombia, four thousand trade unionists have been murdered since 1986. Most of these murders have been executed by right-wing paramilitary groups called, "death squads," in an attempt to squash labor move-

ments. Many of these squads have been working in collaboration with official U.S. supported Colombian military and managers at plants who produce for multinational corporations.

The Coca-Cola corporation and its business associates have overlooked, financially supported, and even worked with groups such as these death squads in order to break down worker's attempts to organize labor unions.

In Carepa, members of the paramilitary murdered union leader Isidro Gil inside his factory's gates. The next day they returned and forced the plant's workers to leave the union by signing documents- with Coca-Cola letter heads.

The most recent murder occurred in August 2003 when shots were fired at Juan

Carlos Galvis, a leader at Coca-Cola's plant in Barrancabermeja. At least eight union leaders working Coca-Cola plants have been murdered by paramilitary forces since 1989. Handfuls of other workers have been kidnapped and tortured.

In India, communities surrounding Coca-Cola's bottling plants are experiencing severe water shortages, as a result of Coca-Cola's extraction of water from common groundwater resources. These wells are now dry and India's water table is experiencing depletion. Coca-Cola also distributed its solid waste to farmers, calling it fertilizer. Tests found lead and cadmium in the "fertilizer"-officially deeming it toxic waste. Various agencies that have done tests on Coca-Cola

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## Unity among Diversity

By Heidi Khaled

*Irvine Progressive*

Where can you find drag queens, Muslims, abortion activists, businessmen, socialists, hippies, yuppies, veterans, anarchist teenagers, Christians, and Native Americans, all crammed into a single place? No longer just in Republicans' worst nightmares, this scene now takes place in their worst reality. And yes, these people have intentionally and repeatedly gathered, not in conflict, but in solidarity.

This is a descriptive account of the more visible elements of the March 18<sup>th</sup> rally organized by A.N.S.W.E.R. to mark the third anniversary of the U.S.-led invasion of Iraq. The 20,000 demonstrators, while noticeably less numerous in the attendance than those at the same event a year ago, were as heterogeneous a group as ever.

The turnout of very different and often competing interests at the rally, indicated by the different signs, identities, and behaviors found there, begs the following questions: At what point does a movement become so fractionalized that it loses sight of its original goal? Is the nature of the progressive movement too dynamic for it to unify and produce genuine change?

From a bird's eye view (including those of the cameramen on building tops), the march probably looked like a circus. People sported costumes ranging from mockeries of the President to indigenous cultural attire; some teenagers wore bandanas over their faces; some people roamed around practically naked; others drummed and danced as they marched.

Participants varied drastically in age and race, but more importantly, in voluntary associations and direct political interests. Demonstrators represented not only the A.N.S.W.E.R. coalition (Act Now to Stop War and End Racism), but also many other organizations, including Indigenous, Impeach Bush, South Central Farmers, and Veterans for Peace, as well as anti-police brutality groups, Palestinian and Arab associations, LGBT rights groups, immigrant and labor rights groups, high school human rights clubs, and religious peace groups.

People came to not only call for an

end to the war in Iraq, but to also protest various US foreign policies and actions. Some, according to their signs, marched to end colonial occupation in Afghanistan, Haiti, Palestine, and the Philippines. Others demanded that the US stop its threats against Iran, Syria, Venezuela, Cuba and North Korea. Protesters also called attention to domestic issues including reproductive freedoms, labor and immigration, Bush's impeachment, and the educational system.

These are certainly interconnected interests, and many would consider them worthy to fight for, but they cannot all be addressed at once.

At times I was even alarmed by some of the ideas demonstrators promoted. One person, for instance, just stood there, repeatedly bashing a Bush mask with his fist. Others carried signs in support of violently ousting the current administration.

The concept of this march, it seemed, was to put forth a bold, forceful statement to the nation as well as its government—in particular, the message that a great number of us are still opposed to the war, and that we are still organized and willing to stand against it, for whatever it takes. But was this message lost among the communication of so many other causes and contentious interests?

There appears to be a delicate balance between diversity and commonalities where social movements are concerned. If too much of the latter exists, then there is a chance that the movement is not truly representative and it may risk losing credibility in promoting its causes and goals. With too much of the former, however, a movement will become so fractionalized that it will not achieve consensus on any particular issue, and disintegration is likely to occur.

This brings me back to the question of a cohesive purpose. Are we really echoing the same principles when some of us are asking for peace and an end to the war, while others are asking to reach the same end through violence? To further complicate such issues, the anti-war camp has failed to acknowledge conflicting views on how to end the war in Iraq—whether immediately, gradually, or through an internationally-mediated strategy. The movement has in result, avoided this contentious area altogether, creating the perception that it lacks a clear solution to what it frames as a

major problem. These are merely some of the conundrums progressives face in unifying despite a relatively high degree of variance.

There are certainly core principles that the progressive movement has always thought to ideally stand for. Such values consist of justice, equality, opportunity, peace, and cooperation. Typically in large social movements, different groups mobilize under a general cause that may contain very different, if not conflicting, immediate goals. The women's rights groups advocating reproductive freedom, for example, may come into conflict with the convictions of religious peace groups. Today's progressive movement faces the challenge of reviving and consistently emphasizing the principles shared among most of its members and prevent conflicting details and constricted identities from obscuring those that remain central to both leftist ideology and the productivity of the movement itself.

There is much one may infer from historical precedent and apply to this demanding endeavor. When the women's, gay, and civil rights movements banded together in the 1960s, they did not do so primarily because each group liked and wanted to help the others. Their members did not even share similar stances on many things that the others were fighting for. But they did manage to organize under a single accepted notion—equality. And these groups were united in their common struggles against the different yet interrelated injustices sanctioned by the federal government.

Most within these social movements most likely agreed to disagree on the details and perspectives that inspired their separate causes. The fact, nevertheless, that they focused on common ideas and interests rather than those upon which they diverged served to concentrate their strengths and organize toward a vision that the majority of the public and politicians found worthy of pursuing.

Interestingly, there are important things we can just as well learn from our adversaries as with history. Republicans have particularly succeeded in promoting their agenda because they have continually focused on a simplified articulation of values and beliefs that appeal to even the most varied inter-

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## Day Laborers Not Welcome in San Bernardino

By Amy Williams

*Irvine Progressive*

Day laborers may no longer be able to find work or residence in San Bernardino now that a proposal to limit the rights of day laborers entitled the "Illegal Immigration Relief Act Ordinance" has qualified to go before voters for approval.

An explicit attack on migrant workers fraught with racist undertones, the act not only limits the rights of day laborers, but also calls for all official city business communications to be conducted in English only—unless mandated otherwise by federal or state authorities.

The proposal calls for a minimum fine of \$1,000 as punishment for hiring day laborers, regardless of the worker's documentation status, and a ban on publicly funded labor centers. If passed, the act will also prohibit undocumented workers from renting or leasing property; it will also work to impose a fine

on landlords who offer housing to undocumented workers.

2,216 signatures must be collected before a proposal can reach City Council for a vote. At the end of April, Joseph Turner, executive director of an anti-illegal immigration group called "Save Our State" submitted over 3,000 approved signatures. If the ordinance is struck down by City Council, it will go before voters.

Due to the nature of their work, day laborers of all ethnicities are already subject to exploitation. According to the National Employment Law Project, "50% of day laborers reported non-payment of wages by temporary day labor agencies or the on-site employers." Because their work is temporary and varied, protection laws are difficult to enforce; the Act increase will only increase hardship for day laborers by forcing them to become dependent on employment agencies and privately-owned day labor centers.

UC Irvine Professor DeSipio told the LA Times that such petitions and localized efforts are symbolic in nature and that "it is a reaction to the perception that the feds are failing." Locals are responding to a series of perceived problems on which the state is not acting: declining test scores in public schools, crime, and loss of power and identity.

Advocates of the Illegal Immigration Act in San Bernardino deny racist motivations, but rather argue that they are banding together to stop unlawful behavior. Advocates claim that they're not trying to outlaw day labor—they're simply trying to make it impossible for day laborers to find employment.

The "Illegal Immigration Act Ordinance" provides a loophole for those who want to exclude Mexican children from public schools. Turner points out, "if an undocumented family can't live in the city, they can't send their children to public schools."

# New Forum

## Birdie and Bernard

By Alan Au  
*New Forum*

"The Indian belly dancer leaps through the beaded curtains, dressed in hot red with her face veiled," Birdie made sure Bernard had not fallen asleep before he continued, "dances around the man, teasing him with her long and soft sleeves. As he tries to grab her and kiss her, she disappears. He wakes up. It is only a dream."

"What happens to the belly dancer?" Bernard asked.

"She...she's gone...vanished...and you don't why...it's a mystery," Birdie replied.

"Interesting story," Bernard said with unwilling indifference.

"I'm just very tired. Today, the factory had me working over. So, good night Birdie."

"Good night Bernie."

After Bernard, who slept on the top bunk, fell asleep, Birdie found himself alone in the cramped apartment three floors above the streets. Besides the occasional headlights flashing through the blinds, the night felt still and empty.

"Did Bernie like my story?" Birdie wondered. He wanted to know how Bernard's face looked like—how he reacted, if at all—since Bernard was always on the top bunk and he always on the lower one. "Maybe if I have known what happens to the Belly dancer, Bernie might like my story more."

When Birdie closed his eyes, he thought of what happens to the Belly dancer until he fell asleep.

Birdie knew he was in trouble when he heard Bernard and the landlady in the living room.

When Bernard came into the room, Birdie pretended to be asleep.

"Birdie."

"Bernie..."

"The landlady told me you forgot to pay the rent for this month."

"I...I lost my job."

"Don't worry Birdie. I paid for it. But you should tell me these things."

"Sor...Sorry Bernie."

"Don't worry. Today's newspaper is over there. Just try to find a new job. Okay?"

"Okay."

"I'm going to the factory now."

"So...I don't have to leave?"

"Leave?"

"Since I didn't pay rent for this month."

"Don't worry Bernie. We have lived together for almost five years. Of course I won't make you move away."

"Okay."

"Good bye Birdie."

"Good bye Bernie."

After Bernard went to work, Birdie had the entire apartment to himself. It was a withering apartment with yellow tiles on the kitchen floor and fading white paint on the walls.

Birdie brought the newspaper to the kitchen table. As he skimmed through the column with job listings, he found a rogue flower growing from the cracked walls of the building across the street; it was a little withered and its colors a little dulled from the white sunlight; it seemed like it had painfully pushed its way out of the scathing bricks. Maybe it did it for a little fresh air.

Birdie looked at the clock. It was now eleven o'clock—Bernard would not be back for another seven hours.

"How is your new job, Birdie?"

"I have only been working for a week. It is

funny how they play the same twelve songs over and over again on the speakers." They both laugh.

"Whenever the album is about to reach the song 'Rosita', it freezes on a pricked rim of the disc. I don't know how Rosita finishes."

"Birdie, do you want to tell me one of your stories?"

"I...I don't have any, Bernie."

"Ohh...they'll come back."

"On television today, the funniest thing happened. A woman breaks up with a guy and then she—" Birdie suddenly remembered that Bernard had lost his wife and daughter to a divorce.

"Well? What happens?"

"I don't...remember."

"Ohh...that's okay...that'll come back too."

"So how was your day at work? Bernie."

"There was an accident at the docks today, and a man lost his index

finger. But I'll spare you the details. Good night Birdie."

"Good night Bernie."

Birdie told himself that he should have known better than to bring up Bernard's wife. Although she divorced him six years ago, Birdie still heard him cry late at night and curse her name in his dreams. Bernard had tried to get his daughter back two or three years ago, but was unable because of his income. Every Saturday, he still drove to his wife's house and visited his daughter, Mary, who he said had grown into a smart and beautiful nine-year old. When Birdie closed his eyes, he saw nothing. He tried to sleep. Bernard came through the doorway. Although he looked tired as he usually did, there was something in that tiredness that Birdie was not familiar to.

"Birdie! It took me a while to find it, but I found it. This is the album they play everyday at your work. You can finally finish Rosita."

Birdie smiled. "But I don't know if I should find out. For a month, I have grown used to Rosita never finding its end."

"Just keep the album and listen to it whenever you want." Bernard suddenly fell to the floor and pulled his hands out of from his pockets and pressed them against his tearing eyes, screaming, "They won't let me see her anymore."

"What happened?"

"I got mad at Julie and knocked down the glass table. She called the police and now they have me on a restraining order. I can't see little Mary anymore."

Although Birdie knew he should say something or hold Bernard, he did not know what or how.

"I don't know what to do anymore, Birdie."

