

REACTOR



January, 2006 Vol. 1 No. 8

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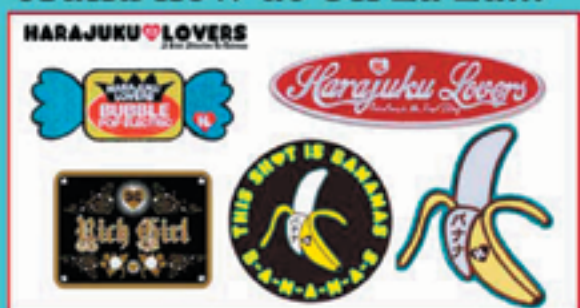
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All About The Smoking Ban 6

- * Man on the Street: What do the smokers say about it?
- * A synopsis of Initiative 901
- * Letter to the Editor

This Month in Fasion 9

Uggh...Beyond Boots

Musical Guests 12

The genius Jazz of
My Lucky Blue Suit

The Truth About Advertising 14

A special message from the Reactor
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Restaurant Review 16

T. Maccarone's brings Italian flair
to downtown Walla Walla

Classic Beauty 18

Simple steps to perfect skin

Nanowrimo 20

Writing the 30-day novel

Mu Meson saves the day 24

Rock and Roll + Environmental Conservation
= Battelle Auditorium Concert + Triple CD Release

Entertainment Calendar 25-6

*The Blue Rag: Live Music Listings
* Indy movies at Battelle: synopses & showtimes

"Spirit of 9/10" 28

Doom and gloom...or is it? What does Iran
have up its sleeve?

Hard Knock Life 31

The plight of teenage jobseekers

Nairobi Meat Fest 32

Louisa Whitfield samples African game -
straight, no chaser

The N-Word 34

Let's go nuclear!

Tokyo Shopping Spree 36

The Kamikaze grab-bag New Year



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REACTIONS TO THE SMOKING BAN from Downtown Kennewick



**Nicholas Romero &
Juan Aguilar -**

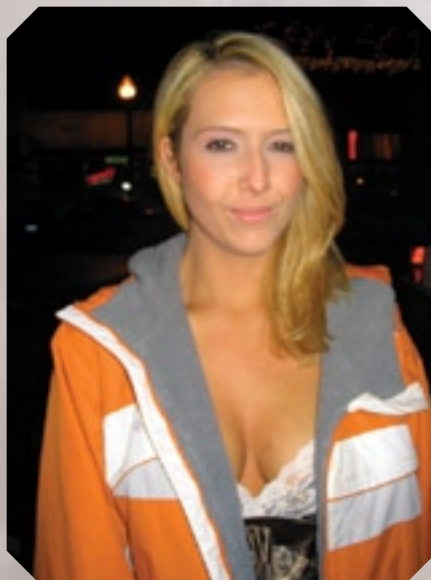
Nicolas - I think it's the people's personal choice to go to a bar if they're a non-smoker. Even with the 25-foot law, non-smokers will still be breathing the smoke.

Juan - It's a bad law. It's just one step toward banning smoking altogether, and it's going to be just like Prohibition.



Riki Penney -

Smoking and drinking go hand in hand. I want to go out to have a good time, and I want to smoke at the same time.



Tracy Cook -

I like that there's no smoking inside the bar. I think there should be outdoor areas for smokers, but I don't think it should be out in the street.

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Non-Smoking. . .or Non-Smoking? By Yael Avni

It's funny how the once commonly asked question, "Smoking or non-smoking?" has surely changed since Initiative 901 passed in Washington State on November 8, 2005. No longer will anyone be asked which section of their favorite restaurant, or any public establishment, they prefer. According to the King County Public Health Website, the initiative amends the 1985 Indoor Air Act, now requiring all public and work places to be smoke free. This means that as of December 8, 2005, any place open to the public or used by employees must be completely smoke-free. Think restaurants, casinos, private clubs, bowling alleys, etc. All of them are now squeaky clean, all the time, with no exceptions. In addition, a minimum 75% of hotel rooms offered to the public must be smoke-free. And smoking is now prohibited within 25 feet of all doorways, windows, and air intakes of the aforementioned public spaces.

Sounds like a breath of fresh air, doesn't it? Possibly. To some it may sound pretty harsh. An overwhelming majority of Washington voters think the passing of this initiative is a wonderful advancement toward better community health. And they're right. Smoke-free public places will allow workers and patrons to fulfill job responsibilities and be entertained without breathing dangerous second-hand fumes. And it has been proven: there is no amount of second-hand smoke deemed safe for people to breathe. It is directly linked to many forms of cancer, much the same as actually smoking. Yet what about those who are addicted to smoking and now have virtually nowhere to go? One might think they should simply quit. But anyone who has ever



struggled with any form of addiction knows better. It just isn't that simple or easy. And in the meantime these folks are ostracized from many social situations. A 25-foot restriction can easily send people blocks away from their workplace or hangout, especially on crowded city streets where businesses are located right next to one another, and parking lots are few and far between. And businesses whose primary clientele are smokers are likely to take a financial hit. Many people hit the bars not only to drink and socialize, but also to have a smoke. Now they'll be forced to stay home to smoke, likely detracting from overall sales of businesses who primarily cater to smokers.

Washington State now has cleaner air for everyone to breathe, and that is a victory for most of us, who have every right to avoid toxic fumes in our daily routines. I'm just wary of the potentially demonizing effect of any law that alienates a group of people. Although Initiative 901 may encourage smokers to quit, the 'encouragement' is not coming from a positive source, like improved resources to aid the quitting process. Instead smokers may feel forced to quit out of inconvenience and a newly heightened social pressure, which in turn increases negative feelings and heightens stress. Not exactly the most comfortable environment for battling an addiction. Yes, smoking is terrible for everyone's health, appearance, and overall well-being.

But it's important to pause a moment in the midst of our rejoicing and recognize those whose lives will be adversely affected by this ban. I don't know about you, but I'm having a hard time getting used to the sudden lack of mysterious haze swirling through my favorite bar as I swivel on a stool, sipping my drink. The ambience has definitely changed. So the question remains: "Smoking or non-smoking?" The public has made a final decision, but it's still something to think about.

Letters to the Editor

Hey, Reactor

I just thought your readers might like to know that all this new anti-smoking stuff should have happened a long time ago. Smokers should have got the hint when the government jacked up the rates on a pack of smokes to nearly five bucks. Did that stop them? No. And neither have all the findings that smoking kills more people than car accidents or old age. People walk out of Cigarette Store with two cartons of smokes and one hundred dollars less in their pocket. And one more thing. Smoking stinks. Tic Tacs don't work and neither does Febreze. Read between the lines, smokers, and quit.

Bob Timberlake
Pasco

Hey, Bob

Even though I smoke, I couldn't agree more. If smoking was ever cool, it's not anymore. Smokers like to justify their habit as a "social thing," and they find some kind of camaraderie with other smokers. Well, all of my smoking friends quit years ago, and I feel foolish every time I light up around them. It also feels shabby to smoke a cigarette, then walk into a room where everyone can smell the smoke on my clothes and on my breath. This new law, however, adds another stigma to that foolishness and shabbiness: shame. Shame on me for polluting my body and then smelling up the room. Back in the good old days, when smoking was cool, miscreants were forced to sit on a stool, in the corner, wearing a dunce cap; and that is exactly how I feel now when I am forced to "step out for a smoke" and keep my stink 25 feet from the door. Still, sadly but truly, the voters decided that smoking is bad both for the self and for society as a whole. The punishment might be unjust, but the real penalty smokers face is black lungs, bad breath and, like you said, a skinny wallet. You're right Bob. It's time to quit.



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This Month in Fashion

By Yael Avni

With sub-zero temperatures persisting and sheets of ice still lining the streets, it can be a challenge to stay warm and fashionable at the same time. And with 2006 upon us, we all have that self-indulgent resolution to be more fashionable this year. (Hey it's alright to indulge a little now and then.) Here's a peek at what's hot for this first month in 2006:

Let those snowflakes fall, 'cause boots of all kinds are the fashionable footwear of the moment and they're here to keep your feet warm - and fabulous. We all know those furry Ugg boots have been trendy for ages, but now the style has expanded to include many varieties that appeal to many tastes. With differing heel heights, as well as calf, knee, and thigh-high versions all coming into vogue, there's a pair for even the pickiest shopper.



Suede "Ali" by Lulu Guinness - \$450

The coolest new addition to the boot trend is lacing, which has its roots in the Victorian Era, but has gone modern with amazing details and uncommon textures. The boots can lace up the front or back, or even the sides, and the laces can vary from super skinny to thick and ribbon-like.

There are lots of colors to choose from, too. The typical black and brown are still popular, but varying shades of tan, gold, and red are quickly appearing in storefront windows. And for the truly daring, there are even pink, white, or blue versions. The taller ones look great over skinny jeans worn with a blousy, tunic-length top. Shorter boots can be worn with jeans that don't quite skim the floor, showing off the heel. Most pairs look fashion-forward with cropped trousers or tights and a knee-length skirt. For an elegant twist that will work for office or evening, try pairing knee-high boots with an ankle-length straight skirt, preferably with slits up the sides. The boots will peek through as you walk, adding a bit of glamour.



