

Universal: 1) of or pertaining to the whole world 2) common to all cases, unlimited, all-embracing 3) applicable to all purposes or conditions.

Universal Healthcare Coverage

all persons living in the United States

MINUS

undocumented workers
part-time employees
temp workers
transients and homeless
non-resident citizens

PUTTING PEOPLE FIRST?

The soul of the Broad buildings

New students perform

McConnell brunch ex

Baseball economics

El Otro Lado

Short Fiction

Music Reviews

editor's desk

One peculiarity of the talk show world is the compulsion to refer to public figures by their first names. In fact, one of the best measures of a superstars' popularity is their ability to be addressed by only one name. This might indicate all kinds of things about the sick and twisted direction of our minds, but it also seems to show the need or desire that many people have to live in smaller world, where every day dramas are important and exciting. The need to have a community, to be in a smaller world, is one that Pitzer College has seemed to fill, or has been trying to fill over the years. This year, like so many, is a year of transition at Pitzer, and the more professional leanings of the college seem to be becoming more pronounced.

For example, we have these new buildings. It may seem ridiculous to attach meaning to what are only material structures, and the issue of the importance of the new buildings was hammered out at length in last year's issues of *The Other Side*. But now that they are here, with another one well on its way, it will be interesting to see how they alter the Pitzer landscape, both psychologically and literally. When I was thinking about why the new buildings seem troublesome to some students, like myself, who came to Pitzer before while the whole project was being negotiated, I was reminded of an article Lucien Marquis wrote for *The Other Side* in 1991, in which he was evaluating the Pitzer present. "The story of why I and how I came to Pitzer is a long and complicated one and this is not the place to tell it. However, I came primarily because I thought I was joining a new and experimental College. It turned out that Pitzer was sometimes, albeit rarely, experimental." Many students, with stories of varying complication, have come to Pitzer over the years thinking, too, that it is an experimental college, and have been met with varying conclusions over the years.

One definition, the one I thought was consensus, of our experimenting has to do with encouraging and supporting (and economically privileging) avenues of creativity and scholarship (and creative scholarship) in a world that doesn't necessarily value these things. This method of experimentation also includes what Pitzer has called "concern with the social concerns and ethical implications of knowledge and action", which, as we discovered last year in the debate about the "social responsibility" component of the Pitzer curriculum, isn't necessarily consensus. Regardless, the commitment to social responsibility, to a higher purpose, has been central to Pitzer's rhetoric. And this is why- not because we don't desperately need the space, the buildings are bothersome, because they signify a placing of resources and energy into flashiness when there are educational and human resource needs the college has not addressed. It would appear that at Pitzer, as seems to be a pattern in the United States in general, we are much better at physical progress than spiritual progress.

Or it might be that physical progress is just much easier to recognize. Maybe it is easier to highlight what is material than to look for what isn't. It is apparent that one vision of Pitzer cannot hold everyone's conceptualization of the direction the college should take, and that holding fast to one idea of "experimentation" is an inadequate measure of the quantity of them of it at Pitzer. Because to someone at Pitzer, evidently to many at Pitzer, the Broad buildings are the personification of some notion of experimentation that I didn't want to consider. While I still reject the logic that gave way to the new buildings, it seems that one aspect of the Pitzer education for current students is being able to accept some things we don't like in order to keep the ones we do. For the older students at least, the new buildings are a major change from the relatively modest Pitzer of the past, which may be another reason they are hard to handle.

Another answer to the call for Pitzer experimentation has come in the form of the Ontario Community Education Center. While so much attention has been paid to the construction project a few other professors and students have been quietly enacting a branch of Pitzer that has the possibility of creatively putting the study of the social sciences to work for a nearby community. Hopefully, this is only the start of what could be a successful and invigorating integration of Pitzer resources into a nearby community which, in turn can offer us as students a way of discovering the relationship between knowledge and action.

The example of the Ontario Community Education Center points to another kind of experimentation. It often seems that the most meaningful explorations of Pitzer's mission usually comes from the work of a few people, or one segment of the college, indicating that having one community vision may not be possible. But this realization is not necessarily a negative conclusion. In other words, while our conceptualizations of the college differ, accepting all manifestations of "The Pitzer mission" seems to be our only option in an educational community that values freedom of thought and expression.

