



LIFESTYLES

Hot buns: a passing craze or a convenient updo? Junior Christine Smith investigates man buns.

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WU SJW cheat sheet

JESSE SANCHEZ
STAFF WRITER

After reading a recent article by Cody Charles titled the "Ten Counter-productive Behaviors of Social Justice Educators," I gave some thought to how social justice advocacy looks on campus. It's been a topic in CM training, the Mosaics Mentoring programming for students of color and conversations on which I've eavesdropped.

We have a right to be angry. There is no denying the right to anger in a world of racism, cissexism, misogyny, homophobia-- there is every reason to angry. Yet, it is not productive to be cynical. We have to ask ourselves how to channel that emotion into achieving whatever result we want. Of course, it's totally valid to not want to be the educator, mentor, or peer who others look to for help. It's exhausting trying to define microaggression or privilege for every person who asks. Even so, some of us choose to take up the task. For those who do, there are some behaviors that might make us more effective.

Charles uses the phrase "shaming our allies." I'm not a huge fan of the ally concept with all its historical connotations of taking center stage, but there are certainly people trying to learn with whom we could have a little patience. Keep in mind, I'm not claiming to be perfect here, but it's a work in progress to become more of a guide than an eye-roller. I know it's tough sometimes. Still, discreetly roll your eyes toward your (hopefully) knowing professor or let it loose to some of your understanding companions later. Classrooms should be both safe spaces and spaces of learning for those who screw up. It's true that sometimes our peers make remarks that make us feel a bit unsafe..

See FIGHTS, Page 10

32 percent of sexual assault encounters happen before college

TATYANA STANGELL
CONTRIBUTOR

In 2014, Willamette students took a survey regarding sexual assault. The findings of the report discuss how the University matches national average statistics for sexual assault.

This means that 1 out of every 5 people will experience some sort of sexual assault during their studies here. The report also found that 32%, or 3 out of 10 people (regardless of gender) nationwide who ever encounter sexual assault, encounter it before college. Many of these statistics come from reported situations, though many cases go unreported.

See SARA, Page 2

Tone your abs (in six beers or less)



Senior and legal drinker Lexi Walker makes healthy and informed choices during her weekend workout regimen, and always remembers to stay hydrated.

LEXI WALKER
STAFF WRITER

My dear Bearcats,
As college students, many of us make time for daily exercise only to end our weekends having con-

sumed enough beer to keep a sad dad happy for a month.

In reality, alcohol--while delicious and helpful in social situations--is really, really bad for you. Not just in the "it kills your liver and dehydrates you" kind of way,

but in the "I just googled it and realized I averaged 900 calories per night in beer this weekend" kind of way.

In order to keep ourselves healthy without sacrificing the ability to let off some steam, I have

come up with a simple solution to the fight against the beer belly/dad bod/weight gain that can occur alongside excessive drinking. I give you: Drunk Workouts.

See DRUNKERCISE, Page 9

I'd tap that: Late night Salem eats



Not the Ram: owner of famed Pint Night restaurant opens new eatery that caters to a whole new crowd.

LYRA KUHN
CONTRIBUTOR

A taproot is any kind of root found on most vegetables; Taproot Lounge and Cafe is a new eatery in Salem, located on State Street just down the road from Wild Pear. The vibe is that of the older sister of a hippie Trader Joe's type. Christopher Holland of RAM restaurant and brewery fame has migrated and is now the proud owner and facilitator of this establishment. Holland said that the idea of roots appealed to him on a vegetable and on a personal level.

The place is a blend of juice bar, cafe, and hip bistro. It is somewhat steeply priced for the average college student, but the green juices and grilled cheese sandwiches might just be worth it. The drinks and the ambiance is definitely worth it, especially if you want to pretend you are outdoorsy while in actuality, you are comfortably remaining inside on a Friday night.

See TAPS, Page 4

Activities Expo not just for first years anymore

KATIE LIVELY
STAFF WRITER

More than 100 organizations flocked to the south side of campus for Willamette's annual Activities and Resources Expo on September 3.

Beginning that Thursday evening students could browse, sign up for and direct questions to the leaders of the array of organizations whose tables and booths stretched from Jackson Plaza to the entrance of Goudy Commons.

"One thing I always look forward to is to see all the clubs and organizations out, and get to see

the first-years experience all that we have," said Expo Student Coordinator Jordan Ruiz.

One change in this year's event was the addition of more organizations beyond those offered at Willamette, including Roxy Dawgs, IKE Box, Aspire, Avid, and the Salem-Keizer Education Foundation's Garden Program. "This year actually brought a lot more off-campus organizations on, so it's definitely cool to see what the community has to offer, along with different volunteer opportunities that have been brought about," Ruiz said.

First year Maddie Tjaarda was still taking it all in as she grabbed a

beverage in the final minutes of the event.

"I'm really amazed by how many different clubs there are here," Tjaarda said. "I'm not really sure which ones I want to join yet."

In addition to exposing students to the variety of clubs in which they can participate, the expo also serves to help the clubs themselves continue to grow.

"I think it benefits us a lot," said men's rugby Captain Nick Wagner. "Obviously not all of them are going to play the game, but the guys who come out and the guys who see it, some of them are going to stay, and it's mainly because of this event."

While some clubs benefit from the event more than others, Ruiz did not hear of any clubs that had experienced significant decline.

"Talking with a few clubs like Chemistry and Video Game Club, they had to keep coming back to the info booth for more sign up sheets," Ruiz said. "When walking around to make sure the event was going well I didn't really hear anything bad."

Tjaarda felt that attendance was lower than she might have expected.

"I'm surprised that there aren't more people walking around,"

Tjaarda said. "I think there are more people now [than when I arrived]."

Although he emphasized the impact of the event on freshmen, Ruiz believed that all students had something to gain from the event due to the new clubs represented at the event each year.

There are at least three different interesting groups that I know that have come on campus," Ruiz said. "There are different organizations here that weren't here last year."

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Willamette matches national averages, new goals from SARA

CONTINUED from Page 1

This information is based on a report that was sent to the Collegian from representatives of the Sexual Assault Response Allies network. The organization that promotes training and information to students on campus had several interviews with the Collegian to comment on the survey and report Willamette's situation.

Though there are no new recent statistics out yet, it's clear that Willamette matches national averages.

Madison Rotter, SARA's coordinator this school year, stated that support can be shown through many methods. Respect of the survivor's privacy is the most important factor, as Rotter reminds friends and allies to "not ask questions if they don't want to talk about it". Rotter also encourages students to "create an open space where people feel comfortable to disclose, while not feeling forced to".

Creating a safe and open atmosphere for victims and survivors is very important as only two-thirds of people will disclose to anyone whether that person is a friend, family member, or an official.

"It's important for the Willamette community to believe the victim's story and ask 'How can we help you?' rather than victim-blame," Rotter said.

Other representatives discussed some of SARA's goals for this coming school year. Student ally Bethanie Lee described SARA's goal for more "community outreach in the sense that we're not just here for survivors; we are here for anyone who's a friend, family member, or ally."

"SARA plans to add more trainings in the hopes to meet the needs of all different kinds of survivors with all different kinds of backgrounds," student ally George Zenker said.

SARA members remain open and available to victims, survivors, and allies every week night from 5 p.m. to midnight, and 24 hours a day on both Saturdays and Sundays. They also provide an online chat on week nights.

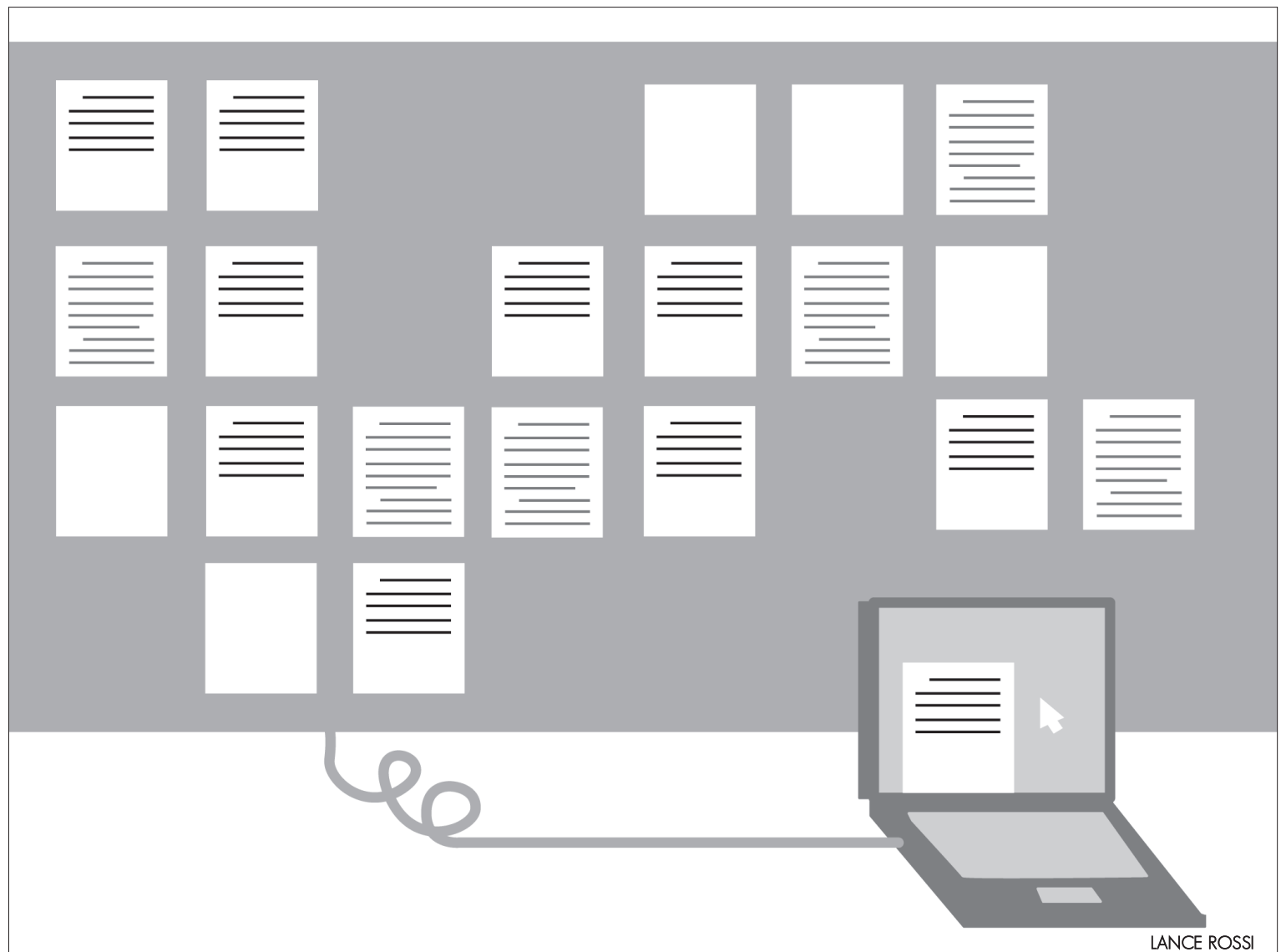
SARA is also currently hiring and looking for new members to complete their team and provide more assistance when needed. Applications can be found on their website (below) and are due Sunday, September 6th.