Suede "Corset," Andrew Stevens Collection - \$590

Locally, many stores offer warm and fashionable footwear, including the new Sexy Trends boutique located on Clearwater Ave in Kennewick. Macy's also has some decent options at reasonable prices. Looking for something more exotic? Check out the online shopping scene for non-local duds. My favorites include the richly red and pebble-textured leather boot by Colin Stuart, \$128, available at victoriassecret.com. I also adore the purple suede, comfortable heel, and metallic trim of the "Ali," by Lulu Guinness and Stacy Gemma, \$450, available at 732-741-8686. So ladies, no more frostbitten toes - get out there and strut your stuff in those swanky boots! Happy New Year!



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My Lucky Blue Suit

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n . a form of
highly rhythmic,
syncopated and
improvised music
originated in New
Orleans during the
late 19th century.
It has since
developed various
styles.



My Lucky Blue Suit is (left to right) Rick Eaton, Jeff Nelson and Dan Myers

The most recent development of Jazz music is a group called My Lucky Blue Suit. The trio is the official house band at Wintergrass Gallery in downtown Kennewick. Every Thursday night from 7 until 10, Rick Eaton, Dan Myers and Jeff Nelson set up and perform their blend of jazz and blues in a style that can only be labeled “Freeform Jazz.”

Piano player Rick Eaton usually leads the band. With split voices on his electric keyboard, he lays down funky, walking bass lines with his left hand. With his right, he plays sturdy, bluesy chords and agile melodies. His tone is intelligent and sarcastic, just like his personality. In real life, Rick is a high-end software developer, but his creativity easily spans the gap between the grid of technology and the swirling notes of abstraction. Often performing shoeless, one foot pumps the sustain pedal while the other taps and swivels around in rhythmic convulsion. Between songs, Rick might look up and crack a joke to the audience, but while he plays he retreats into total concentration and he rarely looks up.

Dan Myers, on the other hand, is keen on eye contact. Appearing somewhere between Pan and the Pied Piper, he holds his solid silver flute aloft with pride. In conversation, Dan does not hide his fervor – or better yet, awe – of being alive, its ups and downs. A master of counterpoint, he finds a path between, or floats above, Rick’s scrambling arpeggios. Dan alternates between conventional C-flutes, Native American flutes, or an ancient Japanese Shakahachi, which is more a meditative than musical instrument. One moment his flute will sigh like heartache, and the next it taunt the crowd with inimitable cheer.

On a custom-built drum kit, Jeff Nelson keeps his eye on Rick, reacting, interacting and anticipating the quirky piano player. He’s not flashy or loud, rather, steady and diligent. Most of all, he’s open for anything. Rick might switch from 3:4 time to 5:7 and Jeff will be right there. Here and there he’ll shake things, switching the backbeat to the downbeat, and drives the music in a new direction. For the most part he goes along with Rick’s tempo, but every so often they’ll engage in a subtle tug of war for the tempo.

The final member of the band is not a musician, or even a person. It is the art gallery itself. Wintergrass Gallery, owned by Michael Rastovich, is a wide open loft-style room decked out with modern creations: paintings, sculptures, jewelry, etc. On the second floor of the Old Roxy Theatre, with high ceilings and hardwood flooring, the gallery windows overlook Kennewick Avenue. In the warmer months, Rastovich opens the windows and lets the music spill out onto the street. Only the gallery, says the band, can properly house their sound, and that’s the only place you can go to catch their act. *by Aaron Pogue*

The Interview

Reactor (R): “My Lucky Blue Suit...” Where did you come up with that?

Rick: Its the punch line to an awful joke.

Dan: It turned out to be a pretty good name.

Rick: Unless they know the joke.

R: So you only play here at Wintergrass?

Rick: Yeah.

Rastovich: No that’s not true. They played at Summer in the Park.

Rick: But really what it is, is us three here. We’re the House Band.

R: So you improvise all the time, do you have anything that you arrange and rehearse?

Dan: Not yet. It’s whatever shows up in the moment, you know, spontaneity is the key.

Jeff: Actually, the only arranging is that we show up at some set time. Usually we start within a couple minutes of that. That’s our best arrangement.

Rick: We really only play every Thursday night.

R: Any interest from record labels?

Rick: Screw ‘em. I don’t think this is something that should be recorded.

Rastovich: I disagree. And a lot of our guests disagree.

Dan: Yeah, I think we are definitely going to make a quality CD, really. So far Jeff is the one who is actually taking the initiative to bring recording equipment. You know, out of 3 hours playing there's the occasional minute or so that is good.

Rastovich: But we'll edit that out.

Rick: But the whole point of it is to have a live audience and actually interact with them and bring them along on the journey with you, and when it's over, it's over. It's fleeting.

R: How about the gallery? You must consider this venue as almost a member of the band?

Rick: You bet. Absolutely.

Jeff: This is a remarkable place to play. The acoustics in here are just absolutely phenomenal. Between the walls and the woodwork, the floors and the open space, it's really a great place to play. I don't know that it would play the same way in other spots.

Rick: We're very used to the way it sounds in here. It's an instrument just as much as anything else, the environment you play in.

R: Okay, Dan. How do you deal with Rick, who likes to change things up suddenly?

Dan: It's a tremendous learning process for me because I've done music completely by myself my whole life, and it's an ongoing learning experience for me to let go and listen. That's the hardest part for me, is to be quiet, and catch the energy.

R: Jeff, are there any jazz drummers that you're really enamored by?

My influence really has been Classical training, but I hope I get over it. That's the truth. It's really a matter of letting go of that. *Dan Myers*

going. Actually trying to anticipate from what's happening what the next rhythm pattern will be.

Jeff: There's sort of a strange psychic energy that happens. When everybody is directly in the now, and everything else is gone, our music comes out. And when we're not there, when we're not absolutely into that spot of what's happening, then we suck.

R: What prevents that from happening, and what allows that to happen?

Jeff: What prevents that from happening is ego, or some sort of pre-molded notion of where things are going to go. If someone comes in and says this is how I'm going to play this song before they start it, it could be a real train wreck. There could be a conflict.

Dan: But we also don't mind train wrecks.

Rastovich: Part of it, if I may interject, because you guys are free-forming, part of it is groping, you just kind of feel your way around.

Rick: And then you find it and you take off. Try to follow every thought, and don't be afraid to take a wrong turn.

R: Rick, who do you admire?

Rick: Everybody and nobody. I listened to ABBA, John Coltrane and the Beatles today. I mean everything. Country Western music – I listen to that every day. I really do listen to everything. And so I'm unaware of my limitations, although I have lots of them. I don't know what I can't do.



In mid-song, flute in hand, Dan Myers seizes the vacant keyboard as Rick Eaton picks up his Rickenbacker bass. Versatility is the key to the improvised style. Dan is also known for picking up a rain stick or beating on congas.

Science is a way of understanding the music after the fact.

-- Michael Rastovich (on behalf of My Lucky Blue Suit)

Jeff: Louie Bellson, Gene Krupa, Buddy Rich. I really like Buddy Rich. He was big, but you know, the band was all about him. In our group, that is the diametrical opposite to what I can be. I have just one aspect of the whole music sound. I don't have to think about melody or harmony. All I have to be is the enforcer to Rick's left hand because the bass is really what drives the music.

R: Do you feel like you're keeping time or catching up?

Jeff: I try to keep up and bring out rhythm patterns that I hear as they are

R: Jeff, you're a rocket scientist. How do mathematics influence your music?

Jeff: Well there's definitely symmetry and structure to music. Without some basis of structure, music won't be pleasing to the ear.

Rastovich: Science is a way of understanding the music after the fact.

Rick: Pretend one of us said that.



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Walla Walla's Little Italy:

By Yael Avni

T. Maccarone's Ristorante

Amid the clamor and chaos of the holiday season, a new Italian restaurant has opened its doors in Walla Walla, Washington, providing a long-awaited space for intimate dining and leisurely conversation. Before opening the restaurant, owner Tom Maccarone envisioned a place where people could come to enjoy a savory, fresh and unique lunch or dinner at a relaxed pace, in a setting as comfortable as home. Walla Walla had yet to offer such a restaurant.

The first time I had the pleasure of meeting Tom some months ago, the restaurant had yet to be fully realized. Tom sat at a makeshift table covered in blueprints, surrounded by unfinished paint and scattered furniture. He shared his story of being a Walla Walla native who spent time living and working in Seattle, but eventually found his way back home in pursuit of a new career: one that reflects his desire to slow down the American rushed sense of time, and to celebrate friendship, conversation, and great food.

