

Minor Curriculum Adjustment

Reading List, P.S. 190.101, Introduction to American Politics, Johns Hopkins University, Fall 1990 Professor Cummings

H.G. Nicholas
Democracy in America

Alexis de Tocqueville
Democracy in America

Richard F. Fenno, Jr.
The Making of a Senator: Dan Quayle

Nelson W. Polsby and Aaron Wildavsky
Presidential Elections

Norman Ornstein and Shirley Elder
Interest Groups, Lobbying, and Policymaking

Peter Woll
American Government: Readings and Cases

V.O. Key, Jr.
Politics, Parties, and Pressure Groups

William H. Flanigan and Nancy H. Zingale
Political Behavior of the American Electorate

Norman H. Nie, Sidney Verba, and John R. Petrocik
The Changing American Voter

Milton C. Cummings, Jr., and David Wise
Democracy Under Pressure

Reading List (excerpted), P.S. 190.101 Introduction to American Politics, Johns Hopkins University, Fall 1991 Instructor Hemberger

Martin Luther King, Jr.,
Why We Can't Wait

Malcolm X,
Malcolm X Speaks

Film: *Do the Right Thing*

Bob Blauner
Black Lives, White Lives

Patricia Williams
Alchemy of Race and Rights

Marvin E. Gettleman, et al.
Vietnam and America: A Documented History

Wallace Terry
Bloods

Film: *No Vietnamese Ever Called Me Nigger*

Todd Gitlin
The Whole World is Watching

Film: *Berkeley in the 60's*

Linda Dittmar and Gene Michaud
From Hanoi to Hollywood

Film: *Platoon*

Edward J. Epstein
Agency of Fear

U.S. Senate: *Committee on Foreign Relations, Subcommittee on Terrorism, Narcotics, and International Operations, Drugs, Law Enforcement and Foreign Policy {aka Kerry report}*

Minnie Bruce Pratt
"Identity: Skin Blood Heart," Yours in Struggle

Biddy Martin and Chandra Talpade Hohanty
"Feminist Politics: What's Home Got to Do with It?" from Feminist Studies/Critical Studies

Film: *The Best Man, The Times of Harvey Milk*

Cindy Patton: *Inventing AIDS*

Film: *A Virus Knows No Morals*

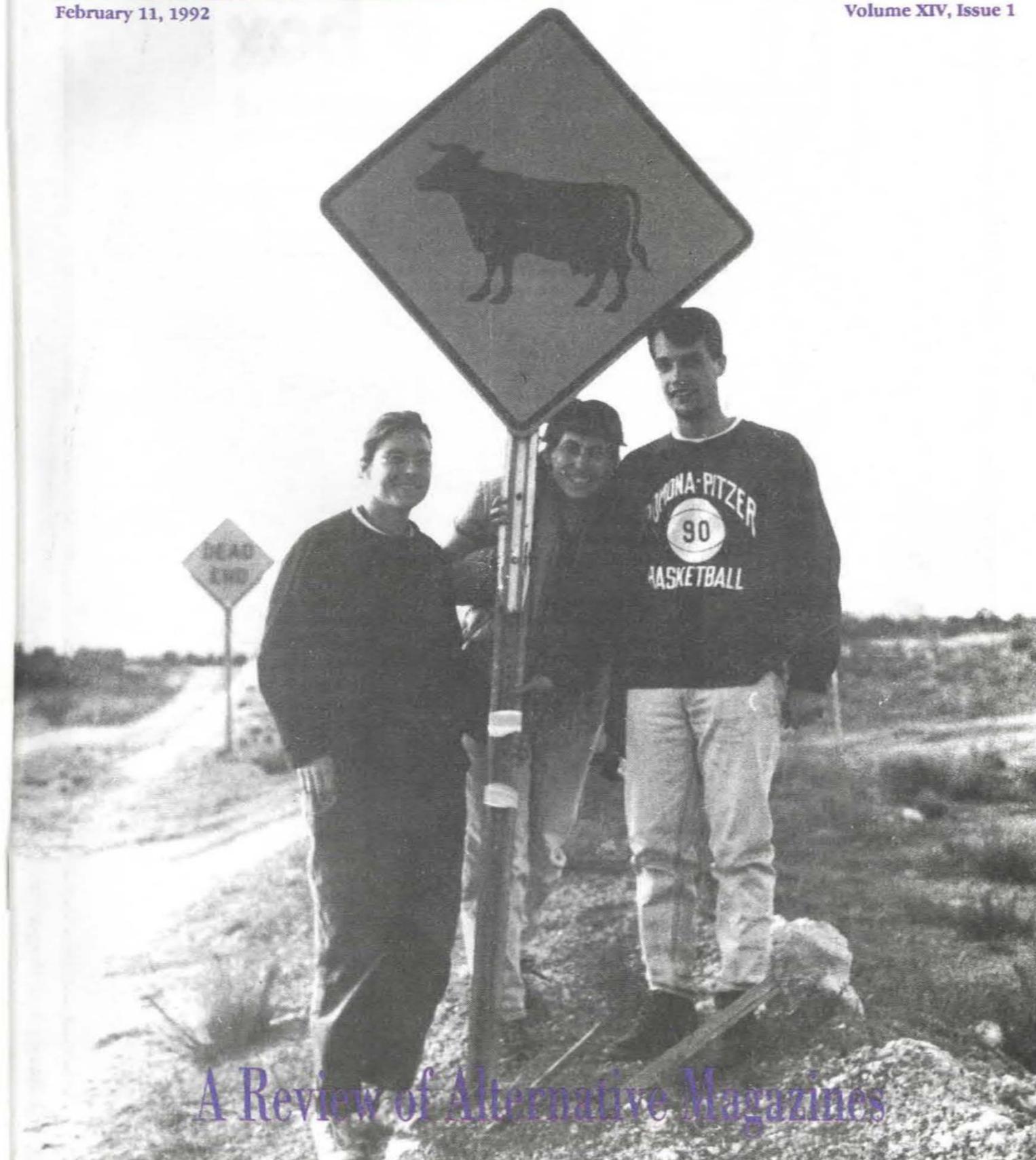
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The Other Side

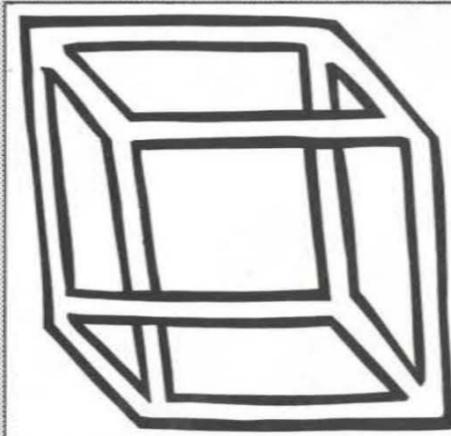
Alternative Reading For Alternative People

February 11, 1992

Volume XIV, Issue 1



A Review of Alternative Magazines



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AFTER READING
THE OTHER SIDE
PLEASE RECYCLE



WE'RE LOOKIN' FOR A FEW GOOD PEOPLE

This magazine is at a turning point in its tenure. This issue marks the *magazine's* two year anniversary. Throughout these years we have had dedicated writers, invaluable editors, and a core group of faculty who have supported and contributed to the paper. And finally, we thank the reader for enthusiastically endorsing and reading *The Other Side*.

Ok, so we are getting a little sentimental and, to some, downright sappy. But there is a reason for this eulogy of sorts. Come this May, *The Other Side* is in for a change. Every current editor, with the exception of one, is a graduating senior. So were lookin' for new blood. The positions we are interested in filling are not "low on the totem pole." As an editor-in-chief, executive editor, or section editor you will have an opportunity to take the magazine in whatever direction is of interest.

What does it take to be an editor? These are not job requirements, just helpful hints. First and foremost, its a time consuming endeavor (we're talking late night, early morning production weekends four times a semester). It's not the easiest task in the world to maintain constant flow of new articles (let alone, getting them from writers in time), but, hey, it can be part of the fun. Sometimes, you have to look in the mirror, and say, "I am responsible, visionary in my expectations, and gosh darn it, people like me!" Expertise in paste-up, design, color printing, and formatting is not necessary. Half the time, you can fake it just as well!

You can cut it flat, or you can cut it round (southern term), but what we're tellin' ya is that the *The Other Side* needs you! Oh yeah, if you've managed to read this far, do we have a treat for you: as an editor you receive a full credit (gotta love those independent studies). By the way, do you know how many Pitzie's it takes to screw in a light bulb? One. But don't worry, you get credit. Call us (David at x6043 or Jason at x2986). Ok, we're done.

The Other Side

Alternative Reading for Alternative People

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The Other Side is a publication of the students of Pitzer College. The editors reserve the right to edit or refuse any material submitted. Address inquiries or letters to *The Other Side*, c/o Pitzer College, Box 664, Claremont, CA, 91711.

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

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Dear Pitzer Students,

I am honored to have been selected as the next president of Pitzer College, and I look forward to meeting each of you. At present, I am beginning to say good-bye to my students here in New York City. But, I wanted, by way of introduction and greeting, to send you the ideas about Pitzer that I shared with the Board of Trustees on my election, January 20. If you have the time, please let me know what you think of them and what your hopes for the future of Pitzer are.

Thank you for inviting me to join the Pitzer community. It is a privilege to have been selected to become a member of this college, which excels in American higher education. Pitzer's excellence is embodied in its superb faculty, committed to interdisciplinary research and teaching, its diverse and academically outstanding student body, and its pervasive atmosphere of respect and care for persons and ideas.

At the center of Pitzer's mission lies a commitment to the liberal arts, to what I call the arts of being a free person. These arts entail not only the rigorous development of the mind, but also the enrichment of what I have called in some of my writings, soul. This term has tended to get me in a bit of trouble because it sounds exceedingly religious. I do not mean it as such, but I do use it to provoke. Indeed, I am in good company in using it because shortly after I did, Professor Allan Bloom, the one from the University of Chicago, used it in his provocative book *The Closing of the American Mind*. He claimed that American higher education was losing its soul, in part because it has given prominence to the social sciences, to that which distinguishes Pitzer.

An Open Letter From President Elect Marilyn Chapin Massey

While I have many disagreements with Professor Bloom, I do agree with how he uses the term *soul*. We both use it to refer to character, or those qualities of a person that enable her or him to make meaning of a life. But, in contrast to Allan Bloom, I do not believe that truth is to be found in one particular meaning, one set of transcendent ideals that everyone should have. A liberal arts college should support each student in finding her or his meaning, in searching for what counts as a basis for exercising freedom in relation to others. And a liberal arts college ought to be a laboratory for the exercise of that freedom. As Robert Payton puts it, "Liberal education is the loom that weaves together the development of mind and the development of character."

Even amongst prestigious peers dedicated to liberal education, Pitzer stands out. It has character, a character that can lead the way in higher education in this new, exciting, and sometimes troubling era in history. That this is at least a new era is illustrated by a feature I saw several weeks ago on the quandary among the map makers at Rand McNalley. The world is not holding still long enough for the artists to draw national boundary lines and get world maps to press. Just think, we cannot literally draw lines fast enough to encircle national groups or to pin down divisions among the peoples of our world. This simple fact carries with it political, economic, and social meanings and implications that we have yet to discern.

And today, in recognizing Martin Luther King's birthday, we remember a time when we were actively struggling to erase the lines within our country that deny civil rights and opportunity to African Americans. If not visible on maps, those lines still had very definite geographical and physical limits—the edges of neighborhoods, the places on buses and lunch counters, the doorways of schools, colleges, and universities. Twenty-five years later, we know that the invisible lines separating different groups and peoples draw deep, unjust chasms we must still vigorously combat for humans to be free.

For all of our students to exercise the arts of freedom, we know they must learn to live in what many are calling a borderless, global economy. But even more fundamentally they, and we, must learn to live without drawing lines that exclude people who are different from us. We must also have the courage to challenge lines that exclude us and others about whom we care. We must learn to empathize with different cultural experiences and thereby create a viable diversity of communities.

See MASSEY, page 39



EXOTIC EXTERNAL STUDIES

by John Bracken

Pitzer tends to think of itself as somewhat different, as a place that offers a "unique learning environment." A big part of this conceptualization is the External Studies program. While many liberal arts colleges offer students the opportunity to study abroad within the context of large international groups, Pitzer has made a point of implementing foreign study as part of the curriculum. A particular emphasis has been placed on programs designed and run by Pitzer itself. Andrew Starbin and Maya De Leon embark this month to debut the program in Parma, Italy, giving Pitzer its third unique foreign study program, joining the renowned Nepal and the Zimbabwe programs, run in association with Scripps College.

Pitzer External Studies began what External Studies director Tom Manley calls "a new era" in 1987. The arrival of Al Bloom as Dean of Faculty and his authorship of the school's educational objectives resulted in a renewed focus on External Studies. Before 1987, about 30% of graduating seniors had been on an external studies program, this year the figure will be about 60%, according to Manley.

Pitzer's goal in operating its own programs, according to Manley, is to attain "experiences of quality." Another motivation for operating its own programs "has... been financial cost." Much of the E.S. budget (around \$1 million annually, according to Manley) goes to costs not directly associated with the running of the programs, such as overhead for the large international programs. Running its own programs allows E.S. the finances to create more programs in areas of greater need. Additionally, says Manley, a good program can make money by attracting students from other colleges, leading to "increased national exposure" for the school.

The Nepal program, the oldest and most successful of the Pitzer-run programs, has a long history (the current director of the program, Mike Donohugh, participated as a student in the program's first session). It served as a starting point for the strengthening of External Studies. In place since the 60's, the program had been conducted every other year and with a part-time staff

until the changes of 1987. Now, a full time staff is in place and the program runs annually. "We'd like there to be more Nepal-like options for students in other parts of the world," says Manley. According to Manley, the decision to improve the Nepal program required a "major commitment, financially and psychologically," to E.S. by the College.

Gail Horowitz participated in the Nepal program as a sophomore last spring. Her group was composed of seven students, including two from other Claremont schools and one from Colorado College. She notes that this year's group is made of predominately Pomona students, whereas in the past the program was often exclusively composed of Pitzer students.

Horowitz noticed a sharp contrast between the Pitzer program and those run by larger organizations such as the University of Wisconsin or ITS. She mentioned that not long after arriving, her group encountered students from the UW program who were ending their trip and that "we spoke better Nepali than they did. There's a total sense of superiority over other students—it's kind of horrible. They were going to the same places and seeing the same things, but something was different.

"We got out into the rural areas. We had field trips where the whole school was going," including the staff. Because her field groups were not composed of all Americans, Horowitz feels that "we were not as obstructive to the culture." Unlike the larger American groups, the Pitzer group had unique access to regions that were otherwise reserved for Nepalese. "We trekked in restricted areas. We didn't speak English that much. Unless you wanted to, you didn't see Americans." She also notes that Pitzer's is the only program with direct relations with Tibahuvus University in Katmandu.

"They really want you to be immersed," she says. "I think part of it is that the people running the program really know Nepalese well... they have a lot of contacts." In regards to the staff, Horowitz found that "everyone wants to be doing it" and notes that members of the staff take the students and house them in their villages. "The teaching goes both ways," she says. Pitzer's ties to the community are

such that it runs a small medical wing for Nepalese and also funds and maintains a water project.

The Zimbabwe program debuted in 1990 and will begin offering a fall program this year. In light of Pitzer's late-80s commitment to attaining multi-culturalism in the curriculum, Manley says that "it's incredibly important to have a program in Africa. The arrival of Ntongela Masilela, Lako Tongun and others really helped with interest in the Third World. Faculty has stimulated demand for programs... especially in sub-Saharan Africa." eighteen students have participated in the program since 1990, and four are there now.

Leigh O'Malley participated in the Zimbabwe program last spring. Of the ten students on his program, nine were from the Claremont schools and one was from an Eastern liberal arts college. "I was most impressed with Pitzer's program. Others kind of show-cased things," he said when asked to compare the Pitzer program with others that he encountered. O'Malley spent three weeks in communal lands with the rest of his program and two weeks in a "high density stay." Not only were these aspects of the program exclusive to the Pitzer-Scripps groups, but O'Malley adds that most white Zimbabweans had no experience with the high density stay, an example of the urban growth areas that O'Malley calls "a vital point for African society right now. It gave me a good cross-section of what life really is like there rather than just an academic situation. A key word, although overused, is experiential. You learn things that no book can teach you."

On bringing his experience back to Pitzer, O'Malley notes that "it's hard to allow for others to understand, it's hard to express" one's experiences. He says the experience affects "how we relate to East LA, Pico Union, and South-Central Los Angeles...they're parts I need to respect." O'Malley adds that on the program "there's a constant stress, same as during finals week, only six months long." He notes that he was required to write six short informal and hand-written papers over the course of the program. "I came away with a real positive feeling. It challenged me in every direction I could imagine."

The incentive behind the new Parma program, according to Manley, was to "have our own set-up, a sense of what Pitzer wants." Other colleges were asked for advice as E.S. considered cities for the program. Last fall, Manley traveled to Italy to examine people and places. "Parma met almost all of our criteria." What he found was a town with a history, comfortable family arrangements, and a university with strong support systems, particularly in language. The two students embarking on the trip, Maya De Leon and Andrew Starbin, are, says Manley, "sort of combination guinea pigs and pioneers."

"I got some ideas from different faculty," says Manley, so "Parma will involve Pitzer faculty, maybe even more than Nepal." Sociology professor Peter Nardi will participate in a ten day long "capstone seminar" at the end of the 16-week semester with Maya and Andrew to help the students "pull their experiences together." Each program will reflect the specialization of the faculty that join the students abroad. Manley said the students will be responsible for maintaining a journal that will include "experiences that will be of interest to Peter." The students will also "be expected to prepare an orientation for him, and a report on their individual research." Manley describes the faculty participation as "kind of a down loading" process for the students and adds that "I'm excited by that feature... it's a real attempt [to assist] the students in intellectual re-entry. They've had this experience and we want to re-connect them to the Pitzer community." Manley mentioned that he hopes to include Lucian Marquis and Allan Greenberger, among others, in future programs.

