

the other side

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Pitzer College

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Ture Visits Pitzer

by Noam Scheindlin

Kwame Ture, formerly known as Stokely Carmichael, spoke last week in the Founder's Room on the need for education and unity of Africans in the fight against oppression.

Ture's goal is to unify Africa under "scientific socialism" as part of a world socialist revolution. His plans are being executed through the All-African People's Revolutionary Party, of which he is president.

"A capitalist system is a backwards system," said Ture, claiming that capitalism leads to inaction. In discussing the role of education, Ture explained that capitalism causes history to be taught "as if it were dead, as if only important people make history."

"Imagine Martin Luther King speaking without his thousands and thousands of supporters to a group of southern whites. They would have lynched him," he said. Rather, Ture expressed his desire for a method of teaching history in such a way that students would understand that they are integral to the historical and revolutionary process. "All history is made through the

masses," he said.

Ture also spoke about communism and the ideology of his organization. When confronted with the claim that communism has had as many failures as capitalism, Ture responded by stating that "there is no example of a communist country today. Not yet."

In reacting to the Chinese government's declaration that the writings of Marx are obsolete, Ture said that "as long as the lower classes rise up against the upper classes, Marxism will exist. It's a reality," he said.

As to the methods of achieving his revolutionary goals, Ture emphasized the need for organization. In the 1960's, he said, spontaneous actions and demonstrations "shook the capitalist system at its foundations. Today," he continued, "spontaneity will not work. Only organized force will."

Ture also spoke about the potential of organization in relieving world hunger. He maintains that any three countries in Africa have enough resources to feed the world.

As to the role of whites in the

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Photo by Leslie Gunby

Parking in the "red" is still illegal at Mead. As it stands now, many students are forced to park in this space.

Parking Puzzle Continues

by Tacy Hess

The saga continues.

It is 2 a.m. You have just returned to the Pitzer campus after gorging yourself with an In N Out burger, and you are about to make the fatal mistake of hoping to find a parking place; alas there are none. The choices left include: the red zone, the handicapped zone, off road, or finally the Bauer parking lot. The most readily used solution are the red zones. This problem has turned into somewhat of a plague at Pitzer. The disease was diagnosed once again last semester by concerned students on the Mead Dorm Council. A previous editor of *The Other Side* stated that, "this problem has existed and been researched for the last five years." This semester, after many attempts to find a solution, Pitzer has only managed to open a "Pandora's Box" of parking problems. It is of grave importance that the actual outcome and decisions are understood by not only the committees but by everyone, so that the picture can finally be a clear one.

The record of events concerning the parking problem must be illustrated so that the students can see that there was a tremendous amount of energy generated toward solving this problem. Last semester, Mead Dorm Council's attempts through normal channels yielded no results. After Christmas vacation the problem had escalated to being "unbearable". In early February, hoping to find a solution, Mead Dorm Council's petition, which collected 150 signatures, was presented to President Ellsworth by fifteen

students. President Ellsworth and Jane Holcombe did take action, which many of the students feel they should be commended upon. Ellsworth's reply was quick; yet too quick some students say. Ellsworth's memo granted a pardon on "tickets issued since September 1st, except for those given to cars parked in spaces marked handicapped." This memo prompted the students to assume that the red zones were open territory. Due to the confusion, Jane Holcombe two weeks later sent out the "Chapter Two: Parking" memo stating that tickets would continue to be issued to cars parking in the "red (fire) zones." Meanwhile, Jane Holcombe and Rich McColl collaborated with a professional parking consultant who drew up three different plans. One; keeping the present lot of Mead Dorm and repainting the lines. Two; joining the two lots by eliminating the center divider. Three; keeping the lots separate, while expanding the Grove House portion toward the future soccer field. The third plan at first provided 45 new spaces and was therefore the most reasonable solution. Yet, as Jane Holcombe and Chandre Kipps recounted the spaces, the plan proved to only provide 12 new spaces at the cost of \$25,000. \$25,000 appeared to be extremely overwhelming to all concerned if the total gain was to be only 12 spaces.

The Mead parking situation opened up the "Pandora's Box" realization that the situation was a symptom of a greater problem. The staff and faculty parking is being infringed upon by the HMC cars. Thus, the staff and faculty

move to Sanborn causing Sanborn to flee to either Bauer or Holden. Holden consequently moves up the fire road to Mead parking, whereby everyone is eventually affected by the plague. The problem appears to be circular not only in the parking sense, but also in finding a reasonable cure.

By deeper investigation into the parking, additional problems have been raised. One; Mills Avenue belongs to the City of Claremont, meaning that cars parked there after 2 a.m. can be ticketed. Two; Bauer parking lot belongs to CMC and is being leased to Pitzer temporarily until CMC needs it. Three; parking in the red zones is illegal and is jeopardizing the safety of everyone if an actual fire were to break out. The Claremont Fire Department got a taste of the problem during the "3 a.m. drill" which brought the fire truck up, yet forced it to back out for lack of turning space.

Opening "Pandora's Box" also brought a strong realization to the fact that obviously much more parking is required. Pitzer has many other building plans that will also need parking in the future. Therefore, alleviating the problem at Mead would prove to be rather expensive and useless if Pitzer were to turn around and need more in the future. Consequently, the hard work expended in reaching a solution for the near future has been lost. The only alternatives that emerge are the utilization of what already exists.

Looking back at the original problem—only one of the requests made by the students of

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News Briefs

The Pitzer Price Index (P.P.I.) rate of inflation is 8.9% as compared to the Consumer Price Index rate of 4½%. Increases for next year are as follows:

	1984/85	1985/86	Percentage Increase
Tuition	8,600	9,360	8.8%
Room	1,570	1,706	8.6%
Board	1,331	1,448	8.8%
Student Fees	745	828	10.0%
Total	12,246	13,342	8.9%

In order to save money for next years tuition, you can travel this spring with Trailways anywhere in the U.S. for a maximum round trip fare of \$98.

A panel discussion on "Central American Policy Dilemmas" will be held Tuesday evening, March 12 at 7:30 p.m. in Avery Auditorium. The four-member panel will focus on Central American history, policy and foreign affairs.

A hunger drive to raise money will be held tonight in McConnell. The money will be sent to Oxfam, a third world relief agency. Bring your dollars.

See Pitzer alum success stories on KCET's "On campus" television show Sunday, March 17 at 5:30 p.m.

We are pleased to announce the new Resident Advisors for the 1985-86 academic year: Timothy Dignan, Marsha East, Elaine Evans, Paula Haywood, Dylan Lawrence, Luis Martinez, Walter Morris, Paul Musser, Yoon Park, Leonardo Rapozo, Regan Sarwas, and Jason Steinberg.

Peru Human Right Violations

by Emilie Trautmann

Atrocities committed by Peruvian government forces in the country's remote highland provinces have reached unprecedented levels in the country's modern history, according to a report released by Amnesty International in January. Hundreds of Peruvians have been tortured and killed during the last two years, and more than 1,000 have "disappeared" after government agents seized them without warrant from their homes. Many of the victims are students and teachers, killed because of their alleged association with the Shining Path armed opposition group.

An army patrol abducted Pedro Gomez, a university student, when he returned from Lima to his parents' rural home 18 months ago. He has not been seen since the abduction. Argumedes Ascarza, an 18-year-old student from the Ayacucho highlands, also remains among the "disappeared." Hooded men dressed in army uniforms abducted him from his home in July, 1983.

Massive human rights violations began to occur in Peru in December, 1982, when the government of President Fernando Belaunde Terry placed nine western provinces under military rule. Shining Path guerrillas have been especially active in these provinces, targeting government security personnel and local community leaders for execution-style killings. Last summer the government extended the Emergency Zone to 13 provinces.

Despite domestic and international protest against the "dirty wars" waged by government authorities, military forces, Peruvian police, and the civil guard continue to violate citizens' basic human rights with virtual impunity. While condemning the killings

and other abuses committed by the Shining Path, Amnesty International has called upon the government of President Belaunde to observe international standards for protection of individual citizens' fundamental human rights.

Students and teachers in the Emergency Zone have suffered brutal treatment, in part because young people have been recruited into the guerilla movement. Evidence compiled by Amnesty International suggests that military agents suspect young people, simply because of their age, of participating in guerilla activity.

Victims of government agents also include farmers, lawyers, journalists, and leaders of peasant organizations and trade unions. Security forces have dumped or buried hundreds of bodies at several sites in the Emergency Zone. Fifty bodies were found in seven shallow graves at one site last summer. At other sites military authorities have obstructed exhumation or identification of corpses, which often bear clear marks of torture and a single gunshot wound in the head. Removal of clothing, severing of fingers, and the mutilation of facial features render identification difficult. A Peruvian woman testified that she and her daughter had searched for her missing son "at the place where the dead bodies appear. But we have only found the collar of his shirt, which the marines used as a blindfold on another person."

Numerous victims of "disappearance" were last seen alive at one of two government detention centers. The Huanta Stadium, a concrete structure built in 1974 for sporting events, serves as a provincial naval command headquarters. Authorities have denied detaining many of the prisoners held under the grandstand and in

open areas of the stadium. Los Cabitos Barracks, a regional army headquarters, reportedly serves as the Emergency Zone's main interrogation and detention center. Prisoners released from the barracks have testified that they saw people held there whom authorities denied detaining. These testimonies support evidence that guards in the barracks systematically torture detainees. Norma Cordero Martraza a 12-year-old schoolgirl taken from her home at midnight last year, is among those last seen at the barracks.

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struggle for freedom from oppression against blacks with the final goal of unity, Ture recommended joining an organization in solidarity with the struggle. Whites are not eligible to join the All-African party, because, Ture explained, it is a struggle that the oppressed black people must fight by themselves. They must free themselves in order to attain true independence.

Ture spoke at length about the contributions of Africans to world

religion, claiming that the concept of monotheism began in Africa. He cited direct African influences in Judaism, Christianity, and Islam. Ture stressed the importance of religion in the revolution as a provider of morals, but condemned aspects of the present state of the three major religions.