With walls painted rich olive green, rustic orange and soft yellow, as well as floor-to-ceiling windows and candle-lit tables, Tom has surely brought his vision to life. Adding to the authentic Tuscan atmosphere are furniture and lamps brought in from Tom's home, as well as large paintings by Walla Walla artist Squire Broel. The tables are generously spaced apart to give guests room to unwind, and the chairs are cushioned and comfortable. The serving staff is polite, warm, and swift.

Since opening the restaurant in late November, Tom gets plenty of positive feedback from the community. "The best thing I've heard people say is, 'You came at the right time.'" Apparently, it's tough to find a weekend lunch in downtown Walla Walla, especially on Sundays. T. Maccarone's is open for lunch and dinner, Wednesday through Sunday. The lunch menu includes seven sandwich choices include a Grilled Portabella (\$9) as well as a homemade Meatball Sandwich (\$9). The sandwiches are all served on toasted ciabatta bread and piled high with fresh ingredients.

T. Maccarone's dinner menu offers six main courses. The Penne Arrabiatta (\$14) is a good selection with or without the sausage, and consists of perfectly cooked al dente penne smothered in a tomato-basil sauce seasoned with red pepper. A touch of cream rounds out the sauce, giving it a satisfying richness. The Bistecca Al Funghetto Tartufato (\$24) consists of prosciutto wrapped beef tenderloin, sauteed greens, pancetta and reggiano polenta. The half-inch thick slices of beef are juicy and tender with the edges crisped to perfection. The polenta is a tasty addition to the meal, adding depth and varying flavors. All sauces, chicken and veal stock are made fresh from scratch, and in the kitchen, Tom's mother makes what are quickly earning a reputation as the best meatballs in town. None of the entrées are vegetarian, though the kitchen is very willing to create something special upon request.

The portions alone are somewhat small, but perfectly complement the European sentiment of lengthy, reclined dining, where the tidy courses are many in number and spaced over time. All the customary beverages are available, as well as Pellegrino, bottled beer and wine. A glass of Bergevin Lane Vineyards 2003 'Intuition' complements any of the offered entrees with its dry, smooth finish.

Every meal begins with warm olive bread accompanied by a perfectly whipped herb-butter, flavored with fresh rosemary. Several salad choices introduce guests to the restaurant's flair for artistic presentation. The Insalata di Napoli (\$8) elegantly combines artichoke hearts, carrots, grape tomatoes, kalamata olives, cucumbers and gorgonzola with a fruity balsamic vinaigrette. The ingredients are tossed with dressing and delicately arranged on the plate. For the less adventuresome palate, there is also a Caesar Insalata (\$7), consisting of classic romaine, croutons, Parmesan, and house dressing.



Looking over the main dining floor from the raised wine bar: T. Maccarone's custom furniture, Tuscan-themed paint, original artwork and ambient lighting



left: a flaming beef tenderloin, soon to become the Bistecca Al Funghetto Tartufato. right: T. Maccarone owner Tom Maccarone serving dinner.

According to local restaurant-goers who are often frustrated by Walla Walla's lack of places to have a leisurely lunch or dinner, T. Maccarone's has arrived at just the right time. A quick glance around the restaurant confirms this notion. The place is packed and bustling with conversation. Tom whisks food to various tables alongside his servers and hosts, all dressed in elegant black. In Tom's own words, "I want people to come here and have an experience. . . to stop and enjoy a moment in life." The T. Maccarone's experience is one to savor.

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Classic Beauty

By Jennifer Irlam

RESOLUTION: EXFOLIATION!

Did you know that cosmetics companies report their biggest skincare sales in January? They also take this opportunity to launch new skincare products. Think about it: after the gluttonous holidays, consumers are seeking redemption, and the most efficient way to a quick appearance fix comes effortlessly from a bottle.

If you've noticed that your skin has become drier and generally craggier since you've turned on the furnace, then congratulations! Its winter; and frigid temperatures mixed with dehydration have zapped the moisture from your skin. Admit it— when its 30-degrees, are you religiously drinking eight ounces of water a day, or are you succumbing to your coffee and red wine addiction? I know I'm opting for a latte over hydrating water; therefore, my skin is mad at me.

Before you get sucked in to buying the latest scientifically proven anti-aging moisturizer, try a little tenderness. Yeah, I'm quoting Otis Redding, and that's a cheap shot. But anyone who knows me will tell you that a girl who spends as much on beauty products as I do deserves a cheap shot once in awhile. So take heart, honeys: I'm going to share the easiest, cheapest, and most effective exfoliation techniques I know of with you.



You may be asking: who is this writer and what qualifies her to give beauty advice to me? In a nutshell: I'm a former freelance makeup artist who also worked for Lancôme and Clinique; I sold men's fragrances; I mastered the duplicative techniques of period looks at the age of 14; I was once married to a hairstylist; and the collection of products in my bathroom rivals those of a drag queen. Satisfied?

Moving on— to kick the pallor on your face, try mixing Cetaphil® cleanser with baking soda or sea salt, depending on how determined you are to slough your dead skin cells. I'm not a fan of Cetaphil® for removing makeup – in my opinion, it doesn't do the job, but since 9 out of 10 dermatologists prescribe this product to their sensitive-skinned patients, you may have a bottle lying around. Use it up following the recipe above for smoother skin.

For the body, mix sea salt or granulated sugar with a natural oil, such as almond, grape seed, or even olive oil. Apply this concoction in a vigorous manner— paying attention to knees and elbows— then shower using a body cleanser. Your skin will be perfectly prepped for shaving, then promise me that you'll use a rich moisturizer all over afterwards. Hey slick! Don't you feel thinner? (This recipe can be scented with aroma-therapeutic oils or modified with Dr. Bronner's® soap in place of oil.)

Please keep in mind that these suggestions are designed to make you feel and look better according to your standard of beauty— not those prescribed by magazines or reality shows on the E! Network. Let your confidence shine through and be your beautiful self. Just know that a little scrubbin' never hurt anybody.

A large advertisement for Crofts Floral Design. The background is a close-up of several pink daisies with yellow centers. The text is centered over the flowers.

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Nanowrimo – for by Kerry Schafer the cure 'one day' thinking

It seems the majority of people in this world are afflicted with the 'one day' disease, a thought disturbance that runs like this: One day, I'll learn to paint; one day, I'll quit my day job and do what I love; one day, I'm going to write a book. Injecting creativity into your daily life may seem impossible, but last November a group of Tri-Citians found a

way to do just that. The method? Nanowrimo, otherwise known as National Novel Writing Month, a yearly event with the goal of encouraging creativity and curing 'one day' writers

Every year, during the month of November, thousands of writers and would-be writers from around the world dust off their keyboards and prepare to write a novel in a month. The rules are few: the work must be fiction, it must reach a minimum of 50,000 words, and writers must create an all new work, not finish up that novel they've had half done for the last five years. Any participant completing the word count before the clock strikes twelve on November 30th is a winner.

The reasons for participating in this self-inflicted torture are as unique as the people involved in the contest. Chris Baty, the pleasantly deranged originator of the event, extolls what he calls 'exuberant imperfection.' A ridiculous deadline has a way of effectively shutting down that critical voice in your head that comments on every word you write, which allows you to enjoy the process of caffeine inspired creation. To quote from the Nanowrimo website:

"Art for art's sake does wonderful things to you. It makes you laugh. It makes you cry. It makes you want to take naps and go places wearing funny pants. Doing something just for the hell of it is a wonderful antidote to all the chores and "must-dos" of daily life. Writing a novel in a month is both exhilarating and stupid, and we would all do well to invite a little more spontaneous stupidity into our lives." (www.nanowrimo.org)

Creativity is contagious. Nanowrimo originated in Oakland, CA in 1999, with 21 participants and six winners. By 2004 it had expanded to 42,000 participants from around the world with nearly 6000 winners. The website hosts forums and message boards where writers of all possible genres can hang out and commiserate, encourage each other, or play competitive games like "how many words can you write in 15 minutes?" Many communities orchestrate physical get togethers of participants, who can come together to talk, brainstorm, and when it is all over, celebrate.

The Tri-Cities area boasted a thriving Nanowrimo support group this year. Although we suspect there were silent participants

who did not appear on the forums or at the groups, there were 12 known participants, nine of which were proclaimed triumphant winners. Those who did not finish were victims of unforeseen and uncontrollable circumstances such as computer crashes, illness, homework and small children who refused to fix their own bottles and put themselves to bed.

Now, you might suspect that writers who completed the Herculean task were independently wealthy, single adults with writing genius with no distractions or other time commitments on their hands, but nothing could be farther from the truth. Laurel Adams, for example, a 51 year old barrista, was involved in the Richland Light Opera production of *Pirates of Penzance* during November. Unable to give daily time to her writing, she eventually wrote 10,000 words in one day and completed her novel in a blaze of glory at the end of November 30 with minutes to spare.