For more information regarding SARA resources, online chat, and employment opportunities, please visit

<http://www.willamette.edu/org/sara/>

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Broke students no longer need to pirate Microsoft office



LANCE ROSSI

KATIE LIVELY
STAFF WRITER

Starting this academic year Willamette has contracted with Microsoft to allow interested students and faculty to have access to Office 365, Microsoft's personal computer package free of charge. They will have access to it for the entirety of the period in which they have accounts with the University.

The package includes the programs Word, Excel, PowerPoint, OneNote, Outlook, and Access. Normally students and faculty would be required to pay \$6.99 per month or \$69.99 per year for the same services.

This was based on an agreement announced in 2014 that is exclusively available to schools that have standing contracts to use Microsoft products on campus computers.

"A few years back, we went ahead and signed a campus-wide agreement with Microsoft," WITS Help Desk Manager Mitchell Jones said, "so we could buy campus-wide licenses for our institution machines. [Microsoft] made an announcement last year that said, 'Hey, if you have this licensing, you can offer this product to students for free.'"

While the service will be useful for students who do not already have Office 365 according to Jones, the agreement was a convenience rather than a necessity as students frequently bought the package prior to the announcement that it would be offered for free.

"People just bought it. It was kind of the cost of the business, just like buying new textbooks," Jones said. "It was more of a, 'We know everybody has it but hey, we

can give it away for free!'"

Freshman Michelle Nagata had already purchased Office 365 before she was aware that it would be offered for free but feels that the service will aid other students who prefer to use Microsoft programs over the one that may come with their computers.

"It helps because it's one less expense to have to pay for education," Nagata said. "I don't like nor use the Apple programs like Numbers and TextEdit."

Because this agreement was available to qualifying schools nationwide like Willamette, Vice President of Integrated Technology Services John Balling had only to go online to finalize the deal.

"One of the biggest things in that was to have our domain registered with Microsoft and they then verified that we are indeed a legitimate institution of higher education," Balling said.

"Everyone is on the same playing field and you just don't have to worry about trying to use a five-year-old Office product that you got from your parents," Jones said.

According to Jones, this agreement with college campuses is part of Microsoft's effort to improve its standing in competition with Google for control of the education app market. Google has been offering free education apps including Google Docs since 2006.

"I think for [Microsoft], it's a carrot to try and continue to get people interested in buying those products later," Jones said. "They have an interest in having people use it and still being the dominant piece of software on campuses."

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Greeks have fun like Dionysus at block party



FORREST SMITH



FORREST SMITH

Students who attended the block party were able to partake in a variety of activities including a dunk tank and an inflatable slide.

RYAN GAIL
 CONTRIBUTOR

With 34 percent of the Willamette community declaring affiliation to one of the University's nine Greek organizations, Greek life seems to be off to a strong start for the 2015-2016 school year.

Much of this enthusiasm for Greek life was showcased this Labor Day weekend as students from fraternities and sororities across campus turned out for Panhellenic Council's All-Greek Block Party.

The event took place during the afternoon of September 5th and was a large scale social gathering on Brown

Field for both affiliated and nonaffiliated students.

The event offered students a variety of activities to partake in including a dunk tank featuring members from different Greek chapters, a volleyball court, a DJ, a giant inflatable slide and also several impromptu games of frisbee.

Event coordinator and Panhellenic President Erin Gangstad developed the event with other members of Greek leadership as "a chance for the Greek community to come together and hang out as fraternities and sororities."

The event was well received among members of the Greek Community

who excitedly threw baseballs at the dunk tank and took numerous rides down the giant inflatable slide. The theme of "fun while bonding" carried strongly throughout the event.

Increased bonding among Greek students was especially important for the newest Greek organizations, Alpha Phi and the Beta Theta Pi. Both organizations were reinstated during the last school year after two long periods away from campus. Beta Theta Pi returns to campus after a University mandated closure four years ago while Alpha Phi has not been present on campus since 1978.

Erin Gangstad says that Alpha Phi and Beta Theta Pi are working to "find

their place on campus." Both organizations used the All-Greek block party event as a means of connecting with other members and becoming more attached to the Greek community.

One of the other purposes of the block party was providing more information to unaffiliated students about Greek life and the various organizations. Outreach efforts during the event were handled by Panhellenic Council Vice President of Recruitment Kelci Jacoby who managed an information booth during the event.

Sophomores Adam Wright and Derek Lund are both unaffiliated, but said they still came to the event to socialize with other students as well as

to have a good time. Both Wright and Lund said that they are considering becoming Greek in the future.

Upon the event's conclusion Gangstad said she hoped Greek affiliated students were able to mingle and meet with some people who aren't necessarily in their chapter. As for the non-affiliated Gangstad wished that they were able to "feel like they walked away learning something or understanding something about Willamette's Greek Life and also that they [had] a good time and enjoyed the bouncy slide."

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CAMPUS SAFETY

ASSAULT

August 29, 11:12 p.m. (York House): A student called to report that while in front of York, a car drove by and shot her in the neck with a BB or airsoft gun. It did not puncture her skin. The student was referred to Salem Police to file a police report.

CRIMINAL MISCHIEF

August 21, 6:30 a.m. (Ford Hall): A wall-mounted feminine hygiene product dispenser had been tampered with, and damaged where it had been pried open with a screwdriver. Judging from the amount of product left, an employee estimated the thief got around \$10 in change.

August 24, 9:39 p.m. (Eaton Hall): An employee reported the feminine hygiene dispenser within the Eaton women's restroom had been tampered with and damaged. The box was pried open, and an unknown amount of change was stolen.

August 25, 3:40 a.m. (Hatfield

Library): An employee reported the feminine hygiene product dispenser within Hatfield's women's restroom had been tampered with and damaged. The change box was pried open, and an unknown amount of change was stolen.

August 25, 9:00 a.m. (Rogers Music Center): An employee reported the feminine hygiene dispenser within Roger's women's restroom had been tampered with and damaged. The change box was pried open, and an unknown amount of change was stolen.

EMERGENCY MEDICAL AID

August 28, 6:50 p.m. (In a Campus Residence): Campus Safety received a call that a student was having difficulty breathing and was very pale. WEMS and Campus Safety responded. WEMS evaluated the student and Campus Safety called 911. Salem Fire Department arrived and transported the student to the Hospital.

August 29, 2:23 p.m. (In a Campus Residence): Campus

Safety received a call that a student was experiencing a severe migraine. WEMS was dispatched along with the Campus Safety Officer. After assessment by WEMS it was determined that the paramedics needed to be called. The student was transported to Salem Hospital.

August 29, 10:03 p.m. (Jackson Plaza): Campus Safety received a call about a student with severe abdominal pain. WEMS requested a medical transport to the Hospital. The student and WEMS were escorted to the Emergency Room by an officer.

August 29, 11:58 p.m. (In a Campus Residence): A student was transported to the hospital after being evaluated by WEMS. It is reported that the student drank too much at an off campus party.

September 5, 11:42 p.m. (In a Campus Residence): Campus Safety received a call requesting a medical evaluation. When the officer arrived, the student appeared

to be in extreme discomfort. The officer transported the student to Salem Hospital.

September 6, 12:24 a.m. (In a Campus Residence): Campus Safety received a call requesting a medical evaluation for a student who was vomiting in the restroom. The student was coherent and responsive. The student was given the option to go to the hospital and declined.

September 7, 3:57 p.m. (In a Campus Residence): Campus Safety received a call requesting a medical transport for a student. Once on the scene, the student stated they did not want to go to the hospital, but indicated that they may harm themselves. Salem Police and the Paramedics were called to assist. The student attempted to bite the officer. The student was transported to Salem Hospital after being evaluated by the paramedics.

HARASSMENT

August 21, 2:30 a.m. (Laus-

anne Hall): After various arguments throughout the day, a student's roommate returned to their room, and shined lights in the student's face while they tried to sleep.

THEFT

August 22, 10:23 a.m. (Collins Science Center): A student reported their bike stolen after locking it up twelve hours before. When the student came to the bike rack on the south side of Collins in the morning, all that was left was a cut cable lock. The student made a theft report, was referred to Salem Police's non-emergency number.

August 23, 9:00 p.m. (Goudy Commons): A student locked up their bike at the Goudy Commons bike rack, and when they returned later that day, their bike had been stolen. The student made a theft report, was referred to Salem Police's non-emergency.

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Arts

Broadway Coffeehouse is brewing some fun on Friday, Sept. 11, to celebrate their five year anniversary. They will be offering special drinks like floats and Stumptown coffee for no additional upgrade charge from the espresso price. Representatives from Stumptown will be serving coffee and speaking from 10 a.m.-12:30 p.m. There will also be a screening of "A Film About Coffee" at 6:30 p.m.

• • •

Oregon-based band Yaquina Bay is having an album release party to celebrate their new album "Past Lives" on Saturday, Sept. 12. PDX group Ezza Rose Band and Kyle Morton of PDX band Typhoon will be opening at the all-ages show starting at 8 p.m. at the Level B Theater Pub.

• • •

The Salem Chamber Orchestra is playing in Hudson Hall on Sunday, Sept. 13 at 3 p.m. The theme is "The Power of Music is in Your Hands" and it features compositions such as Cantus in Memory of Benjamin Britten. Tickets start at \$10 for students but there is also a dress rehearsal on Saturday Sept. 12 for only \$3 at 10 a.m.