If there is an impulse to find smaller worlds, this is one of the roles Pitzer has played for students in the past. Another thing the Broad buildings signify is a move toward professionalism and away from face-to-face relations, but the possibility remains that they could receive their proper Pitzerization. The Pitzer community will be what it is- which leads me back to the question of what role *The Other Side* can/will play. I was trying

to formulate a path for the paper to take, was full of grand plans, etc., but in the end, I lacked a single focus. This is because I, and I think the entire editing staff would agree, want *The Other Side* to be what the students, staff, faculty, and administration want it to be. The way we can facilitate this is by keeping our doors open, which they always are, and keeping attentive to different notions of experimentation (even when we don't like them). So- to anyone with specific interests in politics, entertainment, the arts, Pitzer governance, etc., please please please do not squander your talents, but contribute to *The Other Side*. Call us (x3652), stop by the Governance office (Y Tower Mead Dorm), or write to us (Box 645). I also want to add that all ideas about experimentation don't come with equal force, and that for this reason I hope *The Other Side* can be particularly aware of and interested in underrepresented ones.

It may be true as Justin Rood suggests in his article on the building project, that it is necessary for this institution to compromise with the government, trustees, etc., in order to survive, or at least to survive in a certain way. ("I think all theories are suspect, that the finest principles may have to be modified, or may even be pulverized by the demands of life," said James Baldwin.) The difficulty lies in trying to be inclusive while retaining a certain set of principles, or in deciding upon them in the first place. Is there a way of doing many things, things that may seem hypocritical, while keeping our integrity? It is sometimes disappointing, sometimes so obviously opposed to individual and collective notions of what is acceptable, but this is the only way to do so.

Kim Gilmore

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

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

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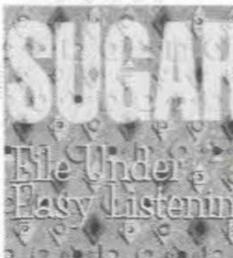
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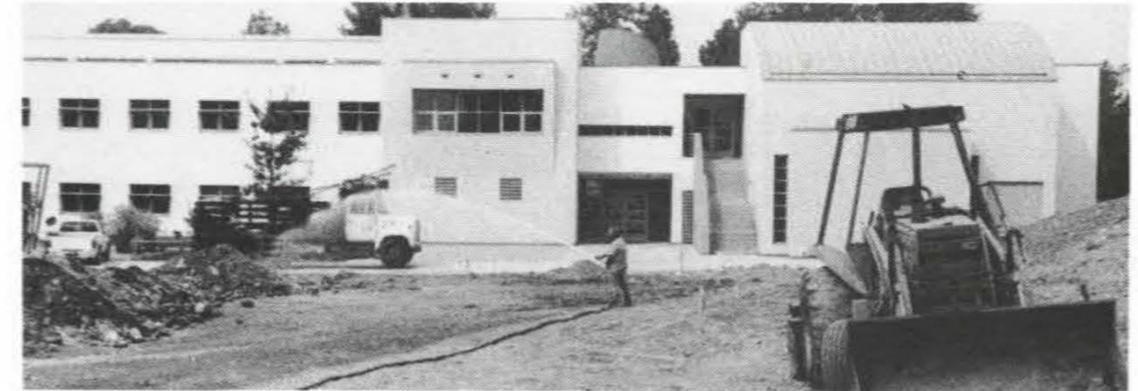
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THE SOUL OF A NEW (DEUS EX) MACHINE: How the Broad Buildings Can Save Pitzer

by Justin Rood



My father once told me a story from the Tamarind Islands about a deaf, mute boy who had no house, no clothing and no food, just a bowl. When he was hungry, he would beg for food from the villagers with his bowl, and they would ladle soup or stew into it so he would not starve. When it rained, he hid under the bowl until the sun came out again, and in this way he stayed dry.

Everything was fine, until one day the boy began growing up and thinking about the world around him.

Now, the islands have a rain spell that comes once every fifty years or so, and lasts for over two months. The boy-man (for he was older than a boy but younger than a man) was sitting on the beach one day when a child came by and said to him that the old man in the village had predicted the rain spell would begin soon. But he could not understand, and the child ran away. And sure enough, the rains came.

The boy-man hid from the rain under the bowl, for he hated to get wet, but after a few days he became hungry. He took the bowl away from his head, but when the rain hit his hair he put it back into place. Again, he felt pangs of hunger and removed the bowl, only to get wet, and so he uickly replaced it.

The boy sat there for hours, then days, then weeks, removing and replacing the bowl from his head, removing and replacing, until he was too weak to continue. He died, wet and hungry, on the beach, and the ocean came up and carried him away, and the fish fed on him.

The moral of the story is this: A foolish man is he who thinks he can stay both dry and well-fed.

"The mound area is going to be three different kinds of woodlands with a stream running through it, designed by Rob Lippincott, who's one of your classmates," Dean of Admissions Paul Ranslow says, standing at the picture window in his office in the new Broad Center, his tie loosened, his sanguine face beaming with excitement as he gestures out past the windowpane at the giant mound of dry, packed dirt that sits on the spit of land hemmed in by the new academic buildings. "The hard thing to do is to say to a prospective parent or student, 'Don't see that as a vacant lot! See that as a lawn right there. And see those pinyon pines and see that stream running through there?' And they look at you like you've got two heads."



