



The Other Side

Alternative Reading For Alternative People

October 2, 1990

Volume XVI, Issue 1

Pitzer Abroad

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A TASTY ALTERNATIVE TO
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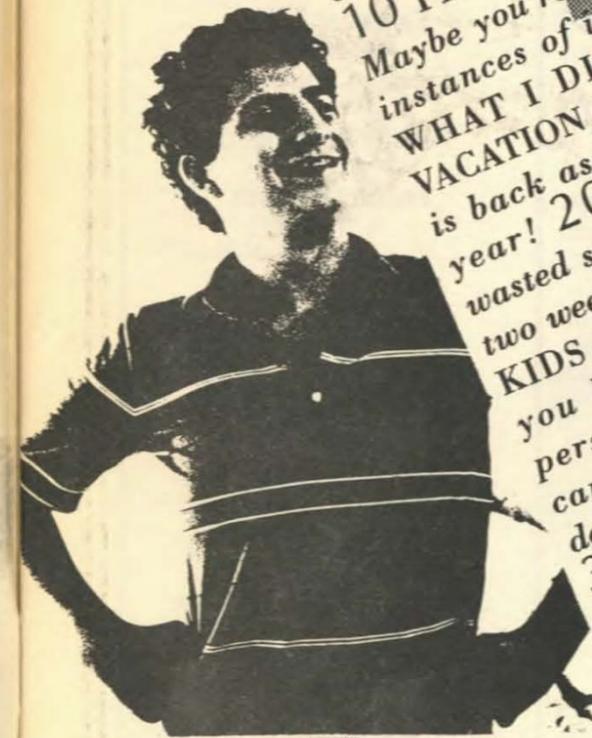
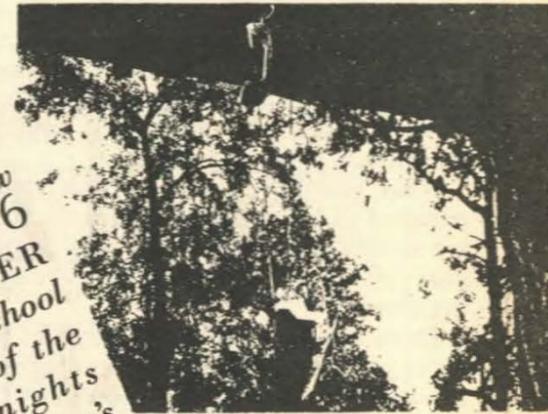
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SUMMER VACATION



Pitzer
Abroad

S

Utopia

"Pitzer—is that one of those two-year schools?" No, it's a regular four-year college. "Oh, it's one of those beauty colleges, right?" Well, not exactly...

Summer vacations seem to always inevitably demand these complex explanations of our college system here in Claremont. As if pronunciation weren't enough, verbalization of Pitzer's unique curriculum as well as its relationship with the other Claremont Colleges can be down right difficult.

There is no easy description of Pitzer College. We are more than just a four-year college. We at the Claremont Colleges easily form something much greater than the sum of our parts. How fortunate we are to be a working part in one of the most unique institutions of higher education in the country, if not the world.

What, you don't agree? It's understandable. Sometimes a little distance is required to better understand what so many of us take for granted. There are several ways to go about this. Some students take a semester or even a year "off." A lot of scholars-in-training spend a semester's overseas "studying abroad."

Those are both fine and dandy, but if you really want to appreciate what we've got around here, try spending one single semester at a big university—like the University of Southern California, for instance. This special brand of academia we have around here might just take on a whole new meaning.

Intimate classes and loose educational structure—you know, a little reading this week, a five-pager later on in the month—these don't exist at USC. Trojans don't understand the term "independent study." Do you enjoy talking with your professor? Do you like it when they remember your name? At USC, you're lucky if you can even see your professor. Nosebleed seats in the back of the auditorium make your professor about as easy to recognize as Bono when U2 plays the Coliseum.

The class structure there involves homework *every night*. Classes go on *every day* for *everyone*. Through a lengthy chain of professors, teaching assistants, lab directors and discussion leaders, you are practically led by the hand through all four years of what they call "rigorous" study.

Yeah, that's one way to go about it.

We do things a little different out here at Pitzer.

What makes it so great to be here? Pitzer gives us the ample opportunity to explore for ourselves the depths of our yearn to learn. Pitzer curriculum can make you work for real, if you want to. If you're really interested in your particular field of study, there is no better place to be than Pitzer College (that is, of course, if they offer your particular field of study). You can get a better education here than anywhere else in the world *if you're willing to work for it*. That's the catch.

Our professors can only point us in the right direction. If you want to get the most from your classes, you're going to have to do the real work on your own. Sure, it's more difficult this way. It's much easier to memorize and regurgitate. But after the Cap & Gown Show, there isn't going to be anyone to set your deadlines or assign your reading. In The Real World (wherever that is!), it's going to be all up to you. We're so lucky, we get to practice for that time right now. And we don't even have to worry about being fed or keeping a roof over our heads.

We're in Utopia.

J. Patrick Henry

The Other Side

Alternative Reading for Alternative People

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The opinions expressed in this newsmagazine do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the editorial staff.

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Honor Prouty Staff Writer

"I'd really love to comment, but they haven't hooked up my phone yet," says Pitzer Sophomore Cynthia Shea.

Shea's feelings on the new four-digit telephone extension system are typical of many students who sorely miss the seven-digit private lines of years past.

Because of "deregulation," a break-up of the Bell telephone system years and years ago, all of the Claremont Colleges were forced to say goodbye to GTE and hello to complaints and confusion among the student body.

"I have so many complaints about the phone system," said Joel Hirsch, Pitzer Junior. "Do you have five free hours to hear my beef?"

The change-over was decided by a vague "committee" during the summer, and students were notified by mail in August. In a memo earlier in the semester, Michael Tessier, Director of Resi-

Phone System Causes Havoc and Frustration

dential Life, admitted to being left out of this decision.

In actuality, the drawbacks are almost equally balanced with the benefits. Take a look for yourself...

The good things: Students now have access to a new AT&T ACUS card, allowing them to make long-distance phone calls from any campus extension for a reduced student rate with monthly billing. Local calls are free. Long-term goals include telephones in every student room hooked up to a "party line" extension shared by four students.

The bad things: Answering machines have been known to be less than compatible with the new system. Busy signals seem to pop up at the drop of a

hat. And of course, the privacy of a seven-digit line is sorely missing. With three other people sharing your line, you have to be pretty careful about what you say. And while the party-line system is currently being enjoyed by some students, many rooms (especially those in Mead Hall) still do not have telephone jacks and have been given no word as to when any will be installed.

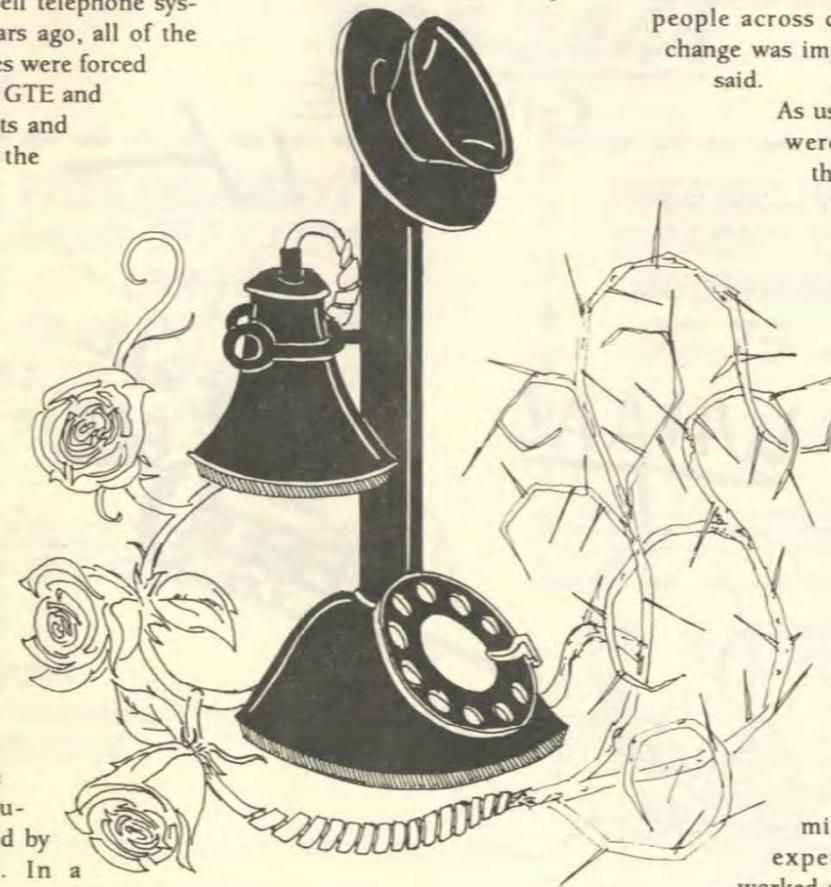
Personal seven-digit lines will supposedly be available sometime during the first week in October on a first-come first-served basis.

Tessier has reportedly had a lot of feedback but recognizes the mistake of surprising the students with the new system. "I think it would have been more effective to involve more people across campus before the change was implemented," Tessier said.

As usual, Pitzer students were eager to express their opinions on the matter.

"I think it sucks for the people who call long distance because they have to go through the switchboard and they get charged regardless of whether or not calls go through," said Pitzer Freshman Emily Levin.

"I would not mind using the less-expensive system if it worked properly," said Carolyn Reny.



Another Alcohol Policy:

Pitzer Tries, Once Again, To Meet Government Demands

J. Patrick Henry
Staff Writer

If you've got problems with this latest installment in the on-going alcohol policy saga, you're not the only one. Pitzer Dean of Students Jack Tok Fok Ling anticipated the difficulties as it was being written.

"We didn't have input from the whole community," Ling said. "We need more student input."

The current policy is termed an "interim" drug and alcohol policy since it is being used while a longer and more specific policy is designed. Although the stricter policies are mandated by the United States Department of Education, there are certain options open to decision by Pitzer.

Ling calls it "flexibility." Although the guidelines are fairly complex and typically wordy, it's up to Pitzer to come with educational programs to supplement the rules and regulations. Jack Ling understands the importance in these programs—to him, teaching students about substance abuse is just as serious as closing down an unruly keg.

"Any policy without these educational programs is a lame one," Ling said. Currently, administration is looking at ways to integrate substance abuse awareness into the Pitzer community through workshops as well as new student orientation.

With a new alcohol policy every year countered by an attitude of students toward drinking that rarely changes, many aren't expecting any big differences from previous years. Ling also doesn't see that much change because of what terms "limited human resources."

It wasn't until 1965 that the U.S. Government starting seriously looking at college drug and alcohol policies. Back then, a recommendation was all that was given. But ever since President Bush passed legislation in 1989 requiring schools, colleges and universities to enforce stringent drug and alcohol policies, it's the law. Last year, students were advised through memorandum that federal funding for Pitzer College

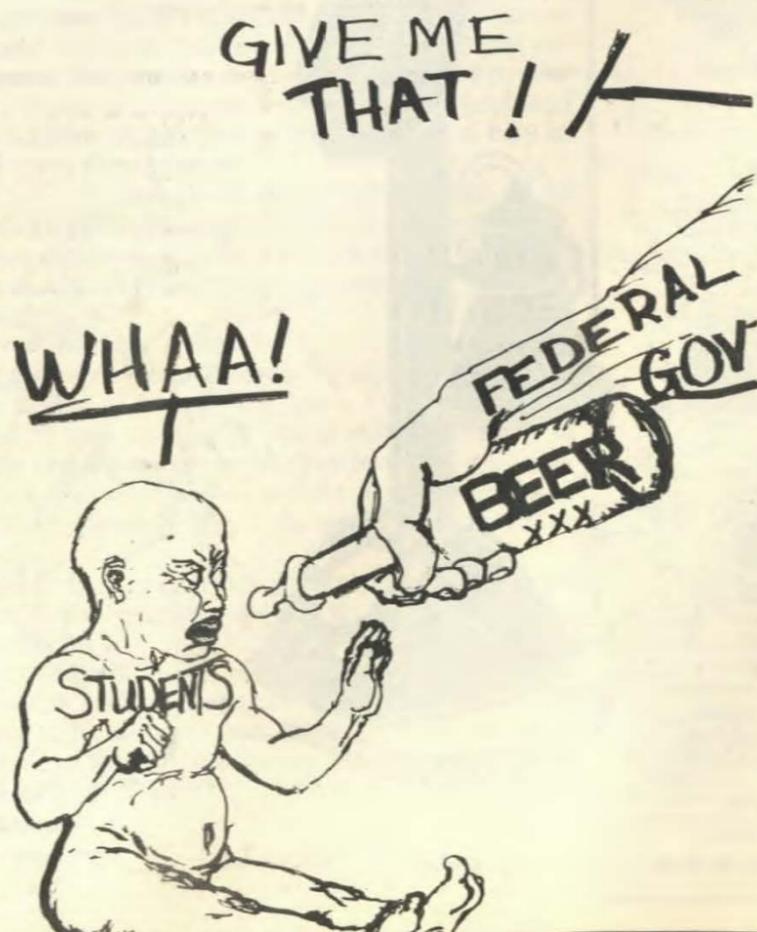
could be withheld if our drug and alcohol policies were not in compliance with existing state and local laws.

