

the other side

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Pitzer College

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Pitzer Sorrirty

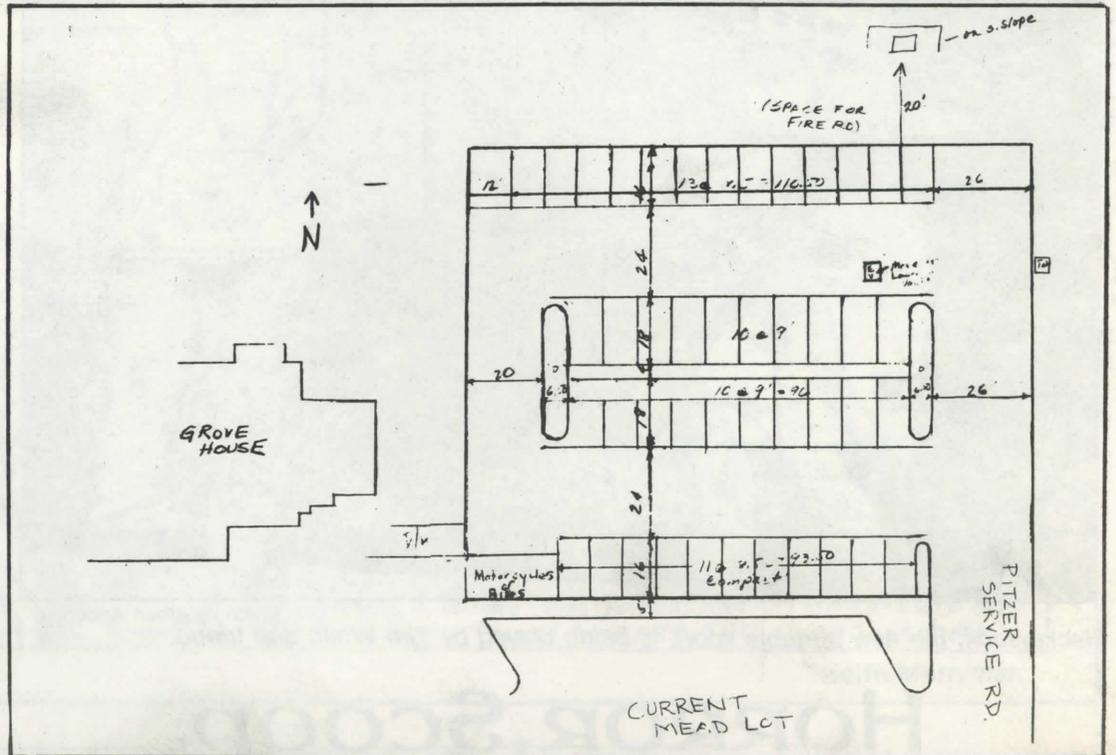
by Carol Donahue

Just recently, the Five College Board of Fraternities and Sororities has accepted a new member to its commission, Phi Sigma Gamma. This sorority, unlike the Kappa Omegas before them, has aligned for some very unusual reasons. It is a group lead by two freshmen, Mary Jo Leatherdale and Tammie Stutz, established solely for freshmen and transfers. Confused? This unusual group of people has unified to give new students a more immediate sense of belonging. Old members will become "big sisters" to the newer members and help them find better classes, teachers and generally ease the adjustment into college life.

Also unlike Kappa Omega, Phi

Sigma Gamma is a non-exclusive entity. Any Pitzer female may join at any time. A member information sheet and a personal interview is required, but this is only to help the council get to know the applicants better and has no effect on admission.

Why the name Phi Sigma Gamma? This is the most interesting point yet—it is common belief that Pitzer has undergone some enormous changes since the "flower era". Pitzer itself has become more of a modern society, yet has maintained the liberal responsibility of the no general education requirement structure. In this tradition, Phi Sigma Gamma, P.S.G. carries dual meaning as Pitzer Second Generation. Good luck and welcome to the newest Five-College Sorority.



This tentative plan for expanding parking would leave the Mead Lot untouched while enlarging the Grove House Lot to the Fire Road.

The Parking Puzzle

by Luke Schenck

The lack of parking space continues to be of primary concern among students and administration at Pitzer. A few weeks ago students took positive action in remedying the Pitzer parking puzzle. Approximately 15 students armed with a petition of 150 signatures entered President Ellsworth's office demanding justice and forward movement concerning the lack of Pitzer parking places in the Mead and Grove House parking lots.

The result of the protesting students and petition was a great victory for Pitzer students. President Ellsworth listened carefully to the students' demands then took

quick decisive action to meet those demands. The results are as follows: All tickets issued after September, 1984 are pardoned (excepting those in the Handicapped spaces); All future ticketing is suspended until the problem is remedied; The "junkie", a 1972 Buick station wagon, was removed to provide two more spaces; Two phones will be installed in CMC's Bauer lot in order to call Claremont Security for personal escort; Finally, negotiations have begun with a professional parking lot consultant for the joining of Mead and Grove House lots.

Dean of Students, Jane Holombe, and Rich McColl recently

met with the professional parking lot consultant and confirmed a \$15,000 price tag for the remodeling of the two lots. The consultant now estimates the addition of 31 spaces, bringing the total parking places to 93. 80% of the spaces will be allotted for compacts and 20% will be for large cars. The construction still needs to be O.K.'d by the City of Claremont and the college architect must "bless the blueprints."

Ellsworth is pushing for the parking lot face-lift to be done over Spring break. The President feels that the students could be of great help if they would not leave their cars in the Mead or Grove House lots over this break.



A Store with Social Purpose

by Bill Gaede

Due to the grisly scenes of starvation in Ethiopia depicted on television and in magazines, public awareness has been increasing over the problem of world hunger. An active expression of this awareness is the opening of Culture Counter last week by Pitzer students. Culture Counter grew out of a desire by the students to help alleviate world hunger and to promote a broader consciousness of world social and economic problems.

Culture Counter sells paintings, used-clothes, and jewelry which were donated by the local community. Profits generated from the sales of these items will go to Oxfam America, an organization which works mostly with rural dwellers in less-developed countries. Although Oxfam provides direct hunger relief, the majority of funds are used to promote small development projects in rural areas with the help of the local people. Internationally acclaimed Oxfam, which receives no government support, was chosen

over other hunger-relief agencies because it stays in the famine-stricken area working on projects to solve the causes of the famine.