Designing new programs requires a "sense of what's going to work for the college" and an idea of "how a program in a certain culture or country matches the curriculum of the college." The first priority is meeting "curriculum need and educational purpose." Also, the program must "extend and complement" as well as "provide an important piece of the student's education." Locations under consideration for new programs include "probably Japan, someplace in the Middle East (we have a draft proposal for a program in Turkey), something in the South-Pacific, maybe in Southeast-Asia, maybe in

India. We might think of redoing existing programs." Manley included Spain as a possible site and mentioned the possible goal of starting not more than one new program a year. "In the next couple of years I see expansion of cooperative Pitzer-Scripps study abroad programs," said Manley, adding that it "takes at least a year in planning and development to start a program. Decisions on new programs will be made by the External Studies Committee, which includes students, faculty, and administration."

Manley emphasizes the need for close work with faculty. "The faculty are the ones that make or break a program, and if they don't support it with their classes that they teach, then you're not going to get students." For instance, "Allan Greenberger was really the key faculty person in leading into this new era... We work with faculty with interests in a particular country or culture. If we go ahead with the program in Japan, some of the things Joe Parker suggested, I'm sure, will be incorporated." Faculty have stressed that we "look at the world...not just where students want to go...but where students should go."

External Studies "really has an impact on the College," says Manley. "Students are in classes, sharing their experiences...it definitely colors the kind of community we live and in a positive way, it really adds intellectually... I think there are real special features and a philosophy that are recognizably associated with Pitzer. There is an initial investment. You might have to support a program for a year or two because it will take a while for a program to grow. If you have a good program, you'll get other students to go on it, and you'll do OK." Pitzer-run programs allow for the school to have an "immediate impact" that wouldn't necessarily take place otherwise. In the Administration, "there is [an awareness] that E.S. is an important academic and financial part of the College. We have to begin providing more of our own programs, at least in areas where our students are going in numbers... I think there is a green light at Pitzer to go ahead and develop more programs of our own, particularly with Scripps." Successful self-run programs result in better and "more cost effi-

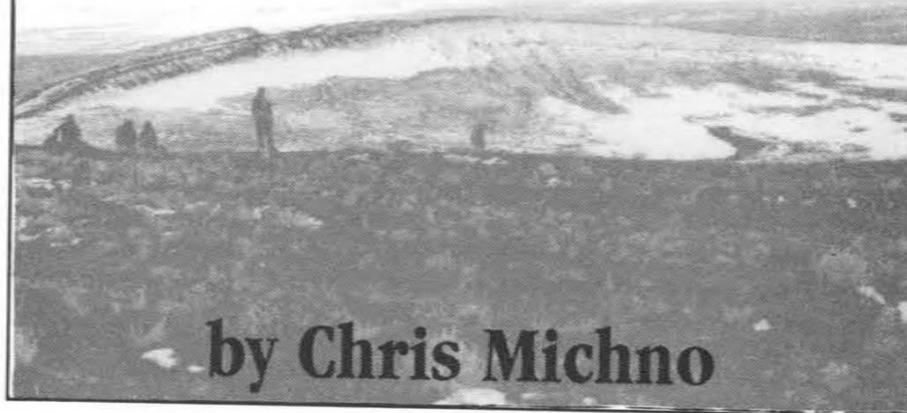
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Before 1987,
about 30% of
graduating
seniors had
been on an
external
studies
program.
This year
the figure
will be
about
60%.
- Tom Manley

ZIMBABWE ❖ PARMA ❖ NEPAL

James Turrell is one of the founding members of California Light and Space Art. Since the late 1960s he has shown in alternative spaces, galleries and museums. His Roden Crater Project is centered in an extinct cinder cone volcano near Flagstaff. From January 4 to 18, a group of Pitzer students, faculty, and administrators met with Turrell in Flagstaff to experience first hand and learn about the Crater Project.

Notes From The Turrell Project



by Chris Michno

Spontaneous snowball fights, searches for Hopi Katchinas, narrowly averted disasters and social events helped build a sense of community among us which formed a backdrop for the highly theoretical aspects of the James Turrell Project: the discussions, lectures, and day excursions to the likes of Arcosanti, ancient indigenous archeological sites, and the Hopi Mesas.

The excursion began for Michael Woodcock and Carl Hertel with the task of choosing thirteen students from the highly qualified pool students and faculty/staff of twenty-four applicants. The second part of the project was the two week trip to Flagstaff to meet with Turrell, his mentors, associates, and others who could offer information relevant to the Roden Crater Project or to the regional history. This phase included time spent at Roden Crater seeing the site where Turrell will install spaces to capture celestial events such as the summer and winter solstice. Contrary to one popular rumor, the trip did not involve students laboring with shovels or any other earth moving equipment in an effort to excavate sites on Roden Crater. However, other aspects of the project will include production of a number of linoleum

block prints and works in other media relevant to the thoughts and experiences of the participants in Flagstaff. In March of this year, James Turrell will be back at Pitzer to give a lecture and install a temporary piece on campus. Project participants also hope to produce a catalogue.

One of the first things we did in Flagstaff was to hike into the Grand Canyon. This experience was a prelude to the vast amount of landscape to which we would be exposed over the following two weeks. Our hike into the canyon was accompanied by a geologic history of the canyon and the Colorado Plateau provided by our local geologists/guide. Through exposure to this information, lectures and exhibits at the Northern Arizona Museum, and to vast amounts of 'undeveloped' land, the idea of geologic history began to impress itself upon our understanding of the land. Millions of years of history made itself abundantly clear transforming our concept of 'landscape' from something that is fixed and perhaps monolithic to something that is dynamic as well as historically and spatially specific.

Another challenge to our ideas was the Hopi view of landscape as a union between earth and universe in contrast to the con-

cept of accessible landscape incorporated in traditional European or American painting. The Hopi paradigm puts a cosmic perspective on our place within the universe. Turrell's work can be seen as consistent with the Hopi idea concerning landscape. Unifying the terrestrial and the celestial, Turrell's art puts 'landscape' in its proper context, that of the crust of a satellite in a solar system that is part of an evolving universe or series of universes.

Turrell's vision has also been affected by his experience as a pilot, aerial photographer, and mapper, and by his awareness of cosmic events and astronomy. Much of his time continues to be spent looking down on the surface of our planet. His perception of our species as bottom dwellers within the context of the cosmic expanse informs his desire to challenge our perception and scope of ideas to include celestial events and the reality of our small place within the universe.



The Roden Crater Project speaks to these concerns. It is a natural extension of the work Turrell has done in other settings: directing light from specific sources into finite spaces. Roden Crater leaps to a cosmic level involving the capture of light emitted from celestial bodies and focusing that light in small spaces inside Roden Crater. During the two weeks of the Pitzer Project, Turrell repeatedly stated his interest in how we as 'crustacean' creatures build edifices to protect ourselves. Consistent to these ends, he believes we orient our shells to external events in a hostile manner. Turrell suggests a new orientation in architecture which is inclusive of external events - that brings light in, that embraces the cosmos.

However, Roden Crater does not mean to be Utopian architecture. Its structure is informed by great ancient cultures that marked celestial events in their architecture: the Egyptians, Mayans, Aztecs, and the Hopis. It is Turrell's feeling that Light and Space Art, practiced in the U.S. for about twenty years, is organically connected to the American experience. His view of easel painting as a borrowed and primarily European art form informs his desire to expand the production and direction of American art into an area that is uniquely its own - the development of something indigenous to the American experience. There is a little irony in all of this: Turrell's work is most hotly pursued in Europe.

How does Turrell see light art as something uniquely indigenous or organically connected to the American experience? His answer to that question implies a degree of uncertainty. It is Tur-

rell's perception that light art is related to the frontier spirit of the west.

Flagstaff is still very much an 'old west' town full of cowboys, 'Indians,' and open range. Arizona is one of the few Free Range states in the U.S. where cattle must be fenced out if one desires to keep them off one's land. And although the 'Indian Wars' are over, the indigenous Americans still live a marginalized life. One thing in Flagstaff that is not characteristic of the 'old west' is Turrell's relationship with the Hopi. The story is that the Hopi tired of staging protests which had little effect on policies detrimental to their lives. They decided to take active steps to support things they considered positive. In this manner the Hopi have offered their support of Turrell. A result of that interaction will be a Hopi Kiva space in Roden Crater designed with the help of the Hopi. Another aspect of that relationship, from which we benefited, was the participation of a Hopi elder in our project. Gene Sekaquaptewa spent a great deal of time with our group explaining Hopi religious and moral philosophy. Gene also took us to the Hopi Mesas

to see a Buffalo Dance and a Hopi shrine. Something else in Flagstaff not characteristic of the 'old west' is Turrell's approach to ranching. Concerned about overgrazing and land depletion and hoping to see indigenous grasses return to previous levels of proliferation, Turrell decided to start ranching himself in order to cut down the number of cattle that graze the land.

For some of the members of the Project who were highly aware of Turrell's work long before this project began to develop, the personal interaction with Turrell was an irreplaceable experience engendering a deeper connection with Turrell's work. Even those of us who were not so familiar with his work greatly benefited



from the personal contact with Turrell. Turrell is an incredibly thoughtful person, and one feels privy to the many different ideas and conversations Turrell has engaged in over the years as he generously lays out an overwhelming depth of knowledge when he speaks. Often he will return to a thought or question that appeared a night or two before to take another perspective

on it or to answer it more fully. This indicates something wonderful about his thought process; it contains a wealth of information that is constantly being revised and informed by external information absorbed on deep levels. It is rather analogous to Turrell's own idea of landscape: 'Landscape as metaphor for thought.'

DESERT

It was just a year ago that the popular media was introducing new vocabulary to the populace of the United States. For the first time many people learned of words and terms such as scud (missiles), sortie (bombing squadrons), bouncing betty (emasculating grenades), and collateral damage (civilian deaths). President Bush's State of the Union Address on Wednesday January 29, 1992, marked the one year anniversary of the commencement of the war with Iraq, or as Bush prefers, "Operation Desert Storm." In his address, Bush took a sanitized walk down memory lane. Through an examination of both the President's particular type of rhetoric (2 parts Jeremiad, 1 part Brady Bunch, and a generous smattering of jingoism), and his convenient omissions, we are allowed a different sort of retrospective on the year's events.

In his State of the Union Address, Bush declared that changes of almost "biblical proportions [emphasis added]," had occurred in the twelve months since Desert Storm was launched. Among these changes, according to Bush, "a world once divided into two armed camps now recognizes one sole and preeminent power, the United States of America."

Many strategic and political changes have indeed occurred in the world in the past twelve months. Bush attempts to put a spin on the face of these events that would make the United States out to be not only the "preeminent power," but also the nation divinely preordained to guide the rest of the world towards salvation. Bush utilizes religious rhetoric to explain everything from the collapse of communist regimes in the former USSR ("By the grace of God, America won the cold war.") to America's "victory in the Persian Gulf." Bush's hyperbole attempts to cover up the fact that changes that were promised in, for instance, the Persian Gulf, were not delivered upon; simultaneously his promises to avoid change on the domestic front were also broken (read his lips).

Bush has found an audience for his song and dance among the likes of Jimmy Swaggart, and the Bakkers. In an address to the National Religious Broadcasters Convention one year ago, Bush quoted clergyman Richard Cecil, who said "there are two classes of the wise; the men who serve God because they have found Him, and the men who seek Him because they have not found Him yet." Bush goes on to insinuate that foreign and domestic policy must be carried out by a wise man (according to Cecil's definition). "Abroad, as in America, our task is to serve and seek wisely through the policies we pursue." Reflecting on the war in the Persian Gulf, then in progress, Bush stated that the conflict "had everything to do with what religion embodies — good versus evil, right versus wrong, human dignity and freedom versus tyranny and oppression." In January of this month when Bush met again with this same body, he adopted once again the parlance of "the teachings of Jesus Christ as the moral force behind the Persian Gulf War" (New York Times, January 28, 1992).

Throughout the war it seemed that Saddam Hussein and George Bush shared the same speech writer. To the contrary, they simply shared the same inflexible view that *their* particular religion, people, and country was the "right and decent" one. At the end of the war, both leaders also declared victory. According to Saddam, the Iraqis fought "all that is evil and the largest machine of war in the world that surrounds them... The soldiers of faith have conquered over the soldiers of wrong... Your God is the one who granted victory." This should sound familiar.

Hussein and Bush, during the course of the war, and after, relied upon the invocation of God to legitimize their diametrically opposed agendas. Both leaders remain in power, despite Hussein's threat to make Bush a "prisoner in his black house," and Bush's secret plans to bomb Hussein's bunker in the last five hours of the war with a weapon created especially to ensure his demise (the GBU-28 'Bunker-Buster'). Bush seemed more intent on enlivening his State of the Union Address with anecdotes concerning "GI Joes and Janes... who left signs in the Iraqi desert that said, *I saw Elvis,*" than in

BY MATTHEW ZBORAY

STORM

the real fall-out from the Persian Gulf War. There was no significant change in the power structures of Iraq. The embodiment of all 'evil' in our age (q.v. Bush, an Arabic apparition of Hitler), and opposition to the new world order, survived the war and may still have the capabilities to produce nuclear weapons.

Bush's war in the Gulf certainly changed the position (politically and geographically) of the Kurds, but after his infamous "forty days" and forty nights of disrupting battle, the Kurds become a *non-issue* as Bush falls back on a philosophy of *non-change*, citing principles of *non-interference* in international affairs of other nations. The same conservative problematic is called upon to justify the restoration of the Emir of Kuwait.

These are issues that George Bush is very unlikely to approach during this campaign year. Unfortunately, the American public is forced to keep wondering about these issues because the media's lips seem tighter than Bush's. Although American viewers of the showcase war in Kuwait and Iraq were bombarded with images, graphs, missile trajectories, etc... the Pentagon placed tight restraints on what was admissible to the public at large. What was reported was veiled in a virtually impenetrable cover of technical jargon and euphemisms. Many members of the news and media indeed helped agencies such as the Pentagon tie the yellow ribbon in a tight seal over their own mouths.

A year after the war, Bush is certainly not the only one hushing up the uncomfortable realities of up to 10,000 people killed in the Persian Gulf, toxic pollution, destroyed cultural treasures, et al. These are issues mainstream newspapers and magazines have

See REVISITED, page 27

A DOCUMENT FOR OUR TIME BY DOUGLAS G. MCGRATH

THE SHRUB FILE

A Report From Secret Service Agent Duke on the President's Trip to Japan.

Wednesday, January 8, 1992

10:00 a.m. Arrival ceremonies at Tokyo Airport. Agents Simon, Marx, Welch, Martin, and I put the Shrub, Mrs. Shrub, and remaining American party into Chrysler, Ford, and GM sedans for ride to residences. The sedans were sent over as a show of support and pride for Detroit. Needed fourteen cars to carry everyone. The Shrub's was the first to break down when the engine fell out on the highway. Mrs. Shrub rode behind in the second car with members of the royal family. Electric windows kept going up and down all the way to residence. Wind ferocious. Mrs. Shrub looked like Don King when she got out. Mr. Iacocca drove on the wrong side of the road, since the steering wheel was on that side. Then the car lost its right wheel but Mr. Iacocca wouldn't stop. "Just everybody move over to my side!" he snapped. "Let's use some ingenuity!" And then he said, "Crummy Jap roads!"

11:01. Arrived at residence. The Shrub practiced his swing in case he needed to play pingpong with anyone. "The little yellow ones love a good game of pee-pee," he said.

11:35. Tennis instead. Japanese were amazed at the Shrub's Speed Tennis. To save time, the Shrub served all balls to the forehand side at once. The game went so fast the Japanese didn't even know they had won. Mr. Iacocca was furious when he heard about the game. He called a press conference to say that the Americans had not lost the game, they simply hadn't had sufficient access to the Japanese court.

12:00-2:30. The Shrub visited a Toys 'R' Us and spoke. He said, "Hey, if you listen to some of that critique coming out of Capitol Hill up there over across that ocean over there, you'll know that I've been kind of a shock absorber for some highly partisan spear-throwers. Carping little liberal Democrats. Name one: Dickie Gephardt. Plenty of others out there. Even taking some heat from a smart-alecky columnist isolationist in my own party. *Backward leaners.* Think that if we find a shut door over here, we should just SST it back to America and shut America's door. Well, that's their view but it's not the Bush view. And it's not the view of these gurus I've brought with me." The Shrub jerked his head over at the Big Three but they all looked pretty interested in that view. The Shrub hurried on: "But, hey! We can be big winners here out here in J-ville. Let me help you with how. Isn't about talking. It's about doing. Doing our level best. If knocking on the door doesn't help, let's maybe ring the buzzer. If no one answers the buzzer, let's maybe slip a note under the door. If that doesn't get some feedback, let's go around back and wait on the porch. But let's not leave the lot. *Not in a lot-leaving mode.* That's going to choke the throttle of the—oh, what do you call—the economy. I may be wrong, but that's what I think in here about them out there."



Something seemed a little off in this speech, even considering the Shrub's way with language, so we took him back. He wouldn't nap, but at least he slowed down. He sat on the bed and practiced dialing Yeltsin's new number.

9:45. Back from dinner. We were right. Something was wrong with the Shrub. He was like *The Exorcist* in a tux. He threw up at cocktails and then again *right at the table.* He made such a commotion, General Scowcroft woke up. (Personally, I thought the food in England much worse.)

Mr. Fitzwater will brief the press shortly. He is trying to think up something good-natured and funny for the Shrub to have said. Mr. Fitzwater said that humor in a crisis is pretty much pro forma ever since Mr. Deaver thought up that good, "Honey, I forgot to duck," for Reagan to have said when he was shot. So far Mr. F thinks it would have been funny for the Shrub to have said one of these three things after his collapse:

1. "I just remembered: it's *Chinese* food I love and *Japanese* food that makes me sick."
2. "Maybe if I sit down here on the floor, you all won't feel so short." or:
3. "It just makes me sick that Skull and Bones is taking women."

Me and the other Secret Service guys all think No. 2 is a killer, but Mr. Fitzwater isn't sure. We all agree that anything is better than what the Shrub actually said, which was: "Oh, heck, I sushed my shirt."

10:10. Mr. Fitzwater called the Vice-Shrub to notify him that the Shrub had collapsed. Upon hanging up, Mr. Fitzwater told us how the U.S. reacted. "Good omen!" the Sapling said. "I'm wearing my presidential foot pajamas!"

