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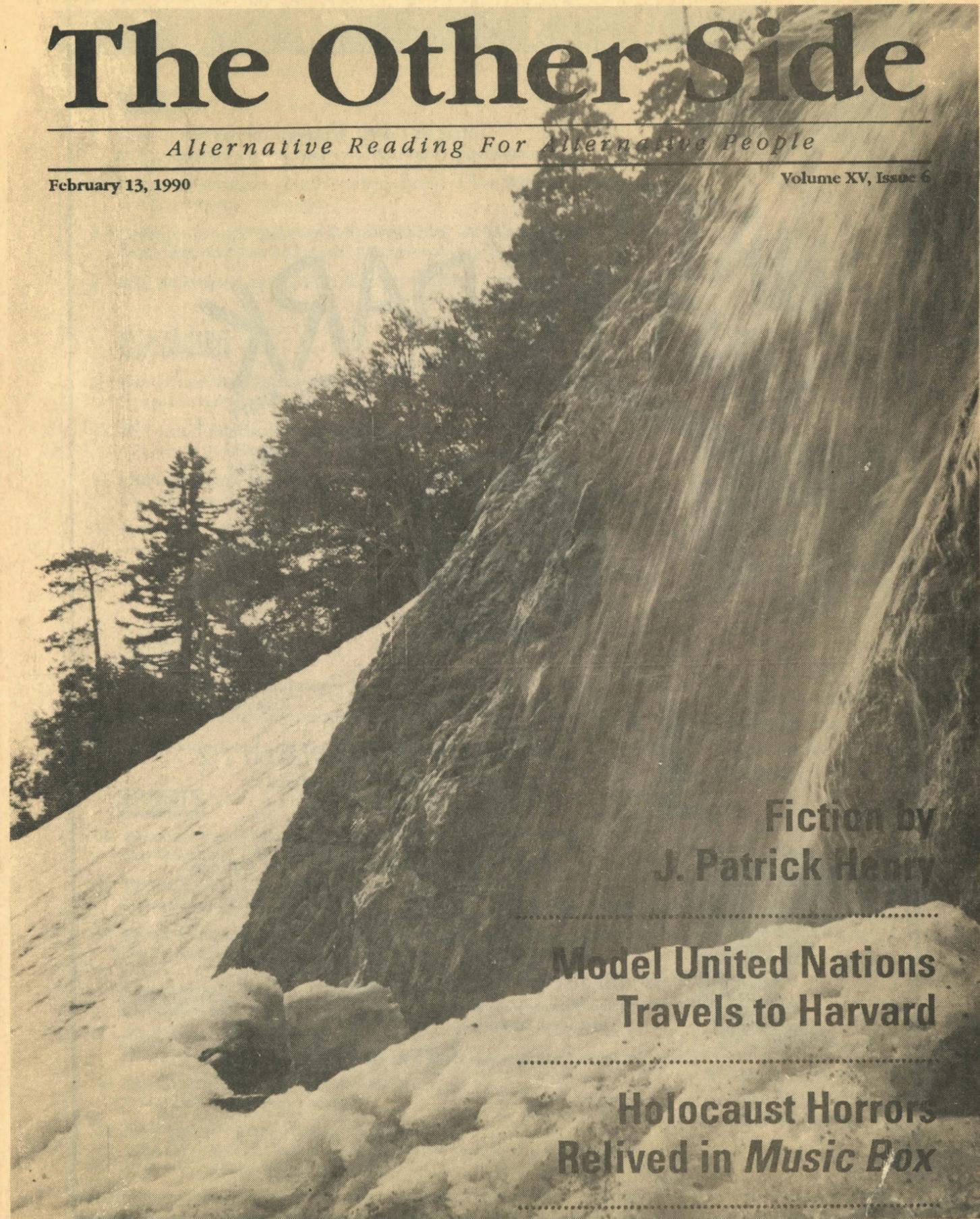
FEBRUARY 11, 1990

The Other Side

Alternative Reading For Alternative People

February 13, 1990

Volume XV, Issue 6



Fiction by
J. Patrick Henry

Model United Nations
Travels to Harvard

Holocaust Horrors
Relived in *Music Box*

WAIT UNTIL DARK

BY FREDERICK KNOTT

Todd Hjelt

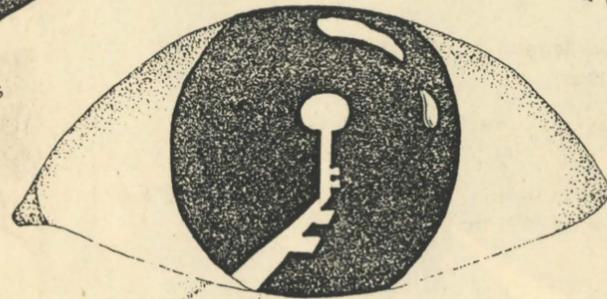
Pamela Crutchfield

Bry Sanders

Jason Anthony

Max Langert

Danielle McMillen



directed by
David S. Straus

produced by
Richard Sewell

February 23, 24; March 1, 2

Benefit performance March 3

Time: 8:00 pm

In "The Pit",

Below McConnell Dining Hall, Pitzer College

Admission \$2.50 (except Benefit performance)

to make reservations call Garrison Box Office at:

714-626-7530

tickets will also be sold at the door

For further information about the Benefit performance
please call 714-981-5003

Sponsored by Without A Box and Pitzer College. Special thanks to the Theater Department of the Claremont Colleges.

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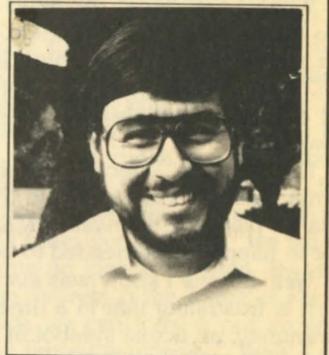
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Acid Cave is Gone

Last week a friend of mine approached me with some disturbing news. He told me of the destruction of a series of murals located in a small hallway next to the mailroom beneath McConnell center when they were painted over this summer.

I knew this place as the Acid Cave. How many of you remember it? Many of you may not have even heard of it, just as the generations to come will never even know it existed.

For those of you who weren't fortunate enough to have seen it for yourselves, a brief description follows. It was basically a dark stairwell, whose walls were covered with student artwork dating back at least 19 years. Many of the drawings were disturbing and crazed, but there was something very special about that place. It was as though the room grabbed your frustrations, manifesting them in its own images and giving you some peace of mind in the process.

I can think of many frustrated days and nights when I went there and just sat in the dark, waiting for my eyes to adjust so I could look at the naked power of the paintings.

Perhaps I'm too romantic about this little hallway, still, it meant a great deal to me. I mourn its passing.

When I first heard the news I was furious. I couldn't wait to find out who was responsible so I could blast them in this very editorial. My feelings are slightly different now. It seems to me that the defacement of the wall isn't even the most important issue. The real issue is that no students and only one administrator were notified about the plan to paint over the artwork.

David Mauer, Director of Maintenance, reportedly talked to David Winn, former Dean of Housing, and the two of them agreed with Mauer's proposal to paint the stairwell. Mauer felt that it looked "like a place for date rape to happen" and needed to be "cleaned up."

Well, no one I know was ever date-raped there.

It is frustrating that in a time when we place so much emphasis upon community, an actual symbol of our community, a piece of student history, has been eradicated. Believe it or not I don't blame Mr. Mauer. He's still new here and it would be hard for him to understand the importance of such a place; he was doing what he thought was best. What I want you to see is how easily administrative decisions can pass us by without our ever knowing. So you may ask, "How were we supposed to know?" Well you weren't. This was something that was, for the most part, beyond our control. Let this serve as an example of the importance of what happens when you don't stay involved in the College around you.

Pitzer College is a special place and it must remain that way. Hopefully, this event isn't a harbinger of what is yet to come. But I fear the power of apathy. I have now seen the damage it can cause. Only by making a point of knowing what's going on in the administration can we hope to prevent similar occurrences in the future. Our administration has sworn many times that it will listen to us; we must take that a step further. If they promise to listen to us then we must say something for them to hear.

Our interest and involvement can prove to the administration that we demand to be heard and consulted about every student-related move the administration wishes to make. Class after class of students created the identity of Pitzer College. It is up to our generation to uphold that identity. We are very lucky to have this atmosphere in which to live and work.

Student indifference will turn us into any other college in the country. Student activism makes us Pitzer College. We must re-assume our place in our school's decision-making machine. Apathy puts our voice at the mercy of the same machine that rendered a piece of Pitzer's identity mute and unrecognizable.

As for the Acid Cave, we are too late. Goodbye, old friend. We'll miss you.