Another aim of Culture Counter is to educate the Claremont community on other issues besides world hunger. Accordingly, the store provides pamphlets on Central America, human rights, and nuclear disarmament. A map graphically pin-points world trouble spots. In addition, books on these and other issues may be checked out of the store's library. Also, Culture Counter functions as

an information center on social organizations which serve Claremont. People may come to the store and obtain information, telephone numbers, and guidance on whatever local service they may need. As Culture Counter organizer Susan Roberts notes, "A purpose of the store is to educate the people and to be educated by the people".

Education and awareness are really the keys to the success of the store. Ross Ellenhorn, who secured the store space, states, "For the organization to really work, we have to understand ourselves. This stops world hunger. Money sent without information and understanding will not stop the problem. Changing people's

inner-values is the key to stopping world hunger and poverty."

The store, which is located on Yale Avenue above Raynebeau Rags, is open 11-5 Monday thru Saturday. The organizers plan to start sending money to Oxfam after initial costs are covered. To speed up this process, a benefit concert is being planned to supplement the store's income.

Rather than having a governing body, Culture Counter is a "workplace democracy" in which all decisions are made by the consensus of the students. This helps to promote a sense of group unity and purpose. To ensure the success of the store, pay a visit to Culture Counter. It will help to solve world hunger.

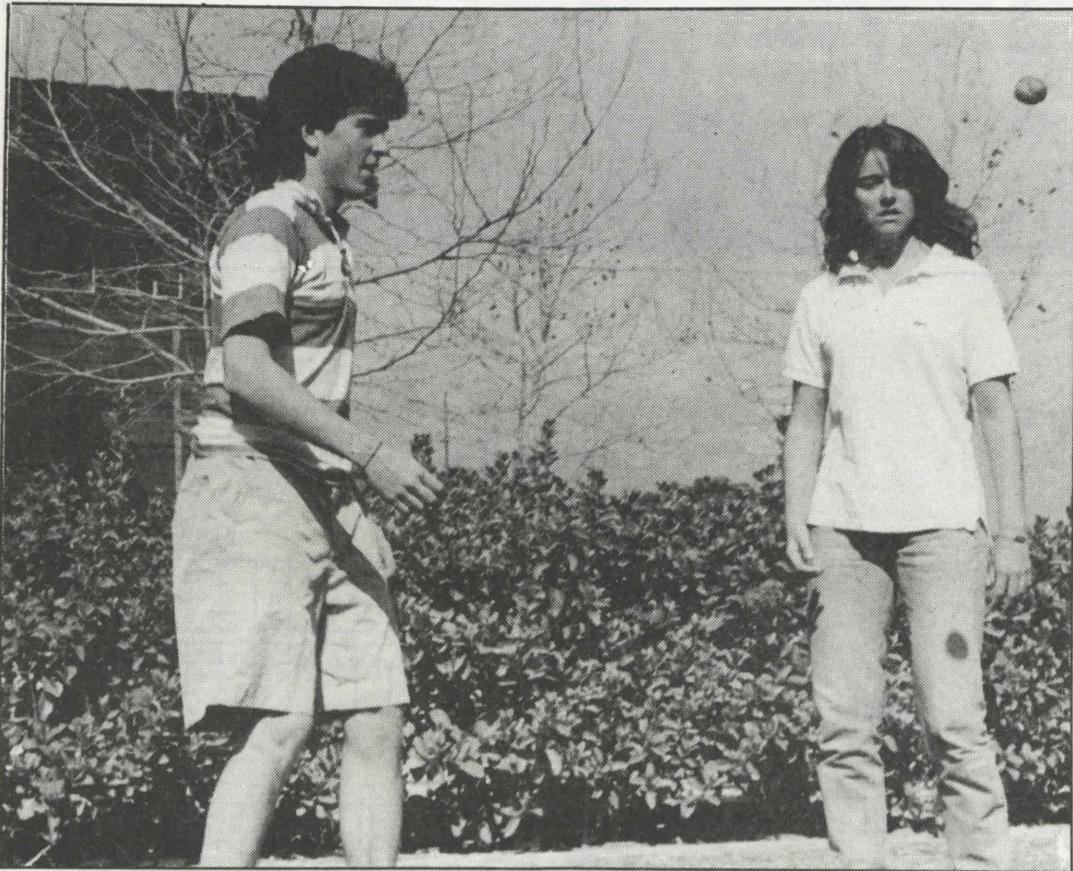


Photo by Albert Anderson

Hackey Sack, the new portable sport, is being played by Tim White and friend.

"The Hack"

by Marc Herbert

The next time you see a group of people dancing around in a circle, take a closer look. You may discover that they're playing one of the latest and greatest crazes to sweep the country: HACKEY SACK. Or "The Hack", as many of its daily aficionados lovingly refer to it.

The object of this challenging game is to pass the Hackey Sack among the players without allowing it to touch the ground. Like soccer, any part of a player's body except the hands may be used to save, delay or hit the sack to another player. Legs and feet are most commonly used during play, but chests, shoulders, and even foreheads can also prove to be an effective method to keep "The Hack" in circulation.

In addition to the obvious social advantages of this game, Hackey Sack has the further benefits of any sports which requires its players to practice in the sunshine. The convenience of such

basic and portable equipment makes Hackey Sack as fun and easy to play as Frisbee. "Playing Hack" is great for exercising one's legs and lower torso while improving one's mental outlook at the same time.

Said one female Pitzer enthusiast: "Hack is great!! It works on your coordination, it refreshes your mind, and you can play anywhere, even in confined areas like a suite living room or a hallway."

"I love Hackey Sack because it's a great escape from the doldrums of school life", explains Jim Fisk III. "Plus it's a great way to meet new people and just kick back...."

As you can see, Hackey Sack is rapidly becoming one of the most popular games at the Claremont Colleges and across the country. So, the next time you see a circle of Hack players, don't feel awkward about going over and joining them. It takes a little practice, but after all, in the immortal words of E. R. Marquez, "Hack is the sport of the century."

HORROR SCOOP

by Dave Neuberg and Karin Labby

CAPRICORN:

Caution—straighten up your finances. Clean up your romance act, although it will not be an essential priority this month. Don't worry about those Mead parking tickets.

AQUARIUS:

Reminder water bearers, it's time to take someone you've been watching out of moth balls. Parking tickets in Mead this month will not be of any concern.

PISCES:

If you couldn't decide what to do about those overdue parking tickets, don't worry. Shrug responsibility off on to Frank. Look for the moon child (Cancer) in your personal life.

ARIES:

Now you can finally act on that ticket you received in November...FORGET ABOUT IT. A frustrating romance may finally be resolved. Beware of Libra.

TAURUS:

Try not to be so emotional this month. An overreaction could trigger an otherwise minor situation to be blown out of proportion. Beware of ticketing campus security in Mead.