With threatened "sporadic random checks" of drug and alcohol practices around campus by the Department of Education, Ling says, "We want to show them that we're serious." He says that surprise checks on weekend nights weren't completely out of the question.

Another way of checking up on the practice of our policies would be to send Department of Education agents to look up any and all infractions. Only a few violations or insufficient discipline might be grounds for a re-evaluation of federal funding.

Ling thinks it's looking pretty good so far. This was the first year that didn't call for a "dry week." Ling also reports no serious infractions of the policy as of yet. "It's quite possible to have parties with alcohol available but without the mayhem."

Take heart—students aren't the only ones forced to abide by the regulations. Ling reports that a recent party at Pitzer President Frank Ellsworth's house as well as the last Board of Trustees meeting both had to comply with current alcohol regulations—alternative beverages and plenty of food! But do you think they really checked IDs?



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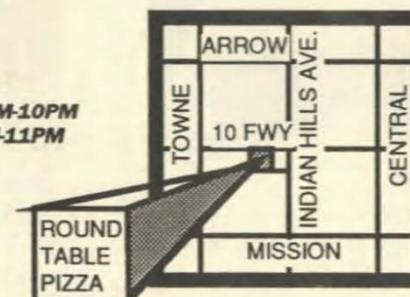
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Our Environment

What Is The Greenhouse Effect?



Sarah Compton
Sophomore +

"It's hot in Maine now. I don't know enough...except that I know that the weather patterns are really fucked up. I mean it didn't used to be 90 degrees in Maine in the summer time. Now it is."



Randy Jones
Freshman

"It's the whole in our ozone layer because of the stuff coming out of our factories. You know, like styrofoam cups and shit like that."



Alex Katz
Junior

"Caused by over fertilization which leads to excess plant growth which through photosynthesis gives off a lot of heat through respiration and that causes global warming."



Bill Kramer
Freshman

"The warming of the earth by the destruction of the ozone by styrofoam products and plastic things and terrible chemical stuff."



Jennifer Londe
Senior

"I think the greenhouse effect is when all the junk that goes in the air is just trapped there. We're so stupid."



James Holmes
Freshman

"It's kinda like a chain of events are happening and since everything is linked together, that's just the product of it."

Our Environment

What's Happening?

The Greenhouse Effect, when functioning normally, is good and keeps our planet warm. Natural gases in the atmosphere form a blanket which allows sunlight to reach the earth's surface, but prevents heat from escaping. This gas blanket traps heat close to the surface and warms the atmosphere.

Burning fossil fuels like oil, coal, natural gas and the destruction of forests, releases immense quantities of greenhouse gases, the most important of which is carbon dioxide (CO₂). CO₂ is not a pollutant that can be scrubbed, trapped or otherwise eliminated--it is a fundamental by-product of the combustion process. However, it is responsible for about 50% of the greenhouse effect.

THE FACTS

*Scientists now estimate that there is 25 percent more CO₂ in our atmosphere then there was two centuries ago.

They expect the present level to double by the year 2050.

*Computer models of the world's climate from the National Center for Atmospheric Research suggest that absence of a worldwide effort to reduce greenhouse gas emissions will cause a temperature rise of three to nine degrees Fahrenheit by 2050.

OTHER GREENHOUSE GASES

*CHLOROFLURCARBONS: (CFCs)
Responsible for 15-20 percent of the global warming and destroys the earth's ozone layer

*METHANE: 18 percent of the greenhouse effect. Produced by cattle, rice fields, and by landfills

*OZONE: Comes from ground-based pollution caused by motor vehicles, power plants and oil refineries.

Portions taken from "50 Simple Things You Can Do To Save The Earth" by The Earth Works Group.

A SIMPLE THING YOU CAN DO TO SAVE THE EARTH

Next time you have to do your laundry or are buying laundry detergent remember these helpful hints, because everyone's effort helps.

*Use a little less detergent--manufactures recommend more detergent than necessary.

*Use a low-phosphate or phosphate-free detergent--liquid detergents are generally phosphate-free

*Use a substitute--soap powder will work well for soft water and a combination of soap and washing soda for hard water.

Phosphates: chemical compounds containing phosphorus are found in most detergents. They are used to soften the water and help in the washing of the clothes.

The ecological side-effects are: phosphates empty into streams and lakes, they can cause a problem such as "algae bloom"--where algae is fertilized to the point where it grows out of control, then the algae dies, and the bacteria causing it to decay use up large amounts of oxygen that other plants and marine life need. The end result can be dead lakes and streams.

The Other Side Special Report

FOR EXTERNAL USE ONLY:
STORIES FROM ABROAD

compiled by Kristin Kasper

Immersion in a foreign place. The plane began its decent and the excitement and anxiety grew. The flight had been long, but allowed time for thinking. To remember the things we had forgotten to pack, or more importantly it gave us time to think about the experience that lay ahead.

For many of us English was about to become a second language. And the everyday conveniences of home might no longer exist. Tom Manley kept discussing Cultural Shock. What would we do in this type of situation? We wouldn't really know until we were there.

The first few weeks we made new friends; people who would share experiences with us that no one else would be able to relate to. Perhaps we were homesick at first or, on the other hand, we wanted to stay forever.

We pushed ourselves to try new things. Whether it was exotic food, naked excursions in a Nepali village or precarious elephant rides in the African jungles, we

FOR EXTERNAL USE ONLY:
STORIES FROM ABROAD

Kristin Kasper: London, England

Many of us took a semester or two off during our weighty junior year to explore, to have some time off, to find ourselves or to try out the real world. I think I went to London for all those reasons and did a little bit of each.

My experience lasted for six months and taught me much. But one thing that really stuck with me was the perception the British had of "The States." (That's what you learn to call the United States from abroad, as well as to refer to Europe as "The Continent.")

Most British are somewhat familiar with the East Coast. After all, it's close enough that they can travel there. But this leaves most British with images of New York or Boston. Other British travel to Florida for "holiday" (that's vacation to us). Perhaps not the best places to portray "The States."

But when it comes to the West Coast, most British know of California. Sunny California with its palm trees, beaches and the glow of Hollywood. It's a picture which sells, and sells big. The media and the advertisers plug The California Life with images of Los Angeles. The British believe this portrayal and are interested in taking a holiday in The California which they have been sold. Thus, they fly directly to L.A. (With a stop-over in New York, of course!)

I found this California/LA connection evident several times throughout my stay in London. Often I would be asked where I was from. I would generalize and say, "The States." Their response was, "I know that, but where?" I guess I just couldn't get rid of my American look! I would then specify California, and often before I could finish my sentence, they would jump in and say, "Los Angeles?"

On another occasion I found myself filling out endless paperwork for my work permit. Upon handing the forms to the woman behind the counter, she looked them over and asked where the state of San Francisco was. So I was quickly reminded of the unfamiliarity the British have about "The States," and about California.

Yet, I have to admit that I have thought to myself maybe San Francisco or at least Northern California would make a nice state if severed. It's an ongoing debate with which people may be familiar.

Now I enjoy attending college in Southern California, but I feel it's not a good representation of the entire state

of California, and I often find it disheartening to have Northern California forgotten and or thought of as one in the same as Southern California.

There are many differences between the two Californias and I often had to clarify these to my British "mates" (friends). I even helped plan a trip for one mate and made sure his itinerary covered both parts of California. I always made a special effort to insist that those who planned to holiday in California got the whole experience.

I wanted to get the whole experience in England and I think I did. My new friends and I began by traveling outside of London. My first weekend we traveled to Bath, where we explored the oldest surviving Roman Baths. Other excursions took us to Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire, through the Cotswolds, to Windsor and Eton and from Eastbourn to Brighton via the Southdowns coastal path.

My travels also took me to many districts outside the city of London: Wimbledon (where I lived for a month), Royal Botanical Gardens Kew and Greenwich (meridian line longitude zero.)

But surely my England experience was completed by a commitment to and enjoyment of attending performances of the fine arts at least once a week.

I am thankful to have had the chance to live and experience life in England. And as the last exit passport checker looked over my papers, he said, "You were here long enough to be one of us." It ended my stay by making me feel both honored and sad. I smiled and said "Cheers!" as I walked on.



FOR EXTERNAL USE ONLY: STORIES FROM ABROAD

David Hyde: Ecuador "El Coopertivo Tahuantinsuyo"



We slowed to a stop in front of the Catholic church Guapulo on the main plaza of Otavalo. I got out of my seat of the "bus pan-americano numero 39," stretching my cramped legs after the two-hour ride north from Quito. We filed out of the bus.

Gordon and I threw our day packs over our shoulders and headed down the block towards the edge of town. We meandered our way south-east of town through the countryside, crossing one hill after the next, finally arriving in a high valley laden with cornfields.

We walked down a dirt path, arriving at a whitewashed cement block house--a white spot against a natural countryside dotted with only earth-thatch roof huts. Three dogs dashed out to meet us, barking furiously. A child followed shortly subduing the dogs.

"Esta Don Miguel Andrango," I said meagerly. The child disappeared around the back of the house to reappear moments later with an older gentlemen dressed in baggy, starched, white, pants, a white wool pullover, a navy poncho, a brown hat and white sandals. "Si, buenos dias," Don Miguel said, greeting us. "Buenos dias, somos estudiantes de la Universidad Catholica de Quito..."

"We are taking a class in Religious anthropology and are doing a research paper on the rituals and symbols of backstrap weaving. Could we interview you on your cooperative 'Tahuantinsuyo?' I asked.

We walked upstairs to a large room with an assortment of textiles: tapestries, sweaters, comforter, and woven hats. Don Miguel gathered three wooden chairs and we sat in a triangle. We began asking questions of his cooperative and his work on the backstrap loom.

"During the Spanish conquest in the 1500's, Spanish merchants brought the 'Spanish loom' to take advantage of the abundant skilled workers in textiles.

"The Spanish loom was much faster than the traditional backstrap loom, the Otavalian Indians had perfected. A tapestry of the same size, one and a half meters by two and a half meters, would take a month by the traditional backstrap loom in contrast to a day with the Spanish loom.

"My cooperative is trying to maintain this tradition. It is becoming more and more tempting to adopt the Spanish loom with which Otavalians can earn much more money.

"In the tourist market on Saturday in Otavalo, where all the local Indians sell their textile goods, it has become increasingly more profitable to weave more and thus profit more with the Spanish loom, even though the quality is of no comparison to the back loom's tight fine weave.

"In addition, we are trying to maintain traditional vegetable- and fruit-dyeing techniques. We still use vegetables and fruits for our dyes, such as walnuts for browns, zunshi for violet, blackberries and ripe cactus fruit (and the worm inside) for deep reds.

"It is a very trying time for our cooperative to see if we can remain cohesive with a common goal of backstrap weaving," described Don Miguel.

Gordon and I sat back, buried in our chairs, scribbling away trying to get it all on paper. I felt like an anthropologist finally writing the oral history of these Indians traditions on paper. Living in Ecuador was a daily experience in cultural awakening.

FOR EXTERNAL USE ONLY: STORIES FROM ABROAD

Sheryl Kurland: Siena, Italy

Sheer beauty dominates my train of thought as I drift back into my experience during the three months I spent in Siena, Italy.

I recall the days of sitting in a field on a sun-drenched hilltop in the outskirts of that ancient city. The views of the twisted roads were somewhat dominated by sharp ridges. The paths were lined by flowers which wound along the ridges of the clay hills, leading my thoughts down a dream-like trail until I felt as if I were in heaven. The rustic farmhouses with orange roofs and green shutters, the cypress trees and the isolated rows of sown crops gave the flavor of the dominant agricultural history that remains strong in practice today.

Each day I would walk or take one of the orange public autobuses three miles in transition from the outskirts of the countryside into the city. Siena was built on a hill, encompassed by walls which were originally built to be fortresses, by the Medici family in the 1400s. Those same

walls are still standing strong, providing a breathtaking view of both the city and the land.

Siena is like something out of a fairy tale, a city filled with "Belle gente" beautiful people, Gelato and historical artwork. The streets of cobblestone are narrow and constantly buzzing with people.

At five o'clock, it's impossible to pass through the crowd for everyone of all ages is out strolling. My first response was "What is going on in these streets? Is something being given away?" Shortly thereafter, I learned it was just the Italian way of caring and sharing with one another.

Cars are prohibited in the town center and when an autobus turns the corner one must run for their life into a doorway to stand clear. A magnificent bell tower dominates over the Piazza del campo, the main square surrounded by cafes covered by students and pigeons.

Saturday afternoons are the days when teens and adults alike put on their finest clothing and stroll, creating the true appearance of fashion show. Accompanying this external beauty of the Italians is their internal warm-heartedness. An appropriate name for the Italians would be the "pleasing people," filled with a charm and energy that doesn't quit.

