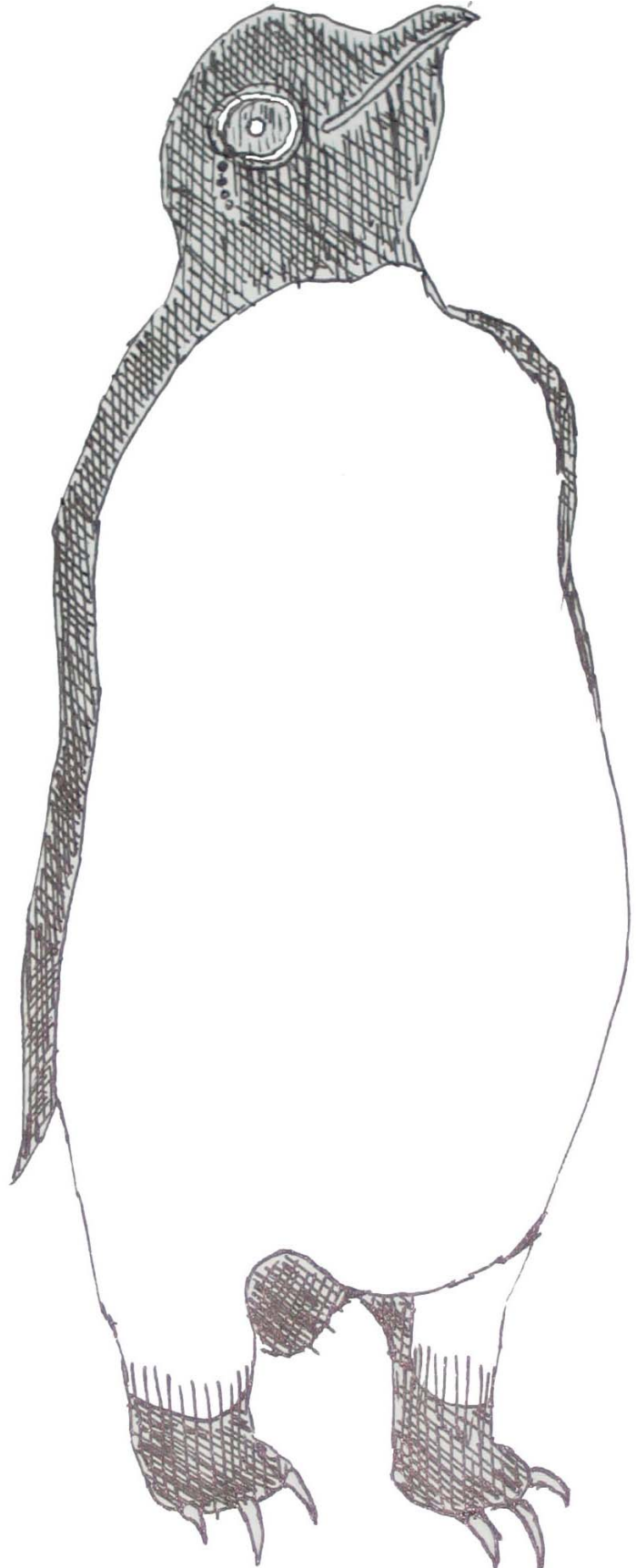


PINE PRESS

November 10, 2005



The Ladies



“The Gents”

(© Other Patriarchal Constructs)

Next Issue:



VEGETARIANISM

Send your vegan and veggie recipes, your top 5-24 reasons to be a vegetarian, your meat eater guilt trips, your mad cow disease testimonials, your odes to cattle, your anthropomorphic barnyard cartoons, your lengthy excuses (non-vegetarians) for devouring so many of the worlds limited resources (including "it's delicious" and "you can't tell me what to do"), your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free, the wretched refuse of your teeming shore, send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed to pinepress@gmail.com by November 29 to have them included in our VEGETARIANISM issue.

FROM THE EDITOR...

Not sure whether this issue about oppression, or ironic about oppression, that is to say ironically oppressive, you follow? I did my best to draw that penguin on the cover — I know, the monocle doesn't look like a monocle. I am no artist, but it is recognizable as a penguin, at least. But so, the penguin is the man, or worse, the upper class, the aristocracy. So normally, I'd say down with the penguin, but he's a penguin, right? I mean, where could the harm come in penguin? Maybe if he had a name, Lucius or perhaps Devadander. I'm starting to hate him already.