GEMINI:

Don't put off today's work for tomorrow because you may find an extension that doesn't exist. Stay out of all handicap zones. These are still vulnerable to pink parking tickets in Mead.

CANCER:

A positive outlook this month for moon children. Parking tickets and romance have a wonderful interwoven skemato. And as for last month's VISA bill, don't worry. Your parents have taken care of it.

LEO:

Be careful not to overdo your material generosity this week. It could get you in trouble. Security doesn't want your money.

VIRGO:

It's time to organize your studies and maybe a new outfit would brighten up a rather dismal evening. But don't park in the Mead handicap zone when you return from that shopping spree.

LIBRA:

Beware of the past. Possibly an old romance could appear. Aries is prominent this month. Don't forget to thank a friend for solving your Mead parking problem.

SCORPIO:

Remember to set that alarm clock! A bit of laziness could mean a loss of a good opportunity with a friend. You will eat and drink this month. Pink parking tickets are not on the menu.

SAGGITARIUS:

No chance for romantic candlelight dinners this week but, look up a new sexy Love God who predominates toward the end of the week.

Handshake vs. The Kiss

by Jane P.

As an exercise in comparative culture study, we have brought under examination two of the most common forms of polite greeting: the kiss on two cheeks, popular in France and other European countries, and the handshake, the mainstay of American social interaction. A casual survey in which Pitzer students were asked which they preferred of the two customs revealed a wide range of opinions. While many expressed appreciation for the sophistication and intimacy of the French "deux-bisoux", others admired the handshake as a less "pretentious" gesture. Many responses were of the "It depends" nature: It depends on "The place", "The occasion", "The relationship", "What the person looks like", etc. One person asserted that the kiss

was the "funner" of the two gestures and another considered this same practice "evidence of society's failure to graduate beyond Freud's oral stage." Some students expressed indifference and said that when confronted with a choice between the two will "wait and see what the other guy does first". A few rejected both customs in favor of alternatives (hugging, the Japanese bow).

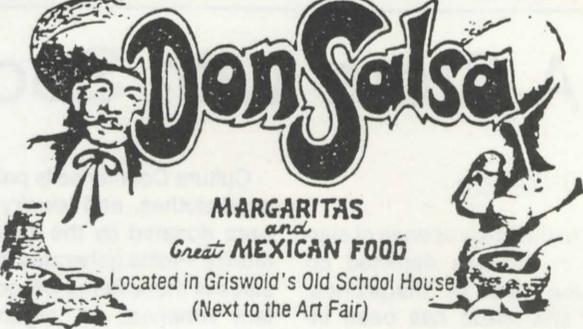
Though the practice of kissing on the cheeks is observed more frequently in America today than in the past, all agree that the handshake is still the most familiar tradition. This (and the handshake's widely acclaimed hygenic advantages) makes one hesitate to draw conclusions as to whether or not the European custom will ever be thoroughly assimilated into the American behavioral pattern.



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The Perils of Pitzine

IN THE LAST ISSUE, PITZINE IS TAKEN TO HER FIRST PUNK PARTY BY CAROL PUNK-ETTE. THERE, SHE IS MISTAKEN FOR P-ZENE - LEAD SINGER FOR THE HARD CORE PUNK GROUP. TWO DEVIANT PUNKS KIDNAP HER TO DEMAND BACKSTAGE PASSES TO EVERY PUNK CONCERT IN L.A. - "AND WE MEAN EVERY PUNK CONCERT!"

DRUGGED BY CHLOROFORM, PITZINE IS TIED UP IN A ZOO GALLON HEFTY-BAG (STRONG STUFF!) AND DUMPED IN AN OBSCURE CORNER WHILE THUG AND SMOG FLEE TO GET THEIR GETAWAY VEHICLE.

ABANDONED IN AN EXTRAVAGANTLY OBSCURE CORNER, PITZINE AWAKENS AND STRUGGLES TO BREAK OUT OF THE HEFTY BAG - ALAS - IT'S STUFF PROVES TO BE TOO STRONG AND CANNOT FINALLY PENETRATE HER PLASTIC PRISON. AS FATE WOULD HAVE IT THOUGH, THE REAL P-ZENE APPEARS ON THE SCENE AND CHANCES UPON THE WRITHING HEFTY-MOUND.

SHE'S ALL TIED UP I CAN HEAR THE MUSIC NOW! ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS GET A GETAWAY UNIT.

YEA DUDE! HA HA HA! (SNICKER)

HOW OBSCURE...

LOOK! THAT HEFTY BAG IN THE OBSCURE CORNER IS MOVING!

I BET IT'S A PERFORMANCE ART PIECE!!

P-ZENE LEANS TO EXAMINE THE OBJET D'ART AND HEARS PITZINE'S PITIFUL CRIES FOR HELP...

IT'S A GIRL!!

P-ZENE OPENS THE BAG TO DISCOVER OUR ONE AND ONLY PITZINE. WHAT WILL HAPPEN WHEN THUG AND SMOG RETURN? MORE IMPORTANTLY, WILL P-ZENE REALIZE THAT THIS IS NOT ART, THIS IS ABDUCTION!

Keith Merryman

Path to Escapism

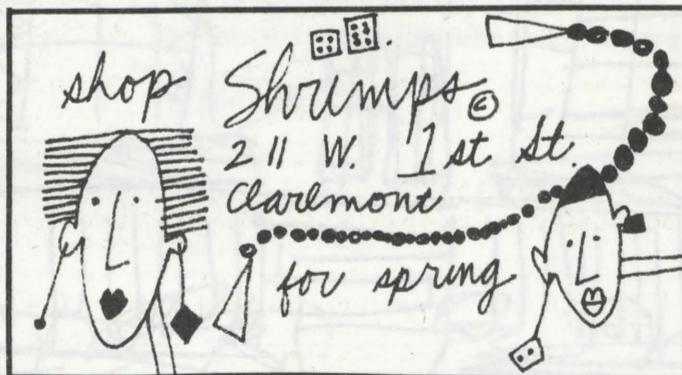
by Kathy Howard and Tom Levinthal

Can I ask a personal question? O.K., so I've heard of sappy romantics but you guys are demented. Didn't your teachers ever tell you to read the questions carefully before answering? All I ask of you was a brief description of what you consider to be romantic. A simple "holding hands while walking down the beach with the sun setting behind the crashing waves" would have sufficed. Why the obsession with Anatomy? Kids, kids, kids! I hate to break it to you, but science has nothing to do with romance. On top of all that, I'm utterly confused about how the subject of produce came up (so to speak) out of romantic situations. Cucumbers just can't be as exciting as the beach...can they? None the less, I had no choice but to print your twisted answers, but I'll pass no judgement. I'm leaving it in the hands of the public.

