

The Other Side

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Perspective On Pitzer

FROM FRANK ELLSWORTH

Pitzer College
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Features

Pitzer in '86

Ellsworth Views

by Dylan Russo Lawrence

After interviewing Frank Ellsworth for 2½ hours I was reminded of the opening lines of a letter that Karl Marx wrote to his father. Marx wrote "There are moments in one's life which are like frontier posts marking the completion of a period but at the same time clearly indicating a new direction." It is perhaps ironic that Marx was only a few years younger than Pitzer College when he wrote those words.

Pitzer is embarking on its twenty-third year. An age at which most college students are beginning the new direction that Marx wrote of, and an age that may mark a new direction for Pitzer as well. The first issue of the new year seems an appropriate place to focus on the President's Perspective of Pitzer.

When looking at Pitzer through the eyes of President and Professor of Political Studies Frank Ellsworth, one is looking at Pitzer through the eyes of a man who describes himself as a "pragmatic idealist." Ellsworth, 42, has been at Pitzer since July of 1979, said, "It took active participation for me to learn how to realize my ideals. It took participation in official and un-official things. I learned that it's one thing to want something to happen and another to work with people, who may want the same thing to happen but have a different notion of how to get it done."

As examples of "active Participation", Ellsworth cited his school days at Columbia University during the sixties, where he earned a Masters of Arts degree. "An official thing I was involved in was my work on a committee to examine the requirements for the English department. I learned that faculty politics are very complex." Ellsworth also recalled an "un-official" experience with a student group that led to lessons of pragmatism; "I was part of a large group of students at Columbia who were asking the President for clarification of the University's position on a variety of issues. We wanted to know the investment policy of the school towards Vietnam, and the school's stance towards the acquisition of a Harlem

Gym. First we wrote letters like nice students. No response. We wrote again. Again, no response. We attempted to schedule meetings but to no avail. The president did not respond even though our actions were very non-threatening. Eventually there was a mob demonstration outside the Administration building. The president came out but he was afraid

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and refused to respond to our spokesman who was very polite and spoke in an un-threatening manner. I don't think one can ever be afraid to talk, especially in a position such as president."

Ellsworth recalled that it was only a few weeks later that Columbia fell apart. "There were riots and the school closed down. There was a riot one night and they closed the gates around the quad so that the police and rioters were locked in the quad. I was a few blocks away in my apartment with my wife, and decided to go

see what was happening. When I got there, there were cops beating the living daylights out of people. The next morning in the New York Times the story was quite a bit different." He went on to comment "I believe in non-violent action, in negotiation—moving towards consensus. That is one of the reasons I'm at Pitzer and I think that's one of the things people must learn through participation in the community. Participation is essential to the education of the individual."

The education of the individual is something that Ellsworth places a strong emphasis on. He sees this education as a result of participation in the community, which, of course includes residence, life governance and the classrooms. "When I say that I place emphasis on the individual in the educational process I'm talking about the process of self-discovery that exists within the community. We have a strong commitment to self-discovery without the burden of General education requirements, but on the other hand we must understand how to fit into a community. Tocqueville said it is 'self-interest, rightly understood.' Given the tension that exists between self-interest and the community I must work with that tension to help us move ahead—whatever the issue. It can be difficult when you are looking at an issue and people won't compromise."

"You never want Pitzer to be static" said Ellsworth in response to a question about changes the future of Pitzer. "My first priority is to provide a secure financial base for the school." My second priority is to make sure that there are mechanisms in place for planning."

With 8.3 million dollars of a 9.2 million dollar fund-raising campaign already pledged, a 12 million dollar endowment and valuable property in Laguna and 1,000 acres in Roseville (a prime real estate area), Ellsworth's high priority "to provide a secure financial base appears to be under control." It may not be an extravagant monetary base but certainly Pitzer is not in danger of financial collapse. This of course does not mean that Ellsworth can

spend less energy raising funds and creating greater security but it may mean that the college will be able to begin doing things that it was unable to do before. As well, it may mean that the college is at a point where it can begin making some slightly more selective decisions about where it wants (as

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opposed to needs) to direct its energies. Ellsworth hinted that with fund raising goals close to being met, it is nearing the time to "Spend a year identifying our new goals".

Speaking on the subject of how Pitzer is changing Ellsworth pointed to a variety of other areas. First he noted that the governance system is in its second year (it was re-structured following suggestions from within the college, and made by an accreditation team which reviews and accredits the college). "In that process Pitzer is changing. The College Planning Committee allows us to think about what we want to do in the future in terms of curriculum, extra-curricular activities, and the community at large."

The admissions office is another area that has gone through some major changes. Ellsworth said that the "Director of Admissions, Paul Ranslow, has opened an unlimited market for Pitzer. He went on to comment that he feels "There are more students here for the right reasons. Students who are interested and working, in the process of self-discovery."

The third major change that Ellsworth commented on is the Renovation that is about to occur. (See story page 3) When asked to comment on the possibility of devoting one of the new houses that Pitzer is considering on relocating to the campuses to stu-

around she's in school. She describes herself as being both surprised and pleased that "the students really do run the school." Carol is pleased with the job because it provides her with an opportunity to reach out to people and to serve others.

Charles Katsiaticas is the one in Sanborn with a name that only I can pronounce who everyone calls Kat. Charles has a degree from Tufts and coaches basketball at Pomona, so when he's not around, check the courts. Charles finds, as we all do, that he enjoys the students and environment of Pitzer and that he enjoys the opportunities being a Hall Director offers for interaction with students.

All of us see Hall Directors as fence sitters, perched between the respective grazing fields of the students and of the administration, and all of us have discovered

that it's impossible to sit on a fence for any period. Fences by nature are not wide enough. Which side of the fence we come down on depends on what the situation is and how we see our own roles. All else being equal, I think students can use an advocate; the voice of the administration generally being heard by everyone. Of course, all else is rarely equal. Ideally, I think Hall Directors should specialize in getting both sides to talk to one another, to realize that, most often, there are neither student concerns nor administrative concerns but rather school concerns.

Identifying these new goals and determining the direction that Pitzer will take for the future seems to rely heavily on the "mechanisms for planning." According to Ellsworth the process of planning relies heavily on the faculty which he referred to as "the creative spark at the institution. Without their ideas and commitment the college will not change significantly." The process of planning "where faculty and students can ask both long term and short term questions", seems to be emerging as a major political playground for the future of Pitzer.

The President was willing to comment on only a few of his personal goals for Pitzer's future. "One of the ways I can promote and protect the process of self-discovery now and in the future is by supporting the faculty" commented Ellsworth. He went on to

"Sabbaticals are important but so is the opportunity during the summer, for the faculty to re-kindle their interest..."

say, "I have a commitment to keeping faculty salaries up to a level commensurate with the other schools. As well I would like to create more funds for summer fellowships. Also in order to help faculty plan their careers I really would like a retirement and early retirement policy to work with. We don't have one and we need one."

Committing funds to these areas helps to lessen the tensions that exist between scholarly duties and teaching, especially at a small school which places a great emphasis on educating the individual. Ellsworth commented "There is great pressure at Pitzer during the academic year for faculty to expend energy; on teaching, advising, governance work, their research and other creative work. Sabbaticals are important but so is the opportunity, during the summer, for the faculty to re-kindle their interests in the same process of self-discovery in which we want our students to engage."

Directors Balance

Any job has its peculiar set of responsibilities and requirements, and being a Hall Director at Pitzer provides an interesting examination into the truth of this statement. Pitzer welcomed three new Hall Directors this year, so each of us has had to find his or her own path through the sometimes-conflicting maze of personal beliefs, administrative demands, time, ideals, and student concerns. Each has started with ideas of what the job was going to entail, and each has had to adjust to one degree or another, his or her vision to the reality presented by the now two months of events which have swirled around and through the respective dorms.

If this all sounds like a mess of

vagaries, so it should, because being a Hall Director is no defined function. No one gives you a sheet and has you fill in the blanks; no one schedules my time. No one tells me exactly how to handle any individual problem that arises, from someone playing a loud stereo to someone who wants to be let into his or her room to someone with a serious and personal problem. Everyone gives me advice, but no one can stand in my place when a problem has to be dealt with, when demands have to be reconciled. If I make mistakes (and I do), well, it goes with the territory. Being a Hall Director is a lot like living.

Specific introductions are in order: I live in Mead. I teach

English and run a prison program for the University of La Verne, so when I can't be found I'm usually in prison. I have a Master's in English and did some work on a Ph.D. at Claremont Graduate School until I found that teaching in a prison meant more than going to graduate school. If that decision sounds strange it probably says something about who I am. Since I'm writing this article, there'll be more about me in it. This is not necessarily due to immodesty.

Carol Skinner, occupying the Holdon Apartment, is the vibrant blond woman who's not as laid back as I am. Carol is working on a Master's in residential life at Azusa Pacific, so when she's not

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Pitzer People Juggle Spaces

by Paul Musser

I was asked to prepare a short update for **Other Side** concerning the present plans for campus reconstruction. Before I make that update however, I would like to express my gratitude to those students who showed a great deal of concern and professionalism in their successful push to halt the old McConnell construction plans. I believe that everyone involved with the petition and the resultant meetings should be thanked for their efforts. Often times it seems that the only way to make your thoughts and feelings known is to scream loud and often. These students showed that participating in the process can be much more rewarding!

For the last month and a half, a working group concerned with possible plans for campus reconstruction has been convened by President Ellsworth. The working group consists of President Ellsworth, Dean Macaulay, Treasurer Selk, Professor J. Rodman (for the Faculty Executive Committee) and myself (as Convener of Students). Our mandate was to consider the various proposals that have been presented throughout the years, and how those projects could be housed in old and new facilities. We have met about a half dozen times, over Winter break and during the first part of this term. Although as of this writing we have not made any final recommendations, there are a few ideas that we think the community might be interested in hearing.

Isolated from what I will call the

combination plans are a set of very special ideas. These include the renovation of McConnell Living Room so that it can be used for informal meetings, casual conversation centers and as a study area. We are still looking at the possibility of constructing a private dining room where the present outdoors patio is located. A newer



These two houses Pitzer is considering moving to campus are currently located near Sixth Street on Colorado in Claremont.

idea, in the continuing effort to provide student study spaces that can be used after regular operating hours, is the partitioning of the dining hall with a moveable screen that could make some portion of the dining area available in the evenings. Finally, and most impressive in its need, is the changing of the present Mead Library into a new study area, provisionally called Mead Reading Room. With the propos-

ed expansion of the North wall to include a sizable section of the patio, along with new furniture and amenities, this area will hopefully return to being a place that students can go to find quiet study areas, and as a reserved reading depository for the faculty.