The Other Side

Alternative Reading for Alternative People

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Pitzer Planning 101: The Need For A Student Union

There are countless ways to spend one's time at college in Southern California, aside from studying, of course. At the Claremont Colleges we're an hour from the beach, tops, without traffic, and half an hour from skiing on Mt. Baldy. We're also an hour from Disneyland, Universal Studios and Magic Mountain, 2 1/2 hours from San Diego and 4 hours either way from Las Vegas and Tijuana.

Compared to schools in the Midwest and on the East Coast, it's virtually effortless for us to be somewhere fun in no time at all. Unfortunately, what we're NOT near is somewhere right on campus to hang out and have fun without the need for a car, gas money or even excessive energy. What we DON'T have is that much-talked-about-yet-never-seen Student Union.

For \$20,000.00 a year and the label "up-and-coming, private college for today and the future" (according to a recent Barron's review), Pitzer is seriously lacking in the "facilities" department. We're salvaged by the consortium aspect of the Claremont Colleges, but there's no question in anyone's mind we could use a dorm here and a lab there and a couple of other buildings spread about. After all, it was Pomona's budget that funded most



My Turn

Sara Shepperd

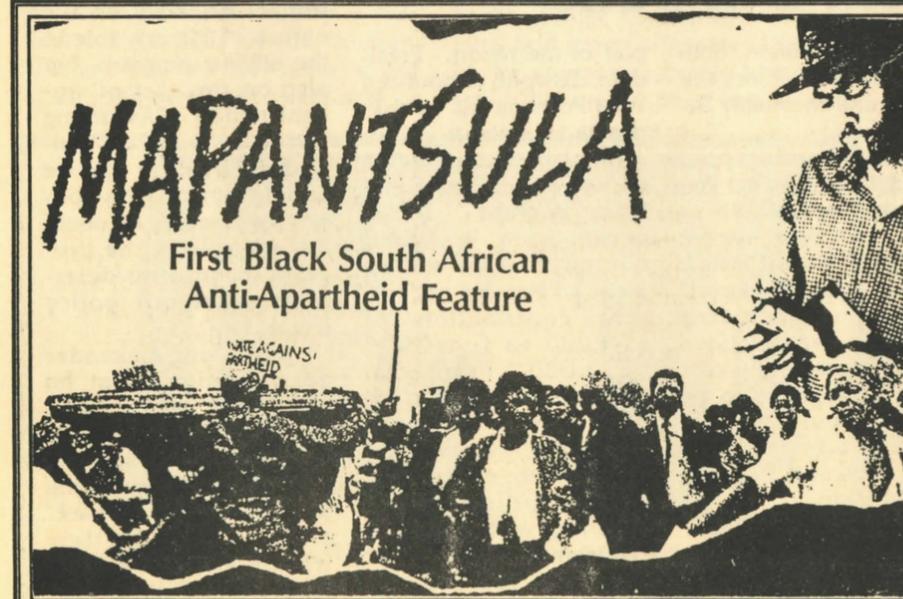
of that 9 million dollar sports-complex that finally saved us from the "build your own gym" chants at P-P/CMS basketball games. The excuse of Pitzer being "relatively new" has long been expired, and I think most people would prefer to see what money we have spent on something more beneficial than the flowers on the dinner tables at McConnell.

A student center should be fundamental—the nucleus of college social life. Of course it wouldn't instantly replace the dining hall or five-college parties, but for Pitzer students it could be somewhere central to simply hang out. The dorms are already segregated enough, and more people crowd into one person's bedroom to watch movies and TV as opposed to the dorm common rooms. The student governance and student organization offices were sacrificed for living space, and the newspaper-slash-yearbook office is less

than adequate at best.

There have obviously been efforts made in the past few years to

offer students social "common" areas. Cafe Sanborn was relatively successful, but failed due to lack of student interest in its upkeep. The Holden Coffee Shop/Student Store has sparked some interest, but more people bring in food from outside to eat on its tables than buy it there. The Grove House is fine for relaxed lunches and study sessions, but you wouldn't necessarily want to gather there with thirty friends to watch the Superbowl. You'd probably rather watch sports events and movies in a bigger place where you could eat without making an E-Z Out run and where you could make as much noise as you wanted without worrying about disturbing anyone. That's the purpose of a Student Center and that's what we could have if people would show a greater interest and not take the attitude of "oh, who cares, I'll only be here for two more years". Pitzer must expand its facilities! By depending so heavily on the facilities of the other five colleges, we fail to assume an identity of our own. By taking an interest in the future of Pitzer College we can forever put an end to the famed response- "Yeah, I go to Pitzer... You know, ONE of the Claremont Colleges - Pomona, Claremont Mckenna, Harvey Mudd".



Mapantsulu

South Africa, 1988

February 19 & 20 7 PM

Avery Auditorium

Mapantsulu (Zulu for petty criminal) centers on Panic, a cynical, streetwise hoodlum devoted to living the township life to the fullest extent who eventually takes a stand against apartheid.

United Nations in Harvard

Pitzer's Model U.N. Team Represents England

The Other Side
Staff

In only a few short weeks, 22 Pitzer students will face the challenge of representing not only our school, but the United Kingdom. These students will be participating in the Harvard National Model United Nations.

Model U.N. is a mock United Nations, in which each country is represented by a different school. Students act as delegates and represent their country on various committees. Awards are given for the delegates' performances.

This marks Pitzer's third year at the Harvard National U.N. competition (Previous to that, Pitzer participated at the Model U.N. of the Far West competition). The Harvard competition will include 1800 students from 150 colleges.

Last year Pitzer represented Belize, and two years ago, Costa Rica. While faculty advisor Tom Ilgen is

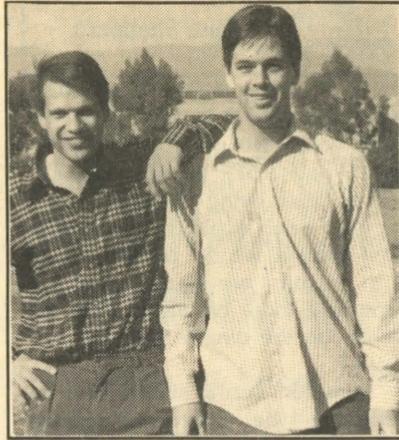


Photo by Pauline Yao

Model UN members Jason Rush & Evan Margolin

reluctant to down play the importance of Central and South America, he quickly says that this year's appointment of the United Kingdom is much more exciting.

He explains that Harvard gives the most important countries to the most capable schools and that the

United Kingdom is considered one of the five most important countries.

What Professor Ilgen is quick to down play is his role. Model U.N., he says, is a student run organization.

James Reinhard, a Junior, is the head delegate of Model U.N. He is very pleased with Pitzer's appointment of the United Kingdom. "It reflects our performance last year, which was limited (Belize) but we did our best," he says. Pitzer delegates won four awards last year. He also says that working on the United Kingdom will be a "completely different experience." Pitzer students will now sit on the Security Council and be representing a superpower.

Model U.N. students get no credit for participation. Professor Ilgen says that the experience helps them gain intense public speaking and negotiating skills. He adds that this year's group is close-knit and works very well together.

Model U.N. participants leave for Boston on February 14 and attend the conference February 15-18.

Board of Trustees Discusses New Financial Burdens

Ken Weisbart
News Editor

Along with welcoming the first woman Scripps President Nancy Bekavac (succeeding Howard Brooks) President Frank Ellsworth raised many issues of finance and rising costs in his first report of the semester to the Board of Trustees on Monday, Jan. 22. The two most significant items mentioned were a new Claremont municipal 'assessment' and a large increase in the college Pomona-Pitzer

athletic contribution, both of which can affect the budget and inevitably tuition.

The "Landscaping and Lighting District Assessment" appears to be a tax, "but it is not, we are told" the President stated. It is to encompass all landowners including non-profit organizations (The Colleges). The cost to the Colleges is to be \$50,000, but he feels, "like any other tax...we might expect it to grow over the years."

The athletic contribution was saved until the end of the money issues

part of the report. President Ellsworth announced "that Pomona will be asking us to make a significantly larger contribution to the Pomona-Pitzer Athletic Program." It has come from a "good source that we will be asked to increase our current contribution of \$20,000 to [possibly] \$250,000," Frank disclosed. This comes in addition to the fees students and faculty are paying for the use of the new gym.

Ellsworth plans on meeting with Pomona President David Alexander "sometime soon" to offi-

cially receive this proposal. Frank expressed concern that such an increase will carry a strong impact not only on the nature of Pitzer's role in the athletic program, but also on the cost of student tuition. "Assuming this to be true," he concluded, "I believe that we should have some considered discussions about Pitzer's role in the program in order to determine what our policy should be."

President Alexander acknowledged that he and Frank "will be meeting to discuss the athletic program" but declined to disclose any figure of the increase and only expressed a "hope that there will be an increase [in Pitzer's contribution]."

