

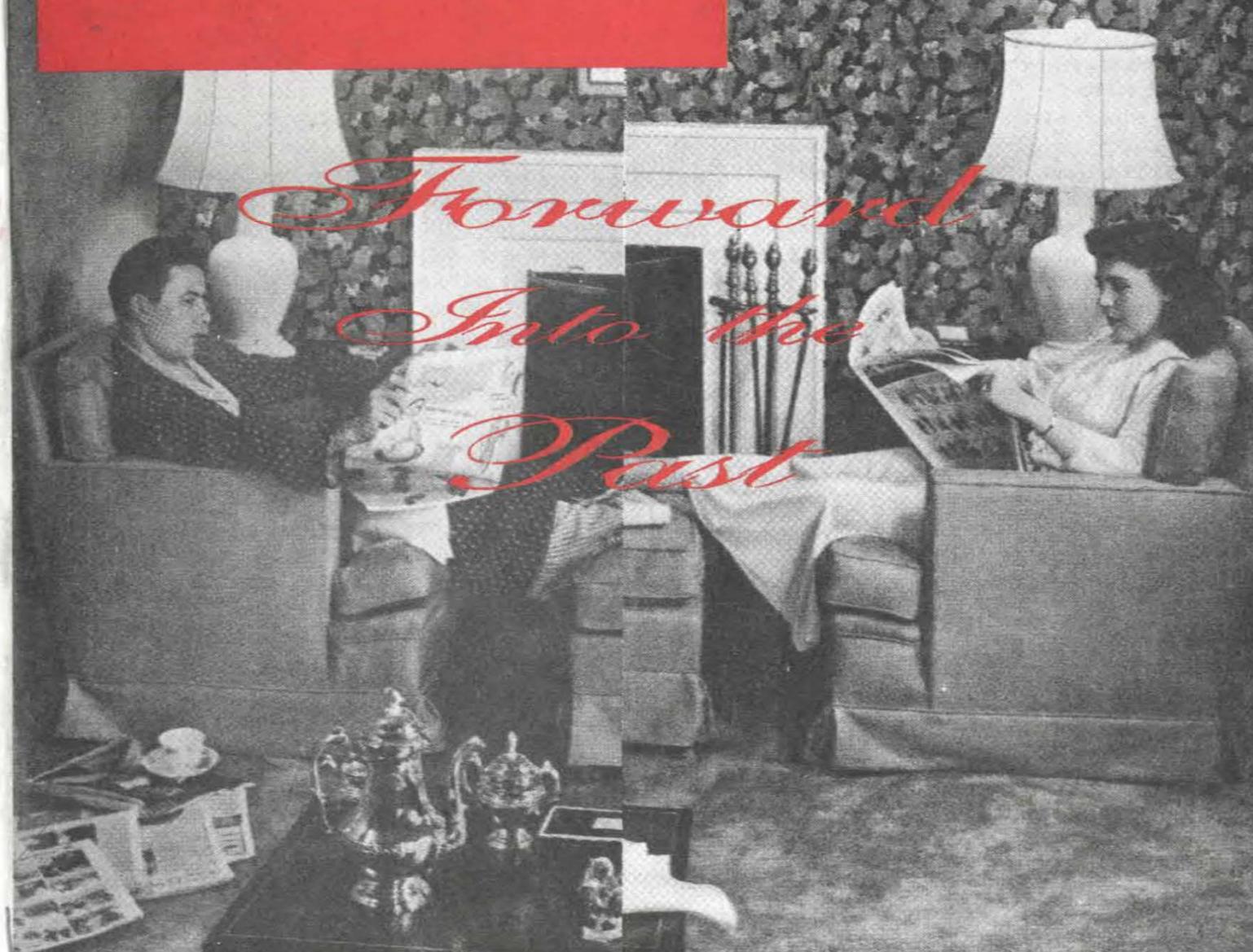


...Elvis was a hero to most, but
he never meant shit to me.

from "Fight the Power"-Public Enemy

THE OTHER

SIDE



*Forward
Into the
Past*

*The Contract with
America*

*The Exploitation
of Labor*

*Reactions on the
Rise*

VOLUME XXV, ISSUE 2

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

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CENTS

APRIL 12, 1955

For the past several years, the Pitzer community has been creating in a variety of new internships, projects, and courses designed to encourage students to become actively involved in our neighboring communities. These efforts were born partly in response to a grant the college received from the Ford Foundation in 1991 to aid in the implementation of its educational objectives. Faculty and staff have started courses involving conflict resolution in the Alhambra School District, labor organizing courses, and Pitzer students have been involved in a variety of ways with the Ontario Project, serving internships in several of schools and holding classes in Pitzer's "annex" located above the Ontario Youth Project.

In the interest of trying to expand such programs, Psychology Professor Alan Jones has been working extensively for the past year with officials in the city of Ontario to develop concrete ways for Pitzer students to put their academic knowledge to work for the people of that city. City officials, burdened with the threat of violence and the effects of poverty, have been anxious to involve Pitzer students in their problem-solving attempts, hiring a staff person to work solely on this project and to help coordinate internships.

In addition, the city of Ontario has offered to Pitzer the gift of the old Casablanca Hotel, built in 1915 and used in the past as a stopover point between Los Angeles and Palm Springs. The hotel has been unoccupied for the past ten years, and needs renovation, but has a dorm-style set-up with 50 rooms. Due to a redevelopment plan which was dropped, the hotel has no interior walls and would require between 1.7 and 2 million dollars in repairs.

In discussing this plan with deans and faculty members at the other five colleges, Alan Jones has encountered much enthusiasm for the Project. Administrators at the other college have said that they would be interested in pursuing funding for such a project. Thus, if properly developed, the hotel could serve as an annex for the Claremont Colleges, allowing a meaningful bridge between academic courses and fieldwork.

This type of project flows smoothly from Pitzer's

stated educational objectives and the impetus for the program has come from the hard work of Alan Jones, with support from faculty who have successfully taught courses with a fieldwork component or which are fieldwork-based and have seen how productive they can be both for students and faculty and for members of the communities in which students are working. Additionally, Pitzer has just passed a set of new guidelines which require all students to participate in some kind of serious way in Pitzer's mission of social responsibility.

Sadly, however, and despite the bustling excitement surrounding the Ontario Project and internship and conflict resolution projects in general, the Pitzer administration has been the least responsive to this idea and has been the least supportive of such a concept, due to financial constraints. The administration is unwilling to even let Alan solicit grant funding for the restoration of the hotel, even with an offer from the Mark Tabor Foundation to actively consider such a proposal. The general vibe surrounding the project proposal is that this "couldn't have come at a worse time" as Pitzer is facing a possible enrollment crisis and could be pressed for money in the upcoming years. There are concerns too that even if we were to have funding help from the other colleges, Pitzer will not be able to guarantee a financial contribution to the project in any long term way.

As everyone is aware, this same year which couldn't be a worse time has seen the opening of three new buildings at Pitzer, including new computers, new equipment, new staff. It has been made clear that the College has bought all of these amazing new things because they have been gifts. It has also been noted in conversations I've had involving this issue that the building project was started several years ago, before anyone could have predicted the possible financial stress we are now experiencing.

All of these are points well-taken, and it goes without saying the students are profoundly grateful for the Student Center and all of the work that has gone into making it a reality. I don't mean to imply that the College should not have built these facilities and that they weren't "needed" in certain ways.

There is a place for us to have fun and it doesn't have to be connected to some world-historical mission of social responsibility.

But making our environment better for students is only one part of what Pitzer is trying to do. Through our educational objectives, we have stated that we are also trying to use our knowledge and particularly our social science expertise for people outside of the college community. It may be that the college closely investigates this project, seeks grant funding, incorporates the other colleges and still can't justify it. But at this point, Pitzer is so crisis-driven that there doesn't seem to be a vision to look beyond the constraints of the current situation for a larger purpose. At this point, it is something the College owes to the city of Ontario, the people who have worked on it, and those who could benefit from it.



Kim Gilmore

The Other Side

"a quality staff"

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Back in the olden days, *The Other Side* used to receive mail and letters to the editor. Not anymore. We would like to get mail once again, not only for selfish reasons, but because letters to the editor both regarding articles written in the magazine and on Pitzer in general provide other avenues for discussion and dialogue. Please write.

The Other Side magazine is a publication of the students of Pitzer College. The editors reserve the right to edit or refuse any material, although it doesn't happen often. The opinions expressed in this magazine do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the editorial staff, or, even, in some cases, the writers.

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The Continuing Adventures of NetBoy

Featuring Vince Ingram As NetBoy

From the land of microchips and file transfer protocols, I send you greetings. Since my last article was a sort of tutorial of the Net, I thought that this round I'd bring you, my faithful computer nerds, an overview of Net software and a few Web sites of interest. We'll start with the top end and move down.



The Mac Daddy of all Net software, in my opinion anyway, is NCSA Mosaic. This program is just a beautiful piece of work. It is highly user friendly in that it provides many suggestions of Web sites to check out in such categories as What's New, What's Cool, and so on. The graphics are rather groovy also. But perhaps the best feature is the ability it has to use a large amount of accessory software to aid in the NetBoy's ever present need to find groovy little niches on the Net. It can combine with many graphics viewers, sound transla-

tors, and other FTP software in order to allow NetBoy the maximum penetration into the binary world.

Netscape, like all good Net software, highlights clickable options in a different color than the rest of the text on the page and allows NetBoy to jump directly to the site he wishes by using the proper http address. It also has the option of putting a bookmark on sites that NetBoy finds interesting. This allows him to return to the site without needing to remember the address. As I said, Netscape is the ever most groove.

NCSA Mosaic is a similar program to Netscape in most aspects. It highlights the jump sites, it has graphics, and you can mark your place. However, the graphics are not as cool as Netscape's, it doesn't easily link with accessory software, and it's not as user friendly. Basically it is an experimental piece of software and it sucks. Netscape is the juice, so sayeth NetBoy.

If you're one of those people who fears the computer lab, there is still a way for you to check out the net, however, you will need a computer and a modem. With this equipment, and an email account from your friendly neighborhood computer lab, you're good to go. **Warning:** Net surfing without the aid of a direct net hookup, which most schools and some businesses have, basically sucks. You will have no graphics and, depending on the program you use, no ability to jump directly to the site you wish.

slashing affirmative action

California's white males are screaming bloody murder but who's holding the knife?

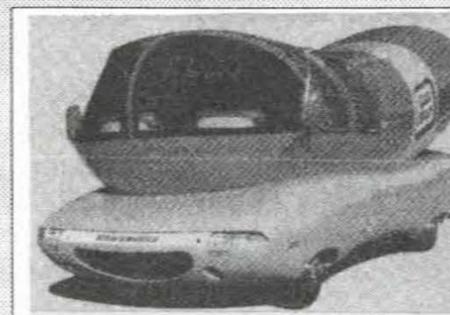
Well, people are getting jittery about the future again, which means there's no better time to be a bigot. In the recent debate over affirmative action, a surprising number of white males in California have reached into their closet and pulled out -- no, not the white sheet and hood, that's at the cleaners -- their Victim Suits. It's old and shabby, because they keep getting passed over for promotions that go to government-favored women and people of color. And it's covered with blood from getting backstabbed by their white male brethren, who are forced by the merciless hand of government to punish their former fraternity brothers and drinking buddies and reward those pesky harassment-suit-filing women and discrimination-suit-filing people of color.

Well, before the debate begins on new aid programs to assist the underprivileged white male, let's take a look at newly-released figures from the Tomas Rivera Center. According to the TRC, a nonpartisan, policy-oriented research institute affiliated with the Claremont Graduate School, white males have it pretty good: they're paid on average 60% to 210% more than women and minorities in comparable positions, and they control about 60% of all such mid- and upper-level positions in the California private sector, too. A full report will be forthcoming in the next couple of weeks. Call the TRC at x8897 for more information.

For now you can put the Victim Suits away, boys. Or at least give them to those who deserve it.

SENIORS: NEED A JOB?

Continuing a tradition started in 1936, Oscar Meyer rolls out six new and improved Weinermobiles later this year. Weighing in at 10,500 pounds each, the Weinermobiles were designed by Harry Bradley and are



driven around the country by teams of young college grads called Hotdoggers.