Friday, January 10, 1992—Air Force One

We're on our way home, thank God. I feel so sorry for the Shrub. He is trying to stay chipper—he asked Mrs. Shrub for rubber dinner clothes for Valentine's—but I think it's all a brave act.

He rode to the airport with Mr. Iacocca. The whole way out, as he always does, Mr. Iacocca had his window down and his arm out. The Shrub asked him, "Lee, do you have to keep your arm out there on the outside of the Doris Day? It's a little tornadoey in here." Mr. Iacocca stared at him as if he were crazy. "If I don't keep my arm out, how do we know the door won't fly open?"

Poor Mr. Iacocca. He thought he was still driving a Chrysler. (They were all being repaired. This was a Honda and the nicest ride we had all trip.)

Douglas G. McGrath is a playwright and screenwriter living in New York.

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Boot and Rally On the Economy

Early in January, President Bush became only the second U.S. President ever to throw-up on a foreign dignitary, and the very first to do so on television. In 1961, John Kennedy, after a long night of partying with Marilyn, threw up on Khrushchev's favorite pair of shoes during a secret meeting, and thus inspired the hostilities that brought about the Cuban Missile Crisis. While Kennedy's chunks brought the world to the brink of disaster, Bush's merely provide us with a tidy metaphor for his economic policies. I never much liked sushi myself, but come on Mr. Bush, isn't puking in the prime minister's lap a little overblown (pun). There are other ways to make a strong statement in support of American Food.

The stage was set way back in December. Pearl Harbor day attracted more hype than it deserved, as news stories were inundated with old battle footage and casualty reports. The whole thing became an occasion to blame the Japanese all over again. The U.S. government demanded an apology that they knew Japan wouldn't give us, and then proceeded to stage "patriotic" memorials with subtle hints of animosity toward Japan as a unifying theme. Without an evil empire looming red in the distance, they had to scramble to find something that would inspire a little flag-waving.

Shortly afterward, Bush watched his popularity continue to nose-dive as Christmas came and went without a spark in the sluggish economy. Something, however, may have clicked in the minds of the Bush strategists after watching people swallow the anti-Japan hook on Pearl Harbor Day. From the first three years, the administration has learned a few things about the perceptions of the American public. Most importantly for re-election purposes, they realized that, as a symbol of America, Bush is most popular when patriotism is at its highest. To achieve a high level of patriotism in this day and age, with all the trouble and divisiveness we face at home, one needs a common enemy of the people, preferably foreign. Therefore, barring another war (which, by the way, should not be ruled out, Saddam is a pesky guy) a new enemy was needed to di-

vert attention away from our internal difficulties.

Well, look who fit the bill . . . While Japan cannot be made into a simple boogiemaniac enemy like Iraq, it does fit nicely into the problem at hand. The Japanese profit while we plummet, and it's all because they don't play fair, or so they (everyone from Lee Iacocca to President Ralph, excuse me Bush) would have us believe. The administration played upon the same feelings that surrounded Pearl Harbor Day and came up with a scapegoat for the nation's economic woes. All of a sudden, as if it were a brand new occurrence, everybody seemed to become painfully aware that not all of Japan's markets are as open as ours. All of a sudden, the key to American recovery became gaining the ability to sell our goods in the Japanese marketplace.

Along came the magical misery tour, with Bush and eighteen overpaid U.S. execs whisking off to Japan to do battle with the forces that keep Japan closed and our recession going. It resembled pan-handling more than negotiation, with the group asking for guaranteed increases in the amount of American cars that Japan buys.

To put it kindly, the trip did not go as well as planned. President Earl became known as the "car salesman" in the Japanese press,

while the auto CEOs were ridiculed for their inferior products and their grotesque paychecks. Toward the end, the President had one too many shots of Sake to go with his flu, and (heeeave ho) the rest is history. The Japanese made only token concessions.

Aside from the shoddy results, the whole premise of the trip seemed fallacious to this observer. First off, why should we expect the Japanese to buy more cars from our auto makers, when American consumers, who have more reason to buy them, have all but given up on them? It is fairly obvious that the Japanese are selling so many cars over here for the simple reason that they make better cars, or at the very least, cars that better fit the American consumer's lifestyle. You can't force people to buy something they don't want, and just making American cars available in Japan won't insure their success. It seems as though the only reason for anyone

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"...Bush became only the second U.S. President ever to throw up on a foreign dignitary..."
 —

to buy an American car anywhere nowadays would be to fulfill some patriotic sense of duty to the U.S. (That is, if one possesses such emotions because you're taking your chances of getting an inferior automobile). I wouldn't count on the Japanese buying into that notion.

Further irony was to be found in the people who accompanied President Boot, excuse me, Bush, on his trip. First of all, those CEOs are paid enormous salaries (an average 3.1 mil per year, more than any Japanese auto exec.) which continue to balloon while their companies flounder. Secondly, why bring auto manufacturers in the first place? The domestic automobile industry in the U.S. employs only a small fraction of our workforce. The electronics industry, a market in which Japan is equally if not more established, employs roughly twice as many people in the U.S. than do the "big three" auto manufacturers. Furthermore, why not bring more business leaders from industries that have a chance at succeeding in Japan? Our auto industry has a long way to go before it can compete with the Japanese, especially in Japan. Why make that sector of our economy the centerpiece of a plan to compete? The problem here is that the automobile has always stood for something special in the hearts of U.S. voters, a symbol of American opulence and ingenuity.

Aside from their symbolism in the American experience, U.S. car companies hold a special place in the military industrial complex. The auto industry provides engines, parts and maintenance for millions of government vehicles, and thus receives billions of dollars of business in defense and para-military contracts. Their interests are best served with a hawkish President that encourages military spending in office. Thus, they might be inclined to contribute large amounts of money to the campaign of such a candidate, especially if that candidate helps them in other areas of doing business besides their government work. In bringing the auto exec's along, Bush was essentially "taking care of" the good ol' boy network that got him into office in the first place, and will play a large part in keeping him there for another four years.

Which brings us to the key point in all of this, which is that the main purpose behind the President Hurl trip was to get himself re-elected; the mission to revive our economy was only secondary. He wanted to show to the voting public that he could go in, talk tough and come back with positive results, showing himself as the "capable" leader that he was perceived to be in wartime. Meanwhile, he knows as well as anyone that car sales in Japan are not the answer to our economic woes and that effort (and money) spent going overseas is not nearly as effective as would be to work to solve the problems at home that perpetuate the recession. He also knows that to work domestically is a long, painful process—one with many concentrated casualties along the way. It is also a process of recovery that is not likely to



look rosy by November, and one that he is not particularly good at, or fond of. If there's one thing Bush has demonstrated about his personal tastes during his Presidency, it is that he would much rather be dancing on the world stage than working in his own back yard.

As for the Japan bashing, it's not the first time, and it certainly won't be the last. The manipulation of imagery to frame people's imaginations is one of the oldest tricks in the political book, and as long as it works, it will continue to be used. The idea of a problem being someone else's fault will always command gut level appeal. It does, however, bring up a couple questions about how easily such a message becomes a sinister form of truth in the minds of so many. First, why does the media, the transmitters of such messages, incessantly fail to present counter-arguments as a dose of reality. Too often, the "official line" goes in the ear and out of the mouth of the "journalists" without question or analysis.

Second, and perhaps more vague to me, is the whole ideology of patriotism. Is patriotism love for what your country is, or hate for what your country is not? When somebody states that they're "proud to be American," what are the uniquely "American qualities" with which they are identifying? Or is it a simple statement of allegiance to the government which is supposed to act on their behalf? It seems to me that a true patriot must be able to look inward upon his or her own country and accept the good with the bad, the differences among the people within it, and the contradictions which are present in the very idea of nationhood. This is not to suggest that this patriot cannot hope for improvement. I do, however, wish to distinguish this patriot from those who look into the world and see nothing but strangeness and fearful things and then cling to the only reality that they know: their country, and all that is familiar within it. I would guess that there are far fewer "patriots" than many of us would like to think.

one IS THERE A RIGHT ANSWER? later year

by Seth Winnick

It's hard for me to know where to start. Even today, just as a year ago, my feelings about the Persian Gulf War remain complex and confused. Maybe even more so because I spent the majority of the war in York, England on a semester abroad. Living in a flat with two other Yanks, one who went to rallies with the local peace center to burn the American flag and one who veiled his support for the war behind a rally cry for the troops. I both sneered at and envied the confidence of their convictions.

Amid my height of confusion over the war, an English friend of mine invited me to Sheffield to visit his granny. One evening, through the haze of four pints of Tetley's Bitter, we sat listening to Patrick McGrath's grandfather. He spoke about British history. About how the Crown Jewels were adorned with pieces primarily stolen from India. And he spoke about his experiences during W.W.II. About how it felt to be exposed to mustard gas and how on a cold day it would spill out as a harmless liquid. How the German prisoners were free to walk about Sheffield as they pleased and even work in the shops. How the RAF had tried to launch a plane with damaged landing gear by mounting it on top of a truck. I sat entranced through these stories, not even realizing I was, smiling until he changed his tone.

"Ah, those were the lighter stories," he said. "A bloody waste of humanity, war is." Here it was. The definitive statement from a wise man of experience that I was looking for. I thought my visit to 112 Fleury Lane, Sheffield had finally given me an answer. "And you know the terrible thing?" he continued. "They didn't do enough. They should've gone to Baghdad and finished 'im." Oh well. Nobody has the answers right now I suppose. Not that I should've expected to get them from this wisened Englishman, but I was, as they say in England, pissed off my face.

Today, while not apathetic to the issue, I'm still leery of definitive statements on the war. So what is this about? It's about reading *The Other Side* last year from across the Atlantic and being struck by the ethnocentricity of it all. Being an American and especially a Pitzer student, there is great deal of apathy regards what goes on in the rest of the world. Not to mention that without knowing anything, we think we can solve the world's problems. Everyone had the answers. They were, and still are, unwilling to acknowledge that there is another side to the issues. It shocked me, when I really thought about it, that I could die at the hands of some terrorist during my travels who thought his or her opinion was worth more than my life. Not to mention that my government might expect the same. The only difference seemed a question of degree or fanaticism, not necessarily open-mindedness.

I did learn a few things about where the U.S. stands in the eyes of the rest of the world. While America was busy accepting credit and diverting any blame regarding Gulf War events, the rest of the world blamed the United States for their involvement. Yes, we had more troops than any other nation, but to the British, the big story was their involvement. The English feel, as I do, that they place a much higher value on individual life than we do in

the United States. They laugh disappointedly at George Bush, and at the way we make everything into a T-shirt. There's only one country where Schwarzkopf got his own mini-series and the war its own set of bubble-gum trading cards. That's the sort of U.S. involvement you hear about on BBC radio.

But there are a number of students here who were a lot closer to the answers than any of us. This semester, Pitzer is lucky to have through the PACE program a few students from the Middle East. I spoke with three students from Saudi Arabia, Ahmed Ismail, Mamdouh Al-Omaya, and Ahmed Zaidan, about some of the public perceptions and opinions there during the Gulf War. Being a rookie reporter I just hope to get everything they said right.

I learned that Iraq's invasion of Kuwait came as a surprise. The feeling was that it would be over quickly, and that only when other nations began to get involved did they start to worry. While it was mostly the people in the areas of the east coast and the center of the country that were afraid of an attack from without, they felt threatened by the people of Yemen and Sudan living in Saudi Arabia. These two countries, among others, that had sided against Saudi Arabia in the split that divided the Arab nations, did so over the issue of whether outsiders should interfere in an Arab issue, not over support for Saddam Hussein.

This obviously indicates a split in feelings towards the foreign troops once they began to arrive. Made up of mostly Americans as we heard, Japan, France, Syria, and Egypt helped as well. Most of the people's questions concerned the future of the foreign troops. While most of us at home wondered if our involvement was an issue of oil, the Saudi Arabians felt that was the least of the objectives. First, they said, the feeling was that there was a general recognition that Saddam Hussein was growing extremely powerful and dangerous. The liberation of Kuwait, which was the second objective, provided an opportunity that could be used to halt Saddam.

All three agreed that there was too much violence and action taken against Iraq. Saddam was to blame, not the Iraqi people. Iraq had just gotten out of a war, and the soldiers and people were sick of the violence. It was the government that was still hot-blooded and eager for war.

There is a great deal of disillusionment towards the allies after the war when we learn about the innocent victims. There is a feeling that the hitting of public areas by the American troops constitute war crimes. There is further disillusionment over the revelations of people being buried or burned to death, of tomahawk missiles hitting shelters. There are questions raised of why nothing was done sooner. When the American media is flooded by programs showing Saddam as a monstrous ruler, we must question why were we previously unwilling to act when we knew of his horrors and atrocities.

For now these three students are not afraid of the future. Things are getting better among the Arab nations, they said. Iran now has a diplomatic embassy in Saudi Arabia where there was

JOBS, JOBS, JOBS

Career Planning Is On Your Side

by Hayden Bixby

As we are bombarded from every direction with news of the struggling economy and the diminishing job market, considering post-graduation employment opportunities is a sobering task. Thankfully, resources are available here on campus to help maximize your chances in the job market once diplomas are distributed. The Career Planning and Internship Office, located in McConnell Center, room 106, offers a variety of ways to ease your transition from the idylls of college life to the realities of résumé writing, job interviews, networking and graduate school applications.

Because of the seniors' more immediate need, they are the primary students who take advantage of the services the Career Planning Office provides. However, according to Director Anna Garza, career planning should begin long before your final year. Career planning, she explains, "is a developmental process - students should really get involved by their sophomore year. This gives them more places and opportunities to think about [their career choices]."

These places and opportunities may lie in summer jobs or in internships both during the academic year and during vacation periods. These employment opportunities are excellent, according to Winston Inoway, the Internship Coordinator, not merely because they allow for the exploration of possible career fields but also because they "provide an opportunity to both gain job experience and to get off campus and get involved in the community."

The internship file places and reflects a variety of options in community activities, as well as advertising and environmental agencies and opportunities in government agencies and research. Some of the internships are specifically established for summer only, but others are more loosely defined or available throughout the year. If the existing file doesn't hold precisely what you are looking for, however, the office is willing to serve as a facilitator for any self-proposed internship ideas. Inoway explains that he hopes to function as a liaison between Pitzer College students and the working world. He and the Career Planning Office can't guarantee a job, but they will do all they can to "help you determine what you want, rather than pigeon-hole you into something you don't."

Once you find what you want, the office continues to provide assistance. For example, there is a reimbursement fund, established by Ray Marshal, from which student may apply for funds to defray the cost of transportation to and from their internships. As well, Inoway coordinates a "mid-term evaluation" which allows both the student and the employer to express for future reference their impressions of the effectiveness of the internship.

Having had your internships and moving next into your final year as an undergraduate, you must then prepare for the real employment struggle. Here, too, the Career Planning Office can pro-

vide a great service for those who seek it.

The Office's library holds a wealth of materials to assist students in their job searches. There are business directories which list the names and addresses of various employers and which may be referenced according to either a particular profession or to a specific geographical location. In addition, the office receives job-listings for both full and part-time work and has collected them into "Job Listing Binders" for easy reference. Because the office tries to collect information on jobs that suit the goals and tastes of Pitzer students, many of the listings are from social service organizations: Affirmative Action Register, Earthwork, Helping Out in the Outdoors, and International Employment Hotline are just a few of the available listings.

The library also organizes an Alumni Career Bank which allows students to contact Pitzer alumni for an informational interview. This provides students with an opportunity to learn about career alternatives and develop professional contacts. The alumni involved in this program have responded to a questionnaire sent out by the Career Office and, by doing so, have agreed not to offer employment to Pitzer graduates but to make themselves available to provide helpful hints for those who are new to the profession.

While these services are geared toward those students who already have a clear idea about their career choices, there are also services for those with less established goals. The Career Office offers career counseling that can begin with an interest inventory and value assessment. This test is provided free of charge and serves to examine a student's interests and guide him or her toward careers that might be fulfilling to him or her.

In addition, the Office brings representatives from various fields to speak on campus. This provides students with the opportunity to ask questions of a professional in the area they are interested in. The office does take requests. If there is a business you would like to learn more about, you may talk to Anna Garza about scheduling a speaker.

Once established in his or her career goals, the student may then begin the resume' writing process. The Career Office offers numerous workshops to aid with this gigantic task. "Open Options," the monthly Career Planning newsletter that comes in your mailbox, announces the dates, times and locations of each of these workshops. If further assistance is required, Anna Garza is available for personal appointments.

Finally, in order to help the student feel more comfortable in an interview, as well as to assist him or her in making a good impression on an employer, the office provides workshops on interviewing strategies. Appointments can be made for video taped mock interviews so that a student may become self-observant in the interviewing process.



If you can, **CAN** your mind
needs to be challenged. What follows is a compilation
of alternative **YOU** magazines for
the person craving more than the mundane blather of
run of **READ** the mill
magazines. You know, Newsweek, Time, People,
and The **THIS!** Collage.

What follows is a review of ten magazines in alternative journalism. You know, more alternative reading for alternative people. Each magazine is rated by their monetary value. The maximum rating is four stacks of bills. So throw all your mainstream babble aside and give some of these a try.

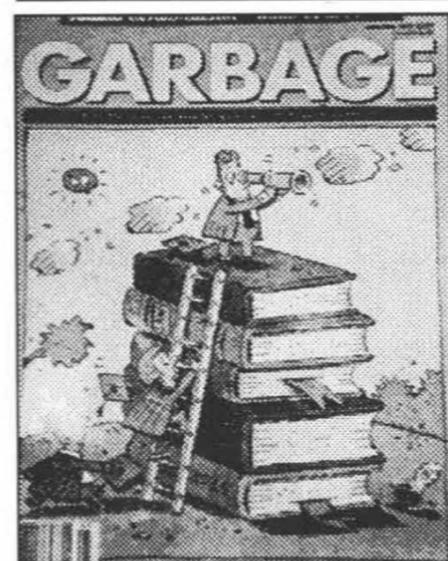
GARBAGE

Environmental

RATING: 

SUB. RATES: \$3.95 per issue
\$21.00, 6 per year

ADDRESS: 2 Main Street
Gloucester, MA 01930



Recycle or die! Compost happens! ReEarth First! Heard these sayings before? If not, maybe you need to try out *Garbage*, "the practical journal for the environment." *Garbage* is published six times a year for \$3.95 an issue and can be found at most large newsstands. *Garbage* is one of many recent environmentally concerned publications that is increasing in popularity. The twist to this one, as the title might have hinted, is its focus upon alternative waste disposal. *Garbage* gives nifty little tips on ways to avoid unnecessary waste and access to obscure products which expatiate those processes. Take for example "As the Worm Turns" which offers a new way to not only decrease your garbage load but

produce your very own garden fertilizer. No joking around here, these people are talking low impact living!