As well as living in Siena, I was fortunate enough to spend time in other Italian cities like Rome, Venezia, Reggio Emilia Milano, the Island of Elba and Montorosso. Although the cultures vary from region to region, the warmth of the people remain constant. At times, I was in dismay with how kind the Italian people could be.

After my program, I travelled for two months to 22 various cities throughout Europe including the Eastern Bloc of Hungary, Czechoslovakia and Poland. My travelling companion and childhood friend from home (who attends Smith College) had just completed a year abroad in Paris. We concluded our travels with family friends of mine in Milano, having agreed that Italy was our favorite country.

It felt better than home--a land of pure delicacy.



FOR EXTERNAL USE ONLY: STORIES FROM ABROAD

Brooke Sterling: Nepal

We are trekking to Simigoan, a Sherpa village five days walk from Kathmandu. We have been walking for three days, conversing along the trail or walking in silence. It is six o'clock in the evening and after arriving at our campsite by a river, myself and the three other women on the program are resting and eating snacks inside one of the tents.

As we drone on about survival techniques of living in the wilderness without the toys of "civilization," we are silenced by intensive, hoarse screaming. The screams stop, we continue, but then the yelling begins. We scramble out of the tent while the voice's volume escalates to horrible shrieking. It is a woman and she can no longer yell because her voice is raw; the air literally scrapes against her vocal cords as she attempts to express her rage.

Two members of our kitchen staff (Nepalis with whom we've spent the



last three months) ex-lovers, are feuding.

The man, also livid, repeatedly runs to the river intending to drown himself but is intercepted by one of our program directors. The director is wearing a shawl and plastic sandals and is slipping all over the place as she struggles to prevent this crazed man—who cannot swim—from plunging into the current. She drags him back from the water but is now bordering on hysteria herself. She loosens her grip on his wrist and begins to sob. He too begins to sob, throws his arms around her and begs for forgiveness.

In Nepal, all emotions are not freely expressed, especially anger, frustration and general discontent. When people finally crumble under the weight of their stuffed feelings, the outburst can be volatile and usually the person who loses it feels a great deal of shame following the explosion. This was the case with the Nepalis.

The episode calms and we sit down to dinner, reflecting on the high emotionality of the whole situation. Within the hour, our other program director discovers the screaming woman has drank an entire bottle of rat poison that may or may not have mixed with petroleum, nobody's sure.

Everyone runs to the woman who's sort of braying and swaying from side to side as one of the students hurries to make the powdered milk which we brought with us. Panic is rampant and people are discussing what to do in three different languages: Nepali, Sherpa and English.

The woman is lying on her back on this teeny trail that 10 people are balanced upon. Four or five of us are trying to pry her teeth apart with fingers, a spoon, a stick and a rolling pin, attempting to force a milk and coal mixture down her throat. Milk is spilling all over her face, throat and

chest and with clamped teeth she's sputtered anything that gets near her lips. Her mouth is finally pried open and a liquid concoction prepared by one of her family members is shoved down her throat. After a few minutes, she vomits up everything in her stomach. We begin to think she's alright because we can smell the pungent rat poison but continue to monitor her as she heaves.

Finally, she's placed by the fire and sleeps.

It was fascinating to watch the dynamics of different cultures trying to save someone's life. The Westerners insisted that a substance must go into her stomach to neutralize the effects of the poison while the Nepalis thought she needed to vomit the poison out.

Strangely, an attempted suicide served to break cultural barriers. Throughout the program we (the students) attempted to incorporate Nepali culture into our lives and avoid ethnocentrism. However, because Nepali style is a radical change from the United States, adopting the Nepali style is easier said than done.

Emotions are covertly dealt with and often one is unclear toward the intent of an interaction or remark. This, of course, takes place in the United States as well but seems to be more acute in Nepal. Witnessing and participating in an episode where the feelings of two Nepalis were blatant was, in a sense, refreshing.

I was reminded that although Americans and Nepalis follow different diets, religions, cultural norms and communication styles, members of both societies experience similar feelings. In this case, the emotions being dealt with were overwhelming and the woman's choice was an attempt to eliminate them, a common option in our society as well.

FOR EXTERNAL USE ONLY: STORIES FROM ABROAD

Chris Davis: Belgium

“Over there is the entrance to the tunnels where the soldiers hid.

They controlled the machine guns on top of those two buildings by a remote control panel in this box. Before the revolution, Ceaucescu forced all the citizens into this square for rallies. We had to come and cheer. We had no choice.”

So spoke the aging but spry woman who had taken me into her home in Bucharest and spent four days giving me an oral history of Romania's past six months. She translated through her 20-year-old son, now a veteran of the revolution.

While the rest of Eastern Europe's communist governments fell almost bloodlessly, like marionettes cut from their Soviet strings, the remnants of Romania's violent December Revolution surround the rare tourist. Buildings bear the scars of urban warfare: burned out shells and walls crumbling from the impact of tank fire. Numerous remaining windows are circumscribed by bullet holes, signifying that they had sheltered a sniper during the three days it took for the Romanian military to turn their guns from the people to the state buildings.

The military is ever-present. On each corner sit tanks pointing down Bucharest's long, wide Parisian-style streets. Soldiers tailored in purple, wool uniforms surround all official buildings. Their sun-tanned faces are evidence of long hours spent gazing solemnly at the foot of traffic passing by.

The oppressive unease which one feels in the presence of such a display of security is unnerving. Why all the strength? What is the threat if the despised and feared Ceaucescu entourage has been overthrown?

The answer is that 10,000 to 15,000 people fill university Square singing, chanting, arguing and making speeches. They accuse the government of stealing their revolution by protecting the



positions of hundreds of high-level communists. They halt traffic and refuse to leave until the present regime agrees to certain absolute demands which they deem necessary before a serious dialogue can take place.

Led by students and intellectuals, the demonstrators come from all levels of society. They are doctors, teachers, parents and factory workers, but above all they are impassioned and determined idealists. They share the label of *Golani* given to them by Ion Illiescu, interim President of this country, in an effort to portray them as thieves and bullies.

But rather than shrink from the slanderous propaganda of the government, they accept the term with pride. Children wear "G" buttons and adults show off hats and homemade identity cards bearing *Golani* in bold letters, ironically mocking the politics swirling around them.

Speaking English immediately attracts various demonstrators with enough

understanding of the language to discuss the important issues. They are eager to express themselves, especially to

“Their faces express a bitter determination that the liberties achieved after the bloodshed in December not be lost to those who would replace an old totalitarian system with a new one with a new face.”

See DAVIS, page 17

FOR EXTERNAL USE ONLY: STORIES FROM ABROAD

Alexander Sprague: Australia

Even though I have been back in the United States for a few months, I have a hard time believing that my six months in Australia are over. I am still amazed that I was on the other side of the world.

When I was asked to write about my experiences in Australia, I had a problem deciding what to write about, for so many different things happened while I was in the land Down Under. At first I thought I might write about feeding kangaroos or petting koalas. But then I decided that these were the things that everybody talks about.

I decided I wanted to share with everyone how I got my tattoo.

It all happened on the night of May 25, 1990. As is the case in so many of these incidences, it started out quite innocently. I went into Sydney with a group of American and Australian friends for dinner. We had chosen a quaint little Italian restaurant on Sydney harbor. It was really very quite neat, because we could see all the ferries coming and going, and the Opera house all lit up.

Having enjoyed a delicious dinner, we all decided to adjourn to a local establishment that served fine Australian fermented beverages. We began to walk around downtown Sydney and decided to go into Henry IX bar. Seated at a comfortable table, we ordered a round of drinks. Sometime thereafter, four of my friends decided to go dancing, leaving myself and an Australian friend of mine to hold the fort.

We ordered a Powers Bitter, and began to talk about nothing in particular. Somehow the conversation came around to tattoos, and we both admitted that we had



thought about getting a tattoo in the recent past. Now, the next decision I made may not have been the most rational on I have ever made, but I do not regret it.

I decided that I was going to get a tattoo before the evening was up.

As we consumed the rest of our beverage, I got my friend convinced to get one too. We left the bar and began to head down Elizabeth Street toward a tattoo studio my friend said he had seen a week earlier. After about a half-hour of less than accurate navigation, we ended up in front of The Illustrated Man tattoo studio.

As we entered, I was surprised at how brightly lit and clean this establishment was. We all think of tattoo studios being down some dark alley. The Illustrated Man was nothing like this.

Once inside we found that all the walls were covered with a plethora of possible permanent illustrations. We must have spent 20 minutes looking at the many different possibilities.

I, however, had already decided back at the bar what I was going to get. I had always wanted a Yin Yang, the Korean sign for the opposing life forces.

We then began to stand in line. The other people in line were not what I expected. I had expected to see motorcyclists, punkers and other "counter-culture" folks. Instead, I found young adults similar to me in the studio for the same reasons as me.

It is worth mentioning that there was a gentleman in one of the chairs getting a grim reaper on his bicep. Although I would never get such a large tattoo I found that I could appreciate it for what it was: a piece of living art work.

See SPRAGUE, page 17

FOR EXTERNAL USE ONLY: STORIES FROM ABROAD

Alexander Sprague: Australia continued from page 16

After about an hour and a half it was finally my turn. In that 90 minutes I had the time to carefully think over what it was that I was doing. I also had made sure that the whole procedure was sterile and safe.

At first I wanted the tattoo on my left pelvis bone area but that would have been double the price and I didn't feel it was worth it. So I decided to put the tattoo on my left upper inner bicep.

I sat down in the chair—which was really a barbers chair—and told the tattoo artist what it was that I wanted. She explained that a Yin Yang by itself was very hard, due to the fact that it required a perfect circle, and if it was not perfectly round it would look stupid. I insisted on my design. In the end we settled on a design that had what appears to be squiggly lines but are in fact the mists of time. She used a five cent piece to draw the circle, after which she began the actual tattooing.

It did not hurt as much as I would have thought, it felt like a concentrated sunburn. The whole procedure took about 20 minutes. It's really neat how the whole thing works. There's a needle that vibrates up and down very quickly, pushing the ink under the epidermis into the dermis. Thus, you have a tattoo.

That night I had all kinds of weird dreams, like the tattoo grew and covered my whole arm and moved to my chest. Obviously this whole experience had some psychological effect on me.

The next morning when I woke up the first of two thoughts I had were that this was forever. This single thought alone was very sobering. I had just done the most permanent act of my 22 years. Second, I thought, "My Dad is going to kill me!" Needless to say I had not fully considered the reaction of my parents the night before. All kinds of wild thoughts raced through my mind, like will they kick me out of the house, or disinherit me? Well, none of this happened. I cannot say fully what their opinion on my tattoo is, but it seems to be calm acceptance.

This may not have been the best part of my time in Australia to tell you about, but it is by far one of the most interesting. I do not regret what I did, and I encourage all of you who are considering getting a tattoo to do it.

Remember, you only live once. Good'ay and remember no worries about the flim flam daggy dudes.

Chris Davis continued from page 15

Americans who represent a society almost mystical in their eyes. Debate takes place on every street corner in a country where ideology, opinion and belief have been dictated entirely by the state. Political consciousness and varying opinions leak from even the smallest groups sitting in cafes or waiting for trams. They pour out their ideas in long passionate dissertations, all the while leaning closer and closer to the listener's face and emphatically touching his arm or shoulder to highlight certain points.

Here, where history has been re-written as the saga of one man's rise to power, demonstrators quote Thomas Jefferson and John Locke and claim an understanding of the foundations of a democratic system never practiced in their homeland. Their's is a passion one imagines might have existed on the streets of Paris in 1789.

Their faces express a bitter determination that the liberties achieved after the bloodshed in December not be lost to those who would replace an old totalitarian system with a new one with a new face. They are the last hope for a true democratic government in Romania. If they fail, the opportunity for a new way of life will fade until the next time the human condition is so deprived as to see no threat in sacrificing lives and families for the sake of a better life.

I wrote this in early June, soon after returning from five weeks in Eastern Europe.

I had mixed feelings about these people in the square. One week after I left, "free" elections took place. While their fairness is a matter of debate, Illiescu won and I questioned the credibility of the dissent I encountered in the square. Perhaps democracy was on its way and human rights would become a tenet of the new Romanian government despite the warnings of those protesting in the square.

Only days after I wrote this, hundreds of miners from Romania's rural provinces descended upon Bucharest at the request of the government to "restore order to the city." In three days of anarchical chaos, most of Romania's opposition publishing houses were destroyed, journalists beaten and hundreds of demonstrators imprisoned and tortured.

My reason then for writing on this experience is to remind us that in this period of "the victory for Western Democracy" over communism, the battle is still being for for human rights, and indeed, human dignity. While in Czechoslovakia and Hungary the debate as to the form of new democracy lingers on, Romania struggles to cling to the optimistic spirit is its Golani.