- "The beach." —Mealie Mouse
- "Sleeping with a parrot." —I can't say it in public
- "Stinky women." —Maui Roy
- "Getting shipwrecked in my girlfriend's thighs." —Robinson Cruise
- "Dressing up poodles while watching the Gong Show." —Animal Magnetism
- "Squishing old candy wrappers into the left ears of skinny old ladies." —Devoted
- "Bondage." —Ty Umup
- "Cucumbers on Saturday night." —Sick O'Men
- "The way Bessie gives me her Q-tip treatment." —Swabby Erotica
- "Jack Nicholson knows how to leer, but I think the way Marlene Dietrich smokes, leaves all challengers far behind (with the exception, of course, of how Grace Kelly breathes.)" —A. Anderson

- "Anything that is more than three inches." —N. Raegan and C. Weinberger
- "Tight riding pants on Luke." —His sweet mates
- "Stuart's skivies in the trees." —PV.Z.
- "Roman tics on my carpet." —Caesar
- "Money. Lots of money. We're talking big bucks." —Matt Errol Iasticpig
- "Holding hands, kissing, slight suggestive touching of erotic body parts." —R.U. Freque
- "Watching Dylan stick his tongue into Chandre's ear." —Kermit

- "Marriage for tax purposes." —R.
- "Jodi Foster." —John H.
- "Putting on Don Ho records and filling soup cans with cat drool." —Good to the last drop
- "Cheap, meaningless sex with slightly unattractive 13 years olds." —Get your cherries fresh
- "Tor's Teaney." —Secret admirer
- "Plastic flowers, tuna fish and tupperware." —Sigh Akibox
- "Coating my body with foam and performing primal screams during Hawaii Five-O." —Mr. Middle Am
- "Fish." —Charlie
- "Using organic dental floss after a nice hot meal." —Harry Less
- "Nothing." —Eunuch
- "Tan, defined, rippling, muscled _____ (fill in blank with body part of your choice)." —Avid Weight (room) watcher
- "Being molested by nuns (on Sunday)." —The Pope
- "A mirror." —Me
- "Flaming Turkey Wings." —Butterball
- "Sneaking into Griswold's jacuzzi and skinny dipping under a full moon with a special person." —the new Taster's Choice commercial



Micheline Esposito

Four P

Hwaet is pleased to promote the latest from Michelen's ever-scribbling pen.

It wasn't just that he'd throw her ment stairs, that she'd get back up an him, he'd still be standing in the do right into his face Joyce, not two inch "You leave me alone, Vinnie. You'r I'll go out with who I want." And dow go again and what else could we th

There's Vinnie outweighing her by she getting back up again—and aga face. "Vinnie, you son of a bitch. Ju when I tell him." Oh sure, you coul calling him a son of a bitch, but sar any person playing with a full deck put at least a locked door between yo who just threw you down a flight of before you call him a son of bitch. e brother.

And like I said, it wasn't just that



Perfect Squares

er down the base-
and as she slid past
doorway, she'd yell
ches from his nose,
u're not my father.
down the stairs she'd
e think?

by fifty pounds and
again right into his
Johnny'll kill you
uld understand her
sane people Joyce,
ck, would know to
you and some guy
of basement stairs
even if he is your

at, it was the days

they'd come home from work to find their clothes thrown all over the front lawn and more coming out the windows and Vivian screaming, "Animals! You're all animals. I spent the whole afternoon Saturday ironing those shirts and you throw them on the floor like nothing."

They'd be standing out there, all six of them, watching the clothes coming out the windows, just standing there shaking their heads. "She's crazy," they'd say, "She's gotta be crazy. She knows we could kill her, any one of us."

So, this is what I'm telling you Joyce. Are you at least beginning to see. This wasn't an all-of-a-sudden thing. Your mother, she was neurotic from the start. Stop looking at me like that now.

The little girl moved her eyes from her aunt's face to her own lap.

When I told you to go down and get those crackers and you came back up with a plate full of Oysterettes

and no butter it just snapped. What I'm telling you is that my sister has been pushing from the start, and who knows why cause it's not like she ever got a chance to know anything better. We weren't the only house on the block with nine kids and no money.

Our Mama didn't care, ah maybe she did once, but nine kids, six boys, one dead, you get tired Joyce. Our Mama got tired long before Vivian was even born. With Papa living in a dream world someone has to be practical, and practicality Joyce is tiring. So you should know it was chaos by the time Vivian came around.

What you have to imagine is big heaping laundry baskets full of shirts. By the time you wash them, you can't expect a woman working five days a week to iron. "Here," she's say, if you asked her to iron a shirt, "give me that," and she'd sit on it to make it flat while she was pulling the ends off stringbeans. Vivian would get crazy, "You're disgusting," but she wasn't. She was tired.

Then when Vivian was sixteen she went into a regular cleaning frenzy. The house was transformed. You'd never know it. But still, five boys, but that was the start. I'm telling you this so you'll know where it came from, so you shouldn't be so hard on her.

The little girl nodded. She was eight. Aunt Maggie pulled her from the kitchen chair onto her lap. The little girl melted into her aunt's lap in that way small quiet girls have of doing.

Look, I know it's hard, "Joyce, empty the garbage," even when it's not full. "Joyce, brush your hair. Joyce, brush your hair." Drawers always having to be straightened and closed. Beds always made. But Italian shoes at sixty dollars a pair and little cashmere dresses, like a princess. She needed it Joyce. A sort of — a sort of clamness and neatness, a surety that her house would never look like Mama's. You've never lived in a house like that. You don't know. You only know nice. She still talks about that house like it haunts her.

The little girl leaned her head against her aunt's breast, staring out the kitchen window. She was thinking of plastic on livingroom couches, how nice and cold it always felt in the summer, and how it stuck to her legs.

When you came up without butter and I told you to go down and get some and you gave me that face and I said, "What's the matter with you? You want your mother to die?" and you looked at me with that look of yours that's when I remembered that you couldn't possibly know. What I meant is, your mother's just tired Joyce. That's all it is. I didn't mean anything—not really, except that it's very important, Joyce look at me—

The little girl moved her eyes from the window to her aunt's right nostril.

It's very important, very important that your mother rests. You're going to have to do a little extra. I can't be here all the time. You're the oldest.

The little girl nodded. Her aunt smiled, hugging her.

You're a good girl.