In the past, Ture, under his previous name, Stokely Carmichael, was the Prime Minister of the Black Panthers, and a chief organizer in the Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee (SNCC).

The Sanctuary Movement

by Martin Moreno

People who ally themselves with the sanctuary movement would generally prefer to avoid political and ideological questions. Ultimately, there is no left or right, conservative or liberal, there is only life and death, the pursuit of justice and human rights in a world woefully deficient in both. Sanctuary does not seek to overthrow the governments of the United States, Guatemala, and El Salvador, its only goal is to shelter refugees fleeing civil war, political oppression, and violent death squads.

The difficulty encountered by sanctuary is that the government of the United States has a different view of the political nature of persons fleeing Central America. The State Department interprets the 80,000 people killed in El Salvador and Guatemala since 1979 differently than the sanctuary movement, and indeed, most independent international organizations, choosing to view them as random, attacking broad sectors of populations, without any apparent political motive. Whether or not the justice department chooses to accept the political reality of the situation in El Salvador and Guatemala, sanctuary presses for answers as to why they ignore the human reality.

This is the predicament that the sanctuary workers find themselves in. When the churches were forced to make a decision between their faith and the interpretation of the law by the Reagan Administration, their choice was not simple. To decide in accord with their faith was to break the law, and the action of declaring sanctuary and safeguarding political refugees was made out of the deepest commitment; breaking an immoral law was less a crime than breaking with their faith. What aided them in their decision was the realization that the law protected political refugees (Refugee act of 1982, the Geneva Convention), and their fight wasn't against an unjust law, but against an equally unjust interpretation of the law.

An Immigration and Naturalization Service directive that discouraged agents from following 'aliens' into churches, schools, and hospitals, leads to the establishment of the first campus sanctuary at the University of California at Riverside. The Graduate Student Council voted to declare sanctuary in the

hope that the INS would refrain from the publicity and public outcry of a raid on a college campus; they also broke with the tradition of sanctuary based upon religious beliefs by becoming a secular, though scholarly, sanctuary. The belief in justice and human rights does not require religious training or affiliation.

Thus far, Riverside, Fresno, University of Colorado at Boulder, Berkeley, Irvine, and UCLA, have declared sanctuary, with refugees being actually held at only the first three, and then only for brief periods of time. The act of declaring sanctuary is a symbolic statement in support of human rights, often aiding local churches in the maintenance of sanctuary work. Whether a group decides to actually hold refugees is reliant upon the resources of the group, and because the declaration of sanctuary implies a moral affirmation more than a physical act, the actual handling of refugees is not a necessity.

A declaration of sanctuary at Pitzer College presents some special problems. Whereas most schools have acted through their student governments, Pitzer has only a community governance system, with the appropriate official sanctioning body being the College Council. The difficulty is that the initiative would have to be presented before the faculty for consideration, an issue not confronted by the other campus movements. This is not to say that the faculty would oppose the motion, only that some fear that the validity and merit of the act would be suspect because it came from the student body. The perceived alternative is to bring the issue to the students in some sort of a door to door referendum, where the students would be able to decide on the issue of sanctuary as a body, and then approach the faculty.

Pitzer has the opportunity to be the first private college in the country to declare sanctuary for Central American refugees—Brown, USC, and Occidental are considering—and for the first time, faculty members have the opportunity to work with students toward a joint declaration. Because the decision would be made for the community as individuals, the institutional liability in the declaration—already insignificant—would be alleviated. The question now is whether the community thinks that there is any value in taking a stand on an issue concerning the rights of human beings.

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Study Compares P.O. and PI Drug Use

by Kimberly McNear

Since its founding, Pitzer College has had a reputation amongst the other colleges for being more socially than academically oriented and for having a higher rate of drug use. However, in an experiment conducted as a final project for a seminar last semester, within the final data trends were visible that contradict generalizations commonly made about Pitzer in relation to class attendance and drug use. In addition, evidence confirming suppositions made about cigarette smoking and course selection at Pitzer College were also found.

Shortly after Thanksgiving break, students at McConnell, Frank and Frary dining halls, after having attested to have been attending Pitzer and Pomona for at least two complete semesters, were requested to complete questionnaires asking the following questions: if they had ever taken a course in five separate disciplines, how many classes they had not attended between the beginning of the year and Thanksgiving break, if they were regular cigarette or clove smokers and finally, if they had ever tried any of a list of eleven different drugs.

In the original study, chi square values were used to assess the data, but for the purpose of this article, percentages will be used. Percentages in the categories of heroin, PCP, speedballing, freebasing and qualude experience as well as regular clove smoking were very low and have been discounted for this article. All other response percentages will be examined.

In the section related to course selection, students were asked to state if within the time they had attended Pitzer or Pomona, whether they had taken a course in the disciplines of science, math, social science, humanities and the arts in general. In science-

related courses, Pomona males led with 91% of them having taken a science course. Pomona females were close behind with 86% and Pitzer males and females trailed with percentages of 52% and 38%, respectively. In mathematics, the same general trend followed for the males; however, both Pitzer and Pomona females showed a higher rate of having taken math courses over science courses. In the field of

science	PZm	52%
	PZf	38
	POm	91
	POf	86
math	PZm	56%
	PZf	48
	POm	95
	POf	90
social science	PZm	91%
	PZf	93
	POm	98
	POf	98
humanities	PZm	72%
	PZf	71
	POm	89
	POf	95
art	PZm	34%
	PZf	52
	POm	54
	POf	68

social sciences, 98% of both Pomona males and females had taken at least one course. Pitzer males and females were only slightly lower, with percentages in the low nineties. Within the humanities, Pomona females topped with 95%. Pomona males had a percentage of eighty-nine and all Pitzer students in the low seventies. In the arts, Pomona females once again had the highest percentage with 68%. Pomona males followed with 54%, Pitzer females with 52% and Pitzer males with 34%. Of course, that Pomona students take courses from a wider range of courses is of surprise to no one.

When students were asked to state how many classes they had missed in the given time period, seven to ten classes was the category most widely chosen.

7-10 absences	PZm	18%
	PZf	28
	POm	7
	POf	5

Within the percentage breakdown, the results were most surprising. Pitzer males led with 18% of the tested sample having been absent seven to ten times. Then, in direct descending order into the low teens came Pitzer females, Pomona males and Pomona females. All the other categories showed nearly the same trend.

Discrepancies between Pitzer and Pomona students in the area of regular cigarette smoking were substantial. The data revealed that 28% of the Pitzer females claimed to be regular smokers. Pitzer males followed closely behind, unlike the Pomona males and females who only had 7% and 5% responding as regular smokers. This places Pomona students some 20% below Pitzer, or more simply, Pitzer students smoke approximately twenty percent more than their south campus counterparts.

Finally, the portion inquiring about drug experience contained some interesting trends and surprises. Eighty-eight percent of both male and female Pitzer students said they had tried mari-

cigarettes	PZm	25%
	PZf	28
	POm	7
	POf	5

juana. Pomona males fell 10% behind the 78% and the Pomona females were only slightly behind that. Again with hash experience, Pitzer males and females came out together with the highest percentages, 55%, and 57%. Pomona males were at 42% and the females at a low 36%, some

twenty percent below the Pitzer contingent. Cocaine experience revealed data that simply grouped, except that the percentages were a little bit higher than those of hash. Pitzer males held their own 60% of those tested having tried cocaine. Pitzer's female and Pomona's male respondents were split just about down the middle, half having tried coke, half having not. Again, the Pomona females brought up the

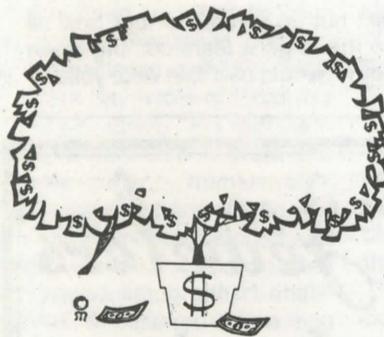
marijuana	PZm	88%
	PZf	88
	POm	78
	POf	76
hash	PZm	55%
	PZf	57
	POm	42
	POf	36
cocaine	PZm	60%
	PZf	50
	POm	48
	POf	39
mushrooms	PZm	43%
	PZf	41
	POm	41
	POf	29
acid	PZm	17%
	PZf	16
	POm	22
	POf	9

rear with only about 40% of them having had experience with cocaine. All Pitzer students and Pomona males showed percentages in the low forties for having experienced mushrooms. Pomona females were more than ten percentage points below. With acid experience, Pomona males came out with 22% of those students responding positively. Some five percent ahead of the Pitzer males who were on the same par as the Pitzer females. The Pomona females came in about seven to eight percent below that.

Before drawing any conclusions, it is interesting to note that

even though one might wonder whether students had answered honestly, the results showing that Pitzer had a higher number of smokers and a lower number in each of the disciplines (both of which are known fact by observing in the dining halls or studying academic records) lends authenticity to the rest of the study. The results of the discipline portion show that Pomona students take courses from many disciplines and Pitzer students study fewer disciplines, perhaps in more depth. Judging from the statistics of class attendance (or lack thereof), students at Pitzer and Pomona have a very similar rate of skipping class. As far as smoking is concerned, why Pitzer students, especially the women, smoke so much more is unknown. Perhaps it is due to the increased social atmosphere. Probably the area with the most interesting data to analyze is that of the drug study. Three solid conclusions can be easily derived from this data. First of all, marijuana is certainly the drug that has been most widely tried. At least three quarters of the students at both schools, and in Pitzer's case almost ninety percent, had tried marijuana. Secondly, the one piece of data that was anomalous to the rest, Pomona males in this study have had more experience with acid than any of the other students. Finally, though Pomona females are around Pomona males, who have had just about as much overall drug experience as Pitzer males, Pomona females have had very little drug experience in comparison to all three of the other groups. This is new finding, and why it's true is unclear.