Garbage also keeps one up to date on political issues and the current environmental legislation that is happening or about to happen in Washington D.C. The article "Bottle Bills" gives current information on recycling trends around the states and brings us up to date on the national bottle bill legislation (HR997) with concern to upcoming votes in the House Congress.

With respect to its layout, *Garbage* is easily read and provides an efficient system for locating important information. Pages flow easily and the writing is light-hearted and optimistic. Unlike many other environmentally concerned publications which evoke a guilt ridden context, *Garbage* is optimistic and humble in its presentation of sometimes very depressing issues. It offers the reader an energetic perspective, at the same time allowing one to feel as if the problem(s) are conquerable. If you'd like to know more about other environmental issues, *Garbage* has standard articles on animal issues, pollution issues, or other rubbish issues which keep the magazine balanced as well as interesting. In short, I recommend the magazine highly. Aside from its brevity, you get pertinent and progressive information in an easy to read fashion. If you are feeling the need to get involved in any of these issues, I suggest taking a look at the next issue due out in the upcoming weeks. In proof of its authenticity, *Garbage* is printed on recycled paper (which usually is more expensive than standard stock paper).

I hope you give it a try and not only get caught up on current issues in the environment but also learn how to get involved. Go *Garbage!* -CS

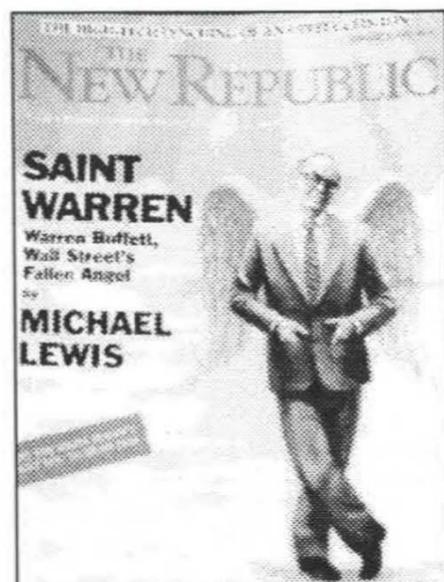
THE NEW REPUBLIC

Political, The Arts

RATING: 

SUB. RATES: \$2.95 per issue
\$69.97, 52 per year

ADDRESS: 200 Anytown
Alabama St CA
800-555-1212



From what I can tell, *The New Republic* has a bad rap on our campus. Whenever I mention my admiration of the magazine the response is generally the same: "Isn't that rather conservative?" Liberalism vs. Conservatism aside, *The New Republic* (or TNR) is a journal offering a varied political spectrum with a much needed dose of political satire. Start with the "Notebook" section. In most issues you can count on a "Bushism of the week," a quote from the President that deserves special mention. Take Bush's view on the economy: "We're enjoying sluggish times, and not enjoying them very much" (from a January 2 speech).

Michael Kinsley, the "left" of CNN's *Crossfire* program, writes "TRB From Washington" regularly, giving his thoughts on the latest political happenings in our capital. His writing is clear, concise and he takes pride in attacking whomever he feels deserves some harsh words. In one issue he berates his ex-colleague, Pat Buchanan, and follows up next week explaining how the democrats might blow the election.

However, what is unique about TNR is its diversity of opinion *within* "mainstream" Washington (by no mean do its writers accurately reflect the diversity of our country as a whole). For example, the writings of Fred Barnes and Martin Peretz tend to support more conservative views. Whatever the political slant of each writer, the articles force the reader to reformulate and/or reevaluate their own ideas. Recent stories have included a pointed argument against a capital gains tax cuts, a critical look at the tyranny of the American "consumer revolution," and a contro-

versial article entitled "The Afrocentric Myth."

Stanley Kauffmann offers intriguing and, at times, disputable movie reviews. In the January 27, 1992, issue he put forth a unique theory behind Oliver Stone's notion of a conspiracy behind JFK's murder. Kauffman contends, "Vietnam is what led Stone to Kennedy: he felt that the anti-Kennedy conspirators ultimately caused the Asian hell that he saw." After summarizing and praising the film's artistic merit, Kauffman ends with five points. Two deserve distinct credit: "[JFK] strongly underscores our incomplete knowledge about the assassination and possible conspiracy," and "although the proof that Kennedy was killed because of [Vietnam] is very slim, the film is one more outcry against the waste and horror of Vietnam."

Finally, it is important to highlight the recent appointment of Andrew Sullivan as Editor of TNR. As an intern at the magazine for six years, the British editor has obviously moved his way up in a feverish pace. He's only twenty-eight. As a younger man, openly homosexual, and of British background Sullivan is bound to bring a new and diverse perspective to the magazine.... So, internships can pay off -DG

MONDO 2000

We're still not sure.

RATING: 

SUB. RATES: \$5.95 per issue
\$24.00 per year

ADDRESS: Mondo 2000
P.O. Box 10171
Berkeley, CA. 94709

Okay, so what do you get when you combine St. Jude, cyberpunk, interviews, post industrial music, Queen Mu, and killer graphics? Give up? It's an obscure magazine called *Mondo 2000*. For all you techno, slam dancing, drug taking, philosophising, engineers out there, we've found the perfect journal for you to keep up to date on the hottest new cybernetic trend. Almost everything in this magazine relates in some way to cybernation (the automatic control of things, art, music, anything, through the use of computers). The article subjects range from an editorial by Queen Mu on Michael Jackson's



video "Black or White" to an interview with Doctor Fiorella Terenzi (Italian astro-physicist/composer). *Mondo* has a standard column on the latest smart drugs available every issue written by St. Jude. (I wonder if she is related to Queen Mu?)

In terms of the writing, you might want to brush up on your cyber lingo. Expect some rambling stream of conscience along with a slight overdose of computer aided everything and you'll do just fine. The interview with Dr. Terenzi combines these aspects of cybernetics, surrealism, and astrophysics, if you can imagine that. As for the rest of the articles I found them provocative and profound in the same sentence. But then I'm sorta easy so I guess you'll have to try it out for yourself.

Expect incredible layout and design. Supposedly the entire magazine is designed, layed out, and printed on Macintosh hardware. Just taking a quick glance through the text-graphics integration you get a wonderful sense of surreal journalism, if that's possible. This magazine is the best alternative to 3-D movies since hallucinogenics! Again I'm not taking anything away from the design, but be prepared for floating eyeballs and little green monsters between the pages. If you appreciate good looking journalism, *Mondo's* the one for you.

On a scale from one to ten for being out there, this one hits a hardcore 10+, hands down. All you have to do is see the Logitech center spread advertisement of a baby peeing on itself to get some feel for what type of magazine this is. For heavens sake, the editors name is Queen Mu! Don't try to tell me that's not out there.

You want an obscure magazine, you've got the name of it, *Mondo 2000*. Don't get me wrong, I'm not trying to tell you not to read this, I'm just trying to give you some sort of warning before you open it up.

Mondo is published five times a year at the subscription price of a mear \$24, that's over a buck less per issue if you buy it in the newstand. To get your own copy of *Mondo* you might have to travel into L.A. to one of the bigger newstands that carries obscure literature. If you're sold already and think you're ready to take the *Mondo* plunge, write to *Mondo 2000* at the address above. My subscription check is already on the way, don't wait till tomorrow or you might miss out. Good luck and beware! -CS

Ms.

Women's Issues / Political

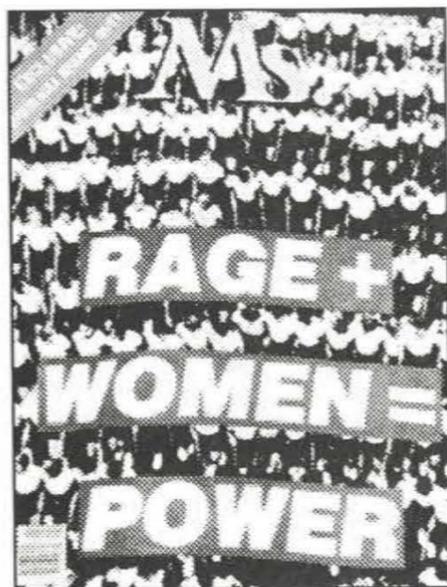
RATING: 

SUB. RATES: \$4.95 per issue
\$45.00 per year

ADDRESS: P.O. Box 57122
Boulder, CO 80321
1-800-365-5232 x4NGA6

Forget all the preconceived notions you may ever have subscribed to about *Ms.* - it's truly come a long way. *Ms.* has risen to the forefront - intellectually and graphically - in international news publications, selected as one of the ten best magazines of the year by the prestigious *Library Journal*. It distinguishes itself from other publications because it is editorially free and contains no advertising, financed mainly through subscriptions and private contributions. Indeed, *Ms.* is a publishing phenomenon 'in its progressive literary style and astounding political energy, in its crisp photography, in its domestic and international art and book reviews, and in its inclusions of fiction and poetry by women authors such as Margaret Atwood, Michelle Cliff, Maxine Hong Kingston, Marge Piercy, Toni Morrison, and Alice Walker, to name a few.

This year, in addition to being the 20th Anniversary of *Ms.*, the bimonthly magazine has a special, Election '92 agenda. In January's 'Rage + Women = Power' issue, for example, readers are provided with an



outline of Democratic party Presidential contenders ("For Republicans David Duke and Pat Buchanan, you're on your own."). The article describes each candidate's leanings in specific arenas such as domestic affairs, civil rights, defense-military, choice, Supreme Court, and appointments, while providing some personal tidbits about each man. The article is followed by a survey asking for women to send their messages to the candidates - what issues mean the most to them, what kinds of political change would make a real difference in their daily lives. For *Ms.* believes that Election '92 is a big chance for women to be seen *and* heard. Therefore, the magazine is stressing political awareness for women, specifically. "The Supreme Court is stacked against us, the U.S. Senate is 'in contempt of women,' the President vetoes every piece of progressive legislation he sees...it's crucial that we all know who stands where on what - and not just up front but behind the scenes. The political is personal, and how the candidates treat their spouses and children and associates is an indication of whether or not they're fit to lead the country..."

Ms. presents a redesigned lifeline to women. For instance, instead promoting fashions and new tummy tighteners, January *Ms.* provides a pull-out petition to the United Nations World Conference on Human Rights, to comprehensively address women's human rights at every level of proceedings. Additionally, in the wake of the Thomas confirmation to the Supreme Court, *Ms.* invited five African American feminist theorists/activists to analyze what

happened - to U.S. women in general and to the African American community particularly. Anita Hill, in a separate article, expressed a too realistic message: "...when you try to obtain power through education, the beast, harassment, responds by striking more often and more vehemently."

But, keep in mind that *Ms.* is not entirely political! *Ms.* also covers sports (U.S. Olympians to watch) and health (compulsive disorders, the disputed reality of PMS, eight nonsurgical contraceptive methods for men, preventing breast cancer). Whether the subject be new feminist comics or international news, *Ms.* conveys information in a mature yet amusing manner. One reader wrote, "...in reading the new *Ms.* I feel a renewed spirit and camaraderie. I gave up on *Ms.* about ten years ago when I felt it was becoming too commercial. In the meantime, I also became too compromised, unchallenged, disillusioned, and inactive. The latest *Ms.* rebuilds the fire. You seem to have found your true identity, and you're helping me find mine." -MB

iD MAGAZINE

The Arts

RATING:

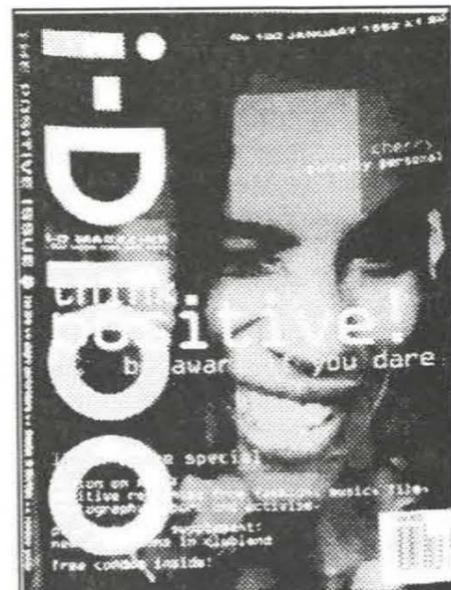
SUB. RATES: \$6.50 per issue
51.50 (per year (12))

ADDRESS: iD, 134-146
134-146 Curtain Road
London, EC2A 3AR

Luckily, some things in life are relatively inexpensive. For instance, London's *i-D Magazine* provides readers invigorating edification about social issues for, well, less than plane fare to the capital city of royal hip-hop. Indeed, the instant information and stellar photo spreads inside the magazine more than make its \$6.50 cover price a bargain compared to those \$50+ hardbound textbooks you may never open until finals week. *i-D Magazine*, a progressive and intelligent alternative to a club rag, dedicated their 100th Anniversary issue to AIDS, perhaps most terribly relevant to the 20s-and-over crowd (*wake up*, that means you!) to

whom the publication is geared.

i-D's courageous content and up-front approach may not appeal to some British Conservatives or Uncle Sam Republicans who would rather ignore many social elements than to flip the pages of such a bare-all, accept-and-glorify-the-outrageous kind of thing, but, then again, it's not supposed to. *i-D* or *Identity* can stand for "instinctive, impulsive, individualistic, daring, eclectic, energetic, non-conformist, yakuzza, and why not?" In the case of its January issue, the identity of the magazine is concerned, responsible, educated, valuable as well as fun, and out-



reaching beyond the constraints of the music or fashion industry.

Readers are confronted with previously unpublished, thought-provoking images and articles dealing with AIDS. For example, an imitation of an advertisement shows a child bathed in orange-peach light modelling an over-sized T-shirt with the words, "I am the Messiah," on the front. In his right hand, he holds a used condom. Presented in the same engaging format, one page denies readers a passive interpretation of how sexually transmitted diseases may affect every-day people. It reveals a photographer and his girlfriend engaged in a smiling, playful hug behind his quote, "I fell in love and the first practical thing I wanted to do was to have an AIDS test ... Before I enjoyed sex and now I want to enjoy love." Definitely a positive response.

"World Guide to AIDS Policies," with surprising information and statistics from the World Health Organization's reports

and the Panos Institute's book, *The Third Epidemic*, 1990, details governments' response (from Albania to Zimbabwe) to people with AIDS or who have tested HIV positive. There are personal stories by those who have contracted the HIV virus; one is entitled, "Get AIDS and See The World," a fiesty description of this year's annual International Conference for People with HIV/AIDS with the theme, "From Victim to Victor - HIV and Human Rights."

The U.S. connection is ever-present. "Direct Action" gives the scoop on the drug underground and drug buyers' clubs in the United States who are looking for a cure to AIDS and ignoring the medical establishment. *i-D* interviews a "A Bitch Called Joanna," who is a New York diva with a message, "Carry Those Fuckin' Condoms!" and reports upon the NEA-4, U.S. artists Karen Finley, Tim Miller, Holly Hughes, and John Fleck, who believe grants were denied them because of their radical work about AIDS and obscenity charges made against them.

Not to forget pages of reviews of obscure and mainstream film, video, fashion, sci-fi, fiction and non-fiction books, comics, art happenings, clubs, and music - this issue just doesn't stop. Believe me, if I could afford to do it, I'd call today. If your wallet is as as mine, I suggest picking up a monthly copy any time you can make it into L.A. -MB

Lies Of Our Times

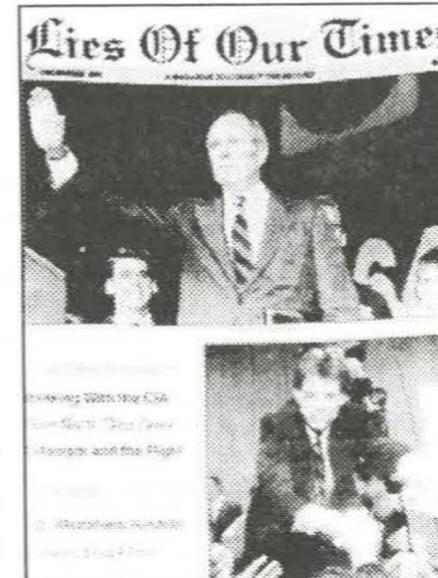
Politics

RATING:

SUB. RATES: \$3.00 per issue
\$24.00 per year

ADDRESS: Sheridan Square Press
145 West 4th Street
New York, NY. 10012

Lies of Our Times is a 28-page collection of articles whose theme is to expose the corruption of the current Republican administration and the political right. The essays in *Lies of Our Times* or *LOOT* are provided by intellectuals such as Noam Chomsky and Nabeel Abraham, as well as other concerned authors, freelance writers, journalists, professors, and



faculty members, who reveal political truths and disputes with flare and intensity. The unofficial *New York Times*-bashing journal, it is *LOOT's* common practice to discredit the *Times*' "miserable work" or "wretched renditions" of news stories. Indeed, the *Times* is referred to as "the Pravda of West 43rd Street," ("BCCI, CIA, & NYT," Doug Henwood). That should serve as a warning to those who consider the *Times* a major text in political studies; *LOOT* begs readers to cut through media reconstruction of events and developments to their essence.