She helped Joyce off her lap and got up from the chair.

Your father'll be home in half an hour. He's picking up Katie and Josh. He's picking up pizza.

The girl hugged her aunt goodbye and went to sit in front of the television. The Brady Bunch, the Partridge Family, F-Troop and still no pizza. She was hungry. She went into the kitchen and stood staring into the pantry, finally deciding on a peanut butter and jelly sandwich.

Peanut butter on one side, jelly on the other. She smacked the two pieces of bread together, feeling happy and proud. This was the way she always had her peanut butter and jelly but she'd never really done it before. Mama always did it. The little girl would simply sit on the counter and direct.

She stood staring at the sandwich on the plate, the knife in her hand, knowing she couldn't do it, not as good as Mama. Not four perfect squares. And so she stood there. Not wanting to cut, knowing she was hungry, but somehow knowing she just couldn't eat some crooked sandwich—especially today.

But Mama was tired and she shouldn't bother her. Aunt Maggie had said so. Mama was tired and needed to rest. So she stood there.

Finally, she went up. If Mama was awake she would ask her. If Mama was asleep she'd wait for pizza. Upstairs the room was dark. The girls switched on the hall light.

"Joyce?"

"Mama?"

"Get the door."

"What Mama?"

"There's someone knocking at the front door honey. Go down and see who it is."

The girl put the sandwich and knife down on the nightstand and listened for knocking, not hearing it.

"Joyce?"

"Yes Mama."

The girl ran down the stairs then stood, staring at the front door, hearing only the wind. She switched on the porch light and slowly opened the door. Then stood, staring at the front yard, watching the wind make shadows with the trees. She slammed the door and ran upstairs.

In the half-light she could see her mother, lying on her back, eyes closed.

"There was no one there Mama."

"Hum honey?"

"No one at the door. Mama could you cut this for me?" she said, picking up the sandwich, reaching out with it.

The mother opened her eyes and looked at the girl. "I can't do it," the girl said.

The mother shifted over to one elbow and reached for the knife. The girl put the sandwich on the bed. The mother cut, once, twice, and handed the girl the plate, falling onto the pillow, closing her eyes.

"Come here, Joyce."

The little girl climbed on the bed and the mother reached out, curling an arm around the girl, pulling the girl against her. The little girl kissed the mother on the cheek and kissed a tear.

"Mama?"

"My little precious, give Mama a hug," she did. "Mama loves you."

They lay there a moment. The little girl pulled a bit away, stroking her mother's hair looking for another tear, finally satisfied there was no other.

"Go down and watch TV precious. Did you do your homework?"

"Yes."

"Good girl. Bring it up later. I want to see it."

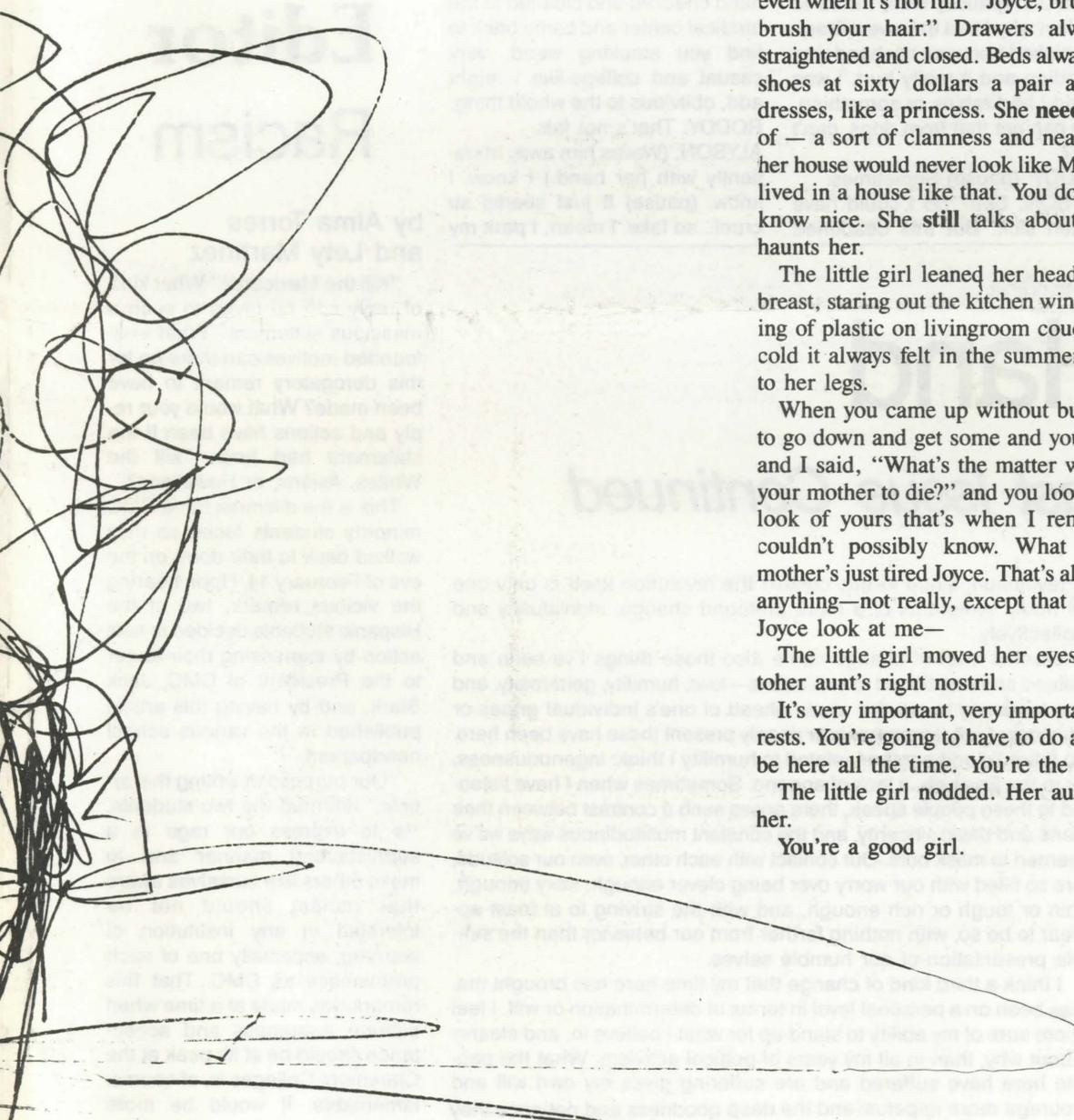
The girl picked up the sandwich from the bed and started downstairs, then stopped at the nightstand light, staring at the sandwich, feeling something rise up in her throat. Then,

"Answer the door honey. Someone's knocking again."