That Pitzer is a liberal college goes without question. But whether students do a substantially larger amount of drugs is not necessarily true. It is more likely that students and faculty alike at Pitzer are probably just more open concerning this issue.



by Peter Bunge

Since the beginning of last summer, the U.S. dollar has risen in trade worth by almost a full half against most of the world's currency. Such fluctuation has never before occurred outside of wartime and should signal economic danger to anyone that has traced its radical rise.

The British Pound, which has almost reached parity with the dollar, is hovering at about \$1.08 (after reaching within a nickel of

The Almighty United States Dollar

equality). Obviously, this is great news for any American traveling or shopping abroad. But this also makes products made in the U.S. for export very expensive. Since one of the reasons for the dollar's rise is the weakness of most European economies (caused mainly by the absence of any real Common Market), the number of persons able, or who choose to buy U.S. products is dwindling. This has caused the largest trade deficit in U.S. history and has served to further increase the speculation in dollar demand abroad thereby increasing and driving the dollar further up in value. But remember, only **trade** value. One can still buy approximately the same amount of butter, or beer in England, but it is now absurdly

cheap when buying with a dollar. Students planning on exchanging to London and Italy next semester are giggling into their knuckles with delight, and well they should, because the situation cannot last for long. Important things like voluntary trade restraints depend on a mutual cooperation which is threatened by the U.S.'s current advantage. And in economic terms one rarely has a time of advantage, without retribution, or at least backlash.

So what has caused it? Mainly, United States interest rates. They stand higher than any other country's, because of the massive amounts of money that must be borrowed against the 1,000,000,000 dollar government deficit. And who's deficit is that? Reagan and

his budget committee. Refusing (as was once a campaign promise) to eliminate, or at least bring down, the amount of money spent.

Last week, the Bank of England, Japanese Central Bank, Swiss Bank Corporation, and others all bought vast quantities of their own deflated currencies, trying to halt, or at least slow the dollar's rise. This was the largest intervention to date, which has also included a token purchase by our own Federal Reserve to aid in the attempt.

Obviously the dollar's worth has to stop somewhere, but traders and analysts cannot be sure. I can remember when, at the beginning of last summer, I began to take notice of the dollar's upward rise

for I was about to spend a semester in London. Needless to say, I was overjoyed at the fact that I would have more money to spend; however, I was worried that the upward trend would stop, or even reverse. Then the dollar was at almost \$1.40 against the pound. Since that time, I would have almost thirty dollars more for every one hundred I spent. Thirty more dollars, almost thirty pounds; Sterling enough to buy a family of four's groceries for a week, easily. How much to feed a family of four here, in the U.S.? A hell of a lot more than thirty pounds, say a hundred dollars; approximately three times thirty pounds, or how much the pound was worth as little as two and a half years ago.

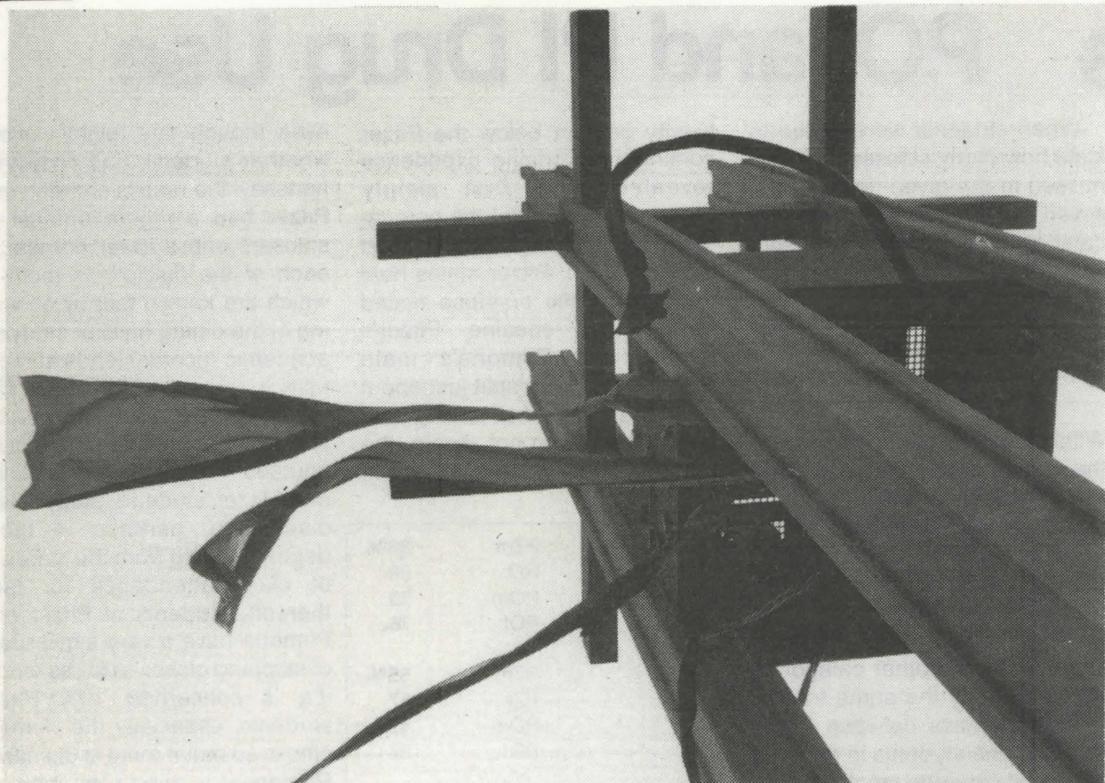


Photo by Susan Calvin

The Pitzer Beach

by Paul Killorin

What could be more exciting than a day at the beach? No, the inference is not to Newport, Huntington, or Venice but a beach in Southern California usually unknown by the common folk. To those few though, who have experienced her mystical beauty, the memory will last forever. This lovable beach demands an imagination by her taker but in return offers its space up to those who deserve a good time in the sun. As you and I all know, Pitzer Beach is that place.

OK—so I lied. The sand is scarce and the waves you're probably thinking of are nonexistent. This is where your imaginations come in. The waves to be enjoyed here are waves of grass rolling and falling amidst splashes of trees. You can't ride a Pitzer Beach wave but the possibilities for fun are unlimited. And no you don't have to worry being bit by anything larger than a mosquito.

You may ask: What can I expect during a day at Pitzer Beach? Upon entrance to this most awesome sight, your first inclination may be to catch a glimpse of the beauties and brawnies in their sun wear looking oh so comfortable. Pushing forward, though

you will discover numerous options for fun apart from the traditional sun baking ideals that attract many a human jelly fish. As most will agree, cracking the books is usually one's first preference but we all know there's more to life than books, don't we?

With this temptation once overcome, the excitement surrounding you is bound to envelop you to its best degree. On a good day with the sun shining and a cool breeze blowing, Pitzer Beach is home to the fun loving, action oriented individual. Volleyball, frisbee, and hackey sack games frequent the schedule of beach events. Occasionally a Zuma Beach type stud will cross the boundaries of this casual resort with his bar bells in hand. Pitzer Beach, however, prohibits the use of any heavy objects potentially dangerous to another member unless of course this particular object happens to be full of beer of the finest quality.

Now in this case, Pitzer Beach is more than willing to accommodate their temporary guests with refreshments. If you are lucky, a barrel of fun may find its way to the volleyball court, so look out. Otherwise, come prepared! Sometimes even an ensemble of instrument players will take their stand at "the dome", the

geometric masterpiece of the century. A group of fans will appear as the music echoes through the waves of grass and then within minutes the energy of the music sounds grasps the group opening the way to dancing. What more could you ask for?

In its entirety Pitzer Beach is a haven for activity and passiveness, whichever you please. Entertainment can be found at a very low cost and of course admission is free with the \$13,000 deposit. Hours at this sun spot but if you are brainful you might realize that the best fun to be had occurs when your shadow shows and the birds have stopped chirping, ending their early morning gossip routine. There are no reservations made at this prestigious hideaway so come as you please and be sure to bring a friend. The surf will be up for at least another two months which means two more months of Pitzer Beach fun. Ask any beach regular which is the most attractive beach in Southern California and the response will sure to be, "Pitzer Beach by all means".

Come and experience this truly wonderful beach, finely groomed above the once historic Claremont dump. You'll be sure to bring an artifact home to ponder!

Off The Wall

by "The Existentialist"

Before I begin enlightening you with my brilliant bundle of thoughts, which I have written so diligently below, I would like to admit something. Contrary to what you may believe, I am no expert in economics, theology, philosophy, or any one of the other social sciences; and God knows not a learned person in any of the physical sciences. And yet even as a film major I have the ability to think and reason some of the more intellectual aspects of our existence.

Through careful observation of my surroundings, I have come to a number of conclusions about cigarette smoking and the opinions held by those for and against it. Did you know that **almost** 98% of the complaining made about cigarettes comes from nonsmokers, and that 75% of those who see it as a disgusting habit are also nonsmokers. The interesting thing, however, is that only 59% of all the ashtrays sold are sold to smokers. This really makes you wonder. I have come to the conclusion that nonsmokers are more concerned about the health hazards of smoking than the smokers are. They are the ones who made the Surgeon General determine that cigarette smoking can be dangerous to your health. What makes me laugh is the Surgeon General smokes, or at least that's what I heard.

After years of research and indepth reading I have decided that Sigmund Freud was full of bullpoo. Personally I have nothing against the guy, but I do find it hard to believe that all my neurotic tendencies are caused by my fear of getting my penis chopped off and my desire to screw mom. Come on Sigmund give me a break. I'm not sure what feelings you had for your mom or what erotic desires made you neurotic but most of us aren't as kinky as you seem to suggest.

