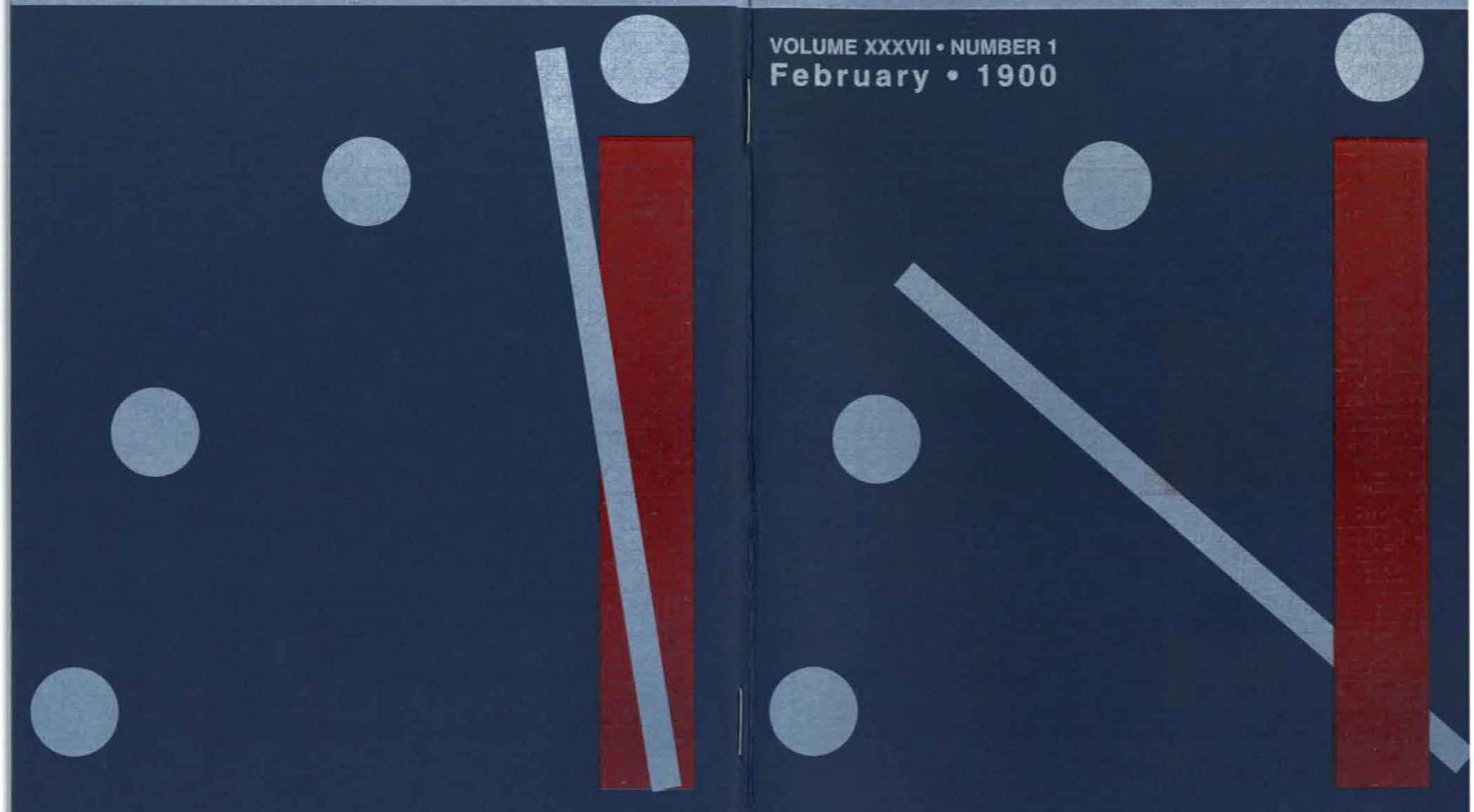


Bulletin of the  
Pitzer Community

THE OTHER SIDE MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXXVII • NUMBER 1  
February • 1900



the other side  
february 2000

**info-scroppers:**

Zachary Redmond  
Jonathan Hedstrom

**TOS associate,  
trainee, arts editor  
and such:**

Amy Kaufman

**contributors:**

joe saito  
bianca jarvis  
andrew samtoy  
matt morin  
suzanne foster  
jane kruchko  
alex clarke  
aiyana bailin  
andrew samtoy  
sachicko siren  
philip perez  
kentaro yamauchi  
irwin swirnoff  
karen hamilton  
face head  
amy kaufman  
eli hastings  
diana badeau  
wartless joe  
megan ogle  
meghavi shah  
laura-ann parker  
alma dumitru  
chelsie

the other side is a publication of the students, faculty and staff of pitzer college. we encourage, and gladly welcome any, and all, contributions.

**Ahoy!**

Acknowledging that, in conversation or writing, people often refer to the Claremont Colleges as the "5-Cs" or, if including CGU, the "6- Cs";

Realizing that with the introduction of the new college, there will be 7 institutions of higher learning in the Claremont Consortium, and will boost the number of Cs in Claremont up to Seven;

**The Pitzer Tea Association** hereby declares its independence from the Seven Cs;

Affirms that, as it will continue to operate within Claremont, it will now be a "pirate" organization;

Wishes to announce that, from this time forward, the PTA will now be known as "The Supreme Pirates of the Seven Cs";

Further announces that any other person or group of people wishing to use the title of Supreme Pirates of the Seven Cs shall be challenged to a naval dual of Battleships, the time and date of which to be announced by the PTA and the losers to renounce the title under penalty of death.

Long live the PTA!!!

Forever shall our scurlly flag unfold  
under the bountiful groves of Pitzer!

Pitzer College



Prepare to be Boarded!

## needless dogma from inflated egos

zachary redmond

The most rain that I can clearly remember witnessing at one time is eleven inches in one day. That's a lot of rain to fall on a given area in such a short period of time. It is, in fact, just shy of the yearly average of fourteen inches that we receive here in the Los Angeles area. Eleven inches all at once is enough to kick the Federal Emergency Management Agency into high gear, as that much water in any urban setting will most definitely induce flooding. That day, I stood on the sidewalk in that city and let the passing automobiles direct currents of cold, muddy water onto me. Water does not seep into concrete particularly well. Instead, it just runs down the sidewalks and roads, somehow finds a path to follow, and pools in low areas. I used to think that each drop made its own choice. Now, I'm not so sure. Eleven inches at once does no one any real good. It washes crops away, floods basements, blows out bridges, and overflows reservoirs. Ideally, we want our water to fall from the sky in gradual increments.

Charles Mallory Hatfield blew away my measly eleven inches on a number of occasions. Popularly known as "The Rainmaker," Hatfield was a specialist in the science of pluviculture, or the phenomenon of

human-induced rains. Around the turn of the last century, that is to say, just about one hundred years ago today, Hatfield started experimentation with the creation of weather systems that would bring rain. Based in San Diego, Hatfield never claimed to actually create any rain. He merely, in his own words, "assisted Nature." With a little help from his equipment, The Rainmaker claimed that the skies would, in fact, open up with rain and bring life to the land. Hatfield's process involved utilizing large evaporating tanks filled with chemicals. The chemicals for the process, Hatfield contended, were a secret, and must always remain so. At the appropriate time, Hatfield would remove the lids of the tanks that had been placed in the area where the rain was desired. The absence of the tank's lid allowed the chemicals to escape into the air, where they would "overturn atmosphere" and induce rain. A weather system in a can, no doubt.

His first commercial job was in 1903 in Los Angeles, and was to be followed in the coming years by over five hundred rainmaking experimentations in Southern California. Hatfield's fees ranged from less than one hundred dollars to more than ten thousand. Most clients apparently

reported success. In the winter of 1905, Hatfield created eighteen inches of rain for the city of Los Angeles. In 1916, he created sixteen inches of rain for the city of San Diego in a two-day period, causing flooding of immense proportions that knocked out much of the city. His most astounding work came later, however, when Hatfield's evaporation system apparently caused forty inches of rain to fall on Randsburg, CA in just three hours.

Hatfield has become a mythical figure, an icon of Southern California that is often talked of in the same context as other folk heroes, such as Wild Bill Hickok or Paul Bunyan. He did exist, and he did make rain, but the methods and the specifics of the issue are widely debated. Hatfield never released the specifics of his process, and clients did not seem to care, as long as the rain continued to come.