During this one year internships program, Hotdoggers zoom from town to town publicizing the dogs you can "roast all together."

WITH SOCIAL PROGRAMS INCLUDING AFFIRMATIVE ACTION, FUNDING FOR EDUCATION AND THE ARTS, AND HEALTH CARE ON THE CHOPPING BLOCK, CIVIL LIBERTIES ARE BEING THREATENED IN THE U.S. TOGETHER WITH INHUMANE AND ILLOGICAL IMMIGRATION POLICY SIGNIFIED BY PROPOSITION 187, SUPPORTERS OF THESE CHANGES ARE SERVING TO ERASE THE SOCIAL GAINS OF THE PAST CENTURY. THE REPUBLICANS ARE CALLING THIS A REVOLUTION, BUT ARE WE REALLY GOING FORWARD INTO THE PAST?

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The program used for this type of Net play here is called Gopher. As previously stated, NetBoy doesn't like Gopher, but it's better than a swift kick to the groin. Gopher basically serves you up the local information. You can find information on the Claremont Colleges much quicker with Gopher than with the other applications. Problems occur when you try to find other information, such as government documents. You basically have to click along a path of options that you hope will get you where you want to go. Unfortunately, if you're searching for a friend's email address, you can often wind up with a list of sites on Danish S and M practices.

With Gopher, you are given a number of starting categories from which to choose. Most of the time it seems what you want doesn't really fit into any of the categories, but Gopher doesn't care. The best you can do is try to figure out where your desired site fits and keep on clickin'. Now, perhaps you can see why NetBoy says it's rather poor.

Well... Those are the big three. More net sites may be around, but these are the ones I know of. All of the above are available at your friendly neighborhood computer lab, where somewhat competent people, such as myself, are there to aid you in your toils. All of the above are available on the Macintoshes. Mosaic is on the IBM's, but it doesn't work. The NeXT computers, those black machines in the back room, have a few FTP programs, but the Web program doesn't work at all.

Well, enough about software, let's get down to some really tasty tidbits, shall we? Here's just a few sites that the Netboy has managed to find for your enjoyment. WWW.wired.com is a lovely little BBS that seems to have a wide array of nummy stuff. There are many bits of music articles, art, and dance news. It requires you to join for full use of all services, but it doesn't cost anything and it's a really cool site to check out.

WWW.paramount.com has all the information on Star Trek Voyager, if that's your gig. It has previews for upcoming episodes and little interactive information screens in the LCARS set-up (all you Trekkies know what LCARS means.) There may be other stuff here, but I'm pretty sure that's it.

If a Star Wars fan you be, a nice page do I have for thee. It's out of the University of Pennsylvania so the address is a little long, but if you're a fiend, you'll dig it. The address is stwing.resnet.upenn.edu:8001. It has many graphics from all the movies and quite a few stories and other random paraphernalia. May the force be with you, my aspiring Net junkies.

Just when you thought NetBoy had gone completely on the sci fi tip, he has something quite groovy for you. NetBoy has found the Virtual Vineyards. The address is WWW.virtualvin.com. Yes, you can purchase or browse a vast variety of vinos from all over California. This site has all kinds of wines from many different vineyards all over the state, everything from the nummy nummy Napa vineyards, to the questionable vineyards of Santa Barbara. All price ranges are represented, so get down with the grape juice of your choice.

A nice little archive is Lysator. This is a Swedish archive full of much information. It has everything from a sci fi fantasy group to online games to Web search software. Some of the text is in Swedish, but most is in English, so fret not my friends. The address here is WWW.lysator.liu.se. One can never have enough information sites, even if some of the text is in a different language.

Finally, NetBoy has a little comic relief for you, my faithful readers. There's a humor site at the University of Iowa that seems to have a wide variety of comic tastes. The address is grind.isca.uiowa.edu. I haven't checked out all the jokes, so I can give it no P.C. rating. Net grazers beware.

Well, that'll wrap this week's tidbits up for the NetBoy. I hope to talk at ya next round. Till then, keep on keepin' on. Always remember, NetBoy Will Return.....

PITZER LOSES A TRUE ASSET

There're about four things I like about Pitzer: the mounds and fountain, the wood swing next in to the Grove House, the treadmills in the Gold Center gym, and Paul. Paul Ranslow, that is. For those of you who have not met Paul, I'm sorry. Paul has been the Dean of Admissions here at this place we call Pitzer for the last eleven years. But he is much, much more than just that alone. He's a friend, a mentor, and just plainly a wonderful person. Anytime I went to his office for a visit I was greeted with a hug, words of encouragement, and, most importantly, the "joke of the day." Paul is always there when you need him, whether it be for advice, a hug, or his car. Yes, his car.

So by now you must be wondering why this piece is entitled "Pitzer Loses A True Asset," right? Well here goes: Paul is so wonderful that a college wants him as their president (that college would be Ripon College in Wisconsin.) So he's off (Could you blame him?) and this semester is his last semester here with us at Pitzer. I am, of course, happy and excited for him, but I am sad for Pitzer as a college. Does it know how much it's lost due to Paul's departure? He has brought so much to this place- students from varied regions, ethnicities, and classes; he's brought his warmth, heart, dedication, and friendship; he's also responsible for these new buildings. And believe it or not the list continues on and on. In Paul I saw all the qualities and ideologies that Pitzer *only* professes to have and believe in. I guess that's why I'm so sad to see him go: Pitzer just won't be the same without him.

Well as I said before: there are about four things I like about Pitzer- the mounds and fountain, the wood swing, the treadmills, and Paul. Now there are only three.

(Bye bye Paul. Good luck, and I hope you know how much you are loved and will be missed.)

by Tanya Turner



by kim gilmore

"You're asking people to choose between food and clothes." This was the sentence, delivered by a Pitzer student, which resounded in Ian Macdonald's head, jogged his memory. The manager of the five college Marriott account remembered this being one of his father's mottoes as his family of migrant farm workers struggled to find sustenance in England decades before. And it was this sentence which made this series of issues and meetings and negotiations all the more epiphanic. Until then, Ian had been The Manager with a corsage on his lapel; the clear foe. But that night he came to signify the ways in which people's "stories" can connect in ways never anticipated. After a long meeting, after seven months of negotiating, that sentence set off a lightbulb and Macdonald decided to give the workers their hours back unconditionally.

But by this time, the situation had become too surreal for simple joy. After hearing confirmation that Ian had called Carla, one of the students involved in the negotiations and the main liaison to the workers, and told her that he realized he was wrong, there was a level on which it seemed as if some kind of justice might be possible. Then why didn't it feel like a victory?

While College Council was teasing out the exact wording of the social responsibility requirement last fall, members of the dining hall staff employed by the Marriott Corporation were secretly meeting in parks, different ones every time, to find ways to get their hours back. Effective last September, the food services wing of Marriott International spearheaded a new campaign to increase profits by cutting labor costs. Using models of efficiency timing which led to the shaving of hours, the workers saw the time which they were allowed to do tasks trimmed by up to an hour; some of them had their weekly time schedules docked by up to eight hours. The rationale behind the cuts was that the smaller Marriott franchises were just spending too much money on labor. The high volume food business is labor-intensive: human labor is an equal commodity to food.

At the onset of these cuts at Pitzer College and the Claremont Colleges in general, the rationale given was purely economic. Marriott has the primary responsibility of serving customers, not making sure all of its employees are above the poverty level. And serving custom-

ers is the same as making profits in a business which relies upon the continual renewal of contracts. Thus, Marriott has conducted a series of programs and workshops aimed at discovering what students want in dining hall food and what they can do to make it better. But meanwhile, as hours are being cut, food quality takes a nosedive, partly because workers are not being given enough time to prepare it. This is the terrible cycle that exists at Pitzer: workers hours are cut to save money for Marriott, the quality of the food goes down because of rushed preparation, students leave McConnell to go off-campus or to other dining halls, more workers hours are cut because the volume of participation is down.

But eventually, it was a moral issue after all. After seven months of negotiations with a group of students, one administrator, and two faculty members, Marriott management realized that the cutting of hours was a slip in which morals had been wrongly superseded by the economic pressures facing the company.

"As you know, this entire process started seven months ago, we've talked about why we do certain things...As of our last meeting I realized that we'd gone nowhere. And we had been too busy talking about hours and money and not about people. And that same night I called Carla and said as far as I was concerned everyone will go back to full time and that's what we'll do. There are no conditions; but I would like to ask your help in three areas: sanitation, quality, and overtime. No demands. I just request your help. I want to apologize to you all for not doing this before because I was wrong." Ian Macdonald, the manager of the five-college Marriott account, the company's largest account West of the Mississippi, delivered this statement to a meeting of 15 workers on March 20.

But in this situation, as in many, it's hard to tell where the morality ends and the economics starts. (A happy worker, after all, is a good worker.) The workers are getting their hours back, but only after threats both in those meetings and in *The Collage* that at least three of the college Presidents are taking bids for new food service contractors. (Marriott managers told me that this was not true and that service business *always* includes the

the
marriott
question

threat of losing a contract.)

The nationwide drive by Marriott to cut hours does not come as a shock. This is a time of temp workers, unemployment, and economic restructuring. Macdonald told me that he put out an advertisement for a cook position (which pays \$7-\$10 per hour) and was faxed two hundred and fifty resumes the first day the ad appeared. Although the union movement is being revitalized in many industries in California and nationwide, according to a Pitzer student who has looked into the possibility of unionization at the Claremont Colleges, most unions won't touch the Marriott Corporation because the company is too big and too powerful to fight.

To the company's credit Marriott does offer many benefits to its employees, referred to by Marriott as "associates." The primarily Spanish-speaking staff are offered ESL courses paid for by Marriott at the colleges. The managerial workforce at the Claremont Colleges includes a high number of people of color and particularly women of color. Marriott also has its own form of affirmative action, called "diversity training." All of the workers are eligible for health care benefits (although most of the workers cannot afford to pay for full healthcare packages) and most of them are working at wages above minimum wage. Macdonald told me that his goal is to be succeeded by a woman of color, and the company "very proactively" seeks to eliminate the "glass ceiling" which prevents people of color and women from rising to the top of the economic ladder in big corporations.

But in my interviews with workers, it arose that their main grievance from the onset of these negotiations has been the cutting of hours. One worker told me that her impression is that the managers feel like "they can do anything they want with us" leaving the workers with a very real fear of having their hours cut at the whim of those in charge. Just as Macdonald tells me that what we need in this country is "people that just want to do a good day's work," workers also need to have the stability of knowing that they will have consistent pay and consistent time slots. In order to plan for child care and simply to pay bills, the workers need to have this guarantee. At least since September, they have been living under constantly shifting schedules; many of the workers have incurred additional health problems brought on by this stress.

According to one worker I interviewed the trouble Pitzer started during the summer when the McConnell manager told the workers that they wouldn't be given any summer hours. The reason she gave for the lack of

summer work was that the company was losing a mystical figure of one million dollars a year. Then the manager told the McConnell workers that they could either work for free or give her another mystical figure of \$10,000 to help solve the problem. Because the McConnell managers have told the workers that their performance is directly proportionate to the amount of money the dining halls bring in, the workers felt that even though they were working hard they were somehow to blame for the lack of money.

In fact, the reasons behind McConnell's financial woes, besides the shakiness of the food service business overall has more to do with students leaving the dining hall to go to other campuses. Many students have expressed their dissatisfaction with the overall "look" of McConnell, rather than the performance of the workers. Most students don't realize that when they leave to eat at another dining hall, McConnell is given a "hospitality charge." Thus, the more students leave, the less money the dining hall makes, and the less money the company is willing to give to workers, and the less work there is for the workers to do.

After the incident over the summer, and with the cutting of hours which was implemented in September, the workers discussed with a few students options they had for trying to get their hours back. Slowly the stories of the work atmosphere in the McConnell dining hall came out; the workers started to write letters to Macdonald and the McConnell managers requesting that their hours be given back. The employees were finding that the time given to them to do certain tasks was not enough, and many of them were working through their breaks in order to get their work done.