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Got culture?
Contact Lifestyles Editor
Christine Smith <cssmith>

Taproot Lounge and Cafe: I'd tap that

CONTINUED from Page 1

Fun fact: all of the wood used in the lounge and cafe is locally sourced. Taproot also boasts a cool giant ceiling fan made of fancy wood, and a fish tank in the back that keeps with the natural vibe—making for a cool alternative place to do homework. There are green health juices available at all hours served by a friendly and attentive staff. It is a hike distance wise, as opposed to RAM, but comparing the two would be like comparing ninjas and pirates.

Those who don Birkenstocks and fancy orange beanies will feel at home here, as will kombucha connoisseurs and those who think steel cut oats are the sexiest thing since sliced bread. Taproot appears to be the kind of place that people who frequent Archive migrate to when they are craving more than the small plates Archive offers.

If you want to write the Great American Screenplay about a self-actualized yoga instructor who falls in love with a chain-smoking guitar player at a cafe, this place is your jam. Menu-wise they offer a full range of salads, smoothies, tapas, rice bowls and the most important food item: French fries. Vegetarians and vegans will rejoice when they get a taste of the tempura battered avocado wedges.

Taproot has a Happy Hour from 3–6 p.m. that offers drinks



SAM KEECHLER

Can you feel your inner nature baby emerging? Perhaps it will take on the form of a koala.

and beer for \$4, and excellent grilled cheese sandwiches with marionberry and blue cheese options. This establishment opens at 3 p.m., closes at 1 a.m.,

and boots minors right around dinner time. Try Taproot if you want a vibe similar to The Archive - somewhat aloof and self-consciously cool, yet host to

a range of interesting, engaged people who definitely don't go to Pint Night.

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Dear diary, girls like sex too

NEBRASKA LUCAS
CONTRIBUTOR

"The Diary of a Teenage Girl" is unlike any independent film I have ever seen. If you have not yet seen it, go immediately, and leave your mom at home. The indie genre is slowly becoming normalized in its plots: pot scenes, Polaroid cameras, dingy bathtubs, shower sex and a guest appearance by Jason Bateman are usually the list of requirements to qualify a film as independent.

"The Diary of a Teenage Girl" is not unique in its subject matter in this respect. It boasts a stereotypical indie-friendly cast including Brit Bel Powley as the title character, Alexander Skarsgard as Monroe and Kristen Wiig as the mother.

The film is laced with acid trips, bell-bottoms, and trippy cartoon graphics that are like the PORK Magazine version of The Lizzie McGuire Show.

Its plot echoes numerous indie films that came before it: fifteen year old lackluster cartoonist Minnie Guetz pops her cherry. The twist is that her relationship is with her 35-year-old quasi-stepfather, Monroe. The two begin a clandestine tryst behind Minnie's mother's back and Minnie sets off on a love-making spree with her newfound identity. Essentially, the horny, dorky, slightly chubby chick has an awakening and suddenly sees the world through latex eyes. If "The Diary of a Teenage Girl" ended here, it would be as bland as some Nick Cage film.

The film distinguishes itself from the clichéd indie niche through

its graphic, heart-wrenching and shockingly realistic perceptions of sex (and I'm not just talking about the lovemaking scenes although those are nice too). Minnie loves sex—and she goes after many people to get it. This is not some sappy coming-of-age; it is an honest look at unashamed human sexuality in a young girl which is something the media does not shed light on often.

Sex can make you happy, sad, angry and just plain weird. "The Diary of a Teenage Girl" does an incredible job of demonstrating the flip sides of each of those coins. In one scene, Minnie rubs the blood of her broken hymen on Monroe's leg in an endearingly, childlike manner in an otherwise repulsive situation.

In another, Minnie and her best friend trick two boys into believing they are prostitutes. The foursome clamber into the bathroom and the camera pans downward to show Minnie and her friend holding hands.

Sex is obscene and beautiful. It is disgusting yet lovely. "The Diary of a Teenage Girl" does not attempt to romanticize sex and—in the process—demonstrates that sex has a type of natural beauty to it. It did not mask the different aspects of sex, but showed it for what is is.

It is a brilliant message of cutting ties with the dependence on love encased in a stunning film. I wholeheartedly recommend it. It is the birds and the bees as it should be told; not as a cautionary tale or as an afterschool special but through an honest voice with genuine desires, fears and insecurities.

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OASISAWAIS.COM



SLASHFILM.COM

No beef with the vegan cuisine in Salem

NIC SHIPLEY
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Imagine walking into Goudy and discovering that only the 'healthy' station, one or two of the options at the other stations (usually green beans or something of the like) and the salad bar were serving food.

This is the reality vegans at Willamette feel when they attend dinner alongside their carnivorous friends. I do not mean to complain. For the most part, Willamette is very accommodating of vegans, especially considering how veganism is still, in many ways, an atypical or misunderstood lifestyle choice. We just want to help folks understand some of the challenges faced by people who choose to be vegan and give some tips to bearcats who are looking to incorporate more vegan foods into their diets.

Eating vegan at Goudy may

seem difficult, but people should be aware that Bon Appetit staff members are extremely receptive to questions about ingredients and requests for vegan alternatives to the "traditional" animal-based dishes.

Most vegans have received criticism or outright mockery for their lifestyle choice, so some can be a bit shy about asking for slight changes in provisions. Just a friendly reminder to students in such a position: you pay for a meal plan just like everyone else does and you deserve accommodations to ensure food sources that align with your values.

Be sure to get all your nutrients. Rice, beans, fruits and vegetable based dishes are all great staples that will give you the energy you need to power through your study sessions. For lunchtime, nothing beats crisscut fries, Goudy-homemade Neanderbars and/or a wrap. Every day at lunch there are vegan sweets.

Get on that, folks.

If you need an energy boost on a Monday afternoon, coffee with soy, almond, hemp, cashew, rice or coconut milk is the answer. Those dairy alternatives will be your best friends when you need the coffee without all the bitterness.

If you need sweets to go with that, try the vegan muffins or scones at Ike Box or The Gov Cup. Willamette's is a local vegan bakery that offers vegan delicacies at the farmer's markets and in local coffee shops. Archive Coffee often hosts Bigwig Donuts on Friday mornings, featuring warm vegan and gluten-free donut holes made right in front of you. Just ask your friendly server what they have to offer that is vegan, and prepare your taste buds!

Say you want to treat yourself to a dinner on the town, but you pass on anything that has a face, making the steaks your friends are salivating over out of

the question, do not lose hope. Marco Polo Global Restaurant on Liberty Street has both vegan and non-vegan options that will satisfy any palate. Venti's Café, Fuji Rice Time and Pita Pit also offer many vegan dining options.

I also recommend stocking up on the necessities in bulk at places like Winco and Grocery Outlet. Winco has non-dairy milk, bulk cereals, baking supplies and all sorts of "accidentally vegan" goodies like Oreos. Grocery Outlet also has great deals on things like vegan yogurt and meat substitutes at prices well below what other stores have.

Not everyone can go vegan overnight, but everyone can try a vegan dessert every once in a while. Trust me, plant-based does not mean it tastes like dirt, and your body will thank you.

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Rise of the man buns

CHRISTINE SMITH
LIFESTYLES EDITOR

Spend a few minutes in the bistro and expect to find at least a handful of people with sprouts bursting out of their heads, much like the appearance of characters from the bizarre Pikmin game.

This man bun phenomenon has consumed the heads of the Willamette population, to the point that it seems like a requirement in some households to throw your hair back like a mountain man before signing the lease for the school year.

The first man buns that stole my heart were Shang in "Mulan" and Jim from "Treasure Planet"—those small pixelated dos made way for the insatiable thirst that was to come in my adolescence.

The style itself is not such a novel idea; tossing your hair up in a quick updo is extremely convenient for individuals with relatively long hair. What has grown into such an absurdity is the complete infatuation with man buns that blew up over the last year.

Man buns really are a versatile hair style; they can be sloppy, choppy, dreamy and even grimey. Willamette man bun rockers decided to make filth a new qualification and the reasoning behind that is beyond me. They take the day-old updo to a whole new level.

Chris Hemsworth brought the man bun to even more fame as he avenged his way through New York, without the issue of golden locks falling in his face. These superhero type characters seem to wear them in an effort to avoid hair disasters during battle and extreme physical activity, rather than for the aesthetic.

The best part about man buns is that the men who do not have them and scoff and complain about them are usually those who could never rock them. Dozens of galleries are devoted to reinventing celebrities and Disney characters with man buns. There are even entire Instagram accounts devoted to spotting the buns at Disneyland, taking stalker photos of them and sharing them with the world. What a creepy method of expressing adoration.

With extreme adoration comes extreme criticism, as demonstrated in Youtube videos like "Stop the Knot" which features a comedy duo running through town, scissors in hand. The two chop off every top knot in sight and giddily speed off in a getaway van.

Both the affection and the hatred are incredibly uncomfortable ways of reacting to a trend. Even if someone's man bun is not as luscious as Jared Leto's, freedom of expression is still very much in existence.

So rock that updo, and wash it every once in a while. Or keep the grease, what does it matter?

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The hills are alive with the sound of WU sic

JONAH MILLER
CONTRIBUTOR

Willamette is home to a diverse population of artists, intellectuals and a buzzing music scene. The music scene here is showcased every year at Wulapalooza, but the groups also play a variety of campus, local venue and house shows the rest of the year. The bands are talented and can be expected to deliver a diverse range of genres and sounds.

Last year we had great groups such as Plz Responder, Pale Ale, B@ty and trap stars Cathode performing both on campus and around Salem representing the Willamette sound. Most of the members of these groups have graduated, but there is a new crop of acts here to keep the music alive.

Two of these fresh groups—Frontallobes and Shrimp 182—performed at Back to Schoolapalooza on Friday, Sept. 4 and killed it. Be sure to keep them on your radar.

The announcement of Shrimp 182 playing on stage is usually followed by screaming girls and chants of "Shrimp! Shrimp! Shrimp!"