Being such an observant person I have noticed that most people contradict themselves. In most cases I find it humorous. Such as when a debator makes his stand while he sits on his ass behind a desk. Other times it makes me sick. Such as when someone is sitting at the dinner table and in between bites he tells you about the starving people in Ethiopia and how much it depresses him. It really makes me mad if they are el blimpo! That is as bad as a rich person complaining about the price of his Lamborghini. I feel like telling these people to be quiet or I'll regurgitate.

Lately I have been researching peoples' opinions about the use of drugs. Through my intense and thorough investigation I have come to a number of conclusions. First I have found that most of those against the use of drugs are nonusers and that the majority of those for its use are, themselves, users. There seems to be some connection as far as I can see. Also I have found that most of the people who choose not to use drugs of any type will snort up a line of cocaine faster than you can recite the words to "I'd like to teach the world to sing". I sometimes wonder. Just the other day I was talking to an older man at a party and he was talking about the horrors of marijuana use. I really got upset too. I simply just couldn't take the guy seriously with that bottle of Jack Daniels in his hand. Afterall, when was the last time you saw a person take a bong hit, get in a car and then plow down some poor, innocent, little child? Huh? I hope I don't sound like I want to legalize drugs. That is the farthest thing from my intentions. Could you imagine the unemployment rate if all the drug dealers were out of work? What would Reagan do?

In closing I would like to say that even though I hate Communism like any other true red blooded American patriot I have come to the conclusion that Karl Marx saved capitalism. The way I see it, without good ol' Karl, Mr. Rockefeller would have been dictator by now. Think about it. Better yet, don't.

P.S. This may be off the subject but do you remember how all our parents told us that rain was the angel's tears coming down from heaven. Well, what would they have told us if rain were yellow?

PARKING from page 1

Mead Dorm Council were granted—that being the "junkie" that was removed from the Grove House parking lot. The majority of the students feel that the amnesty for the tickets has been completely ignored. Understanding that the actual parking problem can not be resolved, the students who registered their cars do feel strongly that even the "red zone" tickets deserve amnesty up to the date of Jane Holcombe's last memo to Mead Dorm.

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Scripps Language Lab

by Dina Pereda and Margie Billy

The Language Laboratory is located on the Scripps campus in Balch 41, (above the Motley). The lab serves in conjunction with the Language Departments of The Claremont Colleges. At the Scripps lab, students studying Spanish, French, Italian, Japanese and German are able to use the tape recording facilities to accomplish their workbooks and/or lessons. Those of you studying Russian, Hebrew, Arabic, or other Eastern languages must use Pomona's Language Lab.

The lab assistants have a strong background in at least one foreign language and are available to help the students complete their assignments, learn how to use the machines, and lend the students the appropriate tape.

With a five dollar deposit, (cash or check), the student may check out a tape for a period of three days, after which "severe" fines accumulate. The fines are as follows: 10 cents per tape for the first three days late, then the fine inflates 250% (Oh, my God!) to an

astronomical 25 cents per day. However, no fines will exceed one dollar.

With the same five dollar deposit, one may also check out a tape recorder, (Sorry, not a Sony with headsets in Dolby Stereo). However, the fines for overdue tape recorders are 50 cents per day for the first three days and one dollar for each following day, not to exceed \$10.00. In case the cassette player is lost or stolen, there will be an additional charge of \$40.00, a bit more expensive, but hey!

In addition to language lesson tapes, the lab also has French, Spanish and German culture tapes, (i.e. operas, popular songs, comedies, etc.). If you find any culture tapes to your liking, bring in a blank cassette and Senor Lopez will be more than happy to fast-forward record it for you.

Senor Cesar Lopez is the Director of the Scripps Language Lab. Recording tapes, supervising the lab and coordinating the Spanish tutorial sessions are just some of the responsibilities Senor Lopez has. Professor Lopez is currently teaching Spanish 54 (inter-

mediate) and Spanish 70 (advanced). A native of Cartagena of Granada, Spain, Profesor Lopez has been operating the lab since September of 83. During that time, Profesor Lopez has increased the amount of videos available and has purchased new equipment. Professors now have the advantage of using the video equipment. Professors now have the advantage of using the video equipment in the classroom and students may also use it in the lab.

For a bit of history on the Language Lab, it was originally furnished by the John Stauffer Charitable Trust in. It is funded by Pitzer, Scripps and Claremont McKenna College.

For more information, or to renew a tape by telephone, you may call the Language Lab at ext. 2727. The hours are as follows:
 Monday 1:00-5:00 7:00-9:00
 Tuesday 9:00-12pm 1:00-5:00 7:00-9:00
 Wednesday 1:00-5:00 7:00-9:00
 Thursday 9:00-12 pm 1:00-5:00 7:00-9:00
 Friday 1:00-3:00
 Saturday Closed
 Sunday 7:00-9:00

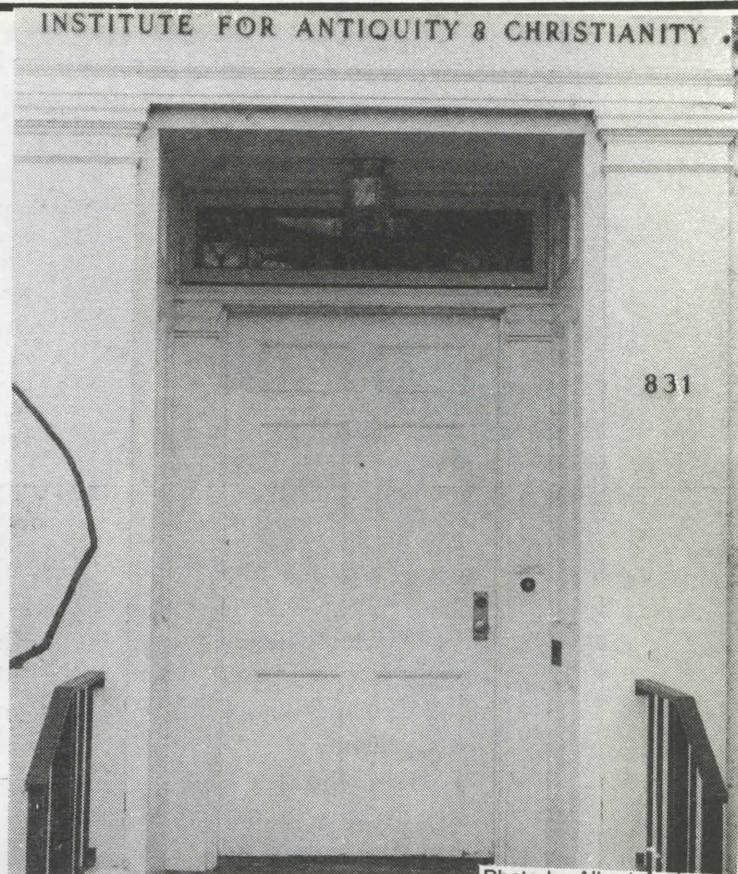


Photo by Albert Anderson

Antiquity and Christianity

by J.M. Tietjen

The Institute for Antiquity and Christianity is a non-profit organization that explores, through research projects, the "origins and meaning of our cultural heritage: the ancient Near East, the classical culture of Greece and Rome, and the Biblical world of Judaism and Christianity."

The Institute was opened in 1966, and is financed by Claremont Graduate School. Since that time, it has gathered over 1500 volumes in its research library, numerous historical artifacts, and more than 150 corresponding members of the Institute from all over the world. Claremont Graduate students with a concentration in Biblical history and civilization, as well as members of the School of Theology, make use of the resources it offers.

The Institute's major objective is to provide a better, more comprehensive understanding of the

cultural heritage of Western Civilization through participation in research projects. The Institute conducts research by sponsoring projects from its members. It coordinates the projects by contacting experts and scholars from the particular area of study under research. Recently, the Institute coordinated "The Coptic Gnostic Library Project." Near Nag Hammadi, Egypt, thirteen papyrus books (also called codices) were excavated. The research team produced facsimiles of the ancient Egyptian writings, a translation into English and critical notes. James Goehring, director of the Institute, is proud of the work done so far and hopes "to continue to foster the research, and make ourselves more than an ivory tower."

The Institute also sponsors an evening lecture series designed for the lay public. It is open to visitors on weekdays from 9 a.m. - 12 noon, and from 1-4 p.m.



Many students find the Motley a great place to eat, study, relax, or listen to music.

Photo by Leslie Gunby

The Motley: A place to relax

by G.J.

What is it that sets The Motley apart from The Coop, The Hub, and The Grove House? If you don't already know the answer to this question, then a visit to The Motley is highly recommended. There you will find a assortment of things to buy ranging from a variety of flavored coffees to special combination sandwiches.

Colombian, Ethiopian Mocha, Espresso, and French Roast are but a few of the coffee blends The Motley offers. Other blends include Chocolate Almond, Chocolate Mint, Cinnamon, Har-rar, Vienna and Decaffeinated. For those of you that don't drink coffee, The Motley has a large selection of teas. English Breakfast, a loose tea, is occasionally served

here also.

For something a little more substantial to reduce the time between lunch and dinner, The Motley offers a variety of different sandwich combinations. For vegetarians, there is a large selection of non-meat sandwiches from which to choose. If junk food is what you're looking for, then you can also satisfy your cravings at The Motley.

Not only food can be bought at The Motley, but also a new fresh atmosphere. It has been said that since the renovation of The Motley, the place has lost most of its charm and allure. According to a Scripps student, "The Motley certainly has lost some of its atmosphere, but I still like it better than The Coop or The Hub. The renovation hasn't changed the

relaxing effect The Motley has on people. Also being able to sit outside is an added plus".

In keeping with tradition, The Motley is a place where artwork is still displayed. Last year, mugs were donated by the Art department. This year The Motley serves as an art gallery where students wishing to exhibit their paintings or other artforms are encouraged to do so. Currently paintings by Amy Ellingson are on display. The system used here is a rotating one in which artwork from one student is displayed for a couple of weeks then that of another will be exhibited. Artwork is not limited only to Scripps students. If you're interested in displaying some artwork, then contact Naomi Hupert or Annie Kulesaid at extension 3967.