This culminated in a series of negotiations with Ian, the five college Marriott manager, and Jeannette Uballez, Associate Director at Pomona/Frary who assisted in translations. The first solution the Marriott management came up with was to terminate new part time employees hired by the corporation and give those hours back to the full-time workers. The first solution Macdonald and the Marriott managers came up with was to give the workers their hours back by having them fire the part timers. This was not a reasonable offer.

One of the senseless ironies of all of the talk about teamwork which comes from Marriott management is that there are no group incentives; the employees are rewarded individually. This January the McConnell employees received an evaluation for the first time in eighteen months; during this period there was also a pay freeze in which none of the lower level employees were given raises. One worker who has worked in for Marriott

at the colleges for more than ten years received a raise of less than ten cents per hour after this period.

The reason the Marriott management gives for the lack of raises shifts. First, the story was that the workers were not given raises because of poor performance, but when I interviewed members of the management a few weeks ago, they said that the corporation could not afford to give them and that the only reason some employees received meager raises this year was that they were taken directly from the profits of the middle level managers.

But what is the responsibility of Pitzer College to ensure that the Marriott employees are treated fairly and are not subject to fluctuation of hours? Despite the report in a recent issue of *The Collage* that the five colleges are seeking bids from new food service contractors, Marriott is currently in year two of a five year contract with Pitzer College. And also despite the report in *The Collage*, Pitzer does not have a unique contract which allows the college to negotiate the treatment of the workers.

So the workers "got their hours back" but the situation still seems bittersweet. The most important aspect of this story, the workers own initiatives to get their hours back, seemed slighted by the makeup of who eventually triumphed at the negotiating table. It was exasperating to me to realize that by virtue of the fact that I am a revenue generator for the college, I have power to insist upon changes the workers themselves cannot make demands for. Although what is vital here is that the employees of Marriott who are contracted by Pitzer College are afforded a basic level of respect and consistent pay, I couldn't help feeling like this whole situation amounts to so much more.

Along with a sense of wonder that this seven month process did end in a sort of "victory" was a sense of loneliness, that the college community has settled for being something far less than it could be. It was made clear throughout this process that the only reason the administration gives a shit is when students get pissed off, and that the burden of following through on the treatment of the Marriott workers was the responsibility of this small group. When I told one administrator that I was working on a story about Marriott this person implied that this has become a moot issue since the college was considering taking bids from other contractors, as if the current exploitation was irrelevant. But this isn't about pointing fingers, only about asking why the language of social responsibility has failed us so immeasurably. One of the workers told me that none of the Marriott employees are aware of Pitzer's "distinct educational objec-

tives." Why not?

As I was walking away from the meeting in which Macdonald told the workers officially that they would be getting their hours back and as I watched the camaraderie between them, as I watched one of the workers hug Ian in thanks, as I heard the stories of people not having Christmas trees this year and selling their cars because of the hour cuts, I saw that there are communities within the Pitzer community at large much richer and much more resilient than the official one.

Pitzer College exists within history and the distance and disconnectedness of the college community is to be expected in an environment in which hiring multinational corporations is more cost-efficient. I have no doubts that the college is a business and that in most cases business concerns will take first priority. And as far as business concerns go, Marriott has of trying to please a very divergent group of students angry that their \$1200 a semester doesn't buy them better food.

Thus this situation is extremely complicated, and solutions may somewhat elusive. But complications don't count for much when people can't pay their bills, and one of the responsibilities of dealing with difficult situations is making decisions about where to put our energies. Pitzer College, home of social responsibility, so confident of the rhetorical promises of that phrase, must implement policies that will protect all workers on our campus. The Marriott Corporation has problems of their own, but have shown that they are willing to work with Pitzer on this issue, and it seems that Ian Macdonald is being honest in his efforts. But finally the responsibility may lie with students; we are consumers within consumers with allows for the leverage to institute change. But the faculty, staff, and administration must be behind this too, because the student population is fleeting.

"But what can we do?" might be a question cropping up at this point. I think this obviously needs to be discussed formally, but one thing we can do is establish a liaison between the workers, Marriott, and the administration to keep everyone updated on the pay and treatment of workers in McConnell. Finally, the workers need to be involved in every aspect of these negotiations, regardless of who has the leverage power.

Mostly, it didn't feel like victory because for being so good at bureaucracy, we have yet to install a college structure by which we evaluate the treatment of our lower level employees and ensure that it meets certain standards.



Standing Tall, SEANDING at all

I'm sure Pete Wilson had a few words with the LA Times photographer before posing with King Hussein in front of the Museum of Tolerance. The bright full-colored photo shows a sullen, almost gallant Wilson standing with the Middle East Monarch in front of an encased display of Nazi mementos, and a sign that reads "Mein Kampf." Even with the appropriate facial expressions, such a photo requires quite a supporting caption. Take away the "Queen Noor, left and King Hussein tour the Museum of Tolerance with Gov. Pete Wilson and his wife, Gayle," and all you have is bunch of powerful white men standing in front of an encased display of Nazi mementos and a sign that reads "Mein Kampf."

If I learned anything in high school Journalism is was that sometimes captions can do photographs an injustice.

Of course, the framed photograph of Adolf Hitler sitting in the glass cabinet doesn't seem to require the caption "Mein Kampf." Certain pictures and images just seem to conjure up the appropriate reactions on their own. A photograph of Adolf Hitler couldn't be accompanied by a caption that referred to "tolerance." Unless of course it was meant to be in the extreme irony, and then it might provide an even more potent statement. I never thought a photograph of Pete Wilson standing in front of a swastika and a photo of Adolf Hitler could accommodate such a caption. Then again, sometimes the extreme irony provides an even more potent statement.

Two days had gone by since "Rape Me" had been blasted out the window of Appleby Hall, drowning out the peaceful protestors below. Two days had gone by without a word from the CMC administration about their "boy's" behavior.

From the start it was haphazardly planned. We were to concoct a banner, an upside-down American flag with "Beer, Pussy, CMC= Jail" written in black spray paint (After searching my mental Roladex, I remembered the phrase from the t-shirt he had seen at a high school party, "The Key to Life:" it read, "Beer, Pussy, Football." Seemed all too appropriate.), and stand outside Appleby Hall to protest the previous evening's display. I never questioned what I was writing, nor had I evaluated the use of such a potent cultural image, like the American flag. None of us had. We knew what we wanted to do, and that was to get a reaction. We never wanted to generate thought. We wanted revenge.

Now I had never seen a "keg toss" before, but that evening, as we stood assailable to the patriotic world, with a desecrated inverted American flag and death in our face, I was given a proper introduction to the finer etiquette of the century-old tradition. It is really quite interesting. Much to my dismay, the keg-toss is not the most "visually appealing" of the other drinking games, but rather is an acquired display of form and style, as the two anebriated gentlemen were more than willing to demonstrate. The empty metal sphere is lifted high above the head of the thrower as it is projected, only a few feet, into the grass before them. Now the most rewarding aspect of the "keg toss" is the loud thump it makes as it falls back to earth. Not an overtly "loud" thump, per se; but a very masculine one none the less, comparable to a 16 oz. can (the tall ones, not the regular ones) of Coors being smashed against the head of a 350 lb. future leader of corporate America.



An impressive and frightening sound nonetheless.

"Beer...Pussy...Me!?" Well at least he wasn't going to blow it off, I mused fatalistically. The five faces behind the flag don't offer him any guidance. He begins to walk away, drunk, waving his beer as he yells at us. 'You'll all be working for me in a year anyway,' he reminds us before ascending to the stairs. Now I have no doubt that at least Aaron and Danny were to leave in physical pain. Shit.

As that keg rolled towards our shivering feet we prepared ourselves for the only certainty we knew; yes, we had actually counted on being the proud recipients of the Pitzer ass-kicking of the evening. We all kind of shared a token display of fear, but were well aware of what we seemed to have begged for. "Beer, Pussy, CMC= Jail" was not the kind of statement that was meant to provoke thought, and if it ever was, the desecrated upside-down American flag made sure that it was not. Sometimes there is a certain degree of liberty in knowing that your actions will get a six foot bare-chested "keg tosser" pissed off, it's easier to plan where your going to run when he starts throwing punches, and what your going to yell when you do.

After our new friend had fully comprehended the significance of just what it was we were doing (reaction time: just a bit more than most), his next few moves were by the

book. A couple "Faggots," a couple "Commies" and up to the room to play his favorite midnight tunc, Nirvana's "Rape Me." "This ass-kicking is taking a bit longer than I had intended." I remember thinking.

And then something odd happened. The misrepresented anti-rape anthem ended with a premature abruption, and our friend descended down the stairs with a confused look on his face. I sensed that perhaps he wasn't on the way to hurt us, but kept my unsupported optimism to myself.

"What's he up to?" Danny asked with a kind of humorous tremble.

"He looks like he has a question." I said as I begin to second-guess my own judgement. "I don't want to answer his fucking questions."

And now the commotion becomes a bit more clear. 'What is that!?' a new voice shouts at us. Two men seem to appear out of nowhere—from the walkway—from elsewhere. They stop in front of us, the outspoken of the two repeats his question. He reads it and wants to know what we are doing. Assuring us that he is a Pomona student and that he's only on his way home, not a target of our 'protest.' 'Why did you have to use the flag?' he asks incredulously. 'You have a good message but why did you have to deface the flag?' I begin to notice that a small crowd had begun to gather behind him as recited indignations from the canon of American patriotism. Cries of American defamation fly at us.

... "If the laws of this flag do not protect me how can you expect me to value the symbol which represents that?" Kristine dares to ask the question that sets the premise for the rest of the evening. I ask Danny to hold my end and step out from behind the flag. I wish I could say that I did it to open up the possibility for a more rational conversation, but I really wanted to yell in his face. Whatever the motivation, it was the best decision I made the entire night.

About a half an hour later, about 15 students have shown an interest in a subject that two nights earlier they were willing to ignore, and let "Rape Me" speak for. The wimin in the group seemed a bit more willing to discuss the myriad of topics at hand, "rape, God, country, guts, guns, glory, etc., etc." Except this time, the temperament wasn't what it was supposed to be. There was a subtle calmness that loomed over the violent exchange of ideas; violent in the most frightening sense, people were hearing each other. I fended off the ones who I felt were trying to hear me; because I wasn't willing to hear them.

On that Saturday night I was not prepared to acknowledge their rationality, their calmness, their desire to hear us. I heard one of the men say something about their girlfriend being raped, about how much he loved her, about his anger and contempt. Secretly, I knew how

By Aaron Balkan with italicized entries by Janet Austin

close to consciousness he really was, so I held the flag even higher, just to get a rouse out of him. He quickly reverted back to his "predictable" behavior, yelling and threatening me with physical violence.

Confused and adrenalized, I clutched the flag as if it was my own, as if I was the patriotic son, the same patriotic son that pleaded before me. But I wasn't, and I didn't want to give up the only identity I knew that evening, the Resistance. As I looked around I became even further alienated. Our cohesive group seemed to have split off into different discussion groups, but I could barely hear the seemingly calm debate outside of the raised voice of the gentleman who yelled before me. "What was happening to our group?" I thought. "We were a team, and now our team wants to negotiate, do discuss?" I couldn't imagine such a thing, and it was happening. "We" were talking to "them." Total absurdity, I had no choice but to resist.

I ended up talking to a few different groups, I noticed that all the men were making their rounds to each of us. I felt as if we were the guests of honor at some reception. The crowd had grown and the discussion ensuing was more civil than the previous one, the one we intended. The animosity for the sign, however, had not subsided. Aaron was unwaveringly fielding hostile attacks on his beliefs and throwing out his own at those before him. The four of us kind of stood there for a while as the attention became fixated upon Aaron and the 'innocent' Pomona student. I glanced behind about thirty feet and saw a few men staring at us and conferring with each other. A few moments later, one of their representatives came and grabbed the flag out of Aaron and Danny's hands; they were the only ones left holding the flag. They were the only ones left clutching the flag with the same viament they had two hours before.

And then all the progress of an evening began to come full circle. All because of two gentlemen who had not a clue of what was just happening. And then we left, knowing how difficult it was to put down the flag and acknowledge, and how easy it was to wage a battle. We had done it all, and were left empty by it all.