College Council Commences

Issue of requirements discussed

Dawn Hoffman
Staff Writer

The implementation of new educational objectives was the chief topic at the last College Council meeting, held on January 25.

Although council members expressed a desire for more student participation, quite a few students showed up to listen to the findings of different ad hoc committees representing the categories of Math, Formal Reasoning, the Natural Sciences, the Social and Behavioral Sciences, Humanities and the Fine Arts.

The discussion also focused on the need for first-year students to further help the practice of this program by taking a freshman seminar or an alternative course which emphasizes both written and oral expression.

The reasoning behind the new program going into effect for next year's incoming freshman was clearly outlined in the Approved Proposal for Implementing the Educational Objectives of the College. "These objectives have been arrived at through careful consideration of

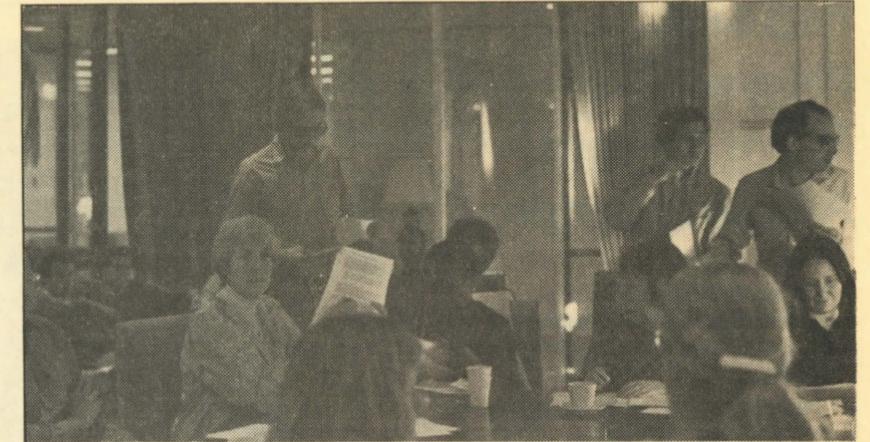


Photo by Pauline Yao

Professor Ellin Ringler-Henderson presents her views concerning the proposal in College Council

the College's programs and ethos and reflect the College's strengths and its distinctive educational mission."

The main purpose of these objectives is to provide guidelines in which students can fully benefit from their studies here. The guidelines will be broad in order to accommodate each individual's interests.

The objectives include: two courses in the Humanities and Fine Arts, two courses in the Social and Behavioral Sciences, one course in the Natural Sciences and one course in Math and Formal Reasoning in addition to completing his or her concentration requirements.

The proposals will be submitted to the College Council by each implied field group after careful review of the courses currently being offered that would be in accordance

with the goals of the new objectives.

It is hoped that from the exploration of these new objectives students will be able to critically assess social issues, gain an appreciation for different and diverse cultures and peoples, and learn social responsibility.

Should any dispute arise between a student and advisor over his or her individual plan, an appeal can be made to the Academic Standards Committee.

Furthermore, the Academic Planning Committee will review the implementation of these objectives after the first year and undertake a full evaluation after three years.

There are still many questions to be asked before these objectives can become permanent. How broad a range of classes should there be offered in one specific field? To what extent should an advisor have freedom? Would this freedom interfere with clarity of goals? What type of staffing would these new implementations entail?

These are issues facing not just these are not just issues for the College Council, but for all of the students participating in the Pitzer Community. It is not only a student's right to express his or her opinion, but a commitment to the furthering of the educational standards upheld by this institution. Even if these objectives do not apply to the students currently attending Pitzer, we have the power to take part in a decision that will have an impact on all those that follow us.



Photo by David Glickman

Dean of Residential Life, Michael Tessier, offers door to door programs on stress management.

PASA: A Progressive Move Toward African Identity

Will Mitchell & Jen Kamau
Staff Writers

New and exciting things are going on in the Claremont Colleges Black Student Union. As of the fall of 1989, the BSU has changed its name to the Pan-African Student Association (PASA).

The renaming is intended to include not only African-Americans, but also people who are of African descent from all over the world. PASA hopes that by renaming the organization they will attract students who previously felt excluded by the term "black".

PASA's new president, Eric D. Andersen, is reorganizing in order to reflect its new outlook and attract new members.

"Many people have said that PASA is elitist and separatist, but that is a severe misconception rooted in lack of knowledge. PASA has members of each and every ethnic and religious group," said Andersen.

One of the many events that



Newly appointed president of Pan-African Student Association

Photo by Sam Chase

PASA will be sponsoring in the future include a Tri-Cultural Fair featuring a cultural variety of food and music. During February, which is Black History Month, movies, speakers, and other events that promote awareness of Black History are also

planned.

PASA's overall outlook for the future is positive. This year being the twentieth anniversary of the Association, Andersen would like to reaffirm that "the doors are open to everyone."

Thursday Evening Study Break Film Series Celebrating Cultural Diversity and Black History Month

Every Thursday from 7 - 11pm
It's Absolutely Free!!
Movies and Popcorn!!!

Feb. 15

7-9PM A Raisin in the Sun
9-11PM A Soldier's Story

Feb. 22

7-9PM Stand and Deliver
9-11PM Do The Right Thing

Homer Garcia, Professor of Sociology, has been teaching at Pitzer College for eight years. After receiving his bachelor of arts at the University of Texas at Austin and two Masters degrees and a Ph.D. at Yale, Garcia conducted scientific and post-doctoral research at Johns Hopkins University.

It was the predominantly left-wing attitude of faculty and students that attracted Garcia to Pitzer.

The most positive aspect of Pitzer College is the students, says Garcia. Having taught at many prestigious institutions he claims that Pitzer students are the most politically aware of any he has seen. "All of my research assistants have been top-notch."

HOMER GARCIA

Amanda Widdoes
Staff Writer

Garcia has been involved in a number of projects, many of them focused on topics pertaining to Hispanics. Lourdes Arguelles, a therapist new to Pitzer's faculty, has worked with Garcia on such projects as the teleconference on hispanics with AIDS last semester, an AIDS survey of Hispanics' knowledge about AIDS

and two papers focusing on AIDS and minorities which will be presented at the International Conference for AIDS in San Francisco in June.

Many students assisted in the collection and processing of data and will be cited for their partic-

ipation in the production of these papers and surveys. Although Latinos hold the second highest number of doctorates in sociology, many established sociological organizations haven't accepted Latino papers.

Students, under Garcia's supervision, also performed 90% of the work on a directory of Hispanic sociologists designed to promote communication and organization among Latino sociologists. Pitzer College also provided the "seed money" to pay for some of the expenses in getting started.

Other colleges and universities have purchased copies of this published directory,

promoting national hiring of Latinos.

The directory will promote networking among Latino scholars which will help to pass the word about research projects, available grants, and national and international position openings as well as general support. Garcia says, "It is a fledgling organization whose time has come."

Garcia's liberal views are also visible in his teaching techniques. He has a "learn by doing"

"All of my research students have been top-notch."

philosophy which he implements in many of his classes. This cooperative learning approach has been effective. His students plan out the syllabus (readings, grading criteria, trips, and speakers) and are responsible for enforcing it.

Students lead the class lectures and are the hosts for any speakers, and are responsible for applying to Pitzer for the money to sponsor these class events. They teach themselves how to maneuver through the Pitzer bureaucracy.

They learn not only by their textbooks, but also through active experience. Ultimately they are a major part of their own grading process.

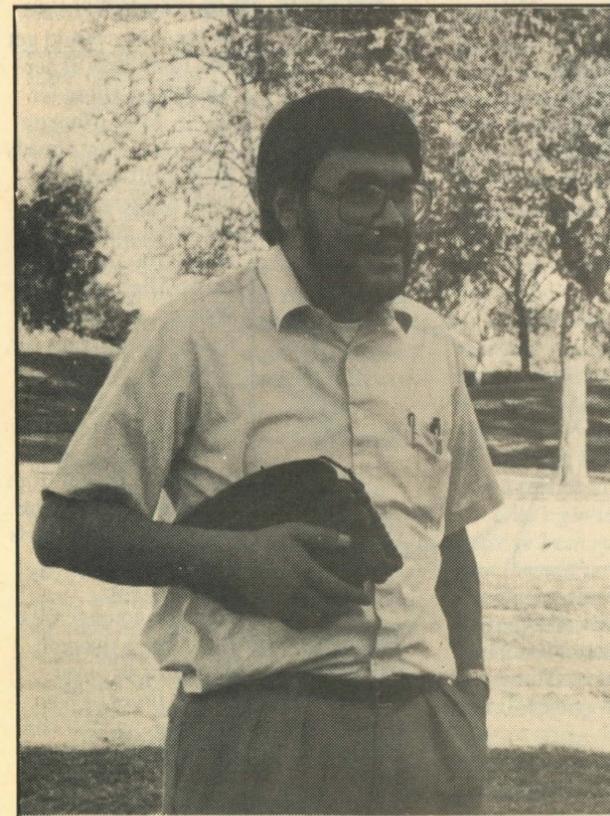


Photo by Pauline Yao

In addition to his many campus activities, Homer Garcia loves baseball.