In the December 1991 issue, topics range widely from the essential coverage of the inconsistencies in the Oliver North/Iran-contra scandal to an article on Geraldo Rivera's paranoid episodes about satanism ("The Devil's Due: The Satanic Panic," by Gerry O'Sullivan). In "Oliver North: 'Under Fire' No More," Burroughs MacBride outlines the ABC "Nightline Exclusive" interview with Oliver North (October 21-22, 1991). He attests that although Ted Koppel had the opportunity to inform the viewing audience by questioning North on legitimate issues, he instead "effectively bestow[ed] a virtual regal legitimacy upon the man who played a central role in the worst political scandal of the last decade" and provided free air time for North to promote his book, *Under Fire: An American Story*. The result was "an interview devoid of hard-hitting journalism, and severely lacking in meaningful content." Burroughs continues, "Koppel fails to remind the viewing public that the Iran-contra scandal was characterized by what the congressional investi-

gating committee termed 'disdain for the law,' and 'pervasive dishonesty,' or that North himself had been convicted in 1989 of falsifying records, destroying documents, and accepting an illegal gratuity."

Peter Rothberg, in a regular feature, "Politeracy," reviews and recommends articles and other progressive publications that promote political awareness such as *New York's City Sun*, *Z Magazine*, *Media Development*, and *Capitalism, Nature, Socialism*. Another feature, "Short Takes," comments upon political details under-reported in the *Times*, such as the obituary notice of El Salvador's Guillermo Ungo that claimed he ran unsuccessfully for vice-president on a ticket headed by José Napoléon Duarte in 1972. In fact, Edward S. Herman and William H. Schapp report that Duarte and Ungo were successful, but were denied the victory by fraud. "When a group of young officers attempted to rectify this wrong, they were crushed with the aid of the U.S. Embassy, which called in forces from Somoza's Nicaragua and the militarized state of Guatemala to maintain the non-democratic order of El Salvador." Bush bashers take note: this magazine's for you! -MB

The American Spectator

Politics

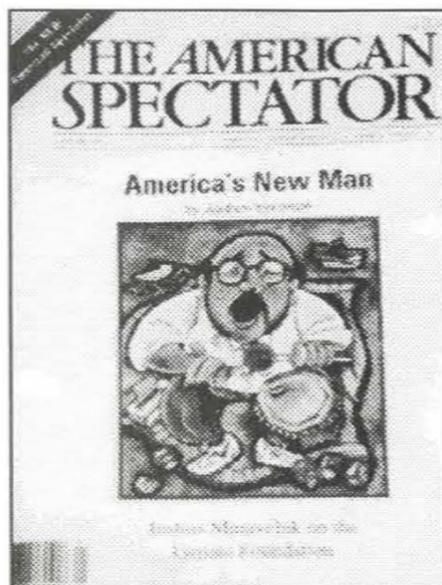
RATING:

SUB. RATES: \$2.95 per issue
\$35.00 per year

ADDRESS: Call
1-800-341-1522

In lieu of providing a spectrum of obscure magazines, we found it appropriate to include one that is not only not all that obscure but one that also fullfills a rightist political genre. Enter, *The American Spectator* (TAS). From its Conservative Book Club advertisement on the opening page all the way to its Coor's advertisement on the back cover, TAS is through and through way over there on the right.

TAS offers insightful, intellectually based, but slightly biased, editorials on social issues which in the latest issue include pummeling mens groups to belit-



ting the MacArthur Foundation (a foundation which awards money to established intellectuals in a variety of fields of study). TAS's departments include standard views on activity in D.C., Soviet political activity, and among other editorials, a large department in book reviews which primarily views books of economic, social, and political twist.

In case you find yourself in need of some hard core, rightest view points, TAS will offer you just that. In the cover story called America's New Man, the contents description calls the mens movement a "how to turn a bunch of patheticos into a loving and hugging band of drum-bangers, poem-shouters, and Dad-haters." The article is written by Andrew Ferguson, who recently attended the First International Mens's Conference in Austin, Texas. The article picks apart the men's movement in detail, saying that the leaders of the movement are a bunch of power hungry capitalists trying to pump up the ego of overweight middle-aged men.

In other articles there are views on, as mentioned before, the MacArthur foundation and the recent retreating of U.S. forces from the Philippines. All the articles are well written but very biased. Unless you are of the conservative archetype, you may find the articles somewhat disturbing, if not offensive. Although the arguments are well supported there is a conservative twist which gives the magazine a contorted flair.

In terms of its layout, the magazine is pretty bland with all black and white newsprint. The artwork is very satirical in

nature (surprise, surprise). Although the pages don't necessarily jump out of the cover, there is a simplicity to the design which reads much like editorials from the New York Times. Just as long as you're not looking for colorful and provocative art themes in a magazine, TAS could be for you. It's always hard to sell something one is inherently biased against. Not that I'm trying to sell you on the magazine, but I feel some need to give TAS the benefit of the doubt, which is the least I could do.

It is always recommendable to keep up on "the opposing" view, for TAS certainly offers just that. The magazine does a good job at covering many bases and is undoubtedly staffed by good writers. Yet, the reader has no choice but be reminded of it's ideological subscription. -CS

Spy

Politics, Satire

RATING:

SUB. RATES: \$3.95 per issue
\$14.75 per year

ADDRESS: P.O. Box 51626
Boulder, CO 80321
1-800-365-5232

Not just any magazine can get away with a feature article on Wayne Newton. But, then again, *Spy* is not just any ordinary magazine. The band of witty cynics who create *Spy* every month have established their own niche in mainstream journalism. While most magazines are clamoring to the presses with traditional slants, *Spy* offers a sardonic look at everything that is Americana. From an up-front-and-personal with Ivana Trump to a salute to everything seventies, the writers of *Spy* thrive on the ideals and icons of American culture. *Spy*'s success is found in the twisted patriotism it instills in all of its readers. You know, that sense of pity one feels in the face of anything utterly pathetic.

Feature stories range from this month's expose on Wayne Newton to a satirical look at the "feudal overlords" of the nineties in an article entitled "American Gothic: Welcome to the New Dark Ages." Only *Spy*'s wry humor can justly explain their unique approach to journalism.

Their synopsis of "The Most Fabulous Article Ever on Wayne Newton" reads: "You may think he's a joke, but with his pink rings, art collection, and around \$10 million last year, Wayne Newton, superstar—no, *megastar*—stands for all that is swank. Our Vegas-bureau chief, LISA BIRNBACH, spent weeks directly downwind of his musk."

In "American Gothic: Welcome to the New Dark Ages," *Spy* points fingers at neo-feudal overlords Jack Kent Cooke (owner of the Washington Redskins) and Joseph Coors Jr. (should be self-evident) while illuminating the stunning comparisons between the Dark Ages and American fads of the nineties: 'herbal medicine,



Crusades against Muslim villains in the Middle East (i.e. Desert Storm) and our female seers and cloak wearing wise men (i.e. Robert Bly and Shirley Maclaine).

Every issue of *Spy* contains the section entitled "Naked City," a compilation of biting witticisms aimed at the rich and famous and scathing snippets addressing headlining news items. In the "The Wages of Sin," *Spy* documents the recent outcomes of sexual harassment cases where women filed suit and won. In "Separated at Birth," *Spy* compares the photographs of two people who look surprisingly similar, but are hilariously opposite. In this issue they compared David Dinkins with Yoda and Pat Riley with Roy Scheider.

If you are offended by sardonic cynicism, taking out a subscription to *People* or *Vanity Fair* would probably be in your better interest. Here at *The Other Side*, we think *Spy* is the 'all-end-all' in journalism for the enlightened intelligentsia. -JS

The Quayle Quarterly

Politics, Satire

RATING:

SUB. RATES: \$3.95 per issue
\$14.95 per year

ADDRESS: P.O. Box 8593
Brewster Station
Bridgeport, CT 06605

If you care about Martha Polliam, Dan Quayle's grandmother, and her influential impact on the Vice President, *The Quayle Quarterly* is for you. If you could care less, save your money and don't subscribe to this rag. It's one thing to berate Quayle's effectiveness, intelligence, capabilities, etc. in an occasional article, book, and T-shirt. But to devote an entire magazine to the subject seems a bit overdone. At \$3.95 each or \$14.95 for four issues, it is — to be blunt — a waste of money. The magazine has its moments, mixing satirical exposés of the Vice President with sincere reporting of the VP's whereabouts.

Some articles in the latest issue, Fall/Winter 1991 (yes, latest — each issue covers about four months' time) are worth mentioning. Peter Gambaccini, an occasional writer for *The Village Voice* and *Spy*, authored "GOP Losers," an interesting investigation into the political ascension of former losing candidates. Gambaccini



writes in the context of Quayle being part of a lost Presidential election in November. He asks, "what kind of political future would [Quayle] have?" Looking at history, Quayle oughta' do just fine. Take George Bush. "After biting the dust in a 1970 Senate race in Texas, Bush was tabbed, in quick succession, to be Ambassador to the United Nations (1970), Republican National Chairman (1973), Ambassador to China (1974), and C.I.A. Director (1976). In 1980, he lost his campaign for the Republican presidential nomination and was appointed to the ticket's second spot by Ronald Reagan." Now he is Prez. Don't worry, Gambaccini makes it quite clear that he doesn't think Quayle *could actually* become president one day... could he?

The latter half of the magazine is inundated with advertisements for Quayle buttons, T-shirts, books and posters. Here is a sampling: the Quayle Polo Shirt, the "Where's Dan Quayle" Waldo Book, The Quayle Calendar, The Dan Quayle Quiz Book, the "Bush and Anyone But Dan" Watch, and the infamous "Keep George Healthy" T-shirt. Quayle paraphernaliacs, this is your magazine! For the rest of us, we're better off reading Reader's Digest.

-DG

Utne Reader

Politics, The Arts

RATING:

SUB. RATES: \$4.00 per issue
\$18.00 per year

ADDRESS: P.O. Box 5064
Pittsfield, MA. 01203
1-800-365-5232

Forget *Mother Jones*. Forget *Z Magazine*. Forget *The Nation*. In fact, forget all magazines out of the mainstream press. Save your money and subscribe to *Utne Reader*, a bi-monthly compilation of "the best of the alternative press." This is what you read in *Utne*'s subscription literature. So is this simply a marketing ploy or is there merit to the message? In short, fork out \$18 per year and get *Utne*. Need more convincing...?

Variety is the key component of *Utne*. In the January/February 1992 issue maga-



zines reprinted included: *Village Voice*, *Z Magazine*, *The Sun*, *One Earth*, *Spy*, *Common Cause*, *S.F. Bay Guardian*, *Whole Earth Review*, and *E Magazine*.

Each issue *Utne* presents a cover story, devoting a large portion of its pages to the cover story. Different perspectives within the "alternative press" are published in an attempt to furnish the reader with a well rounded understanding of the particular topic. The latest issue tackles consumer culture of America in "Commercial Break: Freeing Ourselves From the Consumer Culture." The section begins with a farcical advertisement mimicking the nauseating and over-aided Calvin Klein ads. The black and white photograph of a GQesque man is superimposed with satirical ad copy: "Oh Georgio, my soul. Calvin, my sinew. Eternity, my every breath. You are the quintessence of my being (I don't know what it means, but I read it in an ad once). Abandon me, and I am spent. Naked. A Shell." In the lower right-hand corner, "I buy. Therefore I am." Definitely a humorous and eye catching method to introduce the cover story.

Perhaps more unique are *Utne*'s various departments. "U.N.C.L.E.," or "Utne Network for Communications, Letters, and Epistles" — is a comprehensive letters section in which readers develop on going communication concerning articles and/or issues. "Mixed Media: Noteworthy magazines, books, music, videos, etc." offers the reader a unique and extensive reviews section. "Travel writing with integrity: Steering clear of literary colonialism" covered the mundane world of travel books, reviewing "exotic" and "less trav-

See UTNE READER, page 39

Sports Sports

BY DAVID STOLBER

Ho, Hum, once again the big bad NFC pummeled the tiny inferior AFC in football's annual end of the year laughter they call the Super Bowl. The Washington Redskins constantly confused quarterback Jim Kelly, jumbled Buffalo's defense and dominated a game that, considering the talent on both sides of the ball, should have been a lot closer. The scariest thing about the Redskins is that they have the number six pick in the NFL draft this year. Gee, that's fair... give me a break.

Is it me, or has men's tennis become a real bore to watch. Sure, talented Jim Courier and pretty boy Andre Aggasi (when he's in the mood) provide a flickering spark of excitement to the game, but it's just not the same. With charismatic winners such as Johnny "Mac" and "Jimbo" Connors in the twilight of their career, tennis has become a spectators nightmare. I don't know about you, but I was glued to the television during this year's Australian Open before Mr. McEnroe was ousted by a previously unknown in the later rounds. Now, I couldn't even tell you who eventually won the damn tournament. Well, I guess I could, but who really cares? Sad isn't it?

Well, it looks as though the circus is returning to the "Big Apple." That's right boys and girls, George Steinbrenner apparently is planning a return to the Yankee helm as early as this season. Over the last two seasons, the Yankees have seemed like a franchise in limbo; waiting anxiously for their exiled leader to return. Steinbrenner is definitely a character Yankee fans love to hate. I guarantee that within a year, when the Yankees are still a middle of the pack ball club, Yankee fans will quickly turn the other cheek and start chanting such pleasantries as "George must go." Yankee fans are a strange bunch.

Why are LA Dodger fans counting the days until Kal Daniels is no longer in Dodger blue? It seems to me that Kal would make a super insurance policy in case the Eric Karros first-base experiment bombs.

Wasn't it an incredible sight to watch the old Arnold Palmer "charge" on the final day of the Senior Skins Game? Golf fans and sports fans alike should cherish that moment because, sadly, Arnie may not have many "charges" left in that legendary swing.

The Pomona-Pitzer Sagehens showed a lot of heart in their loss to arch rival CMS. Pomona-Pitzer's floor general, Troy Roelen, helped bring the Hens close by busting two clutch threes in the final few minutes, but it wasn't quite enough. The Hens—who were basically buried by "the enemy" (I mean the Stags) with less than ten minutes remaining in the game—managed to scratch and claw their way back to give the Stags a real scare. It's the kind of loss where the loser actually grows up, becomes educated, and improves. Just ask Occidental, who lost to the improving Hens at home in overtime, after holding a huge 42-28 advantage at half-time.

Sagehen big-man, Pablo Patino, may not be the most gifted offensive player in the world, but nobody works harder for a rebound or on defense than he does. You just gotta' love that.

The Other Side

Alternative Reading For Alternative People

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SOUNDTRACK REVIEW

Rush: The Soundtrack

by Jordan Kurland

There have been many albums released throughout the past two months which I have thought about reviewing, but I felt the soundtrack to the movie *Rush* would be the most appropriate. There are two reasons why I came to this decision. First, I am a huge Eric Clapton fan. After his success with the soundtrack to *Lethal Weapon*, I was extremely excited to hear that he was writing the music for another movie. As a matter of fact, I was so psyched that I saw the movie so that I could hear the music before the album was released. Second, I have not reviewed any music from someone who is considered to be a "classic rock" musician, and I felt that it was about time.

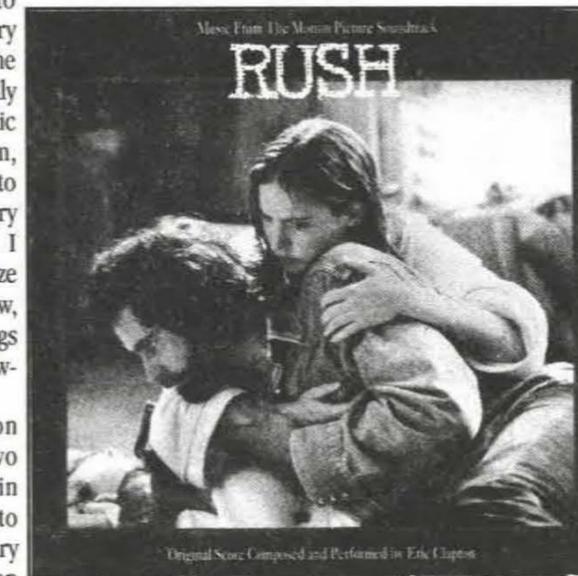
With Eric Clapton's history of drug addiction, it is not surprising that he chose to write the soundtrack to *Rush*. In his interview with *Rolling Stone* magazine last October, he admitted that he was able to relate to the movie's plot. "I was very concerned with the drug aspect of the movie," he said, "that it be authentically depicted and not done in any romantic sort of way. I mean, it's pretty grim, and I think that's essential." I have to agree with Clapton, the movie is very grim, but it is also excellent, and I would highly suggest seeing it. I realize that I am not writing a movie review, but I feel that I should state a few things about the movie before I begin reviewing the album.

Rush, which stars Jennifer Jason Leigh and Jason Patric, is about two vice officers who fall in love while in the process of becoming addicted to drugs. From what I can tell it is a very realistic portrayal, and for this reason the movie is very dismal. Clapton's music, which is extremely bluesy throughout most of the film, does a great job of bringing forth the mood of the film. The music is impressive and definitely works for the movie. Unfortunately, this not the case when you listen to the soundtrack in the comfort of your own dorm room. Aside from a handful of great tracks the album is mediocre.

The album consists of ten songs. Clapton sings on two of the songs, and blues legend Buddy Guy takes over on vocals for another. The other seven tracks are strictly instrumental. Because Clapton uses such a large

number of musicians to help him out with the soundtrack, I am only going to list the regular members of his band who played on the album: Steve Ferrone on drums, Nathan East on bass, and Greg Phillinganes on piano and keyboards. Neither Phillinganes nor Ferrone play on the track entitled, "Tears In Heaven."

The first and so far the only single to be released, "Tears In Heaven," has received a good amount of radio and video play. I have heard more than once that this track is dedicated to Clapton's late son Connor, but I am not positive. Judging by some of the lyrics such as, "Would you know my name if I saw you in heaven/ Would it be the same if I saw you in heaven," it seems very probable. The first time I heard the song it reminded me a little bit of his 1977 classic, "Wonderful Tonight," but this similarity was not as ap-



parent as I listened to the tune a few more times. Clapton plays acoustic guitar with the accompaniment of some rather uncommon instruments such as the Celtic harp, pedal steel, and the dobro (which Clapton plays himself). It is an extremely mellow song, and both the words and the music are beautiful. Clapton sings straight from his heart, and this, coupled with his brilliant finger picking, makes this track the strongest on *Rush*.