Because of this Thanksgiving the next Pine Press isn't coming out for three weeks, so that plenty of time to prepare articles, especially if you are Contributing Editor of some kind, such as one of the five mentioned in very small print up there. There is a total of one issue of the Pine Press left this year (except for the super-secret winter break Pino Pros) and it will print December 1st. So get your submissions in (education committee) by Tuesday, November 29. I'm sure you'll find the next issue, VEGETARIANISM, to be rather inspiring.

—Mike Langdon

S P A C E

The McCarty Fine Print

The Pine Press is the Official Fort-nightly Publication of the
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S P A C E

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Letters to the Co-

Farewell SHC, it's been quite a ride!

Wow. I never expected a goodbye party from SHC, never in a million years. How on earth could you pull off a surprise party at that? A co-op secret- perhaps the first (except for where the kegs are hidden) so, when Arjun asked me if I had anything to say, the words just didn't form for me and all I could manage was a lame thank you. Lame maybe, but certainly heartfelt.

But now that I have had time to think about things, of course I have something to say! This has been an amazing eight years for me. Always interesting, usually challenging, and of course sometimes frustrating. And the issues that arose over these years! I wish I had kept a journal to keep all those stories fresh in my memory, it would have made a great book! Unfortunately I didn't, so those memories will fade over time, but in my last communication to MSU-SHC I hope to make a final, serious point, so please bear with me.

MSU-SHC has come such a long way in the past several years, growing from a chaotic unstructured organization to a financial sound cooperative that had the courage to buy a house for a new community coop. Amazing. May you all always recognize the power and strength you have when you work together to accomplish a goal. There is such power in cooperative efforts.

There is an issue brewing right now in our co-ops which will require that once again your cooperative power be harnessed to accomplish a goal. I am referring to the easy acceptance of drug use in our houses. It's against our policies, as well as the current law, but unfortunately accepted as part of the co-op culture. May you all recognize that those who live amongst you who only care for their own individual rights, those that say "it's my house and I can do whatever I want" will in the long run harm what has taken so many years to build. I hope you take a stand. Our members are a part of a community, a community where the well being of the whole community is far more important than the (misunderstood) rights of a few individuals.

On that serious note I say farewell to you all. Be happy, be nice to the new person and most of all be cooperative.

Joan
Your soon to be former executive director

The following was presented to the Board of Directors, discussed and tabled by the Board on Nov 7, 2005. But I thought everyone should read about what's being discussed. Please start your own discussions about this important issue –Joan

Discussion Item: The Effect of Drugs on Our Cooperative

Presented by: Joan Bulmer

November 7, 2005

In the past 8 months MSU-SHC has tried to communicate to the board and to our membership, our problems with the current drug use in our houses. We have

- Spoken to individuals members about their drug use in the houses
 - Presented discussion items at the board level
 - Discussed this at board retreats
 - Each committee has discussed this at regular meetings
 - Pointed out to new members that our contracts all clearly state that drug use will not be permitted
- Asked board reps to discuss the issue at house meetings

And we still have a problem. Drug use in co-op houses is pervasive. Members who don't want to live with those who insist on using their drugs publicly end up leaving our co-op, leaving SHC with more and more who simply do not want to follow the rules that SHC has imposed on itself, and follow rules that society has imposed on all of us.

The board has to decide what our next step will be. You hire staff to enforce the rules you vote on, so technically I am now burdened with dealing with this. It is clearly stated in our contract that no illegal activity will be tolerated. But, I need your support, your suggestions -

or your vote to ignore this issue and allow drugs to continue to invade our housing system. This is not something that will go away on its own. If we continue to allow public drug use in our house then we will eventually have in our co-op only those people with drug habits. Everyone else will find alternative housing.

Why tackle this now? Because I am leaving. And because this should not be dropped in the lap of a new person. And because whoever we hire should be informed if the board decision is to allow continued use of drugs in our housing, so they can make an informed decision about working for you.

This is the most difficult issue we have faced, but no one is facing this alone. You are a board of 12, and executive committee of 5 and 12 members on each committee. A cooperative organization works because everyone has a voice. Let's use our voices and tackle this tough issue.

Here's what I suggest:

An all member meeting where we bring in a speaker. The focus on the talk would not be to convince folks that drugs are bad, but rather to show what the effect of the drug use is on our cooperative organization-and what our responsibility is to provide safe-legal- housing for our members. All committee meetings could be at this all-member meeting, along with all board reps.

All board reps should discuss this in detail with their housemates- maybe posting or reading this paper to them.