The combination plans are difficult to explain because, quite



floor of McConnell at their disposal. The complication would then be where to put the Treasurer's Office (which is presently sharing the third floor with Development). One possible rotation of locations would be the following: The Treasurer's Office would go to the south end of Scott, taking the place of the

might be brought to the campus, in a possible purchase from Claremont McKenna College. This would mean that the north end of Scott would be available for use as a location for faculty offices, which are presently in very short supply and to restore the faculty/staff lounge. E.S.L. and the Office of Special Programs could be placed in the second house, with enough space left over for such places as a new home for the Otherside, the Montage, Student Governance Offices and lounges (especially one for New Resources students. Alternatively, the Treasurer's office might occupy the second house, leaving space in Scott Hall for other purposes. As you can imagine, there are many different ways of placing the offices, and each one requires special considerations (such as: how will this new placement affect that particular offices' contact with the rest of the college, or, how does this move take into account possible future expansion needs). With every new idea, there is a host of new problems.

simply, there are so many possibilities that are available. These plans are ones that require the shifting of offices from one location to another, sometimes requiring the development of new spaces.

For example, there is a definite need for an improved facility for the Development Office, and its associated offices (Alumni, Publications, etc.). This might be met by placing the entire third

Dean of Students and Maintenance offices. These two facilities would be placed in the Pit, using presently vacant space, making sure there was area available for the variety of art related projects that need to go on down there. Also to be possibly located in the Pit area is a new home for the academic computing that is now located in Bernard 101.

The Admissions office could be placed in one of two houses that

Before I finish, I just want to remind everyone that no plans have been decided upon, but when a presentation is finally made (possibly as early as the first week of February) student input, along with faculty and administration members' opinions, is going to be very important. As was shown by last semester's change of plans, students' have a very important part to play in the formulation of long-range goals for the Pitzer community.

Aid Ebbs: Cap, Cuts, Cold

by David Greensfelder

Amid much controversy, financial aid has undergone much review at Pitzer College since September.

Pitzer is facing the same problem as many small colleges nationwide. The trend is characterized by financial aid occupying an increasingly large portion of the college's operating budget coupled with decreases in federal grant money.

The reality for Pitzer is a need to evaluate how much money the college is able to make available for student assistance. Paul Ranslow, Director of Admissions, commented that Pitzer is on the cutting edge of facing this problem. "We are one of the few colleges facing this honestly."

Currently, financial aid occupies 23% of approximately a \$12 million budget. The goal for next year is to hold financial aid to 23% of the operating budget, eventually aiming for 20%. The Board of Trustees voted to cap financial aid at 20% of the operating budget at their first meeting last fall.

This cap should not be viewed as a "cut" in aid but instead as a

cap on how much aid will be allowed to grow as a percentage of total tuition and fee revenue.

Students already receiving aid will see no changes in their packages other than the normal increase of the self help portion. These changes from year to year would happen anyway and in no way are connected to the cap.

The cap will affect the admissions process and incoming students as it is implemented over the next few years. Both Mr. Ranslow and Ms. Parsons, Director of Financial Aid, commented that the college is still committed to ethnic, economic and geographic diversity. Accordingly, after 80% of the financial aid budget is spent, the remaining 20% will be used to "round out" the class in this respect.

Mr. Ranslow said deadlines will become increasingly important. Pitzer is in the unique position of becoming more competitive. But students who apply for admission and aid on time will be considered first and should have no problem getting financial aid.

Students applying after the deadline will receive aid on a first

come first served basis. Students applying after the budget has been exhausted will be informed there is not money available and will not be admitted. Mr. Ranslow and Ms. Parsons both agree that partial aid packages are unfair both to the student and to the college. The student will have the problem of raising tuition and the school would be pressed to find money should a student be unable to fund his education from outside sources. Mr. Ranslow commented that the policy is not in the best interest of the student and then "by definition not in the best interest of the college."

To meet the budgetary constraints placed on financial aid, Ms. Parsons is researching Pitzer's options for packaging. She would not comment on possible alternatives saying that she was as of yet unsure what direction would be taken.

She commented that other institutions practices are being examined in an effort to remain competitive. Pitzer is already competitive with other schools on the loan component. In addition, Pitzer does not want to offer

preferential packaging of aid to outstanding students, a practice at some other colleges.

At this time it is still unclear what the actual budget will be, also, applications for financial aid

have not started arriving, the deadline not being until March. In view of these uncertainties, the actual changes in packages and the impact on admissions is unclear.

News Briefs

The California Student Aid Commission has issued a warning to parents and students about insurance companies using student loans to entice prospective clients into purchasing insurance policies.

This marketing scheme, which has already been the target of criticism in other states, has surfaced here in California. Its basic feature is to package an insurance policy with a conditional commitment for a Guaranteed Student Loan from the insurance company. The implication is that the purchase of an insurance policy will make it possible for the student to borrow a student loan which he/she might not otherwise receive.

Arthur S. Marmaduke, Director of the Student Aid Commission, explains that parents and students

do not need to buy expensive life insurance policies in order to gain access to federal guaranteed student loans, regardless of the claims of insurance agents.

Dan Ward, assistant professor of political studies at Pitzer College, will be leaving Claremont next week for a semester stay at the University of Ankara in Ankara, Turkey. Ward is the recipient of a Fulbright Fellowship to teach American politics at the Turkish University. His areas of expertise include American politics, U.S. policy in Central America, urban politics, and public opinion, among others. Ward has travelled extensively in Africa, Central America, Afghanistan, and throughout Central Asia.

Features

Watson Fellow Writes

Ari Sherman, the man, the poet, and Pitzer legend (not to mention graduate and recipient of the 1985 Watson Fellowship) writes from Europe. The humblest apologies to Ari, who also wrote last semester, but due to clerical stupidity on the grand poohbah's part didn't get that letter published. (If you want to read the first letter, contact the Grand Poohbah whose name is the first in the Staff Box.)

"The Via Nazionale was full of hookers and vespa straddling gangs of teenagers as I went out for a couple cappuccinos, sort of like passing through Scripps and CMC on that silly night they have where everyone dresses up like pimps and ladies of the night. The cappuccino here is better than Nick's—subtler and cheaper—though I've yet to be served by anyone nearly as attractive as Nick's workers. As to the absence of the 12th Street mini-band I think I'll refrain from commenting.

It is a funny thing that, until my mind focuses in on Pitzer, the life I've been leading the past two months seems perfectly logical and organized. It's only when I contrast it with the life I was leading a year ago that it dissipates into a floating collage of unconnected images, bits of discussions, glimpses of foreign streets, train stations and metro stops, rooms in Penziones. It makes it hard to organize my thoughts here enough to make this worth the postage. The cappuccinos were supposed to bolster me; I'm tired, the bed here is quite comfortable, and the heater actually works—making things cozy and drowsiness easy to succumb to. But I'll resist turning in long enough to lay out a few of the things I've glimpsed since leaving Israel in mid-November.

Paris. There is a funny tic-tac-toe game going on among miscellaneous other offerings of graffiti on the alleyway walls of this city. In bold black or red letters, stencil painted, is the name Le Penn. Next to that is an equal sign and one or all of the following words, Nazi, Fascist, Hitler. These have been crossed out, often in the same color paint as the name Le Penn is painted in. And sometimes the name Le Penn has itself been painted out—in the same color paint as the modifiers Nazi, Fascist, or Hitler were painted in. With both original offerings crossed out the game begins again, I saw as many as three rows of it. Variations include the use of a swastika or the phrase (translated for me) "Keep your hands off my buddy". Le Penn is a French politician with the polls indicate, 11% of the populace behind him. He is a Gaulist, a believer in French racial purity, and his beliefs are popular with those who resent the presence in France of hundreds of thousands of foreigners—North Africans, Black Africans, and

Asians from as close as Turkey and Lebanon and as far away as Vietnam. Le Penn's targets are not restricted to arrivals of the last couple decades and what the Germans delicately refer to as "guestworkers", his ideal France is a Catholic country, purely, empty of all foreigners, all non-whites, all Jews, gypsies, etc...like Israel's Kahane, Le Penn, to the calm mind, is clearly too extremely right wing to ever gain any real power. But also like the Kahane it is easy to imagine a right wing government accepting Le Penn as a partner in a ruling coalition. And, if the polls are anything to go on, Francois Mitterand's socialist government will lose most of its power in this spring's elections. After one imagines that far it is better not to imagine anymore.

Munich. Martin Meggk talks to me about a monster, a spectacularly terrifying beast that no one dares to approach. He says he's known of it all of his life—only 21 years—and has had to approach it since he visited France and Argentina in the past couple

"Le penn...is a Gaulist, a believer in French Racial purity, and his beliefs are popular with those who resent the presence...of North Africans, Black Africans, and Asians..."

years. In Germany it is only spoken of, and very little at that, if it ever passes through here it does so only at night, or in dark, underground places among dark, underground people. But in Argentina it lives quite openly, in a big well guarded mansion to which a young German like Martin, from a wealthy Bavarian industrial family, might unknowingly find himself invited to for a New Year's eve celebration. And it lives in Paris where Martin's brother has made a sociological study of one of its claws, Le Penn. It lives, Martin says, where people are prone to seduction because they've never been seduced before, their identity has never been shattered to nothing as Martin believes Germany's has. And no one ever understands why he must try to approach this monster. He admits he cannot even begin to imagine it but says that, still, when you approach it it softens—

not to your touch but simply because you've approached it—and then all that is spectacular about it goes away. it is still terrifying, and very ugly, but it isn't spectacular, and it cannot seduce you.

Amsterdam. The canal is beautiful and quiet, residential barges, colorfully decorated, line both its sides, occasionally a heron or a crane parades one-legged on the prow of one, almost the only sound on this quiet street is the sporadic quacking of ducks. The houses are tall and thin and appear crammed together like San Francisco. It is strange to see two flags of the Netherlands hung in front of one of them—it isn't the sort of street for a government building.

The little girl who lived in the hidden upper floors of the building with the two Netherlands flags kept a diary which has been translated into nearly all of the world's languages, made into a play and



Ari Sherman blind-folded somewhere in Mead last year.

a movie, and been printed, it is estimated, thirteen million times. For many people it is the first and only literate encounter they will have with the Holocaust. The house has been preserved to remember the girl who wrote the Diary, the way she died, and to serve as a reminder—which time grows to be more and more tragically ineffective, and "to simulate a discussion of the problems of those times in relation to our own" (From a pamphlet of the Anne Frank Foundation).

In the above quoted pamphlet a sort of chronology appears of Anne Frank's life. It states that Anne Frank and her sister were deported, in late October, 1944, to Bergen-Belsen concentration Camp in Germany. The others who'd lived in the little house's hidden rooms were also deported, their Mother to Auschwitz where she starved, their friend Peter to Auschwitz from which he was taken never again to be seen, by the SS retreating from the Russians, his father gassed, his mother dead in Bergen-Belsen. Mr. Dussel, the house's other fugitive, died in Neuergamme. Anne's father survived, and published her diary in 1947.