In later years, some would say that the secret to Hatfield's apparent success lay in the fact that he only worked in the winter months, and was therefore bound to produce some rain at some point. It almost always rains in the winter months in Southern California, and as such, by the law of averages, Hatfield was bound to hit at some point. However, no one seemed to doubt him at the time. Southern California was growing, and needed natural resources to maintain their growth. Although the thought of creating precipitation may seem absurd, it offered an option out of dusty fields. Southern Californians need-

ed water, and were just desperate enough to pay for an otherwise ludicrous and somewhat embarrassing method of capturing it. In the drought years of the late 1970s, the notion of making precipitation would again raise its head. This time it was in the form of cloud seeding. Scientists experimented with adding precipitation to clouds in the arid West, and thus enhancing rainfall. Nothing came of it. As nothing came of Charles Hatfield. Once Southern California had secured more water from the Colorado River, and satiated its thirst, its populace no longer had a need for The Rainmaker and his supposed snake oils.

It's funny what people will believe. And what certain circumstances will do to drive people to those beliefs. The fix itself might not be any worse than the symptoms. But what the fix says about me; what it says about security and belief and ideology, is totally scary. Some days I feel like I am placing evaporating tanks on the crust of the earth. It does make me hope that I never place my own future in a snake oil.

SOAPBOX

Dear Other Side,

I find it disturbing that many of your articles have recently exhibited a "reverse racism" towards whites. While I am a strong proponent of racial justice, I can not in good conscience accept many of the statements

that authors have offered

# LETTERS

in our precious

community magazine. The two suggestions I find most discomforting are: one, that acts of violence and aggression are committed exclusively by whites, and two, that the victims of violence and aggression - in our country - are exclusively people of color.

While the Native American civilizations (e.g. the Aztecs) may have exhibited great feats of architecture, science and agriculture in their advanced civilization, they also committed the act of mass human sacrifices of 20,000 lives at once, an atrocity unparalleled by white Europeans for 500 years. Moreover 500 Spaniards did not conquer an empire of 20 million alone. It was other, subjugated and persecuted Native American peoples who defeated the Aztec Empire

which had conquered and enslaved them.

The African slave trade predated European involvement for centuries, and still continues to exist today in central Africa, as the region is still wrought with tribal warfare. In fact, the paradigm of the

"slave triangle" begins when

black Africans sell other black Africans to the white Europeans for whiskey or gunpowder. It was not a European invasion of Africa that began the trade.

The areas of greatest mass injustice are currently in countries of people of color. The subjugation of women, Christians and Jews in the Middle East - particularly the Taliban regime in Aghanastan, the subjugation of women, Christians and Jews in the "socialist" state (empire) of China, similar atrocities in South America, Africa and Southeast Asia, are just a few of the many examples. While white Europeans ought not be exonerated, they shouldn't be the scapegoats of all injustice.

The victims of racism in

America were not simply blacks, Asians, Native Americans and Latinos. While we are a nation of immigrants, the current trend against Latinos is not our first anti-immigration trend. The first groups institutionally excluded from the U.S. were French and Irish, by the Alien and Sedition Acts of 1802. The Jews, Russians, Irish, Italians and Dutch all suffered a great plight in being accepted to our great nation. They endured the same lynchings, indentured servitude, employment, medical and housing discrimination that blacks and Latinos now do.

humanity has ever endured.

-Daniel Grossberg

Dear Other Side,

I have two hands, two eyes, and a face. I was wondering how I would use these 'tools' to communicate with you, the magazine. I asked my friend who already knows to write this letter for me, but in the future, I would love to write letters, or anything else to your wonderful magazine. Please help me.

-Face Head.

With all of this, why do I call our nation "great"?! What makes our nation great is its propensity for change. Look how far we have come. Look how much we now offer. Yes, we have far still to go. Let us learn from the senseless deaths of such innocent victims of Irvin Landum. Let us try and change the hearts and minds of our law enforcement officers. Let us revamp the criminal "justice" system. Let us NOT simply point the finger and blame whites and Europeans for every injustice

*Dear 'Face Head', if that is your real name. We don't want you to write anything else for us because we like to make up letters to ourselves to make it look like we get mail here.*

*However, if you insist on writing to us, you can, simply by writing us an email, or you could write your letter on an orange and stick it in a mailbox. The post office automatically forwards all oranges to us, so we will get it.*

-Thanks ed.

## "My Personal Ecological Barbarity"

from the *Andrew Samtoy Collection*  
Honold Library, MCMXXII section viii, 78

Pitzer is a school of fighters. Our school wasn't founded with this specifically in mind, but that's the way we've evolved, and it seems that this may be the enduring legacy of those first precious years.

And now, with the new year starting, Pitzer's army is faced with choices. Our front has historically been twofold: to the east, we see social discrimination, socioeconomic injustice, and economic inequality, and Pitzer students have made a heroic stand against these red and bloody foes. To the West, we see the ecological barbarity that developed countries have brought upon the world, both inside and outside of their borders - and, once again, Pitzer students have made valiant attempts to help correct the wrongs that human beings as a species have done to our planet.

However, in the latter, I see much room for improvement - not necessarily within Pitzer's borders (although it couldn't hurt) but in society in general. Tonight, I watched part of the National Geographic special on our millennium, and was struck by the forecast of world destruction that was portrayed on the big-screen television. Petroleum reserves are running out rapidly, water is going to be a problem (both the lack of water in many parts of the globe

as well as melting ice caps which could raise the level of the ocean by 18 feet), the human population is exploding, rain forests and flora and fauna species are all being annihilated, the seas are being overfished, the ozone layer is being destroyed, and international tensions threaten us with war at any time. It wasn't so much the message that got to me as the realization that I have heard it so many times, yet I have done very little to help correct it. I am studying abroad in Wales this year, so I don't drive a car; I try to recycle as much as possible, I don't own a huge closet of clothes, I don't watch television (I saw the special at some guy's house that my friend Carrie Green took me to) and I am a vegetarian, so I think I'm doing a fairly good job at minimizing my impact on the environment while I'm abroad.

However, when I get home, I slip into a few bad habits. I leave lights on when I'm not in my room. I drive places instead of using public transportation. I'll take random trips to the beach or the mountains without cause, using up gasoline for my own personal whims, for my own enjoyment, without thinking of the impact that my actions have on the environment. I have more clothes here, and even though I try to recycle by donating old clothes

to thrift shops (and buying from the same shops as well), I know that I can do better.

What digs under my skin, though, is the realization that so much of what I do, and, I dare say, we do, is utterly subconscious yet will have profound effects. I'm reminded of the saying, "The journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step," and, at the same time, the epiphany of a heart disease sufferer when he realized that his entire life of poor diet and little exercise had led to his sad state in his elderly years. Things down to the soap and laundry detergent we use can have negative effects on the environment, both in residues as well as in the side effects of production; larger issues, like our cars, our electricity use, and all of our other conspicuous consumption habits must be tackled first, but we might do

well to examine our smallest activities to check for ecological impact. Dr. Bronner's Magic Soap is an amazing product, as is his 18-in-1 Castile soap, both of which are biodegradable and made of very few, pure ingredients. Toms of Maine has some good products that claim to be natural; by replacing our soap and toothpaste/deodorant/mouthwash with products like these, we can help minimize the impact that we have on the world. Other solutions can be found in most "health-food" stores, and by checking labels we can often find things that are better for the environment than

what we would otherwise use.

Tyler Durden says something to the effect that, "In my world, I see hunters laying strips of venison on the abandoned lanes of interstates." Maybe that's something we need to do at Pitzer - not necessarily take over the I10, but maybe limit the parking space that is available to discourage automobile use. Also, other things can be done to change the way we affect our environment. I brought up a bill to Student Senate last year that proposed changing all of the grass on the mounds, which as many of you late-night mounds people might notice takes up a great deal of our precious Southern Californian water, to more drought-resistant strains of grass which would require less care, less water, and therefore less money. While I didn't have the gumption to go through with it all the way, it would be great if someone was able to get on this project and investigate and complete it. (If there is anyone out there who is interested in this, contact me via TOS).