Lagerfeld

J. Patrick Henry

Early morning. Barely enough light to see. A girl named Jenny lies in the bed beside me. Her hair is bleached blonde. She's naked. She snores.

There is a problem. I'll never see this girl again. If I do, I won't talk to her. It's nothing new. They're all like this.

Your body demands the physical; it is always satisfied. Your mind craves the intellectual; it is denied. The lurking images of Robin restrict your interactions with every girl you meet.

The lie I told Dad on the phone yesterday is still on my lips. It's taste sticks in my mouth and mind.

She's so pretty, Dad. And so much fun to be with.

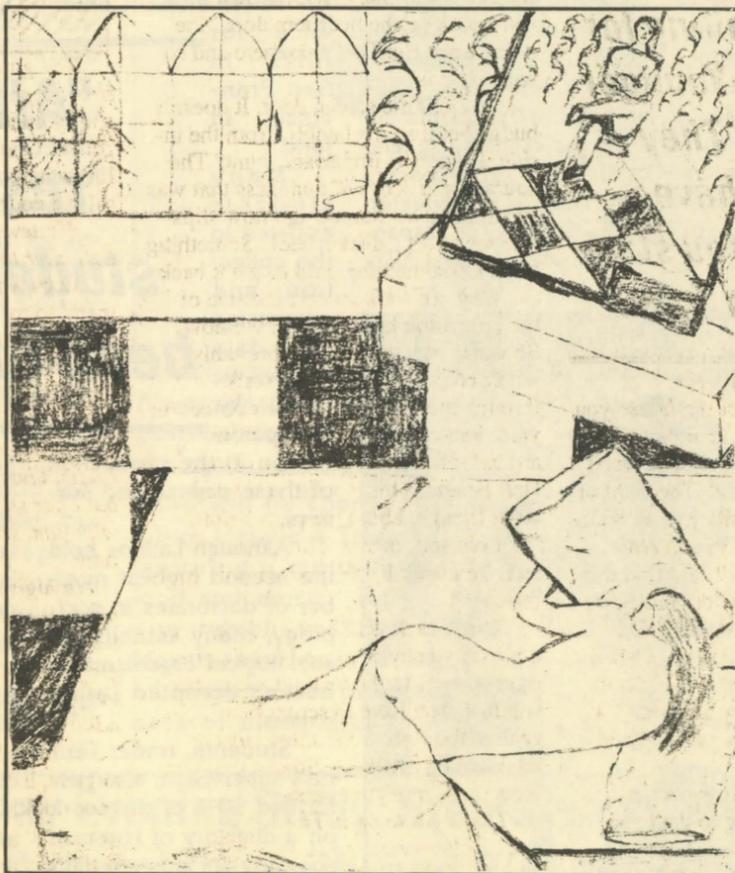
I lie about having a girlfriend because he wouldn't accept anything else. He expects me to be having sex with a girl by now. If he only knew. But he doesn't know. He'd never understand.

Nobody understands.

Yesterday I yearned for someone to share this bed with. Jenny is that someone. She's waking up. I want her to leave. She rubs up against me. I feel sick at my stomach. I turn over on my side. Try and make myself fall back asleep. She better not wait for me to wake up. She better have to be someplace else.

Think about your justification. You're not entirely at fault here. There is a subtly twisted knot in your personal line of history. But that one knot did a lot to screw up the rest of the yarn.

Robin. She is the first girl you've ever met. She likes your earring. She is nice to you, the new kid at school. You tell yourself that you're in love. But you, the chickenshit, too scared to do anything about it. Fraidy-cat.



Junior year. The whole gang has ditched afternoon classes and you've been over to Robin's house watching tv. You're the last to leave. You see Robin's father on the way out. Hi there. He grunts in return.

Next day. Robin is the center of attention in a flock of girls. There are tears on her face. She comes over immediately. Your heart jumps. She's so excited to see you. "My Dad thinks you stole some of his high blood pres-

sure medicine and that you can't come over to my house anymore." Then she cries on your shoulder. You and her go to an empty room and spend two class periods just talking. She tells you about her father, the alcoholic. You hold hands the whole time. When you pull away, you feel how sweaty they are, locked together like that for so long.

Senior Year. Late spring. Ms. Jenkins takes the English class out onto the lawn where she reads poetry to the students sprawled across the grass. You've hated poetry up till now. Now it sounds good. With your Ray-Bans on you look directly at her. Her hair. The prettiest, curliest brown hair you've ever seen. The sun catches individual strands and burns them like fire.

Out of nowhere, she stretches out on the grass and sets her head, delicately, on your leg. For her: casual, comfortable, friendly. For you: fast heartbeat and it's hard to sit still.

After school that day, you wait around in the lobby just to get one more look at her. Students waiting for buses. Kids. Younger than you. They already have girlfriends. You stare daggers at them. She's not going to show. You're about to leave. There she is. Outside, sitting on the hood of someone's car, talking to her girlfriends. The wind is blowing. With one hand, she holds back her hair to keep it from flying in her face. She and the rest of the girls load up into the car.

They drive off.

Then, like a fever, the courage fills you up inside and you know that you will resolve it, today. Now or never. You're wasting the best times of both of your lives by wimping out. Tell her how you feel. What have you got to lose?

At home you pick out clothes that you hope look good. That make you look attractive. Mom irons a shirt. You shower and brush your teeth for about

20 minutes. It's hard to look at yourself in the mirror.

Mom comes in. She's got a short, squat box with a bow on it. She gives it to you but leaves before you can open it. So you open it up and it's a bottle of cologne. Good, expensive cologne. Unscrew the lid and smell it. Robin and you walking down the street hand in hand. Or having a picnic, maybe, in the park. Or going to see a movie and other people see us and it's obvious that you're together.

I don't wear that cologne anymore.

Jenny has finally gotten out my bed now. I can hear her moving around, going to the bathroom. She'll be gone

Students waiting for buses. Kids. Younger than you. They already have girlfriends. You stare daggers at them.

soon. Good. Then I can relax.

When you set out for her house you aren't able to just drive straight there. You have to meander. Pysche yourself up. Don't go in there cold. The sight of her little adobe house fills you up with the old insecurities. Why me? Why would she do it with me? You find the parking lot. Perfect view of her house. Just sit there awhile. AM radio. Dr. Ruth talks about sex in a high-pitched little voice. Fuck Dr. Ruth. Girl Scout Thin Mint cookies. They are your mother's but you open a package and begin to consume.

What will happen? It gives you more time. You're going to go up to her house. She will be very happy to see you. You might go back to her room and listen to music. She will sit at the desk and you will sit on the bed and it will be so soft. You will open your heart and let her know what's going on inside your head.

The entire box of cookies is gone. Your hands are a choco-mess. All that brushing of teeth nixed. But you know more than ever that it's now or never. Mom's breath mints in the glove compartment. McDonald's napkins under

the seat.

You walk over. Your mind feels good and your body even better. Better than you've felt in your whole life. This is what being a dude is all about. You don't recognize any of the cars so her parents must not be around. That's good. No Daddy.

The front door is wide open but the screen door is closed. Summer is very near. Shorts and a t-shirt. You get closer. There is music from her bedroom in the back of the house. You knock and your knuckles scrape on the hand-carved wood of the door. You've knocked at this door hundreds of times. It's different now. Nothing. You knock again. Doy, the music is cranked and she can't hear me knocking. Just go in and knock on the bedroom door. She won't care. Her Dad's not here and so what if he is?

You pull the screen door. It doesn't budge because it's latched from the inside. But this is important, right? The courage and sense of dudeness that was so strong just a minute ago now slips like water off a duck's back. Something bold. Do something bold to get it back.

Why not walk around the side of the house and knock on the window? So warm out, the window probably won't even be closed. You walk through the little gate of their fenced-in yard. Pacer comes growling from around the corner. Pacer. Evil Dog. Hell Hound. This is what you've always thought about the mutt before. Your old self, that is. This is your new self. You walk by the dog without looking twice.