The other song which Clapton sings, "Help Me Up," does not even come close to touching "Tears In Heaven," musically or

lyrically. The track, which sounds like it could have been on his *August* LP, contains a kind-of cool guitar riff, but this is just about its only redeeming quality. Frankly, the lyrics are terrible, and the music, which is not too bad, is a far cry from a great Clapton song. With all due respects to E.C., I would have to classify this song as cheesy.

The final cut on the album — which includes lyrics — is a Willie Dixon song, "Don't Know Which Way To Go." It is an eleven minute blues jam featuring Buddy Guy singing as well as playing guitar. It is a very strong song, but I would hesitate to call it great. Phillinganes is unreal on piano, and Clapton and Guy trade some incredible blues licks, but there is something missing from Guy's vocal performance. He sings the blues in a way that only he can, but his vocals seem to be overproduced. As far as the music is concerned, the two master bluesmen are absolutely phenomenal. This song is definitely one of the more positive aspects of the album.

As far as the other seven tracks are concerned, I am not going to go into great detail about them because they all have basically the same type of bluesy sound. Some of the songs are better than others, but none really stand out as exceptional. Of the seven songs, "Tracks And Lines," is the best. "Cold Turkey" is the fastest and most powerful song. "Preludin and Fugue," is more spirited than most of the album as well. There is only one song of the seven which I really cannot get into. It is titled, "Will Gaines," and contains very little guitar playing because it is dominated by synthesizers.

For the most part, the soundtrack to the movie *Rush* is a disappointment. The musicians on the album are not lacking in musical skill, but unless you are a big Clapton fan I would not suggest buying the album unless you need a mellow CD to help you go to sleep. The one thing that must be noted, however, is that every track on the album works well while watching the movie. Eric Clapton did exactly what he was supposed to do: write music that would fit the movie. It is just too bad that this did not translate well onto the album.

Into The Sun

Tedious Action Eclipses Humor

by Max Langert

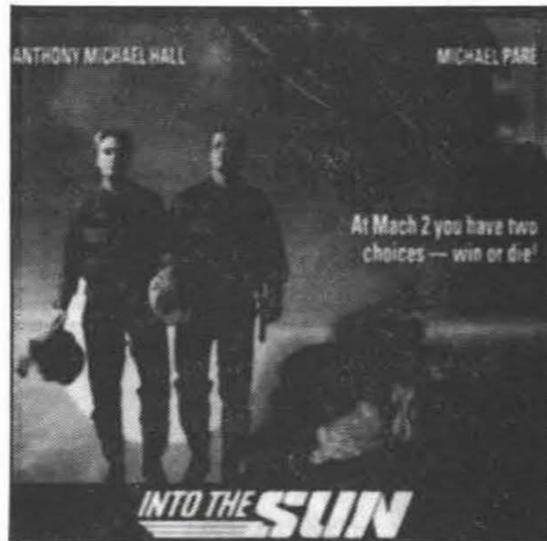
If you're like me, you look forward to each and every Anthony Michael Hall movie (whose career has simply skyrocketed since his geek role in *The Breakfast Club*) with almost as much nail-biting anticipation as you do the next Michael Paré vehicle (star of the much hyped but *surprisingly* ill-welcomed *Eddie and the Cruisers II: Eddie Lives!* and one of the few actors to admit on national television that he actually has his face insured).

Needless to say, I knew that *Into the Sun*, a movie boasting both actors in a ground-breakingly original movie about military jet pilots, would be just the film anyone in an institution of higher learning would be clamoring to hear about.

But make no mistake; *Top Gun* this movie is not. In that earlier film, the focus was on the country's best male fighter pilots engaging in a dog-fight with enemy Russian planes, with a subplot involving one of the pilot's getting together with a sexy female military officer half-way through the picture.

Into the Sun is only about *one* of the country's best pilots, Captain Paul Watkins (Paré). Hall's character is just really really *really* good at video games. And though Paré does get together with a sexy Major (Deborah Maria Moore) half-way through the film, there is some extra suspense in that it looks like maybe Hall will beat him to it about fifteen minutes earlier. And instead of shooting up planes from Russia, this time they're from the Middle East. (Thank God Hollywood has a new enemy to exploit. Russia and Vietnam were getting so passé).

Hall plays Tom Slade, a spoiled Hollywood action-adventure star doing research for his next role as (surprise, surprise) a fighter pilot; thus, the reason for his teaming up with Watkins. Hall has some funny lines ("It's so nice to be with someone who's obviously not been in therapy," he says to Moore in his bedroom), and his arrogant bratty presence is often just obnoxious enough to keep the film semi-interesting. It is hard, however, to



imagine Hall as the Schwarzenegger-Stallone-Van Damme type he is supposed to be. He's just a little too goofy. Though he seems to have gained six inches in height and about a hundred pounds of bulk since *The Breakfast Club* days, he still talks like a nerd, and lines like "lame-o" and "I'm picking up negative vibes" don't exactly help. Still, he has a decent sense of comic timing and that's what this movie could have used more of.

The film's strongest performance is turned in by Terry Kiser as Slade's manager. He has a *great* sense of comic timing and plays a sleeze-ball as if his life depended on it. Despite the fact that he has only a handful of lines, he is able to hint at a deepness of character that we don't get from either Paré or Hall who are on the screen 90% of the time. (Screenwriters John Brancanto and Michael Ferris don't exactly provide a penetrating script, however).

The comedy keeps the movie moving at a bearable pace for the first hour or so. At which point, the Middle East-as-enemy-thing takes over. We get torture, explosions, blood, and a fair share of implausible stupidity, which wouldn't necessarily be such a bad thing if there were more humor in it, but there's hardly any. The only good laugh (and it's not even *that* good) comes after Paré's and Hall's plane crashes in a desert, and as Paré searches for ways to keep alive, Hall is more concerned with how to get an all over tan ("This place is even hotter than Palm Springs!").

The movie is strongest when it emphasizes the comedic aspect. The performances are generally okay, as is Fritz Kiersch's direction, though the quick cutting of the flying scenes are a little hard to follow.

There is a strange irony in the fact that the movie chooses to spoof action-adventure movies through Hall's character. But that is essentially what *Into the Sun* becomes during the final half hour. This confusion lies at the base of the main faults of the film.

"Needless to say, I knew that *Into the Sun*, a movie boasting both actors in a ground-breakingly original movie about military jet pilots, would be just the film anyone in an institution of higher learning would be clamoring to hear about."

CONTINUATIONS...

ANSWER

from page 14

none before. Relations are straightening out. Now there is hope that things will continue to improve.

In contrast to this Saudi Arabian view are the opinions of Ariel Litvin, a Pitzer Freshman with Israeli citizenship and relatives living there. The Israeli people felt immediately threatened by the Iraqi invasion and feared they would eventually be forced, to be involved. When Israel was attacked, it was with great restraint that they agreed to the United States' plea to make no reprisals. The U.S. "understands situations differently than Israel," he said. "They are willing to try sanctions and other things first." Israel, however, is usually forced to make immediate responses.

While Ariel expressed a great public confidence in the Israeli army to protect them during the Gulf War and in the future, Israel was dissatisfied with the way things were left. Worried by the fact that Saddam remains in power, Iraq still looms as a possible threat.

REVISITED

from page 10

neglected to cover, even as the one year anniversary is upon us. After a year, *Time Magazine* commemorated the Persian Gulf War with a couple of gruesome photos and one triumphant one. Can the outcome of the war that seemed so "biblical in proportion" a year ago really be reduced to a couple of captions below shock-value photos?

U.S. News and World Report does *Time* one better with a special commemorative issue called "Secrets of the Gulf War." Fourteen pages later, the reader is left with the feeling that the only thing secret about the special section is its agenda. Once the reader gets past the gloss, the "battle high lights," and feel-good stories of freckled youths in fighter jets, the words can be seen for what they are. An advertisement for the book "Triumph Without Victory," from which The

U.S. News and World Report "Secrets of the War" is adapted, is moreover, a recruitment add for the Army, Navy, Air Force, and Marines. Each branch of the military is granted its own heroic section. Bush will no doubt continue to interpret history as he sees fit, ignoring American atrocities, and perhaps even fooling himself into thinking that all of the world is united in lauding the United States as the "one sole and preeminent power." It is disappointing to think that our media is following suite.

EXTERNAL STUDIES

from page 7

cient" experiences. Thus, Manley stresses the need for "a more organized effort for joint programming."

"It's important that students see us as a program, not just a disconnected group of individual experiences and that you don't pay just for your own individual experience. We're running an E.S. program... in essence what we're doing is extending the college curriculum beyond its boundaries

and we're doing it at a cost that allows us to do that. Pitzer students really understand that and are open to that... generally quite open."

The only negative aspect that students can see with the Nepal program concerns the new requirement to produce a paper at the conclusion of the stay. Though emphasizing her strong support for the program, Horowitz argues that "if they're going to have a message about an alternative form of education then they should really have it be alternative and not have it conform to what Pitzer thinks is educational in Claremont."

Student-organized, run, and designed programs frequently interact with the surrounding community; but with a few exceptions, most of the learning process (the "academic experience") is confined to the campuses. A lesson of External Studies is that there is much more to learning than books and the classroom. Instead of attempting to mold the External Studies experience to the confines of academia, perhaps the College can adopt some of the qualities of External Studies that students find so exciting and challenging and provide students with similar challenges here.

STUDENT SENATE BOX

* **Alcohol Policy: Student Senate is reviewing the Alcohol Policy. Please contact Susannah Friedman (Box #310) with any questions, suggestions, comments.**

* **A New Pitzer: Architect Charles Gwathmy was here with new building plans. If you would like to see the model or have any questions, suggestions or comments, please contact Debbie Mucarsel (Box #762)**

* **All Students welcome at Senate Meetings. however, the meeting time will be changing so contact Rachel Levin (Box #456) for details.**

DIRECTION

A COLUMN BY SEAN FLYNN



Willie Dixon The Back Door Man

"I drink TNT/ I smoke dynamite
An' I hope some screwball start a fight."

Markie Mark and his funky bunch of posers say that they are trying to create a fusion between African American and white musical cultures in an effort to expand everyone's musical exposure. Nice idea - but way too late. Rock and rap are already a fusion of African American and white musical traditions and Markie Mark did not have anything to do with their evolution. Before Markie was even a glistening mark in his father's eye, a real musician was changing the course of musical history. That man was Willie Dixon. And Markie Mark - you're no Willie Dixon.

Markie Mark rode into the recording business on the coattails of his brother and learned about African American music by listening to rap on the radio. Willie Dixon had thirteen siblings he could have followed but decided to adventure into the world without holding anyone's hand. When he was eleven, he moved to Chicago and earned his living "lifting heavy things." By the age of fourteen, Dixon had already hoboed around the East on trains and was back in Mississippi where he served two sentences on a prison farm for African American convicts. In between sentences he worked on farms and sang bass for a gospel quartet. By the time he was twenty, Willie Dixon had developed an intimate relationship with African American music the good ol' fashioned

way - he lived it.

Like Markie Mark, Dixon spent some time working out before hitting the music scene. But he didn't have Nautilus equipment or Gold's Gym. Instead, Dixon returned to manual labor and picked up occasional spare cash by letting people hit him for a nickel. When a local prize fighter broke his arm on Dixon's stomach, Willie decided to enter the ring himself and returned to Chicago. A year later he won the Illinois State Golden Gloves Heavyweight Championship and served as a sparing partner for Joe Louis. Markie might have nice looking silicon injections, but his body would be crushed like a corn flake if he tried to stand up against a heavy weight boxer, much less the mighty Joe Lewis.

When Dixon did enter the music industry he didn't start out on MTV. In fact, he didn't even start out with a real instrument. Dixon's first band consisted of a friend on vocals and his own playing of a one-string washtub bass. Eventually he made enough money to buy a stand up and soon was playing in local clubs. Although he could have easily played for more money being a back up for a band in a white club, Dixon chose to play the real blues to his real audience - the South Side African American blues clubs.

Chess Records, the industry leader in blues recordings,

recognized Dixon's many talents (Markie might want to look that word up) and hired him to consult them on structuring their recordings. Willie soon became the company's talent scout, producer, song writer, performer, and all around influential guy. At this point blues was still basically produced by race record companies and primarily sold to African American audiences.

Then came Elvis. Elvis marked the beginning of Rock 'n Roll for white people. Like the blues, rock 'n roll required fairly little capital to produce a record but, unlike the blues, was attractive to the much broader white audience and thus had the potential to make more money. All of the small independent labels began dumping the blues and searching for the lighter, quicker sounds of the infant rock 'n roll.

Willie Dixon had a choice to make. He either had to conform to the new demand and lighten up the program for Chess Records or try to maintain the essence of the blues while making it more attractive to a broader audience. He chose the latter and began planning an incredible fusion of rock and blues. No, he didn't take a sample of *Crossroads* and sing *Heartbreak Hotel* over it. He actually, hold your breath Mark, wrote music. He took all the feeling and intensity of the blues, added the electrification and zest of rock and created a musical format which may be immortal.

But he didn't perform the songs himself. Dixon stayed behind

the scenes in the blues industry by catering his writing to other musicians to perform. He gave *Backdoor Man* to Howlin Wolf, *Wang Dang Doodle* to Koko Taylor, *Hoochie Coochie Man* to Muddy Waters and over 300 other songs to various artists of the time from Memphis Slim to Slim Harpo.

The work of Dixon radically changed the direction of rock 'n roll. Elvis moved from the country sound of *Blue Moon of Kentucky* to the more substantive era of *You Ain't Nothing But a Hound Dog*. The English groups also made the move with Eric Clapton, Keith Richards, John Mayall and scores of others coming to Dixon for guidance in shaping their music. Now everyone from the Grateful Dead to Oingo Boingo has verified Dixon's influence on their music by replaying his old tunes to new audiences (see box).

On January 29, Willie Dixon died at the age of 76. His legacy, however, will live on for decades to come. Markie Mark will live for decades to come; his legacy is already over.

For more information on Willie Dixon see his autobiography, *I am the Blues*. Also look for recent releases of several of his greatest albums - *What Happened to My Blues*, *Backstage Access*, *I Am the Blues*, and the *Willie Dixon Chess Box*. For general blues listening, tune in to *A Touch of the Blues* on KSPC 9pm to midnight on Wednesdays.

THE DIXON LEGACY

Rolling Stones.....	Little Red Rooster
Jimi Hendrix.....	I'm Your Hoochie Coochie Man
Oingo Boingo.....	Violent Love
Peter Paul & Mary.....	Tell That Woman
Cream.....	Spoonful
Doors.....	Back Door Man
Elvis Presely.....	My Babe
Everly Bros.....	My Babe
Led Zeppelin.....	I Can't Quit You Baby
	Bring it on Home
	Whole Lotta Love
	Lemon Song
Grateful Dead.....	Wang Dang Doodle
Chuck Barry.....	Maybellene
George Bush Airband.....	Seventh Son

The

a short story by Alpha Anderson



I sat at the table and looked at my watch. Where was Kelley? Then I saw her through the glass; the wind cut through her frizzy black hair. She had a bright yellow scarf wrapped around her neck; its wool wet with moisture and breath. She pushed through to the back where I was sitting. Her hands were pale, the veins jutting out, like little blue rivers. "Sorry." She moved one of the other table's chairs next to me and motioned to the waiter. She pulled out a pack of cigarettes and peeled away the new plastic. Propping one in her mouth, she lit it, a smile coming through the smoke. Kelley was always smoking or waiting to smoke. "So what's up? What's so important? You got me worried." At fourteen she was the same; her left boot tapping out the seconds till the waiter arrived. She could tell I didn't know where to begin, but she waited. Her interest was emphasized by the shape of her eyebrows. They hovered over her big black eyes like exclamation points. "Jane. . . go on." And so I began.

"It's not the same for Zach and I anymore. He told me yesterday before I called you that his feelings for me had changed." I sounded painful and young.

"Jane," she said my name very slowly. "What are you going to do?" I laughed, aching and tired.

"I don't know." I felt then that if only I told her everything all at once: the late nights apart, the fights, the piercing silence; that somehow Zach and I would be again as we were. But Zach's voice screamed through. I saw him standing across from me; his arms folded, protecting himself, so angry at me. The restaurant grew faint. My tears blinded me.

"Take a breath. You're going to be alright." Kelley's voice pushed in against my pain and held me.

Decision





ach and I had met four years before through our mutual friend Dan. It was the night of Dan's birthday party. "Hey Jane, come over and meet my old buddy Zach." Zach was tall with dark curly hair and a crease of a scar that ran from the tip of his brow to his chin. It cut through his freckled cheek like a line of sleep. I extended my hand. "Jane's really into

sex— "I cut him off.

"Dan shut up." Zach held my hand for a moment and with a goofy smile, orangutan-like he said,

"I never listen to a word Dan says so don't worry." I continued to glare at Dan.

"So gullible Jane." Dan laughed.

"I don't appreciate your need to embarrass me." Zach took a sip of the beer in his hand. He watched me; his eyes running up and down my arms, legs and face. Dan took a step back and said,

"She's pretty cute, though, wouldn't you agree?" I turned to leave. Zach caught the back of my blazer.

"Jane, he's just kidding. Just relax." He stretched each word out. I said,

"Alright, I will." Later we danced together, holding each other almost close. I liked how he smelled, like something marshy and clean.

At four a.m. we left Dan's together, moving out through the tired city, the early blue-black morning keeping everything cool. The next day I called him. I let the phone ring and ring and ring.

"Hello," he said sleepily.

"Hi. . . wanna have dinner? It's Jane."

"Sure, Lady Jane. Name your place." His voice was lush, full of throat and sweetness. We decided to meet somewhere in the Village. As I stood on the corner of Fourth Street and Sixth Avenue, the sun began to sink down, lapping the West side's edge. I could see him a block away, curls flapping against the neck of his gray sweatshirt. He crossed to meet me, folding his arms around me as we touched and then he kissed me for the first time. People spilled around us, his lips river-like, warm and slow-moving. It felt like I hadn't seen him for days. "So where are we going Lady? I don't know Manhattan." And there on the street, my heart stuttered, beating again slowly, a fish in my chest.