Anne and her sister Margot, died of Typhus in Bergen-Belsen in March of 1945. But in today's Bergen, a West German town of

12,000, lawyer Ernst Von Briesen says people didn't die in the camp once located there and the local newspaper's editor says Bergen's residents don't want "a daily demonstration" of its past. So a street will not, as proposed by Social Democrats of the town's

"But, in today's Bergen, a West German town of 12,000, lawyer Ernst Von Briesen says people didn't die in the camp..."

council, be named after Anne Frank 41 years after her death, a school for 5th and 6th graders will be instead. Amsterdam doesn't mind a house with big Nederland flags and hundreds of tourists milling about on one of its quiet residential streets, or a statue of a small girl in one of its main squares or, for that matter, a huge, brightly lit memorial to Nazi victims in the garden of its contem-

porary Art Museum. But Bergen doesn't remember, just like America has Rambo to change its memory, and Israel's second largest political party has forgotten the existence of the Occupied West Bank through years of referring to it only by its biblical names of Isden and Samarin. Memory is a funny thing.

Malga, Spain. I came here for a few days because you don't as people in Germany to talk about the Holocaust during Christmas

"The Synagogue appears to be under seige.

A mini-van full of police guards its gate..."

and New Years and because it's warm and cheap. Someone else came here to rest, the great Flamenco dancer/choreographer who played the role of the director in the beautiful movie, "Carmen", and it was a thrill to meet him in a little cafe, where his hands fluttered like castanets when he talked excitedly. Someone else came here to call the local radio station so the world would know why 19 people were

killed and 110 wounded in terrorist attacks in Rome's and Vienna's airports. But the Palestinian speaking bad Spanish said what he said about holy wars and liberation and still the world didn't know why those people died. I heard above the phone call and didn't feel good anymore in a town I'd been liking very much.

Firenze, Italy. The Synagogue appears to be under sieze. A mini-van full of police guards its gate, three soldiers wearing bullet proof vests and carrying submachine guns check cars driving down its street. Hastily taped up paper signs explain that guided groups without cameras (which may be left at the entrance with another guard) will be shown the synagogue once hourly. Its upstairs Jewish Museum is closed, wandering tourists are too difficult to oversee. The Jewish Community in Firenze, once Italy's Jewish center, is down to 1,200 members—35 kids—and is, after the Rome attack, under armed protection by both the army and the police. And the woman who hastily guides us through its synagogue—surely one of the worlds three or four most beautiful—begs for contributions to keep the synagogue open at all. Things can be beautiful and old and good and still die.

The Herald Tribune within a week of each other two stories appeared in the Herald Tribune, and international English newspaper about freedom and the press. One reported Israel, where military censorship is already required, is moving to pass a law requiring the licensing of its journalists by the government. The other reports that French right wing publisher Robert Hersant, defying a 1984 law against media monopolizing, has purchased another newspaper, giving him control of 38% of France's national newspapers and 20 percent of its provincial press. France's socialist Prime Minister, Laurent Fabius calls this "a grave threat to press freedom and, by extension, freedom in general."

Well, it's been a moderate winter, lucky for this day of Southern places, but I'm headed up to Germany in a few days, after a talk I'll have first, in Torina, with the Italian writer Primo Levi (who visited the Claremont Colleges for a Holocaust memorial last spring), a survivor of Auschwitz, about memory, and learning. Europe's very pretty and I've seen great Picasso and Monet in Paris, Chagall and Renoir in Amsterdam and Michelangelo here in Firenze (especially the incomplete Pieta!!) There are good cafes and great people and good times. And the past is the subconscious and, like everyone, some repress it others distort it and only some are willing to know it. And the future is nice when it's the day to day of sunrises and snowfalls but there's a missile shaped shadow over it all and 41 years is a long time in a fast new place like America but it's a short time here, where things are older and time is slower. Love to all,
Ari

New Resources Enlightens

Molly Sanders

For the most part, I don't feel any different than you do as a Pitzer student. That is until I go to my early morning tennis class which begins with laps around the court for warm-up. Or when the instructor decides that as a way of eliminating our morning lethargy, we'll now do some mid-court wind sprints. It is when I am painfully reminded that I am a card carrying member of Pitzer's New Resources Program. "So what's

that," right? Since most of my classmates aren't familiar with it, I consented to contribute something to "The Other Side" in the hope of enlightening you "young whippersnappers" about the program. New Resources was set up for the non-traditional (let's face it, okay) returning student, of which I am one.

It is traditional to enter college just out of high school, and normally from one of the surrounding communities. But Pitzer, it seems, welcomes diversity, and so it is not

uncommon to meet people from as far away as Trinidad, China or Bangladesh. And just as these students have things like The International Place to serve as their support groups, we older students have New Resources. As a way of introducing you to it, I have chosen to briefly profile some of the people making up the program, since there are some interesting stories that led to their return to school.

Isabel Gardner returned to school coming out of a traditional

marriage in which she realized her commitment to education as a way of not closing herself off from the possibilities of growth and change. She started as a part time student, and full time mother of three girls, holding down a thirty hour a week job. Despite these challenges, she is now in her third year at Pitzer, is attending full time and is planning to go on to graduate school to pursue her Ph.D. in history. Isabel finds the flexibility of the New Resource program an ideal setting in which

to pursue her traditional interests while balancing her roles as student, wife and mother. She suggests that perhaps because we are older, we have had the opportunity to define our goals and are now perfecting the ways to pursue them. In her own words, "no matter what the challenges, that's fun."

If you think you're having trouble balancing studying, working and still having some time to yourself, meet Elaine and Brooke.

CONT. on pg. 10

External Studies Evokes Choice

Deadly terrorist attacks in Rome and Vienna, a devastating earthquake in Mexico, and periodic Syrian missile attacks on Israel — nothing like living in America to make one feel safe and secure against the not-so-pleasant predicaments of the world. The question thus comes up, "Is it worth it to take a semester away from the safe confines of Pitzer college and venture into the world through an external studies program?" Judging from the feedback of those brave Pitzer souls that dared to surpass the limits of

our borders the answer seems to be an enthusiastic yes. This article thus proposes to share some information related to the Pitzer External Studies Department and to explore some of the reasons behind the answer to the previous question.

First, a little history and information about our present External Studies Department to put things in perspective. It appears that in January of 1984 this department witnessed a major personnel change. This came about when the President reallocated some of his responsibilities to others thus creating the position of Associate

Dean of Faculty to care for External Studies. The position was assumed by Professor Ruth Munroe who currently heads this department. Under Professor Munroe's administration the department has basically remained the same with the exception of three alterations. First, the program with the Washington Center for Learning Alternatives was dropped in the fall of 1984, the reason being that people in the Political Studies department felt it was not good enough for our students. Other programs to substitute it have been explored though nothing as of yet has been

produced. Second, the Cairo program was also dropped because the administration felt that students were not receiving enough support from the institution there. It should be noted that programs are not easily dropped. A "compelling reason" is needed for these drastic measures to be taken into effect. Indeed it appears to be a fact that in most cases it is more practical and productive to work with the existing programs than to substitute them. Reality dictates that gripes and complaints inevitable about the various programs offered but

these are usually not sufficient to cause a cancellation of a program. Third, a program in Mexico has been recently added to the list of options offered. This new development is chiefly due to Professor Sheldon's endeavors to start a program there.

If anyone is presently contemplating participating in any of the study abroad programs that Pitzer offers, a description of each can be found in this year's catalogue. One should specially pay attention to the International

CONT. on pg. 10

Road to Obfuscation

by Catherine Rogers and Steve Keller

There is one aspect of life that we all take for granted, living. You heard me right, living—being able to eat the foods we like, partake in the activities we enjoy most, and, a popular favorite, fraternize with members of the opposite sex. When asked to choose an inanimate object they would like to become, the students here at Pitzer, clever as they are, found objects to become that would still allow them to participate in their favorite aspects of living. I wonder if they would get as much pleasure out of the activity as an inanimate participant?

Pictures at an exhibition
—Emerson, Lake and Palmer
I'd like to be everywhere
—No where
The Louvre in Paris
—The Stimulator
An electric plug —JJ
Allison's Tattoo —one of the many
A Pitzer student aka Pitzoid
—Michael Brightwell
The same —Brody Giles
A rabbit trap at Pitzer
Solid silver handcuffs
—T.A. Manobridge
Certainly not Tom's bed
—insomniac!

A tape measure for the Miss America Pageant. (oh, the places that tape has been)

—Michael Archibald

The corona of Usta Yethman's Jamiacan Sensimilia (or the 45" track of Ring the Alarm-Tenor Saw) A piece of fried shrimp at McConnell Dining Hall (my existence would be over before it began)

West Dorm, HMC—cause with a night life like that, how can you lose? —Tue True

A butt pimple —the Popper

A doorknob —Steve Keller

E=mC2 —Ard

Brian's nose hair

—Emelio Estevez

A postcard —Quasimoto

A doll —Kirsten Daughters

An IBM PC

A cup

The hut of BABA Yağa

—Mr. Bitchen

Pitzer College (by way of extension)

A soap bubble floating randomly through the universe; just observing—a perfection of the aesthetic.

—Aesthete

Marilyn Monroe —Jeff

A painting —Peter McDaniel

Chocolate ice cream

—Angela Campbell

The seat on a girl's bicycle

—Steve Keller

A hard wood floor —Madonna #2

Justin's girlfriend —Bustin Justin

Justin Thomas' surfer shorts!

—Aah! How nice.

Paris Opera House

—Meg Renfrew

A hower (and a towel afterwards)

—RLW

A coral reef in the ocean off the coast of Australia

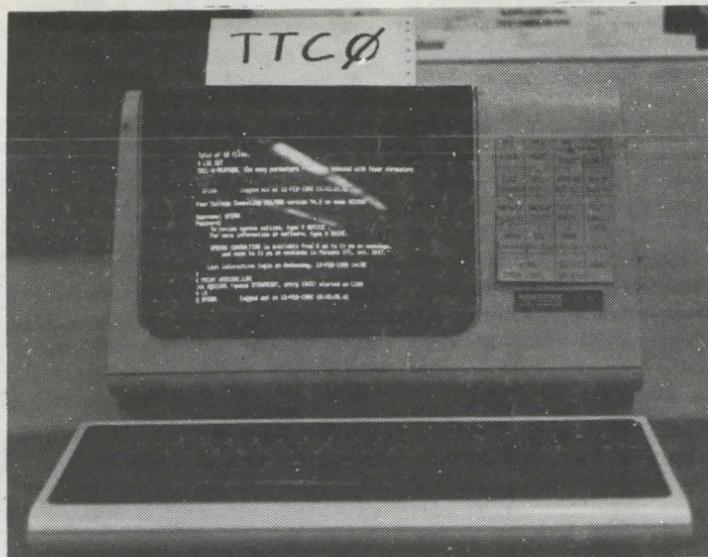
The back seat —Tex

GROUP SUGGESTS FUTURE

In June, 1985 a seven member summer workshop on computers studied the current use of computers at Pitzer and how to better integrate and make available computer resources where their use is appropriate. The group interviewed 47 full time faculty and made a series of recommendations. A complete report is posted on the minutes bulletin board in Scott Hall.