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Here comes that voice again:
Who do you think you are,
audacious little girl

from the Deep South,
from Alabama Baptists
and farmers
and worn-out women
and small towns?

Whatever made you think
you are a poet?
Who do you think you are?

But this time I know the reply:
I am my voice,
and there is no other voice
just like mine.

The moon showed me who I am—
and the journey,
and friends who can hear,
and my dreams,
and my own best self.

Yes, I am from the Deep South,
from Alabama Baptists

and farmers
and worn-out women
nad small towns.

But I am also from
a mother who rode a mule
to the top of a mountain
to teach eight year olds.

I am from
a grandfather
who gave me a lectern
on my fourth birthday.

And I am from
the singing of hymns
whose harmonies outshine
their grim stories.

My roots run deep
in a land of broad rivers
and fertile farms
and old, old mountains.

I am my voice,
and there is no other voice
just like mine.

*Jane Holcombe recently shared her work
at a poetry reading. Hwaet is pleased to
print one of the more impressionable pieces.*

Pearson's Falls

Pearson's Falls in deep winter,
with ice draped over the black rocks
and—how can it be?—ferns green as mid-May
in the cracks of rocks under the icicles.
No tracks in the snow;
we put the footprints there.

And the place is old, so old
there are Indians.
Certainly, their spirits are here.
Above us, there's a place where the rocks are black
and I know it's from the smoke of a hundred Indian
campfires.
They stayed up there so they could watch
whatever, whoever came to the falls:
deer to drink,
other Indians for water or spiritual power.
They stay up there and watch
whoever, whatever comes to the falls:
twentieth-century women for the peace of the woods

The water freezes as it slides over the smooth rocks.
When it freezes, it catches whatever's in its path—
no time for leaves and twigs to arrange themselves
in the best possible pattern.
They get frozen in whatever random arrangement
they happen to have reached at that moment—
and somehow, it's the best possible pattern.

And the frozen water thaws
and freezes
and thaws again
and freezes—
making, in the process, a pattern of cracks
like the surface of good cowhide.

Underneath the ice, water's moving:
dark spots slipping, slithering to the lowest point,
to the place where there's no more ice.
Liquid under solid.
the solid tenuous,
the liquid destined to be solid again
before the night is over.
Nothing fixed or permanent.
Even the massive rock boulders have moved,
have fallen from cliffs above,
are being worn by the moving water.
And they will move again,
will be further worn,
will keep on changing
from huge solid to smaller solid to dust to...
to water?
To become, eventually, frozen blocks of ice,
again solid?

“The Frances Lightener Ledge”.
This living place of rocks and grasses and ferns
and icicles and dripping water and sound.
Named with a woman's name.
How can such a place be named?
It isn't a place, it's a process.
But, then, so is a woman.

Did Frances Lightener come to this place
in deep winter,
when it was icy?
What did she think as she stood by the ledge,
as she walked further up the gorge
and looked at the falls?
Did she sense the Indians?
Did she feel the cycles?
Did she know that solids are only
temporarily frozen liquids?

Georgia O'Keefe's Spirit Taunts Me In A Dream

The blossom opens
vast
across the plain;
red petals glow
threadstem stretches
center
like great-grandmother's
quiltstitches of floss-
raining velvet shapes
cut from the sky.

JOURNEY

You and I hum,
wires across the night
seen from the window of a train.
Somewhere in the midwest, energy
travels,
spins sounds in the dark.

GARDEN

We sit for hours, gather
the scents around us,
between us.
Sweet to my touch, you
are a graceful stem.

Marka Carson is a Pitzer senior who writes poetry when she's not dancing or traversing the mountains of Nepal.

To Bibi, my loving wife

Your haunting presence,
amidst the fragile blooms
lives through my camera's eye.
The iris sees the shifting light
muted behind you. The days shorten
the light is dimming the shutter slows.
There is a wonderful garden here.
It reminds me so of home.

Yours—

To Georgia O'Keefe

Strong woman
quietly determined
living from within
rather than off the land,
you created landscapes
as magic, as nature herself.
Tonght your spirit
dances in the depth of night sky
A pelvis gleams
brighter than the full moon
as I dream your voice
whispering to me
in the stifled city sleep..



Photo by Kimberly McNear



Photo by Kimberly McNear

Sound As Art

by T. Teaney

A sound installation is aimed at creating, activating or altering a space via sound. G. Stone's sound sculpture at the Claremont Graduate school created a docile atmosphere, with twenty simple sounds traveling in a circular motion around the room. When you entered the gallery you were visually confronted by a large circle of beautifully shaped rocks, ten inches tall and all connected

together by wires. Acoustically you were confronted by a wall of rotating individual sounds which were intriguing and created the effect of an environment.

There was a solar panel imbedded into each of the rocks flattened top, and there was also a small speaker covered by multi-colored metal panels. Each rock is programmed to make one sound at staggered intervals, in conjunction with the intervals of other rocks. The sounds coming

from the rocks at different intervals created a multiplicity of directions in which the sounds seemed to travel. In one place in the space the sounds rotate from left to right, and at the same time from an opposite place the direction of the sounds are reversed. The rhythmic rotation of the sounds brought to mind Hindu mantras being chanted over and over again until you almost become unaware of their presence and just swim along with them.

A class of Pitzer was assigned the task of describing the color, texture and form of the environment. That sounds like a fun thing to do so here goes—the color of the sounds for me was like a light transparent blue, but perhaps that was because I happen to like blue these days. The texture is smooth and constant, cool and not overbearing and at the same time it was supple and unchanging, like the texture of a slick, cool glass. The form brings these two descriptions together in that it seems to be a high circular wall, thin and penetrable, yet contained and solid. There is a real difference between being inside the circle and being outside the circle. One has the sense of a wall rushing around only in one place, *in the environment defined by the sound, then it is an enclosure* has trapped you inside its moving barriers. Overall the sound installation creates a unique environment which both activates the space and involves the viewer/listener, who is both set apart from and drawn completely into the space. The sound is both powerful and intriguing, which produced a unique environment in the gallery space.

Definition of Creativity

by Nicholas Taylor

Creativity involves divergent thinking; it requires an encounter. The creator confronts anxiety and creates the world anew. The true creator lives not in "bad Faith" but wallows in the meaning, and 'being' out of 'non-being'. In the Western world all is rational, and meshes beautifully. The creative artisan does not buy it: there is nothing sacred save the mind. Emerson said: "A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds...with consistency a great should have nothing to do". Creativity is a part of us, it is foolish (if not dangerous) to deny it. There is no reason to buy the consistent crap the system tries to sell us. It is a hard task to be yourself. Life is full of anxiety. We can ignore it or surmount it. Artists and creative people in their moments of creative encounter experience "fear and trembling". The myth of Prometheus is a classic expression of this anxiety. There is a sense in which, anyone who creates is walking on the fine line between Enlightenment and Madness. Creators have been said to wield "divine Madness." Nietzsche:

The notion of revelation describes the condition quite simply: by which I mean something profoundly convulsive and disturbing suddenly become visible...a thought flashes out like lightning, inevitably, without hesitation...(Ghiseli p.202)

In the words of Soren Kierkegaard, my suggestion is: "Subjectivity is Truth"—let yourself Be.

Los Angeles Film Exposition Opens

by B.P.G.

With the Los Angeles International Film Exposition opening on March 14th, it seems an appropriate time to take a look back at an experience I recently had attending the 10th International Film Festival of India (IFFI). As a delegate, I had a unique chance to become a member of the Festival community, viewing films and talking with film makers and enthusiasts alike.

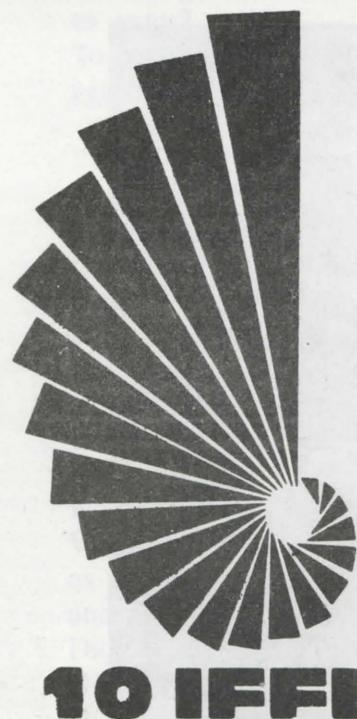
Such festivals began in Venice in 1923. The first Cannes festival took place in 1946, leading the post-war development of film festivals around the world. Today more than 100 International festivals are held each year. Essentially a market place, providing publicity and sales opportunities for films, they have since evolved into prominent cultural events that offer commercial advantage to towns or cities involved. National tourist boards help with finance to draw extra visitors as well. The major festivals—Venice, Cannes, Berlin and Moscow—established the general pattern that others have followed. Films are presented in

their original language with English sub-titles wherever possible. Their appeal to me is that the film makers are usually present at the showings and are available for discourse with the audience. The jury in the IFFI is headed by India's most distinguished director—Satyajit Ray, and includes world famous directors such as Andrej Wajda (Poland), Lindsay Anderson (U.K.), Jeanne Moreau (France) and Nicholas Roeg (U.K.).

The Festival opened with a tribute to the late great Francois Truffaut with a showing of his film classic *Jules et Jim*. Special guests at the inauguration included Michelangelo Antonioni as well as other internationally respected directors and actors.