All members get an email invite to the meeting.

All members with complaints against them get personal letters inviting them to the meeting.

The wording of a letter canceling contracts for those who do not want to follow SHC rules be approved by the board, and signed by staff and executive committee members. This letter will be sent to people who have proven drug use at a house, and to "prove" this we would need 2 complaints against them or written evidence.

Legal action would then be taken against those who will not either cease their activity or move out of the house. Unfortunately, this will involve formal police complaints.

*Send your letters to
pinepress@gmail.com*

Calling all Coop individuals!! I am Joshua Albert of New Comm and have an AWESOME opportunity for you to give back to the Lansing Area!!!

I have organized a Fall Charity Ball and Silent Auction that will be held this Friday, November 11, 2005. This is an annual event sponsored by Alpha Phi Omega - a National Coed Community Service Fraternity. I am heavily involved with this awesome group of people, and would LOVE if members of the Coop would join us at this AMAZING event.

This year's event will be raising money for the Lansing Area Aids Network! LAAN serves thirteen counties in Michigan and is quickly becoming financially unstable due to massive budget cuts at the national and state level. This organization is dedicated to the delivery of services and programs designed to meet the needs of those living with HIV/AIDS and to prevent the further spread of the virus. (For more information, please feel free to check them out on the web at lansingareaaidsnetwork.org - the web page is a little out of date) LAAN desperately needs our help!!

The Fall Charity Ball and Silent Auction will be held on Friday November 11, 2005. It will be held at the Timber Ridge Golf Course - 16339 Park Lake Road - East Lansing, Mi 48823 from 7pm - 12midnight. Tickets will be \$32.00 and will include an AMAZING Dinner, proceeds towards LAAN, a night FULL of dancing and good times, as well as a bartender!! Yes, oh yes, there will be a cash bar at APO's Fall Charity Ball. Oh, and don't forget about the awesome party favors!! The theme for this year's event is Hollywood! Red Carpet style — Formal wear will be required.

If you are interested in purchasing a ticket to the event or have any questions send me, Joshua Albert (albertj4@msu.edu) an email.

Thanks for your time!

Sincerely,
Joshua Albert
Alpha Phi Omega
Vice President of Programs
Chair of Fall Charity Ball and Silent Auction
(231) 343-3450 or albertj4@msu.edu

Read Fiction, Damn it: Excerpts

The Pine Press publishes excerpts from published novels without permission on the following premises:

1. *These small excerpts, while infringing copyright, can do nothing worse than help the sales of their sources.*
2. *These excerpts are literary reviews.*
3. *The authors will never ever see the Pine Press.*

From *One Hundred Years of Solitude*

Gabriel Garcia Marquez
(Harper & Row, 1970)

When the pirate Sir Francis Drake attacked Riohacha in the sixteenth century, Ursula Iguaran's great-great-grandmother became so frightened with the ringing of alarm bells and the firing of cannons that she lost control of her nerves and sat down on alighted stove. The burns changed her into a useless wife for the rest of her days. She could only sit on one side, cushioned by pillows, and something strange must have happened to her way of walking, for she never walked again in public. She gave up all kinds of social activity, obsessed with the notion that her body gave off a singed odor. Dawn would find her in the courtyard, for she did not dare fall asleep lest she dream of the English and their ferocious attack dogs as they came through the windows of her bedroom to submit her to shameful tortures with their red-hot irons. Her husband, an Aragonese merchant by whom she had two children, spent half the value of his store on medicines and pastimes in an attempt to alleviate her terror. Finally he sold the business and took the family to live far from the sea in a settlement of peaceful Indians located in the foothills, where he had built his wife a bedroom without windows so that the pirates of her dream would have no way to get in.

In that hidden village there was a native-born tobacco planter who had lived there for some time, Don

Jose Arcadio Buendia, with whom Ursula's great-great-grandfather established a partnership that was so lucrative that within a few years they made a fortune. Several centuries later the great-great-grandson of the native-born planter married the great-great-granddaughter of the Aragonese. Therefore every time that Ursula became exercised over her husband's mad ideas, she would leap back over three hundred years of fate and curse the day that Sir Francis Drake had attacked Riohacha. It was simply a way of giving herself some relief, because actually they were joined till death by a bond that was more solid than love: a common prick of conscience. They were cousins. They had grown up together in the old village that both of their ancestors, with their work and their good habits had transformed into one of the finest towns in the province. Although their marriage was predicted from the time they had come into the world, when they expressed their desire to be married their own relatives tried to stop it. They were afraid that those two healthy products of two races that had interbred over the centuries would suffer the shame of breeding iguanas. There had already been a horrible precedent.