"Like you've got two heads" is one of Ranslow's favorite sayings. According to him, a lot of people have been looking at him like he's got two heads lately, and with good reason. For the last two years, he's returned to his position as Dean of Admissions for Pitzer College, following a one-year stint as Acting President after former President Frank Ellsworth resigned. During that time, he has also been an active member of the ad hoc Facilities Committee, overseeing the design and construction of what is billed as the largest building project in Pitzer's history.

In all of his positions, Ranslow has shouldered the task of simultaneously helping to maintain Pitzer's non-traditional approach to education, while pushing the school in new directions. It could be expected that only a person with two brains could keep track of all the details of Pitzer's history, its present operations, and its future possibilities.

More seriously, however, is the possibility that one must be of two minds to both believe in Pitzer's old anti-authoritarian, unstructured, cause-loving past—what many consider to be the "soul" of the school—and push Pitzer towards a position of greater legitimacy in the community of elite private colleges. In this way, Ranslow is the embodiment of what many consider to be Pitzer's classic dilemma: save our soul but lose our college, lose our soul and save our college.



To some, the design of the new buildings are symbolic of Pitzer's future identity, and they are dubious of their meaning. Avery, Fletcher and Bernard, the three older academic buildings, were built on a circular plan, with exterior walkways on the second floor, exterior entrances to classrooms on the first floor and lots of windows all around. Broad Center and Broad Hall follow a more linear design—although not as linear as the architect's original designs, which Ranslow says the committee rejected—with smaller, less frequent windows and almost no exterior space.

Broad Center sits at the end of Twelfth Avenue, its pale, flat facade a bland but resolute statement of the college. Everything that Pitzer's literature claims it to be—vibrant, diverse, stimulating—is denied.

The building's exterior is an awkward collection of forms: curves and lines meeting at odd points, shapes stacked and stuck together like a middle-school design project. Its tedious repetition of abstract geometric shapes—squares, circles, right triangles, more squares—gives the

impression that Euclid broke into the architects' office one night and proved his first four postulates to the janitor, using the blueprints as scratch paper.

The building has random touches of color, although the word "touch" implies a vitality that is depressingly absent. A pale-green staircase here, a muted-purple cylinder there imply the sort of forced chuckle vice-presidents give when a corporation's CEO wears a Mickey Mouse tie to work one day.

The cylinder that rises above Broad Center, in actuality a skylight, so resembles a smokestack on an ocean liner that many have dubbed the building "The Love Boat." Even more telling of popular sentiment, perhaps, is the building's less romantic nickname, "The U.S.S. Massey," which was even tattooed in foil letters for a short time across the west wall of the unfinished structure until workers removed the graffiti.

In truth, the nickname is more misleading than it is telling. Pitzer's aggressive building strategy was being formulated long before President Marilyn Massey took office, and even she had voiced some initial concern over the troubled financing of the project.

Symbolism, however, is sometimes more powerful than history. The president's office, originally located in what looked like an oversized professor's office in Bernard, was moved to its new home in a remarkably un-professorial space situated in the center of the second floor of the new Broad Center. The cinderblock walls, an aspect that professors' offices historically shared with students' dorm rooms, are nowhere in sight. Comfortable leather furniture, however, is plentiful, offering a view out a huge panoramic window looking over Ranslow's "three-different-kinds-of-woodlands-and-a-stream" area, and past that, the Grove House.

It requires little stretch of the imagination, some say, to see the office as the officer's deck of a ship. It requires no stretch of the imagination to see the office as far removed from either the professors' offices or the students' dorm rooms, and some feel that separation may be more than symbolic.



President Marilyn Chapin Massey, tall and broad-shouldered, and friendly, in a practiced way, leads me over to her panoramic window. "[Once construction is finished] I'll be able to see one of those original, weird, energy-producing shells with all this stuff on the outside and a crooked roof—you can see that," she says as she points to the roof of Bernard Hall, giving me a tour of her second-floor view. "See this wonderful international garden down here, with all the strange plants?" She asks me, pointing straight down to the space just outside Dean Ranslow's office.

"I'll be able to see that incredible new building," she continues, pointing now to Broad Hall. "See those rounded rooms? Those are wonderful. You've got to get into those. Because in there, you can see all the way back to McConnell [Center] and then all the way over to here. You can see the whole campus from that room. They should make it a touring room.

"I'll be able to see that ugly clock—which is going to be painted, make it... do something for us; then the Grove House," she says, and pauses, giving no comment, "and this field, which will be created by students," she is quick to point out. "And... that weird geodesic dome... But it's Pitzer, I'm going to be able to see the whole history of it out this window, with all the beauty, the strangeness..."