I had a chance to talk with a number of film makers from South East Asia and it furthered my understanding of the difficulties involved for directors to find funding and support for their works. There are so many directors in the world with talent and enthusiasm, but a constant blanket of oppression pervades over so many due to financial restraints. Today, the public is no longer moved to the

theatre for films dealing with moral and social dilemmas. They would much rather see a pretty



picture with action and adventure. This is evident in the choice of the Grand Prix recipients. The Golden Peacock was shared by the Rus-

Art Gecko: A New Forum

by Sebastian Matthews

I've got a friend who lives on West End Avenue in Manhattan. He goes to Wesleyan College. Just recently, a month ago, I guess, I got a letter in the mail from this friend. The letter itself actually turned out to be a folded newsletter serving as a literary magazine. It was a bunch of xeroxed pages that were typewritten with poems and a few small stories. He sent it to me in hopes that I would send him a buck or so for a contribution to keep them going. Sure, no problem. I tossed a poem in the return letter.

A couple days after receiving the letter a friend of mine came up to me with an idea for a literary-type magazine for our campus. He and another student were planning on doing an independent study with an English Prof. I joined up. It was only natural for me, when the subject came up in conversation, to bring up the idea of a newsletter format. It was such a good idea, I forgot it wasn't mine. Then, later, after we all agreed upon the idea, I knew it didn't matter.

Art Gecko is now out. The first issue came out the first of the month, or was it the second, I don't know, and I've come to the realization that there are no stolen ideas, just borrowed ones for the sake of personal learning and gain, and that as long as one states one's sources, one's OK.

So here's a little history about the newsletter—a short and narrow as a history can get, and not probably even starting from the beginning. The friend from Wesleyan who lives on West End Avenue, while he's not in school, well, his magazine is a copy. I mean a tribute to a magazine called *THE FLOATING BEAR* that came out in the early sixties. It was published by a guy named LeRoi Jones and a woman by the name of Diane DiPrima. **Art Gecko**, itself "...a literary newsletter..." is based on the Wesleyan newsletter, **Planetarium Station**. There. That's the history. We are a copy of a copy and damn proud of it.

I lied. I just read back what I just wrote and I realize now I lied. I didn't give you at all the entire history of **Art Gecko**. Oh boy, I left out some juicy pieces of literary gossip, such as: we, the editors, applied for and received an R&S grant for \$250, that we started this endeavor with the hopes of opening a new forum for writers, that **Art Gecko** would be simple, and good, and would come out as much as possible, and that we figured out that we were less of editors and more like gatherers, therefore we gathered our own writing along with the rest. (If you don't know yet **WE** are: Sebastian Matthews, Dana Levin, Farrell Timlake.)

Another friend pointed out to me that when she heard me speak of our project she always heard me apologising for something. She told me to stop it, that I don't need to apologise. She's right. It was a good thing to say. It is here, **Art Gecko**, an open forum for writers of poems, essays, stories, what have you, and you should use it.

Please see **GECKO** page 9

sian film *A Ruthless Romance* and England's *The Bostonians*. Both are epic pictures with often shallow and barely tolerant stories. Although the respective films recreate eras with scrupulous care; although they are beautifully costumed, decorated and photographed in atmospheric setting, they lack the element of substance, of a moral expression. Thus they have the qualities of adequate little red wines to me.

Other films in the competition included Francesco Rossi's *Carmen*, Australian director Sophia Turkiewicz's *Silver City* and the German Volker Schlöndorff's *Swans in Love*. Schlöndorff, normally associated with tough-edged films like the *Tin Drum* and *Circle of Deceit*, turns elegant and romantic in his vision of a Marcel Proust work. The result was satisfactory. The best part of the film (as in the current trend) is the picture itself. Ingmar Bergman's camera man—Sven Nykvist was the cinematographer and his lighting and color schemes had the effect of a Renaissance painting—subtle yet gripping.

Overall, I can't attest for the

quality of the films in the competition section (22 films), but the festival itself is a wonderful forum for film makers to get together. Other sections of the festival were retrospectives of directors Alexander Korda (U.K.), Nikita Mikhalkov (USSR), Shohei Imamura (Japan) and Luchino Visconti (Italy); a focus on Latin American films and a documedia section encompassing documentaries as well as short films.

Festivals vary from country to country but the underlying theme is a forum for people and ideas. Although good films are often overlooked, the community itself greatly benefits from these annual events.

For me, it was a chance to converse with film makers. Cocktail parties followed the screenings, creating a loose atmosphere in which to exchange ideas; conversation abounded. Delegation functions and dinners were also places where ideas flowed like water over rocks. Before it was over I found myself with new friends, interested to be in that environment, all of us similar, talking about what we most love—FILM.

Picasso's Children

"It is not possible that if we knew the truth about war, the glory of war would be scotched and crushed where it lies...; and if we knew the truth about art..., the enjoyment and practice of art would become so desirable that by comparison the pursuit of war would be a tedious game for elderly dilettantes in search of a mildly sanitary amusement—the tossing of bombs instead of balls over frontiers instead of nets? In short, if newspapers were written by people whose sole object in writing was to tell the truth about politics and the truth about art we should not believe in war, and we should believe in art."

—Virginia Wolf

by Margaret Hallowell

As my consciousness of world suffering in Africa and Central America continues to expand, I begin to cherish childhood memories and appreciate my limited time with children more and more. It is the innocence of childhood which generates peace and faith, trust and endurance to those who take a moment to stop and think of what best represents hope for the world.

As I wandered through the Norton Simon museum, I found myself often distracted, not by the paintings but by the groups of children touring the museum. I observed and listened to the fourth graders as they imitated the body sculptures and interpreted paintings by Picasso and others. I was amazed at the way a child's perception differed from my own... what would it take to delve into childhood again; to be a child who desires to create and imagine, and who is eager to discover and explore his own world of make believe, of wonder, of sorrows and of joys?

Then it dawned on me that the cozy, small, self-contained world of a child is best represented in art; in paintings, etchings, sculptures, photographs...from Rembrandt's unfinished "Portrait of the Artist's Son, Titus" to Mary Cassatt's "Child in a Straw Hat", to Ken Heyman's "Collaborations" photography to the many works of children by Picasso. Upon viewing works such as these, one hopefully experiences the many sensations of childhood.

It has been said that no artist has equalled Picasso in discovering the poetry of a child's world. As Helen Kay wrote of Picasso's world of children, "His representations of children explore the sources of the human condition—the childhood of man. His cycle of childhood, sketched and etched, drawn, painted, molded and shaped, lithographed, chalked, fired, and carved over a long lifetime, scampers, bounds, and dances through the vast theater of his creative achievement. If the curtain falls briefly on a scene, the poignancy and nostalgic persistence of that scene endures and is picked up again in still another scene or act of this drama of life. For it is the drama of life that Picasso loves, and here are its very roots."

Picasso began drawing children when he himself was a child and continued to use the themes of childhood, and peace (doves)

throughout his life. He was especially inspired to paint children upon the birth of his first son. He painted all of his four children eating, sleeping, playing, laughing, crying, and dreaming. To Picasso, a child's emotions were stronger, more vivid, and easier to detect and describe in paintings. He richly exhibits a range of children from pure whimsy to tragic awareness. His paintings reflect and capture all aspects of a child's inner and outer life.

Picasso's portraits of his first born son, Paulo are realistic paintings which radiate the feelings of wonderment and joy. He painted tender yet vivid portraits of Paulo, as himself, as a shepherd, and as a Harlequin, among other gay characters. Picasso's fourth child, Paloma, which means dove, was born in 1948 at the time of an international peace meeting in Paris. For this reason, Paloma, with all her energy, exuberance, and strength exhibited, became a symbol of hope—and peace.

As early as 1901 in Picasso's warmest painting, "Child with Dove", we see a child and a dove, which represent two of what are to become Picasso's strongest themes. The dove in this picture symbolizes hope the child possesses, and therefore symbolizes, life and the colorful beachball at the child's feet symbolizes the whole world.

Through Picasso's countless journeys of discovery into the realm of childhood with his own children, and relying on his vivid memories, Picasso was able to sketch the world through the eyes of a child. For Picasso, "he saw the world mirrored in the pond of his childhood."

Picasso through his paintings and personal experiences introduced symbols that were to become universal. If Picasso drew children, he would be proclaiming the right of all children to play. This brought forth a symbol for enduring life, which was especially evident during the war years when Picasso turned to the themes of childhood for renewal. In 1943, Picasso painted a child taking his "First Steps", which exemplifies hope at the child's first triumph, at a time when hope was most needed.

In 1937, Picasso protested the agony of his country through poetry and paintings. He wrote of the many cries he heard from his country; he wrote of the despair of mothers and their children and of the silence of dead children.



During this time of anguish, Picasso was commissioned by the Republican Government to paint a mural for the Spanish Pavilion at the Paris International Exposition. The mural called Guernica displays a dead child in the arms of the mother alive. This represents all the innocent suffering which occurred in the small village of Guernica where the men left to fight on the hills while the women and children remained. The emotional impact of the mural and the blood, pain, and tears, reflected the future of things to come in all of Europe.

Picasso's mural War and Peace of 1952 is housed at a church in Vallauris. This mural is so large that War is on one wall and Peace is on the other wall with a symbolic joining in the center. There is a hidden face in the mural which takes some time to find. The Peace side of the mural portrays picnics, kite flying, dancing, nursing babies, and happiness. There is a child harnessing Pegasus, and an owl roosting on a small boy's head displaying his wisdom. Yet there is no hidden face, nor is there a face in the unifying piece between the murals. The War side of the mural is covered with war machines, warriors and weapons, blood and

gore...however, if one looks carefully behind a shield, and beneath a dove's wings, one will discover the pale, blue lines of a face. The hidden face is Peace. The face has pure, serene features; and the dove is prepared, amid the flood of war, to carry its peaceful message. The face is hidden so that all, especially the children, may enjoy the search while viewing the mural.

Lastly, in Picasso's "Ronde des Enfants", he discovered hope for the world in a child's simple dance. As a father he saw it; as an artist he captured its imagery; and as a humanist, he proclaimed it a right to enjoy. In much the same way, men of good will looked at the realities of peace after war, and they too saw the peace as "the right of the children to enjoy", and so proclaimed it. These rondes are a lighthearted counterpart of one of the more serious pronouncements of the United Nations, "where as mankind owes to the child the best it has to give..." With each right, they repeated, "The child has a right to enjoy..."; la ronde des enfants: the "right to enjoy"...life...