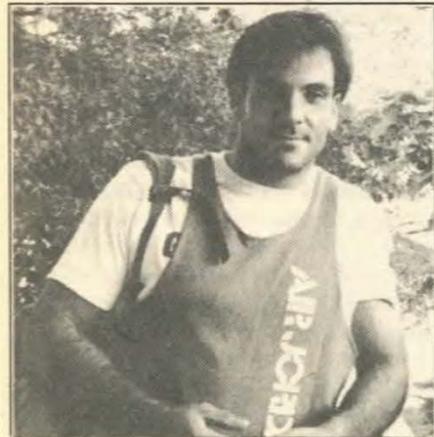
What I did on my

Joe Casagran

written by Jennifer Hoffman

There's more to Joe Casagran than just being a star football player for the Pomona-Pitzer Sagehens. This past summer, Joe worked with junior high school kids from Los Angeles' inner city in the "Clean and Green" program.

The goals of the program were to establish a sense of community—something that a majority of these kids lacked in their own neighborhoods. Most of these kids grew up in an environment centered around gang warfare and drugs. For them that was their community. Clean and Green helped them to develop feelings of mutual trust and companionship on their own.



The kids got paid \$4.50 an hour. "For most of then this was their first time working," Joe said. "Some spent their paycheck all in one day, but most of them spent their money wisely."

The work usually revolved around environmental issues. They were taught about acid rain, smog as well as rain forests so they might become more conscious of their surroundings and aware of social problems.

Several days a week they also went on field studies. These included a variety of tasks—anything from pruning trees to cleaning graffiti-littered walls. "It made the kids feel important. Like they were helping their community—in a good way," Joe said. "Sometimes we would paint over a graffiti wall and the next day it would be back, so we'd just paint it again. We painted one wall four or five times."

The kids with whom Joe worked came from Virgil Junior High School, in the heart of inner city L.A. Surrounded by a wire fence, the school has one unlocked door with an armed security guard posted at all times.

"Some of the boys even brought guns with them," Joe said. "We're trying to gear these kids away from gangs. They lack identity and gangs are their only sense."

Joe said the girls in the program were a lot more ambitious than any of the boys. "They can't see themselves as part of college. They were shocked when they found out that I was Cuban, white and in college," Joe said. "They only see white people in college."

In the end though, Joe says he made real progress. "A few kids even went to the library to read more about the topics we were discussing." Two of the kids have even written Joe, thanking him for a great summer and a fantastic learning experience.

Laura Gattemeir

written by Laura Gattemeir

This summer I worked as a teacher in a bilingual school teaching Spanish-speaking preschoolers how to speak English. These particular children were from a low-income area of Kansas City and were often victims of child abuse and neglect. My inter-

est in working with Spanish children started last fall while I was attending the University of Granada in Spain. I lived with a family that had a preschool aged girl, and I worked at her preschool as well as at two other kindergartens in Granada. Although I spoke Spanish well when I left the U.S., I really became semi-fluent during my stay.

At Plaza de Ninos, I was responsible for about 10 preschool-aged children. Part of what I did was teach them



American games like Duck Duck Goose and Red Light-Green Light. These games helped to improve their English vocabulary by teaching them colors, signals and animal names.

Some of my other responsibilities were teaching short English and Math lessons, as well as driving the school van for field trips to the park, the zoo and amusement parks. We often took the children to local retirement homes where they could interact with the elderly by doing small art projects and baking. Watching the children communicate with the adults was one of the most rewarding experiences of my summer.

I have always loved children, but there is something especially reward-

Summer Vacation

van for field trips to the park, the zoo and amusement parks. We often took the children to local retirement homes where they could interact with the elderly by doing small art projects and baking. Watching the children communicate with the adults was one of the most rewarding experiences of my summer.

Reiko Gomez

by Tom Mills

How many times have you heard someone say that he or she would not give money to a homeless person because it would only make the problem worse by fueling that person's alcoholic, drug or lazy tendencies? This is often the logic behind food shelters: give the homeless just enough to survive, but not enough to get off the streets. This summer, Reiko Gomez had a very different experience with the homeless.

"I was a fund-raiser for the Ontario Homeless Outreach Center," said Reiko. "I would approach—either personally or in a letter—companies and ask them to donate goods."

At the Outreach Center homeless clients come in and tell the volunteers everything that he or she needs to get off the streets. "Very rarely did they say money," said Reiko. The volunteers then try to help through fund-raising or through its own stockpile of goods.

Reiko said she rarely asked companies for money. "There is a connotation about money that really scares companies." One example of Gomez's work was a donation of 1,000 tennis shoes to the center—most of which were for children—by L.A. Gear and delivered by a free rental of a Ryder



truck. "It's a really good feeling to know you're helping out kids."

Reiko was also responsible for bringing a catering company to the center to serve lunch for fifty people.

Reiko did have her share of disappointments from some companies though. "I have a list of companies I won't patronize anymore. Places like Winchell's and Little Caesar's would rather throw away their food than give it to the homeless," said Reiko.

Despite the popular belief that the homeless are in their situation by choice, "at least 90 percent of the people who came in really wanted to get off the streets," Reiko said.

The volunteer work was made possible through the Katie Lawson Award, which Reiko won last Spring. The award paid for her summer so that she

could volunteer. "That was the whole reason I was able to do it," she said.

Reiko stresses that the center was not a shelter or a food-bank, and that "you can't help the homeless with a check."

Reiko says she is trying to work with the center at least once a week, but is still trying to put the experience in perspective. "I don't know what I learned yet. I need some more time to stand back," she said. "What does it mean for me to work with the homeless in the summer that Mitch Snyder killed him-

self." Mitch Snyder was the man who brought the plight of the homeless to the forefront of American social issues in the early 1980s.

Claire Milam

by Tom Mills

For most students, their summer consisted of a job, the beach and possibly a class here or there. For Claire Milam, her summer consisted of a language barrier, second-rate food and lots of vodka.

Claire spent six weeks in the Soviet Union and while she says that she didn't like to drink with the Soviets, she sure saw a lot of it. "Every meal I

See VACATION, page 28

OCTOBER

2

OPENING:
Keith Harding Exhibit
October 2 - 31. Martin
Lawrence Modern Gallery
313 N. Robertson Blvd.
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3

Gorky's Cafe &
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Downtown, Gorky's has long been
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Live music nightly.
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4

The Untouchables &
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(213) 695-PRTY

5

Nick Cave &
The Bad Seeds
at the The Wiltern Theatre
on Wilshire at Western
(213) 380-5005

6

Sixth Annual Art Expo
California
Los Angeles
Convention Center

7

A Gathering of the Tribes
Public Enemy, Lenny
Kravitz, Michelle Shocked,
and more.
Pacific Amphitheatre
1 P.M.

8

The Sixties Avant-Garde:
Revising the Canon
Alternative film and video
Filmform at LACE
1804 Industrial Street
(213) 276-7542

9

Brian Eno
Wadsworth Theatre
off Wilshire near
San Vicente

10

Cirque Du Soleil
French-Canadian
Theatrical Circus
Santa Monica Pier
(213) 480-3232

11

Jimmy Cliff
The Hop in Riverside

12

Agent Orange
Bogart's in Long Beach
6288 E. Pacific Coast Hwy.
(213) 594-8975

13

Social Distortion and The
Screaming Trees
Crawford Hall at UC Irvine

James Taylor
Pacific Amphitheatre

14

"Orfeo Ed Euridice"
Los Angeles Opera
Dorothy Chandler Pavillion
135 North Grand Ave.
(213) 972-7211

15

Walt Disney's "Fantasia"
Pacific's Cinerama Dome
Hollywood
Sunset, west of Vine
(213) 466-3401

Names & Numbers

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Ticketron.....(714) 634-1300
Beach & Surf Conditions
North Coast.....(213) 457-9701
Central Coast.....(213) 451-8761
South Coast.....(213) 379-8471
State Parks.....(213) 620-3344
Correct Time.....853-1212
Smog Forecast.....(800) 242-4022
WeatherTrak.....(800) 247-3282

Deceptions

part one of new fiction by Lisa Taplin

We took out our storm windows on Easter that year. We had put on our work jeans and painstakingly lifted the heavy plates of glass from their flimsy metal holdings and carried them into the basement to store behind the woodpile until the wind became too cold again and leaked under the rotting wooden window frames.

Nichola had insisted that it was much too early in the season for screens. But to me the air was warm enough to breathe deeply, filled with smells and sounds—erotic, in a way, as I sat on the front porch at noon and listened to the ocean.

I had wanted it in the house. I wanted to lift the shades and feel the sun and smell the air. The winter had been dark, molding the curtains and splintering the floor. We left the house then squinting against the glare of white snow like moles. The dark rooms, stuffy and too hot, always made me tired, and I often found myself that winter lying on my bed staring at the opposite wall and the black and white photographs I had taken in high school. Winter, on the beach, in an old paint-peeled saltbox, was often to dull too stay awake for.

I was walking toward the house, along the rutted clay beach road, with a frozen duck melting through a brown corner store bag, feeling the early spring sun on the top of my head, when I realized the shades on the first floor windows had been lifted.

I stepped through the gate and noticed the rusted bulkhead doors were open. Nichola came from behind the corner of the porch carrying a large piece of window glass. She motioned the plate slightly and said in her dark voice, "I thought we'd put up the screens." Later that day I cooked the duck and we sat eating on the porch, shivering, determined that it was spring.

Over martinis in the living room, Nichola told me many strange stories about her past. She had always looked so excited when telling me these things, so happy at sharing her secrets, at hoping I would be fascinated—which I was—yet more transfixed by the horror I felt and the fear of her tone of voice.

She never doubted my ability to listen to her stories, then, that spring. She never doubted my

opinion, my words, when she asked me a question or told me about her past. She fascinated me for she was everything that I had lost. Sitting on the couch, drunk, as she slurred to me about past boyfriends and sexual exploits, I visualized, as if I were dreaming, myself in her place.

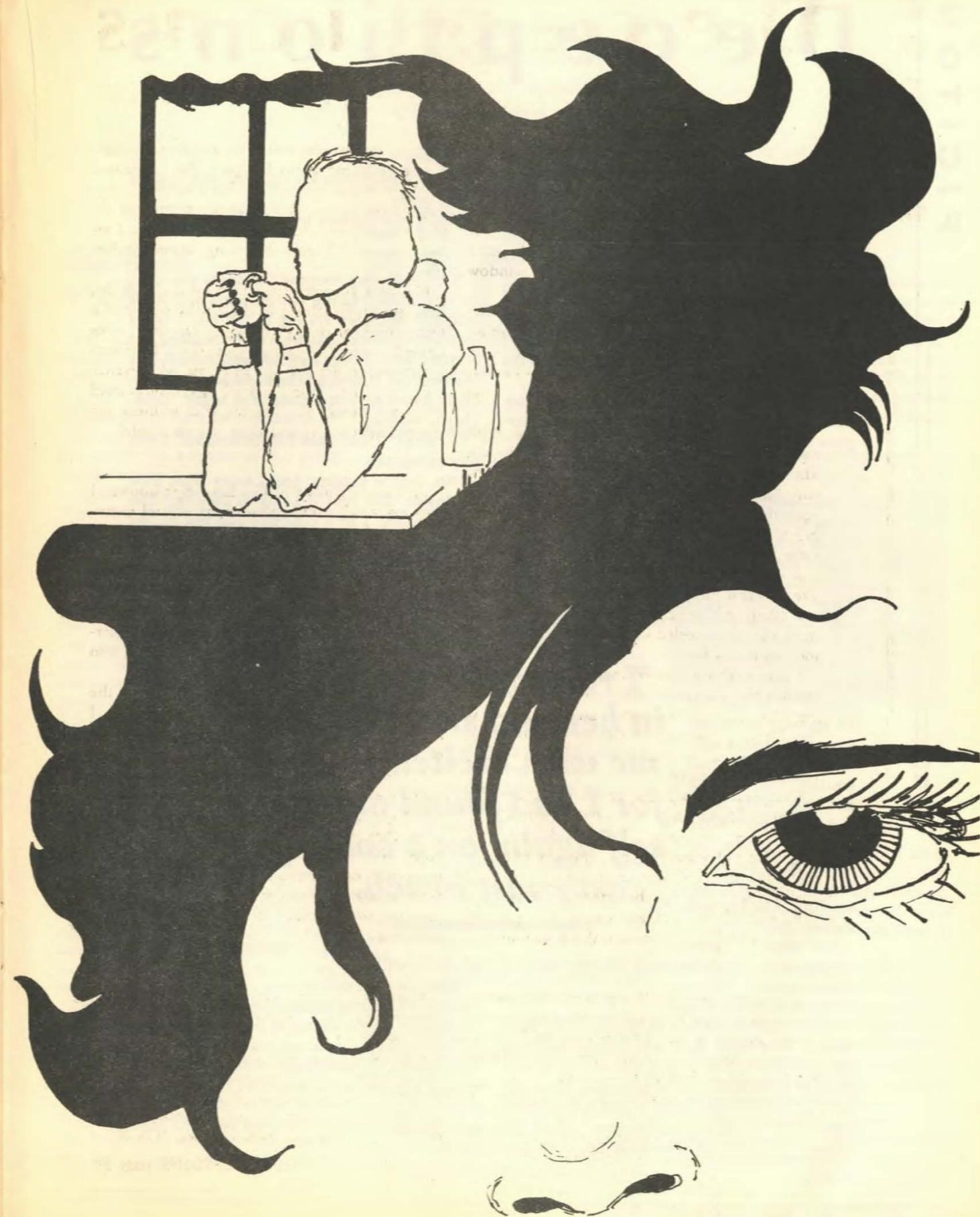
Me, as a younger girl, of maybe 18 or 20, kissing men frantically in the musky corner of a dance club or deftly chopping cocaine rocks against a medicine cabinet glass shelf. I remember myself in her and she filled me with excitement for I had found myself again, on a cold east coast beach. She fills me with sadness, for we lost ourselves on the same stretch of sand.