I say, the only thing you can't really see is all the dormitories. "And I probably won't be able to see the student center," she adds, "because it won't go high enough to show over the tops of these buildings." We don't leave the window, but the subject changes.



"To me, these buildings in some ways are... playful. You look at the front of this building, you go out and see the four different colors and the purple smokestack and the different shapes, and there's something about the building that dances. It's not a stodgy old building," Massey explains, now sitting comfortably in a chair on the north side of her office. "... [The buildings] are very valuable and very beautiful, and they're a statement of an artist, and we deserve that. But I don't think they shut us down in terms of creativity. Do you? Who's got a purple elevator?" She asks, and laughs.

And yet, losing creativity and purple elevators are not at the heart of the issues these buildings raise. In Broad Hall and Broad Center, it is too dark in the halls to see faces any further than a few feet away. When one speaks, one's voice echoes from one end to the other; there is no way to have a

private conversation, even in the lobby areas. The few windows in the building are too small to allow any connection to the outside. The insularity of the space denies any connection between oneself and others, inside and outside the building.

The buildings could be viewed, as Massey does, as works of art, but ones that refuse any connection between people. They force all relationships within

them to exist between the individual and the space, and in that context they work beautifully. However, as community space—the space that came naturally to the old buildings through their open-air walkways, decentralized office space and even the bi-level, glassed-in lobby of Scott, a space that makes no presumptions to being anything but a meeting-place—the Broad buildings fail.

Their redefinition of relationships, from person-to-person to person-and-structure, is the purest expression of the difference between a community and an institution. In that way, they represent to some the encroachment of Institution upon an organization that is touted as essentially Community.

In the not-too-distant past, however, many have voiced the complaint that the notion of Community is dead at Pitzer. If they are right, could the Broad buildings be harbingers of an institutional future?

"I've thought a lot about that," Paul Ranslow says in response to a question concerning the new buildings as a philosophical statement by the college of a new seriousness and gravity.

"Can you see [Prof. Barry] Sanders teaching in one of these classrooms?" He asks me. I say no.

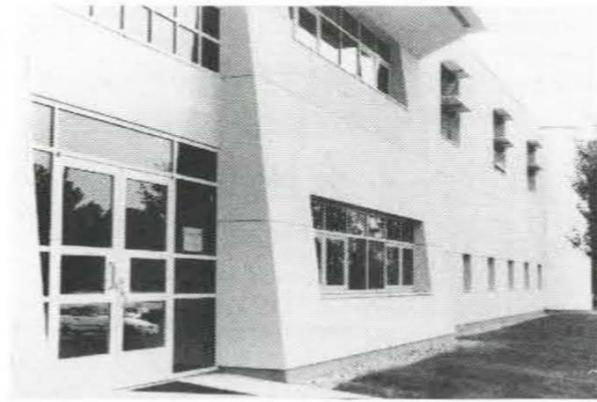
"I know what you mean, but I think... I believe that those fundamental characteristics that distinguished Pitzer, while they may have manifested themselves around the edges... I think one of the things we'll find is that at base, that was just at the edges." I do not understand what he means exactly, but I let him continue.

"It is going to be different, but I think [retired Professor of Art] Carl Hertel would teach here... but I think it's like the confusion between Broad Hall and Broad Center, it'll pass and pass rather quickly, when it becomes clear that [Art Professor] Michael Woodcock is Pitzer, and he would be Pitzer if he were teaching out by the Medicine Wheel, or if he were teaching in new, and wonderful space." I do not mention that the Medicine Wheel, built as an independent study project by a former Pitzer student on part of the East Mesa area, is now fenced in and being constructed over.

From her leather chair, looking out over the whole

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history of Pitzer and a dirt-pile, President Massey concurs. "I don't think we're going to lose, with these buildings. . . a sense of warmth, of connection," she says, making obtuse reference to the notion of community that some think is already dead. For some reason, I did not feel reassured.



To be fair, it must be noted that Pitzer did not have much of a choice in architects. When he promised funding for the new buildings, Eli Broad presented the school with a list of ten architects to choose from. The list included I. M. Pei, one of the world's most famous living architects, and Charles Gwathmey, whom they chose, as well as eight other well-established architects with very distinct philosophies. The Facilities Committee felt that Gwathmey would be the one who could understand and articulate best Pitzer's philosophy through the buildings' design.

However, architects—especially famous ones—have infamously grand egos, and they do not appreciate suggestions or revisions to their work. Just as Catholics owe allegiance to the Pope before they do the President, architects often owe allegiance to Space and Form before they do their client. So, Pitzer had to compromise in order to build anything at all.

And the compromise was necessary. Classroom space was tight and professors' offices were in demand, and most will admit that the Pit is an unsatisfactory student center. However, this is just the most recent in a long string of compromises. First, there was the instatement of core requirements and the Educational Objectives code three years ago, to maintain accredited status with the Western Association of Schools and Colleges. Then, the new alcohol policy was put into effect, to cement Federal funding. Both of these removed freedom as well as responsibility from the student, but both were completely necessary for the school to survive.