The something shot out, shot out in the high pitched scream of terrified little girls.

"It's crooked! It's crooked! It's crooked!"

The End



Drawing by Peter Bunge

When A Dog Dies

by J.M. Tietjen

Scene: Roddy, a male college student, is getting high in his girlfriend's dorm room. He is on the floor, leaning against a bed. Alyson, his girlfriend, enters without knocking and throws her backpack onto the bed. She collapses into an oversized chair, knees drawn up to her chin.

RODDY: Hey. Want a hit?

ALYSON: I went to a psychologist this afternoon.

RODDY: You sure? It's good stuff, from Hawaii.

ALYSON: Ask me why.

RODDY: Why what?

ALYSON: Say to me, Alyson, why'd you go to a shrink today? Why would you go stretch out on some godawful leather couch and let some throwback gossip columnist rearrange your cerebrum?

RODDY: (exhales a hit) Okay, I give up. Why?

ALYSON: I ran over a dog.

RODDY: What kind?

ALYSON: A little beagle-type mutt with big ears and a rhinestone collar. (Hostile) What difference does that make?

RODDY: I ran over a poodle one

time, about two summers ago. I was coming back from this softball game, all sweaty and stuff, wasn't really paying attention to tell you the truth, and I reached to change the radio station, ---in' Barry Manilow was wailing, and all of a sudden I heard this crunch under my front wheels. I swerved, but it was too late. (pauses) It was cute too. All curls and brown eyes.

ALYSON: So what did you do?

RODDY: Not much I could do. I pulled the car over to the side of the road, and went to look for it. ALYSON: Went to look for it? I thought you said you ran over it. Where could it have gone?

RODDY: Beats me. I looked all over the place. Even knocked on a couple of doors. Nobody seemed to know who it belonged to. (pause) Look just forget it. It's not like you meant to do it. What do you say for a Benjie's run? You always like the hot fudge cake.

ALYSON: So you just left it there?

RODDY: Yeah. (pause) What else was I supposed to do?

ALYSON: Jesus, I need a cigarette. (Disgusted, she lights up. Roddy notices a bandage on her

hand.)

RODDY: What happened?

ALYSON: It bit me. (pause) I get out of the car to help it because it's crying so loud, it sounded like my little sister for Chrissake, and it bites me. It didn't even growl, just lunged at my hand and kept screaming.

RODDY: Well, it was hurt. Animals do that when they've been injured.

ALYSON: (voice rising) You think I care? I was going to help it, take it to the hospital, and the mongrel bites me in its overwhelming gratitude. I mean, would you bite me if I was giving you C.P.R. or something? (Roddy growls.) (Sarcastic) Cute. Make jokes. You're so funny.

RODDY: Okay, okay. What did Freud say?

ALYSON: (pause) Well, I tried to explain why I had to leave it there. I panicked because my hand was bleeding and it really hurt. I was afraid I had rabies or something. You can get that from dogs, can't you?

RODDY: (pause) Sometimes.

ALYSON: See? So I could have gotten sick. But this deadened

psychologist just kept blinking at me with her watery, owlsh eyes and wouldn't say a word. She sat there, impassive behind her god-like desk, making judgements. Naturally, I tried to defend myself. I mean, who wouldn't? (Silence) So I stood there with my hand sweating blood, listening to that dog cry. And suddenly, I couldn't stand it anymore. I just had to go. RODDY: So you left it there?

ALYSON: (Agitated, she stands up and stands over Roddy.) I told you, I didn't have a choice. If I had so much as checked its tag it would have bit me again. (She pauses, expecting a response and getting none save a steady stare. Moves away toward the closet.) So I jumped into the front seat and floored it out of there. I had the hand checked and cleaned at the medical center and came back to find you smoking weed, very casual and college-like I might add, oblivious to the whole thing. RODDY: That's not fair.

ALYSON: (Waves him away impatiently with her hand.) I know, I know. (pause) It just seems so cruel...so fake. I mean, I park my

Prelude in my own little slot, stroll into my dorm room where I have a portable refrigerator and two adjustable face mirrors, and pretty soon that little dog will fade from my memory like *The Communist Manifesto*, or Chaucer, or some other assignment from first semester. Roddy, I killed that dog. I didn't skip a class or flunk an exam, I sprayed some little kid's pet all over the block with my fender. I go to college, how am I supposed to know what to do with a dead dog?

Letter To the Editor Racism

by Alma Torres and Lety Martinez

"Kill the Mexicans!" What kind of reply can be given to such a malicious statement? What well-founded motives can there be for this derogatory remark to have been made? What would your reply and actions have been if the statement had been "kill the Whites, Asians, or Hawaiians?"

This is the dilemma three CMC minority students faced as they walked back to their dorm on the eve of February 14. Upon hearing the vicious remark, two of the Hispanic students decided to take action by expressing their anger to the President of CMC, Jack Stark, and by having this article published in the various school newspapers.

"Our purpose in writing this article," affirmed the two students, "is to express our rage in a sophisticated manner and to make others like ourselves aware that racism should not be tolerated in any institution of learning, especially one of such prominence as CMC. That this remark was made at a time when cultural awareness and acceptance should be at its peak at the Claremont Colleges is, of course, lamentable. It would be more lamentable, however, if nothing was done by us about the situation. We hope that our handling of the situation by protesting and making our rage known to those persons (Dean of Students, Chicano Studies, OBSA) who are in a position to do something when such incidents occur is emulated by those who encounter the same situation. Racism should never be taken lightly but instead challenged and contested by those of us who are unfortunate enough to experience it."

First Hand

Nicaragua Letter From Last Issue Continued

Now in Managua again, with so little time left to me in Nicaragua, I am spending my time sorting and trying to assimilate the many stories I have heard, the things I've seen and experienced, all the lessons I've learned. Yesterday as I left Somotillo and had all the long bus ride back to sink into my thoughts, I was trying to find a way to summarize for myself what these months have meant, what some of the deeper changes are that being here has brought me.

The changes come to me on different levels, in different categories. One level is political perspective. I remember that the first letter I wrote to you was full of first impression analysis, of criticisms of the Sandinista system and rebuttals to the criticisms. These months have washed away for me the need to either critique or defend the revolution here. It is what it is, with all the sloppy pushing and pulling of action and reaction that always accompanies human change. For me, what remains important is that this tiny, impossibly poor country has managed to launch itself out onto a path different from that dictated by the United States; and that this new path involves a redistribution of wealth and power that can serve as a model to those most dispossessed throughout the world. As Nicaragua's foreign minister, Miguel d'Escoto, has said, "The empire can no longer make us bow to its gods." That refusal to bow is what remains so unacceptable to the United States, and so much a light to those others struggling up from the bowing they're forced into.