This seaside town is all I have ever known. I pass my small, round elementary school everyday as I drive to work. I see myself running wildly without direction on the school yard pavement, or playing on the jungle-gym, laughing hysterically. I pass out lunch menus to old neighbors (parents of past playmates or boyfriends) who compliment me on my cheerfulness, as I note their accelerating decline into old age and sadness.

I live on the beach where I had sex for the first time. Nichola never understood my fears, I assume, because she never admitted her own shortcomings and failures to herself. She said that I torture myself too much by retelling and reliving everything: "Everything in your life has too much goddamn meaning. Take things for what they are and then move on." Nichola's voice over the phone, Nichola's voice in my bedroom, Nichola's voice yelling to me from the drafty kitchen. I wonder now if it was advice or just her own inability to be interested in anybody else's life.

That past spring passed quietly, gently. Nichola began to bring over an old friend, a boy she knew from six years before, when she was in college. When I cooked dinner in the kitchen I could hear them through the room divider, laughing. She would shriek with delight as he pinned her against the fireplace mantle, knocking down vases and candlesticks. "Oh Kim!

See DECEPTIONS, page 24



Deceptions

continued

Help me! He's beating me up! Help me!" she would laugh, shouting to me.

"You've broken the vase (or glass or cup or picture)" I would say. She would look at the floor, her freckled face red from exhaustion, her blue eyes wet and bright.

"Oh...Ooops." Then she would look back at the man who would bite her neck or lick her face or grab her stomach and they would laugh and struggle again, usually moving back to the couch.

"It's okay," I would say, picking up the shattered porcelain or glass or ceramic from the fireplace hearth.

She asked me in the car one day, on our way to the city, if she should be in love. "He is what I used to be!" she had said, her long brown hair sucked out of the car window. "I'm not the kind of person you've known me to be this past year. I'm so different. I've been so unhappy because I can't be myself. I've been so concerned with ap-

pearing good to everyone that I've lost myself." Her words seemed to be more of an apology or an explanation than a self-realization. She had smiled into the sun and said, "I like being bad. He doesn't make me feel guilty for wanting to be bad." She looked at me, smiling, elated, and sighed, "So?"

"So what?" I asked staring at the road, watching the city loom in the distance.

"So, should I be in love?"

"No, I don't think love is like that. You don't have to love every male who comes into your life. You don't have to give yourself up to him because he reminds you of your past. You don't have to feel like you have to love someone because they set your mind at ease." I had felt spooky then, almost scared for her response.

She took a drag from her cigarette and laughed rather curtly.

"And you don't have to be so allusive."

"Our beams are weeping." Nichola was lying on the couch wearing cut-off jeans and a red tank-top, her head resting in the man's lap. I was sitting at the kitchen table reading the Boston Globe. It was very hot, very humid. The overhead fan stirred up the night air above me. There wasn't an ocean breeze that night. "Look. They're weeping."

"Crying?" I had said half-interested. I was playing my role.

"No, they're sagging. Some water must have got inside. Our roof is going to cave in." The man laughed. I lit a cigarette and put on my reading glasses. "Can you see it, Adam? Can you see them weep? Poor Kim will be reading in her room one Saturday night and the roof will come crashing down on her skull."

"We must fix them then!" Adam's deep voice chided gallantly. They laughed. I read.

The phone rang beside me and a worn-out female voice asked for Adam. I had never liked him with his lazy style and thick black hair. He had been spending the night for the past week and as I dressed in the morning I could hear Nichola's brass bedframe smacking against the

adjoining wall.

Adam took the call upstairs, in my room, with Nichola whispering behind him. Sitting alone in the kitchen, in the silence of downstairs, a wave of fear washed across me, an anxious surge, like I hadn't felt since fourth or fifth grade. Like when I was the last to be picked for kickball at recess or wasn't invited to the blonde haired girl's birthday party. I shut my eyes and hardened.

"I remember myself in her and she filled me with excitement for I had found myself again, on a cold east coast beach."

Adam Littman

by Tim Ahearn

Let me introduce you to Adam Littman, a freshman from the class of 1994. You might be surprised at his major. I was. Adam Littman is a Physics major. This isn't meant to offend any other Pitzer physics majors, but surely it's not one of the usual concentrations.

So why study physics here at Pitzer? Why not at Harvey Mudd or Cal Tech? "No requirements," Adam says. Other reasons include Southern California and something to do with his high school grades.

Born and raised in Honolulu, Hawaii, Adam is 18-years-old and has one sister. His interests include computers, reading and swimming. If you run into Adam around campus, he'll probably be deeply engrossed in some science fiction novel by Piers Anthony, Isaac Asimov or one of the many Star Trek novels.

Adam says he only watches "the good shows" on television. His favorites are "Star Trek: The Next Generation," "Quantum Leap," "Twin Peaks" and "Married: with Children."

Adam also likes comic books and he's invested a lot of money in his collection. If you want to read his comics, ask first. Adam is very adamant about keeping them clean and intact. He has been known to use force if necessary.

One of Adam's favorites past-times is "plotting the overthrow of democracy as we know it." Once you actually meet Adam you realize how easy this is to believe.

Adam can often be found at his computer playing a game called "Conflict," a game in which the player is Israel and the goal is conquest of all

The Other Side presents a three page hip, cool, mega spread on the sensations of the year...

NEW KIDS ON THE BLOCK

Up and close and personal interviews & conversations with five of Pitzer's newest students.

bordering nations, using whatever means necessary, even a nuclear device. At the end, the player is rated and Adam takes a certain pride in being rated fascist, or violent.

Although you might catch Adam near a poker game in Holden Living room, he claims it's all just for fun. "I don't gamble," Adam says. "Gambling is illegal."

Adam is not, however, one of the neatest people in the world. When asked about the messy situation of his room he responded with his mad scientist grin, "Chaos is the natural state of the Universe. I do my best to encourage that state".

There is a serious side to Adam Littman. When our conversation drifted to the top news of the day, the crisis in the Middle East, Adam had his own feelings about the situation there. "The U.S. is in it too much for greed and not enough for the Kuwaitis who are being oppressed by the Iraqis." When asked if he would go to the region if war were to break out, Adam said in diplomatic fashion, "No comment."

What would Adam change in the world if he could? If you guessed something to do with physics, you're right. Adam's goal is to "make humans go faster than the speed of

light."

Adam's hero is Albert Einstein for the obvious reasons. He also says he greatly admires "my poor high school physics teachers who put up with me."

So far Adam likes Pitzer and is pretty happy that he is here. When he leaves Pitzer he plans to go to graduate school and pursue a Ph.D. in Physics..



Hayden Bixby

Hayden Bixby

by Ardi Eggleston

Many college students learn about their primary interests from an academic standpoint first and then get their hands-on experience once they've figured out what they want to do.

Transfer student Hayden Bixby is a different case altogether. After attending the University of California at Santa Barbara for two years, Bixby decided to try education in a different setting. Going mobile, Bixby packed her bags and headed off to Kenya to study at the University of Nairobi.

In Nairobi, she continued in her studies in literature with both African and Caribbean literature classes. It

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NEW KIDS ON THE BLOCK

was also there that she began looking at what she would do upon her return to the states, taking a serious look at transferring to a smaller school.

When her term in Nairobi ended, Bixby realized that she wasn't ready to leave Africa yet so she began teaching English in a secondary school where she worked up until last December.

Upon her return home to Pasadena, she found her brother and several friends already making plans for a relief program they were calling Student Transport Aid. The program was designed to raise money to help the people in the refugee camps of Eastern Africa.

Bixby hooked up with the group even although she admits "everyone thought we were crazy." The fund-raising extended from Pasadena to Iowa, New York to London, and eventually back to Kenya. Over all they raised about \$17,000.

With the money they bought a land-cruiser for travel to Mozambique. In Malawi they stopped to help build wells for the people. They supplied much-needed blankets for a near-by children's hospital. Finally, the group ended up donating the land-cruiser to the people so they would be able to transport supplies to the schools in the area more easily than ever before.

Student Transport Aid was originally organized for students to help others students but the end result was better than they every dreamed. "We especially wanted to help out the children, but what we did will help everyone."

Now Bixby is here at Pitzer because she wants to follow her own program of study. In this, she believes that her degree will mean more. Plans for the upcoming year include a follow-up of her African experience with some academic background concerning the politics and reasons behind the events that take place there.

Sekou Andrews

by Joli Williams

Sekou Andrews. Pitzer freshman. He prefers to be called "Kou."

You might recognize him around campus from the Ankh symbol he wears. The Ankh—an Egyptian symbol for life and knowledge.

Coming from the Duke Ellington School of the Arts in Washington, D.C., Kou chose Pitzer because

cause he wanted to be on the other coast for awhile. He also has a large number of family members in the Los Angeles area. Kou likes Pitzer because it's a place where everyone can express themselves in their own way without being labelled as weird.

Growing up, Kou's main focus was on theater and music. Working not only as a performer but as a writer of music and drama, Kou specializes in rap.

"Good rap lyrics are some of the poetic yet most difficult to write," Kou says. "Lyrics in music and rap music itself must be the most adaptable mu-

sic today as it has already been incorporated into jazz, blues, R & B, soul, pop, gospel, and even rock. Also, rap music is the most comfortable way for me to express myself."

He quotes KRS-ONE: "Rap music is the voice of black people... and it is the last voice of black people."

Kou hopes to perform at the Claremont Colleges sometime in the near future.



Amy Chabin & Tad Durbin

by Katie Marble

Amy Champ and Tad Durbin are both Freshmen and both from Northern California. Amy lives in Holden and Tad lives in Mead. I asked these guys to write their own questions which they did. This is what they told me:

AMY: I'm a registered member of

the California Green Party!

TAD: Oh yeah? Well I'm a Libertarian.

AMY: Shut up Tad. I was overly discontented with the Republican democracy and the ignorance perpetrated by the suppression of the imminent globalism that will pervade the 1990s.

TAD: Well after reading all the b.s. thrown to us by the mainstream parties I decided to become a libertarian. All taxation is theft.

KATE: (compelled to interrupt): Well I guess you guys are pretty excited by the prospect of voting. Great. How did you two meet?

TAD: She walked into my room...

AMY: And slammed a few tequila and espressos.

KATE: Tequila??? But what about the new Alcohol Policy?

T. & A.: What new Alcohol Policy?

KATE: Time for a new topic. Has Pitzer been what you expected so far? Or has it been throwing you a lot of

NEW KIDS ON THE BLOCK

curve balls?

AMY: Dining at chez McConnell is pretty much worse than my worst nightmares. But I thought the whole global thing at Orientation was great.

TAD: I eat out a lot. I thought the PITZER C.A.R.E.S theme was an irrelevant load of bunk.

AMY: Dude, I cleaned up Mt. Baldy Stream and visited a homeless shelter. It was great.

TAD: I visited my friend at Scripps—which is almost the same thing.

KATE: Friend at Scripps? Have you guys both met people from the other schools?

TAD: I met some real weirdos at Pomona.

KATE: How?

TAD: In my Arabic class.

KATE: Why Arabic?

TAD: Why not? I'm in college.

KATE: So how's the workload in general?

AMY: I want to be a cultural anthropology major so I can study and utilize the tribal rhythms within us all. I've been drinking a lot of coffee while I read here.

TAD: Coffee in Claremont sucks.

KATE: What? You aren't happy with the Motley?

TAD: I like the Motley. I just hate the coffee.

AMY: Yeah, the coffee is stale—so is the conversation.

TAD: Only in Southern California do people go to coffee places to pick up on each other.

AMY: Hey, I like the guys with long hair.