Through these compromises, Pitzer has been moving away from unstructured Community and towards structured Institution. And at every point of compromise, the community (for lack of a neutral term) has fallen into three groups: One that supports

the change as good, another that reluctantly supports the change as necessary, and a third that complains loudly that the school is losing its soul.

The debate is over. We no longer need to argue about whether the school is losing its soul or not, because anyone can walk into the new buildings and see that it is not there. They are beautiful buildings. They give the school more space. But they have nothing to do with the sense of community that Pitzer so proudly touts. We still have its old buildings, but they are now "weird, energy-producing shells with all this stuff on the outside and a crooked roof," and the new essence of Pitzer resides in these "incredible new buildings."

We have gone on for three years now as if we existed in a perpetual instant, hashing and re-hashing the arguments of Pitzer past versus Pitzer future while embracing neither, putting the bowl on our heads and taking it off, again and again and again. But the winds have finally shifted, and the air is getting cooler. Sooner than we may have wanted, we are forced to make a decision: eat and get wet, or stay dry and starve.

The past is lost to us now, and we cannot regain it. For those who wish to live in a community, do what one professor proposed: be like a farmer whose land is dead. Pick up your things and move "to Green Valley, or Pleasant Valley," he said, "or Pacoima." For the rest, it is time to look at what we have built and admit that Pitzer is following an irreversible trend towards institutionalism. As the slogan goes, "Love it, or leave it."

If we continue to sit, as we have for the last three years, enjoying community when we can find it and faking it when we can't, being an institution to those with power and money and a family to those with ideas, we will get washed away to sea—and there's not a ship or captain in the world that can save us. •

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Professor Warmbrunn wrote an article for the May 7, 1991, issue of *The Other Side* entitled "Then, Now, and the Future." We decided to reprint excerpts from that piece in the interest of providing a historical view of the College, and to encourage new students to get involved with the Pitzer History Project, which Professor Warmbrunn has admirably led in recent years. In addition, Professor Warmbrunn is ill at home this semester, and we wanted to ensure that one of his perspectives was heard during his absence.

BY PROFESSOR WERNER WARMBRUNN

A Short Look at Pitzer's History and ruminations on the future

This season may be an excellent time for an assessment of Pitzer College. The decade of the eighties will be ending this month with a number of resignations and retirements and with the graduation of one of Pitzer's largest and strongest classes. The Pitzer of the nineties will be a very different place from that of the sixties, seventies, and eighties. The next presidential administration will bear new characteristics to distinguish it from the three preceding administrations. The fate of the College in the nineties will be shaped in part by outside forces, such as demography, economic and political trends, much as has been the case in earlier years. There could be major changes, and at the same time, we hope, a deep continuity.

The Evolution of Pitzer Since Year One

When I first came to Claremont, in the fall of 1963, Pitzer consisted of a field of rocks, one eucalyptus tree, and foundations for Scott and Sanborn that had just been poured with metal rods sticking out of the ground. In human terms, the College consisted of President Atherton and his secretary, Madeline Frishman, sitting in a small office at CMC, Bill Frenaye, our original Development officer, and a Board of Trustees whose average age was somewhere in the seventies. But by June 1964, President Atherton had assembled his original faculty of nine full time teachers. That

faculty met for one week in June, and then for three weeks in September, to "put the School together."

At this particular point in time those of us who were escaping from the clutches of large university academic bureaucracies, wanted to create a new institution in which all the wrongs of the academic world outside and across Mills Avenue would be set right. Above all, as over and against a world that was full of hypocrisy and denial, we wanted to create on this side of Mills Avenue an island of honesty and authenticity, a place where faculty, students and administrators could implicitly and totally trust each other, a world that was right for once, compared to an outside world where so many things had gone wrong. We wanted students to be active participants in their own educations and in the governance of the College.

In that first year two fundamental decisions were made about governance and student life. The first was that we would adopt a system of community governance in which students and faculty would work together in large areas of college life. The second decision was that we would not adopt any parietal (*in loco parentis*) rules which would attempt to control student life in such matters as alcohol, drug use, or sex. We adopted only one basic rule—the harassment rule designed to protect students and faculty from interference in their legitimate pursuits.

Student participation was high in the early years when we were still trying to put the College together, although cries of "apathy" were already heard in the first year when only eighty instead of one hundred students turned out for Town Meeting. Unfortunately, student participation began to decrease as the decade wore on, and as the school grew larger and the work of governance became increasingly routine. But, the desire on the part of the faculty and student leaders for more student participation reminded strong for a long time.