Willamette's beloved is comprised of Akinari Tsukada on drums, Ryunosuke Kinoshita on guitar and Yuki Sakihara on bass and vocals. The trio plays a charmingly scrappy blend of J-rock and punk rock that cannot help but leave a smile on your face. The band performs shows with set lists filled with angsty anthems like Green Day's "American Idiot" and other songs that will leave you with Warped Tour nostalgia and flashbacks to high school.

The three ASP students met during their first week at Willamette and immediately bonded over a fierce appreciation for American punk and alternative rock bands like Paramore, Slipknot and Architects. Within a few days of meeting, the three pooled together all their money, bought themselves guitars and amplifiers and began rehearsing in between classes.

"We just wanted to enjoy our

time here in America as much as possible," Sakihara said. "That's why we started the band."

"Also to meet girls!" Kinoshita added enthusiastically. "It hasn't worked yet though, we are all still single."

Willamette's premiere rap collective—Frontallobes—first began as merely a group of students gathering in frontman Kel Mandigo-Stoba's dorm room. After an especially successful cypher session in the Lausanne dorms, Mandigo-Stoba and fellow Frontallobes members Devon O'Donnell and Alex Geiszler realized that the three were all equally passionate about crafting hip-hop music. The group began

meeting on a weekly basis for a live broadcasting of their cypher sessions on WU wire.

The trio also began inviting other rappers from around campus to join them on air. The current line-up for Frontallobes came together during last year's Wulapalooza when Mandigo-Stoba and company joined forces with Kangaroo Court rappers Zach Johnstun and Pierson Phelan, both juniors.

Today, Frontallobes is Kel Mandigo-Stoba, Alex Geiszler, Devon O'Donnell, Stephen McClanahan, Hyakub Edward-Herring, Pierson Phelan and Zach Johnstun.

The hodgepodge of rappers

come from a wide range of musical backgrounds and are influenced by everything from new school rap like Joey Badass, to old school classics like Big L.

Frontallobes incorporate written verses and free styling into their live performances, making each performance fresh and unique. You can walk in on a Frontallobes cypher session every Monday in the UC third floor sound closet.

Look out for future gigs by following these groups on Facebook and Bandcamp.

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Juniors Zach Johnstun, Kel Mangido-Stoba and Devin O'Donnell spit some mad bars at WULA's secondary stage.

MATT TOM

Academia in the A

The hardest thing about going

NOOR AMR
GRADUATE

Ever since my return to Egypt from Palestine in August, I have felt inspired, heartbroken, enraged, energized and conflicted—but I have also been disappointingly silent about my trip when anyone asks about it. Silence has inhibited my expression of these feelings because, above all, I feel ashamed.

I was afforded the opportunity to present my senior thesis at an academic conference in the Israeli-occupied West Bank, and I was the only Egyptian academic to make the journey—the three other Egyptian conference-goers were

denied entry at Israel's Ben Gurion Airport for FWA (flying while Arab). Interrogation, harassment and refusal is a routine event for a passport holder of any nation who has Palestinian ancestry or even commits the sin of having an Arabic name. This was the fate of the Egyptian presenters, who I only knew were missing because I became an audience member to a fascinating but empty panel one afternoon.

Palestinians living in the West Bank and Gaza are not even allowed to fly into this airport. And since Israel doesn't allow Palestine to have an airport or control its territorial waters, Palestinians heading to the West Bank have no

choice but to travel on a grueling bridge from Jordan. With a name like "Noor Amr," this, too, was my only option despite my American citizenship.

A few days before my trip, a Palestinian friend and activist heading from Jordan to the West Bank was permanently denied entry to her homeland, like so many before her. She waited for 15 hours at the Israeli-controlled Palestinian border, braving intense interrogation and psychological abuse, before Israeli police notified her that her solidarity work indicated "hostility to Israel."

She was deported back to Jordan at 2 a.m.

What I experienced absolutely

pales in comparison to the humiliation and dehumanization that Palestinians crossing the bridge to the West Bank face at the hands of Israeli border security when they want to return home—if they are allowed to return at all. I was lucky enough to eventually enter, but the journey was still the hardest thing I've ever done.

As such, I want to share my experience, not to position myself as a victim, but to juxtapose how traumatizing crossing the border to Palestine was for me (a naive, non-Palestinian, recent college graduate), with how incredibly normal this is for Palestinians traveling to and from the occupied West Bank.

I landed in Amman, Jordan on the afternoon of Aug. 23, hailed a cab outside of the airport, and headed directly to the house of a dear friend: a Palestinian-American visiting her family in Jordan for the summer. I felt incredibly excited to see her again after four years apart, but our meeting was also a matter of convenience—these days, the bridge to Palestine only opened for three hours in the morning. It would be impossible to make it there from the airport in time. Even if I had landed in time to reach the bridge, tales of the backbreaking journey cautioned me to rest before making the attempt.

On Aug. 25, I woke up at 4 a.m. shaking. I felt nervous about my conference, but grew far more anxious at the thought of not being able to attend at all. All words of advice from Palestinian friends ended with, "Be strong, Noor. They just want to break you. Be strong and don't be afraid. They make it as hard as possible for us to go home and bring our friends with us. They want us to never return."

As I remembered that I would be Googled and questioned at the border, I limited the privacy settings of the video documenting WU Students for Justice in Palestine's walkout of last semester's Atkinson Lecture. I then deactivated my Facebook and Twitter accounts.

At the border, Israeli police are known to hack your email, open your computer and threaten to deport you if you don't comply. As such, I scrubbed my Willamette email clean. The keywords "Palestine", "Israel", and "SJP" were made to render no results. Upon request, my name was redacted from a previous Collegian article about illegal Jewish-only settlements in the West Bank. My bases were covered.

At 6:50 a.m. I boarded my taxi and bid my hosts farewell. They gave me one last hug and their reminder to call them if I was denied entry was both reassuring and frightening. After 45 minutes on a desert road, I lugged my suitcase toward what looked like an outdoor prison.

"Just in time," I thought. "Why did my Palestinian friends tell me to come so early?"

My optimism quickly faded as I gaped at the crowded line snaking around the periphery of the shabby, white building. It was five bodies wide and 300 meters long—and that was only the end of it. The line didn't include the hundreds of people crammed side-by-side in the indoor waiting room. I wondered when they arrived.

And so we waited. And waited. The heat bore down on our shoulders at a mighty 105 F as children tugged on their parents' clothes for a sip of water. My shirt clung to my stomach and dampened the purple cloth with sweat as my jeans became tight and heavy.

One hour passed and we did not move. Half an hour went by and we scrambled a few dozen feet. Another thirty minutes passed and I regretted not bringing a bottle of water. A man tried to cut the line. He and his luggage were chucked to



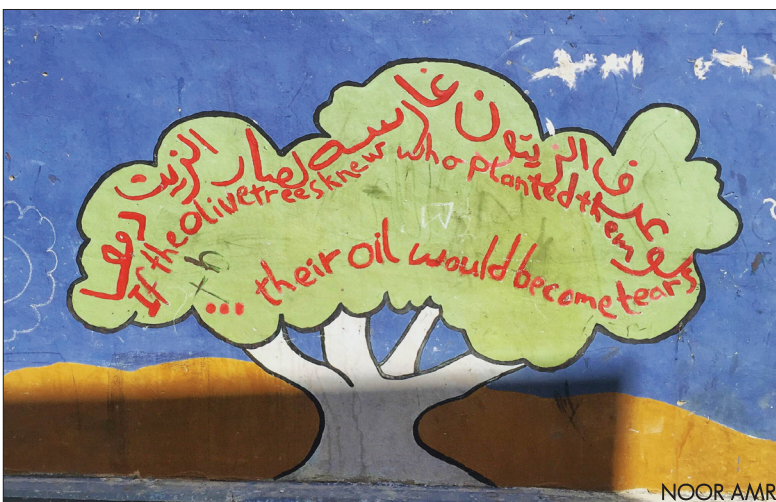
NOOR AMR



NOOR AMR



NOOR AMR



NOOR AMR

Willamette grad Noor Amr's journey to Ramallah reveals a beautiful landscape marked by oppression.

Age of Apartheid:

to Palestine was getting there

the curb. 10:15. Hundreds of people in front of me started to shift in exhaustion. At 10:30, we moved thirty feet. The facility was going to close at 11. At 10:57, a woman and her three children left the line looking defeated.

At 10:58, a rush forward took most people by surprise. In the mix of suitcases and desperate bodies, I tried to avoid trampling children with my 50-pound suitcase. The crowd compressed uncomfortably as we stretched forward. A gate somewhere behind us closed.

This is when I understood that you can be three hours early, and still not make it.

After approaching a small window to purchase a bus ticket, the Jordanian officer notified me that the first officer from whom I asked directions misinformed me. As a non-Palestinian, I was supposed to go to a different gate for tourists.

I had been in the wrong line all along.

The stark difference between the path for Palestinians and the air-conditioned tourist facility was nauseating. Upon arriving at the Israeli-controlled Palestinian border I watched white tourists effortlessly pass through passport control. As I slid my American passport across the counter, however, the Israeli officer's face dropped from a smile to grimace.

"What's your name?" It was right in front of her. Couldn't she read? Why did she want me to say it out loud? Why did she make me feel like it was dirty?

"Newerr Am-urr." I tried to speak my name with steadiness and conviction, but even I cringed at my own attempt to whitewash my Arab roots. The officer didn't look at me. She stuck a blue sticker to the back of my passport, scribbled something on it, slid it back to me, and pointed to the next window. The sticker presented the numbers one through four. Black ink now encircled the number four. I later discovered while awaiting interrogation every Arab-American received this same classification.

Handing my passport to the next officer, I had to stifle an expectant chuckle before I heard the words, "random search."

If I had a penny for every "random search" I have experienced while traveling to Western countries, I could pay off my student loans. But this was racial profiling to a new level. As I emerged from this line without a passport, a Palestinian-American friend I made along the way told me that this meant interrogation.

In addition to having an Arabic name, or knowing any person in Palestine, a non-Palestinian traveling to the West Bank is suspicious by association. Interrogation is guaranteed. Even foreign students studying abroad at Palestinian universities typically lie and say they are tourists on their way to Jerusalem, which is on the Israeli side of the apartheid wall. As such, a Palestinian professor suggested that playing the tourist card would be the safest thing for me to do.