The current computer facilities at Pitzer are limited. Pitzer had five lines to the 4CCVAX (a digital VAX 11/780), and several microcomputers scattered about. 4CCVAX has been heavily loaded in the past, though the performance has been drastically improved since the memory was doubled about two weeks ago. Also, many Mudd students use one of Mudd's seven other VAX's instead of dealing with slow response time on 4CCVAX.

The recommendations of the workshop are to form a "Computers and Computing Advisory Group," the addition of three new courses and appropriate faculty, but not a computer science concentration, and assembling two computer labs, one for students and one for faculty. The first new course, probably a half course, would be an elementary, non-threatening, introduction to programming and computers. The second course would be a more



Extraordinarily enough, it's a photograph of a computer.

complete and advanced treatment of programming. Finally the third course would study the role of computers in society, with enough time spent studying computers to appreciate their impact on society. Also, several short, purely instructional workshops would be offered on how to use specific applications on the computers.

The proposed student lab would contain 25 IBM-PCs (10 with 10 megabyte hard disk drives, and 5 of those with color displays), 6 letter quality printers, 1 plotter, and 3 modems. The faculty lab would be 5 IBM-PCs (2 with 20 megabyte hard disk drive and col-

or display), a letter quality printer, and a modem. A central mini, or supermicrocomputer with 4 megabytes of memory, 2 tape drives, a high speed printer, a graphics terminal, and 5 modems will also be purchased. An attempt will be made to network all the microcomputers through the minicomputer. The labs would be phased in over three years with the student lab receiving priority in funding. Speaking of funding, the summer workshop estimated the labs to cost \$123,450, with operating expenses of \$15,600 a year. The whole plan would cost a total of \$402,775 in the first three years.

Poetry

by Sebastian Matthews

There is a new snow on the ground. I am looking out my window. There are two black cats wrestling in it at the edge of the field that starts up when the parking lot is finished. Together, the cats form themselves into a tumbleweed. To them the parking lot turning into the field must seem like an endless plain.

Last night we drank a lot. All the bad things that were passed between us seem blurry now, unclear. It's like they are far away—a hedge way out in the field, a patch of grey.

A man walks past my window, blowing on his hands, and heads down the steps. A small girl, after a time, follows. She carries a shopping bag cradled in both her arms, with what looks like tights and one jazz shoe sticking up at her chin; and, when she reaches the bottom of the steps and nears the awaiting station wagon, the door opens. I can see her father, or maybe it's her grandfather, lean over and open it for her, then straighten up.

fee, look out the window, end up staring at my reflection in the glass. I adjust my eyesight and pick out the cats. I adjust again, focus in, and see my face. My blonde whiskers seem almost golden in the morning sunlight. I can clearly see the acne on my face. The cats are quietly lying in a patch of it just under my chin. I shift my weight onto the other leg. The cats are back to fighting, steam rises from them like tempers.

Out in the field there is a stand of trees. I drape my thoughts over them—a new falling of snow—and imagine I am amidst them, a child, gathering up kindling for a fire. I will return with an ample arm-load—the bark will stick in small pieces to my sweater all morning—and will fill the woodstove with the winter's first wood.

Today is laundry day. The bag of clothes and sheets sits next to the front door. I stare at it. It turns into a dog waiting to be let out. No way, I say aloud, there are cats out there. I know

by Sebastian Matthews

The tension that lies deep in this breezy afternoon is hidden like a nerve under layers of muscle. The subtle force that blows things this way, then that, mood one way, then another, is pleasurable in its directiveness, like being taught a trade or a sport by someone expert at it—there's a consciousness of all movement, every strain and pull, things you didn't notice before pop out and make themselves known, arrange themselves in order. You are led into

the red dress that winks—with trees. I am even in love with things I cannot perceive, I am so joyous. Everything can be touched. It is indeed a show put on for me, for anyone aware, observing, a circus of spectacular events. Bravo. Bravo.

I stand consumed, smiling into the day. The breeze controls all of me. (It takes my thoughts to a man sitting nearby on a slope that tapers into a playground. I see him as a single parent who has gone for a walk, a letting off of steam, leaving his house

to another.

I am worried. I feel as if the leaves will never come to the ground. That the trees—the elms, willows, sycamores—will shed and the leaves will fall, but they won't land. That the sky will be darkened by leaves, thousands of them, swirling, and that I will get lost in their shadows. I am afraid birds may fly into each other. That I won't know where to turn.

A chilly breeze touches me on the shoulder; I turn and with a shrug arrange my pack, there in the small of

Focusing

There is exhaust billowing out from the back of the car. I see him smile at her and help her find her seatbelt. The heat is probably just beginning to pour out of the dash, down by her feet.

The wagon pulls out of the drive. I turn from the window and walk the few steps over to the kitchen. Taking the boiling water off the stove burner, I pour it over the coffee grounds in circles. I have to put down the pan once, the steam burns my hands, but the cup fills up soon enough.

I return back to the window with my both hands surrounding the cof-

you want out, but I don't trust you with them. I don't want to have to go out and retrieve you.

I look outside. The sun is blinding now. I cover my eyes, turn away. There is an image stuck in my head: I am a tree in a field. My branches are bare and they stretch out for you. You are a heron (and you forgive me) and you fly over to me. You perch in my arms, yes. They feel good and solid to you. And you like the view they offer. And you decide to nest there.

little surprises, or reminders. **That's this breeze that covers me now.** It forces the day to come out in flares in front of me, spotlighting: that swaying tree, that rolling slope, laying wave over wave onto itself like music, here the continuous motion of a woman walking, rather floating by, everything little circles, that leaf slipping past your ear onto the cool, wet earth.

This tension forces everything to move, to react to its certain, special breeziness; and, yes, I am reacting. Stretching.

I reach out in admiration of the choices I have at this moment— I could turn and turn dizzily in place with my arms shot out like arrows or branches, could follow children guiltlessly and join them on the jungle gym, could gather my spirit and lump it with my backpack, both light as down feathers to rest my head on, lying under an elm tree, in the tall grass—reach out and laugh in surprise when the day lights up under my senses.

And I am in love with everyone and everything in my sight: the shuffling old man, the large staring woman who stands with staring child, with you in

Nerves

on the hill in anger and walking it down into sadness by the time he reaches the park. I imagine he is watching a small boy swing who reminds him of his own son. The same white hands, white sneakers, same innocence behind falling bangs. The man has an urge to push the boy, not hard as he did to his son out of frustration before, but reassuring as a hug, sending the boy higher and higher into the warming sun.) This gentle, guiding wind pushes my mood on swings, sends it happily along paths, through a stand of trees. It controls my feet, my roaming eyes, all my senses. It controls the leaves: Rustle, it says, and they do. Even moves time along before me, compressing until there is no telling time, happenings, from thought. All is swept in innocent breeze.

But look again. A thin line of tension, a string, a nerve, winds itself around the day, like a sly snake. The day is ready to erupt anytime: into darkness, in storm, in front of my eyes.

I look again. The day seems to waiver, shimmer. People drift by like choices. My eyes, my heart, my imagination—they go from one then

my back, a weight. One more look around. A woman shifts her dress. A man sits alone on a slope that tapers into a playground, the grass gradually fading into dirt: he is unaware of his hands. A boy swings. Further on: a group of kids start a new game. From where I am I cannot decipher the game; whether it is tag or chicken, kick-the-can or touch football. Though it seems to be full of tumbles, chases, yells, gambles. Rules that call out to be broken.

For now, at this moment, it seems days could go by in whirlwinds.



Illustration by Bill M.

Übermensch

Übermensch

Arts & Entertainment

Lines Lines

by Sebastian Matthews

Eight months have passed; a summer, with the length of a long semester! and again I come up to these campuses nestled in the valley, their life force, rolling onto each other like hills and mixing together like kitchen smells. Once again I look up at the Grove House, stand in its shadow, take shade under its eaves; once again I walk along paths beaten down by the will to learn; once more I sit under trees and turn my thoughts with the underside of their leaves.

These glittering instances, moments suspended like lazy bees in memory shaped, through an absence, have been worn down to pieces of glass that could be found, worn and frosted, edges smoothed into curves, blue glass, green, on a beach during a walk

that could end at that lighthouse there, or could go past it, around that bend, over those rocks, into that forest that edges hesitantly up to the shore. Though, often in small restaurants, or in open spaces and people's conversations, I returned back to them, was transported for a moment of peace with myself into their valley.

Now that I am back living among all these fleshed-out memories—a man that finds himself in a stand of trees, poplars or pine, and is brought back suddenly to a moment in his childhood—they go by with a wave or a special wink in the sun; they seem unreal, removed, **not of me**. And I am lonely.

And that is why—this distance, separation, chasm between two experiences, worlds—I feel I can

comment on my surroundings objectively, or, at least, with a touch of objectivity. I can comment on this place, Pitzer College, this learning center, like the sun comments on the mountain, dropping slowly behind it.

I feel that Wordsworth was right when he talks in *Tintern Abbey* about "half-creating" the world around you. He says, (if I interpret correctly, or better, agree rightly so with the footnotes in the Norton Anthology) that the world you perceive is "half-created" by yourself, that your change of mind is actually causing some of the world's changes.

Coming back from this semester off, I sense stronger than ever before that, as students, at a liberal college, we must open our minds up, open ourselves up

to everything—to "half-create" and to perceive the world around us in all its forms, obvious right on down to subtle. That in our lives day to day; in our interactions with people and animals; in our attitudes towards the idea of world peace; in our art—we must look for beauty, significance, in everything, every action and reaction.

People frequently say that college life is a microcosm of the "real world." In a sense they are right, dead right.

So it makes sense to me, so conceited to feel this removed, that it should be even more clear that we must be **aware, optimistic**, etc. while in college, perceiving everything, storing it. We must believe that we are good people, and then when it gets down to it we have a purpose, goals, etc.

The band X say in one of their songs that "we must not think bad thoughts." I like that song, that phrase, because it has just the

right amount of sarcasm in it, cynicism.

I have been reading a lot about the need for optimism in true despair (in a quote of Sartre's, in Blake, in a way in Wordsworth). It makes sense, that things go on in their looping circles, in whips; like travelling up a mountain road, enduring the switchbacks, reveling in their view of what is behind you, you will soon enough reach the top of the mountain (and you've been there before).

If people are right in assuming that this is just a testing ground for what's coming up in our lives—and with this I can't really agree—then they should at least agree also that mediocrity cannot be tolerated; that we must be all there; strive to be, in whole, with every sense, there for everyone and everything. We must be open, as a cup.

We must be willing to accept the unassuming gift of knowledge from every little thing. And, thanks B, we must pass it along.

Set "Lights" Adams

by Albert Anderson

Currently showing at the Claremont Graduate School galleries is a set of photographs by Ansel Adams. These represent a good cross-section of Adams' work throughout his long and productive career.