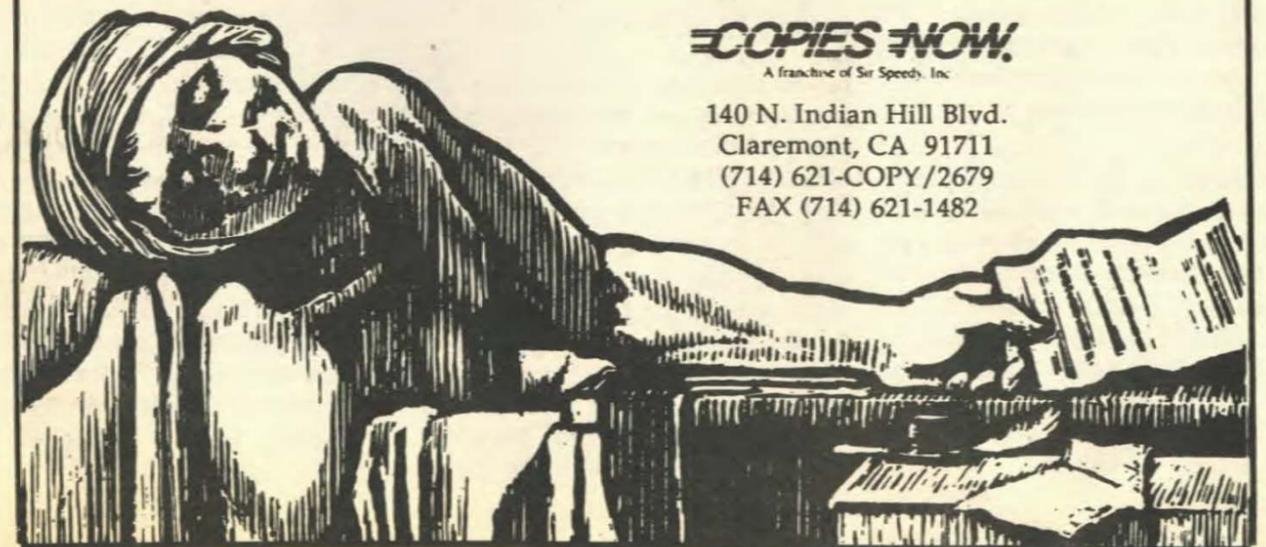
TAD: Right. I think the hippie look is definitely in my future.

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Summer Vacation

continued

Claire Milam

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ate with Soviets, they would have vodka. They would drink bottles and bottles of alcohol," she said.

The trip was available to Claire through a program called Volunteers For Peace, an organization that registers people for work-camps. Claire says that the first three weeks consisted of a homestay and language classes, but the homestay fell apart and the classes were "really stressful," so she didn't go.

Because of the failed homestay, Claire and her group stayed in a hotel. "The hotel didn't want us to eat...so then the hotel staff could steal the food and sell it," Claire said.

The second half of the trip consisted of the renovation of a church in the village of Mikail-skia—a "dirt road village with goats and chickens" and a public shower.

Claire said she "chipped plaster off the walls" of the church. She also recalls many people showing her the old icons they had taken from the church when it was first closed down.

During her travels she also met people from all over the world. For the first half of the trip, one of her closest friends was an African. "They (the Soviets) are incredibly prejudice against blacks." The second half of the trip was made up of people from America, Vogalgrad and Berlin.

Claire remembers one merchant friend who used to bring goods from the West back with him and sell them on the black market. She said, "The goods are just not available for the people" and that crowds "became intuitive." Her group once exchanged a package of Western cigarettes for a three course meal for eight people.

Even when she was able to buy goods, "they really overcharge tourists to get hard currency," Claire said. "Some Soviets made a hell of a lot of money off my group."

As drugs are a major problem in the United States, Claire noticed that they are an increasing problem in the U.S.S.R. Specifically, she noted inhalants as being a problem, but she also noted that, "pot grows everywhere (even on the Kremlin). I don't know if they use it, but it's everywhere."

James Rianhard

written by James Rianhard

This summer I was looking for a hands-on job that would give me practical experience. I think when you're a junior you're hesitant that the only job you'll find will be something menial like answering phones or filing. I was determined to find a job that would teach me something valuable.

I ended up taking a job at the Legal Aid Society of Orange County. It was a medium sized

law firm with eight in-house attorneys; I was working for the Directing Attorney. My title was para-legal and file clerk, and my partner had just finished his first year at Hastings Law school in San Francisco. I specialized in landlord-tenant law but I also did a lot of work with family law and government benefit law.

The most rewarding thing I did was to represent one of our clients in small claims court. He was a monolingual, Spanish-speaking illegal alien being sued by his landlord. I speak fluent Spanish because I live in Mexico, so I was identified with the exploitation that these people feel when they enter the U.S. They come here ready to work hard, hoping to realize the American Dream, which unfortunately will not come true for the majority of these people.

There's the old adage about doing a good deed every day and I was fortunate enough to spend my whole summer doing just that. I was also rewarded financially with several raises throughout the course of the summer after having entered as a volunteer.

My job at Legal Aid greatly exceeded my initial expectations. Not only did I have a hands-on job in which I had a personal interest, but I am currently in the process of applying to law schools and intend to specialize in International Law. Without this summer's experience I would have had no direction going into my Senior year. It has made all the difference.

STUDENT ATHLETE PROFILE: Stop!... Anna Time

Anna Contreras takes her childhood dreams to the court

Alfie Alschuler Staff Writer

Back and forth she rocks in anticipation of the serve. Her eyes are focused on the ball and nothing else. As the serve comes gunning over the net her rocking stops as she positions herself to pass the ball. She makes contact and the ball floats up in a perfect arc right to the setter.

As a volleyball player, Anna demonstrates ability in all aspects of the game. Many of the players on the team are subbed in and out so they don't have to be in the back row or vice versa. Anna plays for the entire game. She is a threat in the front row with her impressive hitting ability and a threat in the back row with her vicious serve and excellent passing abilities.

This is the kind of play that people expect from Anna. Their expectations are fulfilled because Anna demands more from herself. "I am very critical of myself."

Anna has been developing her skills since she was in the fifth grade when she joined a youth volleyball league. She has been playing continuously since then. In high school, she played both on teams all year long.

Anna's mother plays a significant role in her volleyball, strongly encouraging her to participate in volleyball at high school. Despite the fact that Mrs. Contreras is not an experienced volleyball player she still offers a lot of helpful advice. She can do this because she has been watching her daughter play for over seven years. Anna feels great appreciation for her mother's support and advice.

Anna distinguished herself enough to be recruited by the Pomona-Pitzer volleyball program. She played as a starter her freshman year and will start this year as well. Despite all this Contreras feels she has much room for improvement. "I always want to power hit, I need to tip the ball more. I need to be more consistent."

Contreras feels that this year's team is very motivated and "driven." They have their goals set and they are determined to reach them. She is very hopeful about their chances for success. "We're gonna go to nationals," Contreras said. "There aren't any easy teams, even CMS is good this year."

Anna feels strongly that student support means a lot. Attendance to their games really helps them out.

They have already demonstrated their ability this year. At the tournament, which they hosted, they made it to the semi-finals, beating many excellent teams. They also beat La Verne, ranked sixth in the nation, in a league match.



Despite all the success, one wonders how it's possible to remain so involved in sports for such a long period of time. Anna gets much more out of volleyball than just exercise. She admits to being rather shy and soft-spoken. "I have opened up a lot from playing volleyball," Anna says. She feels that volleyball has given her more confidence and discipline. It has allowed her to be more social and outgoing.

Anna impressed me with her optimism, humor, and self respect. When I asked Anna who her heroes were she said that she had none. "I look to my teammates to learn from them but I don't idolize them." She knows what she wants to achieve and that can't be embodied in anyone else.

SPORTS SHORTS

Welcome back sports fans. In this bi-monthly column I will attempt to shed some light on both National and Pomona-Pitzer sports. Some of the subjects I will be discussing may rub some sports fans the wrong way, but as they say "the truth hurts." I am not trying to make enemies, but I am attempting to enlighten fans who are curious and to question the current status of sports on and off campus...Some say that the Dodgers would have won the NL West by a landslide if a healthy Belcher and Hershiser were at Mr. Lasorda's disposal. But two pitchers (Hartly and Neidlinger), whose names are not quite as flashy, have filled in nicely and have a combined 11-5 record and a 2.96 earned run average as of September 25. So much for the what if question...Nobody seems to have noticed that Dwight Gooden is slowly putting together an exceptional season. As of Sept. 25, Gooden was a sparkling 18-6 with a 3.80 era and 208 strike outs in 220 innings...Although Detroit's Cecil Fielder has been blasting home runs out of ball parks, Ricky Henderson of the Oakland A's wins my vote for Most Valuable Player in Major League Baseball. He has been a stabilizing force for the A's, who have suffered various off season departures and many key injuries during the season. He is putting together one of his best seasons in an already illustrious career. He's leading Fielder in batting average, on base percentage, in runs as well as stolen bases and has

See SPORTS SHORTS, page 30

SPORTS SHORTS

just a tad under 30 home runs...One of the classiest hitters in the last 25 years has found the Fountain of Youth and has made baseball more enjoyable to watch. His name is George Brett and he is back among the AL leaders in batting average where he belongs...If the Denver Broncos can ever get back to the Super Bowl, they should demand that the big game be moved to their home at Mile High Stadium where they might have a chance...If people still call John Elway a choker they must have missed the game against Kansas City. The Broncos had their backs against the wall until Elway shot a 50-yard rocket into wide receiver Vance Johnson's hands, which led to the game winning field goal...If the Rams continue to underachieve they may have to ask Santa for a running back by Christmas. I seem to recall a back named Greg Bell who gained over 1000 yards two years in a row for the Rams. He will be sorely missed by both the Rams and their fans...Confidence and Irish luck is all that Notre Dame appears to need to finish the college football season number one for the second time in three years...The gods definitely gave Ty Detmer a thunderbolt in his right arm. He appears destined for greatness. Do you get the feeling that Joe Montana may be looking at himself 15 years ago every time he watches a BYU game...Do you think the Indianapolis Colts can get their money back from the Jeff

See SPORTS SHORTS, page 31

MOUNTAIN BIKING

I was standing outside of the Motley the other day and I happened to overhear a conversation that went something like this: Hey dude! Check out my new mountain bike, it's a blah blah with all the whatchamacallits and, look, it even has the latest thingamajig. I just bought it for \$5000.00 at Bud's bike shop—great color huh? This person then went on to describe how the main use for their new bike was to facilitate their travels to their classes on the adjoining campuses.

Quite honestly, I'm sick and tired of seeing the students at the Claremont Colleges parading around on brand-new mountain bikes, when the majority of them are used specifically for riding to and from class.

Oh, I know that those new speed bumps behind Kimberly Hall are treacherously rugged and all, but seriously!! For person to spend such a large amount of money on a ma-

chine that is technologically beyond their capability of use seems pointless, futile and somewhat idiotic. Why not buy a beach cruiser? It serves the same purpose and it leaves extra money to put towards a more intelligent investment.

Many people are not so easily dissuaded, however. These people like for others to know that they ride a mountain bike. As if this were something special.

I think it's about time all of those so called mountain bikers out there graduated from the tame streets of Clareville and started riding their bikes where they were made to be ridden—in the mountains!!

I suppose, at this point, I should probably speak in the defense of the people that I am now attacking. In consideration of the smog problem that we have here in Claremont, these people may not realize that mountains actually do exist in a fairly close proximity to campus. Please, do not be fooled by the smokescreen—they are there. Not only that, they also have some very

good mountain biking trails in them.

So anyway, enough of the editorial on whether or not to have a mountain bike; let's talk about the sport itself in conjunction with the Claremont area.

Two of the best ways to approach the mountains via two-wheels is to start on either Mills or Mountain and head north. Once the trail is spotted, the rider will possibly need to lift their bike over some type of fence or restraining wall in order to get on. At this point, there are a variety

Article by
Eric Elliott

Photography by
Pauline Yao



While most students use mountain bikes as a means of transportation, Eric Elliott shows us what the sport is really about: rugged and intense off-road bicycle riding.

of ways a person can go in order to achieve an increase in elevation.

As the rider moves higher and higher in altitude, a strange transformation begins to infiltrate both the landscape and the person travelling through it. The air becomes much cleaner and objects take on a forgotten clarity. The silence of the mountains permeates the rider, bestowing upon him a sense of peace and thoughtfulness that may sometimes be unattainable for a community dweller.

Until the apex of the ride, this person will have mainly been riding on smooth but somewhat sandy terrain. The return trip, however, can be routed down a horse and hiking trail. More specifically, the Marshall Canyon Trail. This, without a doubt, is the finest and definitely the dirtiest part of the ride. Through groves of trees, crackling brooks and even a short stint on the fairway of the Claremont golf course, this is a very fulfilling ending to an already exhilarating journey.

Truthfully, if you already own a mountain bike or if you have an inclination towards the sport, this is a great local place to truly try your bike out. I assure you, you will return from your trip feeling more than just refreshed and revitalized, you will come back feeling accomplished.



"Check out my new mountain bike, it's a blah blah with all the whatchamacallits and, look, it even has the latest thingamajig."



SPORTS SHORTS

George deal?...My put up or shut up squad for the 1990-91 NFL season includes: Deion Sanders, Vinnie Testaverde, Gaston Green the Philadelphia Eagles, the Minnesota Vikings, and the Houston Oilers. All are underachievers with bundles of talent who have been given enough time to show their true capabilities in the NFL...Now that Ivan Lendl and Steffi Graff have shown cracks in their once impenetrable armor, the professional tennis scene is now more compelling than ever...If the Lakers don't make some sort of a deal to trade one of their countless high-priced forwards in order to get the center and backup shooting guards that they truly need, then the Sam Perkins pick-up may go down as one of the most useless deals in recent memory...I think the Pomona-Pitzer Sagehens should sign some sort of a petition to get Colorado College, who has lost to the Sagehens two years in a row in football, into the SCIAC...The Sagehens have proven that they are tired of being kicked around on the football field. With the cheerleaders providing new found spirit and the student body supplying astonishing enthusiasm, the Sagehens emerged victorious against arch rival Claremont-Mudd-Scripps. The Hens have jumped out to their best start in 20 years...The demoralizing past of the Sagehen baseball team may soon be forgotten. Those 13 freshmen recruits brought into the baseball program may provide a much needed breath of fresh air.