An aunt of Ursula's, married to an uncle of Jose Arcadio Buendia, had a son who went through life wearing loose, baggy trousers and who bled to death after having lived forty-two years in the purest state of virginity, for he had been born and had grown up with a cartilaginous tail in the shape of a corkscrew and with a small tuft of hair on the tip. A pig's tail that was never allowed to be seen by any woman and that cost him his life when a butcher

friend did him the favor of chopping it off with his cleaver. Jose Arcadio Buendia, with the whimsy of his nineteen years, resolved the problem with a single phrase: "I don't care if I have piglets as long as they can talk." So they were married amidst a festival of fireworks and a brass band that went on for three days. They would have been happy from then on if Ursula's mother had not terrified her with all manner of of sinister predictions about their offspring, even to the extreme of advising her to refuse to consummate the marriage. Fearing that her stout and willful husband would rape

her while she slept, Ursula, before going to bed, would put on a rudimentary kind of drawers that her mother had made out of sailcloth and had reinforced with a system of crisscrossed leather straps and that was closed in the front by a thick iron buckle. That was how they lived for several months. During the day he would take care of his fighting cocks and she would do frame embroidery with her mother. At night they would wrestle for several hours of anguished violence that seemed to be a substitute for the act of love, until popular intuition got a whiff of something irregular and the rumor spread that Ursula was still a virgin a year after her marriage because her husband was impotent. Jose Arcadio Buendia was the last one to hear the rumor.

"Look at what people are going around saying, Ursula," he told his wife very calmly.

"Let them talk," she said. "We know that it's not true."

So the situation went on the same way for another six months until the tragic Sunday when Jose Arcadio Buendia won a cockfight from Prudencio Aguilar. Furious, aroused by the blood of his bird, the loser backed away from Jose Arcadio Buendia so that everyone in the cockpit could hear what he was going to tell him.

"Congratulations!" he shouted. "Maybe that rooster of yours can do your wife a favor."

Jose Arcadio Buendia serenely picked up his rooster. "I'll be right back," he told everyone. And then to Prudencio Aguilar:

"You go home and get a weapon, because I'm going to kill you."

Ten minutes later he returned with the notched spear that had belonged to his grandfather. At the door to the cockpit where half the town had gathered, Prudencio Aguilar was waiting for him. There was no time to defend himself. Jose Arcadio Buendia's spear, thrown with the strength of a bull and with the same good aim with which the first Aureliano Buendia had exterminated the jaguars in the region, pierced his throat. That night, as they held a wake over the corpse in the cockpit, Jose Arcadio Buendia went into the bedroom as his wife was putting on her chastity pants. Pointing the spear at her he ordered: "Take them off." Ursula had no doubt about her husband's decision. "You'll be responsible for what happens," she murmured. Jose Arcadio Buendia stuck the spear into the dirt floor.

"If you bear iguanas, we'll raise iguanas," he said. "But there'll be no more killings in this town because of you."

It was a fine June night, cool and with a moon, and they were awake and frolicking in bed until dawn, indifferent to the breeze that passed through the bedroom, loaded with the weeping of Prudencio Aguilar's kin.

When I Try to Write the Garden in Her Face

When I try to write

The garden in her face,

Her eyes are veiled

In the Spanish moss

Of my imprecise vision;

Her arms are manacled

In trumpet vines

Whose carnival orange

In comparison to her

Was meant to pale;

Her legs are shackled in

Fruitless raspberry briars

Mistaken for rosebushes

At this ironic distance;

And she's left tangled

And bound to a willow,

Lifeless though weeping.

The transient gardener,

Hired for the season,

Finds her alone,

Overgrown with words.

He steadies her with

A tomato frame

Of likes and ases.

The gardener prunes the larger

Vines and briars,

And fastens her arms with

Clichés to the enclosure.

But the vines and briars,

Hydra to his Heracles,

Double with each snip.

The gardener hacks wildly

With the shears,

Scratching and wounding her,

Shredding her clothing.

The gardener with his spade

Prods at her roots

As though she is

Anonymous soil.

The Compliment

I blushed when you said

You could almost get off

To my writing because

If poetry is pornography

Mine is the underwear

Section of the Sears catalogue

by Michael Langdon

Hunger banquet
flyer here!