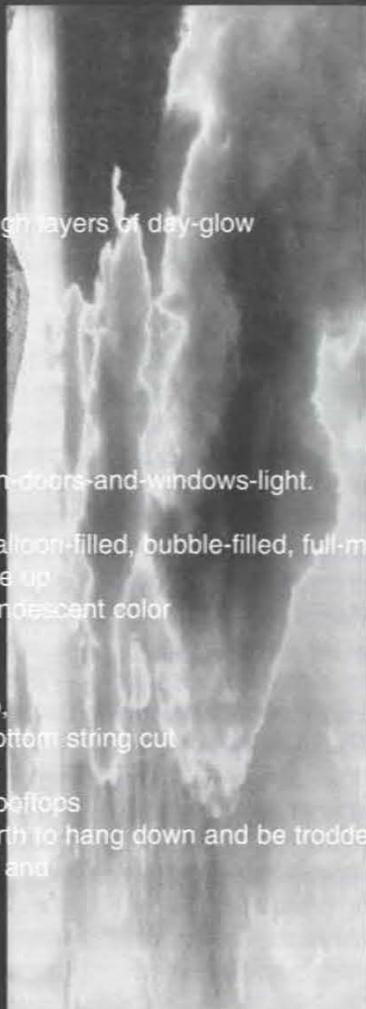
A river can start with a raindrop. A redwood sprouts from a seed. And by reading this in ink on paper, you may have unwittingly helped to lead to the downfall of the human race.

To conserve paper, this will end now.

"I don't want to die without scars."

-Tyler Durden

Balloons do whisper silently...  
Into the darkness of a cool  
Hot-pink summer's night,  
in the driftingness  
of clouds  
over city  
between  
earth and sky,  
in between the croissant-dough layers of day-glow  
pink and orange clouds,  
light  
reflecting back and  
back reflected  
and reflecting  
forth  
over city-light and  
street-light, neon-and/or-open-doors-and-windows-light.  
Light spilling up  
to drift with the clouds in a balloon-filled, bubble-filled, full-moon sky,  
to whisper secrets and cuddle up  
between moist layers of incandescent color  
nudging elbows  
and giggling.  
The laughter carries them up,  
bunch of balloons with the bottom string cut  
laughing head-over-heels-up  
and away across the giddy rooftops  
on dancing feet too full of mirth to hang down and be trodden on.  
Up they go, heels-over-head and  
whoopsee-daisy  
they're off  
into the sparkings  
of a star-filled sky.



## Balloons Do Whisper Silently...

-Aiyana Bailin

"Have your voice heard." Seems like a popular concept here, but I wonder if anyone wants to know what and how you found your philosophy on life, for each must find theirs on their own.

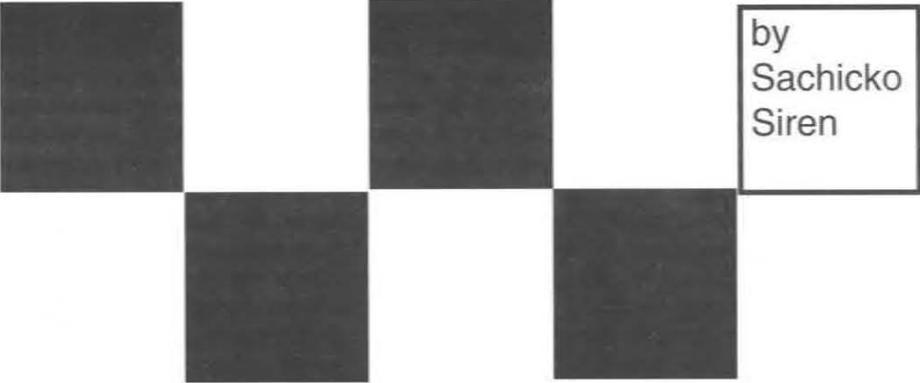
Does anyone want to know your fears? We have enough of our own. Why try to affect someone in such a way that they sit alone on cold night, pondering your thoughts, so that they want to cry. It makes me wonder how



photo  
jane kruchko  
text  
anonymous

humane we all are. Every acquaintance we make, we affect and hurt in some way. The better we know the person, the more often we hurt them. Maybe it's kinder to be quiet, and complacent, not have your voice heard, pretend not to exist. Then everyone is saved from your harsh criticisms. So you go to your party tonight, have fun. I'll stay home, turn the lights off, open the window so that I can stand in the light of the full moon. I'll put on my white, silk, empire-waist nightgown with the pink roses. I'll curl my hair so that it can shine and glow when I stand in my window, pretending to regard the moon, but really watching you leave. I'll put on make-up so that I can see the beauty created by lines on my face when the tears come into my room.

I eat alone.  
Right now, you are glancing around the cafeteria, wondering who I am.  
Perhaps you feel a twinge of guilt, or empathy, or maybe just smugness that  
you're not the poor loser that's eating alone  
This time  
You might have passed me yesterday  
And pretended not to see me  
Because it was easier than saying hello.  
Do I make you uncomfortable?  
I sure hope so.  
I want you to feel that social responsibility bullshit all the way to your  
bones  
Because I am not ashamed to eat alone.  
For all the individuality and non conformity that you preach  
All the caring and social responsibility bullshit they teach-  
It is shameful to be alone in a crowd.  
Am I an unpleasant reminder of when you were a geek and didn't have anyone  
to sit with?  
And sometimes I see you there-  
You're eating alone too.  
You're pretending that you're waiting for someone  
You're pretending you don't care.  
But you're eating too fast.  
You're eating fast so the experience will be over sooner.  
Maybe you should have got that sandwich to go  
Because there is nothing worse than being alone in a crowd  
We're sitting alone at separate tables  
A social structure apart  
But don't worry, I won't try to sit next to you  
I remember all those times that geek tried to sit next to me and I silently  
prayed "please go away".  
I'd rather eat alone.



by  
Sachicko  
Siren

# Hell Does Exist

=====

A little boy wallows alone  
in pain rage and fear.  
Belts and wire hangers  
caress me with burning  
cigarette butts. Raw flesh.  
My ecstasy multiplies exponentially.  
He provokes God.  
I await salvation.  
Scream my scream.  
Live my life. Die my death.  
Beat my tender torso  
Teach me to be a man.  
What he does.  
Makes him laugh like a 56-year-old  
dictator in Africa.  
Makes me cry like a China doll  
just freshly raped  
in the back alley of a bar.  
What he doesn't notice. Blood.  
Mom will see this.  
This sick cycle keeps going until  
Christ tells me what's waiting or  
those masturbaitng monkeys die in vain  
only to parish a thousand times more,  
rotting in Gehenna till the end.

=====

Philip Perez and Kentaro Yamauchi

## state of (dis)grace

**T**wenty Four hours and one state can make you remember everything you wish you never knew. A drummer's true colors can pound on your insides with the most subtle yet painful beats. Utah makes you feel worse then you've ever felt before.

I was on tour with an indie rock band from Arizona. This was the second year I had gotten in their van and become a part of their traveling act across the United States of America. Driving from one city to another. One club to another. One beaten down basement to the next. They played music every night. I sat at the merchandise table and sold their records and shirts. They got to do what they loved. I got to see the country, be somewhere new every night,

meet someone new every night, feel something new every night. We all got to sleep in the van too many times to count. Drive 17 hours straight for a show only to get there and were met by another creepy promoter with empty promises and slimy body language. This tour was not going as well as past tours had gone for the band. This wasn't all new and different and exciting for them anymore. Not getting paid enough for gas money, sleeping on the floor of a van filled with filthy guys in a Wal-Mart parking lot, and being confined to the same five people every second of every day had lost a lot of its romance. Playing to four people who didn't have a clue as to what their music was about began to get depressing. They were thinking this was gonna be the tour that took them to the next level. They found out that this was the tour that would spit in their face, laugh behind their backs, and punch a whole into the drive, determination, and love they had for the music they played. Even though the tour was defeating us you still have to get in the van every day and drive. Maybe the next town will be better. Maybe the next club will be honest. Maybe the next show won't be canceled. The maybe's are what get you coming back to the van every night. Southern California was a disappointment. Nevada was a joke. Fort Collins, Colorado was a disaster. But the last night in Colorado was better. Lots of kids were at the show. People bought records. The band played super well. Maybe



things were starting to turn around. Maybe the maybe made us get in the van for the next show. We were on our way to the next state. I was about to be in Utah for the first time in my life. The show was in Ogden, Utah. I knew that the show would be pretty weird as Utah is not really known to be a rock n roll state. But it kind of seemed fun and funny to be there and for some reason I had no idea how awful it would be. The club the band was playing at was right down the street from BYU. When the band started loading in their equipment the venue was getting pretty well attended. The kids in the room didn't look like the usual group of punks and indie rockers that attended their shows. Tonight the room was filled with blonde hair boys and girls with tucked in shirts and plastered on smiles. Everyone looked so clean. Everyone was so quite. Everyone sat nicely in chairs as the opening band played and everyone applauded politely between songs. When the opening band finished it was time for the band I was with to play. As they set up on the stage I set up the merchandise table like I did every night. I put out their records, displayed their shirts, had the zines we had with us out and a couple stacks of flyers that I had been distributing with me at all the shows. One of the flyers was for a book I'm putting together on kids in the underground rock scene sharing their coming out stories. The other was a fun queer positive flyer that I had made that is nice to be able to take and put out all over the country. It gets kids to think about homophobia, and