And with one last outrage nobody really felt like discussing anymore. As a new group of passerbys asked in the kind of naive tone that can be bottled, "What's the flag all about?" we knew that the discussion was something rare, but nothing that we were willing to recognize. We left with little commotion, but little acknowledgment of what had just happened. I wanted to thank them for

not beating us up, for trying to hear our pleas, for listening to us when we were not willing to listen to them. But of course, I didn't.

We ended up walking home that night, not running, and not screaming "fuck you" as we headed back to the same haven that only three hours early, was the only haven we personally knew of. Pitzer's gray building seemed to illuminate a further confusing gray under the bright lights, and I wondered just what made this place so different. Was it really different? The thing was, I kind of knew, but didn't want to. The bland gray light got in my eyes, and drained me.

Now I knew that I couldn't even get a punch thrown at me by the same people I hated so much. That hated me so much? The thing was, I hated them even more; they made me re-evaluate my favorite stereotypes.

At 9:30 A.M it's coffee not country; I'm rarely in the mood to answer questions that lay outside the realm of "Cream or sugar?" Unfortunately, this morning did not permit such apathy. "What does it mean to wake up in a country where it's very ideology is directly inconsistent with the your own?"

I kind of just shrugged my shoulders and looked down at the morning's newspaper. Pete Wilson at the Museum of Tolerance. I started to read the article that beat out Jesse Jackson's speech in Compton for the front

page. "...King Hussein came to two large doors. One read 'Prejudiced,' the other 'Unprejudiced.' The King pushed at the door marked 'Unprejudiced,' but was quickly motioned towards the other door by an embarrassed tour guide, 'that door is always locked, Sir.' I threw the paper down and looked out the window. The BMWs in Pitzer's parking lot looked the same as the BMWs in CMC's.

"I don't know."

What I knew only frustrated me. A few weeks before I thought that an inter-generational war might be inevitable. Now I knew that I couldn't even get a punch thrown at me by the people I hated so much. That hated me so much? The thing was, now I hated them even more; they made me reevaluate my favorite stereotypes. They made me look them in the eye and actually envision joining them.

I stared back down at the newspaper; Pete Wilson; and thought about answering my friend's question. Instead, I handed her the newspaper, smiled, and took a long sip of coffee. She knew the answer.

To change the ideology of a country. Only a few nights before I had waged war on my peers, to change an ideology that they had no control over, that had control over them. They begged for assistance, they wanted to see what we saw. They didn't know what I knew, and I was unwilling to give it to them.

And what I knew I had either forgotten; or just wanted to forget. That we were all fucked up together. That we were endowed by our creator with certain unalienable rights. That among these were to believe that race, gender, class, sexual orientation, whether or not you listened to Pearl Jam or Klattcore was important, because we were all going to be fucked over as long as we followed in our parents steps.

Maybe some of us were going to be more fucked up than others. Maybe some of us could dodge the latest cuts in financial aid, or affirmative action; but did it really matter? What about that seat next to you in class where your best friend used to sit, that was now occupied by a white student that could pay? And what about when his friend's seat is occupied by a white student that can pay? The process doesn't help anyone, it just appears to, as it digs itself deeper and deeper into our consciousness, until we start to fuck each other over. I wonder who's idea was that?

Why is it that the conscious side must claim responsibility? We have the information, we have the ability to transcend, but we're not willing to share it. Instead, we choose to further the division, and further buy into what we were supposed to be intelligent enough to reject. Why must this be the case for our generation? Are we really content blasting "Rape Me" out of our windows? Are we really content shooting each other in the back? It makes Jack Stark happy, but what does it do for us? A commentary on any progressive movement, I guess. Too often people are so busy screaming at others, that they don't stop and realize that maybe those "others" are listening. Or they don't realize how much they want to listen.

This issue is playing itself out, right now, on college campuses across the country. Conservatives call it PCism, and the rest of us just call it

common sensitivity. And it is. Most of our generation who criticize PC are either buying into the "ism" aspect of it (Conservatives believe it to be counter-revolution) and they refuse to claim responsibility for the effects their words and actions have on others. The rest are legitimately prejudiced and are pissed they can no longer veil their racism or homophobia. Either way, we don't know how to deal with it, so we do it the only way that we know how, to maintain it. We attack the frat fucks who "just don't understand why anyone would object to putting O.J. on a jello flyer; because after all it wasn't a naked chick, dude." This Evil Empire isn't 90 miles away, just across the street. Maybe if we weren't so busy attacking them, we could turn them.

Try and comprehend the significance of being able to "turn them." Like Luke Skywalker to the Dark Side, we've got something the Emperor never had. Because the Rebellion knew they were right, and they were equal opportunity employers. We know we're right as well, even though that bigger Death Star looks pretty intimidating, and that wookiee slave trade looks pretty damn profitable. During such times, it is important to remember that it was a racially diverse Millenium Falcon that destroyed the Death

Star, and one of their guys who threw the Emperor into that big lightning pit thing.

Sometimes it takes an irony like Pete Wilson in front of the Museum of Tolerance to bring out the best in us, to bring out the worst in us. I wonder if Pete Wilson ever thought that "another" photo-op could represent so much, while meaning so little. We all maintain the ability to see it; it's just that Pete Wilson standing in front of the Museum of Tolerance is powerful enough to keep us fighting. What it really should be doing is representing the absurd, representing just what kind of messages people can convey when the opposition is too busy fighting it out over "Rape Me." Pete Wilson knows that, and so do the rest of them, because it's worked every damn time. Let's make sure they know that it won't work on us.

Maybe some of us were going to be more fucked up than others. Maybe some of us could dodge the latest cuts in financial aid, or affirmative action; but did it really matter?

TAKING BACK THE NIGHT

BY
**SHAULA
COYL**

I was a senior in high school when I sat next to a good friend of mine in sociology and held her hand while she told the class that she had been raped in her freshman year. She had to repeat it twice because the teacher — a man with at least two degrees in psychology — turned away twice and asked her to repeat herself. She couldn't say it a third time, so she asked me to say it for her.

After the class, I told the teacher in no uncertain terms what I thought of his behavior. I told him I thought he was an insensitive bastard and that I could not believe that anybody could be so cruel to another person. I somehow thought he would understand what I was saying, but there was a blankness in his face I had never been brave enough to suspect another human could have in such a situation.

Comparing two incidents, I realize that with this attitude he aligned himself with the people at Claremont McKenna who played Nirvana's "Rape Me" and simulated a rape when the Take Back the Night march reached their campus the night of March 1. I see now that perhaps it was better that he did not pretend to understand. Feigned knowledge might have been more cruel than his lack of understand-

ing. A college education in psychology did not remove his penis and give him breasts and a capacity for fear and rage that few men seem to know. It did not — could not — make him a woman.

There are many arguments to the contrary, but it seems to me that many discussions with men about rape turn to the basic inability to understand fears that are natural to so many women. So few of these men, sympathetic though they may be, can understand apprehension to walk alone at night, the need to look over a shoulder at the sound of footsteps, the fear of facing a person intent on violation and not being able to cry for help. It was these fears and the reality they represent that the people at Claremont McKenna mocked when they made a joke out of the Take Back the Night march.

Not only were these actions a mockery of the fear, they also ignored that fact that Take Back the Night is not a matter of marching for the sake of a nameless, faceless cause. Many of the people out there were marching for *somebody*. Some were marching for friends or relatives or even themselves. That intention was violated by the negative actions at Claremont McKenna and the indifference of the other colleges — the only noticeable reactions from any of the five colleges were the silhouette of a woman waving from an upstairs window at Scripps and a couple of men waving from a balcony at Claremont McKenna.

Questions still remain concerning

(continued on page 30)



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THE OTHER SIDE

Those Crazy Chicanos

Have you ever thought to yourself, "Gosh, those crazy Chicanos, with their shaved heads, tattoos, baggy clothing and other elements of high gang fashion, they really kind of frighten me!" Well, apparently some people have, because not too long ago a couple of Chicano students at Pitzer College (remember, the one with that commitment to diversity or something) got hauled into an administrator's office and were told their style of dress was found threatening by the other students. When the students, Curtis Ruiz and Mike Moya, said they were offended by the way they were being demonized, the administrators told them to "be sensitive" to the fears of their classmates.

What follows are excerpts from a letter Moya wrote to the administration. But we at The Other Side didn't feel that was enough. So as a courtesy to our readers, our annual TOS Spring Fashion Section is dedicated to complete Chicano makeovers. Now, you too can make any Chicano less threatening, just by following a few simple steps! They might feel a bit uncomfortable at first, but they'll get used to it. And who knows—Campus Security might not even notice their skin color!

—Justin Rood

This letter is in response to many things. What got me started writing was a meeting where I was told I need to be sensitive to the insecurities and fears that me and my good friend cause other people here at the Claremont Colleges by the way we look and dress. This was said with no regard or care for the way I felt before and after my response. This letter is a feeling in my heart written down on paper so it is not formal. I wrote it in my own words and I am being completely honest. If some of my words seem extreme it is because my feelings are extreme.

Make no mistake—the quote at the end represents a social statement and not a personal one. I am not suicidal.

This letter was given to the Hall Director, all the Deans, and the President of Pitzer College.

Mike Moya

To Whom it May Concern:

When I sit down many years from now with my young son and daughter, college diploma in hand, and tell them about my years in college, I will have to smile and tell my stories with pain in my heart. A deep pain that comes from knowing that I could not be completely honest with them. I would love their innocent souls too much to scar them with the dark side of my college experience. Unfortunately, they will have to learn those lessons on their own.

I won't be able to tell them about how I was stopped four times during my first two weeks of college by campus security because I dressed in the tradition of my urban Chicano culture, although I chose not to press the issue because I did not want to cause any waves my first year in college. I won't be able to tell them about how me and my friends were harassed and persecuted in so many blatant and subtle, but just as painful, ways which led me very quickly to the conclusion that I was not wanted here because I was not a clone of the Claremont Colleges student. . . .

The worst part about all this is that I am only a sophomore. I look forward to two more fun years of this bullshit. My college experience thus far has caused me to have a very pessimistic and almost hopeless outlook on my future. I will write another letter my senior year and tell you if this has changed for the better or for the worse.

. . . My image in this college is that of a demon—a menace or danger to those around me. This is how I have been made to feel. This is how all my friends