Later that evening, Birdie played the album on the phonograph. He found the end to Rosita, which was disappointing. Bernard did not say anything more to Birdie that night. Birdie did not sleep. Birdie did not even try, he left his eyes opened, staring out the window at the purplish black sky. He wondered what Bernard was thinking of, if awake, or dreaming of, if asleep. Birdie kept his eyes peering out of the window. He watched as the hazy blue from the morning light first shone from across the electric lines and brown buildings, and as it made its way to the rest of the black night. Bernard came home drunk and cheery with his cheeks flushed red and dress shirt unbuttoned to his chest.

"Bernie, where were you?"

"I had myself a couple of drinks. That was it." Birdie had waited for him through the night.

"The ladies down at the pub are beautiful, even and every one of them."

"I...I was just worri—"

"Stop being such a mother, Birdie. I was just having some fun. Some damn good fun."

When Bernard and Birdie were both in Bed, Birdie heard Bernard crying into his pillows on the top bunk. Birdie turned away from the window and stared at the bottom of Bernard's mattress. He wanted see through the mattress and make sure Bernard was not crying anymore.

Bernard came through the doorway. He had two bottles of whiskey, with elephant logos, tucked into his handsome hands. "Birdie!"

"Bernie?"

"I want to apologize for the other day."

Birdie smiled, saying nothing.

"I will take you somewhere."

"Where?"

"Just come with me. It is a surprise."

Bernard stashed the two bottles against his chest and zipped up his panther blank leather jacket. The sky was purplish black and the night murky and hazy, and it was late—they were normally in bed by now. They drove out of the city and along the

tree lines and opened fields, where he saw a flock of lambs in the green shadows.

They were far away now—far from the cities, markets, shops and people. Bernard rolled down the window and a cold wind rushed into the car. He placed two cigarettes in his lips, lighted them, and handed one to Birdie. Birdie took the cigarette and placed the moist end between his own lips.

"Birdie, we're almost there."

"Where are we going?" Birdie asked but wanted no answer.

"We'll find out soon."

Birdie began to hear waves slam violently against the shores. Bernard had brought Birdie to the beaches.

Bernard yelled out for Birdie to run as he rushed to the shore. Birdie followed behind, slowly. Bernard soon ran so far ahead that only broken words reached Birdie. "Run...Birdie... Run." Birdie saw Bernard jump into the water with all his clothes

on. As Birdie came near, he saw that Bernard's face was white angelic under the moonlight.

"Thh...Thee..wateer...is...fine, Birdie," Bernard said before he gave Birdie a smile.

Bernard made splashes and allowed the waves to him. He swam out a bit, but realized the waves were too high, and came back. As Bernard's excitement died, he got out of the water and laid on the sands. Birdie, who watched everything, laid beside him.

"Birdie, let's hear one of your stories," Bernard said, now staring at the shadowed horizon.

Although Birdie did not want to bore Bernard with one of his stories,

he began, "There was a man, a lone barber, and while he cuts this woman's hair—" Birdie noticed Bernard's body trembling, probably from the cold, he thought.

"Bernie..."

"Birdie, when I listen to your stories, I smile. They make me happy. I just wanted to let you know that." After Bernard said that, he laid silent. When Birdie peered over, he saw that Bernard's curled up and still body was facing away and his rough blue jeans and jacket were soaked black. Bernard had fallen asleep. As Birdie stared out into the black sea, he felt scared. With Bernard asleep, the open sea and the wide shores felt empty and vast.

"Bernie...Bernie..." he whispered, but Bernard continued lying there motionless, asleep.

Lying on the huge beach, Birdie did not know he could feel so alone.

## Dostoevsky's Country

By Spencer Seward

*New Forum*

Dostevsky's country. Losing myself in hats and trenchcoats, the unending cold. Clothes hanging frozen like melancholy icicles.

Endless smokestacks and drab floral dresses on women who line the street like statues.

The school crouches, always worried now, its windows always frosted now, waiting. The fences wear shotguns. Occasionally, a guard smiles, perhaps seeing his own children in the jaded laughter. They wear black, but they do not wear masks for fear of epileptic flashbacks.

In the interviews, the children are calm, composed. They burn crayon portraits, pile up matches in an effort for vengeance. One boy meanders, trailing a camera through endless hallways, through depressing gray debris, these endless hallways. He points to the ground and says, "Here. Here is where they killed my father" and places his

small hands on the windowsill where the corpse was thrown out. He does not cry.

Girls tell of brains ruining their braids and grenades becoming overzealous candlelight in a surreal siege. Buried mothers. Lost fathers. Sympathetic masked woman disappearing, leaving only bits. Bits. Pieces. Unmarked granules of humanity.

They were thirsty, they said and obviously naked, in perhaps every way a person can be naked. In the aftermath, the roubles piled up, coffers appearing in hospitals and antiquated bedrooms. A large eared boy asked, "How can they measure lives in money?" History's tragic, perpetually unanswered question. There is a reason no one places bill folds on graves.

"We have grown up too fast" another boy says. Scary, the insights and the hardened looks. The declarations of slit throats and pools of black masked blood. The skipping that will never look the same. They have become gazelles with only three legs. They are blank, mournful, snow white paper. The saddest thing. Blank faces.

### Starch

By Mark Hendrickson

*New Forum*

We lay folded on the bed  
while the sheets washed.  
You unrolled my fingers  
with your fingers.

Behind the blinds  
the heated afternoon—  
but we lay cold  
in the wide room

under the fan  
whose air  
you held my hand to,  
then brought down.

"I dreamed you worked on cars,"  
you said,  
"I dreamed I had a man  
with rougher hands."

### Egyptia

By Vanessa Chulapatrcheevin

*New Forum*

In the desert we shook the static  
Out of satin sheets to lay them on the dunes  
And watched as beetles crawled  
Along the soft, white hillocks of fabric.

I was parched, you'd brought  
An old-fashioned gourd, filled  
To the stoppered brim  
With honeyed wine so heavy and dark  
I spilled two drops on the white sand.

Like mercury they ran  
Down the slope of sand.  
And after them, you  
With your hair streaming back  
Like a banner  
For all that the desert's consumed.

### From Throne Racer (Continued from page 3)

ing no one was paying any attention to the shambling old man.

Minerva Myrtle had supposedly had an accident on the green corduroy fabric one afternoon, and though it had never been proven the chair was cast off, destined to spend the rest of its days gathering dust.

'Well, if that's the way it has to be.' Bernard lurched past eyes trying not to watch, settling his bones in to the dusty arms of the chair.

'Why am I so afraid of this cowboy? What does he have that I don't? He won that race and stole my spotlight. He silenced the gossipers, I suppose. Now no one even wants to look at me. Christ, this chair smells like piss, and I'm sittin' here 'cause of him.'

The hands on the clock were inching forward.

'Less than two laps left until the magic hour. I need a plan, some sort of strategy. Think, Bernard you old war horse, think.' The sun was streaming in through the windows on the East wall, reflecting off the ocean of tiles, filling the day room with a soothing, soft green light. The sound of slippers sliding, and rubber tipped canes hitting and holding their mark, exclamations from the women playing

bridge and the men laying dominoes filled his ears. The sounds of the day room washing over him coated his mind with the mild sedative of time. His eyelids grew heavy as they are want to do on the portion of the population that have walked this planet for over three quarters of a century. His chin crept towards his chest, and without any strategy for the upcoming race, Bernard's snores began filling his dust-covered corner of the room with the soothing rhythm of a boat floating idly on the calmest of waters.

Shuffle. Tap. Shuffle-shuffle. Tap. Shuffle. Tap. Shuffle-shuffle. Tap. Bernard's eyes opened to long shadows being cast across the day room. People were rising from their daily posts, stretching, and beginning to file in to the darkened hallway. Bernard watched for a moment, content not to move, to be ignored.

'So this is it. Bernard found himself talking to his long dead wife with increasing frequency. 'I'm glad you're not here today, seeing your man like this. Baby, what should I do? I don't even care any more. Don't care if I win or lose, don't even care if I race at all. I just want my friends baby, I just want you. Stel, you gotta help me baby, I don't want to go in to that hallway alone.'

The threat of losing focused Bernard's attention like nothing else would. The beginnings of a smile were turning up the corner of his dry, cracked lips. The shadows were slowly stretching across the day room, the hands on the clock racing towards the finish line. The day room had emptied of everyone but Bernard, whose face had transformed into the gap toothed grin of a boy who is seeing some of the many things that life has to offer. The little hand on the clock was on the final stretch, racing forward, unrelenting and unafraid as only time can be. Bernard was no longer pulling for a fiery wreck, for a premature end of the clocks race. He was eager now, anxious. Finally the checkered flag was waving the clocks hand had finished its final lap, it was time for the race to begin and Bernard had a plan. God's Mile was lined with giddy octogenarians anxious for the start of the race. The patience they had spent a lifetime acquiring was being put to the test. The shuffle of slippers and the high pitched whine of hearing aids played as background music to the excited whispers of expectation.

"Who's it going to be Georgie?"  
"Vera, when are you going to learn not to put

(Continued on page 18)

# Jaded

## A Struggle within a Struggle: Zapatistas Women's fight for Equality

By Crystal Hwang

*Jaded*

On New Year's Eve of 1994, the same day that Mexico joined the North Atlantic Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA), a group of masked indigenous people seized the city of San Cristóbal de las Casas in the state of Chiapas. Calling themselves the Zapatista National Liberation Army (*Ejército Zapatista de Liberación Nacional*, EZLN), these armed revolutionaries declared war on the government of Mexico proclaiming their right to autonomous self-government and the end of neoliberal exploitation. The international community was shocked and intrigued; rather than a highly trained core of political rebels, the Zapatistas were ragged forces comprised mostly of peasants, some armed with makeshift weapons. Further investigation revealed the critical status of indigenous peoples of Chiapas, a region that seemed to have been left behind in Mexico's push towards First World development.

In a country with 56 distinct cultures and 100 languages, Chiapas is one of the Mexican states with the highest percentage of indigenous people, many whom are of Maya descent. Chiapas also suffers from the highest rate of malnutrition, with an estimated 70% of the population lacking adequate nutrition. The infant mortality rate is double the national average, wages are three times lower than the national average, and illiteracy among women is estimated at 63%. Chiapas produces 55% of Mexico's hydroelectric energy yet 70% indigenous homes have no electricity and 90% have no running water.

The roots of poverty and exploitation of indigenous peoples can be traced back to Spanish conquest in early 16<sup>th</sup> century, where as many as 12 million were killed by war, disease, famine and involuntary servitude. In 1917, Article 27 of the Mexican Constitution granted indigenous farmers the right to own the land they had been living on for centuries, promising the right to *ejido* or communal land. But in response to the Mexican economic crash and pressure from Structural Adjustment Programs (SAPs) put in place by the International Monetary Fund (IMF), 85% of public companies were privatized in 1994 and the government agreed to repeal Article 27 as a condition to joining NAFTA.

Calling NAFTA a 'death certificate for indigenous peoples,' the EZLN seized San Cristóbal de las Casas and six other municipi-

palities in Chiapas on the same day that the agreement was enacted. Government response was swift and deadly; hundreds of lives were lost when the military was sent to pacify the rebels. Despite the cease-fire agreement in 1994, military occupation of Zapatista communities was reinstated in mid-1997 and, since then, over 18,000 Native Chiapans have been displaced as a result of harassment and raids by army and paramilitary troops. On December 22, 1997, 45 people attending a Roman Catholic town prayer meeting in Acteal, mostly women and children, were massacred by paramilitary forces. Federal "investigation" of the Acteal massacre has since resulted in the arrests and convictions of 55 individuals, all of them indigenous peoples.

What is the current status of the EZLN in Chiapas? After the first two weeks following the capture of San Cristóbal de las Casas, the EZLN agreed upon a cease-fire and immediately entered into peace talks with the Mexican government. Both parties eventually signed the San Andrés Accords on Indigenous Rights and Culture in 1996. But the consistent failure of policymakers to consider Zapatista demands (including the right to collective use of natural resources, representation at the national level, right to their own media channels and the recognition of indigenous communities as legal entities) and the passage of a spurious Indigenous Rights Law in 2001 prompted the EZLN to break negotiations with the government. Until recently the EZLN has receded from media coverage, focusing mostly on developing the 32 autonomous communities within their territory and seeking support from international human rights organizations. Within local communities, decisions about food production, health care, schools and communitarian projects are made through assemblies called the *Juntas de Buen Gobierno* (Councils of Good Government). The *Juntas* rotate membership continuously, allowing all members of the community to serve on the seats and preventing individuals from gaining too much authority.

