

greatest one-day total yet. None of the victims, you can be sure, is a son of corporate CEOs. These are young men and women from small towns, the inner cities and farms of America.

Then there's that statistic given us by an administration stonewalling the 9/11 Commission as it tries to learn what happened and why it happened on that September day. In a grandstand play of "cooperation," our appointed leaders tell us they gave the commission two million (!) pages of documents.

Are you impressed? Then you probably also bought the Nixon lie that 10 minutes of tape recordings in the Watergate investigation were "accidentally erased." In this case, two million pages will be of little help when they don't include the two or three crucial pages that would force even the most naive American to recognize the immoral lies and criminal behavior of the Bush administration.

*George Beres
Eugene*

TAKING OFFENSE

I'm really curious as to where Mitzi Linn (9/25) and Kai Ariel (10/30) are coming from with their anti-*Ducks Illustrated* stance. None of us work for UO or have any affiliation with the football team or athletic department. We don't represent some evil corporation pushing an agenda. All of us are local, hard working people, obviously passionate about sports, trying to earn a few extra bucks under trying economic times. In my case, it's to help support a family. How dare you chastise a legitimate business venture among very decent folks! If sports journalism isn't your cup of tea, don't read it!

I take complete offense at your ignorance and accusation. Here's a novel idea: Try finding out the facts prior to jumping to false conclusions. My guess is you'd be the first to condemn the small minded and arrogant who follow one way of thinking. Guess what? You're no different, just more hypocritical. I'm easy to contact if you ever want to have an honest conversation.

My guess is that's out of your league because the truth might get in the way of *your* agenda. This magazine represents open-minded thought for everyone. Try getting on board.

*Steve Tannen
KPNW Radio*

FOOD EXPERIENCE

There have only been a few times in the last year that I've read your food column with anything but disappointment. The short, uninformative blurbs you've usually run tell me little about a restaurant, other than it exists. I expect more from a food column: I want a sense of place. I want to know more about the food and its aromas, about its textures and flavor. I want to hear about the service, the wine list, and the decor. What you've denied me — and the rest of your readers — is an experience, in words.

So I was pleased and surprised to find myself devouring Marina Taylor's review of Ruthie B's (10/30). Like a well-directed period piece, I could have been there with Ms. Taylor — in my *A Room with a View* getup, inspired by the great mood-setting photo you ran with the story — eating my scone, wishing my quiche hadn't lost its crust, gossiping about Sir so-and-so. Her weaving of the

restaurant/second-hand store's history and of its future, of her meal, of the glass menagerie that made her feel "a little nervous" carried with it a musty trace of Ms. Havisham — and made me wonder about the fate of Ruthie B's building.

Again, history is lost to a depressing manifestation of profit (an apartment building?). That small stretch of waterfront, although colonized by the destitute, is lovely. I drive by it every day on my way back to Eugene, after I pass the sex shop in the morning and the strip club in the afternoon, and imagine what it might have been.

Now I know what it will be. But I also know what it is, at least for now. It's a place to appreciate. Thanks, Ms. Taylor.

*Andrea Hove
Eugene*

NOT A PEACE MAKER

I was surprised to see my name in the Best of Eugene (10/9) under the category of Peace Maker. It's totally inappropriate. Not because of the ways I relate as an anarchist to the state, but because of the ways I've related to the real people around me.

I'm a past perpetrator of sexual assault, I've raped someone. After being called out for having done that and other related things, I used my power as a man of privilege and as a leader in the anarchist movement to deny having raped to the people around me and to myself for years. I used my power over others to reinforce politically convenient myths, like that a stranger jumping out of the bushes is the only real form of rape, and that non-verbal communication of sexual consent is simple and sufficient.

I helped foster a climate in our movement that says the experiences of women are not real, especially if men didn't "intend" for them to feel hurt. That climate is just now beginning to change, it appears, and more people now believe that the anarchist movement, like probably every other group in this country, has abusive men in it. That denial is decreasing because of the hard work and risks taken by brave women challenging men in power. Many of those very women I have seriously hindered and others I've deeply hurt. I have been the opposite of a peace maker, though I may have appeared as one and gained the respect of people who don't know me.

Working to shed my own denial and hurtful patterns isn't fun, but it does feel like change towards real liberation. It's not peaceful, though, and I am not a peace maker.

*Marshall Kirkpatrick
Eugene*

MORE NAKEDNESS

A little more than a week ago, I left the Bijou theater after viewing the movie *Magdeline Laundry*. The movie was a graphic depiction of how people and institutions demean and exploit female bodies and female sexuality for their own benefit.

When I left the theater, it didn't take me but a few minutes to walk by a *Weekly* stand and see your version of the same exploitation. There was yet *another* nude woman on the cover of your magazine or your restaurant section complete with a little bit of breast, little bit of crotch, little bit of ass showing. That's three in recent history.

I'm not sure what you're using as a rationalization in your mind of these three covers, but once I see at least two covers featuring

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