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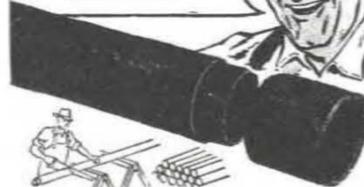
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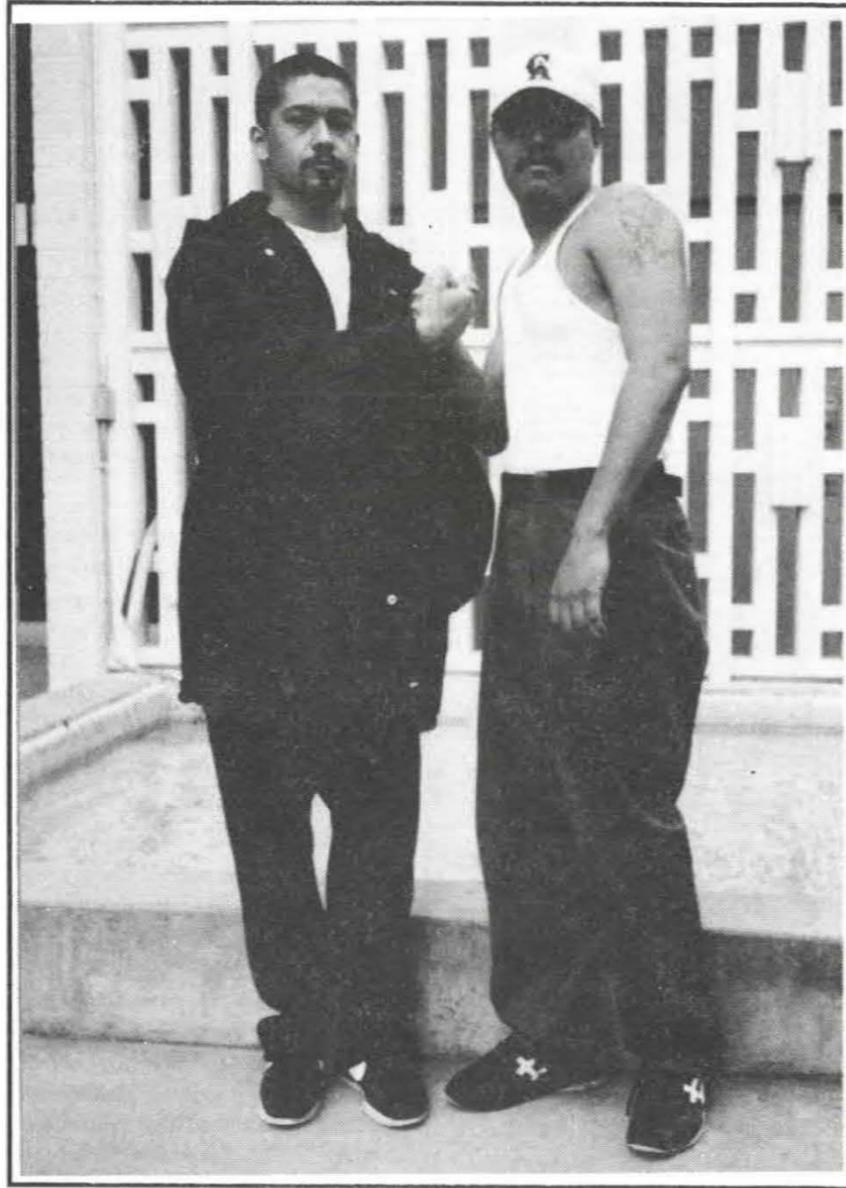
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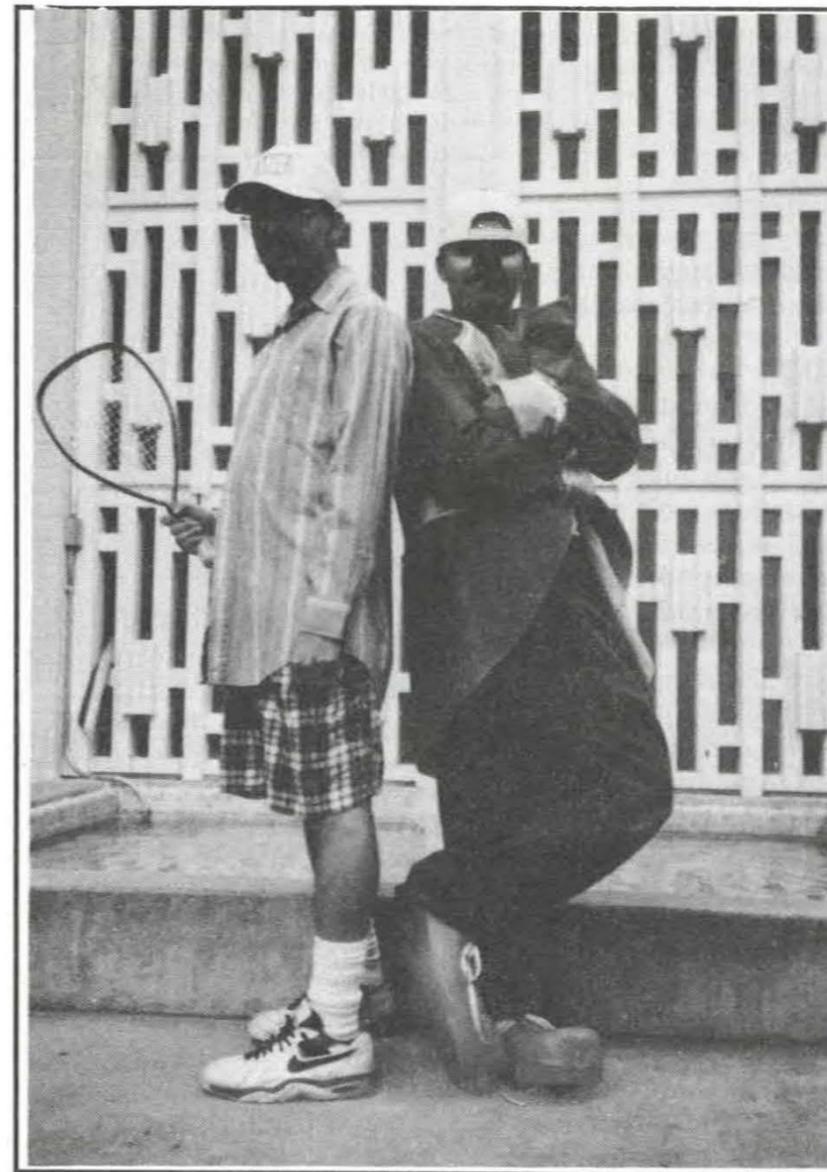
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have been made to feel by people who pre-judge us on the basis of stereotype and our outward appearance. No one has ever tried to get to know us, but we are told we should go talk to people so they might not feel so uncomfortable or fearful around us when we walk near them.

Once I was walking to my car in one of the Pitzer parking lots. Up ahead of me was a woman who, as soon as she saw it was me walking behind her, started running to her car and grabbing her keys to frantically open her car door. When I revealed this incident in my meeting, I was told to be sensitive to how people feel. And believe me, I am. I do not like to cause other people fear and it makes me feel bad for people when such things occur. But no one has ever given a shit how I feel about such incidents during the meeting or any other time. I do not feel like I am a menace to people because I am not. These feelings haunt me whenever I walk around the campus or in the community.

... My college experience has not been all bad. In my short time here I have grown immeasurably as a person. However, I now understand better



what a good friend once told me while giving me a tour of the campus during my freshman year orientation. When asked what he thought of his college experience after one year he said, "It is an experience that I wouldn't trade for anything in the world. . . But I would never do it again."

I just wish that someone would have the courage to tell me the truth to my face—that I am not wanted here at the Claremont Colleges (Pitzer College in particular). Then I would leave peacefully and happily. Don't get me wrong, I have no intentions of leaving Pitzer College. I just hope that my children won't have to endure what I have in college. But if so, like I said before, they will have to learn these lessons on their own.

Sincerely,

Henry Michael Moya III



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In Perspective: The Life and Death of Eric Wright



by Ramzi Abed

The art and music world have always been synonymous with excess, debauchery, and moral irresponsibility, but nevertheless when AIDS enters the situation, no one analyzes the dangers of this light-speed lifestyle. This is where our hero comes into the picture...Eazy E (may he rest in peace).

At the ripe, young age of 31, Eric Wright checked into an LA hospital to see what was wrong with his breathing. He had communicated to the doctors that he was suffering from severe chest pains and shortness of breath. Probably thinking that he was going to get some sort of treatment or prescribed medication to combat a lung infection or bronchitis, Eric was in for the shock of his life (no pun intended). Immediately, he announced an "emergency" press conference to inform the media and the public about his misfortunes. No one could believe the truth...

With so much potential success ahead of him, Eric Wright found himself not only HIV+, but a victim of the full-blown AIDS virus. Ruthless Records (Eazy's label, one that he owns and operates) is momentarily frozen. Mr. Wright's family and many friends have lost a very near, and dear brother. Of course, hip-hop and hardcore g-funk fans'll miss one of the men who, along with Kool G. Rap, Schooly D, and Too Short (East and West coasts respectively), started putting the dirtier, angrier reality-based rap in everybody's ears. Eazy founded and performed with one of the most legendary groups of all time, N.W.A. He will be sorely missed...

The unfortunate problem with the whole untimely passing of Eric Wright, an undeniably skilled and gifted brother, is that no one is thinking or dealing in the slightest with the most frightening issue of them all...the AIDS virus. Eazy in many ways got what was "coming to him." He, himself, admits in his personal diary (of which portions were released during the last press conference) that he lived a hedonistic lifestyle of excess. He lived and loved it up too much. Admitting that along with the fat sacks of chronic bud, large bankroll, and insane everyday partying, Eric also had "gotten together" with countless women. This is where the dilemma surfaces. Eric did not practice enough safe sexual conduct. This is suicidal, and ignorant behaviour; and although we still don't know whether he got the disease from sex, a blood transfusion, or whatever, it is safe to assume that unsafe safe sex leads to intensely unsafe results. The scary thing is that Eazy has seven kids, including one with his wife, and that they along with their mothers may have come in contact with the virus. Stranger yet, is that fact that none of these children have come up positive (and neither have their mothers). Even if none of his kids have it, who knows who might be a carrier, maybe his wife or...

Eazy E was a truly bad ass kid. He burst on the hip-hop scene with his squeaky nasal voice and Dickies jeans, and put Compton on the Billboard Music map. Even I, a guy who doesn't particularly love all of NWA's stuff (due to too much disrespect towards Black women, and an excess of music industry-manufactured images of "dumb bucks and coons" in costume to sell the right images to white folks...but that's another story, huh?), has to admit that Eazy's flows on *The Boyz in the Hood*, "Fuck Tha Police," "Approach To Danger," and with *Above The Law* are the serious shit. I just hope that this whole thing will teach a more important lesson about AIDS and death to everyone one of us who has sex, regardless of their color, creed, nationality, religion, sexual orientation, or financial background. You're all game, and we all die.

f I value the time that I spend by myself. I use this time to think critically about myself and the world around me. Without a few private moments during the course of a day, I fear that I will lost my perspective on what is important and what I want to achieve.

r On the third day of our trip to La Paz, as I walked toward my work site, I realized that I was alone. Rather than turn around and search for the others who had worked with me during the morning, I continued down the muddy road toward the hills and the trees. My job was to cut mistletoe that clung from the branches and transport it to a dump near the train tracks. The tracked marked one border of the 200 acre compound. Although this task seemed trivial and insignificant in the grand scale of what the United Farm Workers (UFW) are trying to accomplish, I took my job seriously and worked hard. Methodically, I cut down the green mistletoe, carried it up the hill to a brown pickup truck, and slowly drove the quarter of a mile to the pile of dead wood. After a few trips, I had developed a routine.

w As I stood at the base of a tree, sawing at the branches twenty feet above my head, my actions took on a greater significance than the figurative simplicity of my job. I was not a solitary man sawing at the branches of a tree. I was a solitary man dismantling a system or an ideology that was much larger than myself. I was taking apart the systemic framework that justified the oppression of farm workers and exploitation, humiliation, and degradation that they face as members of an oppressed group. So I worked harder, violently thrashing at the limbs that held the system together. But the branches were thick, and the saw was weak and flimsy, and it seemed to take forever before the mistletoe finally fell. I smiled when it hit the ground.

r I set the saw against the tree and bent down to pick up the fallen wood. As I began the slow march up the hill, I gazed around me and saw the tremendous amount of trees left to cut, and the mistletoe that clung from their branches. Each tree was a system, and each piece of mistletoe was an obstacle that made the system ugly and corrupt. It prevented that

system from growing and responding to the needs of a larger group of people. Instead, the system oppressed these people and denied them an opportunity and a voice. The trees seemed to continue as far as I could see, and again I realized that I was alone. Clearly, it would be nearly impossible for me to complete the job my myself. I only had a few hours and would be lucky if I made a noticeable impact on the amount of work that had to be done. Rather than give up, I became even more determined than before. I sawed vigorously, sweating through my t-shirt. THE fallen branches cut as I loaded them onto the truck, but I continued.

Each tree came to represent a struggle, a struggle that I was a part of and could not afford to lose. But as I worked, I came to another realization. All the trees together were a part of something much larger. When I freed one tree from the mistletoe, it had no effect on any of the other trees. The struggles were separate, and the larger system benefited from this separation because it was not affected by any of the smaller victories.