An Israeli officer emerged with my passport. Beyond the stalls of stern faces stood a glass door with a view to the outside. This was it.

"Where are you going?"
"Jerusalem."
"By yourself?" she laughs.
"Yes," I respond flatly.
"Do you know anyone in the West Bank?"
"No."
"You're lying."

She was right. I did not expect, however, to be immediately called out on it. Should I have told her the truth? It was too late now; changing my story would guarantee deportation. Plus, staying in the West Bank would have looked even more suspicious. Palestinians who tell the truth everyday are cornered into interrogation rooms and called liars. She was just trying to provoke me.

"I don't know anyone in the West Bank."

"Where are you from?"
"The United States."
"No, where are you really from?"

"My parents are American and Egyptian."

"And their parents?"
"They're from Egypt."
"Nowhere else?"

"No."
"You don't have a single Arab relative in the West Bank?"

She can't say "Palestine."
"No."
"Okay. Well, I don't believe you. Fill out this form."

The white paper prompted me for my information and the names of Palestinians I know, including their numbers and emails. I filled in all of the information pertaining to myself, and left my friends and their personal information out of it. This was more for my protection than theirs; knowing Palestinians increases the likelihood of deportation.

After an hour of waiting awkwardly in the passport control area, watching white tourists soar by while their darker-featured counterparts accumulated white sheets of paper, an Israeli officer called my name through a wide glass door. I was pointed to a special seating area adjacent to the passport control stalls designated for Palestinians.

Who would have known that the United States passport-holders of Arab descent and Palestinian travelers would reunite in a next-door facility to watch the tourist facility close for the day? The United States tries to be subtle with its racial profiling by throwing a few white people into the "random searches." Israel, on the other hand, couldn't care less what you think. In fact, they want you to know exactly why you're being treated this way, and they want you to feel like you deserve it for being Arab.

Every half hour or so, an Israeli officer would show up to our area and call a name into a back room. Some faces left and eventually returned for their luggage. We greeted them with applause and wished them safe travels. Arab-American members of an inter-faith group looked positively terrified. Their Jewish and Christian friends had passed with incredible ease just hours before. Some faces did not return at all. I still don't know if they eventually made it through, or if they were denied entry after



hours of interrogation.

Four hours of silent panic elapsed. At this point, I lost hope and I pulled out my phone to text the friend who was waiting for me on the Palestinian side.

"Probably not going to make it. Awaiting interrogation. You should go home or you'll be waiting all day for nothing."

"They're just trying to scare you. Delete messages and keep your story tight."

"They don't believe me."

"Be strong. They're creating a file on you because you're new to the system. Delete messages as you receive them. They might take your phone."

Fifteen minutes. Thirty minutes. If they're going to deny me eventually, why not just deny me now? My hands shook in unison with the ticking of my watch. Forty-five minutes. An hour later, an officer emerged.

"Nooghe Ah-meghe." The officer looked straight into my eyes for what felt like an eternity. And just like that, he walked away. In my state of panic, it took several seconds to feel the weight of my passport in my hand, complete with a visa to "Israel." I was free to go.

The five-hour wait was a scare tactic after all, but at this point, I didn't even care. I sprinted to the first bus to Jericho where Palestinian border security glanced at my passport and let me through in seconds. When Zionists try to tell you that Palestine is sovereign and unoccupied, this is the cosmetic semblance of power they are referring to.

"You must have scrubbed your record clean!" my friend chirped as we embraced.

"How long were you waiting?"

"Only six hours!"

The view from our speeding taxi revealed the vast and breathtaking

landscape of the Jordan Valley. My friend sporadically broke her train of endless commentary to casually point out the normalcy of human rights violations. "So that's an illegal Jewish settlement...oh, that's a Jewish-only road so I'm not allowed to go there..." and eventually "...this is the apartheid wall. So if you're going to Jerusalem for the day, you come here. I would go with you but...I can't..."

And with that, her voice trailed off into silence for the first time since our reunion. Her hospitality is endless, but I cannot say that it knows no bounds.

Before going to Palestine, I knew that Israel violates international humanitarian law on a daily basis, and I have written about these abuses in past Collegian articles. Gaza has become absolutely unlivable, as 1.8 million people crammed into 140 square miles attempt to survive the complete devastation of their infrastructure.

In addition to the ever-expanding illegal settlements (condemned heavily by the UN) that continue to spread across what is left of Palestine, and aside from the apartheid wall that separates the West Bank from the rest of "Israel" and illegally-occupied East Jerusalem, Israel is a settler-colonial apartheid state within its own borders. Over 60 laws discriminate against 20 percent of its population, who are pejoratively labeled "Arab Israelis." This is to avoid recognizing that they are indigenous Palestinians who escaped ethnic cleansing and forcible exile at the hands of their neighbors.

These are facts I know by heart, but they are devoid of emotion. I often heard my Palestinian friends complain about the bridge, how stressful it is and how humiliating it can be. It was another experience

to personally receive a modicum of this treatment, to understand how the occupation manifests itself not only in great human tragedy, but in the intricacies of everyday life and inconvenience.

I have been silent since I've returned from Palestine because I am so deeply ashamed. I'm ashamed that my tax dollars arm Israel to the teeth. I felt nothing but shame when I saw bullet holes in empty water tanks at 'Aida refugee camp because Israeli soldiers frequently raid homes at night for target practice. I am ashamed that children in this camp frequently wet their beds out of fear for what might greet them in the middle of the night. I am ashamed that we have allowed them to become hunting sport. Yes, you. Yes, me. Yes, us.

I am ashamed that I walked around Willamette's campus for four years hearing Jewish-American classmates who have no connection to the land of Palestine brag about how fun and effortless their free "Birthright" trip to Israel was, and I am ashamed that I sometimes said nothing. When millions of Palestinians in the diaspora are denied the right to return to their birthplaces, and those remaining in Palestine are put through an entire day's worth of hell just to get home, we cannot remain silent.

Sympathy is a self-indulgent act of exoneration. Do not feel sympathy. Feel ashamed. Now that you know, I am imploring you to speak.

You must stand firm in the face of injustice, recognize your complicity and say, "Not In My Name."

For more information on WU Students for Justice in Palestine, visit fb.com/wu.sjp.

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Volleyball wins 2, drops 2 in Texas

GORDY CLARY
STAFF WRITER

The Willamette University volleyball team felt a range of emotions last weekend, ranging from excitement to nervousness as they boarded a plane for Texas, ultimately headed for the University of Mary Hardin-Baylor in Belton.

"The team went into this weekend very excited and ready to play. We had a few jitters going into the first game, but this was expected for our first real game," senior Sarah Fincher said.

The Bearcats performed well despite the pre-game jitters, winning two and losing two.

The first game ended in a loss, after three sets against the very tough East Texas Baptist University team, but the Bearcats rebounded and pulled away with an exciting win in five sets against the nationally ranked Trinity University Tigers.

After falling behind two sets to one, the Bearcats showed tremendous resilience and rallied for two straight victories, highlighted by 18 kills from junior Alexa Dowdell and 20 digs from freshman Kaylen Higa, thus

ending the day on a very positive note.

"The game against Trinity was my favorite game this weekend," Fincher said. "I was very proud of my team, because instead of worrying about Trinity being ranked 16th in the nation, we played our game and didn't care about the other side of the net."

The potential for this Bearcat team to be considered one of the best is certainly there.

"After winning the first set, [teammate] Lindsey Compton said, 'That wasn't a fluke, we won that because we are good enough to beat this team.' This helped with a lot of players mindsets, including my own, after losing the next two sets and realizing we still had a chance."

The next day started positively as well, with the 'cats continuing their momentum and dominating Hardin-Simmons University, winning in three sets.

Willamette received strong play from Fincher, who had 15 kills, sophomore Emma Liband who had nine blocks and senior Lindsey Compton who amassed 20 digs.

The tournament concluded with Willamette dropping

the fourth match to Mary Hardin-Baylor in three sets.

Considering the fact that it was the first contests of the year for the volleyball team, the women on the team say a lot of valuable experience was gained by the younger players, which will undoubtedly help the team as the season progresses.

"This past weekend was a great starting point for our team and we have a clear idea of what we need to work on to better our team," Taylor Lum said, after finishing the tournament with 10 total blocks.

Having only two weeks to prepare for conference matches, these contests will be crucial for identifying areas for the team to improve, as well as gaining experience.

"We played some really good Texas teams and we are preparing now for our upcoming tournament in California" Lum said.

The next tournament will be held at California Lutheran University next weekend, and will be the Bearcat's final test before opening conference play against Linfield on Sept. 18 at Cone Fieldhouse in Salem, Ore.

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CHRISTOPHER SABATO

Senior Sarah Fincher registered 42 kills on the weekend to lead the Bearcats in season stats.

An ode to Vin Scully

HOLLY PETERSEN
MANAGING EDITOR

I've mastered the art of accessing dusty recollections from the mental file cabinet of my favorite memories, plucking a single one out and constructing it around me, enveloping myself in it.

There is one that I call on most frequently, although it's admittedly a collection of many summer

evenings composed into a single image.

First, I recall the itch of the wet grass of my front lawn under my thighs, both doors of my dad's green pickup truck open to better hear the radio. Then, the way the air feels as the heat finally breaks and gives way to a dry dusk.

And here it is—my favorite part:

"Hello, and a very pleasant

evening to you, wherever you may be."

It's how famed Dodgers announcer Vin Scully begins all of his broadcasts; it's easy to imagine he's speaking just to me.

I'm from Sacramento, where a Dodgers game on network TV has always been a rare luxury. For a long time, baseball was that voice on the truck radio.

Before I was old enough to fol-

low stats and players, Vin calling a game was just my favorite bedtime story.

Now, thanks to modern technology and a subscription to mlb.tv, I can hear him call every home game. It's still my favorite sound in the world.

I was in the grocery store last week when my phone dinged with the notification every Dodger fan had been waiting for—the 87-year-old announced that he will be returning next season.

It will be his 67th season with the Dodgers. He says it will likely be his last.

For 65 years, Vin Scully's name has been synonymous with the Dodgers. For entire lifetimes, his voice has been the backdrop to summer picnics and days at the pool. But the time has come where we are forced to acknowledge the reality of this coming to an end.