GoodFellas

Martin Scorsese's mafia film "GoodFellas" starts off with gangster Henry Hill reminiscing, "As far back as I can remember, I wanted to be a gangster."

And "GoodFellas" is indeed a reminiscence of the glamour and mystique that America has always held for organized crime. Scorsese offers a beautiful movie that allows all of us to enter the world of the mobster as invited guests with the only penalty being the experience of highs and lows, just the same as if we were really there.

This is not a movie in which it's possible to enter and leave without giving much to what has been seen. Scorsese corners us into the life of Henry Hill for two-and-a-half hours. It's an experience that just can't be tossed away.

Ray Liota ("Field of Dreams," "Something Wild") is Henry Hill, a kid growing up in mafia-controlled Queens. Half-Irish, half-Sicilian, Henry is a boy who grows up leaning out of his window, watching "wiseguys" (the mob's jargon for its ranks) double-park their Cadillacs wherever they want, soaking up the neighborhood's fear and respect.

Henry sees the life of a mobster as "being better than President of the

United States." He takes a job as an errand boy for a local crime boss and through the years rises up to the top levels, earning his title as a "wiseguy".

We follow Henry through all the level, from errand boy to wash-up. Liota's face alone tells the story. In his early scenes, he's a fresh-faced kid loving every minute of the danger and violence. Later, there is visible tension throughout his body as he works to keep his fellow wiseguys in order. By the end of the film, Liota's Henry is almost unrecognizable. Instead of an exuberant boy out to have fun, Henry is a paranoid bleary-eyed man, who sleeps with a gun in his hand and doesn't know who to fear the most.

What really makes "GoodFellas" stand out are the wonderful light touches of humor that gently lead the viewer into a dark world full of horrible surprises. This is pure Scorsese: Letting his audience relax and think they're in for an easy ride before slamming down the truth and providing everyone with a sharp shock that comes out of nowhere.

It is impossible to see this movie and not be disturbed and that is precisely what Scorsese wants. Although the film is graphically violent, what is much more disturbing are the moral undertones that deal with a loss of innocence, permitting men to kill with almost no qualms.

Robert De Niro is also excellent as Jimmy the Gem. De Niro has taken what is really a very small part and turned it into something memorable without stealing the spotlight from any of the other actors. De Niro's Jimmy is a fun-loving guy with panic behind his eyes as he watches his cohorts foul up his handiwork.

But it's Lorraine Bracco's wonderful acting that really shines. Her portrayal of Karen Hill, a nice Jewish girl turned mafia wife, is something that stands out even in a cast of exceptional actors. Scorsese has given her a lot to work with and she more than lives up to expectation, making her character Karen Hill a woman so real that there is a strong familiarity about her.

"GoodFellas," like all of Scorsese's films, is a pleasure to watch just for physical beauty of it. Scorsese uses his trademark swinging camera that caresses the figures he sets in bold colors against dark backgrounds. And in "GoodFellas" he experiments with freeze frame, an unconventional method that turns out quite successfully.

However, the last half hour of "GoodFellas" is not easy to watch. Henry is heading for a fall, and Scorsese makes sure that we know it. There is a lot of tension and it definitely transfers to the audience.

"GoodFellas" is yet another success for Scorsese. The man behind such classics as "Raging Bull" and "Taxi Driver" has put all his talent into this movie and it definitely pans out for his audience.

- by Jenny Spitz

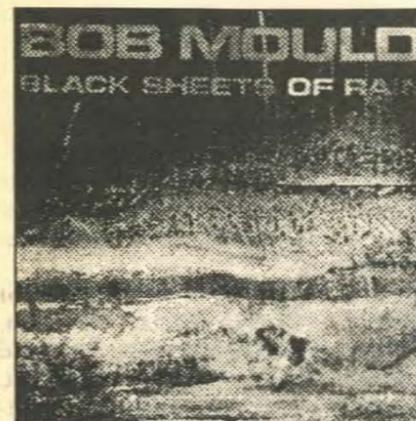
State of Grace

"State of Grace" is a contemporary gangster film about Terry Noonan (Sean Penn) who, after a 10 year absence, returns to New York's Hell's Kitchen and rejoins his old Irish cronies. He soon finds himself torn between loyalty to his friends and their brutal gang and loyalty to a secret (he's an under-cover cop).

Although the script, written by Dennis McIntyre, is somewhat long-winded, the plot is still good, and the acting is excellent. Sean Penn gives his best performance since "Falcon and the Snowman" and the supporting cast makes his job all that much easier.

The magnificent Gary Oldman ("Sid and Nancy") plays the nuttiest bad boy since Robert De Niro in "Mean Street." Oldman steals almost all the scenes he plays opposite Penn, and is in my opinion the best

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Bob Mould

"Black Sheets of Rain"

Bob Mould is a real songwriter and that is a rare commodity today, as it always has been. Let me explain. Many throughout the ages have written great songs but few have ever found a truly unique way of using the ancient musical concepts of the folk-song. Bobby Dylan can do it. The Beatles did it. Neil Young can do it, too.

Bob Mould is in this honorable crowd.

Many of you may have not heard of Bob Mould. He was in Husker Dü, one of the few hardcore bands to augment rage and noise with real melodies, the kind that sound like they came from a human being, and this made their songs of anger, alienation, love, and redemption all the more believable. They broke up in their prime (a bittersweet way to go) and Bob released "Workbook," an album of immense power.

On his latest album, "Black Sheets of Rain," Bob returns to the noisy grind of his Husker Du days, replacing the acoustic guitar in "Workbook" with unbridled electricity. Cool, I like both.

This new album is a great batch of tunes. The title cut starts off the album. This tune is classic Bob. He's wearing his heart on his sleeve, which is a difficult thing to do without becoming maudlin. I think he pulls it off, and a great reason why

this is the case is that he backs his lyrics with an exceedingly potent load of music. And that's what playing guitar is all about, isn't it? The song has a simple structure. A few chords and a bridge.

Bob has enough faith in himself to let these elements speak for themselves. He does not need complex arrangements or flashy solos, though he is quite capable of providing these. Everything the band (which is Mould on guitar, Anton Fier on drums, and Tony Maimone on bass) does is in service of the song. This is such a rare pleasure these days. Most bands don't even have the songs, and so many of those that do kill the music with, in the words of Emperor Joseph II (am I right, Mr. Warmbrunn?), "too many notes." Bob does not fall prey to these temptations.

This formula provides Bob with an album's worth of music, with a few exceptions. One is "The Last Night." On this one, Bob plays acoustic guitar. But this adds a little diversity to the record, as opposed to feeling out of place, as could happen in the hands of a lesser musician. Again, Bob uses the tried and true method of good chords + good melody + good words = Good Tune. So in this respect, it is only cosmetically different from the other tunes on the album. "Out of Your Life" sounds like it could have come off of "Warehouse." Like meeting an old friend.

The album ends with "Sacrifice/Let There Be Peace." What an angstfest. A powerful one. This one's in 3/4. What a time signature, and Bob does it justice. "There will be peace in the valley of death when I rise," he yells. I don't have a clue what it means, but he sounds like he means it.

I'll tell you honestly, I get the impression that Bob loves to suffer. He's one of those artists with a Jesus complex. No disrespect, of course. But he's one of the few people alive today who really knows how to write a bridge. For that reason alone, this album would be worth the price. But the verses are great too.

-by Bill Forman

The Dead Milkmen FIREHOSE

Raymond Pettibon Supersession

The Roxy

Sept. 25, 1990

I think I am truly getting old. It is the morning after this show and my body hurts more than words can describe. A few years back, I could slam to almost every song for the whole night and not even feel it the next morning. I now realize this is no longer the case. Even in my pain, I know that if I did not get in the pit for every one of the bands at this shindig, the night would have definitely been lacking.

I arrived at the Roxy one hour and several beers after leaving our little town of Claremont. When I came through the doors at 8:30, Raymond Pettibon Supersession had already taken the stage. For those of you who do not know Raymond Pettibon, he is the fellow who did the artwork for a lot of the early SST Records releases, including just about every single early Black Flag record cover or flyer and, more recently, the cover of Sonic Youth's "Goo" album.

Needless to say, I was quite excited to see what he had to offer in the way of music. All that I have to say is that I am terribly thankful that I arrived late and only had to see two of his songs. He had this really weird band that had a guitarist straight out of a Bon Jovi video, a keyboardist who looked like he should play for a world-beat type band, plus a drummer and bassist who looked like they were bored out of their skulls--like the audience.

Raymond only sang one of the two songs that I was there for and it was a pretty melodic, garage-rock type tune. I assume the rest of their set was pretty weak too as the audience

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FILM REVIEW

continued from page 32

bet in the film for an Oscar Nomination.

Robin Wright, who plays Penn's long, lost girlfriend has some wonderful moments as well. The chemistry between Wright and Penn is tremendous in the film's most powerful scene where Penn's character breaks down and admits that he is actually an undercover cop sent in to bust his old friends, which also happens to be Wright's brothers.

"State of Grace" works with many familiar themes (i.e. the under-cover cop, the mob, the rekindled romance) but the movie gets away with it beautifully. Credit for the film's success goes to director Phil Joanou ("U2: Rattle and Hum") who captures the essence of Hell's Kitchen (the old Irish neighborhood slowly being overrun by yuppies) through stunning cinematography and excellent on-location shooting. Joanou manages to convey the emotion and action of the film in a visibility exciting way without detracting from the plot with over-produced visual effects or stunts.

The editors of the film, however, may have been a bit too generous in allowing the movie to run its full two hours because the length of the film eventually detracts from its brilliance. Perhaps if Joanou had concentrated more on the emotional side of the script and less on slow-motion shoot-outs the movie would not have dragged at the end and the critics would have liked it a bit more. For as it stands now, the critics have ig-

nored the release of "State of Grace" in favor of De Niro's new gangster movie, "GoodFellas." A shame.

The film's action scenes were quite violent but if you enjoy a good, bloody bar shoot-out, you will definitely enjoy this film. For those viewers who find violence distasteful, the message beneath the film's plot might be lost—namely that people have the idea in their minds that they are in control of their lives and things will always work out the way they planned them to. But, as the movie demonstrates, those ideas are shattered by the reality of daily life.

Overall, "State of Grace" is an emotionally powerful film leaving the viewer a bit sad and a little disturbed. So if you're in the mood for a good movie full of gut-wrenching emotion, violence, death and great acting, go see "State of Grace."

-Travis Wright



MUSIC REVIEW

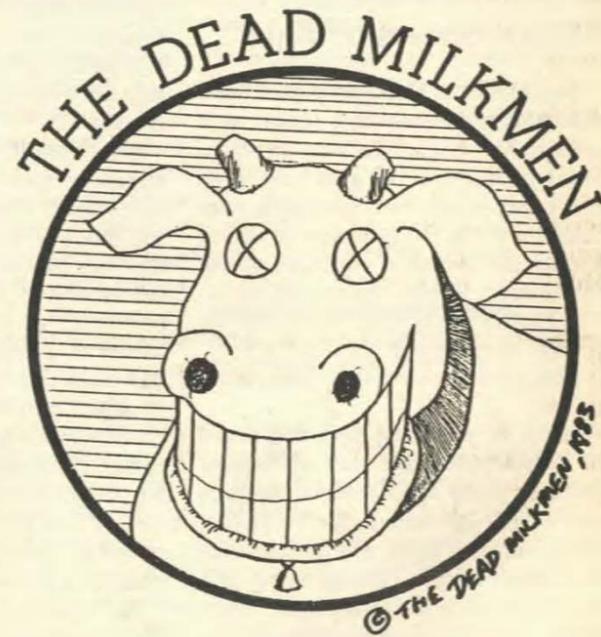
continued from page 33

clapped the loudest when Raymond Pettibon Supersession started to pack up their equipment. Raymond should stick to his art.

Next up was the Vandals, a rocking bunch of guys who have been doing their thing for quite a few years now. For those of you who do not know this band, rent the cheesy punk rock film "classic" Suburbia and you can check them out in their

Vandals set was full of classic tunes like "Ladykiller," "Wanna Be Manor," "Anarchy Burger (Hold the Government)," and "H.B. Hotel."

The pit of the night award definitely goes to this band when they kicked into "Pat Brown" for their second song. It was absolute mayhem to say the least. The Vandals made me forget about the wretched Ray-



heyday. Anyway, the Vandals have gone through some line-up changes since I had seen them last, but they still tore the place up.