I faced a dilemma. If I stopped working, no one would notice. My individual contributions were so small that my efforts seemed to be a waste of time. But I enjoyed the work. I felt good when my efforts paid off and a branch fell to the ground. So I continued to saw, and carry, and haul, but I had to make choices. I had to pick the trees with which I wanted to work, the struggles with which I wanted to involve myself. There were so many, and each one was worthwhile, but I chose a patch of three or four trees and decided that I would make my contribution there. This bothered me, however, because I wanted to make contributions elsewhere and the state of the system wouldn't allow me. I finished the job and looked at what I had done. I was satisfied for a brief moment before I again realized the number of trees on which I hadn't had an effect.

My experience at La Paz was something that I will never forget. During the drive home I felt empty, as if I was leaving something behind, and I still have not figured out what that something is. I feel stronger than before the trip, more committed to the struggle. But this struggle seems larger to me now. Before, I felt like I could make small contributions to the lives of others and be satisfied with myself. I felt like I could pick and chose the individual struggles that were important to me and focus all my energy on helping smaller groups of people. But the experience at La Paz challenged the way that I think about struggle. Now, I want to be a part of something larger. I don't want to have to pick

(continued on p. 30)

at La Paz

by Colin Thomas-Jensen.

wonderful learning day. The storm had passed leaving nothing but rolling green hills, corduroy blue skies, and goosefeather clouds. Of course things were too perfect; why didn't we realize this before we left?

Our first stop was the first UFW-built retirement home for migrant workers. Agbayani Village retirement home is located in Delano upon 40 acres of land. The building is beautifully constructed with equally beautiful tenants. We were privileged enough to get to talk with one of the original tenants and strikers for the retirement home, Fred. He tried to share with us what it was like to work under an employer that didn't care about you. He tried to tell us what it felt like to be prohibited from marrying because of miscegenation laws; many Filipinos were not allowed to marry. And he tried to show us what it felt like to stand up against the employers and fight for your rights. He told us he confronted and told his employers, "We are the ones that have made you rich, we pick your fruit, we let our children pick your fruit, and we don't even get to taste it. We at least deserve a place to go once we retire. You owe us that much!" After a long battle of striking and protesting the retirement home was built.

Fred turned out to be a friend of Pete's. Before we left, he asked us to return the message we had brought from Pete, a sturdy, "Hello." He was 83+ and had a little less spunk than Pete. His voice added a unique dimension to the UFW, and seeing him in the retirement home that he worked so hard to get was a powerful message that affirmed the UFW's influence and the will of the migrant workers.

Walking between the retirement home and Filipino Hall—the building where all of the organizing meetings with Cesar went on and still do—the group had time to reflect on where they were. The huge puddles in the muddy sand metallicly reflected the sky. A story from childhood arose of watching clouds all day, hoping they would grow up to be large rain clouds. This diverse group walked together, looking at each other on the soil of a great many important people.

When we entered the meeting building, we did not see it or hear it, but a flood of ideas poured over us

slowly, lit by painted patterned windows. This was where some of the first meetings began. This was where Cesar met and organized. This was where they met and people still meet. Fundraisers and parties are an essential part of the UFW. This building is one of the sites for several of the events. In fact, balloons and cans were still scattered from a party held the night before. One of thousands.

A mural painted on canvas hung against the entrance wall—a mural of memories and history. Robert Kennedy, who supported an early march for the UFW, was painted. The black eagle and red flag were painted several places on the twenty-foot banner. Faces and protesters. Picket signs and fists. Cesar leading and following. This was truly an amazing place.

As we made our way from Delano to Woodlake the radiator slowly relieved itself, telling none except the temperature needle. But even the needle kept things a secret until after we visited the radio station.

You might come to the conclusion that having a radio station on the outskirts of nowhere wouldn't be a wise investment. But if your audience works and lives there, and the ratings say you're the "numero-uno" radio station—holding a 60% listenership—you might change your mind.

Radio Campesina was a wise investment for the UFW. Radio is an excellent way to spread information and organize, and this is exactly what the UFW did. They used the radio to inform the migrant workers of their rights and strikes in a place where the employer couldn't touch them; in their home. Through radio the UFW strengthened its voice.

This radio station is special, just like La Paz. The people are giving

and very willing to share. They told us that they offer internships and provide hands-on training, a way for some migrant workers to get out of the fields and into other opportunities. The freeflowing atmosphere of the radio station allowed our group to get on the air, live. The DJ introduced us with the speedy Spanish version of that MicroMachine guy who talks as fast as (fill in your own cliché metaphor). Those that were interviewed talked in Spanish about our experience so far, visiting and learning about the UFW. It was quick and exciting.

When we were 10 miles away from the radio station the temperature needle started screaming like a diaper rash. So began the game of the 10-mile jaunt that lengthened an already long drive with pleasant pit stops. Each stop provided time to realize how rich life really is...or isn't depending on your mood. Actually I looked forward to the water breaks. It gave everyone in our van a chance to calm their fast beating heart from the terrors of our van driver.

One incident I can't help but repeat was a time in between the 47th and 48th road break. The sun had just set over the orange trees and the sky was a dark velour. Everyone's

headlights were on. Our van driver wanted to pass a slow vehicle. (The definition of slow varies from person to person, especially in our van driver's case.) We could tell by the 'swerve and peek' move she made every couple of seconds that she wanted to pass badly. Finally she felt it was clear and pulled into the oncoming traffic. There she stayed for what seemed like an enormously long time. The fact that two headlights were staring us down raked the tension level up a few notches. One innocent, back seat voice peeped, "That's a car." Another more husky

Finally in chorus, A flat, three octaves above middle C, a note Mozart would have died five years early for just to be able to include it in his Requiem: the entire van joined in "That's a CARRRRRRRRRR!!!"

voice released, "That's a car!" In a loud, well projected and intense voice I offered the comment, "Those aren't two motorcycles, and they're not going to go around you!" Finally in chorus, A flat, three octaves above middle C, a note Mozart would have died five years early for just to be able to include it in his Requiem: the entire van joined in "That's a CARRRRRRRRRR!!!" She pulled back in behind the "slow" car, we gathered our hearts off the floor and proceeded slowly towards the International House of Pancakes.

THE OTHER SIDE

The next day was similar to the second, more volunteering and working hard. The test of our dedication came during this day when we had to persist with our manual labor, but I think for all of us things came easier. Pete was planting roses again, mistletoe was still being cut from the trees, data was being entered, membership lists were being tabulated, and files were still being copied. Everyone seemed to be enjoying it. Could it be that working hard for a just cause could be the equivalent of (or maybe even surpass) doing nothing in front of the TV?

The day waned into an evening of performance and reflection; for us and the residents of La Paz. All of us tried to communicate in small groups what happened here this Spring break through theater and poetry. The

performances were wonderful, and the thoughts and emotions were further expressed through a group circle that was formed late in the night. People confirmed the unconditional love that is in La Paz, that comes from the heart of Cesar and his followers, and that leaks out through people like us.

Our stay ended with a morning vigil for Cesar at his grave. Pete spoke to us and reminded us that here was our home if ever we needed one. Here was our family, and here was love for everyone and more. We listened to Cesar speak beyond the grave, paid our respects and left with full hearts.

After I flew home to Washington State things slowed down for me. I fell asleep right away, resting in the bed I'd rested in for so many years. My dreams were wonderful and peaceful. And somehow, amidst all the fuzzy dreams, the train of La Paz still paced through my mind sure and steady. The rhythm in the air reminded me of the movement of Cesar Chavez, of all the people of the UFW, those it fought, and all those it fights for. It reminded me that there will always be a place for me to go to call family, a place where community is a reality and a place where I am needed. And finally it reminded me that the place that I and twentyeight others visited was truly an amazing place.

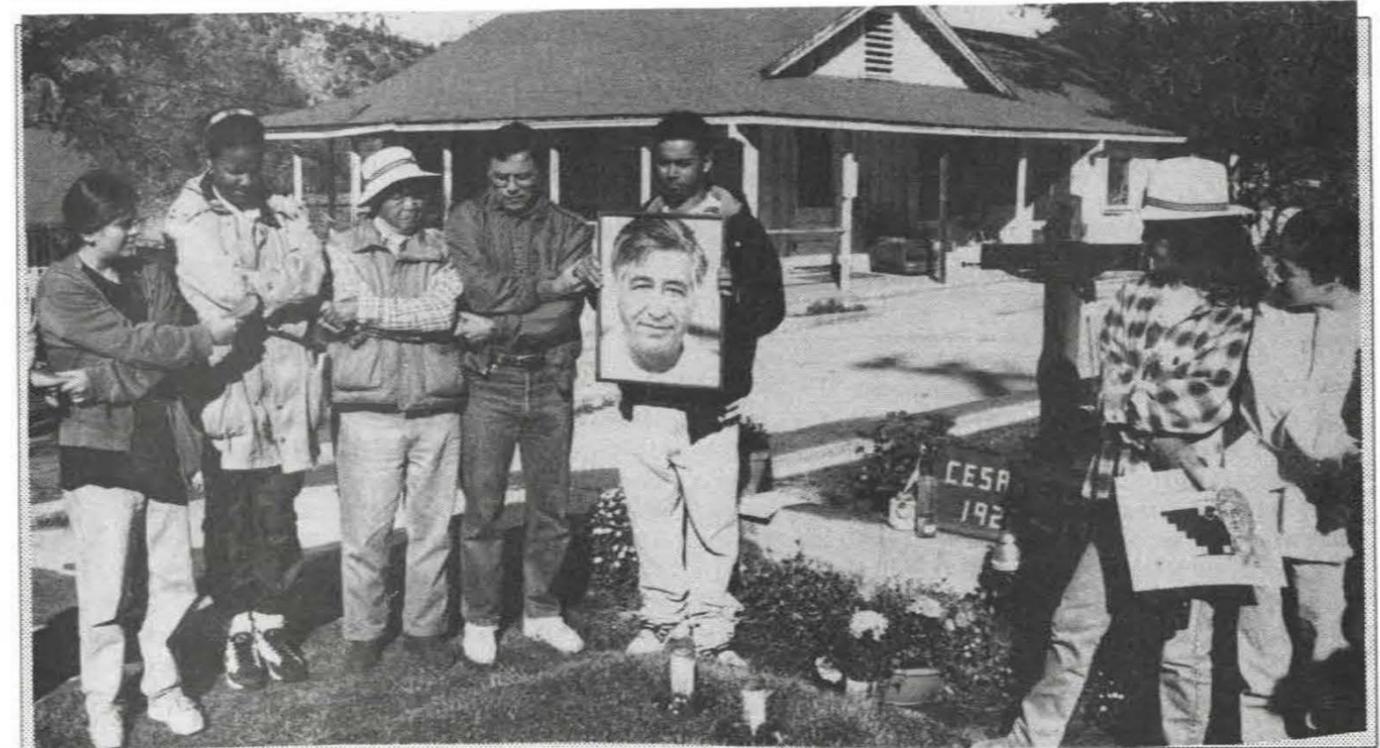


Portrait of a Lady Enjoying Life

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There comes a moment
 When there is the connection
 Between what is academic
 And what is exhilarating experience
 The moment of light
 Between the silence of expression
 And the bursting of critical consciousness

A glimpse of institutionalization
 Without the loss of values
 A foundation of a movement
 Still fighting Goliath

The rain pattering on foreheads
 Turning into a raging river
 Taking everything in its way

The sounds of shovels on concrete
 Of saws on fallen trees
 And branches
 Reaching everywhere

From the grave site
 Of Cesar Chavez
 To the streets of Delano
 To the air waves

To Claremont
 And Connection
 Alongside the tired hands
 But living spirit of Abayani
 With Brother Pete
 And rose cuttings
 Planted like ideas
 To grow, To grow

Alongside Magdaleno, Maria Elena,
 Arturo, Paul, Abe, Rebecca, Socorro,
 Helen, and so many others
 Whose lives
 Became a living piece
 Of what was read
 As history, as legend,
 As a moment in time

Delano — La Paz

Clouds on hilltops
 Blanketed by green
 With blue sky
 Breaking through

An idea of De Colores
 Made a reality
 With circles of song
 And chains of hands,
 Hearts, Minds
 Never to be broken

The wisdom of leaders
 Men and Women
 Of Generations
 From the fields

Shared with young
 Open minds
 Absorbing like the ground
 To raindrops

Little streams
 Can make a sea

A train passing by
 Making the ground shake
 Giving warning
 To those up ahead

The sun hides behind the clouds
 But reappears —

It is always there
 If one seeks to find it

The moment, I mean —
 The connection, I mean —
 When what is academic
 Becomes the lived experience
 Outside the shadows of the classroom
 To that moment of light
 Between the silence of expression
 And the bursting of critical consciousness.

by Jose Calderon
 3/22/95

They slid through rusty pipes and round bins of bubbling liquid until they came out on the other side, wearing business suits...