Nanowrimo veteran and this years Tri-Cities Municipal Liason Jen Kenoyer reported that being in charge of communications and events for our active group added to the excitement but also increased the pressure. "I couldn't be in charge – and fail," she said. No fear of failure for our bold leader, however, her 2005 novel, *The Life and Times of Fell the Younger, the Nefarious Descendant of Ne'er-do-wells*, is the fourth in a series of Nanowrimo successes.

Mary Williams, 52, first time Nanowrimo participant, was initially fearful of failure. And then her characters suddenly got extremely

Right: Lee Ann Snyder struggles to complete her novel before the deadline. Below: Nanowriters convene to offer support to one another



busy and by the time she caught up with them she had completed her novel – 9 days early! She reports that her reaction to completing so early was anger at having missed out on the race to the final countdown. She then moped for awhile, feeling lost and lonely without the daily obsessive noveling. However, she appears to be recovering whatever sense of normalcy she previously possessed, and is very proud of having avoided writing the dreaded words "it was a dark and stormy night" anywhere in her novel.

Mary's early completion was followed in rapid succession by Jen

and Joe, aka Ugluk, our youngest competitor. At 17, Joe boasts several completed novels under his belt, and appeared to manage this challenge effortlessly, while also coping with the demands of his Running Start classes. About the same time, Lauren Perrault, a 25 year old technical editor and first time Nanowrimo participant, ran into an unusual dilemma. Her story was complete, but 10,000 words short of the goal. Scrutiny of the story revealed a missing segment which allowed her to hammer out the necessary words and come to a satisfying, and winning, conclusion. The most dramatic finish was that of Lee Ann Snyder, 34, a stay-at-home mom whose two young children chose to give up naps in November, making this year's completion much more challenging than last year's. By mid-month, Lee Ann was far behind and not at all sure that she would finish. Inspired by a weekly group meeting, she went home and brought her wordcount up to 20,000 words, which was when Jim Bumgarner, a 59-year-old Cellular Biology instructor at CBC, wrote words on the Nanowrimo forum that changed everything. "I had no hope for you a few days ago," he wrote. Though he went on to say that he now believed she could do it, Lee Ann remembers only being spurred into action by the words 'no hope.' Driven by her fiercely competitive spirit, she knocked off 44,000 words during the last week of Nanowrimo. (If there are any concerned members of child protective services reading this, I can assure you that her children were not drugged or restrained in any way, but were well taken care of by their father during this time.)

Jim Bumgarner, who had been moving along at a respectable and steady pace, ended up racing Lee Ann to the finish line, completing just behind her and adding a third novel to his list of Nanowrimo successes. To give Jim credit, the plot he chose this year required research, something that many Nanowrimo writers avoid, as even

the research required to properly spell a recalcitrant word takes time away from the daily word count. Lorri Hill, a Reiki and Body Talk practitioner from Kennewick, completed her novel in her usual quiet way, with a minimum of fuss and time to spare. She reported enjoying the experience, particularly the teamwork with her daughter who contributed quirky plot and character ideas.

Every writer who participated, whether they completed or not, engaged in a courageous act of creativity. For anybody out there who is contemplating New Years resolutions, my challenge to you is to find your own way of recovering from the 'one day' syndrome. Do something fun, take on a creative challenge – hey, maybe we'll even see you next year in November!

Kerry Schafer, M. Ed., is a mind-body counselor and proud completer of her first Nanowrimo novel, 'Running with Scissors'. She can be reached at counseling4life@msn.com



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Mu Meson raises the bar

Rock band teams up with Tapteal Greenway to save the world

Local rockers Mu Meson packed the house on Saturday, December 17 – but not in the typical sense. Rather than playing to a barroom crowd or a standing-room-only venue, Mu took the stage at the 300-seat Battelle Auditorium.

The show was special in several ways.

First, all proceeds from ticket sales (\$7 per person) went to the Tapteal Greenway Association, an environmental preservation project committed to preserving the Yakima River corridor spanning from Kiona Bend to Bateman Island. Tapteal Greenway, a volunteer organization founded in 1995, protects native habitats and species along the Yakima through clean-ups, trail building and habitat restoration. Learn more about Tapteal Greenway at www.tapteal.org.

Before the show, guests milled about the auditorium lobby, where local artists had their paintings on display. The newly formed Tri-City Music Archive, along with Tapteal Greenway, had information booths set up. Coffee and cookies were available on a donation basis. To add a final touch of class, players from the CBC String Orchestra performed soothing quartets – an ironic precursor to the Rock n' Roll show that everybody was waiting for.

Inside the “concert hall,” the stage was set. The piano, guitars, microphones and drum kit were carefully arranged, casting their silhouettes against an icy blue backdrop. Even the band’s signature hodgepodge of keyboards, processors and audio gizmos were neatly situated at 90-degree angles, achieving a kind of symmetry. The audience took their seats in the amphitheatre-style rows of padded chairs, and settled into this unlikely rock show environment.

Following a recent tradition, Mu Meson singer Kris Welsch opened the show with his sardonic ballad, “The One You Love.” He reacted to the untraditional setting with a touch of propriety, something like John Lennon easing into the Beatles’ Royal Command Variety Performance in 1963. Soon, the rest of the band came out: Aaron Cramer on drums, Joel Watrous on bass, and Brian Shaw on guitar and workstation. Kris addressed the audience, “This next one is a bit of a rocker...so look out!”



Clockwise from top: singer Kris Welsch; bassist Joel Watrous; guitarist Brian Shaw, drummer Aaron Cramer

Again, it is no easy transition from barroom to open-aired auditorium. Here, there is no chatter or shouting and scraping of barstools on the floor. Here, every sound is obvious. Any imperfections are suddenly amplified. Nonetheless, Mu Meson proved themselves as a gelling and seasoned group. The auditorium acoustics worked well for the band, exhuming the subtleties so often lost in dingy, crowded bars. Brian’s sound effects came out with Radiohead-esque clarity and every thump and hum of Joel’s bass were clear. Kris delivered his lyrics for all to hear and understand, and his rhythm guitar held its own amid Mu’s notoriously large sound. Aaron Cramer seemed to work the hardest, nimbly adapting his hard-hitting style at times to suit the new sound scope of the auditorium.

To add first-class flair to the spectacle, Mu Meson included several musical guests, doubling their ensemble during certain songs. Andy Evans of local band Mancala sat in on piano and keyboard. Solo artist Aaron Schroeder joined in on acoustic guitar. Blaise and Tara Sciurba of The Seaworthies loaned their vocal harmonies to several songs, including “Trudy Ripley” and “Jeremiah.”

Finally, this extraordinary concert served as a triple CD release, a culmination of the past four years of Mu Meson music.

For more information about Mu Meson and others involved in the landmark rock show, visit the following websites.

www.mu-meson.net

www.tapteal.org

www.mancalamusic.com

www.tricitymusic.net

www.theseaworthies.com

Collage photos provided by freelance photographer for hire Matt Westergren (www.1human.net/projects/mumeson/)

Did you know? Reactor’s feature
interview with Mu Meson is available online?

Visit ReactorMag.com for interviews, photos
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Mu Meson	Car Scars	Duncan Pryce
Jami Cooper	Mo Syllablez	Crystal Skulls

January 6

Moolaade

Language: Bambara, French
Senegal, 2004, color, 124 min.
Not rated
Directed by Ousmane Sembene

"In an African village this is the day when six 4-9-year-old girls are to be circumcised. All children know that the operation is horrible torture and sometimes lethal, and all adults know that some circumcised women can only give birth by Caesarean section. Two of the girls have drowned themselves in the well to escape the operation. The four other girls seek "magical protection" (moolaadé) by a woman (Colle) who seven years before refused to have her daughter circumcised. Moolaadé is indicated by a coloured rope. But no one would dare step over and fetch the children. Moolaadé can only be revoked by Colle herself. Her husband's relatives persuade him to whip her in public into revoking. Opposite groups of women shout to her to revoke or to be steadfast, but no woman interferes. When Colle is at the verge of fainting, the merchant takes action and stops the maltreatment. Therefore he is hunted out of the village and, when out of sight, murdered."

(Summary by Max Scharnberg, courtesy of Internet Movie Database - <http://imdb.com/title/tt0416991/plotsummary>)

Battelle Film Club

Presents...

January 20

Nine Queens

Language: Spanish
Argentina, 2000, Color, 114 min.
Rated R
Directed by Fabian Bielinsky

"Early one morning, Marcos observes Juan successfully pulling off a bill-changing scam on a cashier, and then getting caught as he attempts to pull the same trick on the next shift. Marcos steps in, claiming to be a policeman, and drags Juan out of the store. Once they are back on the street, Marcos reveals himself to be a fellow swindler with a game of much higher stakes in mind, and he invites Juan to be his partner in crime. A once-in-a-lifetime scheme seemingly falls into their laps - an old-time con man enlists them to sell a forged set of extremely valuable rare stamps, The Nine Queens. The tricky negotiations that ensue bring into the picture a cast of suspicious characters, including Marcos' sister Valeria, their younger brother Federico and a slew of thieves, conmen and pickpockets. As the deceptions mount, it becomes more and more difficult to figure out who is conning whom."