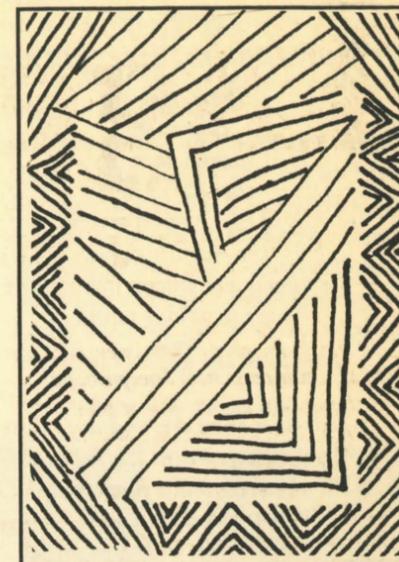
At the back wall of the house, trees that you've never noticed before grow right up next to the wall, blocking her window. You have to scrunch up against the wall. Your shirt snags on the budding branches. So excited. The blood rushes in your ears.

That's got to be it. The blood must've been rushing in my ears. Or else I would've heard them earlier.

The window screen is rusty and corroded. At first you really can't see inside the room. Then your eyes focus and you make out a figure in the bed. Two. Moving. So involved in what they're doing that they don't even notice the peeping tom at the window.

You jump back. Then you hear them.

She sounds nothing like I imagined she would.



The guy. Mark. Lives down the street, right on your block. On weekends sometimes you play basketball together. One on One. Down at the Elementary School. Kick the little kids off the court.

We never played anymore basketball after that evening.

Legs won't obey your mind's command to make tracks. They give out. You sit there, crouched outside the window. If they would've found you, they would've thought you were crazy.

For most people in the world, sex becomes real the first time you have it. I hadn't had sex before that evening but after seeing, and hearing Robin with him, sex suddenly became very real.

In high school, everyone talked about it and joked about it. The potential became real with the breasts of the girls and the faces of the guys. When the potential was realized, we became adults.

It actually feels quite natural to be outside, listening in like this. Mike is a good-looking guy. Not that you judge guys or anything. All the girls think so. Built. Is she better off with him, maybe? If you love her you want her to have the best. She must feel so happy to be with him right now. If she is happy, you should be happy.

Sometimes when I feel especially self-destructive, I get out that bottle of cologne and smell it. So many memories. Chills. Goosebumps. Because it smells so good.

But I can't wear it anymore.

See LAGERFELD, page 12

Ode To The Fundamentalist Farmer

*There aspiring
clad in his
denim shroud
the thorny hem
of his cap perforates
the marrow dome,
seemingly parchment, dehydrated
by the insidious wrath of
- Him -
which is half the problem!*

*"For dust thou art, and unto dust
shalt thou return!" he bellows.
- a sermon to his forefathers,
the blood red earth,
irrigated by his impotent sweat.*

*And yet-
the searing breath of
- Indifference -
seeps through the rifts
kicking up a
"dust devil"
from the unspirited crust
of his mind.
The weather vane whines
'round and 'round.*

*Insight falls short
he curses Apollyon.*

-Jason Singer

For My Mother

Each machine has an audible personality-
one a low groan
another a piercing howl
a third a thunderous hiss of air in perfect increments---
expand, contract, expand.

The bed oscillates with a loud hum,
back and forth, back and forth
like waves on the ocean if they could all be the same.

Her head is haloed in metal but she looks far from celestial;
the rods poke at her brain;
Her arms swell like blowfish
blue and green,
stabbed with thin steel pins.

Her mouth is muffled with technology,
and her body from neck down is as loose as slip.

In time her legs will be round with spokes---
her backpack will lap against the back of her vehicle
with each crack in the cement.

And I,
I will walk along side, and watch her struggle with cal-
loused hands down the tilted sidewalk.

-Jennifer Lane

LAGERFELD, from page 12

You deliberately distance yourself from her after that. It is the hardest thing you will ever do. Something's up when you cut off all but the most superficial contact. She begs. Pleads. Talk to me. Why? Did I do something? You don't know what she's talking about. She even sends Mike to talk to you. You aren't able to be quite so polite with him.

It was good that it ended. A most unhealthy relationship. But the scar. One little incident in 21 years. Her hand lives on to guide my life in the most uncomfortable of ways.

For months you try to

think of other things. But it's the little things which set your mind reeling. The song that was playing in the back of her house. Rust. Thin Mints. A common sight plucks at my heart, reverberating in my mind with flash images of intense emotion. Together in that bed. During the day. In the light of day. Sweat. On her lip. On her forehead. Skin against skin. In a split second it is gone, leaving behind only the insinuation of that cologne.

Shut it off. You just have to shut it off. It may cost you some of the sensitivity that made you such a nice guy but certainly those qualities were surely doomed from the start. Too many harsh re-

alities in this world. You just get it young.

I still feign sleep but I hear Jenny walk up to the bed. A note on my pillow probably. A little something to find when I wake up. How quaint. I have a file for notes like this in my bottom desk drawer. Then I feel it. Very gently. On the lips. This girl, it would make her feel so good if I woke up right at this moment and kissed her back.

The door closes. I (you) open my (your) eyes and take a deep breath. The room smells like the two of us (you). Her perfume and more. Being with her. I (you) didn't even have to make the first move. She kissed me

(you) first. I (you) had to plead with her until she'd go all the way.

I'm just so attracted to you. The only thing I can think about is being with you. I've never met anyone like you. You need to be a complete human being and that means being a sexual being, too. I don't know how to say this but...I've never been with a girl. I'm a virgin.

I've (you've) said them all before. Each girl requires a different kind of line. I (you) have to know which line goes with which girl.

I (you) get up. Open the window so the bedroom will air out.

A Review of Good Taste

The Good Earth: A Visceral Dining Experience

Now that Pitzer is warming up and beach weather is rapidly approaching, it is time to cut down on those E-Z Out burgers and Jack-in-the-Box tacos and try something healthy. Three Other Side staff members, Sara, Amanda, and myself, decided to check out The Good Earth on the corner of Mountain and Foothill in Upland. It could be just what you are looking for, unless of course you are satisfied with the low protein, saturated fat, high-cholesterol diet at McConnell.

The Good Earth prides itself on all-natural ingredients. Wait a minute—this doesn't mean they serve only tofu burgers with alfalfa. They have a huge menu ranging from sandwiches to burgers to pasta to complete dinners. For appetizers we indulged in nachos and a thin wheat-crust veggie pizza. The portions were huge and really good. The pizza is a must. Amanda and I were then served our garden salad, which is included in a complete dinner (actually there is a choice of soup or salad). Amanda tried the house dressing: poppy seed with a hint of lemon and mustard. I was dull and had the oil and vinegar. The salad itself was nothing spectacular. Soon after, the entrees were brought out. Amanda and I tried one of their famous Wok creations. I had sweet and sour chicken with veggies and pineapple and a side of rice (choice of rice or spinach noodles). Amanda had the Malaysian cashew chicken with rice as well. The portions were fairly large and were as good as any Chinese restaurant. Sara had a Cobb salad with fresh chicken and veggies. The salad, without exaggeration, was enormous, and unlike

some Cobb salads had more ingredients than just lettuce—a definite plus. Unfortunately none of us had room for dessert. The selection, nonetheless, was quite tempting: several different types of cakes and



Photo by Jenny Hoffman
Sara and Amanda smile serenely as they wait for their culinary delights to arrive

pastries as well as cool frozen-yogurt desserts, such as apple pie with yogurt a la mode or a dish of yogurt with your favorite toppings.

The Good Earth also offers a few specialties that you won't find at other local restaurants, such as all-natural sodas and seltzers. Amanda and Sara tried Spree, an all-natural cola without all the preservatives and colorings of Coca-Cola. They agreed that it was equally as good as name-brand colas. Inside there is also a bakery where you can buy fresh cakes and muffins for take-out.

The service was excellent. The servers were prompt with our orders and checked periodically. The atmosphere was casual, yet elegant. It is decorated in cool shades of

pink and blue with a definite Southwestern ambiance. Outdoors dining is available under large cream-colored cloth umbrellas.

The prices are moderate. Appetizers were around \$4.50 and up. Sandwiches and burgers were from \$5.00 and entrees ranged from \$8.00-\$10.00. The Good Earth also offers an extensive breakfast menu. Reservations are not necessary. Visa and Mastercard accepted.

Written by Jenny Hoffman

The Good Earth

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Thursday & Friday
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Saturday
8 A.M. - 10 P.M.

Sunday
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Michael Penn's First Album Marches to a Different Beat

Meena Rananavare
Staff Writer

You are driving down the highway. By some unconscious gesture, the speedometer has now landed on 80. There you sit silently, with the radio turned up, just enough to let the music envelope you and the car.