Less Government More Body Bags

by Kristine Nielsen

"You know, Hitler invented the freeway so that he could transport troops across Germany faster. At least, that's what my Dad told me once."

That was just what I needed to hear. We were driving back from Santa Cruz and had been in the car for about three hours. One thought continually ran through my head...we are definitely in the middle of nowhere. It was 10pm and we still had four more hours ahead of us. All I could do was stare out the window.

I was hypnotized by the sights that the car flew by at 80 mph. We drove through the "Artichoke Capitol of the World" and "Greenfield- Home of the Annual Broccoli Festival." These were the more populated sights we encountered. The hour that separated these two towns included long empty fields scattered with collapsing barns and corroded farm equipment. Ominous factories interrupted this depressing sight with their metal and concrete structures lit up so that their shadows seemed to create a barrier between themselves and the 'real' world. To tell you the truth, I'm not sure if anything can really be 'real' in the middle of no-

where.

We passed a sign for the next exit reading: CORRECTIONAL FACILITY AHEAD. That was it. No street name, just a sign with an arrow. An image of a pulsating metal factory puffing with white clouds of smoke entered my head. I saw men in gray uniforms with their eyes focused on the group marching slowly into this CORRECTIONAL FACTORY. They slid through rusty pipes and round bins of bubbling liquid until they came out on the other side wearing business suits, carrying brief cases, and entering the world as "changed men." Just as this though passed out of my head, the Hitler comment was made. The drive took on this eerie feeling that turned my stomach. We were in a place where no one else obviously wanted to be. We passed the sign for an army base which now consisted of empty barracks blackened with the night.

Everything we passed seemed to be abandoned. Here we were on a two lane highway which Hitler invented. What more could one want? Soon a slow fog crept up onto the highway. Great, now we can't see anything. The giant factories

(continued on p. 30)

When I was in Japan (I find myself saying that a lot lately) I found many facets of the society exciting and interesting. One aspect I found less than pleasing was fairly pervasive xenophobia and the related racism.

During the first two weeks of the program my group toured much of the main island, Honshu. In that time we got stared at, glowered at, and refused from several places of business. People gave us a wide berth on the street, in the subway and even in restaurants. On one evening in particular, we were refused from 8 separate bars and night clubs. On one level we assured ourselves that it was only because there were several of us (anyone might find a large group of foreigners intimidating), and we were all male. Unfortunately, we all had similar experiences individually later on. The experiences of that particular evening prompted one of my colleagues to say that being in Japan helped him to understand what it must have been like to be a Black man in Mississippi in the 1950s. While that may have been an exaggeration, it certainly gave all of us insight into what discrimination feels like.

An anti-foreigner media barrage served to reinforce this racist sentiment. For example, the Japanese have a television show analogous to "Cops" on which all those arrested were

conditions here, it is important to keep in mind. However, it quickly became impossible for me to ignore what has been happening here in the states. Due to several factors the tide of racism is again on the rise. For one, an extended economic downturn has led to scapegoating. This time the aim of this resentment is pointed at the growing American underclass. Those who are the perceived colour of that underclass catch the brunt of the blame. Additionally, ignorance is growing. The desire for intelligence is being constructed as elitism by the conservative element and people are listening, as evidenced by the conservative success in November. The conservatives have chosen to appeal to the least common denominator and to the tendency toward intellectual inertia. The Contract With America exploits that ignorance, and attempts to maintain it. The attack on the National Endowment for the Arts (NEA) exemplifies this. The conservatives construction of public television and radio as liberal and elitist gives the politicians all the justification they need to destroy it. Their excuse is that they are streamlining the budget but, according to art professor Michael Woodcock, the fact is that the Pentagon spends more on brass bands than the entire budget allotted for the NEA.

That same ignorance was exhibited within my study-abroad program group itself. There were several students who I choose early on not to have political conversations with. One was from California and couldn't understand what was wrong with Prop. 187. She felt as if there was nothing wrong with limiting services, after all "those immigrants," as she called them, were taking our tax dollars and thus depriving us of those same services. She argued, they were taking jobs. Somehow, I was surprised to hear an argument like that from an individual who went to a fairly "liberal" college in Oregon. Through media bombardment she had become able to objectify those in question, and thus became unable to grasp that they are people too. The business majors in the group seemed to feel a little differently: they felt that there were enough laws against immigrants, and that "illegal immigrants" were necessary as a cheap labour source for the Southwest and California. It seemed as if they acknowledged the fact that capitalism was built on the back of slave labour, determined it was good, and embraced it. On less intellectual disputes, their ignorance and subtle (sometimes not so subtle) comments began to grate on me. One of the business majors, a gentleman from Virginia who loved black comedy, slow jams and all kinds of rap one day announced that he hated "whiggers," or white niggers. He felt as if those people weren't

mississippi

zach taub

THE NEGRO NATIONAL DEFENSE

foreigners, other Asians in particular. In other shows, disparate parts of the world were shown as primitive or substandard. America was often portrayed as a country of split personality: one being wholly dangerous and a ghetto, the other being the land whose streets are paved with gold and ingenuity. Further, stereotypical foreigners are used as spokespeople in advertisements for selling goods, or for portraying certain images. In fact, several of these stylized images are manipulated by American companies. One example was a Mountain Dew™ ad. In the first frame a cartoon menacing black man is drinking a Mountain Dew™. In the next frame the man is showing a wide white-toothed smile and holding the drink. The caption says: "Mountain Dew™: King of the street drink." Other examples include jiggaboos at dry cleaners, "hip-hop Christmas" at a major department store, and Afrika-themed game centers with fake palm trees and even faker hieroglyphics.

Upon returning to America I was somewhat relieved. At first I felt as if all the pressure was off, that I could let my guard down. After all, Japan is a homogenous society and America is the most integrated and diverse nation in the entire world. Given its great diversity, there has been comparatively little racial tension. While this is no justification for the abhorrent

in the 1950s

true to their race. Another student did almost continuous impressions of what she considered a black person to be, but they seemed to fit more appropriately in "Amos and Andy" than anywhere in the real world. The effects of American racist socialization was clear with these people: they weren't evil, they were just ignorant. I use the term ignorant because people can be ignorant of many things. In this case these people were not only ignorant of the plights of others but ignorant of how to act as if they were not.

Unfortunately much of America thinks and feels similarly to my abroad cohorts, however many have learned to keep their mouths shut unless they know they are in safe company. Their feelings are represented through the rampant support for Rush Limbaugh, the religious right, and Conservatism in general. What most people like about Limbaugh is that he "tells it like it is," and "isn't afraid to pull punches." Limbaugh is afraid to tackle real issues or offer concrete solutions. Instead, he pontificates over non-issues and again reaches the least common denominator with crass humor. Much of what the conservatives are currently doing is setting up a smoke screen so we cannot see the real changes they are attempting to make. For example, the attacks on affirmative action. I doubt that any are saying that affirmative action is the perfect answer to discrimination, but at least it is an answer. Those who seek to destroy it say that it does nothing but build further resentment. Instead of addressing the problem in a pro-active manner their only alternative is that we do away with it all together. This is typical of a conservative reaction. In reality, it would seem as if the conservatives are aware of voter sentiment, and have made no bones about toughening the plight of people of colour in America. Another example is the predatory attack by the conservatives and the media on the NAACP. In a period when the organization was weak financially and member support was down, Dr. Benjamin Chavis was personally attacked and held accountable for the condition of the organization. The man had revolutionary ideas and was beginning to accomplish things when he had the rug pulled out from under him. That great Black conservative Clarence Thomas talked about a media lynching during his confirmation hearings, but he still wound up with a seat on the U.S. Supreme

(continued on page 30)

ISLANDER

Pogo was lazily watching the red sunset from his palm tree. He was as content as was humanly possible. His belly was full, his family's bellies were full, his boat was in perfect condition and the day's chores were done. The sun was slowly sinking beneath the waves, painting the sky red. The clouds were dark gray but their bottoms were pink, reflecting the setting sun. Pogo closed his eyes and yawned, life couldn't be better than the way it was.

All of a sudden there was a strange bubbling sound. Pogo opened his eyes and stared at the water. What was once a calm pink sea was now rippling violently. To the islander's amazement, a large shiny object rose out of the water. It was long and bright. The red sunset painted this new object pink too. The object was like a lengthy tube with only a single tower protruding halfway through the strange object. To Pogo, the weird visitor looked strangely like some form of boat. It had but a single sail which Pogo thought was of inefficient design.

A door materialized on the object's side and opened. Men came to the door and surveyed Pogo's beach. One of them must have seen the islander because he waved happily in Pogo's direction. The islander thought that it was some strange form of greeting. He wondered why

these people didn't slap their chests in greeting like all the civilized people did. One of the men from the shiny object produced an orange package from his clothes and threw it to the water. Pogo's eyes widened as he witnessed the orange package bloat up like a puffer fish and became a hundred times larger. The men stepped onto the orange puffer package. Pogo deduced that it was a boat that could be folded up and placed in one's pocket. The orange boat suddenly moved forward through the calm water without rowing or sail power. After only a few minutes, the orange boat touched on the beach and three men got out. Pogo noticed that they were pale and that their hair was yellow. Either they were from a very far island or they were carrying some strange disease which not only made your skin pale but also made your hair yellow.

One of the men from the shiny object had a large hat. He seemed like the leader since the other two were more humble looking. Pogo stood up and walked up to the men from the shiny object. The men were talking in some primitive form of language that Pogo had never heard before. The other islands had similar dialects but this language was way beyond comprehension. One of the men produced a black package and handed it to the man with the large hat. The man with the large hat gave the package to Pogo and made signs to put it in his ear. Pogo placed the black package near his ear and suddenly he could understand what the men from the shiny object were saying. The man with the large hat instructed him on how to wear the black package correctly. The package grabbed firmly on to his shoulder, much like his parrot would back at his hut.

The man with the large hat introduced himself as the captain of the shiny object. The shiny object was called a submarine. The captain further explained that the submarine could go underwater and dive very deep. Pogo then introduced himself as a fisherman of the island and welcomed them. He slapped his chest in friendship but the men were surprised. Pogo then explained that it was his way of greeting. The captain and his assistants did likewise. The captain then explained that they needed something and were badly in need of it. Pogo wanted to help the strangers so he asked what they were looking for. The captain described a shiny object called auric that they needed for their submarine so that it would run fine again. Pogo asked them why they just didn't make a sail to move their submarine. The captain patiently explained that the wind was too slow to carry them at the speed they wanted to travel. Pogo thought that it was an absurd idea, the wind, after all was the fastest thing there was in the world.