(Summary by Farsante, courtesy of Internet Movie Database - <http://imdb.com/title/tt0247586/plotsummary>)

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8 Jami Cooper (Blues) Bookwalter Winery, 2-5	9 Duncan Pryce Atomic Ale, 7-9	10 Duncan Pryce Coffee Guy Café, 4-6 Tom Gnoza (open mic) Uptown, 8-11	11 Sidewalk Stompers (Dixieland) Katya's Bistro, 6-9	12 Jam Nite with Dunan Pryce Dax's, 8-12 My Lucky Blue Suit (Jazz) Wintergrass Gallery, 7-10	Do Bo Pri Gu Co Ch
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Sat, 1/21: **Dirby**

Fri, 1/27: **The Royalty; Shim; Bobby Gale**
Sat, 1/28: **800 Octane; Removal; The Freak Accident**

friday
saturday

6	Downsize; Next Rotation (Metal) Dax's, 9-1:30 Duncan Pryce (Rock) Ty's, 9-1 Live Music Bookwalter Winery, 6-10	7
13	Mud Blower; Kalptocracy (Metal) Dax's, 10-1:30 IV Kimo's, 9-1 Live Music Bookwalter Winery, 6-10	14
20	Casey Metz Dax's, 9 Vaughn Jensen Trio (Blues, Funk, Ska) Kimo's, 9-1 Live Music Bookwalter Winery, 6-10	21
27	Cheap Thrillz (Classic Rock) Kimo's, 9-1 Rachel Bade-McMurphy Band Bookwalter Winery, 6-10 The Dead One (Rock) Dax's, 9-1	28

- January, 2006
s Courtesy of Duncan Pryce

CLUB LISTINGS

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Coffee Guy Café - 1257 Guyer Ave, 308.1930
Wintergrass Gallery, 101 W. Kennewick Ave, 586.4855
Atomic Ale, 1015 Lee Blvd, 946.5465
Katya's Bistro, 430 G.W. Way, 946-7777
Louie's Lounge, 1101 Col. Ctr. Blvd, 783.0611
Ray's Golden Lion, 1353 G.W. Way, 946.0606
321 Artspace, 321 W. Kennewick Ave
Bookwalter Winery, 894 Tulip Lane, 627.5000
Kimo's - 2696 Col. Ctr. Blvd, 783.5747
Ty's - 3880 Van Giesen, 967.3896
Uptown - 1373 G.W. Way, 946.5330
Battelle Auditorium, Battelle Blvd./G.W. Way, 943.ARTS
Folklife Coffee House, 1322 Kimball, 528.2215

MUSICAL BIOS

The Next Rotation is a newly-formed aggressive 5-piece Metal band led by Brian Hodgeson. On bass is Zack Nichols, Frankie 4-Fingers and Jason Voth on guitar, and the ever-kicking Brian Paxton on drums. Find them on myspace under The Next Rotation.

Vaughn Jensen Trio is newly-reformed with Colin Farnsworth on bass and Sean on drums. Lighting up the club scene, fans from all over are flocking to see a master play ans guitar and sing with gutsy heartfelt vocals. Dynamite fresh young talent in hungry musicians with more than just the Blues - they've added Funk and Reggae with a little Ska thrown in. They rock the house, laying down cool grooves and hot licks, making the music alive with excitement.

Pringle & Plymale - For the past two years, this duo guitar act have performed Jazz standards and a variety of Blues and Pop instrumentals. Bob Pringle used to play with Jerry Garcia in San Francisco, and has toured with members of the Steve Miller band. Kurt Gustafson sometimes joins in on bass. To learn more about the duo, trio and their gigs, contact Andy Plymale: andyplymale@charter.net

Duncan Pryce is an accomplished singer/songwriter and virtuoso guitarist. Over the past 20 years, Duncan has toured the country for three years with several bands, and has released 10 original CD's. He plays a variety of styles, from Rock, Funk, Blues and Top 40. He has led local bands like Big Daddy & the Nightcrawlers, Black Cat Bone, Pryce, Cary & Company, and Rokbox

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September 10th Spirit Is Alive and Thriving

Charles Eccleston, PhD

Early on the morning of September 11th, 2001, I woke up to finish editing a chapter in *Megacrises – A Survivor's Guide to the Future*. I was finishing chapter 10, describing the coming crises with radical Islam. As usual, I switched on the news to catch the morning highlights. To my horror, I saw a skyscraper burning. It was the World Trade Center. The first three chapters of *Megacrises* deal with the coming crises of radical Islam, terrorism, and proliferation of Weapons of Mass Destruction (WMD). These draft chapters were unfolding before my very eyes.

Today, anti-Infidelism, genocidal anti-Semitism, Anti-Westernism and anti-Americanism are running rampant throughout much of the Middle East. As described in *Megacrises*, a cocktail of Radical Islam, terrorism, and WMD is congealing to produce the perfect storm.

Iranian President Mahmoud Ahmadinejad has made frightening proclamations. He claims that the Holocaust was a "myth," that Israel should be "wiped off the map," and that Israel should move to Europe or Alaska. There have even been statements that, in a nuclear showdown between Israel and Arab states, the loss of tens of millions of Muslims would be justified if it resulted in the annihilation of Israel. Russia and China are fueling this culture as they continue forging military and economic inroads throughout the Middle East. Both countries stand to profit handsomely from helping Iran achieve its nuclear ambitions.

Meanwhile, Iran is moving at warp speed to finish its atomic uranium enrichment program. North Korea recently sold Iran components for building 18 extended-range Shihab-class missiles capable of reaching Europe. Russia has agreed to sell anti-aircraft missiles to Iran. China recently signed a momentous \$65 billion oil deal with Iran, leaving

no incentive for any Chinese action against Iran that might jeopardize this deal. Economic ties between Russia and China and radical Middle Eastern regimes have greatly complicated U.S. efforts to diplomatically isolate Iran and force it to relinquish its ambitious nuclear dream.

Because of Russia and China, negotiations to stop the fanatical Ahmadinejad from achieving his nuclear program have failed. Worst of all, world leaders seem unwilling to do anything to stop Iran. From Iran's perspective, sanctions and the limited economic harm they might bring is a small price to pay for the ultimate and coveted prize – nuclear armed missiles.

Consider this situation from Israel's perspective: There is a genocidal lunatic on the verge of acquiring nuclear weapons. We all know where Iran's missiles will be aimed. Anyone knows that if these missiles are fired, it would mean the end of Israel.

Israel can take decisive action now while there is still a window of opportunity and suffer the political fallout; or it can do nothing and wait for the inevitable – a lunatic government who is willing to sacrifice millions of their own people to achieve the goal of annihilating the Jewish state. The leaders of Israel are hard-nosed realists who can read the tea leaves. In the end there is only one real option: military action. This is why I have no doubt that big trouble is brewing very soon. In the end, Israel will have little to lose in attacking, as appeasement will eventually lead to its destruction.

But Iran has planned carefully for an attack. They have buried many of their facilities deep underground. To confound an attacker, these facilities have been scattered around the country, including highly populated residential areas. A successful and limited military response will be extremely difficult.

Megacrises makes many forecasts about coming global challenges, a number of which have already successfully come to pass. Now I personally want to add six new forecasts to the list:

1. Before April of this year, the odds of a horrendous military strike are moderately high. Within the next 6 months, the odds are very high. By this time next year, it's a virtual guarantee.
2. The strike will involve either Israel or the US but probably not both. I believe it will be Israel since the US will opt to sit on the sidelines and let Israel clean our dirty laundry for us.
3. Not only do I predict a major air strike, but I believe it may well necessitate a full-scale military invasion of Iran. One cannot discount the risk of this military action evolving into a fifth full-scale Middle East war.
4. The attacker (Israel or US) will be condemned viciously by Russia, China, and the Third World, not to mention the UN.
5. Civilian casualties will be heavy. Although I believe this possibility is remote, we cannot discount the possibility that nuclear weapons might be necessary in the attack.
6. Many of the same countries that will viciously condemn this attack will quietly be relieved that they must no longer face a lunatic neighbor.

Time will soon demonstrate the accuracy of this prediction. Coming on the heels of Christmas, this is far from a rosy scenario. But remember, if harsh action had been taken in the 1930s, the rise of Adolf Hitler and a second world war would likely have been averted. The difference is that today's 'Hitler' speaks Arabic rather than German.

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DJ and Karaoke Killed the Live Music Scene

By Duncan Pryce

The popularity of DJs and karaoke is driving down musicians' salaries and cutting off outlets for shows by undercutting the prices of live bands. DJs and karaoke both grew popular around the same time and made house bands a thing of the past. Even weekend gigs have become nearly obsolete. DJs can charge more than the individual musician because it only takes one person to make music instead of a band with up to five members, each making \$100 per night. A single emcee with a system can charge only \$150-175 per night, making more than a real musician and saving the club several hundred dollars a night! So we are left with an abundance of locally talented musicians with years of experience now reverting back to a pay scale that was used in the 1960's.