shows that gays and lesbians do exist...even in areas where they're not known to. I was just about finished setting up the table when Jim came up to me and started whispering in my ear. Jim was the drummer in the band. I had known Jim for about 4 years. While we were pretty different from each other I always thought it was cool that we could get along. He's 6'4, well built, a philosophy major, a law school student, and a real good drummer. He looks like the boy next door but I always thought he was more complex and interesting than the typical all American male. Earlier that night while we were eating before the show, Jim was sitting next to me and were joking and making each other laugh. He seemed to be in an extra good mood this night, and even gave me a shoulder massage for five minutes after dinner. He kept whispering jokes about how tour was going in my ear and was being really playful and goofy in a good way. So when I heard his voice in my ear again at the merch table I was expecting another inside joke. I think it took me a few seconds to process what he whispered in my ear. In a very law school trained way he suggested that maybe I don't put out my flyers at this show. He said that maybe this wasn't the best place for flyers about gays and lesbians. He said that if the flyers were really to find people to contribute to my book this wasn't the place for them because there weren't any gay kids here. They're all Mormon. He also told me that the flyers could potentially turn peo-



ple off who were thinking about buying one of their records. He whispered this all to me and then patted me on the back and walked back to the stage. About two minutes later he came back to me and said " I mean you know that I don't personally have a problem with your flyers but just maybe tonight it's not a good idea..." I didn't know what that meant. Or maybe I knew exactly what that meant. To me this was where these flyers needed to be more than anywhere else. This is where no one has ever met a gay person. This is where everyone had been taught to hate people because of who and what they felt attraction to. This is where this was urgent. This is where this meant something. This is where for the 3 kids who were at the show that know that they're attracted to people of the same sex they can have some solace and comfort for one night. This is when they get to know that others like them exist. This is when they get to know that maybe they don't have to blow their fucking brains out. This is when they get to know that maybe they don't have to pretend and hide and lie for the rest of their lives. The others in the band found out about what Jim did and my best friend in the band Jeff was really really mad. He came running out to me and told me to put my flyers out and to ignore Jim. So I did. While they played I sat at the table sort of numb and was greeted by kids who

would come and look at the records and thumb through the flyers. Kids started laughing and whispering to each other. Paper airplanes were soon made out of my flyers. Fingers started pointing my way. Kids started asking in their most disgusted voice if the band was gay. They would say the word gay and start laughing uncontrollably...that nervous kind of laughter. The kind of laugh that sounds confused, mean, and innocent at the same time. The kind of laugh that's hard to get out of your head. One guy picked up one of the flyers, read it in front of my face, crumpled it in his hands and threw it like a baseball into the trash can sitting right next to where I was sitting. Most of the other kids stayed reserved in their demeanor but rolled their eyes and shook their heads in unison. One of the girls picked up one of the records or sale at the table. It was a compilation record featuring a bunch of underground bands from Arizona. "Really nice...that's just really nice." She said as she sighed and nodded her head in disapproval. What's really nice? I asked her. One of the bands on here..."they're called Fudging Thunder" she told her friends...And the word isn't "Fudging". I had never seen this before. A girl my age who wouldn't say the word Fucking. Her disapproval was so intense and self righteous. She then looked at the flyers and nodded her head even more furiously. "Quite the collection on this table" she mumbled under her breath to her friends. The wear of the evening had stripped any control I

may usually have from my voice and actions. "Oh were you referring to the band Fucking Thunder before? I fucking love those guys...they're so fucking good." Sometimes being juvenile and petty has its place. In an evening where my self worth had been sucked dry it was nice to hear my own voice for the first time all night. This is what it felt to be on the battle lines. I felt myself feeling things I had not felt in



a long time. I felt myself feeling anger and sadness that I had not felt in a long time. All this was happening while the band was playing. I remember sitting in the chair behind the table and barley looking at the band play. I think I was mostly looking out into space and not really seeing anything but mostly feeling everything. Confused, sad, mad, and betrayed. I realized that the boy massaging my shoulders and laughing with me just hours before was the same boy wanted me to be invisible and quiet a few hours later. As they were about to play their last song, Jeff started talking in the microphone. They rarely talked between songs so I started

to pay attention as it kind of shocked me to hear Jeff's talking voice coming from the speakers. He said "we're not a political band at all, and we don't usually say much between songs when we play but I just wanted to say that we support queer rights and this is our last song." I don't think Jeff will ever know how much that meant to me, but at that moment those simple words gave a blanket to the coldness that was beginning to frost on my insides.

As the show ended I thought that the awful Utah experience had finally come to an end. I was wrong. There was still some more Utah to creep into my blood flow before this 24 hours was over. We were driving to Salt Lake City after the show to stay the night at an old high school teacher that Jeff had, who now lived there. Jeff was really excited to see her and told us all about how great and loving she was. He was right. She was a really sweet and warm lady. She let all of us sleep in her comfortable house. She made us all french toast and waffles for breakfast. We sat with her and her two kids on the nice sofa and watched TV as people took showers and got ready to leave for the next town. Her son Chad was around 16 and her daughter Annie was 18. Chad was really outgoing, he kind of reminded me of kids who were in choir and drama from high school. You could tell he liked to gossip and was playful and energetic. I think I even thought in my mind that it was kind of cool that there was a Mormon kid in Utah who seemed flamboyant

and kind of feminine. I sat on the sofa flipping the channels as Chad ran from the kitchen and started screaming for me to turn it back to channel 7. He yelled for his sister. "Annie you gotta come see this....turn it back to seven" So I turned it back to seven. It was one of those home refurbishing shows that come on PBS. Chad started laughing uncontrollably. "Oh my god the main guy on this show is so funny. Look at him he looks soooo gay. He is such a gay. Oh my god, Annie are you watching. This is hilarious. He's such a gay. Hahahahaha. Why are people like that, it's so stupid it's so funny"

Sometimes you're so overwhelmed that you don't know what to do or say or feel. I didn't say anything. I just walked out of the room and took my turn in the shower. I stayed in the shower for a long time. I didn't ever want to get out until we were out of Utah. I wanted to scrub the soap all over my body and clean away the sadness and anger. I cried in that shower. I cried for everything that Utah had reminded me existed. I cried for not knowing exactly what to do with these emotions and feelings. I cried because it all seemed so overwhelming and insidious. When I finally got out of the shower the band was finally ready to leave Utah. I had been ready 23 hours earlier. As we drove through the picturesque mountains, colorful landscapes, and captivating clouds, I couldn't understand how a place so beautiful could feel so unbelievably ugly.

## IAN SVENIOUS SIGHTING



fig. 1



fig.2

Investigative reporting by Miss Bianca

This past winter break, I went home and returned to the job I've had for years. As the assistant librarian for MPR Associates, a hoity toity public policy company, I was getting paid \$10 an hour to put labels on books about education reform in Kansas and such. I toiled for the man for hours, my mind numbed by the harsh glow of artificial lighting and the free cheesecake that was always in the kitchen. But one day, a book appeared on my desk that was unlike all others. It was entitled "1981 California Health Manpower Plan Supplement I- Physician Manpower Trends". It looked like pretty much every boring book in the library, except there was an illustration of someone distinctly familiar on the cover. Please avert your gaze to figure 1- Ian Svenious, enigmatic singer of sleazy band "The Make-Up". Now take a look at figure 2, an inset from the cover of "Physician Manpower Trends". Note the same sleazy shag haircut, the same pronounced eyebrows, the same sultry pout. Furthermore, note the dorky nurse scrubs. I was shocked and amazed. The past that Ian has been hiding for so long, revealed at last, by a cruel trick of fate.

*To order your copy of "1981 California Health Manpower Plan Supplement I- Physician Manpower Trends" please contact the California Office of Statewide Health Planning and Development Division of Health Professions Development.*

moving up-----

celebrate the emancipation from humiliation of a poor girl's painted eyes and lips no longer around some man's ugliness inside four dollar plaid pants  
freeing her hair of the paisley bandana she hopes that the chairs stacked on tables nicely swept beneath will force him to one day swallow her lump in his throat

-----Karen Hamilton



## Warning: Your Good Deeds May Be Illegal



If I asked you if you felt a group of high school and college students ought to be issued a ticket for giving food to homeless people, I'm betting you'd say no. However, what I feel ought to be a) common sense and b) a sense of compassion apparently does not apply to the city of Pomona. The non-profit, non-sectarian, completely volunteer-run Food Not Bombs Claremont chapter received a ticket in early December for serving free meals to the homeless.