The Dodgers without Vin Scully is like a poem without verses, a song without lyrics, a painting without brushstrokes. It's unfathomable.

He's announced over 10,000 Dodger games. He called three Sandy Koufax no-hitters and his perfect game ("He struck out the last six consecutive batters. So when we write his name in capital letters in the record books, that 'K' stands out even more than the O-U-F-A-X").

He called Don Larson's perfect game in the 1956 World Series, Hank Aaron's 715th career homerun and Kirk Gibson's homerun in the 1988 World Series ("In a year that has been so improbable, the impossible has happened").

But it's not his longevity that makes him so incredible, so special.

It's the way he paints a picture with his words. They call him the poet laureate of baseball. He's seen the sun set over the stadium thousands of times, yet still vocally marvels at the way it looks like cotton candy, like he's seeing it for the very first time.

It's the way he elegantly sprinkles the broadcast with obscure facts and stats, with funny or heartbreaking anecdotes about the players and otherwise.

I once read that former Dodger Jerry Reuss used to listen to Scully's broadcast, while he was pitching, as it trickled out from thousands of transistors in the stands. One time, he even stepped off the mound to let him finish his story.

Without Vinny, how will we know that the guy who just got on base is the first center fielder with a wife named Susan to ever hit a two-out single in the eighth.

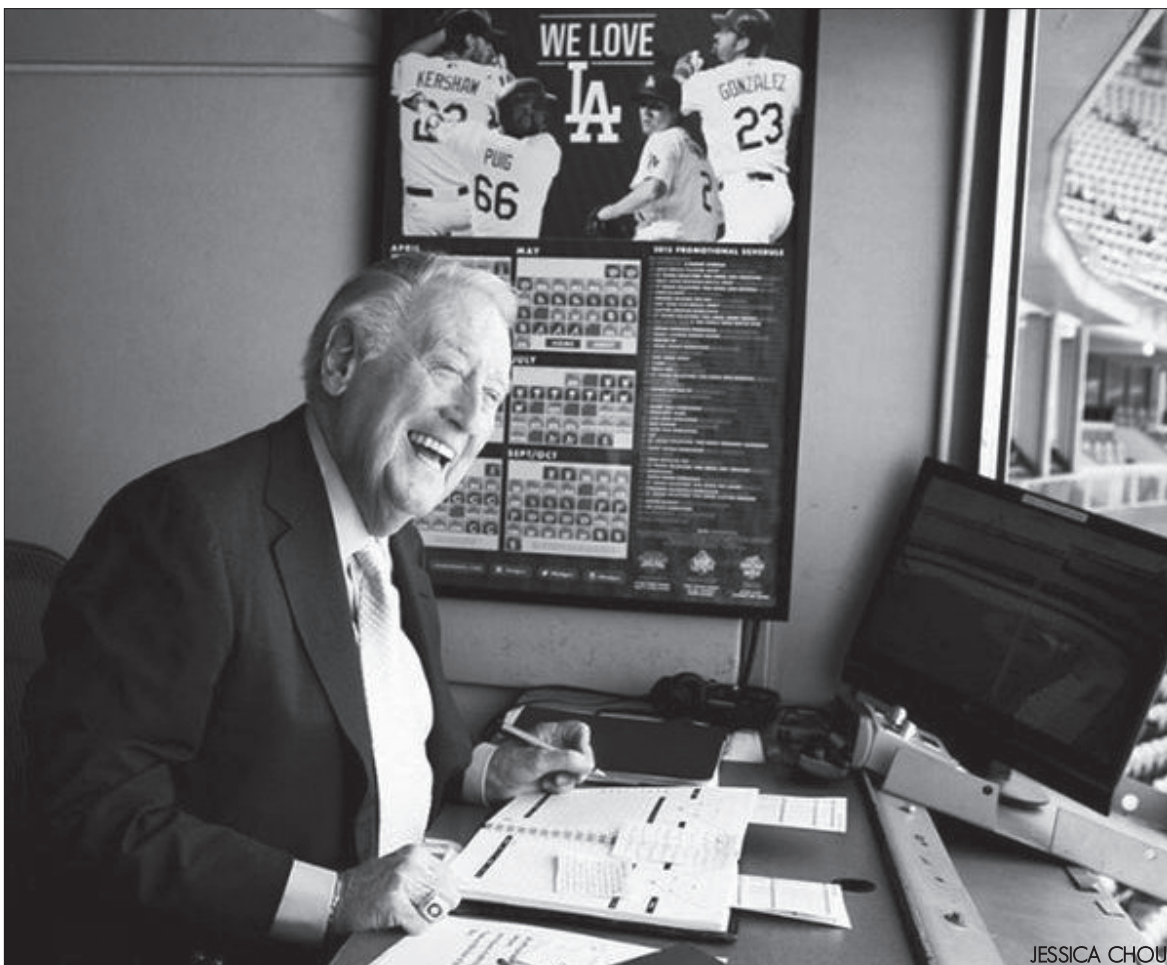
Or, more realistically, that Angels pitcher Jerome Williams has his mother's last words—"Don't do it for me, do it for yourself"—written on the underside of his cap's brim.

He is, without a doubt, the best sports announcer that has ever existed. There will never be another like him.

He once said, "Andre Dawson has a bruised knee and is listed as day to day... Aren't we all?"

Without you, Vin, we will be.

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JESSICA CHOU



Drunkercise: how to burn off your beer belly

CONTINUED from Page 1

1. Dancing: It doesn't matter if you're into dancing like no one's watching or getting freaky with your lab partner, getting your heart rate up while singing along to Fetty Wap can be a great move for calorie burning. It also releases endorphins and can bring friend groups together in a free-for-all dance battle.

2. Bottle Reps: Whether you're lugging around a six-pack of expensive IPAs, a briefcase of Bud Light or the plastic handle that's being shared between you and four friends, try picking it up and putting it down a few times. You're already bringing it to your face here and there so I'm hopeful this can be an easy incorporation.

3. Running: Who said you had to walk home from the party? Picking up a nice jog with friends can get you home faster than stumbling through the streets of Salem, and has the added benefit of getting away from sketchy strangers before they can ask you for cigarettes.

4. Standing: Yes, the couches are comfy and away from that kid who already spilled your drink (twice), but standing upright uses roughly 300 muscles to balance. As I can attest, to maintain this balance after a bottle of wine takes a little bit more effort, so focus on your core and feet as you dodge the flailing drunkard who seems to have no perception of personal space.

5. Laughing: Instead of making your roommate leave the party early with you because your cute neighbor "didn't even say hi when they got here," engage your core in some hearty laughter with friends. Give someone a fake name, swap clothes with someone in secret, it doesn't matter—just find the joy and make it your priority. You'll have a better night anyways.

So there you have it, my go-to list for a weekend of shenanigans accompanied by liquid calories and some light exercise. You're probably still going to swear off drinking in the morning, but at least you can pretend skipping your workout is in some way justified.

As always, be aware of your limits, because if someone has to carry you home you won't be able to get those late night tacos you've been dreaming about. Whatever, it's the weekend.

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LANCIE ROSSI

SPORTS BRIEFS

MEN'S SOCCER (1-1-1)

LaVerne 2, Willamette 1: The Leos scored with barely a minute left in play to break the 1-1 tie and defeat the Bearcats in their season opener on Thursday. Willamette's only goal was scored by senior Jesse Thompson. Junior goalkeeper Josh Fuentes registered three saves in the loss.

Willamette 1, Southwestern (Tex.) 0: Senior Sebastian Mortimer scored just fifteen minutes into Saturday's game to give the Bearcats an early lead. With the help of Fuentes' five saves, Willamette was able to hold the lead and earn their first win of the season.

Willamette 0, UW-Oshkosh 0: Senior goalkeeper Braydon Calder recorded eight saves as the Bearcats went into two overtimes, ending the game in a scoreless tie. Thompson led Willamette in shots with six.

WOMEN'S SOCCER (0-1-1)

Corban 1, Willamette 0: Despite the Bearcats outshooting the Warriors 14-9 in total shots, and 9-6 in shots on goal, Corban scored in the final minute to snag the win on Tuesday. Junior Emily Sewall finished with five saves, while sophomore Marley Duncan, freshman Kate Matthews and senior Veronica Ewers registered three shots each.

Willamette 0, Redlands 0: After two overtimes, the Bearcats ended in a scoreless tie on Saturday. Sewall tallied three saves, and Willamette took nine total shots, three of which were on goal.

CROSS COUNTRY

NCAA Division III Preseason Poll:

The Bearcat women are projected as the 16th best team in the country, according to a preseason poll. In the West Region women's rankings, the women rank #2, after Claremont-Mudd-Scripps. The men are ranked third in the West Region, after Claremont-Mudd-Scripps and Pomona-Pitzer.

this week in sports

sun	mon	tue	wed	thu	fri	sat
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

BRAYDON CALDER
STAFF WRITER

Here is a recap of everything that has happened in sports this past week. Ok, not everything, but some stuff that's happened.

NFL

The season starts this week. The Eagles released Tim Tebow, keeping him relevant in the sports world for a little while longer.

Seattle had a mediocre pre-season, going 2-2. Hopefully they've figured out when to run the ball and when to pass it (just to keep that relevant also). We'll find out Sunday when they play the Rams.

Jarryd Hayne made the 53-man roster for the San Francisco 49ers. The guy basically did all of this without pads on when he played professional rugby and was one of the best in the world. Just guessing, but he'll probably be pretty good with pads on.

Here are some predictions for you even though I have no idea what I'm talking about: Adrian Peterson will break the rushing record, the Jets will suck and I'll get lucky and won't lose my fantasy league.

MLB

Curt Schilling's suspension from announcing on air got extended by ESPN. "Be careful what you put on social media for everyone to see" - Every coach, teacher, boss ever. Listen up, Curt.

The Red Sox have won four games in a row, but still suck for the second year after winning it all in 2013.

The Mariners sit in second to last in the AL West, but they did sweep their last opponent. However, their last opponent was the Athletics, who sit in last in the AL West.

The Giants are hanging on to a shred of hope that they'll get

into the postseason. They sit in second in their division, but are eight games back from the Dodgers in their division and nine games back in the NL Wildcard race.

Another uninformed prediction for you: the Royals win the World Series.