On a brighter note, the current trend (thank goodness) is starting to go back to the live show. Now, actual music virtuosos are finally getting back into lounges and clubs that previously sold out to the DJ and karaoke trend. For now, the prices are still archaic, but if musicians keep bringing

decreases the opportunities for live performances and perpetuates exactly what keeps us from getting work. Do the right thing and only spend money at live band events. Thanks for letting me bend your ears, I've been a live musician since 1969!

in bigger crowds, the pay scale will eventually rise. But the only way it will work and continue to work is if enough people turn out to support local entertainment.

So many thanks to the club owners that are going back to the good stuff. Our area is full of creative musicians and songs that can't be heard anywhere else in the world. There isn't anything as exhilarating as watching and hearing the real thing, in the moment. How many times can you say, "I was there when it began?" Too many great times go by unwitnessed. So if you've got the urge to hear some tunes, go see a live show.

Also, if you are a musician, please don't support 'canned' music or karaoke shows. Every time you do, it

Reactor Thanks Contributing Writers

On December 14, 2005, Reactor hosted a Writer's Appreciation Dinner at Katya's Bistro and Wine Bar in Richland. The turnout was pretty good considering many Reactor writers reside in places like New York, London, Paris, Tokyo, and even Africa. Many of the local Tri-Cities writers attended, including Kerry Schafer, Randy Kimbler, Lorri Hill, Jessi Wyse, Duncan Pryce, Yael Avni, and of course editor Aaron Pogue. Katya's provided awesome appetizers, delicious entrees, and of course the wine was flowing as Reactor celebrated the generous time and effort all writers have given the magazine. The writers got the chance to meet and mingle with each other, and put faces to the names printed in the magazine. Everyone spent a few hours eating, drinking, and enjoying themselves in recognition of seven months of successful writing contribution. Reactor would like to thank everyone for attending, and extend another thank you to all writers who were unable to attend. All of your contributions are greatly appreciated by Reactor editorial staff and readers.

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Amy Ann Krog, 2005



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Whipper Snapper with No Money

by Jessi Wyse

If you have grandparents, or have made acquaintance of any people over the age of fifty, you've heard it before. Dramatized in many a sitcom or bad family comedy and always beginning with a, "When I was your age...", it's the infamous old folks' rant. Every Christmas, Easter and other family get together, kids all over the country get to hear about just how lazy we are and just what we're making the world come to.

And hey, it's certainly not all fallacy. Things are definitely spoon fed to us far more now in the 21st century than they were to our grandparents when they were kids. Thanks to all those video games, microwave meals and homework helpers, most kids of this generation have become more that a little lackadaisical. So it would seem logical that, since society has shaped us to expect everything carried to us on a silver platter, we're probably going to need a little extra shove to know what it's like in the real world and prepare accordingly. I know this. My grandparents know this. I'm pretty sure almost every single citizen in our country knows this.

So, what do we do? Make it ten times more difficult for teenagers to get jobs.

All over the America, more and more businesses are closing employment to individuals under the age of 18. The key reasoning behind this trend is convenience. Due to laws passed in recent years, establishments who hire minors are required to take extreme numbers of precautions concerning when and how long they let the kids work, and under what conditions they work. Rather than have to try and work around these inconveniences, most businesses are refusing to take on teenagers, period. As a result, young adults graduating high school are now often in the same position that sixteen-year-olds used to be in—trying to find a job with no prior experience. Thus, the places that once hired the high school students are now hiring the graduates with much less hassle and ruling out the under-18 demographic altogether.

From a business standpoint, it makes sense. But what about for the people it affects? Most teenagers are still expected to foot the cost of their own gas, shoes, or at the very least, their own leisure spending. With a slim chance of income beyond the low-earning prospects of babysitting or lawn mowing, many must continue to rely heavily on their parents instead of finding independence in preparation for leaving home. Take, for example, the issue of driving. Let's say a 16 or 17-year-old earns only twenty dollars a week for babysitting, and the school she attends is located on the other end of town. As a result,

she will doubtlessly remain extremely dependent on her parents— If they will pay for gas and insurance, she can drive; but if not, she'll need a ride. What would have once been one of the first steps to establishing a person's freedom has now become yet another time our parents have to hold our hand.

The bottom line? Not allowing teenagers to have some training in responsibility before leaving home isn't setting us up for a very promising future. We have more opportunities open to us in terms of college and other post-high school education than ever before, but if we don't know what it's like to have to fend for ourselves and take responsibility, we won't be able to take advantage of them. Instead of waiting until we're living on our own, where we must either sink or swim, let's give teenagers a taste of reality before they have to deal with it head-on. We may live in an age of credit cards, shortcuts and lightning fast information at your fingertips, but nonetheless, worth ethic is essential for survival. The sooner we realize this, the fewer "When I was your age..." lectures we'll have to endure.

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Let's Meat at the Carnivore! Louisa Whitfield reviews the finger lickin'est restaurant this side of the Nile - Nairobi, Kenya's famous Carnivore

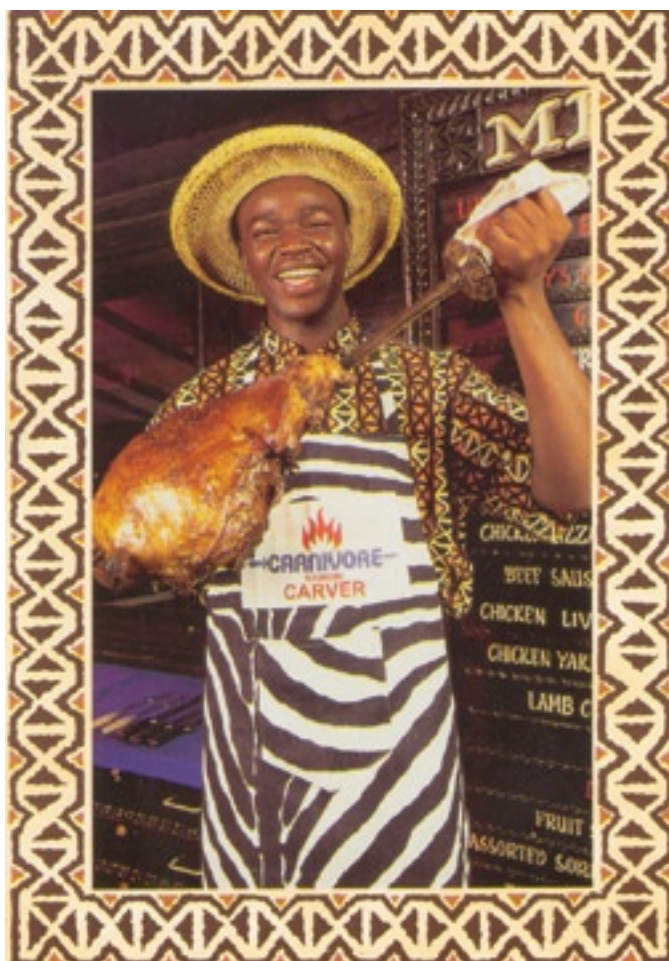
It is 8.30 pm and my dinner date is one hour late. It hurts not because he is important to me but because I have been fasting all day in preparation for this event. I am seated at a table in the corner of the famous Kenyan restaurant the Carnivore and the place is humming with activity. I am here to feast upon meat. As its name suggests, the Carnivore is a Mecca for meat eaters. Inspired by Brazilian churrascaria restaurants, the Carnivore charges a one time fee for an evening of all-you-can-eat-meat. Waiters in charming safari-inspired outfits whiz by the tables holding huge skewers of sizzling flesh. The choices are far from mundane: ostrich, zebra, eland, wildebeest, even crocodile. I ask what kind of meat one waiter is serving to a table next to me. He smiles, "Warthog, madam. But we're running low so you must choose soon." Forget my date. I'm eating.

The Carnivore is situated only a few miles from downtown Nairobi. It opened its doors in 1980, and has been a steady success ever since. Not only is it a highly rated and successful restaurant but it also houses a vibrant nightclub and Nairobi's top concert venue, which has seen the likes of Maxi Priest, Sean Paul, Yellowman, Salif Keita, Chaka Demus, Zap Mama and Hugh Masekela, to mention only a few. Tonight the place is positively packed. The clientele range from local Nairobi dwellers to tourists in large groups, dressed in full-on safari regalia. In fact one group seated to my left is ooh-ing and ahh-ing as a waiter piles someone's plate high with crocodile meat. I check my phone one last time, decide my friend is in the dog box, and then signal for a waiter.

Suddenly a man appears to my left, wearing a different bizarre outfit and holding a tray with an array of beverage bottles on it. I realized that he is the famed 'Dr. Dawa.' Dawa means medicine or magic potion in Swahili, and the Doctor is the purveyor of this famous Kenyan drink. The Dawa is actually a modified version of the Brazilian Caipirinha, with vodka replacing the rum, and with honey instead of sugar. I ask him to hit me with a strong dose. After all, I am dining alone. Grinning a huge smile, the man hands me the sloppy drink. The outside of the glass dripping with honey, but I take a sip. It could be stronger, but it's delicious.