Spiritual changes my time here has brought are harder for me to grasp and articulate. One shift has been in my understanding of the political/spiritual links. I no longer see them as two spheres that I must somehow struggle to bring together in my life, but rather as one and the same, in that neither alone is a whole. In some sense this seems so obvious it's a truism; and yet it's so little reflected in the reality most of us live. We become good by choosing to do good, not by awaiting a flash of enlightenment. Put into the broad drama of a struggle for collective perfection, that perfection is contributed to by every opting for the good. It's in this context that I also see what's happening in Nicaragua; the whole that I feel connected to through the attempt here therefore goes way beyond this one place and time beyond even its ultimate success or failure as

a revolution, since in this context the revolution itself is only one of many symptoms of a more profound change, individually and collectively.

On this level of change come also those things I've seen and valued and mentioned to you before—love, humility, generosity, and the tendency to put the whole ahead of one's individual gripes or strivings. I will remember how deeply present these have been here. To them I'd add another, related to humility I think: ingenuousness, or in the Spanish, a lack of engano. Sometimes when I have listened to these people speak, there arises such a contrast between their sane and basic sincerity, and the constant multitudinous ways we've learned to mask ours. Our contact with each other, even our solitude, are so filled with our worry over being clever enough, sexy enough, thin or tough or rich enough, and with the striving to at least appear to be so, with nothing farther from our behavior than the simple presentation of our humble selves.

I think a third kind of change that my time here has brought me, has been on a personal level in terms of determination or will. I feel more sure of my ability to stand up for what I believe in, and clearer about why, than in all my years of political activism. What the people here have suffered and are suffering gives my own will and courage more impetus; and the deep goodness and patience they retain in spite of the suffering give me more hope in people ... general and in the human spirit than I have probably ever felt before.

How any of this will be translated into my life and what I choose to do once I'm back in the States, I don't know yet; only that it will be. I still feel trepidation in going back, not looking forward to the culture shock, nor to how gigantic and complicated so many of the injustices seem to us there. But I think I'll be able to hold to the perspective I've gained through being here. It's a long and up-hill struggle we're in, but at the moment I feel very plugged in to how fierce and certain is its motion.

Barring anything unforeseen, I'll be back in the Bay Area as of the evening of February 2nd. Until then—

Much love
Kaky

The Comprehensive Film Guide

by Keith Merryman

"Damn, I missed it!" is a cry too often heard from students who have missed yet another great movie that will probably not be shown again for another year. With all of the different film series going on, and all of the different playbill sheets (most of which find their way to the garbage can), circulating, it is virtually impossible to keep track of what is showing when. This is where **The Other Side** comes to the rescue. Below is the first and only complete listing of the films being shown this semester. Tear it out and pin it up and you too will be on your way toward being an informed film goer. Yeah!!!

THE SUNDAY NIGHT CINEMA—

Avery Auditorium, Pitzer College. 7&9 p.m.
\$1.50

| | |
|---------|---------------------------|
| FEB. 24 | ALICE'S RESTAURANT |
| MAR. 3 | DEVI (THE GODDESS) |
| MAR. 10 | WHERE THE BUFFALO ROAM |
| MAR. 31 | JULIET OF THE SPIRITS |
| APR. 7 | IKIRU (**7 & 9:30) |
| APR. 14 | CAT PEOPLE (1942 version) |
| APR. 21 | PICNIC AT HANGING ROCK |
| APR. 28 | PURPLE HAZE |
| MAY 5 | HAIR |

THE PLAYBILL—

Fridays at 7:00, 9:30 & 12:00—McKenna Auditorium, CMC; Saturday at 7:00 & 9:30—Mudd Theatre, School of Theology.

| | |
|------------|--------------------------------------|
| MAR. 1&2 | TEACHERS |
| MAR. 8&9 | THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW |
| MAR. 29&30 | VERTIGO |
| APR. 5&6 | THE RAZORS EDGE |
| APR. 12&13 | PLACES IN THE HEART |
| APR. 19&20 | 2010 |
| APR. 26&27 | REVENGE OF THE NERDS |
| MAY 3&4 | INDIANA JONES AND THE TEMPLE OF DOOM |
| MAY 10&11 | ALL OF ME |

FRIDAY NIGHT FILM SERIES—

School of Theology—Mudd Theatre. 7:30 p.m.

| | |
|---------|---|
| MAR. 1 | ELMER GANTRY with Burt Lancaster, Shirley Jones |
| MAR. 8 | A Tribute to Francois Truffaut, featuring DAY FOR NIGHT |
| MAR. 15 | To be announced |
| MAR. 22 | THE SEVENTH SEAL by Ingmar Bergman |
| MAR. 29 | PATHS OF GLORY and THE JAZZ SINGER with Kirk Douglas, Al Jolson |
| APR. 5 | GAYLORD CARTER PRESENTS CECIL B. DEMILLE'S KING OF KINGS |
| APR. 12 | The Scripps Dance Spring Concert |
| APR. 19 | CITIZEN KANE and MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS Two by Orson Welles |

| | |
|---------|--|
| APR. 26 | SHAMPOO with Warren Beatty, Julie Christie, Goldie Hawn |
| MAY 3 | CITY LIGHTS by and with Charlie Chaplin |
| MAY 10 | WALT DISNEY'S OLD YELLER and VANISHING PRAIRIE |
| MAY 17 | CAT BALLOU with Jane Fonda, Lee Marvin, Nat King Cole |
| MAY 24 | THE VAGABOND and TUMBLEWEEDS by Charlie Chaplin, W.S. Hart |
| MAY 31 | HIS GIRL FRIDAY with Cary Grant, Rosalind Russell, Ralph Bellamy |

TUESDAY FILM SERIES—

Showings at 7:00 and 9:30 p.m., Admission \$1.50, Seaver North Auditorium

| | |
|---------|---------------------------------|
| FEB. 26 | A BOY AND HIS DOG |
| MAR. 5 | AFRICAN QUEEN |
| MAR. 12 | MIDNIGHT COWBOY |
| MAR. 26 | NORTH BY NORTHWEST |
| APR. 2 | SLEEPER |
| APR. 9 | ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST |
| APR. 16 | ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT |
| APR. 23 | GOLDFINGER |
| APR. 30 | THE TURNING POINT |
| MAY 7 | THE PAPER CHASE |

Emergence of an Experiment

by Sebastian Matthews

You are lucky if you were fortunate enough to catch the two one-act plays performed down in the Pit in McConnell, **Waiting For A Goodnight** and **A Soul That Said No**. The plays, written by Tom Levinthal and directed by Lisa Braithwaite and Levinthal, were first rate entertainment.