There you sit, aware that a care-free, uplifting feeling is racing through your body's veins. You come to realize Michael Penn has



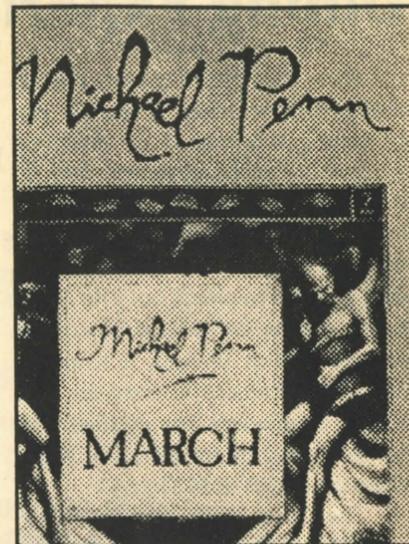
been playing all this time and is the reason for such a feeling.

The album March, has three songs which stand out. "No Myth" was just a very romantic episode. With some songs, a mini movie sometimes just appears suddenly in your mind. Soon all the words have vanished, but these images are still present.

An extra brownie point for this one: I can derive a meaning right away, understand the lines. Some of the other songs are difficult to grasp at first, and I found myself repeatedly reading the lyric sheet in order to hopefully pull a rabbit out of a hat.

I just like the way he said "Brave New World" with a sort of eerie tinge to it. It is about a perfect society, yet you have a person not wanting to become a citizen of this world. "They did not want to see me go/ but I did not want to be another musketeer."

Throughout the song, it almost seems like these people would enjoy having him along, yet it is his decision. Or is it? For at the end, I love how he did this, it sounds like two huge, metal doors creaking shut, and sense of confinement



comes over you.

One begins to see the realities of our own society. The claim of excessive freedom, yet there are so many restraints placed upon us. "Brave New World" has a very fast rhythm. He sings at a very quick rate which is a dominant feature carried through a lot of his songs.

In some songs, particular lines just stand out. She never moved so I just whispered good-bye/ She reminded me of you when you cry/ and I didn't mean to make you cry. (From "Innocent One") You know some lines have to jump off the page, and stir some memory that will slightly water your eyes.

The beginning music to "Bedlam Boys" was wonderful. The picture was wind, hair blowing while standing on a cliff, slowly panning out exposing all the scenery.

Not every song had this good natured effect on me. It started with a song called "Cupid's Got a Brand New Gun". Hmm, a half way decent tune. Then came "Big House." My opinion? It's the worst song on the album.

Michael Penn is very visual, providing us with a lot of different kinds of images. It's almost as if you were reading a story book with music. He takes possession of a very unique style, one which often moves very rapidly.



That's right, the Grove House has a new cook. His name is Randy Baker and he's a wizard in the kitchen.. Baker's specialties include: chicken and vegie lasagna, muffins made fresh everyday, tacos, and an assortment of delicious goodies. Baker's other interests include, music, touring the country in a Westfalia, and pulling burley front side smith grinds at the, now - defunct Victoria Place half pipe.

Music Box



Sierra Billiu
Staff Writer

Mike Laszlo (Armin Mueller-Stahl) is a retired blue-collar worker living in Chicago. His hard work rewarded him with two successful children, Ann (Jessica Lange) and Harry Talbot (David Moffet), and an adoring grandson, Mikey (Lukas Haas).

A widower alone with two children, Mr. Laszlo immigrated from Hungary toward the end of World War II. His love for his children is only matched by his intense patriotism for his adopted country. Mr. Laszlo seems to be anything but the sadistic murderer the government accuses his of being.

No one knows this better than Ann, a criminal attorney who takes the

case to prove her father's innocence. At the beginning, it seems to be just a matter of time before she will convince the judge that her father was never a member of the S.S. and isn't capable of such atrocities as torture, rape and murder.

However, her mission takes her to Hungary to find the details that will ultimately expose her father's virtue. Ann Talbot's commitment to justice and her hunger for truth lead her to re-examine her own identity. Her personal integrity forces her to

judge her father's actions according to the law. It is a painful process that not many people are capable of, but as a lawyer, objectivity is her job.

Although some of the political statements seem contrived, the movie is an amazing study in emotional strength. Producer Irwin Winkler ("Rocky," "The Right Stuff") has a reputation for making enticing movies a bit off the beaten path. Director Costa-Gavras says, "Music Box" is a love story because without the love between the father and the daughter, the grandfather and the grandson, there would be no story. Only indifference." "Music Box" is an agonizing, inspiration of justice rarely seen on the screen.



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Baseball Team Gears Up For Tough Season

New Coach Brings Winning Attitude

David Stobler
Sports Editor

Recently, the San Francisco 49ers have confirmed the obvious - baseball is the only true sport worth following. There is nothing like the smell of pine tar or the crack of the bat when the ball is hit. Or visions of small children going to the ballpark clutching a baseball glove the size of their tiny bodies, hoping to catch a baseball hit by their hero. The roar of the crowd in the bottom of the ninth inning of a close game is just cause to call baseball America's favorite pastime. Although a strike could prevent the regular season in the Major Leagues from beginning on schedule, baseball is alive and kicking for the Pomona-Pitzer Sagehens.

This year's team has a totally new and improved look. New head coach Jim Barker is a winner, and has already instilled this winning attitude into the Sagehen players. Barker came to Pomona-Pitzer from



Stevie Fenton, shown here with the tool of his trade

Photo by Lila Haight

New Mexico State, where he was their Offensive Coordinator in football. He last coached baseball at Occidental and helped lead them to a league title. This year's team is filled with experienced veterans and Barker hopes that last year's inconsistency, which resulted in a 10 and 25 record, is behind them.

The pitching staff is packed with upperclassmen. Senior starters Chris Nelson and Jeff Dean will again anchor the staff and will turn the final innings over to Junior fire-

baller, Jim Lin. Freshmen pitchers Arnie Rutherford and Lefty Richard Sewell will also be counted on to supply needed depth to the staff.

The offense is also filled with returning starters. Senior centerfielder Gregg Silver, voted first team All SCIAC, led last year's team with an outstanding overall batting average of .396 and also slugged a team high 7 home-run's. Super Sophomore Steven Fenton broke the five year school record for hits last season with 55 and batted .444 in league play. Steven

and Greg will again battle down to the wire for best overall team batting average, which Gregg won by only a few tenths of a percent last year. Senior Paul Thompson, who played designated hitter and shortstop last year, will move to catcher this year and must quickly and successfully get acclimated to the new position. Senior Mike Lazorchak, who batted over .400 in league play last season, will return to shortstop this year.

The past has brought what one Sagehen player called an "embarrassing" fan turnout to the games. Except for the parents of the players and a few devoted fans the support for the baseball team has been extremely lackadaisical. Enthusiastic fan support would arouse confidence into a Sagehen team in dire need of a new positive attitude. If you find yourself exhausted after an extensive workout at Rains Center, and you just want to relax, pull out a lawn chair and watch the Sagehens play exciting baseball and cheer as the battle league rival.

When it is really quiet you can almost hear legendary Dodger announcer Vin Scully's words, "Pull up a chair and join us." Don't fear these words it is only the little boy in all of us trying to get out.

mismatch. The fight was billed as the stepping stone for Mike Tyson's June bout with number one contender Evander Holyfield. No one even dared to expect the unexpected; no one except for Buster Douglass.

Douglass fought a brilliant fight. He worked behind a piercing left jab which he followed with a devastating right cross. Tyson was not without

his usual arsenal of uppercuts, but Douglass was smart; he either tied up the former champ's arms or simply stepped back.

Another thing Douglass did exceptionally well was remain patient with Tyson. He moved about the ring with evasiveness, uncharacteristic of a heavy weight. He continued to catch the former

See TYSON, page 23

Eric's Alternatives: The Power of Bowling

Eric Elliot
Sports Editor

The student body at Pitzer College, as well as most normal people, love to play games. Sometimes, however, I believe that the furthest most people in college get to actual competition is when there is beer involved. Please, don't get me wrong here, because I enjoy a brisk, exhilarating game of beergammon or quarters as much as the next guy. What I am concerned with is the motive behind this phenomena.

Athletes in the national sporting world are commonly viewed as a group of finely tuned, highly specialized people who are extremely good at what they do. I think that on the whole, this is a correct assumption, but many people let this get in the way of being able to enjoy sports on a personal level. I have to admit, if I were a novice at basketball and I happened to see a film clip of Michael Jordan on my way to the court, I doubt

if I could even consider putting my shoes on when I had arrived, for fear of public embarrassment. I can hear the derisive catcalls now. . . 'Hey pussy, where'd you get those shoes, Target?' and 'Yo man, no Keds on the court'. The point is; many people consider their own physical prowess and coordination to be of such low caliber that they cannot honestly see themselves in a competitive environment when it comes to sports.

My objective in this article and in the articles that will follow this one is to provide relief from competitive stress through reviewing alternative sports of a less intimidating genre. Some people may prefer to call some of these sports 'games or hobbies', but for now I will group them under the general heading of 'Recreational Sports'. The sport under consideration in this issue is none other than that favorite American pastime: bowling.