The seventies were a time of transition. The new President, Robert Atwell, was deeply committed to the principle of student and faculty participation and to openness to governments. But the negative aspects of the sixties lifestyle such as excessive individualism, lack of respect for property, and substance abuse began to poison student life. Yet, as the recent Atherton Society series demonstrated, many of our students during that decade found Pitzer an ideal place to discover themselves, to work and to play. For them Pitzer was a good place from which to move on to graduate school to pursue the interests discovered during their undergraduate years here. The economic crises of that decade were also reflected at Pitzer in a sense of limitation, a slow-down in the recruitment of faculty and a deterioration in the admissions situation.

The eighties at Pitzer, too, were in part a reflection of national trends. The eighties nationally were a decade of the "Image," when appearance counted more than reality, when it became crucial "to feel good." This was the age of the "me-too" generation, and of Yuppies-turned-Yuppies. Some good things happened at Pitzer, in part as a consequence of national prosperity. The endowment increased and new faculty were recruited during the second half of the decade. The quality of new students improved steadily thanks to the energetic and personable management of Paul Ranslow. Under the guidance of Dean Bloom the faculty developed a new set of educational objectives which it will have to implement in the nineties.

But, in my view a large part of the essential basis of Pitzer life has been weakened or disappeared in the eighties: the elements of trust and participation. At least until the establishment of the student Senate, student participation in governance has been at an all time low, often limited to a few student politicians co-opted by administration or faculty. And just as in the eighties deep

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fault lines and apparently irreconcilable differences have arisen in the country at large, between the rich, the well-to-do and the new underclass that we allow to rot, so, too, at Pitzer deep fault lines and cleavages have made their appearance, not primarily along economic lines, but between students and administration, between younger and older faculty, and between different departments.

These cleavages have produced a decrease of Pitzer's most precious asset, the element of trust, the knowledge that the person or committee with whom you are dealing mean what they say, and that they will listen to you

and respect you and your opinion. But, the repair at Pitzer should be easier than in the country at large, with a new set of administrators and with students and faculty determined to make this a better place.

The Task of the Nineties

In my view the task for the nineties has been defined by my description of the sixties and by my comments about the decades that intervened. To put it in a nutshell: we must attempt to create in the nineties the *reality* of a community, something that will not be easy in an age which worships selfishness and irresponsibility, but I believe it can be done at Pitzer.

Key to the process of recovery is the re-establishment of trust across the current fault lines within the college. Building on the still existing trust between students and faculty, the other fault lines must be bridged step by step. Administrators need to show convincingly that they have a deep and abiding commitment to student autonomy and participation. They must possess a genuine faith in the rationality and constructive intentions of students and in their potential students, in turn, must care.

Pitzer will actualize its true potential only if all parties concerned put in the time it takes, and if they believe that they can make a difference, if not this year then next, or the year thereafter. And as a person who has probably failed more frequently over almost three decades than any of his colleagues in his many attempts to gain acceptance for his various proposals and schemes, let me tell you, that I firmly believe that those of us who make that investment, and who persist over a period of time, can make a difference. And the place will remain vital and will be able to grow only if enough of us, faculty, students and administrators, make that kind commitment to the College. •

Michael Stipe said...

irony was the shackles of youth

and I knew he was talking to me, I think?



It's about 8:20 pm. I sit atop the Mounds hoping to be inspired. It's dark already, and a few stars have made their way into the lovely Pitzer skyline. When I was younger, I used to sneak out my window late at night just to sit on the roof and look at the stars. I used to think about the universe, and infinity, and if there was really another kid far off on some other planet sitting on his roof staring at the stars too. I'm not sure I should think about cliché things anymore. I'm in college now.

It's quiet out, too quiet for my tastes. I like seeing other people outside doing nothing like me. I feel as if I have some kind of meaningless bond with them. Nobody's really out here though, with the exception of a couple of janitors, and a disgruntled pizza man who appears to be locked out. All of this is understandable of course. 90210 is on tonight. The dorm rec rooms are littered with young creative souls, perhaps trying to be inspired themselves. That Dylan, such a poet.

I think this place has too many creative people. It would be that much easier if it were like high school. I was eccentric in high school. I was a musician; I was a writer, with plenty of people who went out of their way to give me good material to write about. I

knew where I stood; and I knew not to stand too close to the guys I wrote really mean articles about, because they were likely to beat me up. Here guys wear skirts and hang their underwear on tree limbs, not for the sake of eccentricity, but because they want to. I'm a writer without inspiration; and I don't even own a skirt.

My preconceptions of my new life at Pitzer were the kind that few jaded high school seniors might have. I wanted to think great thoughts. I didn't know exactly what they were but I knew they would be great. Now as I sit trying to meet some preposterous deadline, I wonder when I'll have time to think all my great thoughts. I wonder when I'll have time to think of what they'll be.