Although radical democratic self-government has proven fairly successful, the transformation of gender norms is still being negotiated within the Zapatista movement. Since its inception, the EZLN has mobilized the support of indigenous women. The successful capture of San Cristóbal de las Casas was headed by Major Ana Maria, a young Tzotzil woman who joined the struggle when she was fourteen years old. Indigenous women form the majority of the EZLN's sup-

port base in the various communities, making uniforms and weapons, securing supplies, preparing food, and staying constantly on watch for government soldiers. Women also comprise about 30% of Zapatista combat fighters. Still, improvements in the status of women have come slowly, facing resistance by many, and victories have been won at a high price.

Indigenous women have often been ignored and subordinated even within the movement, struggling to learn Spanish in order to communicate and participate in assemblies and organizations (30% speak only their native languages, not Spanish). The custom of dowry still exists in some communities, and the reproductive health of women is limited by lack of access to health services, contraceptives, and medical abortions. Women and children are the chief victims in armed conflicts, comprising an overwhelming majority of the displaced refugees and of those who have been killed or wounded. By 1998, over 684 incidents of assault on women and girls in Chiapas were documented in the span of four years, over half of which were rapes committed by government and paramilitary soldiers.

As in many countries, poverty strikes women in Chiapas the hardest. "Nothing is said about the indigenous as peoples, and even less about the indigenous women; we do not appear in any law that the government makes because for it, we do not exist," declared one woman at a rally. Women typically wake up several hours before dawn to collect firewood and water and prepare food for their husbands and children. Many also work alongside men in the fields during the day and return home afterwards to cook the evening meal, do housework and care for their children. "Doubly humiliated, as women and as workers, the Mexican indigenous women are also humiliated for the color of their skin, their language, their culture, their past," wrote Subcomandante Marcos, the now-famous pipe-smoking spokesperson for the EZLN.

Zapatista women have firmly spoken out about the lack of access to health care and resulting deaths of their children and older family members from curable diseases as well as the dire shortage of schools and decent housing. At the National Indigenous Conference in Mexico City in 1996, their demands were presented by Comandante Ramona. In the "Women's Revolutionary Law" they demanded fair wages, the enforcement of rape and abuse laws and access to education, health care and adequate nutrition for themselves and

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## Aramark: The New Bully On Campus

By Julianne Ong Hing

*Jaded*

In the summer of 2004, when student government and campus groups were on hiatus and the pace on the already quiet UCI campus slowed to a crawl, a multi-million dollar contract was quietly signed that forever altered the underpinnings of the socioeconomic landscape of UC Irvine.

The now-gutted Student Center was scheduled to come down and many contracts in the food court it housed were about to expire. After years of managing separate and

sometimes unstable vendors for every food outlet on campus, the University was desperate for a convenient food provider that had the capability of keeping pace with the expanding campus. With one eye on its pocketbook and another focused on the future, the University turned to Aramark Corporation, one of the nation's largest food and vending service providers. During that summer UCI administration signed a contract that gave Aramark total control of all food options on campus. Aramark's pre-existing management of residential dining halls in Mesa Court and Middle Earth Housing was extended to include Cor-

nerstone Café, Phoenix Grille, BC's Cavern on the Green, Cyber A Café, and the outdoor food carts scattered throughout campus.

For the University, Aramark was a safe option. By consolidating all of the food providers under a single management, UC Irvine would have none of the annoyance of dealing with individual companies and their fickle business. It didn't hurt either that Aramark offered to pay for \$2 million dollars worth of kitchen equipment in the new Student Center. Ray Giang, ASUCI Executive

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### **Aramark: The New Bully on Campus** (Continued from page 10)

Vice President of Administrative Affairs, commented that along with the other benefits of consolidation (fiscal stability and sheer convenience) Aramark provided, “to be honest, the University gets a bigger kickback, too.” Relinquishing control of campus food operations to Aramark has been a panacea for UC Irvine administrators who were more than willing to outsource the headache of food operations to an outside company.

But all of this – the expediency and shiny new oven ranges – comes at a heavy price. Aramark Corporation is consistently named as a Forbes 500 top performing company, and also has a reputation for unjust labor practices. The corporation is able to outperform its competitors by cutting costs off the backs of its workers. The health insurance plan Aramark offers its employees is so limited in its services but requires a monthly premium that is

so high that many of its workers forego health insurance altogether. Aramark’s starting wages are \$8.50 per hour, but some food service employees who have worked at UCI for over twenty years are still making the same amount they did when they started. Most appalling, many full time Aramark employees qualify for public assistance and rely on Medi-cal, low-income housing, and other social programs. UC Irvine has entrusted the entirety of the campus food options to a company whose central business tenet prioritizes profits over people.

But just because these workers prepare and serve food on the UC Irvine campus in our residential dining halls, they are not afforded the same rights as UC service employees. Aramark Corporation prohibits its workers from organizing or unionizing to fight for higher wages. An ongoing student-worker struggle to bring Aramark workers “in house” would make them official employees of the

University of California and automatically give them the protection of a labor union, along with extensive and inexpensive health coverage, and options for a pension plan.

It is not just workers at UCI who are hurt by Aramark’s presence on campus. Unless students organize and act we, too, are at the mercy of the corporation. Giang acknowledged that Aramark “could theoretically be very good [for students], but the problem is that now, it’s essentially a monopoly and they do have the opportunity to gouge students and have poor food quality.”

UC Irvine is the last UC campus that subcontracts its food services. Students at UCLA, UCSD, UCSF, and UCSC have in recent years successfully organized to bring their formerly outsourced workers under direct University of California employment. Outsourcing our service workers and overcharging our students can and must end now.

## Safety First: The Politics of Suburban Living

By Patrick Appel

*Jaded*

We live in a literalization of the Patriot Act. The basic principal of the 2001 Patriot Act is the surrendering of certain civil liberties in exchange for a theoretically safer state. Irvine, as a master planned community, makes a similar trade. The city looks to provide both economic and physical safety by implementing strict controls over the physical landscape.

Irvine’s #1 rank from the FBI as the safest city in the United States for cities with populations exceeding 100,000 is the result of such control. This ranking is the result of decades of hard work and billions of dollars, mostly on behalf of the Irvine Company. More than anything, it is city planning and policy that has produced this distinction.

However, the real basis of Irvine’s master plan doesn’t have to do with crime prevention; it has to do with money. The Irvine Company, as a monopoly landowner, has been able to highly regulate the city in order to maintain security, predictability, and thus, profits. Creating physical safety isn’t just a social policy; it protects property values and tax revenues.

The underlying economic interests of the city’s plan can especially be seen in the design of the commercial sector. For one, Irvine lacks a downtown. It has no centralized community area. The Irvine Spectrum, which has the closest resemblance to a downtown area in Irvine, is really just an outdoor mall,

something closer to an expanded Ikea than a legitimate public space. As Professor Scott Bollens of UCI’s Planning Policy and Design department said, Irvine leaves little room for what he calls “spontaneous public space.” The public spaces that do exist, typically, and ironically, are privatized. According to Bollens, there is little in the way of “public spaces where people can get together of all races, ethnicities, [and] income levels. [Likewise, it is difficult to] rebel, or protest, or just voice collective angst or frustration.”

This intentional minimalization of spaces where crowd gathering, protest, or class interaction could take place can be seen though the controls present in Irvine, for they go far beyond reducing criminal behavior. If you have gotten lost in the concentric rings of Irvine’s roads, which feel like they were laid out with the help of a spirograph, you have participated in Irvine’s policy of isolationism. The road systems keep residential communities out of the way and secluded. As a safety mechanism, this acts at the expense of communal interaction. Through the confusing road network, a type of gated community with hidden barriers is created.

Likewise, this emphasis on business and personal safety is visible in the layout of homes. Houses are often sucked back from off the street or the front of the house is literally barricaded from the neighboring properties by a garage or wall. Houses are turned away from each other, giving the impression of creating safety, albeit through household disconnect.

Anything creative one might do to their property to try and eliminate the barriers is subject to the decision of homeowners’ associations. Everything from the placement and size of shrubbery to when one can put up holiday decorations is mandated. The city, through the use of homeowners’ associations, is split into smaller and smaller sections, into readymade communities, thus fracturing a larger sense of citywide or state belonging.

Considering this isolationism, it should come as little surprise that Professor Bollens remarked the people he is most worried about are teenagers growing up “in Irvine, and other places like it.” He elaborated, “If they can’t get into productive trouble or fun, just finding creative places to be and feeling like it’s fun, they are going to feel incredibly stifled. I’m sure generations already have gone through Irvine and feel incredibly stifled and frustrated, and that can’t be healthy for that kid who needs to explore.”

Whereas older communities favored safety through communal interaction, Irvine, and the many cities like it, use communal seclusion. Front yards typically are not designed for utility, but manageability. Even recreation areas lack personality; for they consist mostly of highly manicured community parks.

Through their planning, these spaces have had much of the potential creativity drained out of them because they do not lend themselves to imaginative manipulation. They are difficult to use in the same way a highly refined living

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## The Mediterranean Diet: Jesus Approved

By Eva Meszaros

*Jaded*

Feeling lost, misguided, and packing a little more weight than you’d like to? Then this age-old diet may be for you. The latest fad on the dieting circuit introduces an ancient form of motivation—religion—and the devout zealots are (literally) eating it up.

I’ll admit I don’t have much experience with organized religion, but I offered to undergo the task of attempting the holy diet, which I giddily anticipated would include plenty of carbs and wine.

With the assistance of Don Colbert’s

best selling *What Would Jesus Eat?*, I found that I was not far off in my assumptions. The diet essentially follows and supports a more familiar Mediterranean diet, which encourages a high intake of vegetables, whole grains, legumes, and fruit, a moderate intake of fish and red wine, and much less of everything else.

I figured in the time it took the world to be created, I could find spirituality and a weight loss plan that works for me. This week would test my intentions to the point of mockery.

Quick background: I am a resident advisor in the undergraduate dormitories, so I earn a dandy 19-meal plan, which I waste

generously. The possession of a dorm meal plan will severely test one’s willpower. Dare I say it—even old J.C. would be impressed.

Day 1: Wednesday

I began my journey rather optimistically in spite of my past, which is strewn with failed diet attempts. Referring to my handy *What Would Jesus Eat?* seven-day sample meal guide, I prepared a tuna salad over lettuce with a splash of balsamic vinaigrette; a slice of honeydew and watermelon; a scoop of berry yogurt and cottage cheese for dessert; and a half-glass of grapefruit juice. Delicious! One apple broke the fast between lunch and

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# Sanskriti

## 2<sup>nd</sup> Star to the Right and Straight On 'Till Morning

By Sweta Kikani

*Sanskriti*

Tarot cards. Fortune cookies. Magic eight balls. Weekly syndicated horoscopes. Cher, Dion Warwick and their Psychic Friends Network. Before the days of modern fortune telling, people once turned their heads towards the heavens in search of answers and solutions to life's many queries. Now a days, star gazing is left up to the romantics and pathetics, dreaming of Never never Lands and galaxies far, far away. However, for at least a documented 5,000 years, Hindus have used their knowledge of the celestial bodies to determine one's future.

One of six supplementary appendices, the Jyotish Vedanga—Vedic astronomy and astrology, has acted as a tool to help guide those who believe in its powers to rationalize certain occurrences, uncover pasts, and predict futures. There are six main branches of Jyotish Vedanga which act as the foundation: **Gola**-positional astrology, **Ganita**-mathematical diagnostic tools for analyzing the results of Gola, **Jakta**-natal astrology, **Prasna**-answering questions based on the specific time they were asked, **Muhurta**-selecting an auspicious time to start something, and **Nimitta**-omens.

From India, Vedic astrology spread to

the Persians, from Persians to the Babylonians, then on to the Greeks, Romans and Egyptians. Western astrology has been consistently inconsistent throughout history, disappearing with political and religious change, as is evident during the Dark Ages and the "Age of Reason" in 15<sup>th</sup> century Europe, and reappearing when seemingly in their favor, as seen in during the Renaissance. This discontinuity in western astrology has led to proof of holes and missing pieces in providing accurate readings of the stars. With at least 5,000 years of documented consistency, Vedic astrology is considered to be the most efficient and accurate form of astrology by professionals and scholars of the subject.