Yes, bowling. Shoe disinfectant and polyester

shirts with names like 'Bud' on them in abundance. This sport involves concentration and a great deal of dexterity, believe me, a sixteen

pound mass does feel exceedingly good when it is dropped onto your foot. So, proceed with caution.

Good news college students, bowling is a sport in which beer drinking can be an essential part. An uptight bowler never does very well and a few beers will help keep him loose. Beer can also be used as a strategy for winning-just make sure you buy your friends enough to alter their equilibrium. This may all seem very simple to you, but be assured, the intricacies of the sport are mind-boggling. Such as, trying to nonchalantly retrieve your friend after they have just sprawled

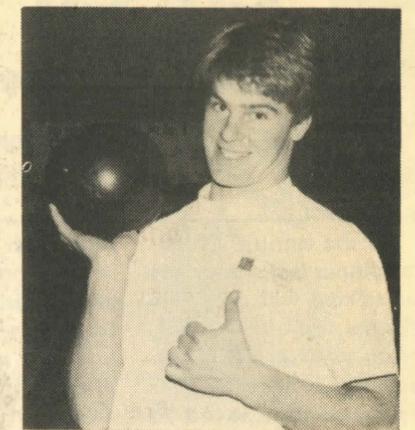


Photo by Sam Chase

Pitzer student Matt Garrett prepares to roll a strike

themselves all over the alley attempting to deliver a strike. The implications are staggering.

Seriously though, bowling is a lot of fun and actually quite challenging, and if you think that's humorous, just wait until our next President is a bowler rather than a horseshoe pitcher. We'll see who is setting the trends then. So, for all you turkeys (bowling terminology) out there who are ready to hit those lanes, there are plenty of bowling alleys in the neighborhood. My personal favorite is the Active West Bowling and Recreation Center on Garey Avenue. Yeehaaa!

SPORTSBRIEF

Well The Superbowl was turned into something of a toilet bowl on Sunday Jan. 28th. It was a mixture of beauty and silliness, as the 49ers put on a spectacular display of passing, running and defense, destroying the again hapless Denver Broncos 58 -10 or something like that. For Denver it was the fourth Superbowl loss which ties them with Minnesota for the the greatest choke artists in Superbowl history.....

As the NBA nears the all - star break it looks like a coaching rematch between Detroit's own Chuck Daily and the Lakers' Pat Riley. Riley should have the edge

since three of his starters are Lakers. This did fuel some controversy as power forward A.C. Green was chosen over Karl "The Mailman" Malone, as one of the West's starting five.....

On a local note: two weeks ago Pitzer forward James "don't call me Benoit" Johnson, scored eight points in overtime, including a last second game - winner to topple the stunned Stags of CMS. After the game a small skirmish broke out. Though no names have been released, it seems that some rather large dark-haired Pitzer student was protecting a fellow Pomona

See SPORTSBRIEF, page 18

Ch-Ch-Ch-Changes: Pitzer Students Gravitate to the Right

A Column by
Burke Moeller

At the annual Christmas dinner last semester I was talking with Norvetta Williams about how conservative the freshman and sophomore classes appeared compared to myself and the rest of the senior class. She said the seniors looked pretty conservative compared to some of the classes she's seen since she started working at Pitzer.

I was startled. We looked conservative to her? No way, I thought. Then I thought of all of my friends who wanted to go to law school after graduation. How many of them wanted to be Senators or Congressmen. Is this what Pitzer has become?

I remember going to high school in Claremont and hearing stories about Pitzer. This place had a

reputation for wild parties, student-professor liaisons, and a natural tension between the student body and the administration. While all of these things are still true to some extent, many things have changed. Surely the underclassmen are a reflection of that.

For one, Pitzer's recruiting policy has changed dramatically since Paul Ranslow became Dean of Admissions. He now regularly recruits students from top prep schools across the country.

On the bright side, median SAT scores have gone up, and today a degree from Pitzer means much more in the job market than it did 10 or 20 years ago.

Additionally, students graduating from Pitzer

graduate schools, such as Harvard and Yale.

The downside of the new recruitment policy is that Pitzer students are more conservative than they used to be with students coming from high-income families and expensive prep schools.

Everyone knows that in general, the more income one has, the more conservative one tends to be.

I came to Pitzer because I wanted the complete antithesis of my conservative prep school. When I walked into Intro. to Political Studies and Dan Ward proclaimed himself to be an anarchist, I thought I was getting what I wanted. Now, his days seem to be numbered here.

Is it just because we are living in a time of con-

servative leadership in the government? I think not. In the late 60's students across America were as militant as they have ever been, and they were being led by Richard Nixon in the White House.

What Pitzer needs is a good dose of radicalism to restore what it once was, to preserve the one facet that gave Pitzer its uniqueness. As President Ellsworth said in the school's last symposium, "Several schools were founded in the sixties, only one has flourished."

A friend of mine came to Kouhoutek last year and pointed out the Bush-Quayle poster on a window in Holden. He wondered why no one had thrown a brick through that window. I tried to explain that Pitzer had changed, that people were becoming more conservative, and that the liberals who went here believed that everyone is entitled to their own beliefs, no matter how screwed up they might be. He just shook his head and left.

with excellent grades are now able to attend the most prestigious

SPORTSBRIEF

Continued from page 17

brother from the oncoming onslaught of the drunken CMS "Stag Pound".....

American tennis brat, Johnny McEnroe, got tossed out of the Australian Open. What a surprise! You would think a 30 year old pro, who has won as many titles as he has, would have grown up by now. Obviously he has not realized that his fans have grown tired of his childish antics.

Fat old boxer George Foreman punched his way to another victory

on his comeback trail as he permanently retired pathetic Gerry Cooney. Cooney made Foreman look incredibly better than he actually is, and if Foreman thinks he has a chance against Iron Mike, he will be painfully mistaken.

The New York Yankees are frighteningly close to actually being a respectable team. Unless they can trade a couple decent pitcher for George Steinbrenner, that word will never enter any intelligent sports fan's vocabulary.

The only competition the Denver Broncos will ever win is which quarterback has choked the most times in a big game.

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AIDS Multi-Media Exhibit: A Survivor's Perspective

Meena Rananavare
Staff Writer

Standing behind the closed doors, reflections of light upon the glass, my view of the photographs that line the walls of the room is obstructed.

It would be just a few minutes before the clock struck four and the doors would open, open me to world filled with anger, questioning, but most of all, the desire to live.

Ann Meredith, a photographer, began a few years on a project, dealing with the issue of women with AIDS. She has recorded the oral testimonies of the women as well as the visual aspect, the photographs.

Together they make up a very



moving exhibit entitled "Until That Last Breath: Women With AIDS," now in the Founder's Day Room at McConnell Center.

Two professors who were actively involved with this exhibition, were Professors Arguellos and Weidemann.

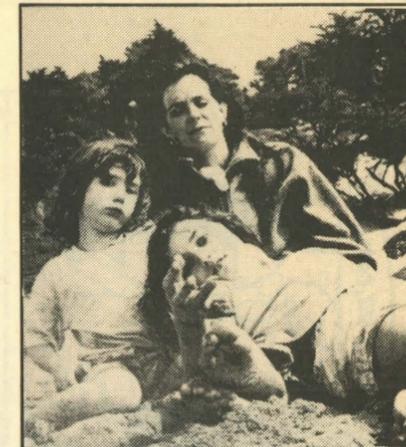
Arguellos explains there is a lack of awareness of the impact of AIDS on women. The exhibit is intended to raise awareness not only at the colleges but in the surrounding community as well.

These photographs confront stereotypes, because a viewer cannot tell from the faces of these women that they have AIDS. It is important to see visuals, Arguellos says. According to her, there has been a big response from art and sociology classes.

Women from all races, ages, are dying from this disease. You must stop and think: How would you handle it? In these faces are sadness, a loss of hope, and questions. Why me? Why?

All are moving, but still one of the saddest pictures was that of a small child, a little girl who knew her mother was dying. Her mother wrote poetry to express not only her feelings but what she believed her two daughters to be experiencing.

One thing holds true for these



women. They need support, not rejection. One woman said, "I'm looking for my family. I haven't given up."

This show was explained by one of the women, she says, "The focus of the show is not to show us emaciated or on our last breath. The purpose is to show that until that last breath, entire lives are still going."

A video presentation which accompanies the photography doesn't carry the same effect. But the photos spoke for themselves.

All those faces, Yes, they are photos, so still and silent, yet you can see the stories, the pain in their expressions, in their eyes. Ann Meredith has captured the entire lives of these women, in a photograph. A photograph? It seems so impossible, but it's not.

Shuttle Astronaut Touches Down in Claremont

Elizabeth Castro
Staff Writer

In January the Chicano Studies Center hosted Dr. Franklin Chang-Diaz, one of two Hispanics in the entire NASA astronaut program. NASA astronaut.