Let me give you a quick rundown on what Food Not Bombs is: FNB originated in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1980, when a group of anti-nuclear activists wanted to protest the US spending billions on weapons but not caring to

feed its people. FNB has no leaders, and chapters spring up wherever there are enough people interested in starting one. There are 175 estimated chapters internationally. FNB uses food that would otherwise be thrown out; vegetarian items past their prime, maybe damaged, donated by local businesses. This is food that goes to good use and would ordinarily have been wasted; just because the US produces enough to feed everyone doesn't mean everyone gets fed. Nutritious vegetarian meals are then cooked and served to the homeless.

Claremont FNB is not the first chapter to run into trouble. Members of the San Francisco chapter have been arrested over a thousand times. This Winter, some members of the chapter serving downtown LA were arrested, and the ACLU had to step in to keep that chapter able to serve in Pershing Square. The Claremont chapter was issued a ticket for "vending" (which implies an exchange of money) and for operating a "vending vehicle". The original court

date has passed; when the person issued the ticket pleaded not guilty, a new court date was set for Feb. 29. FNB believes the case will be dismissed if we are allowed to explain that the charges do not apply, but I don't know if we really have faith in the justice system listening to us or having any leniency for a bunch of kids trying to help people in need. Pomona seems to prefer to deal with its homeless problem in other ways, such as shutting off water and power in the area where they usually congregate to try to force the homeless elsewhere. The week after Claremont FNB received the ticket, several of us returned to our usual serving spot just to talk to the homeless, and were harassed by police, who took down license plate numbers and questioned us, when all we had been doing was talking to people. The day this article goes off to the printer, we will be meeting with the ACLU.

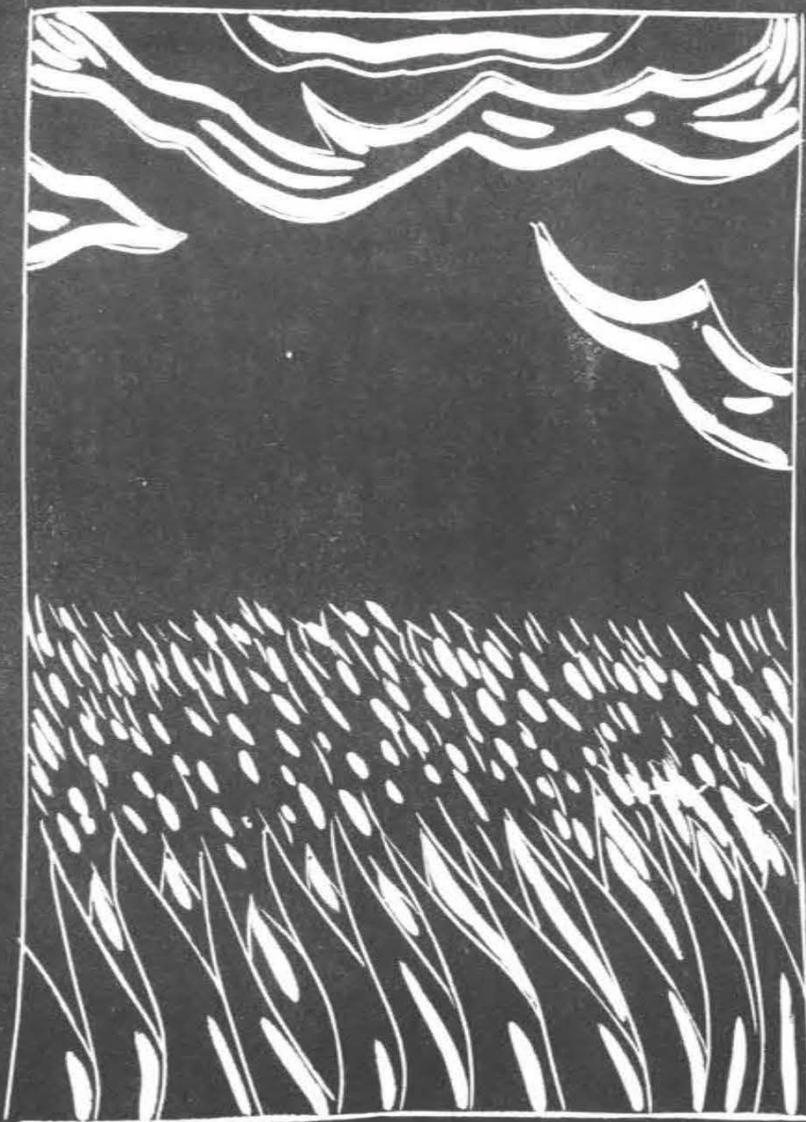
Food Not Bombs believes food is a right, not a privilege. We do not understand why a group of kids

willing to commit their own time and effort to feeding people should be discouraged from doing so. Since receiving the ticket, Claremont FNB has not served the homeless people of Pomona, as we are unsure of what would happen if the police found us doing so again. The idea that anyone should fear the consequences of sharing food – food that ordinarily would have been trashed, food full of nutrients, food that people need – is absurd.

*For more information, please contact Amy, [akaufman@pitzer.edu](mailto:akaufman@pitzer.edu), x76233, Rob, [robL14@hotmail.com](mailto:robL14@hotmail.com), x75165, or Nick, 625-8486.*



THIS ISN'T HOW



IT WAS SUPPOSED  
TO BE

...LOOKING FOR A BUY...



...THAT FULFILLS  
NOTHING...

## "Sex and Alcohol: How the British compare to Americans"

from the *Andrew Samtoy Collection*  
Honnold Library, MCMXXII section xxvii, 77

While on a train to Edinburgh, Lindsay Thorson and I were discussing what we could do for an external studies project that we had to do regarding cultural differences between the USA and Wales. We decided that we would conduct a poll among British students regarding their personal experiences with sex and drinking at University. We discussed this at length (you can't really over-discuss sex and alcohol) and eventually came up with a slightly different plan: we would poll students at British and American universities and ask them about their attitudes towards drinking and sexuality and then compare the results by country. Using some ties to the polling firm of Penn, Schoen, and Berland (whose clients include the heads of several Latin American and African countries, the DNC, the DLC, Microsoft, and President Bill Clinton) we put together a poll, got people to fill it out, and then compiled the results.

The average age of respondents in both countries was 20, and they were in their second-year in college. In Britain, the students polled were from Cardiff University and Swansea

University; in America, students came from Santa Cruz, Davis, Scripps, Pitzer, Allegheny, Manhattanville, and BYU, in an attempt to reflect the wide variety that exists in our great nation. Students in both countries were polled between November 15th and 29th. This is not meant to be completely reflective of ALL British and American students, so don't get your cockles up. Field research was not done exclusively Temple-of-Doom style, but by handing out questionnaires.

We started out by asking people about their personal nocturnal habits and alcohol consumption, figuring that it wouldn't be too contentious an issue. The average number of nights per week that students went out was 3 for both the Brits and the Americans. When out, Americans consumed an average of 2.8 drinks; Brits consumed 4.5. When in, Brits downed about 2.19 drinks per night, whereas Americans had 2.02 drinks.

When dealing with sex and relationships, we thought that we should be more impersonal; thus, we asked students about their attitudes about other people having sex. We decided to focus on

attitudes towards one-night stands, as sex in monogamous relationships didn't interest either of us. 66% of Americans said that they would not look down on anyone that had a one-night stand since coming to college; 71% of Brits responded in the same way, showing Americans to be slightly more conservative and Puritanical (or innocent and pure, if you like). Next we asked about people that engaged in 5 one-night stands since coming to University. 47% of Brits said that it was acceptable for a man to



have 5 one-night stands since the beginning of the school year; however, reflecting a slightly sexist attitude, only 29% said that it was acceptable for a woman to have had 5 one-night stands in the same period, a difference of 18%. The Americans that were polled were much less forgiving; only 8% said that it was acceptable for a member of either sex to have had 5 one-night stands since coming to University, 92% saying that they

would lose respect for such people. When it came to actually knowing people that had engaged in casual sex, 71% of Brits said that they knew someone that had had a one-night stand, and of these, 91% said that the person they knew had had more than one one-night stand. More Americans (83%) knew someone that had a one-night stand since starting University, but only 80% said that the people they were thinking of had had more than one.

We didn't focus only on sex and drinking, however; we also got mushy and asked about people that had actually started something serious. 64% of British students and 83% of American students knew someone that had started a monogamous relationship since starting University this year.