Several weeks later I got home to find a message from Kelley. "Alright Jane. . . what's up? Where are you? Call me the minute you get home." I rewound the message and played it again. She was angry. Each sentence was clipped, her usual affection gone. I saw her then how she had looked at sixteen, wearing a motorcycle jacket, her bony legs splayed across our high school steps, her wild fluff of hair in a conservative bun. We had gone to the School of Performing Arts together. Kelley a dancer, I played the flute. Then I had worn my straight straight hair long with wisps of bangs. My mini-skirts barely skimmed my thighs. She sat,

cigarette aflame, flexing and pointing her feet as she spoke. Kelley was daring in a way I never was. She flaunted her sexual preference when she was fourteen. Her first girlfriend was another dancer. They held each other in the hallways, their thin bodies stretched together. We met every day after school in the dim fluorescent light of the eighth floor. Kelley carried a large leather bag, stuffing it with toe rosin, extra ribbons, elastic, the occasional book and cigarettes. She taught me how to do French inhales and smoke rings. I practiced on the steps of school and at parties, packs at a time.

I called her back that day. She sounded out of breath when she reached the phone. "Nice to hear your voice Jane." I heard her shuffle someone out of hearing distance. A door closed. "I just wanted to make sure you hadn't dropped off the end of the earth." She sounded like my mother.

"I'm really good. I met this cool guy." Seconds went by.

"That's terrific Jane. I'm being sincere. . . Listen, I'm glad you're having fun. Call me back later because I've got company." We said good-bye and I hung up the phone. I quickly forgot about her and went to the bathroom. I washed my face. I sat on the toilet and almost dozed off from lack of sleep. Lying in bed I stretched out to encompass most of the mattress. I wrapped the covers around me and fluffed the pillows. When Zach slept over

He crossed to meet me, folding his arms around me as we touched and then...

actual sleep was difficult. We were both used to having our own bed. I stole covers and talked in my sleep. He snored. His breathing would suck in and out like the wind of a terrible storm. I would usually poke him until he woke up and then try hurriedly to fall asleep before he could start to snore again.

I woke up feeling guilty. I walked over to Kelley's. She lived ten blocks from my house. She made a huge pot of Earl Gray and listened to my eruptions about Zach. She made little gratuitous comments like, "Sounds like a nice guy." or "That sounds like a fun time." I knew she didn't care, but something inside of me wanted to tell her everything down to the size of his penis. I tried to find something to tell her that would have some effect. She stared at me blankly. The vacuum cleaner lay against the side of the couch. She had been cleaning up from a wild orgy from the night before. Kelley's girlfriends rarely spent the whole night. And if they did, she always called me before hand. One afternoon I had opened the door and a girl who was about eighteen years old was sitting at the dining room table wrapped in a bathroom towel. I said, "Excuse me," and was about to shut the door when the girl said,

"Come in." Then she ran into the bathroom. I wrote Kelley a note and was about to leave when the girl re-emerged and asked me if I were seeing Kelley also. I said no. She asked me why did I have a key and I said because I was Kelley's best friend. She had sighed and said she would tell Kelley about the note. I closed the door. I knew I would never see the girl again. Kelley didn't like steady relationships. She tended towards one-night stands. A two

year crash-and-burn romance with a professor in college had left her vigilantly single. The professor had gone back to her estranged husband. When Kelley talked about her she always cried. Now Zach joked about the professor sometimes when we were alone.

"That woman just used Kelley to prove to the world that she was a true feminist. It was probably nothing more than a consciousness raising experience. She tried out being a lesbian because it was an acceptably radical thing to do." In four years he had learned how to incite me to riot. He would laugh when I became enraged. "You know I'm not an asshole. I'm just trying to get you."

Zach and Kelley met when Kelley bumped into us at John's Pizza. Kelley and I had gone there in high school. We would try to order beer and always get carded. Kelley would remain pissed throughout the meal. "Fuck, I look at least twenty-one." I thought she did too. We would both then agree that I was the reason we were turned down. My chubby cheeks had sixteen and a half written all over them. The restaurant looked the same. Only Zach being there made me notice the passage of time. I looked different. My hair was short and light brown, instead of frosted. I had gotten thinner from running every day. I hated to look at pictures of myself in high school — a chubby girl with her breasts slammed into black cotton. I had painted my lips every morning stop-light red with a pencil, brush and pot. I leaned out of the booth.

"Kell, come join us. Kelley, this is Zach. Zach, this is Kelley." That day Kelley had been wearing a red velvet catsuit with a long black sweater. She had her hair clipped up daintily. She shook Zach's hand hard. Conversation was not much. We chewed our pizzas, sipped our beer and then paid the check. On the street I looked at them together, both dark, thin and muscular. They exchanged civilities. They looked like boxers for some reason. Zach offered to light Kelley's cigarette. Kelley smiled,

"Light your own." She touched him for a second to indicate she was joking. His cheeks were already flushed with embarrassment. I kissed Kelley good-bye. She watched us leave.

Someone opened the door of the cafe and the cold fall air rushed in. I took a deep breath. "It seems like I am always cleaning."

"Why don't you let him do it, it's his house too." Kelley tasted her words cautiously. "Is he sleeping with someone else?" I

I ate the napoleon slowly; licking the cream, taking tiny bites of the flaky crust, and bitter chocolate.

didn't know and part of me didn't care. For a second I tried to imagine him in our bed with someone else. I tried to see their bodies tangled in our sheets. It made me angry but it didn't change the situation.

"What I don't understand is why I am suddenly the enemy. Why am I now someone to fight against?" He had told me that I was too possessive and at the same time he told me that I was never

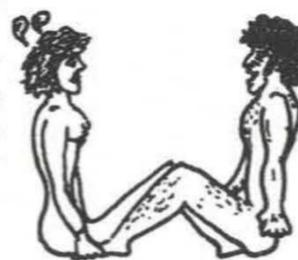
around. I thought of my nights on the couch; the coils digging into my back, the sounds of his snores like distant waves. Kelley touched my arm.

"Hey. Where are you?" She ordered me a pastry and made me eat it. "Stop cleaning up after him and stop crying." It seemed so simple and maybe it was. I ate the napoleon slowly; licking the cream, taking tiny bites of the flaky crust and bitter chocolate. "Perhaps you should stay with me for a couple of weeks. This whole thing has encompassed you both. Washing dishes won't make him come back on his knees, pleading for forgiveness." She tapped ash into the bone-colored plate in front of her. "I love you Jane." What would he do if I didn't come home? What would he do if I packed up some clothes and moved to Kelley's?

Zach didn't like Kelley. "She hates men." His face would harden. "Don't go and tell her our problems." He had always said this threateningly. I remember about a month ago; I had cooked a cheese soufflé for dinner and he had been about four hours late. "I didn't say I was going to be home." The soufflé sat upon the table sunken and accusing. I had screamed,

"You bastard," and just cried and cried. My eyes had swollen up like golf balls. I had locked him out of the bedroom the entire night. He pounded on the door for what seemed like hours.

"Dammit, Jane, let me in."



hy don't you eat the fucking soufflé?" In the morning the pie plate was empty and a little note read, "DON'T EXPECT ME FOR DINNER — Z." I had gone to my mother's and told her what happened. She had made me lunch and read me some poems she had just written. The poems were to go with a set of prints she was doing about life in New York City.

The poems were abstract and unable to lift my spirits. Sitting in my mother's house with a plate of tuna fish and pickles, I felt a little better. But somehow I felt like I was becoming submerged, unable to escape the weight of Zach's discomfort. Zach was in pain. He needed me to love him without asking anything of him. And what did I need? Sometimes I didn't think that mattered to either of us. What I wanted was to be able to love him like I once had. But I was fraught with a newly found awareness that I had certain expectations that he wasn't living up to or even coming close.

I first became of aware of this schism between us the previous spring. Holding me against his chest, he stroked my hair. We had been sitting in the middle of the living

room. It had just finished raining. The gray of the buildings across the street cloaked the light of the afternoon "I love you Jane. I love you more than anyone else in this world and yet I can't give you what you're asking for."

"I don't even know what I want."

"Yes. . . in your heart you do know what you want. I'm not ready Jane." His throat constricted unevenly.

"But... Was there a time when you thought you were?"

"Oh god. I don't know Janie. I wish..." He started to cry. There was nothing to say. I sat without touching him and looked out the window.

I related this story to my mother along with the horrible night of the soufflé. I then finished my last bite of pickle and went home. Kelley had called for me. Zach stormed me, waving the

Slamming the door, I saw the dark redness of his anger and the burgeoning of tears.

phone message. He looked embarrassed and confused. "This situation was between us, Jane." His voice cracked. Kelley was an intruder. She always had been.

"I went to my mother's Zachary." He had been nicer to me then. He offered to take me to lunch at Walker's bar and grill. Walker's was our favorite place to eat together. The burgers were bloody and dripping with bleu cheese and the draft beer was really cold. We had gone holding hands, eating salads and drinking Guinness, which I secretly hated but Zach loved. We sat together till the lunch crowd drifted away and our heads swayed with summer light and alcohol.

"God, I'm sorry. I don't know what's wrong with me baby." I held him in the street, people coursing past us; and he had wept in his quiet way, a couple of tears rolling calmly down his cheeks. Holding Zach was one of the most wonderful things in the world. The man faded away and the small sweet boy stood before me. The boy who could never hurt me. Licking the salty tears from his cheeks and lips, I felt like this is what I wanted forever.

Kelley didn't see this lover. Sometimes I thought she didn't want to. She had always been protective of me with men. She thought Zach immature and unworthy of me from the very beginning. I always laughed when she started one of her tirades. "Who's worthy of me Kell? No one's ever worthy of me in your mind."

"Well first of all Jane, he's boring. He doesn't take a stand on anything. He never talks—"

"That's because you intimidate him. You jump down his throat."

"I just ask him questions. When he does talk, he's all defensive and loud."

"Let's drop it. You've never liked anyone I've ever gone out with." Kelley pursed her lips and made a fist. She mumbled something like,

"Well, if you dated anyone who was worth anything." I didn't comment. I pretended not to hear. These conversations always led nowhere.

A couple of weeks ago Kelley had called to invite us to dinner. Hanging up the phone, I looked at Zach. He was staring at me, waiting for me to extend Kelley's invitation. I paused, unsure of how he would react. "Kelley wants us to come to dinner tonight. Do you want to go?"

"Just promise me that we will talk about something other than how America sucks, or how women are constantly walked on." I

ignored this.

"She wants us to come around eight." He nodded. I took a shower. I soaped my skin and then let the water rush against me, cooling me. I walked into our bedroom and began to comb the snarls out of my hair.

"I bet Kelley would love you to come to dinner like that." I turned towards the mirror. He was just nervous. I dusted myself with cologne and put on a light purple sundress. I underlined my eyelids and put on some lipstick. Drips of water stained the back and front of my dress. "What are you getting so dolled up

for? It's only Kelley."

"Can't I want to look nice?" He left me alone. He sat out in the living room and waited for me. I could hear his nervousness, flipping the channels of the television. He came back in the bedroom to pull back his hair in a ponytail.

"I'm hot." I said nothing. It was always the same when we went to visit Kelley together. He would pick fights; perhaps suggesting that I was really in love with Kelley and not him; or that Kelley didn't really want him to come, that she didn't like him. I picked up my keys and headed for the elevator.

"You don't have to come Zach."

"Yes I do. If I don't come you'll be mad at me." He was right in a way. We walked up to Tenth Street in silence. Her apartment was six flights up and her building did not have an elevator. Breathing hard, I banged on the door. Zach's voice echoed up the stairs as Kelley emerged.

"The hell if I'm going to walk up these stairs much more this summer." She smiled from behind the red and black graffitied door. The black letters said Chico and then over it some one had scrawled in red "White boy Rules." She welcomed us in. She had all her fans going. The plants swayed back and forth in their pots.

"I made pasta and a big salad. Meat didn't sound that appetizing tonight, it's so hot." James Taylor sang from the tiny speakers on her bookshelves.

"Do you want me to run out for a bottle of wine or beer? I completely spaced out as we walked past the deli." She shook her head.



o. I have an old bottle Chardonnay lying around somewhere. Go sit down and I'll bring it all to you." We obeyed. She balanced the bowls on one arm and carried the wine in the other hand. She was only wearing a bra. Her tiny nipples showed through the blue cotton. They were swollen and dark. Zach turned his

head away to avoid seeing them. We ate in silence except for the sweetness of the music. The food was really good. The salad was full of feta cheese and avocados and the pasta tasted tangy with garlic and wine. Zach drank most of the Chardonnay. "So what are you doing these days Zachary?" Kelley's voice was lazy and aggressive at the same time.

"Not much, trying to make some money. I'm working on this essay for the Voice. It's already three months late though. You know me Kell, doing as little as possible." Kelley snorted. She didn't answer. Sometimes Zach got to her but it was rare. He smiled for the first time that night. "Well, why don't I do the dishes so you guys can talk?" We helped him clear the table. I knew he was using the dishes as an escape, but there was nothing I could do about it. Kelley pulled me into her bedroom.

"I've been wanting to show you these new pictures I developed."

"Are these from your trip to New Orleans?"

"Yeah, and a couple from when we went to the opening in Brooklyn Heights too. Remember the woman who painted on ruined negatives?" Finally after what seemed like hours Zach came out of the kitchen. He sat down on her bed and fingered through the slides. We both watched him. It suddenly seemed very hot in the apartment. Zach set the slides down and dug in his pocket for his keys.

"I have to go home. I have to work early tomorrow." Kelley looked at me and shrugged. It was only ten-thirty. He waited for me to say I was leaving also.

"Zach, why don't I meet you at home? I really want to look at these a little more." His face hardened. He said,

"Fine... Thanks for the dinner Kelley," and then he left. I tried to concentrate on the photographs but I couldn't. A part of me wanted to run after him and say I was sorry. Despair overwhelmed me. There had been a time when I would have run after him. A part of me wanted to love him with all the abandon I once had, but I could not. His emotional confusion created distance between us. There was a time when there would never have been any question who I was loyal to. Slamming the door, I saw the dark redness of his anger and the burgeoning of tears. He had given me a choice and I had turned to Kelley. We all knew that if we were playing a game, Kelley had won. She turned on the light.

"I feel bad. I feel like I've hurt his feelings or something." Kelley lit up a cigarette. She didn't look at me. She kept her eyes on the glowing embers between her fingers. It was always the same; Kelley intimidated all the guys I went out with. Maybe intimidated wasn't the right word. I felt frustrated. Zach would go home and take a shower and then watch t.v. He would wait up for me and then we would make love with the neon blue light from the news blaring on us and we would be alright... then. I waited for Kelley to say something.

"I don't know how you do it Jane. You always pick the assholes."

"What do you mean?"

"Remember David... how he used to call you his little bimbo? Or that little well-built guy who worked down at the bookstore. What was his name?"

"Paul."

"Yeah, Paul. He was a fucked up one." Some how I was missing the point. They were all very different men. Her generalizing

was starting to make me angry.

"Well your relationships aren't perfect." She didn't answer me. Kelley gave up on men after her junior high school boyfriend. She hadn't wanted to touch his penis and she didn't like how he smelled.

"He was sexually repulsive." I had tried to argue with her, perhaps it had just been that he as an individual smelled. She had turned and looked at me, "But they all have penises don't they?" I moved to go. I hated fighting with people especially Kelley and Zach.



ell, let's stop this." She reached out and touched my hand in agreement. Whenever we talked about my relationships with men, Kelley got vicious. "I'm gonna go home." Kelley looked mad. She took my hand between hers. She looked at me for a long time. At that moment I didn't want to understand what she

was thinking or feeling. I pulled my hand away. We kissed goodbye and I ran down the stairs as fast as I could. Zach was in the living room asleep when I walked in. He looked so young with his eyes closed. I kissed his eyelashes and then his forehead. The softness of his skin and hair felt familiar and I felt the brimming of tears. He woke up and smiled slowly. Walking into the bedroom, his feet shuffled across the hardwood floor. One of his legs turned slightly inward in a sweet awkward way. I jumped into the bed and he covered me with the warmth of sleep.

.....

Kelley lit her last cigarette. "I know you want me to say something that will make the hurt evaporate or transform into something else." The bill came and we began to put on our jackets. "I would love to tell you to leave him for good," she paused. "But I can't do that either... You must show Zach that you are

Zach was in the living room when I walked in. He looked so young with his eyes closed.

not his enemy nor his keeper." I gave her a kiss on the lips. We parted. The frozen rain wet my hair, hands and stained my boots. I entered the subway station dripping. The air was thick with a wet September smell. Walking up my block, it definitely felt like winter was coming. I turned my key in the lock. It was close to seven o'clock. Zach wasn't home. I put the tea kettle on to boil and fed my cat. My cat purred angrily; I had not been home all day to talk to or tickle him. I looked around the kitchen, it was a mess. Zach had thrown his dirty dishes on to the counter along with a carton of milk and some broken eggs. The window had been left open and the rain flew in. I did not turn on any lights. I sat in the dark, in my kitchen and made a list of things to pack.

Artwork by Matt Zboray and Jay Martin.

THE FLEXIBLE VOICE

Why Do People Make Fun of Economists?¹

by Linus Yamane, Professor of Economics

When I was in graduate school I lived among a large cadre of economists and had little sense of how we were viewed by non-economists. Since I always had respect for people in other disciplines, I assumed that they had the same respect for me. But since coming to Claremont I have begun to realize that this is not true. Last year Eleanor Brown, an Economics professor at Pomona was voted an honorary non-member of the Economics department by the Women's Studies faculty. Many people seem to have little respect for economists. They like to tell economist jokes. For example, how many economists does it take to change a light bulb? The answer is none. They just sit around in the dark waiting for the invisible hand to do it. Why do people make fun of us?