Vedic astrology is based on the nine planets: the sun, the moon, Mars, Mercury, Jupiter, Venus, Saturn, Rahu, and Ketu. These are known in Sanskrit as Ravi or Surya, Candra, Mangal or Kuja, Buddha, Guru, Shukra, Shani, Rahu and Ketu. Also important to Jyotish are the twelve zodiac signs, and the twelve houses on the "Kundali Chart." It is these twelve houses that are used to govern all the different aspects of life. These houses are areas in space. Anywhere on stands on the earth, at that moment they are surrounded by space. For example, facing the eastern horizon where the sun rises is known as the first house. Across from the first house on the western horizon is the seventh house. Di-

rectly above one's head is known as the tenth house, and directly below is the fourth house. Then we come to the ninth house, which stands just above our heads and slightly back. This particular house is important as it rules the religion factor in Vedic astrology. One should note that many religions honor this angle through various customs. For example, Jewish men wear a yarmulke, a small cap covering the back portion of their head. Similarly, many Hindu men shave every part of their head except that part, which they let grow into a long ponytail known as a sheeka. It is also taught in the Vedas that the crown portion of the head, which faces the ninth house is where certain types of yogis of the past used to burst through at the time of their death and would actually leave their body through that spot which is known as the Brahma Rundrum. It is also interesting to acknowledge that their hair often curls in a swirling pattern on that part of the head, as if the universal swirling pattern enters us at that point.

Today, astrology in Hindu culture is most often used to determine auspicious dates for such events as weddings and moving into a new home. Strong believers even find it necessary to choose their spouses based upon complimentary zodiac signs. Some even let

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## Ayurveda: India's ancient healthcare system (without HMO's)

By Jay Shah

*Sanskriti*

The healthcare system in this nation is flawed. Aside from the corrupt insurance and pharmaceutical giants, the underlying philosophy of cures and treatments of human diseases and illnesses seems erroneous. Have a headache? Here, pop in couple Tylenols. Suffering from a stomachache? No problem, that's easily solved by the plethora of antacids available at any supermarkets. But consider a change in diet or eating habits? Never, at least not until it becomes life threatening. The problem lies in that current approach to medicine involves relieving symptoms and not focusing at the underlying causes. Over the counter cough medications reduce brain sensitivity to the presence of bacteria causing a decrease in cough but don't directly affect the bacteria present. The ease at which antibiotics are prescribed makes bacteria increasingly resistant, thereby requiring stronger doses that usually follow with unwanted side effects. This vicious cycle isn't a solution. The environment, what we eat, how we live our lives, and emotions are all indicative of our physical well-being. Ayurveda, the ancient holistic system of medicine of India, addresses these aspects and promotes natural cures.

Ayurveda, meaning knowledge of life, evolved roughly 5000 years ago amongst the Brahmin sages. This system of healthcare strives to maintain balances of energies within us rather than focusing on symptoms. In addition, no two individuals are the same; no two individuals are composed of the same energies. Therefore, treatments of two individuals suffering from similar symptoms can be strikingly different.

Ayurveda understands the importance of nature and it promotes harmony between nature and us. Ayurveda also understands the correlation between mind and body. Our mental and emotional state is equally important in governing our physical status. Similar to modern medicine, ayurveda also consists of specialties ranging from internal medicine (*Kayachikitsa*) to surgery (*Shalya Tantra*). In addition, every disease consists of definitions, symptoms, pathology, medications, treatment, and even diet and lifestyle modifications. This structure is remarkably similar to today but even more comprehensive.

According to ayurveda, everything in the universe, including us, is made from the following five elements: space, air, water, fire, and earth. Balancing these elements in the correct manner is the key to physical health and treating diseases. Certain elements have the ability to come together to create physiological functions. Space and air combine to form the *Vata Dosha*. This biological force controls movement and is evident in nerve impulses, respiration, and circulation. Fire and water combine to form the *Pitta Dosha*. It is responsible for transforming food into nutrients and other forms of metabolism. Water and Earth combine to form the final dosha, the *Kapha dosha*. It is responsible for growth and protection. The cerebrospinal fluid that protects the spinal cord and brain is a type of kapha. Interestingly, every individual has a unique proportion of these three forces, making every individual and treatments to similar illnesses different. Harmonious interactions among the three forces create balance and health. Imbalances of the doshas are the root causes of diseases.

How can you incorporate ayurvedic tips into your life? Ayurveda recommends drinking a freshly squeezed lemon juice mixed with a cup of warm water first thing in the morning. Lemons are both antibacterial and antiseptic and even act as an antioxidant to fight the harmful free radicals. Also, iced beverages are harmful to digestion and should be avoided, especially during or after a meal. One should also eat in a quiet peaceful environment without TV or even talking. Also according to ayurveda, contrary to what we may believe, lunch is the most important meal of the day because your body is naturally at its peak and needs the most nutrients and energy. The heaviest meal of the day should be lunch and should not be skipped! Furthermore, water is the best beverage and is crucial for digestion while caffeinated drinks harm it. Lastly, ayurveda also suggests waking up before sunrise and sleeping before 11pm. The latter, however, isn't very college friendly.

Albeit a slow pace, the western world is finally beginning to understand ayurvedic treatments and medications. Many scientists are investigating herbs and other naturally occurring remedies India has used for centuries. Recently, the western world discovered turmeric and garlic. They discovered turmeric helps the immune system while garlic is important for the heart. In fact, they realized garlic to be so beneficial that garlic is now manufactured in pill form. The appreciation and understanding of medicine and healthcare under the system of ayurveda is vast and thorough. No wonder so many Indians are in medicine.

## Philosopher and Yogi: Adi Shankara

By Aswathi Sreedharan

*Sanskriti*

“Yada yada hi dharmasya  
Glanir bhavathi Bharata  
Abhudhanam adharmasya  
Tadatmanam srijami aham”  
*The Bhagvad Gita, Chapter IV-7*

These famous words by Lord Krishna in the Bhagvad Gita are a reminder to the world on His manifestation whenever there is a decay of righteousness in the world. The birth and life of Adi Shankara, undoubtedly one of Bharat's greatest philosopher and yogi, may be said to be one such manifestation. Born in Kaladi, South India, between 700 and 800 AD, Shankara lived to once again enlighten the world of the teachings of the Vedas. A true pravasi, Shankara traveled all over India, teaching and establishing the Advaita Vedanta, or the non-dualist philosophy. His interpretations of the Vedas and the Upanishads not only revitalized Bharath of the wealth she possessed, but also revived the age-old Vedic teachings that were on a decline.

Leaving his mother and home behind, Sankara wandered in search of a guru at the young age of 16. After taking up studies under Guru Gaudapada, he soon left to travel throughout India propagating Vedic teachings, in particular Advaita Vedanta. He realized and taught that Oneness, or Ekatvam is the es-

sence of all knowledge. Through the statement, "Ekameva Adviteeyam Brahma", or the Absolute (Brahma) is one (Ekam) alone, not two (Advitam), he explained to the world that unity underlies the apparent diversity seen everywhere. As per his analogy, while there may be many types of sugarcane, the juice that comes from them shares the same sweetness. His discourse acts to reinforce the underlying message of the Vedas that truth is one, but the sages call it by many names.

Shankara's interpretation of the Upanishads revealed to the world the four mahavakyas, "ayam atma brahma", "aham brahmasmi", "prajnanam brahma", and "tat tvam asi". These four vakyas, or statements emphasize the principle of non duality, and reveal that the Atman, or the Self of man, is Brahman, that the Brahman is pure Consciousness, and that human being is divine. Shankara's Advaitic doctrine taught that bodies are manifold, but in these separate bodies, the one divine, Brahman is present. Consequently, knowledge of the self, Atma Gnana, becomes essential. He thus taught the rules of Bhakti, Jnana, and Karma for achieving the awareness of this oneness with all that surrounds oneself, and that what is divine.

Any description of this yogi's life would not be complete without a word on *Bhaja Govindam*, a devotional song and a philosophical treatise at the same time. Also called *Moham Mudhgarah* (a hammer to crush delusions), this song tells man to seek and

worship Govinda, the supreme lord, because the rules of grammar (secular knowledge and material acquisitions) will fail to rescue man from the cycle of life and death. He further asks everyone to surrender themselves to the feet of the Guru through the path of devotion, to attain freedom from Samsara, and achieve the oneness with the Brahman. While these messages might be currently slightly out of reach for most of us, they nevertheless reveal the complexity and vastness of the truth that originated in the Vedic period.

Adi Shankara's life shows that India, despite numerous regional languages, and varying customs, was unified as one civilization. Bharat is one entity, and Sanskrit is the cement upon which this entity was constructed. Vedas and Sastras were respected and followed throughout Bharat, and formed the base of the once well-flourished civilization. The idea of this unity, established and reinforced by Sankara through the creation of the four mathas in four corners of Bharath, namely, Sringeri, Dwaraka, Badri, and Puri, seems to have diminished in modern age. As the majority of us scramble to find the perfect job, the perfect family, and the best things for ourselves, we have been forgetting the greatness of this ancient civilization, our duty towards our nation, and our responsibility in reviving what is our identity, and what is very much our own. Let us not delay a moment in joining hands in rediscovering and strengthening ourselves, and our nation

## Hinduism and the Environment Thang!

By Nishkaam Mehta

*Sanskriti*

Globally, there are about 1.9 hectares of productive area per person, but the average ecological footprint is already 2.3 hectares. So we would need 1.5 Earths to live sustainably. The largest footprint belongs to citizens of the US, at 9.57 hectares. If the US provides the benchmark for global consumption, 25 Earths will be needed to satiate everyone's wants. The earth is fast running out of resources. Natural reserves are depleting and peak oil is right around the corner. For the uninitiated, Peak oil is the point in time when extraction of oil from the earth reaches its highest point and then begins to decline. The issue is not so much of "running out" of oil as it is about not having enough to keep the economy running. The ramifications of this are very similar to the human body. The human body is 70% water and a 200 pound man hence holds 140 pounds of water. Given how crucial water is to everything the human body does, a loss of as little as 10-15 pounds of water is enough to kill a human body of dehydration. Similarly, a 10-15% deficit in supply will be enough to reduce all of mankind to a post-industrial stone age. For example, the oil shocks during the 1970s, shortfalls in production as small as 5% caused the price of oil to quadruple. The United States peaked in its domestic oil production in 1970 and 33 of the top 45 oil-producing countries have now peaked with world oil production set to peak by the end of 2006 followed by a 3% decrease in oil production every year.

This severe economic disruption will take place in the shadows of an even more powerful climate disruption. For decades, the environmentalist brigades have warned us of a

looming climate crisis. Their pleas fell to deaf ears, and last year we saw first-hand, the effects of global warming: an unprecedented and ferocious hurricane season, a catastrophic drought in Brazil, the worst-ever wildfires in Alaska, arctic glaciers at their lowest ebb in millennia, devastating floods in India - portents of global warming's destructive potential.

Humans have trashed the planet not because we are evil, but because our current industrial mechanisms leave us no choice. Our skyscrapers, factories and farms, freeways and power plants were conceived before we had even an inkling of how the planet worked. They are primitive inventions designed by people who didn't fully comprehend the consequences of their actions. Every time you turn on the ignition, you're entangled in a system whose known outcomes include an increasingly polluted atmosphere, oil-slicked seas, and desert wars.

Activists have failed to move the broader public not because they were wrong about the problems, but because the solutions they offered were unappealing to most people. Human beings are inherently selfish animals and they will not make the sacrifice of lowering their thermostats or subsist lower in the food chain unless every other human being of every other race, gender and nationality did so before them. The activists called for tightening belts and curbing appetites, turning down the thermostat and living lower in the food chain. Most rejected technology, business, and prosperity over returning to a simpler way of life. This is the reason the movement got so little traction. Asking people in the world's most prosperous and advanced societies to turn their backs on the very forces that drove such profuse is naive at best.

Capitalism succeeded where communism failed in that it recognized that humans were inherently selfish animals and provided an infrastructure to further that goal. A new breed of environmentalists now wants to harness the power of the market economy to bring about environmental change. The Kyoto protocol calls for setting up a global exchange for countries to trade permits to greenhouse gases so that they can meet their obligations under the Kyoto Protocol to reduce emissions and thereby mitigate global warming.

Economists cannot be trusted with the health of our planet. Everytime a tree is cut, the GDP goes up. Everytime a trolley of coal comes up from the mine, the GDP goes up. Everytime a person is diagnosed with cancer or diabetes, more medicines are made, and the GDP goes up. In trying to harness the selfishness of human beings, be it with competition, opening up economies, the free market economy has made us humans more self-centered. Our planet belongs to us all and a market economy based solution to our environmental problems will only take us so far – providing us with immediate relief with a selfish solution in a time when humans need to learn to be self-less in how they inhabit the earth.

It is time that we acknowledged that human beings as parasites have driven the planet to a point where we have outgrown ourselves. For our own survival, we ought to explore alternatives to the current status quo. Hinduism presents one such compelling alternative.