We also asked about for some hard numbers concerning people kissed and slept with. Brits believed that the average number of people kissed since starting school this year was 5, and the average number of people slept with was 2; Americans believed that the average number of people kissed was 3, but that the number of people that the average student had slept with was 2 - ergo, 66% of the people kissed were also slept with (assuming that sex included kissing).

## R.I.P. (age 17)

--Eli Hastings

I heard this kid is dead  
OD'd

'od' like a child pronounces old  
ode like to celebrate

but why?  
I met that cat under a Spanish sky  
sucking spliffs and he popped tabs and caps  
for a lift  
that never came  
he was my brother's friend and I went on to Amsterdam

I remember a one day split South in a 65 buick topdown mission  
my brother gawked at Socal sliding and unwinding  
and I pondered why  
because his days in Spain had left me shaking at  
shaking before  
his youth that ran the alleys as allies  
and this day (in the convertible)  
we sped toward reunion  
of these crazed youth stripped specters that bullwhipped Barcelona  
and were now coughing and scoffing sour LA (their parents had new jobs)  
my brother wanted something to burn  
something someone had brought back in a groin from the Dream

old laughter and handshakes  
the hash like a thick black death root was handed  
- their friendship flashed in the tar (I shrugged at their techno soundtrack)  
they traded reflection with precision like precious gems  
(I expected them to break out scales)  
the dead kid was still alive shooting the moon in Spain then  
anchoring their wish and conjuring their envy  
that they were still Dreaming  
not backing hardened hash in (much less) greater LA

but the dead kid slept through alarms  
sinking into a spanish street  
lamplight on the page  
as yellowsick as the skin on a recent corpse  
papering over lost messages



## ALTERNATIVE LOVE

--Diana Badeau

THEY HUDDLE IN SHADOWS BOTH FEARING REJECTION  
EACH NIGHT THEY MEET IN A SHROUD OF PRETENSION  
HE A LORD, SHE A LADY  
THEY CREATE A WORLD WHERE NOTHING CAN BREAK  
NESTLED SAFELY BEHIND KEYBOARD AND SCREEN  
NONE GAVE THOUGHT TO WHAT WAS AT STAKE  
THEY JOIN WITH OTHERS TO CREAT A MAGICAL SCENE  
A WORLD OF CONFLICT BUT NOTHING TOO MEAN  
KNIGHTS RESCUED LADIES, DRAGONS ARE SLAIN,  
EVIL INTENT HELD AT BAY  
EACH NIGHT THEY TALKED WHILE SHARING THEIR THOUGHTS  
OF FEARS AND OF WANTS, NOTHING IS LOST  
DAYLIGHT SHINES AS THEY RUSH ABOUT THEIR HUMAN LIVES  
DOES HE DREAM OF HER WHILE THE DEADLINE RUSHES NEAR  
DOES SHE DREAM OF HIM AS SHE POLISHER HER OFFICE VENEER?  
THE HOUR CHIMES, COMPUTERS GO ONLINE  
A SMILE, A KISS, HOW WAS YOUR DAY, GOD YOU ARE MISSED  
TWO LONELY PEOPLE FEARING REJECTION EMBRACE THIS FAÇADE  
AS AN ALTERNATIVE ACCEPTION.

Cete



happiness in  
the microwave  
by jane kruchko

# Wednesday is Wart Day.

By Wartless Joe

Well, to start off with, the bump had been there on the left side of my penis, about halfway down, for a few years before I decided to do anything. Why I waited so long, I'll never be sure, but I had waited too long. I figured I should get it checked out.



Now I don't know how many people out there reading this have penises, and of those people, how many have an odd little bump growing off the side of it, but I'm pretty sure it's a small percentage. It gives you a particularly singular mindset when thinking about your genitalia. I mean, it's a bump. On your genitals. Just to clarify it wasn't a blister or boil or open sore. It wasn't even a wart. Just a bump. But I'm getting ahead of myself. Let me start at the beginning of the story.



Going into Baxter that day I completely forgot that every visit starts off with a preliminary exam by a nurse. They check your blood pressure, temperature, and try to get a general sense of what the problem is. On the information sheet/receipt you sign when you go to Baxter I had filled in the "Reason for Visit" blank with the words "Skin Aberration". I thought it sounded vague enough that no one would ask me questions until I saw the doctor. Well, then came the forgotten nurse consultation. Of all the nurses

that work at Baxter, who walks in but the sweet little white haired 70 year old lady who gives you your prescriptions and TB tests. Her. I cursed myself for forgetting about that part of the visit, and took some quiet satisfaction in the fact that, somewhere God was getting a good chuckle.



As I go into the little room where the preliminary examination is conducted I realize this woman is going to ask me what is wrong. I decided to suck it up and be mature about the whole thing.



"So what exactly is it we are checking out here. You wrote down 'Skin Abber-'"

"THERES A BUMP ON MY PENIS."

I said it a lot louder and forcefully than I had planned. Jumping back away from me in fright the poor lady began gathering her folder and examination instruments and said,

"Well we'll just let the doctor handle that one. Noneed getting into anything personal just go down the hall to the other waiting room. Thank you."

Understandably shaken emotionally from yelling the word "penis" at a septuagenarian, I shuffled down to other waiting room. There I found myself waiting with 4 girls. It was just them and me bump on my penis alone with four girls, who I might have hit on had I not been there to find out why my penis was bumpy. Before I could think about it anymore the doctor called me into the examining room.

"Okay, so it says here you have a 'skin aberration'? What does that mean exactly?"

"Well, Doc. There's this bump on my penis. It does-

n't look like a wart and it isn't a pimple. My picture is next to the term 'celibate' in the dictionary, so it probably isn't a STD. I want to know what it is and get rid of it."

"Sure. Let's take a look. Drop your pants please.

Hmm. Okay, I'm going to want to bring someone else in to look at this as well. If you don't mind, of course."

"Oh, no. No, that would be fine. To bring in more people to stare at this thing growing off the side of my penis. Sure."

The first doctor went out of the room and returned a few minutes later with another doctor. I showed him my bump, as well. To my amazement he said, "Oh yeah. I've got one of those on mine, too. If you squeeze it does a white, kind of cheesy substance come out of it?"

I was horrified. This is something that other men have, too? Not only do others have it, but they have gross and disgusting variations on a theme. While I just had the plain bump model, others had the excretory version. I had a bum deal.

"God no. Nothing comes out of it. It's just a bump."

The first doctor also had a strange look on his face. "Maybe you're telling us a little bit too much about your penis. I don't think either of us want to know, really. I sure as hell didn't.



The diagnosis on my bump was that it was an overactive gland. I had three options for removal. I could shave it off my penis with a scalpel, I could cut it out of my penis with minor surgery that would require a stitch and leave a scar, or I could freeze it off my penis with liquid nitrogen. I opted for the freezing.

Apparently at Baxter Wednesday is the day for having warts frozen off of your genitalia. They don't break out the liquid nitrogen on any other



day except Wednesday. So if you ever go in there on a Wednesday, there is a good chance the other people are there just for the good old wart freezing magic. That's what I was there for that Wednesday. I went back to the examining room with no hassle from the nurse and waited my turn. The doctor called my name and into the room I went.

"Now what we are going to do is take the liquid nitrogen, put it on this q-tip and then put it on your penis causing an effect similar to frostbite. This will permanently kill the cells in question. There will be a blood blister for about a week and then you should be okay. There will be a burning sensation. It won't be comfortable. If you need to grab a hold of something try to grab the sink or the examining table, but please don't grab my head. That only makes things more complicated."

He applied the air cold liquid to the shaft of my penis, and yes, it did hurt. I bit down on my lip, squeezed my eyes shut and grabbed a hold of the sink. It was all over in less than a minute. There it was. My newly frostbitten penis with a nice dark blood blister forming on it. Soon the bump would be no more. In fact, the whole thing cleared up in a week. My penis had no bump, no blister, and no scar. Everything had gone perfectly.



A few days later I went to make a follow-up appointment with my doctor at Baxter. The appointment happened to fall on a Wednesday. The secretary looks at me with an embarrassed grin and asks, "Oh, are you coming in for warts?"

I smiled and shook my head. "Not any more I'm not."