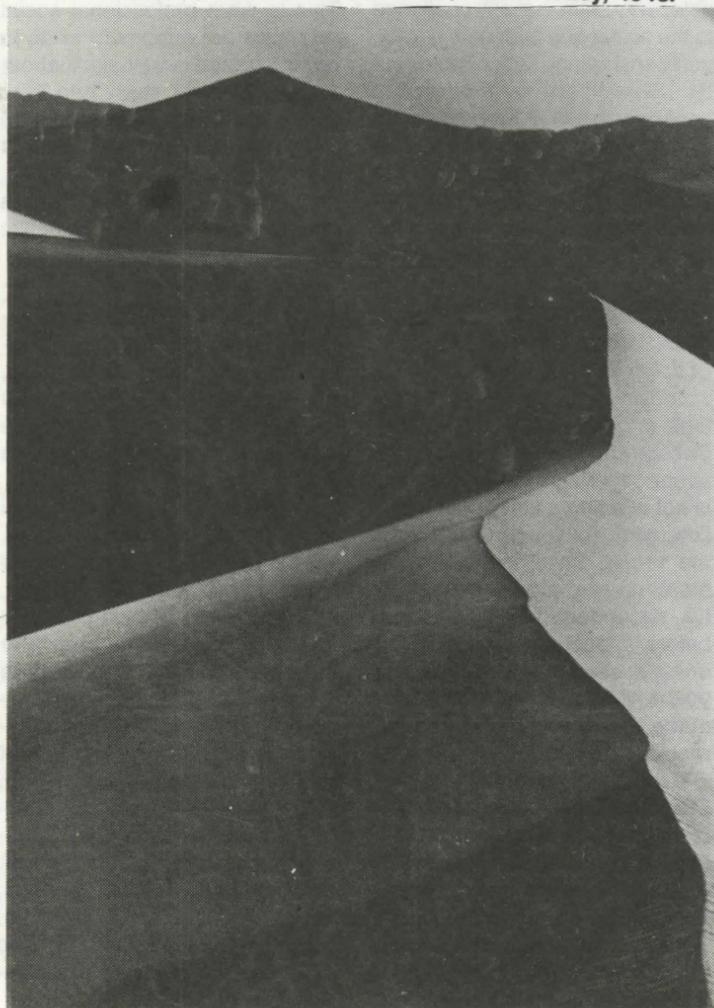
Included are images that bespeak luminosity; a quality of light that Adams was able to capture in photograph after photograph. In each there is a perfection of vision and ample evidence of a thoughtful process.

Adams placed a good deal of emphasis on a mastery of craft that would allow the unbounded expression of creative seeing.

Vision as seeing is indeed what this show achieves. For "seeing" is the cornerstone of all good photographic imagery, whether internal or external. The ability, as Adams spoke of it, to "visualize" an image before it was recorded and processed. This abstraction was the cornerstone of his technique, and theoretically allowed a concentration on the final image, rather than the subject alone.

Some of Adams' more commonly known images, like *Moonrise Over Hernandez, New Mexico*, (1941), *Sand Dunes, Sunrise, Death Valley*, (1948), *Church and Road, Bodega, California* (1953), and *Mount Williamson from Manzanar, California*, (1944), are on display, and should not be missed in the flesh. Each of these photographs still hold interest after many viewings. This is the intrinsic magic of Adams' work: it is at once accessible, beautifully crafted, pleasant, and, in an era of gimmicks and fast, ephemeral pleasure in the visual arts, Adams stands as a lasting item. A drunk man at Bengie's explained Adams to me by saying that the photographer still spoke through his photographs. "There," he told me, "was a man who did what he wanted to do." Most assuredly, Adams and his Group f.64 contemporaries accomplished a great deal in establishing Photography as an accepted creative medium, and in redefining the concept of the American Landscape.

Ansel Adams, Sand Dunes, Sunrise, Death Valley, 1948.



After Hours Dwarfs

by Keith Merryman

If you love black comedy, *After Hours* will take you into the darkest hours of the evening, and the blackest recesses of the human condition. The film opens on Paul as he sits innocently reading in a restaurant. He notices an enchanting young woman (Rosanna Arquette) who approached him and introduces herself. Enthralled, he calls her later that evening and is invited to her apartment in Soho. From the moment he walks through the door, he falls into a series of outlandish misadventures, zany characters, mistaken identities, suicides, punk clubs, thieves, S&M freaks, mobs, Chech and Chong and (inevitably) bureaucracies from which there is no escape. "All I want to do is get home" he begs. But unlike Dorothy, who only has to click her heels three times, Paul

must first cope with the insanity of New York City, and even worse, the people who live there.

The "misadventures" all finally connect in the end. No, they are not "high concept" situations thrown in randomly for dramatic effect (or to make a buck); *After Hours* is a well conceived story that exaggerates bad says we've all had and forces one to laugh at the sad, the insane, the impossible. The characters, all zany enough to seem more like caricatures, are actually satires on people who exist everywhere. The film pokes fun at the paranoias, quirks, and eccentricities of those living in an overwhelmingly confusing world. Terri Garr delivers a poignant but hilarious performance as an aging waitress still caught in the hip, "late sixties" scene. Rosanna Arquette is convincingly spacy and confused. Linda Fiorentino is effective as a sculptress S&M queen. But it is Griffith Dunne as Paul that is the backbone of the film. His portrayal of a man caught in a nightmarish world of danger, death and chaos is accurate funny, serious and silly. This man possesses a rare talent and has grown tremendously since his performance in *An American Werewolf in London*.

See this film. It will dwarf your problems and make you laugh at life. What more can anyone ask for from the fine bucks?

DIRECTORS from pg. 2

dismayed that, as Kat says, "a small number of students are so irresponsible." Pitzer was founded on the belief in student participation in decision-making processes, a belief all too rare in today's conservative swing in higher education. Student participation is a treasure not to be squandered or left idle but to be used wisely.

Übermensches

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News Editor.....Lisa Campo
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CONTRIBUTORS: David O'Connor, Lisa Campo, Albert Anderson, S. Ellis, Alan, David Greensfelder, Steve Keller, Robert Madero, Sebastian Matthews, Andre Malraux, Francois Klugman, Keith Merryman, Paul Musser, Molly Sanders, Catherine Rogers, Dana Ward.

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The Platform

Campus Terrorists

(Accuracy in Academia is a group headed by political activist Reed Irvine. The group attempts to find and halt "left wing bias" in the classrooms.)

by Dana Ward

In the United States, much is made of the openness of our society, about the diversity of opinion, about the free market of ideas. Europeans, in contrast, have often commented upon the homogeneity of American opinion, the narrowness of its frame of reference, and its single stream of Lockean liberalism. Even in the days of a rabidly partisan press Europeans recognized a certain terror exercised over U.S. public discourse. Writing in the 1830's Tocqueville commented: "I know no country in which there is so little true independence of mind and freedom of discussion as in America...In America, the majority raises very formidable barriers to the liberty of opinion: within these barriers an author may write whatever he pleases, but he will repent it if he ever step beyond them."

Tocqueville, of course, was speaking of the tyranny of the majority, but others have spoken of the homogeneity of U.S. opinion in different terms. In the 1950's Louis Hartz argued that because the U.S. was a split off fragment of the European middle class, there was not the divisive, class-based ideological conflict that one finds in Europe to this day. The argument was that because America had no feudal past, there was no room for socialism in the American political culture. Instead, there was fundamental agreement on the basic principles of American society. People stayed within those boundaries,

politics were not particularly conflictual, and opinion was channeled along a well-traveled path.

While recently the boundaries have been stretched ever so slightly, there is still the most all pervasive terror exercised over public opinion, a terror that restricts political debate within the narrowest of boundaries, permitting profound distortions of reality in both our domestic and foreign policies. The distortions are most noticeable in the corruption of political language, a corruption Orwell warned against in 1984 and in his essay on politics and the English language. Destabilizing first strike missiles become "peace-keepers"; tax increases become "revenue enhancers"; and objectivity is translated into "balance". We have come to expect such corruption of language from our politicians. Indeed, our taxes pay professional dissimulators to occupy positions in the Office of Public Diplomacy where the media are monitored for signs of criticism, whereupon Administration defenders are dispatched to the editorial pages of the offending journal. It would seem, however, monitoring media alone no longer is considered sufficient protection against heresy. Today, the terrorists of public opinion stand at the campus gate.

Accuracy in Academia would have few if any recruits were it not for the profoundly distorted notion of objectivity which currently informs American political culture. Objectivity is equated with

neutrality, balance, and lack of passion, none of which are required by objectivity, or at least not in the form commonly understood.

To recover the meaning of objectivity, we must begin by focusing on its purpose. Objectivity serves to reach valid, reliable conclusions about the nature of reality, not to avoid them. Of course, the conclusions are always tentative, always open to revision in the face of more objective knowledge, but the result is that objectivity is profoundly partisan. Objective conclusions generally favor one version of reality over others. Only in its methods of observation is objectivity neutral, and even then not always. Objectivity, then, is not a question of where one stands on the ideological spectrum, be it right, left, or center. Objectivity is a question of **how** one handles information. Neutrality is required only in the processing of information. Once valid, reliable conclusions have been reached, objec-

Why, then, has balance assumed such a hallowed position in American public discourse? There are essentially two reasons. In a society in which the average member sits before the television set for more than six hours every day, and when most citizens' sole news source is television and radio, it is easy to understand how balance has come to be equated with objectivity. Television and radio are governed by the "fairness doctrine". The fairness doctrine is based on the principle of balance. Since there is limited access to the airwaves, and since the airwaves are a public trust, licensed operators are required to provide time for opposing editorials and equal coverage of political candidates. Significantly, accuracy is not required. All that is required is that the proverbial "both sides" are aired. One side can be one hundred percent correct and the other side can be wandering about fantasy land, but each have a right to air time under

protect us from the dogmas of the extremes, but not a word is uttered concerning the extreme center. Indeed, an extreme center is virtually inconceivable, but given that "extreme" can be defined in nonlinear terms as "an excessive or immoderate degree, condition or measure," moderates, so it would seem, can be immoderate in their moderation. Given that the modern tyranny of the majority is the tyranny of moderation, and that moderation is essentially a process of balancing, it is not surprising that balance has come to be equated with objectivity.

Accuracy in Academia has set itself up as the campus equivalent of the Federal Communications Commission as it attempts to enforce a "fairness doctrine" in the classroom. The notion of balance is what Accuracy in Academia would like to institute on campus. Ironically, AA's program is itself unbalanced. They seem only interested in making sure that progressive professors balance their views with conservative perspectives. Thus far, no conservatives have been chastized for failing to balance their views with socialist perspectives. Despite their title, Accuracy in Academia is concerned with neither accuracy nor objectivity, but with dogma.

"Accuracy in Academia would have few if any recruits were it were not for the profoundly distorted notion of objectivity which currently informs American political culture."

tivity requires that we become partisans professing allegiance to one set of conclusions over others.