Born in Costa Rica, Chang-Diaz dreamed of being an astronaut since he was a child. When he became

old enough, Chang-Diaz decided he would travel to the United States to realize this dream.

With 50 dollars in his pocket and a one way plane ticket to America, he came to live with a Costa Rican family in Hartford, Conn. He enrolled in high school, and eventually landed a scholarship to the University of Connecticut upon graduation.

When he arrived at the Univer-

sity Chang-Diaz met with an unpleasant surprise. "I was told that I could not use my scholarship," said Chang-Diaz. "I had been awarded the scholarship because they thought I was Puerto Rican and therefore an American citizen."

Administrators from his old high school petitioned to the state legislature of Connecticut and Chang-Diaz was allowed to keep the scholarship. "It was given to me on the condition that it be effective for only one year, but it didn't matter to me" said Chang-Diaz. "All that mattered was that I had my foot in the door."

See ASTRONAUT, page 22

McConnell Corner

Why are we here? We are here for you. We hope you find this valuable. We are using this forum to share information so you understand better what we can do for you, what we do for you, and why we do what we do.

We are food service professionals. We are here to provide you with the best program we are able to supply, within our contractual and financial limitations.

Please help us by letting us know what we can do for you and please be receptive to how we have to do it.

Questions Of Your Concern

Why can't we take food out of the dining hall like the other colleges?

Pomona College is the only school with an official take out policy. The students pay extra for this benefit.

The first change that has to happen for Pitzer to have this benefit is that everyone needs to be on a meal plan. Pitzer is the only one of the Claremont Colleges that allows students to be off board. After everyone is on board then the Treasurer's office needs to be approached and asked if this benefit can be added to the program and subsequently implemented.

Advertisement

Society for the Preservation of Acoustic Music

A student organization of the Claremont Colleges

The second annual Rising Moon concert, a benefit for the Project Sister and House of Ruth service organizations, begins at 7:30pm on Thursday, February 15, 1990, at Bridges Hall of Music, on the Pomona College campus in Claremont. Featured are area musicians Valorie Frederick, Clabe Hangan and Friends, Lynn Savitzky and Missy Schmit, and the Hot Pecans. The student group Flanagan's Alligator appears, and the event will be emceed by members of the student improv group, Without a Box. The concert is sponsored by the Society for the Preservation of Acoustic Music, a student organization, and the students of the five Claremont Colleges.

Project Sister and the House of Ruth both provide services in the Pomona Valley to survivors of domestic violence. Project Sister staffs a sexual assault crisis line 24 hours a day, in addition to providing prevention and education programs. The House of Ruth operates a shelter home, as well as education, prevention and outreach services. Both organizations rely upon trained volunteers, some of whom are students from the Claremont Colleges. The Rising Moon concert is an attempt by the Claremont Colleges community to acknowledge and celebrate its ties with these local service organizations; proceeds from the event will be donated to them.

Valorie Frederick is a former member of the New Christ Minstrels, among other groups. Clabe Hangan is a blues artist whose travels have taken him to different parts of the world. In addition to her musical participation in a number of local groups, Lynn Savitzky is the executive director of Project Sister. Missy Schmit is an accomplished pianist. The Hot Pecans, longtime local favorites, include Bruce Bishop, David Millard, Roy Durnal, and Al Stoyer. Josh and Julia Nusbaum and Brian Forde make up Flanagan's Alligator, and perform original acoustic tunes, among others. members of the campus improvisational comedy troupe, Without A Box, will host the concert.

Tickets for the Rising Moon concert are \$3 with student ID, and \$7 for general admission. Tickets will be available at the door, or may be purchased in advance at the Folk Music Center, 220 Yale St., Claremont, or by calling or writing to Chris Freeberg, Pitzer College, Box A74, Claremont, CA., 91711, (714) 621-8376. Seating is general, and the doors open at 7pm at Bridges Hall of Music, which is located on 4th St., just east of College Avenue in Claremont.

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ASTRONAUT

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After receiving his degree in mechanical engineering, Chang-Diaz went on to MIT and received a degree in Plasma Fusion. Along with these achievements Chang-Diaz became a United States citizen in 1977. His career came to its peak when he was accepted to the astronaut program in 1979.

"I was so happy that I almost got run over by a car as I left the building," said Chang-Diaz.

Since being accepted to the program Chang-Diaz has flown two shuttle missions and has been assigned to another mission for next year.

Being in space is a unique experience as described by Chang-Diaz, "One who is used to working around the movements of the sun

and moon has to adjust to the different sequence one sees in space. While orbiting the earth we see a sunrise or sunset every 45 minutes."

Currently, Chang-Diaz is organizing a space conference to take place in Costa Rica. With United Nations sponsorship Chang-Diaz hopes that the participating countries will have an atmosphere to share knowledge.

"I consider us all to be citizens of a planet, incidentally a small planet," stated Chang-Diaz. "Each country has tremendous capabilities but they are dispersed."

Chang-Diaz expressed concern for lack of Hispanics in the Astronaut program. He encouraged those interested in space to seek advanced degrees and stressed the need for "a system that will allow Hispanics to do what they dream of."

Now It's Our Turn: In the fall of the Soviet Empire, Americans should consider how to make some improvements of our own

Essay by Ben Sheppard

Wow, the fall of communist monopoly on power in the Soviet Union have made things grreat. We won. Or so it goes (or has gone) in this Neo Reaganesque era that we live in. Politically, Soviet paranoia has served its purpose: the people of the United States spent the last 10 years (at least) worrying about the Soviet threat while the problems of our own country have been ignored. It is much easier to ponder someone elses problems than one's own. With a nation so caught up in external problems a government has a much easier time doinmg things that its people probably would not be too pleased of if they knew were going on. Reagan spent six and a half years pulling the wool over the American people's eyes while people cheered for his million dollar smile. Now there's a seemingly unsolvable trade defacit that we were too busy spending to notice.

If the last 10 years taught us anything it is to ignore the truth. Paying attention to the truth is no fun. People did not have nearly as much fun while Carter was president and he was looking at the problems of our country eye to eye. It takes a person that truly cares for a country look at it for what it really is. Reagan certainly did us no favors. People of this country believe what they want to believe and ignore what they want to ignore. They have chosen to feel triumph that we have won the cold war and to ignore the economic and social failings that we

presently live with. I was talking with a friend recently about the fact that West Germany has the highest standard of living in the world and he asked me why it effected him. The reality of America's present economic decline was of no concern to him, all he knew was that he planned to start a small business and make a lot of cash. He chooses like so many people to ignore that our economy is rapidly loosing vitality.

The events of the last year serve to teach that anything is possible. It appears that the Stalin/Bresnev mindset which caused the U.S.S.R. to be dubbed the "evil empire" appears to be permanently a part of the past (at least as long as Gorbachev remains in power). There is a

TYSON

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powerful combinations, slowly whittling down the tower of might that was once Mike Tyson.

Douglass made only one mistake. He got a bit overconfident at the end of the sixth round and Tyson made him pay. "Iron" Mike pelted him with an uppercut that would have sent any normal man to his maker. Buster rose from the mat as the round ended and returned to his corner to regroup. Well, he did more than regroup, he managed to find enough inner strength to not only return, but to do what was thought to be impossible - knock Mike Tyson out.

Midway through the 10th round, Douglass stung Tyson with a hard left jab, sending the champ to the ropes. Rather than admire his work, he came right at the champ,

darker side to man and nothing is stopping any third world power with nuklear technology from using it. All the same Americans should take a little time for some introspection regarding the problems of our own. Just as the people of the Soviet Union defied any conceivable possibilities in achieving change with so little bloodshed, Americans should take heart and to try bring about change in our country. One year ago to have begun to describe the past years. Today to talk about solving the problems in America's inner cities seems like a pipe dream. But, as we've learned in the past year that anything is possible, it just takes people having the guts to try to make a difference.

Let's take these events as example. Let's take the dynamic leader Mikhail Gorbachev as an example and demand the same sort of dynamic leadership with integrity for our selves. As long as American's take an apathetic attitude twords politics then all we are going to get are complacent leaders. Anything is possible.

peppering him with combinations, until finally a right uppercut sent Tyson's head reeling. Douglas knew he had to finish the job, which was precisely what he did. A left, a right, and as Tyson fell to the mat "Buster" finished what he had set out to do, he cocked and fired a right hand that sent Tyson's mouthpiece flying, and put him out for good. Buster Douglas was the undisputed heavyweight champion of the world.

This was the best boxing match I've ever had the privilege of seeing. But it was more than just a historic upset, it showed me the true strength of individual competition. It showed me that the underdog can still win, no matter what the odds.

Believe it or not, it gave me hope. And as long as the there are people of fortitude, like Douglas, in the world I will continue to know that there is nothing we cannot ac-