It is a remarkable accomplishment on the part of Tom and Lisa, the actors, and anyone else involved in the productions, to have produced such high quality, interesting, and inspiring plays. Just sitting in the audience, in tune with the complex organization involved in even "small" one-acts, and witnessing the coordination and teamwork shown both on-stage and what one could see off-stage, I was impressed.

Though billed as "experimental theatre," and filled with storylines containing the absurd, macabre, and dream-like, both plays were interesting in the classic sense: through nice visual set-ups, good dialogue, worked out characters, and so on; and though, mostly on purpose, the messages and underlying themes of the plays were obvious and sometimes preachy, it seemed the loud applause at the end of the night was genuine, and it came from, I think, a certain joy placed on the audience by the performances.

So, we all will be lucky if the Five-College Experimental theatre receives the recognition it is now looking for, and deserves, as a sub-group of the Five-College Theatre Program. We will all

benefit, as audience, and hopefully as artist and creator, if they are granted the recognition of the faculty as a group, and they are able to provide a new forum for the students.

As of now, the idea for the Experimental Theatre, as stated in the xeroxed sheet handed to me by Tom that will soon go to the faculty of the Five-College Theater (after some more creative changes? goes as follows:

"(that) students would have the chance to direct, star in, and produce various plays. Special consideration would be given to original works. At first, students will have to find their own props, stages, and lighting, costumes, and publicity. So in effect the faculty (would) only (be) giving their blessing."

Levinthal hopes that later, if things work out, that there would be more things open for the student who wants to put on his or her own experimental piece. Such as, having a student representative that is in charge of checking out props put aside for the students, along with, hopefully, old costumes, lighting, etc.

Since this is only in the planning stages, Levinthal warns that the control may be such that only drama students will be backed by the Experimental Theatre. Levinthal himself would like to see things open for everyone, drama major or no, thus the word "experimental," but isn't sure where things will go.

"The purpose of the Experimental Theatre would have more available theatre for the students

Please see **THEATRE** page 8

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- All entries must be original and unpublished.
- All entries must be typed, double-spaced, on one side of the page only. Each poem must be on a separate sheet and must bear, in the upper left-hand corner, the NAME and ADDRESS of the student as well as the COLLEGE attended. Put name and address on envelope also!
- There are no restrictions on form or theme. Length of poems up to fourteen lines. Each poem must have a separate title. (Avoid "Untitled"! Small black and white illustrations welcome.
- The judges' decision will be final. No info by phone!
- Entrants should keep a copy of all entries as they cannot be returned. Prize winners and all authors awarded free publication will be notified immediately after deadline. I.P. will retain first publication rights for accepted poems. Foreign language poems welcome.
- There is an initial one dollar registration fee for the first entry and a fee of fifty cents for each additional poem. It is requested to submit no more than ten poems per entrant.
- All entries must be postmarked not later than the above deadline and fees be paid, cash, check or money order, to:

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ESCAPISM from page 3

- "Dylan Lawrence." —Beth Simpson
- "Dylan Lawrence." —Betty Schneider
- "Dylan Russo Lawrence." —Ooh I love his middle name
- "My dog." —P.Q.
- "Luke's last name." —His mother
- "Medieval organ music in front of a fireplace." —Eugene Yurist
- "Jennifer Bale in the shower." —Sanborn maintenance men
- "A crowded elevator stuck between the 14th and 15th floors, 100 pounds of fresh jellow to water pic." —Gro Per
- "Cellulite." —MaryJo Wanna's Momma
- "Sheep under a Nebraska moon." —Ewe-Gene
- "The Brady Bunch in 3-D" —Your name
- "Miss America." —Bob Guccione
- "Psycho-babies in suburbia." —Don't tell
- "A smiling girl in a baggy dress handing out questionnaires in the dining hall." —Terrance call 2295
- "Mutual psychological destruction between a couple." —Mr. and Mrs. Killing-Field
- "Moon light stroll." —Greg White

- "Fat Hungarian women with sagging breasts fanning me under the hot Egyptian sun." —Luke Skank
- "E=mc²." —A Physical Mudder
- "To be able to kiss your girlfriend without having her nose in the way." —Mike Ravioli
- "A cemetary on a summer evening." —Mosquito Bitten
- "It's been so long I forget." —Joe Pathetic
- "A quarter's romantic enough for me!" —Seeking female
- "An evening watching the Dukes of Hazard." —Biff from CMC
- "A long neck, a good boy, and a nice set of frets." —D. Taft
- "Brief nudity and adult situations." —Gene and Robert
- "Mustard on toast." —Billy
- "James Dean." —Gary Strack (James Dean Jr.)
- "B.A.'s from Justin." —The one who's bustin' Justin
- "Watching Roger shower." —Marcel
- "Watching the nuclear bombs go off in front of a sunset with Nancy." —Ronnie Raygun
- "Roxy Music and flaming arrows." —Tim Parker
- "When guys don't ask you if they can kiss you." —Sweet Pea

THEATRE from page 7

and community (the productions should probably be free for all), to bring out more awareness of the theatre department, and most importantly to learn everything about putting on a production. Most of the learning is by doing and this would be especially beneficial since acting has such a high unemployment rate and Experimental Theatre students the knowledge, initiation, and confidence to be able to put on their own productions in restaurants or in the street if things aren't coming up roses." —from the memo to the faculty of the Five-College Theatre

For now we must wait and see if the bureaucratic process goes well, and hope that the Experimental Theatre continues putting out plays as classy and good as **Waiting For A Goodnight and A Soul That Said No.**

Is there anything else we can do? YES. Why don't some of us follow the excellent lead of Tom Levinthal and get off our bums and produce stuff that will affect people, make them clap and feel joyous; make them think that much more about why things are the way they are, and what is missing.

Maybe if you write up something good, a play, or have some performance art, or want to read a dramatic reading, maybe the Five-College Experimental Theatre will be officially around to encourage and help you. Let's hope.

WE WANT YOU TO WRITE FOR US!

If you are creative, reliable, and interested in writing articles for *The Other Side*, please come to staff meetings every Wednesday, 10:00 p.m., Mead Livingroom, or contact Chandre Kipps, ext. 3754 or 625-4522.

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