Balance, in contrast, is a question of **what** information is communicated. Balance would require that equal time be given to refuted solutions, solutions which have not stood the test of objectivity. To a degree, presenting the case for the valid and reliable conclusions requires some reference to rejected solutions, if only to demonstrate the superiority of the professed conclusions, but no reasonable person would expect sense to move over and make room for nonsense. After all, balancing truth with lies only produces half truths.

the fairness doctrine. The end result of this socialization process is that the standards of network journalism have supplanted the standards of academic inquiry for most the students I face each day.

The second reason balance has been equated with objectivity is the tyranny of moderation. In our society, the ideology of moderation has staked a claim to objectivity such that any challenge to the status quo becomes heresy, partisanship and lack of objectivity. Significantly, moderates generally arrive at their positions by splitting the difference between extremes. Thus, balancing left and right is essential in order for moderates to discover their positions. In the process, moderates

Absolute objectivity, of course, is impossible. Since the very categories of analysis used to process information, at least in the social sciences, are themselves products of particular ideologies, it is impossible to guarantee that anyone's notion of reality is all inclusive. For that reason, objectivity requires that one cast a broad informational net and that information within that net, to the degree possible, is not distorted to fit any preconceived notion of reality. This is what professional social scientists are supposed to do in order to reach conclusions about the subjects we study and later teach. We are not required to feed our students all the garbage that our informational net drags up, only that which nourishes a critical, passionately objective spirit.

Caution: Child in Car

I'm from San Diego, where it's common practice to post medium sized yellow signs, which look like a square turned on one corner, on the back window of your car. These placards are emblazoned with large black letters, which read: "Caution: Child in Car." I've never liked them. They were bound to catch up with me sooner or later, but I thought I might escape them temporarily. I did not think the infection could have spread to L.A. County so quickly.

Yesterday, a car marked with one of those infernal "Child in Car" signs nearly ran me down on 12th Street.

This event brought back all of the pent-up hate I have had for people with these stickers since they first started appearing in San Diego a few years ago. I have no problem with being cautious when driving with or around children. I have no problem with being cautious when

driving, even if no children are present. What I have a problem with is the notion that I, no longer a child, am somehow expendable.

I can close my eyes and see it all now. Some drunk driver is making his way home from San Bernardino at midnight. He is coming down Foothill Blvd. at about 50. Suddenly, a light changes yellow up ahead of him. The driver of the car in front of him, going 30, doesn't think she can make it, and hits her brakes hard. The drunk driver is now coming up on that car at 50 mph.

The drunk driver senses that he is about to have a serious collision, and sits back to enjoy it, as drunk driver will do. Suddenly, something is wrong. The drunk driver blinks. He looks around, confused. Then he sees it: a yellow square turned on one corner in the lower right section of the back window of the car he is

about to smash into. The glaring black letters are forever burned deeply into his subconscious.

Looking around for an acceptable target, he spies a lone Pitzer College student walking along the street. The Pitzer College student is not wearing a little yellow sign. Dragging the wheel to the right, the drunk driver averts his immoral course, aiming instead for his secondary target. Seconds before impact, he smiles in the driver's seat, having made his peace with the Almighty by having made the correct decision at his moment of truth.

I did a lot of driving in San Diego, and saw scores and scores of these yellow and black stickers, at least one every day. Especially aggravating were the people I noticed driving around with their sticker on, even though it was obvious that there was NO child in the car, or anyone other than the

driver, for that matter. These people are so selfish that they will intentionally, or through negligence, misrepresent themselves to the public, just so they will get a little extra consideration in case of a minor accident.

I suppose it won't be long until more yellow with black letters, square turned on one corner signs come out. Of course, anyone reading "Caution: Child in Car" drives more carefully because they don't want to have to bear the guilt, in the event of accident, of having killed an innocent child. Everyone knows that fear is much more effective than guilt, right? "Caution: ThermoNuclear Device in Car". "Caution: Sociopath in Car". "Caution: Bernhard Goetz in Car". "Caution: NRA Member in Car". My favorite: "Caution: Rambo in Car." Perhaps the most terrifying of all: "Caution: Lawyer in Car."

The Platform

Paucis Verbis

Paucis Verbis
by D.H. O'Connor

After a night of pounding on this beleaguered machine, I have given up...trying to write a peer recommendation for a friend of mine who is applying for admission to Seaver College of Pepperdine University. He, like myself, is a freshman who has had doubts about the benefits of attending a school the size of Pitzer. The present freshman class contains approximately 190 students. The entire college is about 700 people in its entirety. That's peanuts, especially considering that state schools like UCLA and UC Berkeley are many times larger than all of the Claremont Colleges combined. The point is that in such a constricted social environment, it's very easy for a student to become claustrophobic—physically, socially, and even emotionally. One can often be crushed in the rush to find out what everybody did last night, a fun yet sometimes strikingly painful experience, especially when you find out what you did last night...at times like this, the anonymity of being in a school of many thousands of people can become quite attractive. Considering the difficulty which the social scene here can present, why not be drawn to the privacy of a larger school like Pepperdine?—it's size is very handy if you consider it—

not so large that you become a number, but not so small that everyone knows where your birthmark is...you can see my friend's point.

David Davenport, the new President of Pepperdine, said in a recent speech [and I quote him only approximately] "In Pepperdine I see a new kind of education emerging—not in the tradition of the large state university, nor in the tradition of the small independent college...but instead a new educational system based on the principles of Christianity and the love of Jesus Christ..."

Let me explain that this article is neither anti-religious nor anti-intellectual. Many people view both religion and education as a means to an end—although which end they have in sight is often in question...nevertheless, Davenport's statement brings back many memories, both good and bad, of my previous educational experiences. First of all, my eight years in a predominantly Catholic grade school (at which all students were required to attend Mass once a week during school hours), and secondly, my five years at a small independent school at which religion was not an issue. The atmosphere at these two schools was of course totally different—at the small

grade school (where many of the teachers were large ruler-wielding nuns with first names like "Lucille" and "Bertrand") religion wasn't the only thing imposed on the students...no, there was a whole series of rules and regulations that governed our school life, regulations which went beyond mere responsibility and courtesy. There was a set of ethics that dictated our work habits, dress habits. **ad nauseam**. Imagine my shock when I arrived at the second school, where the extent of what we were told to do was minimal. What I did, how I studied, or how I dressed was left to me. This newfound freedom of action

tion. Be it imposed by one's peers or one's elders, competition is not a pretty sight...the one thing that I noticed about the small Catholic school in retrospect is that competition was imposed—this imposition was also, the case when I visited a Christian high school which all of my grade school friends had gone to...

Competition seems to be a way of life for many people, but need it be? I view competition as a non-issue, for if you are competing with someone, you have already admitted that you have a handicap or have even conceded defeat. You are admitting that you have no

"Perhaps the worst thing a college, or any educational institution for that matter, can impose on its students is competition."

and thought, besides putting me through a minor kind of culture shock, made me take notice of the differences between the schools differences I never knew existed.

I'm saying all of this for a reason—that is, to contrast the ways that Christian educational institutions differ from private educational institutions. Whether it be grade school, high school, or college, I believe that the gap yawns perceptibly. The main difference lies, I imagine, in what is imposed upon the student, be it a system of ethics or a way to dress. Perhaps the worst thing that a college, or any educational institution for that matter, can impose upon its students is competi-

standards or goals of your own, that you are forced to look to other people for your direction, that you are at least to a certain extent dominated by envy, and thus inferior—for no-one is envious without a reason. I believe that an educational institution which intentionally imposes religion and competition on its students isn't really preparing students for the "real world" as well as it might. It seems to me that such a "new breed of school, providing education based on Christian ideals of morality and ethics" would not only foster competition, but would also produce among its students the kind of camaraderie prevalent among people who participate in

team sports—it's never really as substantial as it looks...scratch the surface and, more often than not, you find the same people, each other's equals and peers, competing for the same dates, the same grades, and the same jobs. If this is the kind of student that any American college or university wants to produce, it can only contribute to the construction of a society based on competition and mediocrity.

Let me emphasize that I'm not saying Pepperdine is striving for this or any kind of mediocrity...the University's credentials are quite impressive, including an 18:1 student/faculty ratio and a strong faculty, 96% of whom have doctoral degrees.

As I see it, the converse of imposed competition is having one's own goals and habits...undoubtedly these habits and goals seem flimsier because they are self-imposed, but I believe that in the long run, one is more likely to find one's own direction through a college or university which doesn't impose either religious, moral, or ethical restrictions on its students. Whether this view is justified or not remains to be seen, and ultimately depends on the success of schools like Pitzer and the other Claremont Colleges.

My friend walks into my room expectantly, hoping I'll show him what I've written. "What's up?" he asks, hinting at his intentions by quickly glancing between my face and the papers on my desk. "Nothing," I say, hoping he'll go away. After a night of struggling with such chaotic issues, I'm in no mood to palaver with this guy...maybe I should write a good recommendation after all.

Arts Lacks Space, Time and Money

by Thorpe Teaney

There are really several issues I would like to raise about the state of art at Pitzer, each needing a separate article of its own, but I am too lazy. The first article would concentrate on some of the excellent work being done by non-art and art majors alike. This would be the 'everything is great and we are all real happy in Camelot' article. The second article would concern classes and space, (something that is on everyone's mind and nerves). The next would address itself to the very tough subject of money, who has it and where does it go? The fourth article in the series, (if I were to make a series of articles) would concern students care and need to have art or have it supported. Having outlined these I will try to write one article and simply touch on some of these questions and issues. I do not claim to have any solutions nor fully understand the very complex administrative situation I am ques-

tioning. Problems I see may in fact be being solved as you read this. Disclaimers aside here goes.

There are many students at Pitzer who do great work in the field of art. Evidence of this can be seen in the number of people applying for shows at the respected galleries, both art majors and people who simply make art. This does not even include the large number of students who work and do not want shows, though their work may deserve such recognition. Indeed there seems to be a strong and vital interest in the arts at Pitzer, (I have not even touched upon music and dance and other arts.) Pitzer should be proud of its students strong interest in art and should recognize the struggle it requires to keep producing.

This leads me directly to questions of classes and space. I understand that the art classes at Pitzer are presently being reviewed and that the space committee

(whichever one it is this time) is seriously looking at the problem of space that's great! I hope they give students their full support! The glass studio was all but dormant last semester, as was the Salathe gallery and east studio. Thanks to the faculty we have our gallery and studio temporarily back, but for how long? The glass studio was something unique to Pitzer and was an important source for artistic exploration for many students. Classes seem to be created around a very small work space, this forces students to the other colleges for both instruction and work space. This is not inherently wrong, but it shouldn't be taken as a given, and used as reasoning for restriction of expansion of facilities. Face it we need space to show and produce work and I believe there is enough interest at Pitzer to warrant an increase in such facilities, not reduction (as was the case last semester). Hopefully all these issues are being addressed by the various committees with a passionate eye and sympathetic heart.