Immediately I am accosted by about ten different meat guys. They seem to have all come from the grill at once. I am offered goat, pork sausages,

beef, and then finally...reluctantly...warthog! I ain't no fool...I go for the warthog, ignoring the simpler fare. With utmost skill the carver slices thin, juicy pieces of little old warthog onto my sizzling metal plate. The meat is light colored and smells great. It tastes even better. I know I have to pace myself, so I only take a little. I try ostrich next. It too, is a fairly light colored meat, and almost as tasty. It is tender as can be. Suddenly my phone buzzes. It is not my ex-date but my good friend Ken Brown texting me a hello. I write back, telling him where I am. His response is hilarious: "Good. Eat salad. Too much pain in da pan, man!" Ha! I motion for the eland man to come on over. Eland is a large antelope, and well known for having delicious flesh. I am impressed. It is cooked to perfection. I eat several lovely pieces.



Meet your friendly Carnivore meat carver, serving slices of sizzling goat, pork, beef, alligator, ostrich and warthog.

Now meat eating in Africa is a serious game. It is not taken lightly, and it is done with utmost concentration and skill. I must tell you off the bat that I am no good at it. At least, not by Kenyan standards. I know that after a few dozen more slices and a drink or two, I will be out for the count. So I have to work carefully. However, take a young Masai tribesman, and he can pack away a good three to four kilos, easy. I know this because I've seen it done. Like the large carnivores such as lion or leopard, a young Masai can pack away a ton of meat and be good for two or three days. Because my poor Caucasian system can not manage this, I will have to moderate things slightly. Cleverly, the Carnivore waiters are instructed to bring around platters of sumptuous pasta, baked potatoes and grilled vegetables, even an assortment of bread rolls. Yet it is merely a sneaky strategy to engorge the guests on carbohydrates before the rare game meat can enter the system. I avoid the trap, and ask for some crocodile.

Now, I can't lie. Crocodile tastes bad. It tastes a wee bit like old fish. But I realize it is my duty to report

on every aspect of this meal so I take a few teeny pieces. It is hard to swallow, but it's okay because I wash it down with a Dawa. And now my once empty tummy is feeling rather full, and the room is feeling brighter and warmer, and my body heavy and pleasant. I smile at my fellow diners and I feel a solidarity known only to the meat eaters of this world. My phone goes off again and this time it is the man who stood me up, calling to explain why. I smile and laugh, and tell him it was much better without

him. For tonight was a solitary experience, and one I truly enjoyed. Forget the stares from tourists on either side of me, thinking, who is that girl sitting there smiling to herself and eating all that meat on her own? I am truly at ease.

After one more drink and some slices of Zebra, (not as good as the eland, but still tender) I am good to go. I pay my bill (the equivalent of about \$30 U.S. Dollars) and stand up, wobbling a little. I float over to the large grill at the entrance of the place, where the waiters convene to collect their skewers of meat. The meat is roasted on traditional Masai swords over a roaring fire. I explain that I am reviewing the food at the Carnivore, and two enthusiastic waiters offer to pose with me for a shot in front of the grill. I have come prepared with a rather old but trusty camera. The shot is taken, in which I look positively ridiculous hugging a heavyset waiter and smiling wildly (hence its omission in this article) and finally I move outside the place to hail a cab.

A stream of beautiful, well dressed people now drifts past me into the Carnivore to party the night away. Young girls in mini skirts and tight jeans chatter to one another, clinging on to tall, well-built youths. Apparently tonight is 'eighties' night. There is excitement in the air, I can smell the perfume, the cigarettes, the roasting meat. I smile as I pass these young humans, appreciating their fine, lithe bodies, their healthy skin, the glow in their faces, the glow of their well-fed, muscular...flesh. I walk out into the cool night air, and breathe in a deep, calm breath of a carnivore.

Louisa can be contacted at kenyaposse@yahoo.com



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While the advanced industrial countries are using half the world's energy, they are also using it over four times more efficiently and cost-effectively than the rest of the world. This is a virtuous cycle where increasingly efficient uses of energy lead to technical innovations, which lead to further efficiency gains. Since more energy is thereby made available, per capita energy consumption has tended to increase. However, Vaclav Smil, an energy expert and professor of engineering at the University of Manitoba, shows that there is a practical limit to the benefit to be gained from increased per capita energy consumption, and that the advanced industrialized countries today have reached this plateau. Not only are we now capable of maintaining high living standards with leaner energy use, we have a golden opportunity to lead by example to cleaner and more efficient energy use.

Many Americans are not aware that the United States, with 5% of the world's population, consumes 25% of the world total primary energy supply. However, our critics at the recent Montreal conference on revising the Kyoto Protocol eagerly trotted out this fact to whip us as wastrels, and they are right—it's high time for America to wake up the critical need for aggressive energy conservation.

I have looked long at the latest energy statistics from the International Energy Agency (IEA), which is a UN chartered organization that regularly publishes the most reliable energy data to be found anywhere today. They show that the advanced industrial countries, with one sixth of the world's population, are responsible for half the world's energy supply and consumption, and that the U.S. alone is responsible for half of this half. On the other hand, China and Asia, with half the world's population, are today responsible for only one quarter of the total.

Alarming, the IEA data also show that, while we have at our disposal virtually unlimited resources for energy production, we are providing 80% of total primary energy through combustion of fossil fuels. This is causing an enormous increase in atmospheric carbon, which, in turn, is disturbing Earth's thermodynamic equilibrium. By now we have primed the atmospheric pump to a degree that is leading to climate effects that are almost impossible to predict. It's not how much energy we use that is the problem; it's how we make it.

While the Kyoto Protocol was crafted in 1997 as an attempt to address the effects of fossil fuel combustion on the earth's climate, it has not been very successful, not, however, because the U.S. failed to ratify it, but because it gave China

and India a free pass. Ironically, the U.S., while opting instead for voluntary reductions to carbon emissions, has been doing better than many of the Kyoto signatories, which are not meeting their Kyoto reduction targets. But as China and India industrialize they are rapidly exploiting their vast coal reserves such that, by 2020 or so China will surpass the U.S. as the world's leading emitter of greenhouse gasses. Any emissions reduction agreement which excludes them is doomed to failure.

So against this backdrop, what are the options for achieving a sustainable energy supply in ways that do not abet destructive changes to our ecosystem? The way forward lies through significant improvements in energy efficiency and substantially reduced fossil combustion.

The most popular clean energy options, wind and solar, are smart energy choices, and are capable of displacing some fossil power. But they both come with limitations. The power density of a wind farm is limited to 10 watts/square meter, even in consideration of the technology improvements which are being made, and that of a solar farm, 100 watts/square meter. The U.S. generates about 500 gigawatts (GW) of electricity, of which roughly 330 GW comes from fossil combustion. To supply it all with wind would require 33,000 square kilometers of wind farms. While the total wind resource is abundant, reliable winds exist only in selected regions which often are far from point of use, and many of which are in sensitive ecological areas. Also while a presumably enlightened



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public supports wind farms generally, its attitude often comes with a qualifier—‘I like wind, just not here.’ Based on these considerations and on recent studies of the integration of wind into existing power grids, it seems unlikely that wind will ever displace more than about 25% of current electricity production. Solar labors under similar limitations which point to its best and highest use in improving the energy efficiency of buildings rather than in energy farms. Together they might some day displace up to half our fossil electricity production. That, however, is short of the need for mitigating climate change.

The only carbon-free energy source that can quickly and economically replace central station coal, natural gas and oil for electricity production, particularly in urban centers, is nuclear power. Even Sir James Lovelock, a world renowned ecologist, originator of the Gaia Theory of the living earth and long a champion of environmental causes, has stated publicly that massively increased use of nuclear power is the only practical alternative to fossil fuels. Patrick Moore, the founder of Greenpeace, has recently

been encouraging his followers to allow that nuclear power is a green energy source.

Nuclear is an energy source which, like every energy source, carries risks. But its risks are much better documented and understood than other options, and rigorous institutions are in

the most productive, efficient and economically competitive.

Rather than face the prospect of increasing use of nuclear power, its opponents prefer to reduce overall energy consumption and to rely on other green power. I don’t disagree with

their preferences, but with a world population projected to increase to 9 billion by 2050 and a developing world aggressively seeking additional energy resources, a

reduction in world energy consumption is not a realistic prospect. On the other hand, nothing is more vital to the sustenance of human civilization than the availability of clean, abundant, affordable energy. It is the critical factor for national security, human health, economic prosperity and global stability. And most importantly, abundant energy is the very thing that makes it possible to develop new materials and processes to increase energy efficiency, and to develop even cleaner technologies for mitigating the increasingly evident symptoms of climate change. However, worldwide availability of clean, abundant, affordable energy will remain out of reach if we fail to capitalize on nuclear power.