## along highway three-ninety-five

Photos by Megan Ogle

### Taken Away

by Meghavi Shah

I miss the sound of the rocks crashing on the shore  
Of the sun beating its rays upon the Earth  
I even miss you pushing me into the spring  
Playfully  
I miss the sound of my dragons  
Their wings flapping soundlessly  
I miss the soft harmony of the unicorns  
Like a silver bell  
A golden note  
I miss the galloping of the centaurs  
Upon the hard soil  
Leaping from rock to rock  
Stopping at a stream  
The flowing of the river  
The playful splashing  
I miss the soft flight of Pegasai  
Their wings folding gracefully in flight  
I miss the merry singing of the elves  
In their green suits and hats  
And their light-footedness  
As they run through the forest

I miss the dwarves digging  
Hard at work  
With their long beards  
And tall pointed hats  
The friendly singing as they go  
I miss my teachers  
The wizards  
In their tall pointed blue hats  
Long blue robes and their staffs glowing  
bright  
I miss making the magic  
The bright skies  
The colors  
I miss the Faerie  
Their wings glimmering brighter than day  
Lounging within the flowers  
Teasing each other  
I miss Fairy Starlight  
Pushing me into the stream  
Chasing after me  
The fun  
I miss the sorceresses  
In their hats and bright colors  
Their orbs glowing brightly

Their sceptors letting out a strong light  
Bringing the new day  
And keeping the place so magical  
But here I'm kept  
A prisoner  
In the deep tunnels of the goblins  
Who smell like the world below  
The dead  
Who hit me every second  
Who force me to move heavy loads of  
rocks  
And keep me locked in a cage  
Feeding me only that which has been  
thrown out  
Or wicked potions  
Which I look at in disgust and throw out  
I yearn to see the light  
In this darkness  
Everything has that dark shadow  
The feeling of death itself  
Of pain  
Without air  
I scream  
And the orc bites me  
Tears drip down my face

Weeks passed  
In the deep darkness  
One night  
I saw the glimmering  
Hid themselves  
Fairy Starlight  
Had come  
And even today I love him for that risk  
Silently  
The faerie broke the lock  
And flew me back home  
Starlight led me to the spring  
Which I stayed in for hours  
And every second  
His eye kept watch  
I missed this light  
And I would do anything for Starlight  
But I  
Moonbeam  
Would never forget those dreadful  
months  
Spent in the dark tunnels of the goblins

## Seattle to Claremont: A look at Social Justice

By: Stacey Dinner

*A speech given at Remember, Celebrate, Act, a celebration of Social Justice in Honor of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. January 20, 2000 Pitzer College*

Seattle '99. The Battle in Seattle.

At the beginning of December the World Trade Organization (WTO) held its' Third Ministerial Rounds. Approximately 25 students from the Claremont Colleges participated in protests, direct action and peaceful marches successfully keeping the vast majority of delegates from entering and thus holding the first day of meetings. By the end of the week the WTO failed to make a following agenda and had some serious fundamental issues to reconsider.

About 50,000 protesters amassed representing diverse issues including environmental, labor, and human rights issues. Steelworkers together with anarchists, young radicals, and international farmers etc. We spanned generations, nationalities, races, and political affiliation. With the emergence of a common enemy, we established and maintained incredible solidarity—despite past differences, points of contention, or the notion of separate causes. And we were strong! I've never been so empowered and inspired to see such a sight, to not only support something but to participate in a major way. (And when we would chant "The whole world's watching," it was true.)

We participated in direct action measures. After nonviolence training and spirit rallies, we successfully enacted a strategy of direct action. Divided into separate affinity groups we made a human chain around the meeting, taking up 18 different, connected pie slices

of the city. Some locked down, some served as support positions.

It was a day of extremes. Pure energy and enthusiasm in community and broad-based grassroots action reigned. Singing, chanting, and dancing, we all learned so much from each other. However, the mood could shift drastically when peaceful, joyous people had to become warriors against police, often enduring abuse.

Yes, protesters were met by thousands of cops in riot gear, even National Guard, who liberally used tear gas, rubber bullets, and percussion grenades on the unarmed, unprovoking masses. We question what they were defending? A concept? Whose interests? The Elite?

Extreme. It was really a war zone. For example, two blocks away from the protest, as a common pedestrian standing on the street, my best friend was beaten into the ground by cops in plain clothes. Her face was smashed into the cement—her nose broken, two teeth knocked out of place, and her lip split, blood running down her face. It was then that she was arrested without a reason and taken to jail. Many others, about 550, were jailed as well.

We asked who's streets? Who's cops? We said Human need not corporate greed. We said this is what democracy looks like. And we questioned the role of the police—to serve and protect? To keep the peace?

But away from the negative police aspect that tends to grab a lot of attention. I'd like to share one of the many images that stands out to me. Wednesday, after the day of direct action, we had one main action, a march which headed down to the waterfront to rally with unions and acknowl-



edge and embrace their support. We then marched back into downtown. We were huge. As we marched up Seattle's hilly terrain, especially peaceful and organized... As people were further up a hill they would turn around and walk backwards looking back at us who were further down on the slope. When I ascended the hill, I too turned around to see—wide city streets filled with people, and still more just turning the corner down below, still coming...

For those of us who were there, for those who followed closely from a distance, we know stories, messages, but not all. We may feel awareness has spread or that it should (there's blatant themes and obvious realities of what happened there) but it has not spread far enough. Yes here in Claremont a sequel ensues. This is a struggle—an ongoing struggle of all of us—the world

searching for peace, checking the dominating or exploiting powers that be, upholding the founding, basic principles/ rights of freedom of speech, peaceful protest, alternate visions, and civil disobedience. In short, there is a call for the voices of the people to be heard, rights to be upheld and counted—not silenced, stripped, or oppressed by bulldozers of elite interest or brutality. Like Martin Luther King Jr. and those before him Ghandi, Thoreau...it's students like us and people like you who are a next generation/ a new, renewed generation of freedom fighters, of what's right fighters. Seattle definitely sparked the next movement in the fight for social justice.

Like they say, WE are all Columbine. WE are all Seattle. WE are all Irvin Landrum. WE are all coming from different places, passionate for different issues, but WE are all Claremont. Now!

WE must educate ourselves. WE must make the connections and we must know we are not alone or powerless.

And we must remember heroes in history and their teachings of nonviolence, equality, and peace, and Act.

Dreams are alive. May they be realized.

La lucha sigue.

.....  
That night, as we spoke about social justice, acknowledging history past and present, the earth eclipsed the moon. The world showed us natural miraculous wonders and the cycles that be. We observed the moon—a sphere of illuminating clarity, then the shadow that overtook it, and finally the light that returned shining. We remember those that have been miraculous throughout the cycles of time and look ahead...

photo by sean doughtery

RAISE THE 2X STANDARD

“Hypocrisy  
is  
the greatest

LUXURY,”

Submitted for you  
to ponder by:  
Matty

- Disposable  
Heroes

ATTENTION: ALL RACISTS,  
HOMOPHOBES, SEXISTS,  
IGNORANT BEINGS OF  
THIS WORLD — NO ON KNIGHTS  
PROP 22/21

We are supposed to celebrate our differences. Do not get caught up in the way we all should be. FORGET IT! Find peace in that we are different because it will never change, for good or for worse, as time, history & WAR have taught us. Discrimination of any kind is selfish, based on insecurity of one's SELF and shameful. People clutch to their discriminations for dear life, foolishly believing that it upholds their character, their nature, establishes who they are. That comes from within. ●

- Matty Morin

## Looking At the Sky From My Pitzer Dorm Window

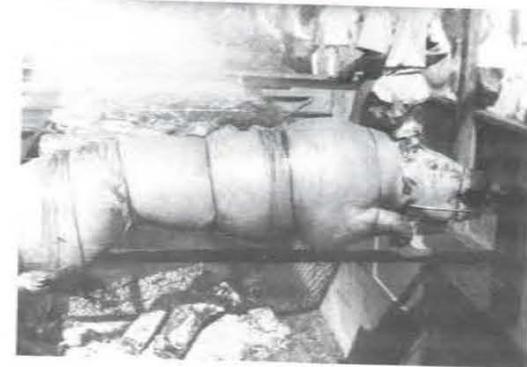
Gliding eagles  
Circling the blue, cloudless sky  
Carefree as a flower petal,  
Fallen,  
Blown by a soft breeze.  
Makes me want to lose myself,  
To get rid of this stultifying embodiment  
Called human skin.  
It beckons me.  
It mocks me.  
Thin line between sanity  
And freedom blurs.  
I turn the knob,  
Flap my wings-  
They are but human arms.  
It was too late.  
My blood was a red pool on the  
Cold concrete below.