In a recent exchange of "Post-Pitzer Bewilderment" angst, a friend said to me, "I used to want to accomplish something great, now I just want to be happy, which is a lot harder." I didn't really know how to react to this comment. I used to be the kind of person who associated happiness with accomplishment. Fuck, at my high school, I had to publicly accuse the Superintendent of imbezzlement (not exactly untrue by the way) just to get the student body to read my column. But that was my happiness. And it was, in the void of everything else, something I prided myself on. Here, I don't know. People seem to listen to me regardless, and I'm not sure how to feel about that. On the one hand, I kind of feel cheated; I used to be pretty good at shocking people, and now I really can't.

However, I suppose you could say that it's the kind of subconscious ideal that drove me all along, although I would've never guessed it. Eccentric-

ity for the sake of eccentricity isn't the kind of thing that's easy to maintain, or that much fun; but in the midst of people who encompass the greatest two qualities of a public high school: ignorance and ignorance, you begin to believe that not only the entire world works the same way, but that it's the only way one can actually stand out. Perhaps, Pitzer is one of the few places that's different. Perhaps, it's not. At least I've been given the opportunity to see something different; something I was beginning to doubt really existed.

The thing is, I've managed to accomplish a great deal without really noticing it. I haven't had the opportunity to get sued for libel (yet) but I've managed to meet some pretty amazing people, and make some pretty good friends. The thing is, I'm not sure they know what kind of poetry I write, or the kinds of political views I have, and I don't think they care. True acceptance is kind of nice sometime; I think I like it.

So here I sit; not quite sure what it is I'm doing *here*, or doing here for that matter. I thought I had it all figured out, I guess you never know what you'll find when you stop looking so hard. In case it looks like I've slowly reached a very strange epiphany over the course of this article, I suppose I have; funny what the Pitzer skyline can do to you. The truth is, I'm still not inspired; but I suppose that's why I came here. •



BY AARON BALKAN

The very word "brunch" is in itself a synthesis of the words "breakfast" and "lunch", which would, in turn, suggest that the meal "brunch" is itself a synthesis of breakfast and lunch. However, recent samplings of so-called brunch at McConnell Dining Hall is not a reflection of this harmonious marriage of terms. What kind of implications does this tragedy have for our society as a whole? What sort of conspiracy is being hatched in the halls of our dear campus? How much longer can the Pitzer student body live under the oppressive perversions of our meal schedule?

The raw data on the subject is appalling. The following items were present at the "brunch" of Saturday, September 17, 1994, and demonstrate the gross inequality of breakfast and lunch in our weekend meals:

- | | |
|-----------------------|----------------|
| Horchata | Drinks |
| Bagels | Sandwiches |
| Pancakes | Peanut Butter |
| Bread | Jelly |
| Cereals | Salsa |
| Muffins(English) | Cottage Cheese |
| Waffles | Potatoes |
| Fruit | |
| Eggs | |
| Yogurt | |
| Sausage Patties/Bacon | |
| English Muffin | |
| Soy Milk | |

The above list demonstrates the complete lack of materials of the lunch portion of the compound noun "brunch." Only the peanut butter and jelly could be considered lunch-like component, and a poor one at that. How is it that Marriott can pull the wool over the eyes of the entire student body in this fashion? Breakfast may be "the most important meal of the day," but is it so important that it must take over representation, as it is closer to the traditional "lunch hour." However, Marriott logic has dealt us the thought that brunch should really be dominated by breakfast items. So why call it brunch? Why not call it "late breakfast" or "anti-lunch"?

Why would Marriott beat around the bush with an issue as large as student meal choice?

A theory is that breakfast materials are cheaper than lunch materials. Or, maybe it goes deeper than that. Marriott gains a certain control of the Pitzer student psyche when it asserts that brunch is a combination of breakfast and lunch. The average Pitzer student thinks that his/her meal plan is still fair because if it was called "breakfast", then lunch would obviously be missing, and the inequality of the meal system would be blatantly exposed. So, by effectively masking breakfast as brunch, Marriott has deceived us all and kept our ideas of inequality in the meal plan at bay.

What I propose is a revolution in the Pitzer meal plan. Breakfast and Lunch should both be offered on the weekends. The reason for this is threefold: First, the term "brunch" is obviously a gross perversion, as I have demonstrated above; Second, the present weekend two-meal system doesn't sufficiently cater to the appetites of the 700 or so hungry college students. Brunch is too early for some, and many students become famished by the time dinner rolls around. However, it is too late for other early risers, who must wait until 10 o'clock to eat. Thirdly, Sundays are traditional times of worship for many faiths. Many of these local institutions hold their services at 10 o'clock, which is when brunch begins. When these services end, brunch is usually over, leaving them without any meal at all. The only way to ensure the total happiness of the Pitzer community is to separate breakfast and lunch on weekends. For those who are particularly encompassed by the dogma of brunch, they could sacrifice breakfast for a refund, and eat lunch at the normal time, which is not far away from the current brunch time. The point is that there is a dire need for reform of the Pitzer meal plan, and the Pitzer community must see to it that change occurs. I urge anyone concerned to contact the proper authorities and voice concern. •

"MARRIOTT GAINS A CERTAIN CONTROL OF THE PITZER STUDENT PSYCHE WHEN IT ASSERTS THAT BRUNCH IS A COMBINATION OF BREAKFAST AND LUNCH."