The issue of money in any situation is always a touchy one in our society, and especially so in the academic institution. I will not dare tread on such sensitive subjects as, how much money is allocated to the art program or where the lab fees are actually spent. Lab fees go to the

maintenance of all kinds of the studios. I will, however, raise questions of financial support of the arts at Pitzer. The production of art on a regular basis can be a very costly adventure. In some cases it can be equivalent to a semester's worth of books once a month. Students, myself included, often are restricted in what they would like to do artistically by the assumed financial responsibility. Presently there is only one fund directly for the production of art. That is **The Organization to Fund Art**, which allots small amounts for individual projects. C.E.C. also has been known to fund art but they are swamped by requests by a few people who know that they can ask for monies from that committee. There is enough vital interest in producing art that, if possible, more money should be found for student art projects. This is really a pet peeve with me but I think the question should be raised.

Finally after this semi-passionate call for money, space, and respect for the arts at Pitzer I have to question the students response and want of art at the five colleges. My biggest sorrow is with the vandalization of art on the colleges. The question has always saddened and intrigued me, yet when it happens on our campus it especially distresses me. I would hope that education,

which is supposed to be why we are here would serve to broaden understanding of art and to alleviate fear of the unknown and open our minds to new and different ideas as well as objects. Now I am sure that the vandalism that occurs is perpetrated by a few bad apples in the large orchard, but still it looks pathetically sad in general. One can put the destruction to just drunken roudyness, or things getting out of hand, or even the very strange person thinking that they are helping to clean up the place by trashing a work. The whole point being that it just hard to ask for support for art when even a small number of students vandalize art and make the rest of us look like borish idiots undeserving of any consideration.

So what was this article about? Well art is alive and trying to survive at Pitzer College. Despite stupid attacks on works of art both by professionals and students, there is a real need in the general community to have works of art displayed, either through galleries or public space. Both art and non-art students need spaces to work and if possible, financial support from the administration. These remarks were intended to stimulate discussion about art and its many ramifications not to antagonize any one nor insult any organization per-say.

Features

Pitzer Film Diminished: A Retrospect Slice.

by Robert Madero

Pitzer College initiated the Film Concentration ten years ago. It was stated in the 1976-1977 Pitzer College Catalogue that the Film program does not attempt to provide comprehensive training in film production, nor does it attempt to offer a large range of courses in highly specialized areas of film study. Rather, the history, theory, critical assessment and production of film is emphasized in terms of its impact upon contemporary society. Under the Film Studies heading, the 1985-1986 Pitzer College Catalogue says nothing even remotely close to what was stated in 1976, but it does say, under the heading of General Academic Information, "the educational objectives of Pitzer College will be fulfilled in a graduate who combines a broad awareness of the world and a mastery of a particular discipline with self-knowledge and independence of judgement." So, does the Film Studies student know what to expect when s/he applies to Pitzer?

During the last year of my high school experience, I decided (much to the chagrin of my college counselor and much to the dismay of my friends, teammates, and of course, family) to apply to

only one college. I applied to Pitzer not only because it was close to home, but because it was one of the few colleges, out of 5 or 6 in California, that offered majors in both Film and Art. After being at Pitzer for a year or so, using my "self-knowledge and independence of judgement," I decided to major in Film/Fine Arts.

All, but two, of my concentration requirements were completed by the beginning of this academic year. I thought I could take one requirement per semester during my senior year. Alas, 182b Advanced Filmmaking was not offered in 85-86. The last time it was offered was in 83-84. I think I could have taken it then, but using my "self-knowledge and independence of judgement," I decided to wait. This is the second year in a row that Film 182b has not been offered. I was lucky to find a professor at Scripps who would do an independent study with me.

Back in 1976, the film was a cross campus co-operative project between Pomona College, Pitzer College, CMC, Scripps, and The School of Theology. Beverly Houston, the life-giver of the film concentration here at Pitzer college still does not have a full-time

tenured film professor. Should Pitzer then keep offering the film major? What about Television Production (another valuable asset)? Should the college continue to support these areas of interest or terminate them? How do the students feel?

Pitzer hired a consultant whose job it was to investigate the possibilities and impossibilities of having these programs. The report was filed and is on the College Planning Committee's agenda for February 14, 1986. Issues raised about these programs included, of course, the cost of continuing the film and television programs. Another issue was the lack

"the educational objectives of Pitzer College will be fulfilled in a graduate who combines a broad awareness of the world and a mastery of a particular discipline..."

of student pressure. Student pressure and student interest are two different things, for there isn't any lack of the latter. The lack of student pressure, however, is very consequential. Student input is very important here at Pitzer. There should never be a lack of student pressure, regardless of what the issue is.

Unfortunately, the difference between the number of film majors and, let's say, psychology or sociology majors is probably not as great as we expect it to be, but is nonetheless substantial when it comes to the curriculum. The college would undoubtedly set more input about a sociology class not

being offered than about a film class not being offered. Too bad.

I realized what had happened to my particular major almost when it was too late. I remedied my particular situation. I was lucky. The problem still continues and I will be graduating in May. I am upset at what happened and at what is still happening, not to the film major, but to other majors as well. Start looking at your own "particular discipline" and see if you can't find anything wrong. Try to stop the flailing majors from snowballing downhill. Sure, "the college acknowledges the wide diversity of students interest," but the college should not let the "particular discipline" of each student start to weaken.

It should not matter if two students or two-hundred students are interested in a "particular discipline", as long as the interest is primary. But if pressure is needed to keep particular concentrations from fading to black then pressure should be given to and heavily felt by Pitzer College. As of February 3, 1986, it still was not known if Advanced Filmmaking would be offered here at Pitzer in 1986-1987. Those of you beginning or ending your film studies education here at Pitzer, or CMC (2 of the 3 remaining schools still officially interested in film), should be aware of the fact mentioned above. I was lucky. How many other students will be lucky? Students do not have to rely on luck. We cannot let a program die only after a decade of life and especially after a rocky start. Pomona College and Scripps College are no longer interested in film.

Let's hope Pitzer does not lose its interest. We can do something about it.

Letter to the Editor

by Lisa Campos

Pitzer, an experimental college which once prided itself on avid student participation, must now struggle to simply fill student positions. Minimal numbers of students ran for committee and voting positions for this year. **The Other Side** and the yearbook, Pitzer's own student publications are drastically understaffed, what is happening here?

I have noticed in the past few years at Pitzer, a progressive deterioration of the devotion to liberal, experimental educational ideals. I do not know if this stilled devotion stems from the conservative trend in collegiate youth today which promotes educational passivity or if it is the apathy ever present in self-motivating institutions. What I do know is that the effect of this student passivity greatly harms Pitzer College. Pitzer is built on a foundation of communal involvement; administration, faculty, and students. All must interact and contribute equally. The student's lack of participation cripples Pitzer's communal environment. To compensate for student non-involvement, the administration must absorb many of the responsibilities no longer pursued by the students. Therefore, the position of the administration strengthens as the position of the students weakens. Consequently, the community no longer counterbalances.

Pitzer's community cannot stand for this deteriorating devotion. We are all at Pitzer to truly experience, to truly learn. We as students, must take the time and make the effort to understand how Pitzer operates and how we contribute to its operation. We must become more maturely responsible. We must experiment with our educations, direct our experiences, and actively guide Pitzer College in promoting its original ideals; that of free and liberating education.

EXTERNAL STUDIES

CONT. from pg. 5

Student Exchange Program (I.S.E.P.) for it offers an extensive list of places around the world to go which are otherwise not offered. Students should be advised, however, that due to the slowness of I.S.E.P.'s procedures students should begin applying in the fall so as to allow sufficient time for things to get processed if they plan to travel the following year.

Professor Munrow estimates that 90% of the students she talks to, after they've been abroad, are pleased and appreciate their experience though no one is ever fully satisfied. Complaints are always part of the evaluations but from her experience everyone feels that studying in another culture has substantially added to their education and perspective.

Complaints about the different programs range from trivial inconveniences to critical shortcomings of the institutions to which the students are being sent. For example, a student who participated in the Rome program last semester expressed serious concern over the university there. It was this student's feeling that on the academic level the university in Rome was not up to par with Pitzer's educational standards

though the tuition paid remained the same. As compared to Pitzer this institution should be considered "High School" and a "joke" despite its supposed improvements. The concern, for this student, lies in that Pitzer is a "fine institution" and should not be affiliated with a mediocre school. The same complaints were also expressed by a couple of students about the Israel program. Classes there were described as "basic introduction" courses lacking in variety and depth. It's the sentiments of these students that these are not idle complaints but valid criticisms which deserve careful attention.

Despite these complaints, however, these students made it clear that they were indeed pleased with their overall experience and would gladly do it again. One student described his experience as one of growth and awareness; being in another culture confronts one with oneself, the shift in reality reveals one's faults and inconsistencies and allows one to place them in perspective. It also stimulates political awareness in that one realizes that America is not the only country in the world. One sees the aloofness and isolated nature of the Americans and

learns to appreciate the fact that other countries also have their own interests to look after and possess their own points of view which at times are equally valid. One also comes to understand that the relationship between the world and America is one of love and hate. That we are admired for our technological and economic advances but are despised for our

aloofness, complacency, and over-demanding attitudes. The advice that this student gave to those planning to study abroad is that if you are leaving America, forget America. Live the world on its own standards expecting not America but a challenge. Overlook the trivial inconveniences and always keep in mind the broader experience.

NEW RESOURCES CONT. from pg.

Walsh. They've been married twelve years and are both enrolled in the N.R. program. Elaine, having always dreamt of attending a Claremont College found herself at Pitzer after having been turned away by other colleges. At Pitzer, she was told that not only was there a place for her but that financing was possibly available as well. She's been here ever since—a strong advocate of both the school and the program, and she even managed to convince Brooke to apply since he was feeling too anonymous at Cal State L.A. They are warm and happy people who don't seem to mind taking turns on the weekends to watch their children while the other goes to the library to study and prepare for tests.

This being my first year here, I have had moments of doubt when I've questioned my willingness

and my ability to stick it out. Those moments have found me on the phone with Elaine who always manages to put it all in perspective and somehow leaves me with the feeling that I'm grateful for the opportunity to be faced with these particular set of challenges.

And then there's Scott Davis whom many of you probably already know since his personality is as vibrant as his background. He is a drop out pre-med student from Wichita State who sang his way out to California via Denver, Texas and Kansas. Scott is the master of the seventeen hour day where he juggles 5 classes, two jobs and a wife and children, to attain his goal of a B.A. in music from Pitzer. He teaches Karate at Pomona, is the stage manager at Scripps and in his spare time (ha, ha) he sings in the choir to perfect his music.

For the sake of this article, Scott let me have a luxurious fifteen minutes between his teaching, studying and classes. The picture of him leaving while attempting to memorize a Shakespearean sonnet for his next class will be permanently etched in my Pitzer memory bank.