# Forest Fire

## Sweatshops Versus Sexshops: The Gritty, Unshaven Face of American Apparel

By Jennifer Miller

*Forest Fire*

If you were to ask me what I remember most from my pre-adolescent years (apart from an extravagant Lego set and some aquatic wildlife swimming in a Price Club aquarium), it would be the weekly trips I took with my mom to the local mom-and-pop bakery. Unfortunately, it seems that now a certain fast-food Chinese chain has taken over and I can't help but think: *Super, another fond memory that's been replaced by orange chicken and sweet-and-sour pork.*

I'm not necessarily surprised, though, things like this happen all the time. Few small businesses can ever really compete with big corporations. But how about a big company with a small-business work-ethic? Is it possible for this kind of anti-capitalist, pro-environmentalist big business to exist in today's markets? Well, one company that has recently jumped to the forefront of business-bolshevism is American Apparel, the Los Angeles-based clothing company famous for its plain, fitted tees. By openly touting its "sweatshop free" claim, the business has become popular with today's new generation of young adults, who may or may not share a rising concern for labor issues.

But so much of American Apparel seems illusory. Despite the fact most workers get paid an average of \$10 an hour, some re-

ceive only \$7. There are no paid sick days and no paid vacations, and only two months ago did the company begin to offer health insurance. And to think – they just earned \$150 million in sales. And although American Apparel is a better business model than many other companies, it all seems a bit unfair and exploitative to turn what should be a noble and ethical cause into a marketing ploy. Yet somehow, all of the economic and business-related questions that have been swirling around American Apparel seem to pale in comparison to the barrage of allegations that have been hurled at owner Dov Charney.

Charney, the yiddishe malchik-come-industry savant, started selling shirts while he was growing up in Montreal, Canada. He continued to provide fitted shirts throughout his college years at Tufts University. At a time when Hanes Beefy-T's weren't cutting it, Charney pioneered shirts to fit one's individual physique. Today, Charney has moved forward - not only selling shirts at AA's retail locations, but also selling bras, panties, shorts and pants. The clothes are minimal, monochromatic and are always scantily plastered on thin, young models.

Perhaps even more surprising is Charney's statement in a recent interview. His comment concerned the company's slogan as "passé" and this may suggest a different marketing path. I'm thinking he'll want to pursue further production of raunchier ads: no more

'hip'py chic, introducing skin and visible cheek. The company has certainly had its way with bawdy sex-induced ads. Of course, what better way to sell clothes than through sex? And better yet, clothes that are already message-branded with heavy-duty sex appeal: cool *and* sexy. Sexy cause it's cool and cool cause it's sexy. American Apparel isn't notably celebrated for sales of (plain) clothing, but for company ads. I present to you AA's x-factor: porn. Yes, Mr. Charney, you are a very smart man.

Before American Apparel stores started popping up around L.A., I recognized the brand because I many graphic tees and band shirts that were printed in the "classic girl" style. But I have become more aware of the company's increasing presence in the hipster sphere in part to the location of ads and their memorable content. Though clever remarks of comfort are scrolled at the corners of the photographs, I ultimately had to wonder: *Where did the clothes go?* The tiny amount of actual fabric photographed in advertisements alludes to amateur porn. It's obviously not the clothes that hold most viewers' attentions, but the indiscreet and salacious "real-life" shots of young women, who Charney claims are also 'real-life' women – not models. Maybe he forgot that most women can't afford to fit into the squeamishly small bottoms

*(Continued on page 19)*

## Wives

By Jeff Kile

*Forest Fire*

Wives are what rock and roll should be: loud, fast, aggressive and thought provoking. They were kind enough to give us an interview and here are the results.

Forest Fire: You guys just got back from a big tour, right?

Dean: Yeah.

FF: How'd it go?

D: It was good, very good.

Randy: It was AWESOME – the whole U.S.

FF: Wow. The entire U.S.? Where was your favorite place to play?

D: Oh fuck, fuck me... Iowa.

R: Yeah, Iowa was pretty involved. All the smaller towns in the Midwest were good.

D: Smaller towns where you wouldn't really think that there'd be much happening.

R: Moline [Illinois], in the basement, A little moldy but...

D: We played in the basement...yeah it was a little moldy.

R: Moldy Moline!

FF: Any good stories?

D: Tour stories...hmm...[to Randy:] What's a good tour story?

R: Swimming! We went swimming!

D: Yeah we try to go swimming as much as we can. We met these kids at Niagra Falls, Canada that took us pool hopping. It was really hot while we were touring, so we tried to swim as much as possible.

FF: I tried to catch you guys at Fuck Yeah Fest back in July, but there were like 200 kids packed into a tiny loft and the schedule was all screwed up. I know the Fire Marshall shut

the place down, but did you guys ever end up playing that night?

D: We did! We were all set up, but the guy who lived at the place was like "You guys have to stall for like an hour" and I know that kids got pissed. But when we actually got to start, it was insane!

R: We couldn't load our stuff on stage, either. We had to crowd surf it.

FF: Yeah, there was only tiny door...

FF: On your album (Erect the Youth Problem), the first people you thank is the Smell up in L.A. Do you guys find that the DIY mentality of the Smell and the punk scene is important these days?

D: Totally, it's the most important thing to us.

R: It's all about community, you know? It doesn't matter what it sounds like, what it looks like or were it's at, just as long as there's people that come together.

FF: I really like the new album, by the way.

R: Oh, thank you.

FF: It seems to me that the album is pretty political. Is that right?

D: Kind of. I wouldn't say it's political, but it is definitely commenting on what's going on today. I think it's just important to be aware of the people who claim to run your life. I mean, they have a blanket of power over people, but in the end it's like they don't really have any power over anybody if you choose to do your own thing. Besides, what do those guys have to do with us? Really not much.

R: I think it goes for all levels of political agenda, even in everyday life, you know what I mean?

D: Yeah, you always have power structures to tell you what you should and shouldn't do. Any person should just be able to say what they feel.

R: Its not just for the sake of record or music its like everyday we deal with fucking cops, teachers, parents president and things like that. And we just happen to play music so I think inandvertintly that's part of it. But I think even if we didn't play music it'd still be the same thing.

D: We deal with it everyday, oppression man!

Or whatever you want to call it.

FF: What's ahead for you guys?

D: Reefer!

R: That's definitely going to print.

D: Reefer, dude! Reefer! **REEFER!** In big, bold letters!

Randy: Actually, we're going to Europe in ten days. We have a West Coast tour with Hospitals coming up, actually, then we're going to Europe.

Randy: Then we get back in November and we're going to record another record.

Roy: We have a split coming out with Hospitals.

Dean: Yeah, and you know we'll just be doing our thing...going to people's homes, playing pasta-making music.

Randy: ... and swimming! We'd like to encourage everyone ...

Dean: ...to swim!

Roy: ...and eat vegan food.

Dean: ...and masturbate...and eat vegan food.

## Flavor Country: Taco Mesa

By Tyler Moore

*Forest Fire*

I rarely ever read the New University. I'm never on campus Monday and by the time Tuesday comes around it's just old news. This Tuesday must have been some kind of exception. I got to class early and found a copy of this week's New U discarded under my seat. And what do I find inside? A Wheel of Life review. Can you say, "Old news?" I mean what more can be said after both the OC Weekly and Forest Fire have reviewed the same restaurant? Victor is still alive and kicking. They didn't slip meat into every meal on April Fool's Day. Let all your friends know the New University is biting the Forest Fire style.

I have come to the realization that the top three priorities in my life are food, good people, and music. Taco Mesa gets 2.5 of those priorities down solid. I usually make the trek out to Taco Tuesday with a good half of the Forest Fire staff. They're a decent bunch. The music, however, gets only a .5 rating because of the occasional bouts of reggaeton. But before any of that, I have a confession to make. I've only ventured outside of

the Tuesday dollar menu to purchase horchata. I've brought friends from as far as Santa Cruz to sample the college budget ambrosia known as TACO TUESDAY, but I refuse to step out of the economic efficiency of the dollar menu. Here, you do the math. Tacos: \$1. Tortas: > \$1. My editor says they are worth it. I'll have to take his word on this one.

So what kind of tacos would be offered for this more-than-reasonable price? Rat flesh and expired cheese? My friend, your standards have sunken to deplorable lows. The featured tacos change every week, ranging from beer battered chicken to a ground beef concoction with mountains of chopped onions and cilantro. The standard taco selection features al pastor (marinated pork), carnitas (fried tender pork), and chicken (chicken, duh). The more than standard taco fare comes with the standard assortment of chips and salsa.

I found the dark red salsa to be too "hot" and not enough "flava." You see, salsa walks the thin line between spicy and savory and, as expected, has the occasional stumble or fall. I consider the dark red to be a stumble. Unless you were raised suckling ha-

bañeros and consider all salsas north of the border soft-core. Which means no tips or stems. Okay, that was a terrible joke. Anyway, my favorite salsa is the green, which has a refrigerator life of roughly two weeks. Or it starts turning florescent pink. That, however, is not a joke.

As somewhat of a non-sequitur, I recently added an ornamental piece of metal to dangle from my largest face orifice. This unfortunately meant no crunchy or chewy category foods for a few weeks. Which also meant that my Taco Tuesday streak would be disrupted. Right? WRONG! The beauty of the dollar menu is that it also features non-taco items. These items include refried beans with a dollop of queso fresco, chips and guacamole, and the ever-rotating soup collection. Past favorites include cream corn, lentils and beef, and the chipotle flavored caldo tlalpeño. Cream corn came to my rescue during my stint in textureless purgatory. But loyal readers do not fret. I'm all healed up and ready to take on all sorts of culinary sensations for next quarter. Unless it's a lava burger, which would probably force me to mourn the permanent loss of my taste buds.

## La Naranja: Orange County's Newest Racial Crisis

By Miles Clements

*Forest Fire*

We all saw the pictures and heard the stories of the thousands of flag-waving protestors that filed through the streets of Santa Ana. We also saw the pictures of the city's finest watching over them with a careful eye and an armory of riot gear. Propelled by House Resolution 4437, a bill aimed at drastically curbing illegal immigration, the protestors ultimately led peaceful demonstrations that resulted in only a handful of minor arrests. But outside the streets and on the airwaves, the debate over illegal immigration has become a bitter war.

Gustavo Arellano, OC Weekly's resident Mexican and recent Fox News guest, feels that "what little dialogue there was is now [just] a screaming match on both sides." And rightly so. In what can only be described as a brutally hilarious and insightful moment in punditry, CNN's Lou Dobbs, locked in an argument with La Raza's Janet Murguía, passionately proclaimed that he doesn't "think that we should have any flag flying in this country except the flag of the United States" and that he doesn't care who you are, that "there shouldn't even be a St. Patrick's Day." Then there's Tom Tancredo, a Republican Congressman from Colorado and Italian-American, who went on record stating that he considers illegal immigrants a "scourge." It seems that for Congressman Tancredo, irony, not revolution, is the ecstasy of history.

But what does all of this say about Orange County? Well, not much that hasn't already been said. After all, Orange County has been an epicenter for anti-immigration

fervor for awhile now, with special attention being paid to Jim Gilchrist and his Minutemen Project. If anything, it seems that the nation is simply co-opting Orange County's ongoing racial tensions and projecting them onto a much larger stage.

For a small, 789 square-mile chunk of land known for its overflowing wealth and dense, prefab communities, Orange County is nowhere near as sterile and as some may believe. Bordering on a population of three million people, roughly 65% of the county's citizens identify themselves as being white, with 30% of its inhabitants identifying themselves as Latino or Hispanic and 14% identifying themselves as Asian or Pacific Islander. While 30% is certainly not a shockingly large number for the county's largest minority, it is on par with the rest of California and is not terribly far off from LA County. But the difference between Orange County and some other areas of the state is that so many members of the county's minority populations are being relegated to invisible jobs in marginalized towns, like Anaheim and Santa Ana, with the latter's population of nearly 350,000 being 76% Hispanic. It's not surprising, then, that Orange County has fostered its fenced-off, bleach-blond, white stereotype; that's all that the county seems to want to be.

But that's where Gustavo Arellano's column, the wildly popular "Ask a Mexican," enters. "Ask a Mexican" invites its readers to bring forth any and all their Mexican-related questions, which have ranged from "It's long been a stereotype that Mexicans are lazy and shiftless. Could that be why you have problems answering my questions?" to "Why do Mexicans spit everywhere?" Responding with almost a cold calculation, Arellano answers

the questions with a wry sense of humor and a sharp wit, often making his way into cryptic or etymological histories. The result is an ultimately intelligent debate that brings forth the county's primary minority voice in a way that both eases and confronts any hidden racial tension. "More than a safety valve, 'Ask a Mexican' is an indictment of the *gabacho* mind," Arellano explains. "The fact that this column exists truly is a joke—really, what does it say about our society that a column that answers readers' questions about Mexicans exists?" Yet all joking aside, Arellano notes there is something to be said about the power of "debunking and exploding" these stereotypes and myths.