THE URANIUM IMPURITY IN THE COAL WE ARE BURNING CONTAINS MORE ENERGY THAN THE COAL ITSELF!

place to provide effective regulation of its use. It also provides the same energy density as fossil, 1000 watts/square meter, and it does so while producing a tiny fraction of the waste—30 metric tons (MT) spent fuel per reactor year, of which 99% destroys itself through radioactive decay, versus 9,000 MT per day per plant, of which half is the carbon released to the atmosphere of a comparably sized coal plant. Actually, the uranium impurity in the coal we are burning contains more energy than the coal itself! Moreover, nuclear plants offer much more flexibility for site location. Of all the carbon-free sources available, nuclear power it is



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NEW YEAR'S SALE JAPAN



The running of the bulls by Misha Fleming

Japanese consumers are well known for being avid shoppers. They love the newest, coolest, hippest thing, sometimes going on shopping tours all the way to Europe just to get it. Perhaps it is something in the questionable city water, but there's something about being in a Japanese city that just makes you want to buy stuff. My roommate came home last week with fry pan shaped earrings, a candy-striped towel rack, and an entire stationery set featuring the likeness of the Dalai Lama. The shopping bug; it's a sickness! I believe the hallmark event showcasing this strange behavior is the opening day of fuku-bukuro (or grab bag) sales in Japan.

Fuku-bukuro is very much akin to a grab bag in the west, and here its main purpose is for shops (any shop – be it clothing, jewelry, computers, CDs, even butchers) to clear inventory in one fell swoop. One cannot see what is in the bag, but compared to what is paid for it, the amount of merchandise inside is always x times that amount. So basically it is a gamble: a gamble for your money, and a gamble for your life to get your hands on one!

買
buy

My experience with fuku-bukuro came from the fault of having no set plans on New Year's Eve last year. Some others and I began our long night at the Tokyo Tower for a countdown to the new year hoping to party like we were in Time's Square, but at 12:15am, when the music stopped and the crowd dispersed, we were left to wander into karaoke booths to pass the time. One of our accomplices, Tina, got a call from her friend who said she had heard La Foret in Harajuku was having their fuku-bukuro sale that morning at 11am. La Foret is a shopping mall catering to those hip gen-Yers changing their minds on what they like every week, and the mall accommodates this with amazing swiftness. I personally am a big fan of some stores in La Foret, and as images of heaps of fuku-bukuro danced in my head, Tina and I decided to try our hand and hopefully come out victorious.

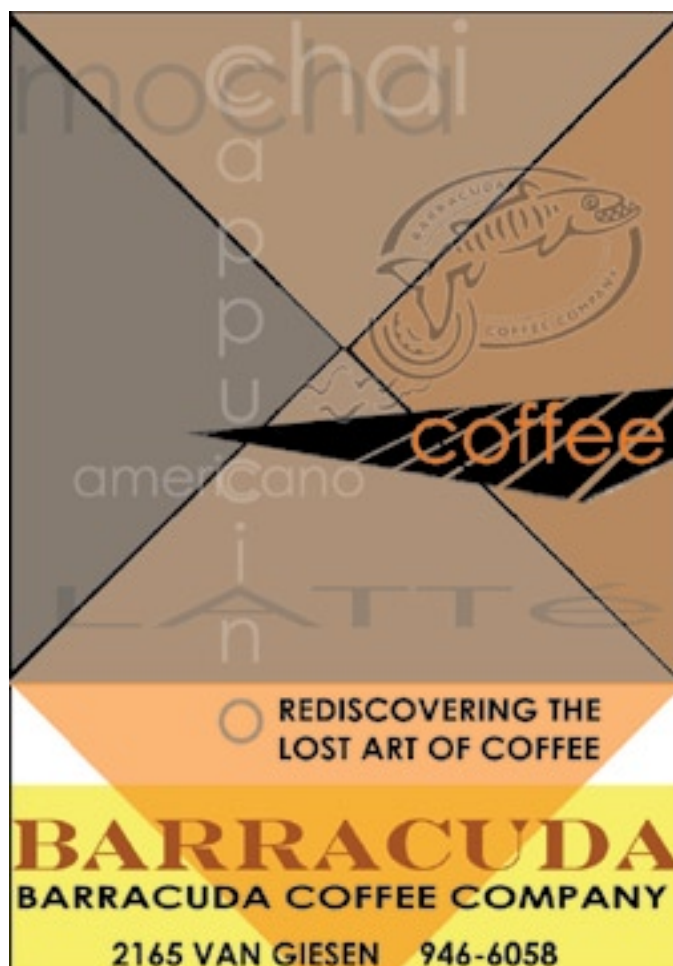
By the time we arrived at the mall a little before 4am, there were already well over a hundred girls hunkered along the wall looking like they were setting up camp. Tina and I, obviously unprepared, sat on the cold ground with a few provisions we picked up at the convenience store on the way.

I prepared myself for the long wait by telling myself that no matter what happens, I can chalk it up to experiencing a little more of the Japanese culture. In all truth, the general population wouldn't dream of attempting what we were doing, and I often tell myself this when I am about to do something crazy. (I said the same thing when I tried fermented bean "gnatto" ice cream, but never, ever again!)

売

sell

Not even an hour had passed when some of the girls in the front of the line began to get up and leave. A security guard came up to us and handed us a little piece of paper that said "TOP SECRET #158." Jackpot! It was a numbered ticket for the first 200 people in line, allowing us to leave and come back later and still have our place. I felt like Charlie must have felt when he got Willie Wonka's gold ticket! We went into the Denny's across the street and watched from the window as security lined up the poor saps who came too late in the middle of the street. By the time we emerged from the restaurant, the line was 10-people wide and snaking up around the block. Our small group of 200 snuck up to the doors, while media waited to interview a few of us lucky ones. I was in a state of deep concentration, trying to remember my game plan: hit only my favorite stores starting from the first floor up, keep to the right, stay low, and move, move, move! Suddenly, I heard



the crash of what sounded like a huge gong, and instantly began to be pushed inside the gaping doors of the mall. It had begun!

I heard ecstatic screams in front of me, and frustrated shouts behind me. I looked to my left and Tina was already halfway across the first floor heading for the stairs. Security was on megaphones trying to get people to slow down, but their pleas were lost in the noise of bargain bliss. I snapped out of my daze and remembered my game plan; it was time to hit my first store! I moved to my right and quickly made it to one of my favorites, A.I.C. I compared a few bags for girth and weight and made my decision, literally throwing the cash to the workers before grabbing my bag and making my way upstairs. Total time used: 8 seconds.

Girls and boys were flooding the mall, and store employees banged on drums and tambourines trying to catch the attention of the frenzied shoppers. I skipped the second floor and went straight to the third, which hadn't been completely overtaken yet. I slowed my pace slightly to catch my breath, but I thought I heard a low rumbling coming from the lower floors so I hastened my step and dodged into my second store. This one was a haven of experimental fashion goods from all around the world called Yls. I was the first customer of the morning, so the chic employees, sans percussion, helped me shake all the bags to try and determine which had the good stuff. When I made my decision, I quickly finished the exchange with the cries of "come again!" fading behind me.

I repeated this process a few more times, but the building was becoming more and more crowded thus making it difficult to maneuver by the moment. After I felt satisfied with what I had, I decided to call it a day and head back out to take a look at my bounty. There was only one problem; how do I get out??

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shop

Trying to make my way out of La Foret on fuku-bukuro day was like a fish trying to hike up a mountain in a blizzard. I made it down my first floor and turned the corner to see the infamous Super Lovers store and all the cutesy punk-girl fans swarming over the bags like bees. One particularly small crazed girl was attempting to climb up the backs of the pack reaching in to try and snatch a bag under their noses. I turned down the next floor and came upon a most baffling scene of two gothic lolitas who, after fighting over a bag, had torn it right open and bundles of ruffled skirts and ribbons spilled onto the floor. Two on-looking lolitas began to dive for the wayward clothing while security came rushing in to intervene. A small group of gawkers had formed, and as I started to move to get a better view, I saw that one of the elevators was opening up out of the corner of my eye. I made a nice offensive maneuver and squished myself and all of my goods inside, heaving a sigh of relief as I made it to my goal and out of the mall.

I caught my breath on a bench outside and started to peek inside some of the bags when little Tina came out carrying half her weight in fuku-bukuro, and a huge smile to match. We hauled our treasure onto the trains, still high from the rush, and an old lady sitting in front of us asked, grinning, "So, did ya get anything good?"

A year has now passed since I experienced the running of the bulls in Japan, and Tina now asks if I would want to do it again. In all honesty, there was nothing inside of those bags to stop the presses about, and a lot of it has gone into boxes to use in my job as a stylist for later. So to answer Tina's question, no. I think I will sit back, relax, and take a fuku-bukuro break, letting some other poor soul have their hand at it. Perhaps instead this year I will make some plans to bring in the new year properly – and non life-threateningly!

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