These are just a few of the people whom I have had the privilege of getting to know...even slightly. But in that meeting I have changed: I had convinced myself that I was writing this article as a way of letting you know what the New Resources program is. I see now that I wrote it for me, to reconfirm my own reasons for returning to school and to remind myself of the inspirational people who are accomplishing their goals despite some pretty big obstacles. Amazing...I feel like running a few laps around the tennis court!

Arts & Entertainment

Professors Exhibit

by Thorpe B. Teaney

Once again Montgomery Gallery offers another insight into art. This current presentation provided by Pomona faculty, as expected, is a union of diversity in styles and medium. Rita Dibert, photography, exhibits her stunning color photographs as well as magnificent subtle and beautiful paintings. Dibert paintings which were previously stretched and are displayed unstretched, demonstrate her rich color field of crimson and gold tones that draw the viewer into the work with ease and calm. Her photos are lush col-

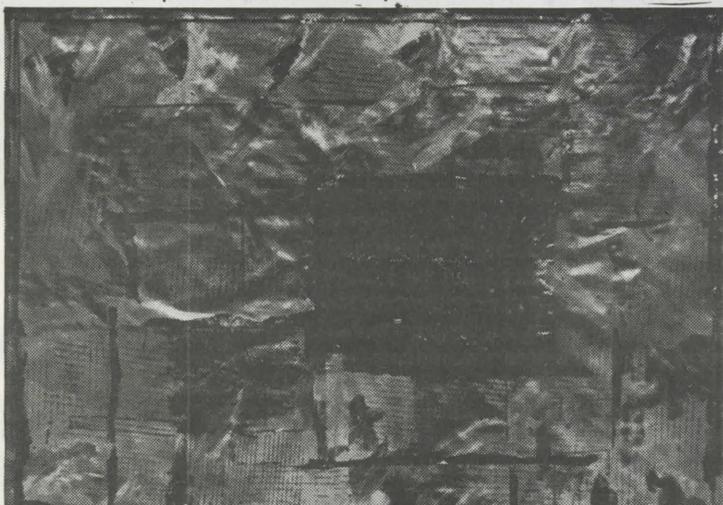
light paint sprinkles from a beautiful staging and lighthearted wittism.

Additional modes of sculpture apart of this exhibit is David King's subtle ceramic in-lays of biomorphic forms and triptychs of clays, granite, and steel. Texture plays a vital seductive role as rough ceramic slabs are bisected by thinly shaving granite slabs. Elegantly composed, King's works require some viewing time to truly appreciate.

On the more humorous side of art, Charles Daugherty presences lifesize hand-carves of

the exhibition, is the documentation of Norm Hines' environmental commission. "Caelum Moor" is a five acre landscape design situated in the highlands (a 360 acre planned business community in Arlington, Texas.) This impressive two year project will be completed in May. Hines designed and brought to fruition a series of huge stone structures. Due to the configurations as well as the symbolic cravjngs, they possess

To Colin Wolcott: Structure & Resonance (Calm in the Rush), 1985 mixed media drawing on Canvas. Rita Dibert



Rita Dibert, *Parallels: No Arbitration was sought: Viewing the Report of the Ad Coh Committee to Study the conditions of work for faculty women at Amherst College, 1985*. Serigraph, mixed media on canvas.

ored images of personal spaces, a dresser counter or kitchen scenes. These pieces juxtapose a variety of elements to produce different moods or evocations from the composition.

Sharing the same space with Dibert is John Mottishaw's lyrical sculptures made of thin wood. These creations range from small figurative works to wall reliefs to human size structures. His endeavors constructed of thin polished wood is lightly painted to highlight the smooth texture and elegance of wood. Mottishaw's **Unlikely Performance**, is a tall free standing sculpture of two abstracted figures dancing. The curves of the wood combined with

animals and people portraited magnificently. His collection includes a goat, Karl Benjamin's dog and grey cat that brings a smile immediately to ones face. These delightful creatures are so well crafted that they come alive for the viewer at both first and second glance.

Karl Benjamin displays some of his well known optic art. Shown are some of the more complex and interesting pieces consisting of brightly colored geometric shapes, arranged and rearranged, with hard edge precision. Benjamin is so well known and respected for this form of composition.

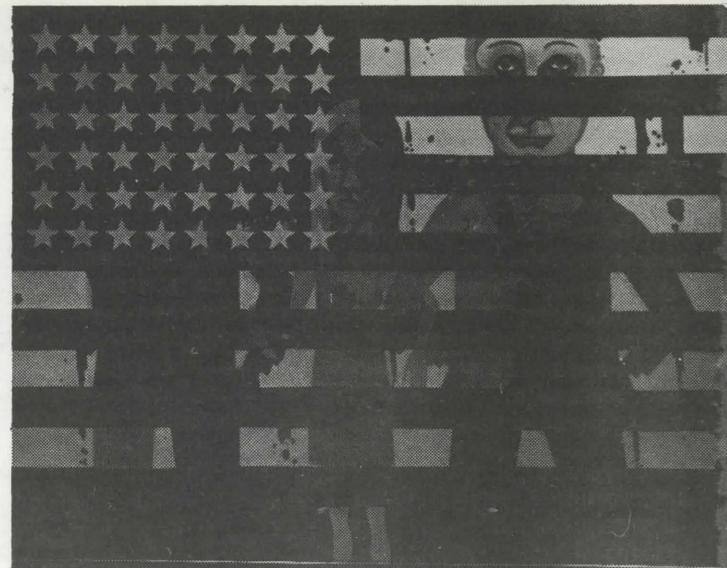
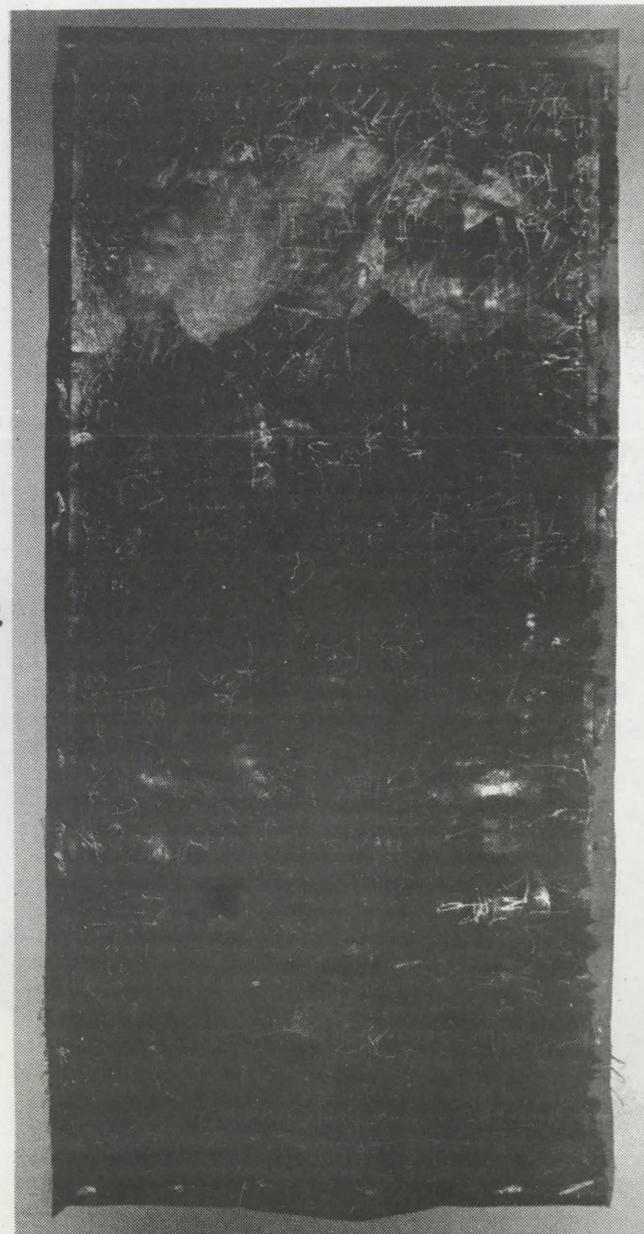
Perhaps the most impressive of

an ancient mysterious quality about them. A video documentation of the project's construction is informative, but unfortunately it detracts from the powerful spiritual quality of Hines' sculptures. Nonetheless the project as a whole looks to be a tremendous feat, encompassing monumental sculpture, earthworks, timelessness and the natural elements. If the

Faith Ringold, *The Flag is Bleeding*, 1967, Oil on Canvas.

photographs do any justice to the work (which they never fully do) those five acres in Texas have been enriched and spiritually strengthened.

The professors exhibition this year is especially fine. The works on display are of the highest caliber. It is important to see what a professor's artwork is like to attempt to understand their considerations and interest in contemporary art today. Check it out. It's worth the time as all art is.



△.○.□.⊗... Achieves in Issues

by S. Ellis

Last Saturday, Avery Auditorium was filled with curious film-goers awaiting the premiere of the new video by Tom Levinthal and Keith Merryman. When the room went dark and the video static came alive on the screen, those curiosities began to fade as the images showed themselves to the audience, captivating the crowded auditorium for over two hours. This by itself is a startling achievement. No feature-length video or film has ever been attempted at the five colleges. For both Keith and Tom, it was important to attempt something ambitious, and they certainly met the challenges

posed by a feature-length piece quite admirably.

Their video, entitled **Triangle-Circle-Square** is a mature treatment of the stories of three people who never meet, yet experience similar changes and realizations. While the piece is not technically perfect, it displays effective use of the craft. As well it has sensitive direction that manages to bring out amazing performances in scenes that at times appeared extremely demanding for the actors. Most importantly, the work shows great promise for its makers, who both will pursue careers in filmmaking.

The video deals with issues of relationships, social, familial, and sexual, while also delving deeply into each main character's sense of self and approach to self-awareness. The generally strong supporting cast helped create a world for each character, while the directors understood these worlds and worked well within them. This is a particularly difficult thing to achieve, and through their efforts, the directors made the characters come alive and become real enough.

As it was shown at its premiere, the video was still in its rough-cut form, and will be re-cut in time for

its subsequent showings. The new cut will attempt to set a more effective pace for the video, making it more accessible to a wider audience.

The entire cast and crew of this piece deserve high commendation for their part in what is certainly one of the more ambitious student efforts. The difficulties involved in the production of any kind of or video work often seem insurmountable. Students, and other varieties of "independent" film and video makers rarely have money to rely on as a resource. On this basis, it is only through their efforts, dedication, and

perseverance that such work ever gets made. Keith Merryman, and Tom Levinthal, and Brooks Guyer (photographer) and all those who contributed put an incredible amount of time and hard work into this project. Their product should be viewed as an example of what can be accomplished with a limited budget and unlimited commitment to the art. People should not only see this piece, but all others produced by students. Our art sets us apart from the rest of the animal kingdom, and it should be enjoyed, for better or worse, especially in our own private domain.

Prospectus on Page

ACTIVES IN ISU
1957-1958