By Chelsie

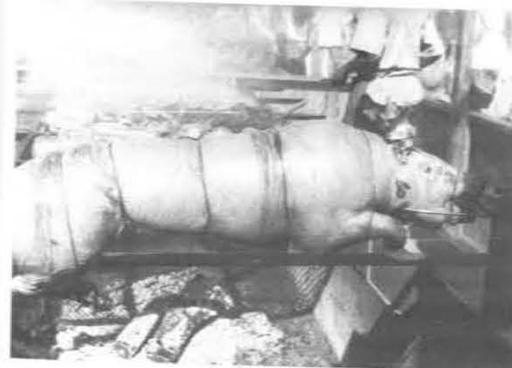
## Meat Thing

I pity  
myself surrounded by  
huge pieces of red meat  
looming  
like gods.  
It is a cloudy  
steamy day in summer.  
Beef, pork, lamb and chicken  
Female and male.  
Evil and good.  
The dripping juice  
excites me.  
I keep eating them raw  
until they become  
a part of me,  
the meat of my story.  
Now I'm lying on the ground.  
Can't stand up.  
Oh God,  
I can't see my dick any more.  
But I see the blue moon  
laughing at me.



I wonder when  
my belly  
became bigger than  
the rest of me.  
White soft wet fat  
pushes my face  
to suffocate me.  
Fat hates itself  
because of who it is.  
I start thinking of  
cattin' down my belly  
to make steak.  
Ex-girlfriends throw  
onion, garlic  
and a little bit of  
love  
at me: yummy  
meat lover.  
I find lumps of  
old pepper  
and salt  
behind my head.  
I rub them  
on my belly  
of a beast  
I cry.  
And I start cooking myself  
on the burning plate called  
*My nature.*

--Kentarō Yamauchi  
--poem and photo



## "Marilyn Chapin-Massey: The Birth of a Dynasty"

from the *Andrew Samtoy Collection*  
Honnold Library, MCMXXVII section xviii, 1.35

"Now presiding in this court of hip hop Justice my rap forte Judge, jury, bailiff and prosecuting DA..."

-- J-Live

While watching "The Big Lebowski," I had a sudden revelation: I know very little about the president of our college, Dr. Marilyn Chapin-Massey, and I'm not too sure that many members of the Pitzer community know too much about her background or personal life. Therefore, I took it upon myself to interview her, just to kind of get a grasp on who she really is, what she likes, dislikes, has little inclination for or against, etc. Ladies and Gentlemen, Dr. President.

**Where did you grow up?  
Where did you go to college/graduate school? What did you study?**

I grew up in Chicago, well, 9 miles west in Oak Park with Frank Lloyd Wright houses and, now, a model of racial integration. I went to college at Marquette University in Milwaukee and was a double major, English and Philosophy. In college (the 60's!) I did civil rights

work with a group and of people lead by a Jesuit priest from Milwaukee. I then went to teach sixth grade in Harlem in New York City as my own form of a PeaceCorps experience. After that I went back to Milwaukee, taught in inner city schools and got a Master in Religion. From there I went to the University of Chicago, and got a Ph.D. (with distinction) in the Philosophy of Religion. I studied Hegel and Mark on Religion. I taught college in Chicago (Barat and Mundelein) and when I started I was 24 and teaching people with whom I was on a basketball team in High School. Great fun. Later I was on the faculty at Duke University and then at Harvard University in the field of religion and I have written three books on religion and politics.

**Are you married? Kids? What does your family do?**

I married a classmate at the University of Chicago, Jim Massey, and we have two children, Lisa and Sarah. Lisa is a Ph.D. in Biology who works in the biotech world in San Francisco. Sarah has just finished her Masters of Urban



what liberal arts colleges can be and ought to be in this century. Our focus on making room for students' creativity and interests through flexible curriculum and our opportunities for what I call the "applied liberal arts" in work in the community, here and abroad, are extraordinary. Early on Pitzer saw itself as an experimental college and I think we still are and ought to be proud of that. I once said that our purpose was to educate social entrepreneurs, those who can create the new form of social interaction our world needs so much.

**What areas of Pitzer do you see room for improvement?**

Planning at the City University of New York. She works as a member of the Citizens Advocacy Group to lobby the Metropolitan Transit Authority of New York. Jim left his academic career some years ago for acting, first in New York and now in Hollywood.

**What hobbies do you have?**

In my spare time, I spend time with Jim and my children and enjoy the Net and sometimes, when time permits, do some art work.

**What are the strong points of Pitzer as you see them?**

I think Pitzer is the model for

Well, I have come to believe that the unsolved problem of organizations, Pitzer among them, is communication. Simple - yet the most complex problem of all and a key one in an organization whose business is knowledge. We are small, bound together now by the NET, and yet it is very, very hard to have the whole (the community) have a discourse, We strive for that, and that is good. But we waste time and energy, which could be given to creation of the new, in not-knowing what could be known if only we could find the ways to speak to each other.

Another problem that is

often mentioned is our relative poverty in Claremont. That does not worry me. We have done very well for our age, and we know how to be inventive and collaborative. I am working hard to raise more fund, however, especially for student scholarships.

**Many students don't think that Pitzer gets any respect in Claremont and elsewhere. Do you feel that this is the case?**

I think everyone type casts each other in Claremont but beyond the game I know we have respect and perhaps a bit of envy (for our freedom) from the other colleges. Our programs, especially External Studies and our local community work, are nationally noted, and WASC stated that we were setting a new standard for educating for social responsibility. There is a sense out there that we have something going here. We should reinforce that sense every chance we get and not let reputation and money be the equation.

**White House 2000?**

On the national scene, it seems to me to be a small stage with characters looking a great deal alike, except, perhaps, for the tall one in the back.

**Most people don't know what being the President of a college**

**is like. What are your job duties? What does the average week in your life look like?**

A presidents works with every group in the college and also with external groups, most importantly, our 45 trustees. Our trustees meet four times a year and they come from all over the country and the world. I meet with them often to keep them informed about the college, and, in this year, to ask them to contribute money to a campaign for our future. So, I am out there on the road quite a bit. Out there are also foundations, alums, and parents whom I visit. This year more than ever I am on the road because we are preparing to announce a big fund raising campaign and before you do that you need to raise about half of the money. But I also sit on Committees, FEC for one and have regular meeting with senior staff who oversee all operations of the college, admissions, etc. I try to get to as many events as I can. This year I am also Chair of the Council of Presidents of the Claremont College and that is taking a great deal of time - Aramark, the new Keck Institute, etc! So a typical day is 12 hours, early morning calls to the east coast or Chicago, staff meetings, lunches, committee meetings, dinners, events. I enjoy the variety of groups and issues with which I have to deal, although it

is hard work to keep all the threads of all the different problems/opportunities carried along.

**How do you see the Student Body? Many older students think that we are becoming more and more conservative; are we changing as the years go by?**

I think you are self-starters, with social concerns, and that you will change the world. It is hard to say what is conservative, more or less, without the other side being defined, over against what. I am a post-modernist in that I

believe we are always in relation and that reality moves around rapidly and labels do little to capture it. Perhaps the late 90's student thinks differently about community from the late 60's students. I have a theory that the world against which I rebelled - about civil right, against the Vietnam War- was truly more hegemonic than the one we are in now and so another form of resistance is in order and it will not look quite the same. Indeed, our college does not look the same. It is more inclusive and

diverse.

**If you could say anything at all to the Pitzer students of today, what would it be?**

I believe Pitzer is a stand out in higher education, that you stu-



dents stand out, and I would not want to be president anywhere else.

**Have you seen the**

**best minds of your generation destroyed by madness, starving hysterical naked, dragging themselves through the negro streets at dawn looking for an angry fix, angelheaded hipsters burning for the ancient heavenly connection to the starry dynamo in the machinery of night?**

(no answer)

My mom is my hero because I can still hear her voice.

### Sandra Filion Foster



1947 – 1999

She rose out of a small town, one bad husband, one o.k. husband, and several sexist occupational backlashes to succeed in her job, succeed with her daughter, be respected and loved by hundreds of people, and she even came to love herself. I have often wondered what people would say about me if I died, and somehow thought it was a privilege to be able to see so many people saddened by the death of my mom. It was a testimony to her wonderful existence, and to the sincerity and care that she so openly expressed to others. By the tears of so many and the intense hurt I have seen in the faces who cared for my mom, I know that she deserves to be and is a hero (or shall I say heroine). I also know that being her daughter I am biased, and being that I miss her so much I am even more biased. However, I feel very strongly that her intelligence, her kindness, her loving personality, her humor, her wisdom, and her values all make her the one person that I will follow in my life. She has taught me more than any one other individual. Even more, she is my hero because I need her to be. I need her to be part of me forever. And maybe if I continue to look up to her, to admire and to emulate her, she will always be with me.

-Suzanne Foster

# NOSTALGIC.



## FOR NOTHING<sup>1</sup>

1. Editor's note: in this context, 'nothing' means 'big hair.'