From the first song (the anti-Nazi "Master Race in Outer Space") right up until the closing "Urban Struggle," movement in the pit at the Roxy did not cease. Other than playing one song off their terrible last album and two others from a soon to be released record, the

mond Pettibon Supersession (as well as the Psychology quiz that was on my mind for most of the night) and got me completely psyched to see the god-like FIREHOSE.

FIREHOSE is one of the few great bands left that have not been picked up by a lot of people. Most of the Claremont community only knows of FIREHOSE as some mysterious band that is spoken of briefly in the

CONCERT REVIEW Continued from page 34

Red Hot Chili Peppers' "Good Time Boys" or as the original artists of the song "Brave Captain" that was covered by former Pitzer band Dante and the Lobster. If you do not know who they are, just go buy all of their records and you will not be disappointed.

Getting back to the show, however, FIREHOSE went through an hour-long set of killer tunes. The PA mix was pretty poor, but these guys can shred through any experience. For example, when I was going to the University of Arizona, we set up a show for them.

Halfway through their set, the right PA speaker stack caught on fire in a room that was packed with 800 people. FIREHOSE seemed unfazed by the fire and just kept playing as everyone in the place freaked out. Ever since then I have known that this band is durable on stage.

In addition to the bad mix, FIREHOSE had to deal with microphones being knocked over constantly and several string breakages. The fastest guitar stringer in the west, bassist Mike Watt, replaced a G string on his

tool in about forty-five seconds while talking to the audience. Seeing that alone was worth the bones I shelled out to get into the show.

Well, as far as their set, it opened with "In My Mind" off the FROMOHIO and ended with "Brave Captain." In between their hour included four or five cool new songs and great versions of my two FIREHOSE favorites, "Under the Influence of the Meat Puppets" and "Chemical Wire." All that is left to say about these guys is that they are really tight, always good, and see them live at any cost.

After FIREHOSE finished, I skipped outside for a drink (beer in L.A. clubs is way too expensive) and ponder how I was going to get back in the club. I told the guy at the door that I was going to get cigarettes out of my car and would be back in a few minutes.

Those few minutes ended up being 20 and when I got back to the door, a different dude was there. Luckily he was standing at the door when the other guy let me go out, but it took him five minutes of me explaining why I went (in addition to making up a story about how I was gone for 20 minutes because the police wanted to tow my

car) before he remembered and let me go back in to the Roxy.

Just as I slipped in the door, The Dead Milkmen were about to take the stage. I had not seen this band for three years and was looking forward to a great set of complete silliness. The singer started off with some rap thing and then they kicked into "V.F.W." from their first album.

Songs that stood out in The Dead Milkmen's set were "Methodist Coloring Book," "Punk Rock Girl," "The Thing That Only Eats Hippies," and a mix of "Filet of Sole" and "You'll Dance to Anything." All the songs were tight but a little different since the singer has now taken up playing keyboards.

The question in all of your minds is, of course, did they play "Bitchin' Camaro?" Yes, they played "Bitchin' Camaro." And yes, everyone did go crazy. And yes, everyone in the place was singing along. The only question in my mind through their set was how much LSD the drummer took because he seemed to be laughing the entire show. Pretty scary.

-by Bill Ramsey

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THE RIGHT SIDE

For the past few Friday lunches a discussion group has been meeting to discuss the current Middle Eastern situation. These lunch time exchanges, presided over by Professor Werner Warmbrunn, witness students and faculty debating the issues of forced response, limited action and passive acceptance, all towards the goal of conflict resolution. To forward such means, however, requires a contextual understanding. As a renowned statesman once said, in an other time, involving another issue: "If we could first know where we are and whither we are tending, we could then better judge what to do, and how to do it."

First and foremost an understanding must be reached that we are speaking of a crisis that is taking place in the Middle East and not the Middle West. That mind sets and attitudes are different must be acknowledged. The difference between the respect for human life as seen by religious fundamentalists and or ultra-nationalists abroad and the respect dispensed by moderacy is as apprehensible as is the distinction between the label given to the U. S. as occupiers (i.e., as Saddam Hussein convicts) and the label convicting Iraq as an occupier. A not too distant look into the past articulations and actions of Hussein and Iraq further illuminates this point.

This past March, Hussein attempted to import nuclear detonators, he hanged a British journalist for exploring too freely and he threatened to wipe out half of Israel in a chemical bombardment. Within forty eight hours of the chemical threat, Egypt, a nation frequently spoken of as an U.S. ally, sent an official communique to Hussein stating that Hussein's chemical threat was a just defensive message. What it was in defense of, nobody questioned. The

fear and reservation expressed, by the West, about Hussein's ability to detonate nuclear explosives was a starting point towards recognizing the difference between responsible moderacy and irresponsible immoderacy. The fact that his other two actions received neither notice nor condemnation is a sad commentary on the community of witnesses.

In looking back a few months, one must not forget Hussein's preparedness two years ago to threaten and execute his own people. Hussein gassed five thousand of his own civilians to death in one single day; extinguishing entire

...we are speaking of a crisis that is taking place in the Middle East and not the Middle West...

communities. The evidence and intent is clear that Hussein poses a clear and present danger to the world community. Not only does he have the capability to overrun the entire Middle East, he has also expressed his willingness to do so. The danger and fear put out by Hussein being supported by his people is compounded by the fact that he is fanatically seen as the grand liberator by so many other peoples; one remembers that one hundred thousand Jordanian Palestinians volunteered to join Iraq's army shortly after the invasion of Kuwait.

In understanding the disparate way in which Hussein's world operates, passive resignation proves to be a bad counselor both for the immediate victims and for the intended and vincible ones. At the second Friday lunch meeting, the idea of a surgical air strike against

military and strategic Iraqi targets was submitted for discussion. This hypothetical action, theoretically to be carried out by the U.S., was met with tremendous objection. The foci of the resistance was in response to the thought that violence, either as a threat or reaction would undermine democratic commitments to civility no less the American peoples wishes.

The latter contention can be dismissed by reading the latest opinion polls. An argument based on democratic principles of civility, however, requires more attention. That Hussein's force and tyranny can spread is incontrovertible—his articulated intent and armed manpower are sufficient testimony—that prevention of such spread by surgical strike involves risks is also true. But, like any surgery, certain chances are taken to prevent the guaranteed suffusion or exacerbation of greater maladies. Today we can celebrate Israel's 1981 bombing of Iraq's nuclear reactor though the world community then found Israel's action overtly aggressive. Force was used and Israel was denounced. However, Iraq no longer had a nuclear capability: the surgery was successful, the threat and spread of terror was stopped.

Applauding Israel today is akin to recognizing the difference between the concepts of safety and danger. If we can discern a preference for preventing Iraq from entering the club of nuclear powers, we will be well on our way to understanding such differences as between victim and aggressor. As one other great statesman, who understood the difference between just and unjust conflict, once said, "The only way for evil to triumph is for good men to do nothing."

Seth Leibsohn, a Senior majoring in Political Philosophy, is writing his thesis on democratic theory.

a column by Seth Leibsohn

YOUR TURN

The times, they are a changin'. It's true. After just one year, I bear witness to one of Pitzer's most transitional periods since the admission of men in the late 1960's. No, this is not another whining condemnation of the new alcohol policy and the administration's infringement on the personal freedom to drink; god forbid. Rather, this is one man's testament to our happy homestead of higher education.

Pitzer's recent institution of general education requirements makes a mockery of the concept of academic exploration. This decision ultimately amounts to a contrived mold into which students who choose to attend Pitzer must squeeze. If our desire is to upgrade the quality of work produced here, then the solution is obvious: admit more qualified students.

The value of education lies both in the freedom to choose your own path and in the personal responsibility of accepting the consequences of what that path brings. To state otherwise deems the freedom of the intellectual.

Yesterday, some guy I'd never met approached me, grabbed my hand, and stated in no uncertain terms that he deserved my vote for student fire martial and sand sorter. Now, I welcome any opportunity to meet new people, but if I wanted to be the subject of some erstwhile politician's advances, I'd hang out in D.C.

The viewbook which admissions sent to me during my senior year in high school extolled the virtues of a

community government; a government which was "unique" among the nation's colleges and universities. I will be the first to agree that everyone would benefit from more student involvement in issues which affect us (the general education ruling comes to mind). The task at hand, then, is to educate, inform, and, if need be, provoke students to the point where they involve themselves. The creation of elected positions is more likely to result in good resume fodder for the few than the responsible input of the many.

The 1990-91 catalogue for Pitzer College states "concern with the social consequences and ethical implications

The value of education lies both in the freedom to choose your own path and in the personal responsibility of accepting the consequences of what that path brings

of knowledge and action" as one of its educational objectives. An honorable goal, to be sure. And yet, this statement lies in direct

opposition to the theory and practice of a place where we spend much time: the dining hall.

Let us say, hypothetically, that for some reason you are not able to finish your already-purchased meal within the confines of beautiful McConnell Center. After faithfully learning your educational objectives as outlined by the authors of the aforementioned catalogue, you might think a logical course of action would be to finish the food at a more convenient time and/or place.

And you would be right. To accomplish this, however, you would first need to duck and weave past the McConnell Gestapo, whose

Practicing What We Preach

alert eyes overlook nothing which happens to be wrapped in a napkin. This writer has been accosted for no more reason that four bites of a ham on white tucked beneath his arm. I personally find the idea of throwing away perfectly good food repugnant and morally reprehensible, especially in an age and nation where thousands go hungry every day. Yet Marriott forces us to discard half-eaten food (food for which we paid long ago) rather than run the risk of it falling into the hands of those not on the meal plan. I have heard all the arguments as to why this is a financially sound policy; the blatant contradiction is philosophical, not fiscal.

The same school that once offered an environment which fostered and encouraged self-reliance and independent judgement now requires the completion of paperwork in order to get someone else to move a bed frame to the closet. Evidently our school also provided special training in structural stability to the Residence Life staff. Their superior judgement and approval is required for all "loft-style structures." Unbelievable. What used to be an easy way to spruce up a dorm room has turned into a theater of the absurd.

I hear Pitzer people describing Pitzer with terms like "malleable," "diverse," "socially-aware" and "unique." Describe all you want; the fact remains that these characteristics are quickly disappearing in a frenzy mad enough to make U.S. News and World Reports' Top 40 countdown.

Each step in the current direction takes us one step closer to being just another second-rate college with first-rate aspirations.

-by Matt Simpson

WHAT'S IT TO THEM

THE PROFESSORS' COLUMN

The Question of the Concept of World Literature

To consider the concept of Third World literature in the context of present times is to be conscious of the historical lineages informing its logic and to be aware of the intellectual and political systems accompanying its movement. Among its lineages is the concept of world literature, postulated by Goethe within the context of the post-Enlightenment.

This concept of world literature was part of that intellectual culture in which Hegel attempted to totalize human knowledge. In many ways Hegel and Goethe were part of, and situated within, the ascendancy of industrial capitalism as a world system. They were the summit of European intellectual and cultural hegemony in practically all quarters of the world.

This statement by the young Marx expresses well the historical projects of Hegel and Goethe: "The moderation of genius does not consist of the use of a cultivated language without accent and dialect; it lies rather in speaking the accent of the matter and the dialect of its essence. It lies in forgetting about moderation and immoderation and getting to the core of things."

Following on the concept of world literature developed within the European context, Third World literature, or World literature by

people of colour, attempts to establish the core of things historically, politically and culturally. Whereas one was theorized in the European colonized countries of the late eighteenth century, the other is being established in the late twentieth century in countries which have dislodged classical colonial domination.

What crucially separated the two historical moments was the cultural experience of Modernism. Modernism was the focussing point of shifting cultural, political and literary relationships. Politically speaking and on the world scale, capitalism was, for the first time, being contested and challenged by socialism.

In cultural terms, and within the English-speaking world, Modernism designates the end of the dominance of English-speaking men and women in the writing of English-language literature, as had been the case from Chaucer to Thomas Hardy, as James Joyce and Yeats in Ireland, and Eliot and Pound in America, and Nabokov and Conrad running away from Russian and Central European repression, redraw a new map of English-language literary culture.

In literary terms, and within the world-system of genre-writing, the supreme task and craft of novel writing in the late twentieth century shifts from Europe to Latin America, as a simi-

lar situation had occurred in the late nineteenth century when the center of the novel moved from France and England to Russia.

Third World literature, being realized in Africa, Asia and Latin America, is a product and expression of these changing literary and cultural constellations. Third World literature should not be seen as an abstract representation of continental literatures, but rather as a unified, however paradoxical, movement of national literatures. This movement is a dialectic of Differences and Similarities. In Latin America, Brazilian literature is premier, in as much as Nigerian literature within Africa is perhaps the freshest in relation to modernity, and Indian literature in Asia is probably the most fascinating and exhilarating.

Clearly then, Third World literature is nothing but the internationalism of national situations. This literature has some affinities with contemporary philosophical and intellectual systems. Third World literature is a complex forum of creativity, dialogue and exchanges.

All the more reason that Pitzer College should establish this new intellectual horizon.

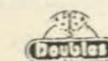
Professor Masilela presented this essay to the Pitzer College Board of Trustees in the Fall of 1989. -ed.

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