Pogo shrugged, he didn't want to offend the men from the submarine so he decided to keep his thoughts to himself and concentrate on helping them. He thought and thought, he knew that he

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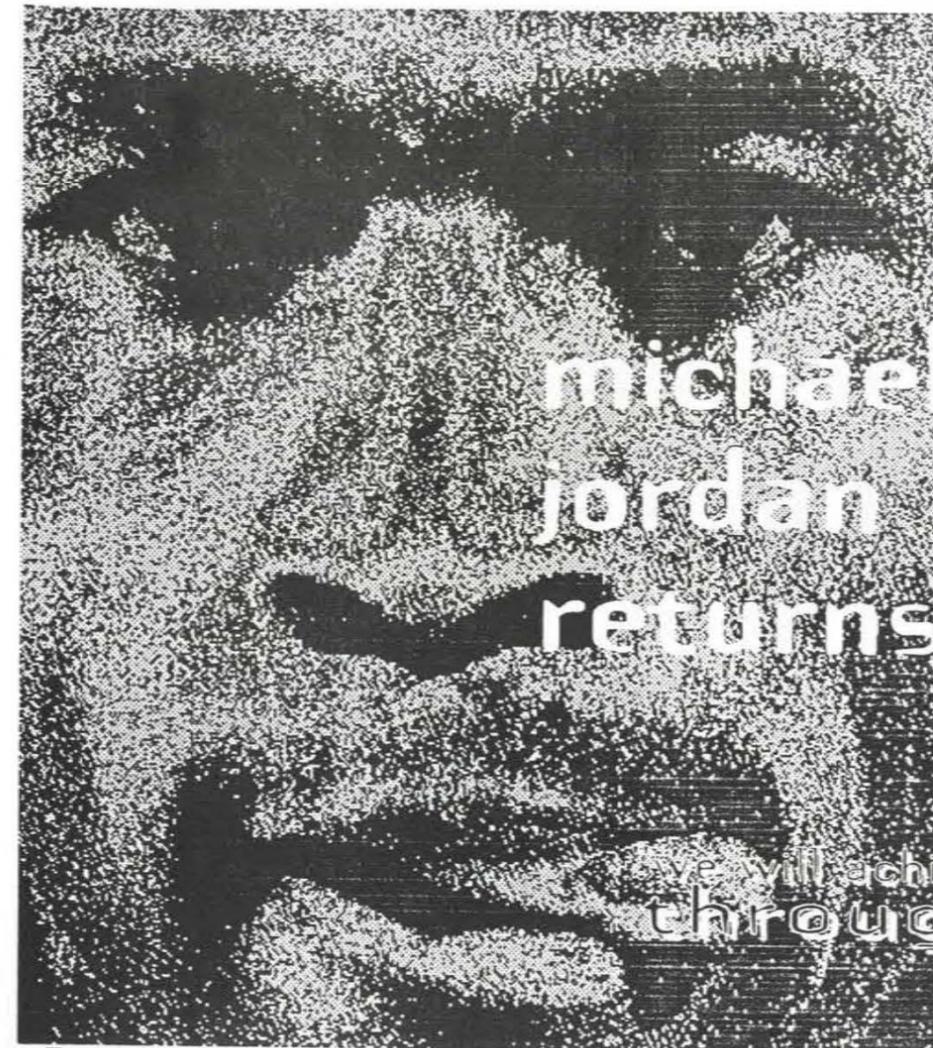
BY LAWRENCE CUALOPING

ISLANDER

ISLANDER

ISLANDER

ISLANDER



michael
jordan
returns

By Jonathan Casper

What? A sports article in *The Other Side*? Why? After a year and a half off, the King has returned the rule of the game of basketball would once again. Michael Jordan is back to dominate the game that he once evolved. No more stupid Nike and Gatorade commercials with Jordan trying to find the meaning of life. Now we can see the master dissin' the fools who dare to challenge his path once again.

Even if you are not a sports fan, Jordan's comeback is the greatest news happening in 1995. Michael Jordan is not just a basketball player, but an American icon who is more famous world wide than our very own President Clinton. His comeback is not only important to sports fans

but to the economic well being of America. In the twelve days since his return, the worth of the companies that he represents went up almost four billion dollars. Yes billion. This is not only a comeback for the NBA but it is a comeback for America. We will achieve world peace through Jordan.

The NBA has learned to live without Jordan but it is a sad sight compared to a year and a half ago. The playoffs are soon approaching and there could have never been a better time than now to have his return. In the East, The Magic have led the way with O'Neal who has to be the most boring superstar ever. He has had a few good commercials and it fun to watch him break the

backboard, but I get sick of his tiresome and repetitious game. Jordan can do it all and has proved it in only a few games back. While his first game proved to be a bit iffy, in his third game he scored 32 points including the game winner over Atlanta and against the Knicks scoring 55 points proving that he is still in the prime of his career. The only thing that has changed is his number because he did not want to play in the old number with dad (recently deceased) not watching. Instead of looking at who beat who in the morning paper, Americans are looking to see who Jordan schooled the previous night.

Who feels worse than Horace Grant? The man left the Bulls because they stared to suck and went to an organization that he knew had a winning attitude and the players to bring him back to the championship. Now he has been pushed away from the spotlight on Orlando and his main man is back with the Bulls. If he was in Chicago right now, the Bulls would

be an automatic to win the championship once again. Here are hopeful predictions for the future of the NBA and Jordan:

1) The Bulls are the sixth seed in the east and beat their first round opponent in four games.

2) The Denver Nuggets (eighth seed in the west) beat the over talented Suns or the Supersonics in the first round.

3) The spotlight turns to the Magic vs. Bulls where Grant returns to the Bulls and they beat the Magic in four games.

Companies whose products Michael Jordan indorses have earned \$3,841,968,170 in stock revenues. The week of Jordan's comeback, General Mills stock went up 2.5%, GM 3.2%, McDonald's 6.5%, Nike, 3.4%, Quaker Oats, 2.3% and Sarah Lee, 7.4%

NIGHT

(continued from page 14)

the attitude towards the Take Back the Night march. Why is Claremont McKenna the only one of the six colleges (including the Claremont Graduate School) that did not donate money for the march? Why has there been almost no response in the form of an apology or at least a statement from the administration of Claremont McKenna? There has to be an explanation for such blatantly cruel behavior, such a lack of consideration, but like the answers to the questions above, none is forthcoming.

La Paz

(continued from p. 19)

and choose which people will benefit from my commitment and sacrifice. I want to devote my life to helping humanity. But in the end, I know that the only way I can do this is to return to my small contributions with the knowledge that these are only small contributions in my eyes. To the children who I choose to spend time with, and the people for whom I will create improved low-income housing, my contributions are large.

We each have a struggle, and although I wish I could participate in every struggle, I hate the system that requires me to pick and chose if I want to make a difference. So how do I end this? What can I say to wrap it all up? I have so much more to say, but I'll finish by quoting my favorite poem, "Mental Terrorism," by Kevin Powell.

I can't stop writing
in spite of my fears
who cares?

it's gettin'
it's gettin'
it's gettin kinda hectic
but i've got the power to break out of this cage at any moment..

LESS GOVERNMENT

(continued from page 25)

and abandoned farms became a gray haze. I was ready to look up into the sky and see the words: *Welcome to the Twilight Zone.*

I remembered the drive up here. It was about four days ago. I had a similar feeling then as I had right now, only we were on a different two lane highway in the middle of a different nowhere. I remembered seeing a homeless settlement made up of rusty sheets of metal and warped wooden boards. There were about ten make-shift cubicles all leaning up next to each other as if they would fall over if one of the boards was removed. White pieces of trash were scattered about the settlement like flowers.

A few hours later, on the same highway, I passed a sign that read:

Less Government
More Body Bags.

It was as simple white sign stuck on the end of a wooden stake that stood among the rows of neatly planted crops. Its simplicity made the message all the more startling. Was it placed here by people who wanted less government so that they could kill people with no questions asked? I didn't think so either. But it did let me know that I was not in the middle of nowhere. In fact, I was definitely somewhere.

This was the first time the eerie feeling crept into my body. Here I was on Hitler's highway where although few signs of life seemed to exist, some very definite signs of life and strong opinions did exist. Yes I was isolated from this life, safely buckled inside of my car. I didn't know what was going on behind the facades of concrete. I couldn't see who was responsible for the rows of neatly planted crops. I didn't know the people behind the factories, the farms, the temporary housing, the correctional facilities, and the political statements. These things are hidden from us and cast into a realm of their own as we drive along Hitler's highway. They remain a part of the unknown as we travel in our safety capsules at 80 mph.

mississippi

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Court. What he went through was just a show to make us believe that he was free of moral turpitude. Dr. Chavis lost his job and had his character assassinated.

In "communities" like Claremont the distinction between the types of ignorance is somewhat blurred. Here we are taught, in essence, how to use our brains. However, there is a great deal of indoctrination that goes along with that education. Most of us know by now the "correct" manner in which to behave, but that often has little effect on how or what we think. Throughout my career at Pitzer racism has shown itself to be business as usual in Claremont. The incident at Scripps is nothing new. What is different is that the Colleges, in the interest of acting "correctly" have issued now two statements condemning what happened. But what concrete measures have/will the Colleges taken/take in order to combat ignorance both here and in the world beyond Cla-

THE OTHER SIDE

remont? Does the curriculum in Claremont serve to perpetuate this ignorance?

These issues are not new, we have been struggling with them for a while. Some say it is time we learn to deconstruct elements of our socialization in order to become inclusive rather than exclusive. Nevertheless I am so sick of various peoples being consistently excluded that I find it difficult to extend the hand of inclusion to those who may seek to destroy me or what I believe in. Others say be more tolerant. Fuck that. Tolerance only works when the playing field is level, and it hasn't been since the commodification of human beings. Even though intolerance means sinking down to the level of the oppressor, it has become clear that good does not necessarily overcome evil, even by rising above it. I am not saying that we need to disregard these options entirely, but it has become clear that alone they cannot be effective weapons in the fight against racism. Similar to the struggle of a Black man in Mississippi in the 1950s, a tough battle looms ahead for us all.

ISLANDER

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had seen the weird metal before. His eyes rolled in deep thought as the men from the submarine stared nervously, hoping that Pogo would give them some information. Pogo remembered that his wife had something similar to what the men from the submarine described. He told this to the sailors. The men from the submarine were overjoyed and they begged him for it. Pogo decided to give it to them. He then led them to his hut where his wife and his children were busy mending his net. Pogo introduced the captain to his wife and then explained the captain's predicament. Pogo's wife shrugged then took off her golden pendant and gave it to the captain. The captain thanked them profusely then offered them anything they wanted.

Pogo shrugged, he had everything he wanted and was as content as humanly possible. The captain explained of all sorts of things that they were carrying in their submarine. They had faster boats that could make Pogo's fishing easier in that he didn't have to row his boat or mind his sails. The captain also described many gadgets that they had that were guaranteed to make Pogo's life better. Pogo shrugged as he heard the descriptions of all the amazing gadgets but nothing they said interested him. One of Pogo's children tugged on her mother's arm. She complained that she was hungry. Pogo shrugged and told the captain that he wanted some food for his daughter's belly. The captain's face lighted up and spoke into a small tube telling his assistants on the submarine to microwave (whatever that meant) a salmon. In only a few minutes another sailor arrived in yet another orange boat that could be placed in one's pocket. The assistant came in

carrying a silver platter with a good smelling fish on it. The daughter ate it heartily and said that it was the best tasting fish she had ever had. Pogo tried some too and agreed. The captain offered to put more salmon into the waters around his island so that Pogo and his family would have an unlimited supply of the genetically engineered boneless salmon. As night came, the captain went back into his submarine and slapped his chest in good-bye. Pogo did the same and the submarine sank below the waves just like the sun.

Many years later, one of the islanders from another island came to visit Pogo's island. The visiting islander came in an orange boat like the captain's, a long time ago. Pogo had not seen his old friend in almost a quarter of a lifetime. The two friends talked and told of what happened in their lives. Pogo's friend explained that his life was changed when a submarine came to his island. The captain described all the wonderful technology that he had brought. Pogo's friend said that he thought that all the things were good and wanted everything to make his life easier. It turned out that his life became harder. In return for getting all the things from the submarine, he had to keep supplying the submarine with the metal they call auric. To get auric he had to catch ten heaps of fish to offer to the stone sky god before he could be allowed to dig for the auric. Pogo's friend complained at his hard and meaningless work and most of all his unhappiness. Pogo smiled, he knew that he wouldn't be content without hardship in his life.

O.S.C.R.

ORGANIZED STUDENTS COMMITTED TO RECREATION

Would like to thank all those in the Pitzer community who attended our 2nd annual Semi-Formal and celebration of community: it was an unprecedented success. It is our sincerest hope that Pitzer people had the chance to get together and interact. Next year we are considering a fall Semi-Formal as well. We would also like to thank the Pitzer Community and the entire Claremont Colleges Community for their continuing support of our organization and the events we have sponsored thus far. Next year look for more great things to happen.

THANKS FOR A GREAT TIME. WE HOPE TO SEE YOU ALL NEXT YEAR... LOVE.

THE FOLKS AT O.S.C.R.