Over a hundred years ago, Francis Walker, the first president of the American Economic Association wrote an article about the low esteem people held for political economists, what economists used to be called in those days. He thought it was because of our devotion to theoretical abstractions and our tendency to ignore the importance of customs, laws, and institutions. But I mention this in order to raise a different point. Perhaps economists have always been unpopular, like tax collectors, because they always bring bad news. Politicians and ordinary people are often full of pet schemes like lowering taxes to reduce the budget deficit. They don't like being told that their schemes won't work, that they can't have their cake and eat it too, that there is no free lunch. Since this is a flattering view of the situation, it is one which many economists would like to believe. Of course this can not be the whole story. One common complaint is that economic forecasts are always wrong. You hear many jokes. An economist is a person who can tell you what is going to happen next month and then later explain why it didn't happen. Or if all the weathermen and economists in the country switched jobs, no one would ever know the difference. Now, at least

since the time of King Arthur, national leaders have asked wizards to gaze into crystal balls to foresee the future. We would all like to know what the future holds, but forecasting is inherently an impossible task. The future state of economy will depend on whether or not there is another Gulf war, whether or not we have another drought, whether or not the Bush Administration decides to lower capital gains taxes, etc... On all these questions, your guess is probably as good as mine. So if economic forecasts using fancy econometric models are off the mark, please understand. In some sense, forecasts of recessions can't be much more accurate than forecasts of earthquakes and military conflict.

But the most common complaint about economists is different. It is that we never agree. No matter what position you want to take, you can always find an economist to support you. There are more jokes. If you ask three economists a question you will get five different answers. Or as Reagan put it, there should be a Trivial Pursuit game for economists with 100 questions and 3000 answers. It is said that if all the economists in the world were laid end to end, they still wouldn't reach a conclusion. Or better yet, if all the economists in the world were laid end to end, it wouldn't be a bad idea. Before I discuss this I'd like to point out that this is not the whole story either. On many issues, economists are quite unanimous in their opinion. Societies benefit most from free trade. Rent control tends to destroy cities. The minimum wage creates teenage unemployment. The costs of unemployment outweigh the costs of inflation. The environment would be cleaner at less cost to society with a pollution tax. Does any of this make any difference? For example, consider the Gramm-Rudman Act passed by Congress and signed by the President Reagan back in 1985. The bill provided a time table and a mechanism to reduce the federal budget deficit to zero by 1991². Nearly every professional economist in the country thought it was a brainless and gut-

less piece of legislation. Some economists may have favored the legislation, but only for cynical reasons. In the end, the views of economists did not matter one bit. This was an example of an important principle: that politics always dominates economics. The senators and congressmen wanted to take a political stance and could not be bothered with economic logic. Thus economists can be unpopular even when they are nearly unanimous. Then again, the complaints that economists never agree have some truth to them. On issues such as the effect of monetary policy and corporate income taxation, the limits of markets, and the proper enforcement of antitrust laws economists are split. Whatever position you take, you will be able to find a respectable economist to say that you are right. Why is that? For one thing, economists do not know everything quite yet.³ While we are making progress, so far we only have a limited understanding of a very complicated economy. But there is always an inner drive to push against the frontiers of knowledge, to find answers to questions which are just beginning to be understood. And when students, other professors, relatives, or your friendly financial journalist asks us questions about this or that, we don't want to say "I don't know" or "nobody can know" even when we really don't know. We have Ph.D.s and feel like we should know. Now there are left-of-center and right-of-center economists, just as there are left-of-center and right-of-center secretaries. So when the answers are faint, you tend to hear what you want to hear.

Secondly, the answer to any complicated question has to depend on assumptions about the way the world works. Economists are always making assumptions. And so you hear jokes about them. There is the one about the group that ends up shipwrecked on a desert island with a some canned goods and no can opener. After the others have failed, the economist announces that he knows how to get the food. "Assume we have a can opener," he says. The world has a legiti-

mate concern here, but we need to be careful. It is important to remember that the value of a theory can not be judged by the accuracy of its assumptions, only by how well it explains the real world. Furthermore, the only valid response to a silly assumption is a better assumption. There is no such thing as economics or any science without preconceptions about underlying behavior. People who do not outline their assumptions explicitly like economists have probably smuggled in an even sillier set of preconceptions.

And one final aspect of modern economics which frustrates people, even some economists, is that the field has become extremely technical. It is often difficult to distinguish an economics seminar from a mathematics seminar. Economists seem more comfortable speaking in differential calculus than in plain old English. Why is a subject about the daily life of each and every one of us so abstract, technical and obscure? Let me begin by asking why economics shouldn't be at least as technical as physics for example? Explaining the behavior of millions of human beings must be at least as complicated as explaining the behavior of heavenly bodies in motion. And the use of everyday language may be a disadvantage when you are trying to be precise about everyday things. If you examine textbooks on economics written one hundred years ago, they will be written in plain English and say many true things. But a modern textbook filled

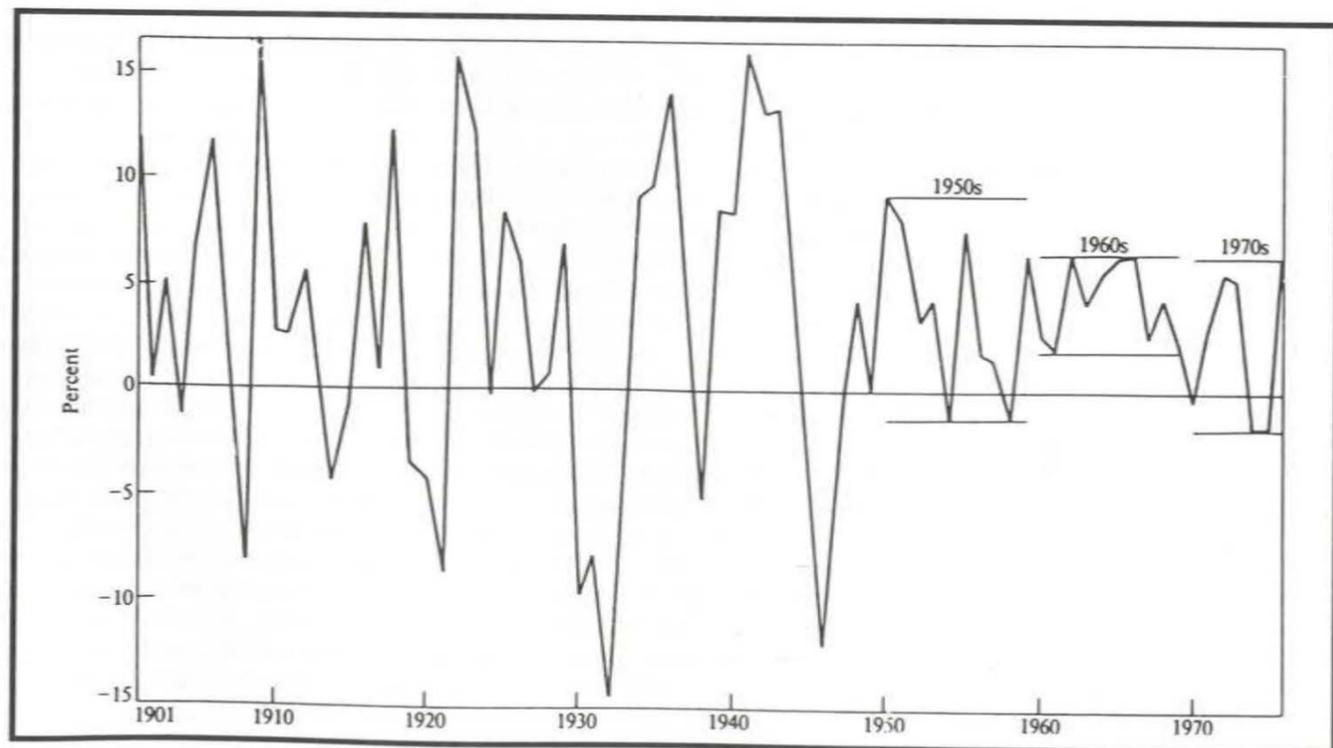
with figures, diagrams, and equations conveys a much more powerful and complex apparatus for thinking about economic life. I might even argue that economics should be more technical than physics. Physicists have plenty of data, so that they can follow their intuition secure in the knowledge that the experimental data will not let them wander too far astray from the truth. But economists have less hard data to work with, and must rely more on careful and rigorous thinking than on intuition. On the other hand, and economists always have another hand⁴, there may be a down side to the technicality. Some people may have incentives to overdevelop the technical apparatus. First of all, if you are good at it, you will want to benefit from your comparative advantage. And it may be easier to invent small technical variations than to develop completely new ideas. Is this important? Perhaps. People who spend their lives making elaborate distinctions will come to believe that the distinctions are important. They may choose their assumptions for convenience instead of plausibility and then forget where the assumptions came from.

And yet, overall I think economists have done a pretty good job. The basic question of economics is how to best satisfy the unlimited wants and desires of a society given the limited available resources. Nobel laureate James Tobin made it perfectly clear to us in graduate school that the only reason for studying economics was to

make society a better place to live. The best example of our success is that since Keynes, we have learned how to make our macroeconomy function much more smoothly than before. Here a picture is worth a thousand words. The graph shows how "much more stable real output has been in the United States under conscious policies of built-in and discretionary stabilization adopted since 1946 and particularly since 1961."⁵ Of course there is still a tremendous amount which we do not understand about the economy. But so far no one has found a better way of doing economics.

ENDNOTES

1. The thrust of these thoughts and any funny jokes have their origins in remarks by Nobel Laureate Robert Solow several years ago. All inaccuracies and failed attempts at humor are my own.
2. By the way, it is now 1992 and our federal budget deficit of approximately \$350 billion is at an all time historical high.
3. Economists may not know very much. But other people, particularly politicians who make economic policy, seem to know even less.
4. It is said that President Truman wished that he had a one handed economist.
5. James Tobin, *Asset Accumulation and Economic Activity*, University of Chicago Press, 1980, p. 47.



THE FLEXIBLE VOICE

The Law of Unintended Consequences

by Ben Sheppard

'92, another big election and Olympics year. Great things, elections, in that they offer an opportunity to exercise good judgment within an important act of civic responsibility.

Yes, the elections of this year offer me the opportunity make a wiser choice this year than I made in 1988. I have, after all, spent the last four years studying and every day expanding my intellectual horizons in and out of class. As a Pitzer senior with a deep concentration in one particular field one could say I have an "understanding in depth." And after all, to borrow a line from the 1992 Pitzer handbook: "Through the study of a particular subject matter in depth, students experience the kind of mastery which makes **informed, independent judgment possible.**" (pg 7)

Sigh...Easier said than done. Being at Pitzer has, of course, had a great effect on the way I think about the candidates running for office. And in an ideal way, Pitzer really stimulated critical consideration of the race freshman year. For instance, a film on campaign advertising that was shown really took apart what is involved in those nasty little thirty second commercials. One of my professors wore a Dukakis pin to class every day. There was a strong reassuring quality in his tone of voice in reaction to the Republican landslide. He said there was no reason for us to feel the regret we were feeling, that there really was a lot more on our hands to address and do, than to worry about our vote to make a difference anyway.

I, too, had voted for Dukakis. I had been a Bush fan all summer because I thought he might bring a little experience to the job. Plus, the only thing I knew about Dukakis was the fact that he looked stupid in a tank. Once at Pitzer, I heard a lot of nasty things about the Reagan Administration I had never heard before. Perhaps the most influential thing I heard was a critique of the Reagan administration's education cuts made by a student on financial aid. As a result of this, I disregarded the fact that the man I was voting

for really lacked a "Presidential Quality" about himself.

The vote I cast for Mike Dukakis was a moral vote in protest of Reaganomics, without consideration of the implications of my actions. What if Mike Dukakis had won? I shudder to think of Mike Dukakis, a man with "short man's complex," representing the United States in front of foreign dignitaries.

But what could I do? In recent memory I cannot remember a time when we were not voting for the lesser of two evils. Recent elections have been a time for the monkeys to be on parade be it: '76 with the guy who couldn't chew bubble gum and walk at the same time vs. the peanut farmer—'80: with the peanut farmer vs. the actor—'84: with the actor vs. the peanut farmer's old side kick—'88: the ex. CIA head guy vs the guy whose wife drinks rubbing alcohol. Bringing us to '92: with the ex-CIA chief vs the adulter who thinks that Cuomo looks like a mafia king pin. The more things change, the more they stay the same. And the more I think about the election the more frustrated I get. We've spent the last four years with a career politician patting himself on the back about the end of the cold war, and Eddie Haskel one bad case of indigestion away from being in charge.

But I still have to pay attention to the election. For the first time in a long time, the greatest American problem, the weak economy, has actually reared its ugly head from the back pages of the paper to the front. People are yearning for a constructive plan to tackle this problem, so the politicians have been forced to get away from rhetoric and present pragmatic ideas. But every day I hear about seventy-four different conflicting versions of what the problem with the economy is and just exactly what we need to do to get things rolling again. "Understanding in depth," and all I still feel I'm floundering in my attempts to cut through all the bullshit in order to come to a better understanding of the issues at hand. Sigh (revisited)...The process of discerning the *truth* from *ex-*

aggeration can be a complicated process. In 1988 Mike Dukakis preached his "Massachusetts Miracle" for economic recovery, but it wasn't until months after the campaign that we first found out that he had tampered with the budget sheet numbers to make what had been a near disaster look successful.

Digging through all of the lies is a big part of the presidential search process. I recently read an article written by a man representing a think tank that suggested that the only solution for a long term turnaround in the economy is a long term reconstruction process of the American infrastructure. But this would cost a lot of money, and the next problem, beyond the 'ole budget deal, is how much money is actually available to get things running.

Then there is the character issue. Which of these candidates appears have the best character for the job of figurehead for the USA? Which one of these candidates will have the right sort of dynamic to make decisions and represent the USA in a thoughtful manner that is both productive and satisfactory for foreign policy and domestic support? In the last election, I definitely failed on the old character vote (not that the winner had anything on my pick). The character dynamic is the most complicated criterion to consider.

In this moment of confusion in which I lack insight, I shall take a little advice from an editorial from a previous issue of *The Other Side* which proclaimed "Always Historicize!" A great reason that there hasn't been a Democratic president elected for so long (besides the fact that only chumps have run), is that the nation became deeply divided when Carter was elected amidst the anti-incumbency backlash of '76. Because people were so disgusted with the Republican party after Watergate, they elected a one term governor (not the kind of experience I feel is necessary for a man to be a successful president of the United States). People voted for a man whom they felt had a great deal of integrity, but they did not consider how he would deal with a major foreign policy crisis like

See *UNINTENDED*, Next Page

CONTINUATIONS...

UNINTENDED

from page 38

the Iran Hostage Crisis. When the crisis arose people wished they had Nixon back in office. Because, though he was incredibly corrupt, Nixon would not have blinked at threatening to drop a bomb on Iran if they did not surrender the Hostages.

The hostage crisis was the final nail in the coffin for the Carter presidency (though high interest and inflation played a huge role in his downfall). The election of Carter is another example of the law of unintended consequences. The people of the U.S. elected a candidate with what they saw as the great attribute of integrity, without considering the unintended implication of his election. Carter would not play jingoistic games with other countries like popular presidents Kennedy, and eventually, Reagan.

I see characteristics of the law of unintended consequences coming up again in the race for the Democratic nomination. Bill Clinton is presently the forerunner, but he is in the lead for the wrong reasons. There is a great desire among Democrats to nominate someone who can actually win the 'big prize.' Thus a new criterion is popping up these days among the Democrats: "electability." Clinton is far ahead in this area because of his centralist qualities, such as his support of Operation Desert Storm.

Liberals are losing ground in the party because they have been nominated for and lost five of the last presidential elections. Electability as a criterion for nomination of a candidate is a depressing idea. The possible unintended implications of electing a man not because of his qualifications, but because of his "electability" are endless. Jimmy Carter was "electable" in 1976 and look at how quickly people changed their minds about him. I have no interest in seeing another candidate elected merely because of his electability, instead of what he offers to the American people in terms of qualifications of ingenuity, and with regard to economic problems, and foreign policy.

I guess it's time to get started on reading up on all the candidates plans and

historizing in the hope of acquiring new insights. I'm taking a U.S. history survey class, so maybe by the time of elections, I'll have become enlightened enough with my Pitzer education to live up to the task and responsibility of making a "critical judgment." (pg. 7, Pitzer Student Handbook).

MASSEY

from page 5

That Pitzer is committed to such a creation is clear from the college's strong affirmation of diversity. The antonyms for the word *diversity* are similarity, sameness. The commitment to diversity puts the exploration for freedom and equality without the insistence on similarity at the center of an education. And, when this is at the center, students can study in the context of a realistic hope for new forms of human independence and interdependence that are not based on sameness.

Pitzer has, I believe, the character to address these challenges and to keep its commitment to diversity because of the distinctiveness of its pedagogy and curriculum. First, the college enables students to take an active part in designing their courses of study. From the outset, students are supported to be agents, to be free in determining their own paths of learning. And second, Pitzer ensures through its curricular requirements that students develop interdisciplinary perspectives, intercultural understandings, and concern with the social consequences and ethical implications of knowledge.

These educational approaches are unique. In the American universities in this century, the educational ideal has been that of specialization, becoming an expert in one discipline. This approach entails learning one language, or one set of symbols, very, very well. But when one follows this course, at least when one is too young, one can end up mono-lingual and myopic.

Pitzer asks its students to follow another direction. It has made interdisciplinary work a part not only of its requirements but also of its very structure, its courses, and its hiring and rewarding of faculty. This may seem a simple and obvious good, but it is not universally practiced. Much of

undergraduate education in this country is modeled on the specialization that is still dominant in many graduate school programs despite the fact that cutting-edge work, in almost all areas, is interdisciplinary.

Here students can work together as peers with faculty who are doing this interdisciplinary work. And, equally important, they can work closely with a faculty who care as much about them and the issues of our time as about their research. As a consequence of working with faculty who do not split mind and soul, students do indeed have the opportunity to weave together the development of the mind and character that can contribute to making the world a better place.

It is a great joy for me to be invited to join this educationally community, and I look forward to working with you to build its future.

UTNE READER

from page 39

eled" destinations. Within its review, *Utne* discusses the dilemma of "mass marketed" travel books (i.e. looking back to their cover story on consumer culture). And yes, *Utne* itself has a section reviewing the latest magazine alternatives to *Time* and *Newsweek*.

Since *Utne* only appears six times a year, the issues are packed with articles and information. You get your money's worth. The layout and design is not going to win any awards, so don't be surprised if you feel overburdened with information. All in all, *Utne* offers the reader an excellent synopsis of the writings of the "left."

-DG

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