What, though, does "Ask a Mexican" really say about our county? Well, it reminds us that we aren't living in a homogeneous and white-plastered world. There are people who are continually questioned and ridiculed, people who are shifted out of the mainstream and out of the public eye. Beneath the multi-million dollar homes and classic suburban sprawl, there is and has almost always been a mass of people who literally run the county. While the poignancy of the immigration protests and "Ask a Mexican" are clear, they should not be the only events that force us to think about what Orange County is and is becoming. But that also doesn't mean that there should be a shouting match or ridiculous name calling. As Gustavo Arellano quips about his television experiences, "It's as if they expect me to come out with machetes gleaming. But it's better to win your arguments by their strength rather than ad hominem." And Arellano couldn't be more right.

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# Medtimes

## “Follow Your Heart!” ~ Should I, Really?

By Zainab Saadi

*Medtimes*

Do you have a relationship? Do you have what Merriam-Webster's dictionary calls a connectedness between people? This is actually quite a hard question - or rather, quite a vague one.

‘Relationship’ is understood in so many different ways by different people nowadays, that regardless of how you answer the question (whether you say yes or no), you will not be sending out one message to everyone. John may think a relationship involves sitting down, chatting and being friends. Jane may understand it as holding hands. Bob may think you have a relationship going once you hug the person. Becky might see it as more intimate hugs and kisses, while Kyle may believe a real relationship only exists with sexual activity. You have probably met all these characters in your daily life. Undoubtedly, no clear cut definition of a relationship exists. Even in the field of psychology, Robert Sternberg's triangular theory of love delineates at least seven different types of romantic relationships.

The brilliant Einstein has said, “What we can do is often different than what we should do, and we should have the wisdom to know the difference.” Unfortunately, not only do we, as a community, not know what a relationship *is*, but most of us also do not know what it *should be*. Such a nebulous situation has promoted a society where people feel unbounded and free to experiment any definition of relationship they might desire at a moment. “Be free!” is what we hear from left and right, an apparently absolute statement that supports the current spectrum of ‘relationship’ activities. Yes, we love “free!”, but obviously the ever-present law of cause-and-effect has not flopped yet, and any unrestricted life style an

individual pursues will definitely have an effect on that individual, and eventually on her or his community.

Every year we have new data reminding us of how people are often itemized. A person sees about 400 ads a day, and though only about 9% of those are directly associated with beauty products, most use ‘beauty’ or ‘sex’ as product appeal. Images of people are taken in a way that facilitates an observer's gaze upon them, objectifying the people in ads. Ads parade desirable items before us, each with emphasized characteristics – women have the curves of their hips, waist, and arms emphasized, while for men, it is their brawn. John Berger specifically describes the objectification of women in his book ‘Ways of Seeing,’ stating: “Men look at women. Women watch themselves being looked at. Thus she turns herself into an object--and most particularly an object of vision--a sight.”

This problem with this itemization is widely noted. In fact, in ‘A Review of Gendered Consumption in Sport and Leisure,’ the authors point out the problem but also go further and show use how “the product versus person dichotomy is related to notions of production and consumption, valuable versus worthless, and so on.” By focusing on a person's physique, as our daily lifestyles train us to do, we demean the person's humanity and take away their worth.

Not only do we, often unintentionally, turn one another into items, but the unrestricted behavior also molds a community where self-control is disliked. Muratadha Murtahari wrote in his ‘Spiritual Discourses’ book, “Most of our past moralists emphasized resolution as a criterion for humanity. People, unlike animals, which are ruled by instinct, can decide to act against their own inclinations. Thus a person of resolution is more human than one who cannot control the ‘self.’”

Self-control is crucial in maintaining a positive community, a point acknowledged by everyone, whether politician, scientist or philosopher.

As we itemize people and shun self-control, we stop living life with the intention of doing what is ‘good’ or ‘right.’ The ‘good’ that is what would really benefit us is too often dismissed as being difficult to achieve, and the ‘fun, free and easy’ becomes ideal instead. These deficient objectives not only hurt the individual, but also damage the community. Consider objects versus people – it is easier to inflict pain on the former. So it is understandable that by itemizing and devaluing people, we are making them more prone to violence. The rampant objectification of women is not without its effect. The U.S. Department of Justice says that in 2000, about a quarter million women survived rape or assault (28 women per hour). Even in high school, one in five girls reported rape.

Our current standard of practicing whatever form of a relationship we might desire at a moment can be synonymously worded: follow your whims, desires, or as commonly put, “follow your heart.” Yes, we've heard that.

So let's suppose communities have become perilously oriented toward transient, instinctive desires. We can choose to either support that way of life or oppose it, encourage or discourage it, by the way we behave everyday. Will we hug and hold every person that should cross our life's path, or only our select significant others? Eventually, only our spouses? Which behaviors will we restrict to only a few people? Our role is simply knowing our own ideals – knowing what kind of people we want to be. Knowing our ideals and sticking to them in times of doubt. So go ahead, be an architect of your life, and as Gandhi put it, “be the change you want to see in the world.” You'll be quite happy you did.

## Alcohol, the Drink to Worsen Your Memory

By TJ Shah & Leena Youssefian

*Medtimes*

Absolut, Skyy, Grey Goose, Heineken, Smirnoff, Jack Daniels, Captain Morgan. Ring a bell? Perhaps it sounds a lot like your grocery list on one of your Thursday evening runs to Albertsons. Thursday nights are the times when students at UC Irvine and most other college campuses across the country enjoy parties and dancing at clubs. There's no denying the social aspect of alcohol in our mainstream culture. Parties, clubs and magazines display images that alcohol can be fun. So when we have a cold beer in our hands, we don't think about the long-term effects it can have on us, rather, we worry about having a good time. Recent studies have shown the effects of alcohol on our brains... and the effects are not pretty.

To have a better understanding of why so many students start consuming alcohol at a young age, we interviewed Amy Buch, Associate Director of the Health Education Center here at UC Irvine. She explained that young people “think drinking alcohol is the norm now.” She added that there are more better tasting alcoholic beverages today than

there has ever been before. There is a large variety of drinks that young people can choose from, including Smirnoff Ice and Mike's Hard Lemonade. These “better tasting” alcoholic beverages provide alternatives for the variety of students who don't like the taste of alcohol, but want to consume it under social circumstances. Buch also pointed to the amount of pressure from school and parents, that add to the already present stress of being a student. Stress can be difficult to deal with, and as many students don't know how to handle this stress, they “turn to alcohol.”

The annual Monitoring the Future (MTF) survey from the National Institute of Drug Abuse reports a rise in alcohol consumption among students in grades 8-12. This observation in the rise of alcohol consumption is significant to us since new freshman classes will be comprised of students in age groups that started drinking before college.

So drinking is increasingly a growing issue with more people, but how will this drinking affect them? A recent study of alcohol consumption in adolescents and college students was conducted for the Council on Scientific Affairs, American Medical Association

by Donald Z. Weigler, et al. The study concluded that for an amount of 2 beers, the alcohol was able to disrupt NMDA-receptor strength in the hippocampus, a part of the brain involved in memory. NMDA-receptors are involved in the process of consolidating working memory (that which lasts from seconds to minutes) into long term memory (lasting days to years). Weigler's results concerning youth, contrasts with previous results collected from adult subjects. The study, on adults, showed that the same 2 beers' equivalent of alcohol had almost no effect on the hippocampus. Therefore, it is not only the amount of alcohol that is consumed which matters, but also the age at which it is consumed – adolescents need to be aware, and more careful.

According to the same study, a deficiency was found in many types of memories as a result of drinking. Subjects known to have alcohol-dependencies had less functional activity in the frontal and parietal regions of the brain, particularly in the right hemisphere, when they were asked to conduct tasks related to spatial working memory. These tasks involved remembering the location of one's car

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## PMS

By Tin Wong

*Medtimes*

Imagine thousands of tiny men fleeing from the gigantic Godzilla. Now add their shrilling cries to the frantic scene and you should have a good idea of how your boyfriend feels every “special” time of the month. No, you are not frightening like Godzilla, but those menstrual hormones can sometimes seem to have a mind of their own, and can, unfortunately, have effects quite similar to those of Godzilla.

The technical name for that “special” time of the month is PMS, short for Premenstrual Syndrome. During this time -- right before the menstrual period-- many women experience a mixture of physical and emotional symptoms. This can lead to headaches, weight gain, breast tenderness, back or lower abdominal pain, irritability, aggression, poor concentration, and of course, mood swings.

After hearing these symptoms, it is more understandable why Godzilla and a lady undergoing PMS can be two equally destructive characters. In fact, a survey conducted by

iVillage Inc. and the National Association of Nurse Practitioners in Women’s Health (NPWH) demonstrated a majority of men and women agree that PMS negatively affects the sufferer’s relationship with a partner, relative, or friend. Surprisingly, the survey showed 68% of men, compared to 78% of women, feel PMS had a negative impact on their relationship. On the other hand, only 46% of the men believe there is decreased happiness for the suffering woman, while more women, 67%, believed the same.

What is most surprising is that that 98% of women know treatments for PMS and yet only 35% of these women use medications on a regular basis to relieve their PMS symptoms. This means that 65% of women feel that since PMS only occurs a few days a month, they should just put up with the pain. Kelly Wu, however, a medical student at Western University is against this logic. She encourages women to find ways to lessen the pain of PMS because it actually comprises a large portion of a woman’s life. She explains, “A woman experiences PMS symptoms 5 days a month. If we multiply 5 days a month by 12 months, it will come out to 60 days.

That means 16.4% of the year a woman experiences those symptoms. PMS affects one’s lifestyle, productivity, and mental health so it is important to alleviate the stressor so that one can go back to normal functioning.”

Because of this, she encourages women to talk to their health care specialist and find out what medicines work best. If the cramping is unbearable even after taking medications, one should get it checked because it might implicate other disease processes that are not symptoms of PMS. However, there are still several things a woman can do to improve her symptoms of PMS. These include exercising regularly, avoiding stress around the time of her menstrual period, and eating healthy. Wu recommends eating food high in complex carbohydrates – whole grains and fresh fruit and vegetable- and avoiding salt, caffeine, alcohol, and red meat.

So, girls will experience PMS throughout a major part of their child bearing years, and it is advisable to find ways to lessen the pain during that period. Not only will you, the ladies out there, benefit from it in the long run, but so will those thousands of tiny men who may be otherwise fleeing.

## Understanding the Field of Psychiatry with Dr. Rimal Bera

By Poonam Kaushal

*Medtimes*

Psychiatry is a branch of medicine that focuses on treating mental disorders that afflict and hamper people’s daily lives. Mental health is often dissociated from the traditional view of physical health that focuses on eradicating bodily illnesses with tangible symptoms. Mental health issues, such as depression, schizophrenia, and even Alzheimer’s disease, are often times the last types of problems that come to mind when people think of human diseases.

Contrary to such subtle superficialities, mental health is just as important as one’s physical health for an overall satisfactory quality of life. Dr. Rimal Bera, Clinical Professor of Psychiatry and Human Behavior at the University of California, Irvine, explains that mental disorders often accompany bodily illnesses. Because of the complex interrelation between mental and physical health, psychiatrists address and treat mental disorders through a multifaceted role.

Psychiatry is not a field limited to clinical practice, but as Dr. Bera has demon-

strated, it is a field that has multiple avenues for promoting society’s overall mental health.

Life with a career like Dr. Bera’s, as a Clinical Professor of Psychiatry, involves educating first year medical students on behavioral health, and third and fourth year students during their psychiatry rotations. Residents who choose psychiatry as their specialization in medicine later return to the guidance of such a professor during their remaining medical education.

Dr. Bera explains that as his students are learning from him, he is learning from them as “immediate consultants,” for example about the most recent discoveries and understanding of clinical drugs. Dr. Bera shows that psychiatrists are not restricted to the classrooms for providing maximum benefit to people. He explains that since doctors and researchers are “far from full understanding of the brain,” psychiatry, through research, provides one of the “last frontiers in science.”

By participating in research on new medicines targeting various mood disorders, Alzheimer’s disease, and Schizophrenia, and by analyzing clinical trials on normal and abnormal brains, Dr. Bera, pursues answers to the many questions that this scientific frontier

offers.