A view of Picasso's world of children is a glimpse at hope—for the children of today...and tomorrow.

GECKO from page 8

Submit your stuff if you have some. Send in a buck if you want to have it put in your box regularly. Read it!

And before I truly close this I would like to add a few more things that I think pertain. First, we are open to any five-college student who wishes to submit. We come out of Pitzer, but we solicit writing and deliver **Art Gecko** all over the Claremont Colleges. Second, we don't have any real requirements for submits, though it's always nice to have typed stuff, but we do all agree that writing for the sake of seeing words arranged on paper isn't what we like too much. I myself, and I think Dana and Farrell would agree, feel that now is a time in our lives to write about something that matters. I am not saying all poems and stories should be political, or take themselves seriously. No, just that if you're going to write you might as well do it for a purpose—be it love of life, fear, awe for nature, contempt, lust, or just (my favorite) plain old self-searching. I think that is the only basic requirement I could ever put on **Art Gecko** submissions, on living at Pitzer and learning, or...

A Reaction to DUNE

Yes, it has finally been enough time: six months now since Dune first appeared as a movie. All this time to get over the revulsion, physical and mental, I felt as I sat and witnessed the twisting bastardization of one thing that actually meant something to me as a kid.

I should have known, and did brace myself for disappointment, but what was presented to me by David Lynch and Dino D. Laurentus was downright ridiculous. Most of Frank Herbert's carefully woven intricacies were destroyed outright. The film made a sham of all the extensive research that is apparent when one experiences reading the book. Such a perfect example is the ending of the movie, where rain is seen to fall. One can just picture the thought that it took in production to forget the whole ecological system so carefully balanced, that sand-worm, spice, as well as human all rely on the subtlety of it. The balance has an entire appendix devoted to it, and the Fremen involve themselves so intricately as to spend generations of time in order to begin a change that would take thousands of years to complete. Such is the excellence of painstaking and honorable effort that builds such excellent characters in the book to the very limits of what it is to be human. The movie ruins all of these things. It makes a sham of the realistic imaginations that are what the book is all about. Human excellence...People, excellent people who are trained, and who spend massive amounts of effort hard work to come right up against the limits of what it is to be human.

The Bene Gesserit are portrayed as a bunch of baldheaded mother in law types, sniveling and losing their temper at any provocation. The 10 years of schooling in higher muscular, neurological, and manipulative powers is not dealt with. The book makes it apparent that nothing could be happening as it is without everything falling exactly into place, and time. The film destroyed all of these essential interrelationships, spending 50 million dollars to ruin for me, and I think any avid Dune fan, a work of imagination that has few equals.

Some will say that I am being unfair. Fine. But there is nothing that makes this writer more disgusted than the selling out of something real, for the mass audience, not, and this is the key, not for the sake of art, or expression, but for the sake of making money. For those a little lost here, that were lucky enough not to see the film, please do not. Go out and spend 3 bucks on the book, and read that; instead of five fifty on the movie. But if there would be one thing I could ask, do not take the movie as a movie of a book; the two are as far apart from each other as two things could be.

The Philharmonic Environment

by Noam Scheindlin

First Movement. Pianissimo. Violin theme.

A desolate highway gas station at dawn. The attendant stands on the gasoline stained concrete in the crisp-cold early morning air. The sun shines lazily through a thin cloud. A car pulls up. The attendant trudges over.

"Fill 'er up!" goes the chant.

The attendant does so. For a second, the only sound heard is the quick squeak of the machine over the lettering of the credit card. The transaction is over, the car starts, and drives off into the smog.

The flute plays a quiet melody. Then the oboe begins its theme. It overpowers the flute. It creates a chaos, the flute becoming an annoyance in the background of the oboe.

A long gasoline truck rumbles into the station, its bass hum penetrating the body of the attendant.

The car drives down the highway. As the sunlight becomes greater, so does the traffic. Thousands of cars driving down

the same highway, thousands of exhaust pipes emitting exhaust fumes into the already visible air. A crumpled candy bar wrapper is thrown out of a window. The wind carries it down the highway.

A camper in a wooded canyon, just back from an early morning hike, crumples up a piece of paper and puts it in his backpack.

For a moment, the oboe relents and the flute plays its theme alone. Then, the oboe begins again with even greater power. The movement ends in a crescendo.

Second movement. The violin plays its watchful staccato theme. There are Two.

There is a man. There is the environment. They can be one. But now, they are not. They are two; hopelessly intertwined. It is not our environment. We cannot control it. It can destroy us if we treat it poorly.

We cannot conquer our environment. So we separate ourselves from it. We create what is man, and separate it from what is Environment.

We destroy our environment, by imposing ourselves on it. In our desire to separate, we only infringe, and create problems for ourselves. In destroying our environment, we can only cause the environment to destroy ourselves. The smog we create by our cars and our factories, the toxic waste we create, the acid rain, the offspring of technological advancement, destroys us. The environment has become our enemy. It is an enemy that we cannot afford to have. It will destroy us.

The trombone joins in and takes over the violin's theme.

We see the separation of ourselves from our environment in our art. The pop art of today—the stark angular bright colored new wave neon fluorescent figures, the technological settings. We do not see nature in the new wave trend. Not in music, drawings, or videos. It is man, just man. No environment.

We live under the illusion that because man creates the environment that he lives in, he enjoys autonomy from the rules of the natural environment. We feel a

separation, an alienation from our environment.

Watch a person throw a piece of trash on to a streetcorner. An action with little consequence or significance. View the same in a wooded canyon, and the reaction is different. The trash does not belong there. It does not belong there because WE CREATED THE TRASH. On a streetcorner, a piece of crumpled paper does not matter because the streetcorner is composed of THE SAME MAN-MADE SUBSTANCE AS THE TRASH THAT LIES ON TOP OF IT.

We are more inclined to respect that which is not our own.

The baritone and oboe play a duet. Then the orchestra plays the oboe theme in a crescendo. The 2nd movement ends abruptly.

Third movement. Adagio. Flute and clarinet gradually louder and slower.

In order for man to live, we must reconcile with our environment. We must realize that though our cities are made by man, they depend upon an environment which

was not created by man for their existence. The war must end.

Enough acid rain will rust the metal off our cars.

Enough toxic waste will shed the skin off our bodies.

Are skeletons happy?

We must learn to become a part of the environment, rather than its constant predator. It will give us what we want at first when we torture it, and then it will take its bitter revenge.

The orchestra plays the violin and oboe themes in beautiful harmony.

A synthesis of man and nature must be achieved so that we can become our environment. When we are our environment, it will not destroy us, for we will not let it.

Our structures and institutions can only work if we join them with our environment. We must stop pretending that there is no relation between the two.

Trash may look fine on a streetcorner, but what was destroyed in order for the streetcorner to be built?

The movement ends with a plaintive call from the flute.

The Destruction of a Dialectic

by J.M. Tietjen

Karl Marx. Some consider him to be a radical, others think him an extremist. But in a society such as the United States where a minority of the citizens control almost all the wealth and means of production it is difficult to interpret his historical philosophy as anything but realistic. That is, until August 6, 1945.

Marx adopted Hegel's philosophy that history is a constant battle between opposing ideas. Each phase in history corresponds to the manifestation of a certain idea or group of ideas. This is called the thesis. At the same time, there exists a body of ideas opposite to the thesis called the antithesis. In every battle, however, the two opposing ideas come to some sort of a synthesis. Hegel believes that a time will come when this historical progression will stop. Through the continual struggle between thesis and antithesis, the best possible synthesis will inevitably surface.

Marx retains the dialectic core of Hegel's philosophy. But (unlike Hegel) he believes that the "idea is nothing else than the material world reflected by the human mind, and translated into forms of thought..." (from Preface of *Das Kapital*). In other words, Marx argues that the sources of opposition between thesis and antithesis result **not** from ideas, but rather societal conditions.

History moves in a progression of conflict, specifically class conflict. Marx defines the classes in relation to the means of production, and arrives at the two opposing classes—the proletariats and

the bourgeoisie. In an intensely capitalistic society such as the United States, the class struggle is even more pronounced. The bourgeoisie or blue-bloods or capitalists manipulate and exploit the working class, a majority of the population, in order to control the means of production and its lucrative results. Despite all this obvious exploitation (e.g. 50% of American black children under the age of seven live in a state of poverty), a revolution will not occur until the working class realizes the horrible injustices it is suffering, and unites to overcome the capitalistic structure. There must be a synthesis of societal conditions and proletariat intellect and motivation before the revolution can occur.

In America today, the state of society is such that if the working class were to join forces, a revolution would occur. Logically, it will only be a matter of time before the proletariats rebel against a system that destroys them. Ironically, the bourgeoisie is laying out the groundwork for its own death.

All this historical progression through conflict makes logical sense—that is, until the creation of nuclear weaponry. Never before in history has the capitalist class had the power to completely destroy the world. Before the nuclear bomb was created, before the craziness of "Star Wars" defense, the sheer numbers of proletariat over bourgeoisie (i.e. with conventional weaponry) could have practically guaranteed a working class victory. Marx had no way of knowing when he theorized the dialectic flow of history, that weapons would be

developed that could completely obliterate any form of life from this planet. But the arrival of nuclear horror has made a proletariat victory almost impossible. It is not the working class that controls the buttons—only those with money and power have the authorization and access to the trigger of these nuclear weapons.

Suppose that by 9 a.m. tomorrow morning, the proletariat revolution has begun. The working class has realized the exploitation, has united, and decided to revolt. Perhaps the struggle would first be fought using conventional weaponry. And then, because of the overwhelming majority of working class to bourgeoisie, the upper class would realize that their victory was impossible. In their panic at losing everything including their lives, they search desperately for any defense. Nuclear weaponry. They would hesitate, for they would remember their promises to the people: "These weapons will never be put to use. They are only a deterrent." But, faced with sure destruction, backed into a corner where they confront the fact that they will probably lose everything, they push the button. What do they have to lose? They are going to die anyway. Why not take the proletariats and the Communists with them?