MLS/NWSL

The Sounders beat Toronto 2-1 in Seattle. Toronto was missing its two main goal scorers and Ex-Captain America, Clint Dempsey, returned for Seattle, assisting one goal, netting one himself and didn't tear up the referee's notebook (look it up).

The Timbers will play today against Sporting Kansas City. Sporting sits fifth in the Western Conference and the Timbers in sixth. Seattle is in fourth right now but only one point ahead of the other two teams and have played more games.

The NWSL season just finished up and the Thorns finished in sixth place, just as mediocre as their male counterparts.

NBA

Basically nothing. It's the offseason. The 76er's signed a few players, but that's about it. The season begins in October so we can enjoy another month of SportsCenter before it's just Lebron 24/7.

NHL

Arizona and Detroit resigned two of their players that were free agents, but it is also the offseason, so other than that there is nothing going on. Pre-season games start in less than two weeks. The Minnesota Wild play the Buffalo Sabres on Sept. 21. That's not the first game, or a game that's really important. I just thought I'd let you know.

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Know your fights

CONTINUED from Page 1

We should raise the issue. Let your professor know. Delegate to your friend who loves explaining this stuff. Address the offense with the student yourself. Try not to be cruel. No one needs to be excusing or super grateful for someone learning to be less offensive, but keep in mind all the times you've messed up.

As a person writing a social justice article in a public forum, I feel obligated to say I've been guilty of the occasional gap in knowledge about trans issues or microaggression. Experiences of my well-intended self being helped along by more knowledgeable mentors have been formative, and led me to develop a decent knowledge of identity politics. Being policed or yelled at is just awkward. Although there are definitely some blatantly and carelessly offensive people among us who deserve it, remember that a lot of us enter college with some gaps.

For me, a lot of issues I lacked knowledge on was the result of growing up in a very cisnormative and anti-black environment. No one needs to celebrate my learning process, but I acknowledge that my lack of class privilege shaped a lot of the information I had access to. That's the case for a lot of us. If someone has been around for awhile and refuses to learn, give them your ire. There are definitely times when it's necessary to walk away and put up a "be back later" sign. That's often a better response than an attack on someone's character.

Many social justice advocates argue that we should be patient in order to build allies. I don't see it that way. It's not about building allies. It's not about giving free tutoring to people with dominant identities. It's about building understanding so that marginalized people can suffer a little less than they did before some particular individual knew that some people don't go by the "standard pronouns" he or him. Remember that no one has "made it." There is always something to learn about someone's heritage or sexual and gender identity (or lack thereof). The work is never done. Make conversations mutual learning opportunities.

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LANCE ROSSI

Analogous turtles reign supreme

SARAH HAGHI
GUEST WRITER

When sea turtles are born, they immediately break out of their shells and waddle down the sand towards the water. All of the sudden, their life is transformed from a mellow, supported existence to a chaos of independently struggling for survival. Although there are other turtles struggling through the same transition with them, each must find their way on their own.

Going to college is like being a tiny sea turtle. This comparison may seem dramatic because college freshman don't have seagulls diving for their head in a ravaging attempt to eat them for brunch.

However, in both cases, the turtle must learn to walk along the sand alone, and essays and reading and projects do make it feel like you are struggling for survival. No matter how many people warn you or how much you read about it, a huge life transition is always going to hurt. If somebody reads about the sea turtles struggle in a magazine, they may sympathize with or even pity them but there is no way they can actually understand the feeling of facing a new world, completely alone, stumbling into the future with no knowledge of what obstacles are hidden in the waves to come.

I have always been independent. From a young age, I would always fight to do things on my

own. I made friends very easily and was able to find support. With this strong childhood as a background, I never saw the struggles of college coming. I never expected the homesickness, the fear and the painfully intense loneliness.

It's easy to forget pain once it's over, from a broken leg to a broken heart. Yet as a blameless consequence of this natural self-preservation technique, we forget things that are difficult, and then are forced to relieve them later.

For example, friendships take a while to form. Some people click right away but even for those lucky few, getting close enough to look to another person for support takes a long time. Once we

are in the comfortable confines of strong friendships, the pain that accompanied the first few weeks or months or years fades away. Similarly, adjusting to an entire new location with different weather and culture and people is extremely difficult and takes time.

In college, I am discovering how to be alone without being lonely. Although there are moments that are painful, I believe in doing what seems impossible to prove that it's not. I believe that, just like the turtles, all we have ahead of us is everything, and you might as well find that comforting.

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An open letter to condescending father figure Europe



JESSICA WEISS
COLUMNIST

Dear Europe,

Please stop making fun of us for Donald Trump. We know he's a problem; or worse, a manifestation of Americans who are sick and tired of progressive society topped off with a nasty wig. We're doing our best to chase him back to where he came from. Or not, and maybe we should be worried about what is to come.

Right now, it does not matter. While those of you have been busy keeping track of our campaign trail, a metric ton of Donald Trumps have enabled a more pressing scenario: the migrant crisis.

With the crisis raging into its fourth year, and with a United Nations estimate of about 220,000 people dead, the civil war in Syria has occupied the spot for most bleak global conflict. No one wants to help, because who do you help? A brutal dictator who probably used chemical weapons on his own people? A moderate "rebel faction" who may or may not exist while ISIS looms as the most forceful opposition? It's hard to tell, but one thing is certain: innocent men, women and children are being denied the viable opportunity of escape through Europe.

Europe can handle migrants. With an aging population which will soon see a declining labor force, Europe can

use an influx of families willing to live, work and contribute. About 270,000 migrants have arrived in Europe this year, which averages about one per every 1,900 Europeans. This is nothing compared to the influx of refugees to nations surrounding Syria: at this point, about a fourth of Lebanon's population is from Syria. But when southern European countries with refugees from the Middle East and North Africa asked for help from other European countries, the EU agreed to take 32,256 over two years.

As one of the wealthiest regions in the world, and one that is often used as an example of a successful egalitarian system where governments care for their citizens, we should be disappointed in Europe. The EU has agreed that it is their responsibility to grant asylum to those seeking protection, yet in practice, what's happening is scarier than Trump.

Quoting the Economist from an article written on Aug. 29, 2015: "Neo-Nazi thugs in Germany have torched asylum-seekers' hostels. An anti-immigrant group is now the most popular political party in Sweden. Hungary's prime minister, channelling his inner Donald Trump, warns that illegal migrants, especially from Africa, threaten his nation's survival." Trump wants a physical border, to keep people out. Countries like Hungary and Bulgaria are already building theirs, and with widespread support.

I hope to not paint Europe as a whole like this. I applaud the efforts to help, such as German Chancellor Angela Merkel condemning xenophobic actions and pledging asylum to 800,000 migrants. And I do believe many Europeans are good people who want to help these migrants (Iceland pledged to take 50, in response, 10,000 citizens offered to take in refugees in their own homes).

But it is worth noting that xenophobia is not a fringe movement, and it is not getting the attention or backlash deserved. Neo-Nazi or anti-immigrant groups have political power and widespread support in Europe. This is famously exemplified by the National Front party occupying a whopping 23 of the 74 seats France has in the European Parliament, Golden Dawn (an actual Neo-Nazi party with an emblem eerily similar to the Nazi flag) holding three of the 21 seats Greece has, and the anti-immigrant Danish People's Party winning 21.1 percent of the popular vote in recent elections.

We as Americans are talking the talk with Donald Trump. Europe is walking the walk. While criticizing us for allowing a Trump to foster, they have forgotten what they allowed to foster, develop and execute. And it is time for us to call them out on that.

Thanks,
Jessica

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LANCE ROSSI

FWD: Very important message

Despite what else you may have discovered on this page, the purpose of a campus newspaper is not to speculate. When emails circulate about confrontations between students, Community Mentors and officers of Campus Safety, the Collegian tries to approach these stories from a critical perspective. Not as former dorm kids, who may or may not have once run afoul of the “law” (which could be campo in this case, or a peer CM on duty), but as eyes peering into the layered protective processes at work.

According to the email from Ross Stout, the momentum behind this change stems from looking outward at shifting relationships between the police and the civilians that they are sworn to protect. Within the text of the email, however, there is a reference to a specific incident that occurred between a student and an officer. While the details are unclear, they are also unnecessary: to some extent, we are all familiar with the campo knock intervening with our personal, non-academic lives.

To those who welcome the uniform’s presence on campus, the

officers in tan and black are symbolic of a safer community. For a variance of reasons, many students feel differently. This is a tension that we believe will come to the foreground this year, as an arbitrating body has been invited “to address concerns raised by the student’s experience and to ensure that Willamette’s policies and practices continue to reflect the needs of our student body and the caliber of our institution”.

As a campus community, our goal is also to fairly observe and even protect students and liberal values. We should be asking the same questions that Campus Safety is now apparently asking of itself: what does security mean to me, but also to the students I serve? How do our demographics reflect those of the student body?

On one hand, Campus Safety has been known for using unorthodox practices, even to the point of impropriety. In the past three years, students have come forward on multiple occasions with stories of off-campus “campus” policing, tactics that verge on intimidation and profiling and a lack of action when it comes to solving recurring crimes

that range from larceny to sexual assault. One could argue that in trying to crack down on student substance use in the dorms is not the same as trying to create a healthy or secure community, and definitely does not contribute towards creating an environment where crime becomes obsolete.

Campus Safety is, however, a necessary part of our community’s safety. For all the times that campo has gone after students holding open containers of alcohol or who smelled like weed, there are just as many instances where Campus Safety actually does things that keep campus safer. Willamette may be across from the state capitol but it is also just a stone’s throw away from downtown and a Cherriot bus ride away from a state correctional facility.

Inevitably real, genuine crime gets committed on campus. And when it does, having someone with law enforcement experience there to handle that situation is a good thing. Some students have discussed the idea of getting rid of Campus Safety altogether and increasing CM responsibilities, but thinking that

CMs should have to manage both their residents and the safety of the entire campus is wholly unreasonable.

CMs are just students like the rest of us, after all. How could we expect one of them to confront a bicycle thief or a serial groper or a person breaking into tampon machines for change while also getting their homework done?