A Clinical Professor of Psychiatry can further take his or her knowledge and experience as a professor of medicine and a researcher, and maintain a private practice. Dr. Bera has chosen to do so and spends eight to ten hours per week with his patients. He clearly involves himself with all dimensions of his field and though it may sound overwhelming, he stresses that each area has individually improved upon his skills as a whole.

Dr. Bera further explains that there is no right or wrong method in a field like psychiatry. Through clinical and research experience, students must use their skills to address a problem. Should one method not work, Dr. Bera insists that psychiatrists must be ready, and determined to find alternative methods to correct the issue.

Although a career in psychiatry is very specialized, requiring a combination of strong intellectual and interpersonal skills, Dr. Bera’s educational background shows that arriving at the decision of actually practicing psychiatry does not happen all at once, but

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### **From Alcohol**

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in a parking lot, copying a complex picture or solving a puzzle.

Other research found that alcohol consumption had the greatest impact on verbal and nonverbal information recall. The mental performance of alcohol-using adolescents was also, unfortunately, 10% less than their non-drinking peers.

Every two years, there is a survey conducted by Harvard University called the ‘College Alcohol Study.’ It surveys 12,000 students nationwide from over 120 colleges, with each college appropriately represented. In 2001, 25% of the students surveyed from UCI reported regret after consuming alcohol. The regret they reported stems from sexual behavior, driving behind the wheel of a car, saying things to others and even stealing

things while under the influence of alcohol. Some of you may be able to relate with these regrets due to personal experiences or experiences of a close person in your life.

These regrets undeniably have some sort of mental and, or physical effects on students. Since alcohol consumption has a negative effect on memory, you’ll have a harder time retrieving information that your brain stores. You will slow down in many aspects, such as motor function responses to certain stimuli that your brain receives. This is evident from the experimental evidence showing a disruption of nervous system communication in neurotransmitter receptors such as NMDA, one of the memory consolidation receptors.

Alcohol clearly has a long list of impairing consequences. However, if you still choose to drink, there is some advice to fol-

low: 1) Have a sober designated driver. (Someone who has had no alcohol, not the friend who is just more sober than the rest of the group.) 2.) Eat before you drink. (There’s a myth that eating bread acts as an alcohol sponge in your body. This is not true. You need to eat a balanced meal with bread and protein such as meat.) 3.) While drinking, avoid salty foods. (Salty foods can make you thirsty and allow you to drink more alcohol when you know you have had enough.) From the Health Education Center, Buch advises that there is no safe way for people to drink. So the next time you’re out and that cold beer is sitting in front of you, at least keep in mind how you want to treat your irreplaceable brain cells. There can be an alternative to the drink, but not to the one set of neurons you have.

***The Mediterranean Diet***  
(Continued from page 11)

dinner, which was comparable in satisfaction to lunch: grilled salmon, brown we-don't-kill-bunnies-organic rice, salad, and my newfound companions—pita bread and hummus. I imagined Jesus steering his shopping cart through the aisles at Trader Joe's, awed by the selection of olive oil.

Day 2: Thursday

My optimism from the success of day 1 was smothered as I realized it was Cinco de Mayo. Certainly Jesus couldn't be down with Mexican food (I checked the book just to be sure), though the dining commons didn't care to support my endeavors. I essentially repeated yesterday's meals, though instead of musing complacently over fruit and yogurt, I cursed the absence of flan in the days of the wise men. My leftover salmon, some rice, and wheat bread lay before me at dinner, and I decided that brown rice tea sufficiently followed the guidelines. I dreamt that night—not of heavenly vigils, but of sweet, sweet flan.

Day 3: Friday

Still a little grumpy from unsatisfied custard cravings, I began to ponder what Jesus would do when he got a craving. With my integrity waning, I avoided the dining commons and prepared for the six-hour drive home for Mother's Day weekend. During the drive, after explaining the situation to my friend and compatriot for the journey north, the curiosity arose as to what the big guy might consider enjoying on this 400-mile trek up the California freeways. Filet-o-Fish? Southwest Pita? A bag of Doritos? I settled for a Subway tuna sandwich on wheat. I wondered if He would tip.

Day 4: Saturday

Parents informed; your reporter mocked; Mom prepared the day's meals accordingly. Wheat, wheat, fruit, wheat, veggies. It's ok though—as everyone knows, mom cooks best (relatively speaking); hell, she even buys best

what doesn't need cooking. J.C. would've loved my mom's sour cherry soup. Saw some friends that night; more mockery, but this is decidedly an excellent conversation piece. No guys, He didn't eat Slim Jims, not even if they had existed 2000 years ago. But I'll be damned if He didn't smoke some hookah.

Day 5: Sunday

This was a big day. I had my first "skinny-day", something to which, sorry guys, only the truly effeminate are capable of experiencing. Those rare days when a girl wakes up, and actually, if even for a brief moment, she feels skinny. These mornings are rare, cherished and, despite the hasty passing of euphoria, quite satisfying.

My parents and I visited my sister's new home for lunch. The meal began easily enough—wheat bread and cold cuts; but what is Mother's Day without some extravagant dessert set upon the table to challenge and insult my efforts? The obscene Snickers-coffee-caramel-doused cake smugly engaged me in a glaring match. It mocked me in its delectable glory; snicker, indeed.

As my sister removed the device of torture from my view, per my request, a strange calm overcame me. Was I succeeding? Finding spirituality? Or just really, really hungry? The calm subsided, as I drove back to school that night, longing for ice cream. I think I would've settled for a granule of sugar.

Day 6: Monday

Armed with Mom's leftovers from home, I sorted through my food, only to discover betrayal on the part of my moldy pita bread. Note to self: bread molds. Even on a spiritual journey. As my academic "hell week" began, the desire to binge ebbed and flowed, but my journalistic commitment prevailed. Celebrities often read about themselves in the papers. Would J.C. resist the beckon of *The National Enquirer*? One day to go; someone better make an appearance.

Day 7: Tuesday

My day of reckoning. Unfortunately, this day was much like the rest: accomplished and proud, with mild cravings and no visions. Slightly disappointed due to the lack of visions or spiritual recognition, I decided to indulge in a small brownie at dinner, half of which fell to the floor after my first bite. I swear I felt a sting as if my wrist had been slapped. With a furrowed brow, I took another.

It doesn't take a prophet to realize the benefits of eating the way that anyone ate 2000 years ago. Scratch out late-night (or rather any) fast food runs, processed meals, Wonder bread, and Twinkies, and you will have nearly eliminated America's obesity problem. Weight issues relate often to Christian groups of the Southern states and parts of the Midwest, better known as America's "Bible Belt", for the prevalence of fried food at major functions and a general focus on eating during church-related events.

Before scoffing in skepticism, think about it. Jesus is good at what he does in the Christian faith. Countless numbers of people base their entire God-fearing/-loving lives on the practices of this holy figure, and it works. So, why not have a little faith? Colbert's book reads as clearly as an instruction manual, including chapters on each food group, tidy summaries, the contents of an "ideal pantry", and even a sample week's worth of what Jesus would eat and recipes for starters. The book essentially describes a fathomable diet that anyone could follow; just take the Biblical scriptures as poetic allusions, or clever anecdotes.

Though my experience with the diet was far from enlightening, the motivating factor may truly have an impact on the right consumers. The implementation of this diet may have just the ingredients to influence a growing (in both senses of the word) population of Christian Americans to lead a physically healthier lifestyle. Jesus-approved.

***From Throne Racer***  
(Continued from page 9)

that question to me anymore?" "Well I put my money on Hampton. Such a gentleman. He deserves the Golden Crutch." "Traitorous choice Vera, traitorous. Personally, I would love to see that arrogant rebel bastard get put in his place. He's acted like he's owned this place from the second he stepped in the gawd-damn door. It'll serve him right to have Bernard put him in his place." "Oh, don't be such a spoil-sport George. Hampton is a very fine young man." "Bernard is my friend, Vera, and I will stand beside him until the end of my days." Bernard stood at the furthest end of the crowded hallway, fifty yards of gleaming, disinfected tile from the finish line. Both sides of the hallway were now filled with gray hairs, silver hairs, auburn hairs, and hairs that carried a hint of purple. The dull light of the dying afternoon emanated from the single window of the hall above the finish line. "Ladies and gentlemen." In his former life Richard had used his booming vibrato to fill the halls of Broadway. In this life, he was called upon to penetrate the layers of years that gently ensconced all of the ears lining the hallway. "Welcome to the greatest show on earth." Shuffle, shuffle went the slippers. "Today is the day we have all been eagerly awaiting." A whine like that from a swarm of killer bees filled the hall as hearing-aids were adjusted. "Longview Retirement Castle is proud to present to you, an event steeped in history, an event that holds a space near to all

of our hearts." His voice rose from an unseen well of power, a majestic tone that filled the hall from end to end. "Welcome, ladies and gentlemen, to the Longview Castle Throne Race championships!" What passed for a thunderous applause broke out from the gathered crowd. Bernard smiled hearing Richard's voice fill with emotion. All eyes were on Hampton as his tall frame began ambling the length of the hall with the easy gait of someone who has spent a life-time taking meticulous care of their body. Bernard stared out the window, lost in a world that no longer existed. "When's the last time I saw a sunrise? Stella used to love getting up to go see that. She'd talk about it for a month before, and then twice as much for a month after. That blanket of quiet light creeping over the horizon. That was always her favorite, that one second when the fingers of sunlight were just behind the horizon, waiting to reach out across the world. She would lean forward with the greatest look on her face, like she knew what was coming but wanted it to wait a little bit longer, like she wanted to stretch that minute for as long as she could. The stars disappearing one by one, and the look on her face... Christ she was beautiful. I'd like to see that again, the pink, and the blue. The start of a whole new day."

Their thrones were perched at the starting line, faithful servants of the elderly waiting to carry their cargo as far as necessary. "This is it," thought Bernard, "the time has finally come, all the waiting is over and

now it's time for the race. Now it's up to you, you old warhorse. You gotta take this bull by the horns, do what you been waiting to do all these years.' A cloud of excitement filled the air of the hall, held aloft by the coming race. The twitter of people excited past the point of speaking in full sentences washed up and down the hallway. "Hampton sounds so sure..." "Those damn chairs," "... Sliptstream..." "Oh, you'll see Ruthie" "Gretchen, where on earth..." "Pride and dignity. That's all this is. Nothing more, nothing less." But it was more, and Bernard knew it. "Hey there Hampton, you sure you're ready for this?" Bernard towered above the chair holding Hampton. "Sure am pardner. Are you?"

Richard's voice was strong and clear, and Bernard's ears were sharp, but he didn't hear a word. He was miles away, years in the past, swimming in the pictures of his life. A smile breaking across Stella's lips like the sunrise, flames shooting from the back of his car, a checkered flag flapping in the afternoon sun, a splash of mud dirtying the cuff of his black funeral suit, waves cresting off a lonely California beach. "My god," thought Bernard, "I've never been so calm before a race in my life." He could feel his heart beating faintly in his temples. A small smile cracked his lips, a smile no one had seen in many, many years. A smile of victory. "Racers, ready?"

"Finisher, are you ready?" Richards voice carried the length of the hall, where George

(Continued on page 20)

### **Teaching Liberalism (Continued from page 5)**

not surprisingly, influenced by what they watch and hear.

Having thus established the typical college student's youth and impressionability, consider the effect of an adult authority figure that, as a professor, is in the most unique position to influence and shape the mind. One graduate teaching assistant, one week into the quarter, flatly stated, "There is nothing wrong with being a communist." Unsatisfied with a student's suggestion that after World War I some people hoped, perhaps against hope, that people could live freely and without war, the same teaching assistant immediately scolded, "What about Africa! Did anyone care about them?" and in one breath discredited the notion that incremental progress is itself progress. Of course, the student was not equipped to respond; the topic was the League of Nations and Europe, not Africa. In a different class, a professor uses a character played by George Clooney as a proxy to suggest that world conflict is driven solely by oil, a situa-

tion which has "always been the same." A suggestion with which, obviously, many fellow academics would take issue. A Spanish teacher casually offers "white flight" as an explanation for migration from the cities to the suburbs, never mind that American cities are growing. Met with confused glances after further suggesting that whites do not like to be around different people, the teacher simply says "Orange County, no?" and then bemoans the miserable experience of being forced to wake up in safe, clean, and beautiful Orange County every morning.