Albert Einstein warned:

We must never relax our efforts to arouse in the people of the world, and especially in their governments, an awareness of the unprecedented disaster which they are absolutely certain to bring on themselves unless there is a fun-

damental change in their attitudes toward one another as well as their concept of the future. The unleashed power of the atom has changed everything except our way of thinking." (from *The Hundredth Monkey*)

The presence of nuclear weaponry has unbalanced the logic and progression of the dialectic, let it not destroy the people as well.

Letter To The Editor

re: Pitzer Sorority Article

Yes, I am confused by the information in the article! It seems quite contradictory. At one point the article states "the group was established solely for freshman and transfers," in the next paragraph, "Any Pitzer female may join at any time." To me this seems to be a major contradiction in policy. Another frightening point the article makes is that the "group of people have unified to give new students a more immediate sense of belonging." If they (the establishing group) feel that the outright friendliness expressed between the upper and lower classmen here at Pitzer is lacking in any manner, then maybe they had better visit a school like U.S.C., U.C.L.A., U.C.S.B., or U.C. Berkeley, where size demands formation of these social clubs. In a small school like Pitzer, a club like that might ruin the communal spirit of the institution (promoting the formation of tight clicks). And lastly, the excuse of "Kappa Omega exists" is a fallacy. The K.O.'s are an unofficial group of young men who established a boys club to provide parties on campus. Maybe the individuals involved should think about taking advantage of the opportunities available at Pitzer like creating a thematic corridor or a friendship suite. I hope the establishing group realize the unique value and cohesiveness of the Pitzer community, that the attitude they wish to establish already exists, and is available to them if they make the effort. Belonging is a shared, two sided attitude that takes time to establish.

Kim Hall

A Commentary on the Past

Reagan Vs. Education

As students I would like to ask yourselves two questions: 1) What has the Reagan administration done for education? 2) Does Reagan's administration as a vital precedent in an educative society? We need to learn that our group generally favors Reagan in the actions. This is when one looks at the evidence. Look at his attitudes towards education. Figures at themselves: 1981 - In 1981, \$100 million from approved Pell grants, as was another million from National Student Loan (NDSL) appropriations. - Tightened eligibility requirements for Guaranteed Student Loans (GSL) and spending aid imposed on other student programs resulted in a loss of \$1 billion, money needed for the programs to keep pace with inflation.



Letter From The Editor

This page could be called, Fall of '84: Editorials in Restrospect, or if you prefer The Left Winger's Yearbook. As Editor of The Platform I occasionally hear that The Other Side is no less than a left wing rag. I suppose if you look at last semester's Platform that statement is justified. My usual response to such statements indicates the reason for the tilt to the left. It goes something like this, "You know you're right, but those darned conservatives never get their act together and submit any articles." I have published this page in an attempt to remind you (of the laissez-faire mindset) of the inflammatory articles written in the past. It is an attempt to create some dialogue between the bleeding-heart liberals and the hard-ass conservatives at this scholarly institution. So, to all of you out there in Reagan Country, who feel like a good trip to the porcelain god when you read The Platform, this is an invitation, a challenge, and an outlet for you to express your opinions. The articles are due on April 1st, on my door (Mead Y-214) or in box numbers 258 or 730. DO NOT MISS THE DEADLINE if you wish to be in the up-and-coming issue.

Sincerely, the editor of this section.



Photo by Leslie Gunby

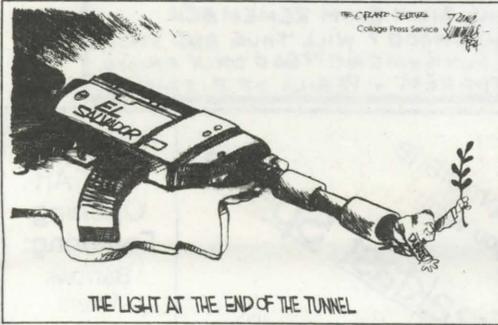


Photo by Leslie Gunby



Photo by Leslie Gunby

Reagan: The Rising Tide of the Third Party
 Fight Reagan-Gromboc: Progress or Interview?
 The Huntley Gromboc: Progress or Interview?
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The Perils of Pitzine

Keith Merryman

Panel 1: IN THE LAST ISSUE, P-ZENE (LEAD SINGER FOR THE HARD-CORE PUNK GROUP 'P!') CHANCES UPON THE ABDUCTED PITZINE, WHO WAS KIDNAPPED IN THE FIRST PLACE BECAUSE SHE WAS MISTAKEN FOR P-ZENE. CONFUSED? NOT HALF AS MUCH AS POOR PITZINE. READ ON.

Panel 2: HOW OBSCURE... IT'S A GIRL!!

Panel 3: PITZINE IS STRICKEN WITH AMNESIA AND SUFFERS AN EXTREME IDENTITY CRISIS... BRILLIANT! SHE JUST SAID THE PERFECT CHORUS FOR OUR NEW SONG ABOUT L.A.!

Panel 4: HEY... ZILLY BOOM... DID YOU JUST HEAR WHAT I HEARD??? SHE'S A GENIUS! WHO AM I? WHERE AM I? WHAT AM I?

Panel 5: MEANWHILE (AROUND THE CORNER) - ZILLY BOOM IS SPOTTED BY A PACK OF HIS MOST DEVOTED FANS. THEY START A STAMPEDE - LED BY THE INCOMPARABLY CUTE ALLISON BROWN!! I'M NOT GOING TO LET HIM GET AWAY THIS TIME!

Panel 6: FORTUNATELY ZILLY BOOM (HOT GUITARIST AND IDOL EXTRAORDINAIRE) HEARS THE STAMPEDE AND ESCAPES WITH PITZINE & P-ZENE.

Panel 7: RUMBLE RUMBLE RUMBLE THAT IS THE SOUND OF CRAZED, STAMPEDING GROUPIES! GRAB MY HAND AND RUN IF YOU VALUE YOUR LIFE! RUMBLE RUMBLE RUMBLE WHAT IS THAT SOUND?

Panel 8: THEY SPEED OFF IN P-ZENE'S CAR, MERE SECONDS AWAY FROM THE LUSTY MOB. BUT THEY ARE NOT FAST ENOUGH FOR THE ADORABLE ALLISON BROWN! AT LAST - ZILLY! (SIGH)

Panel 9: SWERVE VROOM

Panel 10: BLINDED BY ALLISON'S HANDS, P-ZENE SWERVES BLINDLY ON THE ROAD AND HEADS STRAIGHT FOR THUG AND SMOG (PITZINE'S ABDUCTORS). WHAT IS TO HAPPEN???

Panel 11: WILL THEY COLLIDE? WILL PITZINE REMEMBER WHO SHE IS? WILL ZILLY BOOM REMEMBER ALLISON FROM HARWOOD? WILL THUG AND SMOG GET THEIR JUST PUNISHMENT?? GOD ONLY KNOWS, BUT YOU WILL IN THE NEXT - PERILS OF PITZINE

Path to Escapism

by Kathy Howard

Life. What a concept. Don't we all spend our lives searching for its meaning? I know I've lost plenty of sleep over it! Well guess what, folks. Your search is over. Yes, right here at Pitzer College we've found the answer to that burning question, "what is the meaning of life?" You probably never knew that McConnell food was so conducive to philosophical thought. Here are the answers I received. You can just pick one to make it fit any situation that may arise.

- "Life." —EFIL
- "A movie from Monte Python." —John Cleese
- "Every sperm is sacred." —Monty Python
- "I don't know but Mikey likes it, he'll eat anything." —Di I, Di II, WBI, WB II, Charles V, Pom I
- "To provide a nutritious breakfast cereal that tastes good." —Mikey
- "Meaningful physical contact amongst the student workstaff at McConnell." —Liz Gassi
- "All I need is some cool waves and some tasty buds and I'm set." —J. Spiccoli
- "Jennifer Bale in the shower." —Sanborn Maintenance man
- "To become a real man." —You guessed it, biff
- "Proctor-Silex appliances." —B.L.
- "Cumquats." —Jody
- "Grapenuts and Yogurt." —Yule Gibbens
- "Belly button lint." —E. Jack Ulation
- "To play with yourself." —Bob Willardstein
- "Preparing yourself for afterlife." —Joey Chatham
- "What do you mean?" —"I don't know. That's why I came to Pitzer." —60's leftover

- "Abstractions." —Ivy League
- "Do you mean 'what is the meaning of wife?'" —Elmer Fudd
- "Kill the wabbit, kill the wabbit!" —Elmer Fudd
- "I am rubber and you are glue, whatever I say bounces back on you." —Elmer Glue
- "Balance." —Richard Culhane
- "Toolshack and hollowed out fish as booties." —J. Albert
- "A deck of cards with no queens." —I.M. Lonely
- "Lunar spacial disk-headed parties." —Zontal zombie
- "We must cultivate our gardens." —Candide
- "Long Island ice tea on Thursday nights." —X310
- "A giant turtle-back ride." —Bareback riders
- "To develop a prophylactic that is good to the last drop." —Axy Dent
- "Don't you wish you knew?" —God
- "Sand between the sheets and teddy bears." —Theodara bear. Just call me 'Teddy'
- "Procreation and enjoying it." —Liz...and Ross
- "Skiing the face of Mt. Baldy (nothing else matters)." —Mandy, Sue and Davo
- "FREEBASING IN JAIL!!" —Jerry Garcia and David Crosby
- "A double bourbon and soda." —Toasted
- "There is no meaning. Life is a bitch and then you die." —Pese Mist
- "To end it." —Ronald Reagan and Margaret Thatcher
- "I'll see when I'm dead." —Chernenko

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