Obviously the answer is we can’t. However, what CMs do and always have done better than campo is keeping students in line without making them feel afraid. The fact that we’re all ultimately students going to the same school and sharing many similar experiences—whether it’s the add/drop scramble in the first week of the semester or Goudy dinners—fosters a relationship of trust and respect that just isn’t going to happen with a Campus Safety Officer.

Collegian Editorial Policy
This editorial represents the composite opinion of the *Collegian* Editorial Board.
Elize Manoukian · Editor-in-Chief
Holly Petersen · Managing Editor
Joe Lindblom · Masuwale · News Editor

Bon Appetit?

THAO TRAN
GUEST WRITER

Don’t get me wrong, I love Goudy’s enchilada bake, but there are some changes that have been introduced to dining services that are harder to swallow. It was Aug. 26, the first day of school. I happily arrived at the doors of Goudy at 4:30 p.m. It wasn’t open. What the hell?

I instantly thought that my phone’s clock must have disconnected from its satellite...nope. Goudy was just not open.

As I knocked on the glass door in desperation, a Bon Appetit employee informed me that our singular dining hall would be open at 5 and close at 7:30 for the rest of the year, rather than last year’s schedule of 4:30 to 7.

Apparently the change in hours was made to accommodate sports teams. Obviously, it is important to make sure student athletes are fed, but there are many people who are busy from 5-8 or 5-9 with a plethora of clubs and campus jobs that the majority of Willamette students take on. Instead of making the “Sophie’s Choice” between athletes and the 4:30 p.m. dinner crowd, a compromise could have resulted that extended hours for 30 more minutes. In between a door and a hard place, it’s difficult not to feel like a moneybag, rather than a student who needs food.

As I started to adjust my schedule to fit Goudy’s new hours, another unfortunate event happened. It was Aug. 31, the first Friday back at school. I arrived at the doors of Goudy at 5 p.m. this time and asked for a to-go plate. I was denied, because Goudy really doesn’t give out paper plates anymore. Instead, I ended up shoving the Chicken Enchilada Bake down my throat in two minutes so I could go to a prior obligation that wasn’t class or work. Not a pleasant two minutes of my life.

When I inquired why there were no more to-go plates, I was informed if I did not tell them ahead of time that my work/class scheduled conflicted with dinner, then I couldn’t receive a to-go plate unless I was escorted around Goudy. So, if I don’t have a work/class conflict; then I must be supervised, because I cannot be trusted with one to-go plate.

As the weeks went by, I further inquired about this policy. I learned that the company wants students to sit down and eat dinner, because otherwise the privilege of having a to-go plate might be abused by criminals who choose to sit down to eat and then take an extra to-go plate to abscond with extra food.

My problem lies with the arguments made by Bon Appetit to justify these choices (as relayed by Bon Appetit employees). A lot of students have other commitments beyond work and class that interfere with the privilege of a sit down meal. You can’t just get food anymore unless you want to compromise yourself and get monitored by a Bon Appetit employee. My problem with the second argument is that the food is already made and purchased for thousands of dollars. I should be able to sit down, eat a plate or three and then take one if I really wanted to.

While I’m not positive that these are the exact policies and reasoning, these are my experiences. It would’ve also been really nice for a formal announcement of some sort as to why these changes happened. The only email I got was from Chris Linn telling us that the schedule changed without a reason why.

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The *Collegian* invites its readers to submit corrections for publication. Errors found in print can be sent to <emanouki> and will be corrected in the next edition of the paper.

We invite you to submit letters to the editor. Letters are limited to 150 words, must include your name and must be submitted by Monday at noon on the week of intended publication. The *Collegian* reserves the right to edit for length and clarity. Please email letters to <emanouki>.

The Willamette Chimera

MARIKA MCCARTHY
COLUMNIST

My favorite topic to write about is nothing. Most of the time, I legitimately think about nothing.

Nothing is everything. It’s the whole world, the white noise of the universe: pure, untouched. A calm composed of chaos.

I love what I do. I like stringing words together, beads on a string, birds on a wire, tightrope walking across Niagara Falls. Creating a rhythm, selecting the best words, syllables, consonance like picking the best apple in the grocery store display – and trying to defend an Oxford comma from AP style in the name of my writing style.

And I think I do it well.

But as I flex my writing hand, seeing the tendons and delicate bone under my skin undulate, I seem creaky. I haven’t written a column in

just under a year, but it isn’t anything a little WD-40 won’t fix.

Which is why it’s almost bitter-sweet, being able – being allowed – to again fall into the familiar tapdance of putting five hundred words into the silicon of my hard drive. Digital to analog, seeing those go from UTF-8 to the printing press.

Somehow the black ink became blacklisted.

Let’s be clear: the Collegian is, first and foremost, a club.

It is a difficult task to have journalism – creative expression, even – that exists in this limbo that aims to be objective among the confines that school sanctioning creates.

How can a publication claim to be legitimate when it makes content choices that oppose those of their readership (Hey you’s)? (*Editor’s note: The Collegian does not derive legitimacy from archaic sections that no one remembers.)

Or how is it able to disrespect a staffer (sorry, club-member) who has had her name in the pages of the Collegian longer than her editor above her?

When faced with what felt like another insurmountable set of tasks of defending my place in the opinions section (again), I stared up at the cliff and instead of slinking quietly around, falling into a river and going with the flow, I took a can of spray paint and let everyone know how I felt (*Editor’s note: the Collegian does not condone cliff graffiti).

My column is where I tell what I believe is the truth. With the respect I thought I not only deserved, but had earned through a consistent set of ideas and distinctive voice, the keys abounded with a Tweet that I thought rang pretty clearly with these ideas.

Maybe it wasn’t kind to imply my lack of membership in a different sort of club was the reason that I

was excluded from this one. Maybe it wasn’t kind, but it was honest.

But I’m not holding my breath for an apology I think that I deserve. Maybe some people do prefer to read lists about foreign street food.

There is a strange line that the Collegian must walk. Is reporting on the incident last year on Winter Street ethical? Why isn’t this situation “hurtful and misleading,” to quote an email I received last September?

This season of “Teen Wolf” involves chimeras, a mythical creature composed of the parts of multiple animals. That is what this publication is, not quite something and not quite another.

It’s a hybrid.

And that is something to keep in mind as you pick this up every Wednesday.

mimccart@willamette.edu



LANCE ROSSI

Humans of Willamette

Where on campus are you most comfortable?



Ben Bajema
First year

"As I adjust to college, I feel like the only place that I have been able to create for myself is my dorm room."



Kel Mandigo-Stoba
Junior

"The blue chair in the Bistro because it's a cozy spot with the best view, the best outlets, the best speakers and a place to just chill and write raps."



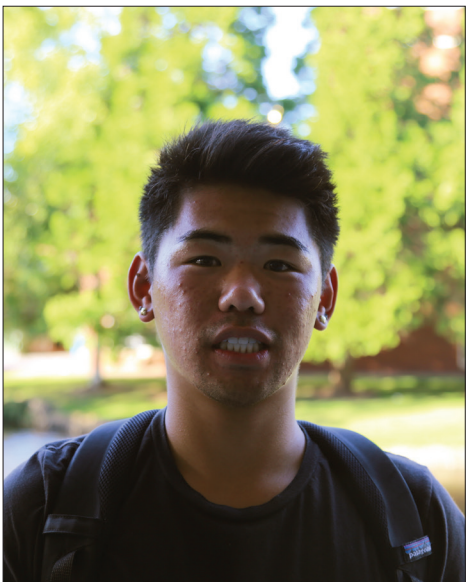
Rachel Carstensen
Junior

"The second floor of the library in between the stacks for art books because I like to feel surrounded by artists and art historians."



Mitch Diaz
Senior

"The west table in the Bistro because it is a very familiar place where I can interact with people coming in and out of the Bistro. It's the best place to become fully immersed into the community and atmosphere."



Matthew Murata
Junior

"Wherever my friends are and it's constantly shifting because the only place I feel at home is where my friends are. Freshman year it was Matt third, Sophomore year it was Lausanne second, and now it's Kaneko."



Peter Warrick
Senior

"The physics hearth because it's a common place where all the physics majors can struggle together, build off each other and talk about the weekend."

PHOTOS BY SAM KEECHLER

CAMPUS SAFETY

CONTINUED from Page 3

August 28, 10:00 p.m. (Sparks Field): A student reported their property stolen while they played rugby. The suspect stole the student's passport along with other items. A theft report was made, and the student contacted Salem Police to file an additional report.

August 31, 2:45 p.m. (Belknap Hall): A student returned to the south bicycle rack between Matthews and Belknap to discover that their bike had been stolen between. The student made a theft report, was referred to Salem Police's non-emergency number.

August 31, 4:30 p.m. (York House): A student reported that they had locked up their bike with a chain on August 23, and upon arrival on the 31st, the bike was missing. The student made a theft report, was referred to Salem Police's non-emergency.

September 1, 12:15 a.m. (Winter Street): A student returned to their car 24 hours after parking to find their stereo, and two large bags of items stolen. The student had left their window open, which was how the suspect entered the car. The student made a theft report, was referred to Salem Police's non-emergency number.

September 3, 8:26 p.m. (University Apartments Parking Lot): A student reported their car had been broken into, the stereo along with an auxiliary cable and a phone cable were stolen. Many contents of the car were emptied out onto the floor. The student made a theft report, was referred to Salem Police's non-emergency number.

UNAUTHORIZED USE OF A MOTOR VEHICLE
August 29, 12:50 a.m. (Matthews Parking Lot): A student's car was stolen out of the Matthews Parking Lot. No sign of broken glass near the car. The student was given the

Salem Police non-emergency number to file a report.

August 30, 12:50 a.m. (Matthews Parking Lot): A student discovered their car missing six hours since they last seen it. The student had the only key to the car, and there was no broken glass on the ground. A theft report was made, and the student contacted Salem Police.

VEHICLE ACCIDENT
August 31, 12:56 p.m. (Executive Building): A university van collided with another vehicle owned by an employee, scratching an employee's bumper and removing some paint.

September 1st, 11:50 a.m. (Mill Street): Upon returning to their car, a student noticed their front bumper had been damaged within the last seven hours it was parked. The student made an incident report, and was referred to the Salem Police non-emergency number to make an additional report.

*PLEASE CONTACT CAMPUS SAFETY IF YOU HAVE ANY INFORMATION REGARDING THESE INCIDENTS.