Each of these examples matter and each is evidence of a deeper problem. In every case, the accepted wisdom is being challenged. Academically, this does not pose a problem; in fact, the practice should be encouraged. Problematically, however, the accepted wisdom being challenged happens to be correct, but in each of these cases is dismissed. There is something wrong with being a communist. Ask people from the former Union of Soviet Socialist Republics standing in bread lines; it did not work out so well for them. Intellectual progress following World

War I and World War II did eventually make its way throughout the world. The major powers eventually did relinquish almost all colonial possessions. The phenomenon of some whites leaving big cities is fueled by factors such as crime and failing education systems, not a fear of people with different color skin. The teacher in this case essentially slandered whites who choose to leave the city as racists. What should one assume of a teacher who makes these suggestions but who also chooses to live in Orange County? Why should Orange County be stigmatized for being largely wealthy and safe? Given the choice, would not many living in the inner city leap at the opportunity to live in safe, wealthy areas?

Liberal professors are not problems because they tell their students to vote Democrat. It becomes problematic, however, when their students are impressionable and do not take the time to consider the issues for themselves. Therefore, when professors consistently and surreptitiously attack the values and fundamental truths in which most Americans believe, students absorb these opinions as gospel and integrate them into their own.

### **It's Our World Too (Continued from page 5)**

home, in America, and improve our energy security. Second, we must invest in the development of alternative fuels such as ethanol and biodiesel that can be grown here at home from farm products and agricultural wastes. The President championed a Renewable Fuels Standard as part of the energy bill passed last year that will require 5% of all U.S. motor fuels to come from renewables by 2012, and he extended tax incentives for the production and sale of renewable ethanol and biodiesel.

Third, we must find ways to use oil more efficiently, through cost-effective and reasonable increases in fuel economy standards, and use of advanced vehicle technologies like hybrids, clean diesels, and hydrogen fuel vehicles. Just last month, the Administration finalized new fuel economy standards for light trucks and SUVs, increasing minimum standards by 15% over the next six years. The energy bill signed into law by the President last year created new tax incentives, up to \$3,400 per vehicle, for highly-efficient hybrid and clean diesel vehicles, and the President's Hydrogen

Fuel Initiative is hard at work to create the next-generation of pollution-free hydrogen vehicles, which have the potential to virtually eliminate our need for foreign oil imports in the decades to come.

By working together with other countries abroad and here at home to decrease harmful emissions, we are slowing the global warming process about which so many scientists worry. The Administration's initiatives are necessary measures to promote cleaner air and more efficient energy sources.

### **2nd Star to the Right and Straight On 'Till Morning (Continued from page 12)**

the paranoia sink in further and insist on attempting to complete their life goals before their predicted date of death, as many believe it can be determined by the alignment of the stars. Western ideology dictates that astrology is bunk, and should be brushed off as nothing more than childish fun and heretical, pagan rubbish. Some enjoy reading their daily horoscopes and fortune cookies for fun and entertainment, even wishfully thinking their magic eight ball might give the answer you're looking for if you shake it just right, while others find comfort in calling great singers of the past who now do infomercials claiming to have psychic abilities, and for only \$3.99 a minute their fears are put at ease when they are reassured that their ambiguous, but seemingly bright futures lay sparkling ahead. Whether looking at the sky or asking a celebrity, it is evident that the stars are on our side.

### **Sweatshops Verses Sexshops (Continued from page 14)**

sold at shops. It can't be denied that sex sells, but Charney isn't just running some clever marketing scheme, he's also promoting a specific lifestyle.

Heralded as a business messiah (by himself), Charney walks a fine line between au courant activist and "that creepy guy," having been known to walk around in his underwear at his Los Angeles factory. As the Wonka of clothes, he celebrates the body, even going so far as to masturbate in front of a *Jane Magazine* reporter. *The New York Times* has also recently reported that three cases of sexual harassment are being brought against him. Oh, and have I mentioned what he looks like? Think 70's throwback, complete with cascading muttonchops and a keen eye for the ladies. Charney likes to hire his female employees in person, be it in the streets or clubs. After all, recruitments are the main staple for the sex-conscious ads. But who are these girls? Well, I wanted to find

out, and what planned to be an application process concluded in an exercise in discrimination. In order to be considered for a position, three 'fun' photos are needed. (Note to self: red flag). Although other companies have been publicly targeted for stereotyping, American Apparel is really one to push the barrier. Photos are also taken of applicants during the interview process - some pictures are even turned into ads without the acknowledgment of the individuals. Looks like Charney plays big daddy and big brother.

I have to confess, though: I do own some items from American Apparel. But I've promised myself that I'm not going to buy into the whole sex-fueled "save-the-planet" ruse. "American" Apparel was created by a Canadian, it rarely puts a "real" all-American girl in an ad and it employs Latino immigrants committed to all the manual labor. At least nobody knows what brand my AA hooded sweatshirt is.

### **Psychiatry (Continued from page 17)**

rather in steps. Dr. Bera went to UCI Medical School from 1983-1987 and decided during his third year in psychiatry rotations that he enjoyed solving problems as puzzles and that other fields such as pathology were not as stimulating in this problem-solving way.

During his fourth year of residency, Dr. Bera was offered the position as a junior faculty at UC Irvine in the research unit. At the time, Dr. Bera felt that including academic medicine in his career was more stimulating than clinical care alone. Today, it is this balance of interactions with medical

students, residents, faculty, patients, and people in the community that make psychiatry a truly rewarding profession for him.

Dr. Bera prove that it is a field that can be intellectually and socially stimulating via diversifying one's avenues of pursuing psychiatry. Balancing a fulfilling career and personal Dr. Bera enthusiastically concludes that if medicine is the goal in life, "really pursue it with 100% effort. If the passion is there to be a physician, go for it. It's not a perfect career but the opportunity to impact the people you are treating, and society is huge."

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**Killer Coke***(Continued from page 6)*

products in India have found high levels of pesticides. Still, Coca-Cola continues to sell drinks laced with poisons in India, which could never be sold in the US or Europe.

In Colombia, the national trade Union SINALTRAINAL has also accused the company of committing human rights violations. A suite was filed in 2001; in 2003, the judge dismissed Coca-Cola Company from the case.

If you haven't noticed, Coca-Cola is the major bottler and distributor of Minute Maid, Powerade and Dasani brand beverages - products you and I drink every day, products readily available in stores and on campus. University students all over the nation have taken a stand, boycotting and protesting Coca-

Cola products to show that consumers care and are aware when human rights are systematically under assault.

At UCLA, students have banded together in the establishment of a Killer Coke campaign to enlighten fellow peers and challenge the campus to take action.

According to a member of the UCLA Killer Coke campaign, "It is imperative as students that we hold the University of California accountable. They say they follow a Code of Conduct and other documents of guidance for issues of social justice, but it is obvious from other socially accountable decisions made in the past, such as divestment from Sudan and kicking Taco Bell off campus, that student activism is a driving force in the administration's wise decision. We as students make the uni-

versity function, and it is only just that we are in support of the companies that the university chooses to do business with. Coca-Cola has an incredibly severe history of human right violations and nothing has been done to improve the situations."

It may be difficult to imagine filling your double big gulp with water instead of Coke. But the next time you press that vending machine button or pick up a six pack of coke, consider the family members of union workers killed in Colombia and those harmed elsewhere around the world. Drink what you want, buy what you desire- just be aware of the powerful circumstances one can influence through simple choices in the products purchased and consumed.

**Unity Among Diversity***(Continued from page 7)*

ests within their coalition. If Democrats were to also promote broad ideas and purposes, such as non-violence and equality, they could highlight the positive aspects that hit the core of progressive philosophy and avoid dividing and marginalizing those who disagree on the framing of more narrow and less prioritized concerns. This way, both the abortion rights feminist activist and the devout Christian can agree that they both stand for the same principles and play down the smaller details on which their views diverge when it serves them to do so, such as at an anti-war rally. Democrats must also be keen on when and where

to fight certain battles when they are not integral to those larger themes. This requires extensive discourse through media and public forums in which people collectively articulate those goals most important to the movement, along with the ideas decidedly unproductive to such ambitions, even those traditionally labeled "progressive."

In this particular social and political climate, the progressive movement certainly has much to address on numerous fronts. In order to more effectively tackle those issues central to the primary goals and long-term survival of the social movement, its members must cautiously select the main battles to wage, encourage a common level of under-

standing among others, and concentrate its various activists and methods to maximize collective power. Only in doing so can individuals of diverse views and identities convene and portray the unified front required to successfully change public policy.

While variance within the movement should be proudly celebrated, we should focus on what connects rather than divides us. In looking beyond such differences and grasping the bigger picture, we can both truly advocate and appreciate diversity in ways that will promote positive change, both within and outside the movement.

**A Struggle within a Struggle***(Continued from page 10)*

their children. They also defended their rights to decide the number of children they could have, to choose their partners and the right to participate and hold leadership positions in both affairs of the community and the revolutionary struggle. In March of 1996, five thousand Zapatista women from Tojobal, Tzotzil, Tzeltal, and Chol communities marched from various regions of Chiapas in celebration of

International Women's Day. "We have begun our struggle to make ourselves valued, to make ourselves heard, to fulfill the demands that have never been met," one woman declared.

Demands made upon the government have yet to be recognized, and gender inequality is an issue that is still being contested. With the recent passing of Comandante Ramona after a long battle with cancer, and the release in June 2005 of the "Sixth Declara-

tion of the Lacandona Jungle," a proposal to collectively write a new constitution, the EZLN is once again garnering attention from the international community. The indigenous movement has been a war against the forces of colonialism and neoimperialism, as well as an ongoing fight for equality. Zapatista women spoke out at the march on International Women's Day: "We struggle so that in Mexico there is justice, that our rights be respected, that we live as human beings and not

**Safety First***(Continued from page 11)*

room, with plastic wrapped couches and expensive vases, is difficult to fully relax in.

The alternative to this smart planning, also termed New Urbanism, is an alternative form of community planning which produces denser neighborhoods, made to foster community, not just profits. The dependence on cars is minimized as much as possible, and the commercial sector is integrated in as a component of community, a tool used to bring people together.

The economic controls in Irvine, particularly around property values, have not only isolationist principals but also exclusion-

ary ones. The city's population tends to be racially and economically homogenous because of the lack of affordable housing.

As a result, low-wage workers are imported into Irvine. Largely Hispanic work crews and cleaning crews enter the city on a daily basis; they clean the streets you walk on and the classrooms you sit in, and yet they are invisible. This racism and classism is an institutionalized practice, as residents we no longer even have to be confronted with the poor "other." As Bollens said, uncomfortable social dynamics have been "structured out of the equation for us, made us feel safe... We don't even have to deal with our own angst over the racial other, that's power."

Safety today is a bigger issue than ever. With the media and the government announcing a constant stream of terrorist threats, cities like Irvine, and there are already many, are likely to become even more abundant. To what limits we are willing to go to for the sake of security? Without a genuine connection between city residents, the communities we are trying to protect are already lost.

Being a citizen today requires intimately understanding the politics of space. The world around you has been designed for a purpose. We can either buy into that mindset or find ways around it, but we can't challenge it unless we know it exists.

**From Throne Racer***(Continued from page 18)*

LaForge was waiting, checkered pillowcase dangling at the ready. He waved it once, the all-clear sign. "On your marks..." Bernard's fingers found a home amongst the ancient gears holding the Throne together.

"Get set..." "Go! Go! Go!" And off they went, launching themselves away from the starting line. Hampton, tight lipped, straining against the wheels, was in front off the line with Bernard a half yard behind. Bernard, his face normally a willing palate for all emotions, was blank but for the tiniest gleam shining in either eye. "Come on Hamp..." "Bernie..." "Let's go old timer..." "Ohh, I can't stand it!" His arms worked like pistons, push-

ing on the wheels until they were nothing but a blur. Two thrones, racing down God's Mile. Neck in neck now, it was impossible to tell who was in the lead. "Oh my!" "Look at that!" Thin beads of sweat traced paths through the wrinkles lining both men's faces. Their arms were pumping furiously against the throne wheels. 'You son of a bitch, I've got you now you old coot' thought Bernard as he pulled even to Hampton's chair. Bernard's arms were moving faster and faster, as if belonging to another, younger man. The wheels of his throne were spinning so quickly people who couldn't see a thing without 2 inch thick glasses later claimed to see wisps of smoke appear in his wake as he shot ahead of Hampton. 'Stella honey, it's almost time baby. I'm

almost there, I've almost finished baby." As his arms moved even faster, a strange noise, like that of swarm of bees descending from the sky, filled the hall as the rubber rubbed from the throne wheels leaving a black scar across the tile floor of Gods Mile.

Her face filled his mind, taking him away from The Mile, away from Longview Retirement Castle, away from the life he'd been living for the last 15 years. The wind was rushing through his full head of hair, his ears were filled with the sound of her glorious laughter. The coast was flying by, each mile disappearing behind them. The road lay long and winding, laid out in front of them. Fingers of light prepared to stretch from the sun across the land, to paint a red tide against a silent world.