The True Nature of...

by Ben Ball

BRUNCH

Senate Briefs

The Senate elections have been completed and we now have a full *elected* Senate. The following are the newly elected members for the '94-95 academic year.

Rosa Contreras
Communications Secretary

Brook Bannister
Academic Standards

Gigi Pandian
CRCUP

Karen Sloan
Freshman Class Official

Carol Kight-Fyfe
Curriculum Committee

Tiffany Greenberg
Mead Representative

Joshua Ament
Academic Computing

Jeff Martinson
External Studies

Jon Gray
Sanborn Representative

Alina Molina
Academic Events

Spenser Olmstead
Research and Awards

Glory Bowen
Holden Representative

Sissy Trinh
Academic Planning

Applications for the following appointed committee positions are available in the Dean of Students Office in Scott Hall.

- Academic Computing
- Academic Events
- Academic Planning
- Academic Standards
- Curriculum Committee
- External Studies
- Research and Awards
- CRCUP
- Student Life Committee
- Development Committee
- Educational Policy Committee
- Investment Committee

Student Senate meets

every Monday at 2:45pm
in the Governance office in
Mead Hall.

Everyone is welcome.

Express your concerns or just come and see
Pitzer governance in action.

Baseball Economics 101

◆ by Jonathan Casper ◆

After thirty-four days of striking, baseball finally struck out. The all American sport has proven to be very American indeed. How did this all happen? Nobody knows for sure, but the one thing that we do know is that it involved large sums of money which were not distributed equally. It also involved the players and the owners ego's and the owners were the first to bow out.

This will be the first time that there will not be a World Series since 1904. When looking at the 1904 strike, we see that it closely parallels the 1994 strike. The ego's in 1904 were just as big they are now. The 1904 World Series was not played because the manager of the National League Pennant-winning Giants had a heart-felt contempt for the upstart of the American league.

In 1994, the big ego's are combined with big money. Due to the strike, there were a total of 669 games lost at an estimated cost of \$580 million to the owners and \$230 million to the players. You would think that with this kind of money being lost, the owners and the players could have reached some type of agreement. The owners mainly wanted revenue sharing in which the teams that made the most money would give some of there revenue to the smaller market teams. To do this, they wanted to put a cap on players' salaries. The players do not want a salary cap and want to raise the minimum salary from \$109,000 to \$175,000-\$200,000. Professional football and basketball both have salary caps and it seems to have hurt both sports.

The reasons for this are not plain, but the same thing happen to them. Both sides remained with their positions during the strike period and there was really no choice but to cancel the season.



and that if there is money to be made it will be made. The huge commercial machine known as baseball can only be killed by the fuel that keeps it running, the fans. We are in control of the game. Baseball games are fun to us because of the challenge of the game and the history behind it. Recently, baseball has lost some of its popularity due to rule changes, other sports becoming popular, and mostly because we have transformed it into a corporate giant that effects our economy. Sadly, Major League baseball has become an integral part of our economy. Some of the unsung losers of this whole mess are the countless lower level employees that do not have the salaries to bounce back the way the owners and the players both do.

This season had some potentially great moments. Tony Gwynn might have become the first hitter since 1941 to bat over .400. Ken Griffey Jr. and Matt Williams were making a run at home run records. The Cleveland Indians didn't suck, and the Kansas City Royals were just coming off a long winning streak, and would surely have stayed hot. The Rockies had a chance at winning a pennant after only two seasons in the big time. The list goes on. If anything good comes out of this season, it will be the realization of baseball as a big business and the fans should take their ticket money and spend it on something for them, not ego maniacs. •

For a sports fan, the cancellation of a baseball season is very disappointing. The common consensus is that the fans are disgusted by both the owners' and players' actions. The owners are not having financial trouble or they would not have bought a team in the first place. Most of the players make ten times the amount that an average American makes a year, so money should not seem like a huge problem. We must remember that this is the US

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 BY
 LAWRENCE
 CUALOPING

Carlo walked through the dark empty halls. His shadow played along the wall, catching his every move in fine detail. His footsteps echoed in the complete silence and he could hear everything from his heels clicking to the rustling of his clothes.

He reached the cadaver lab and opened the door. Under the narrow shafts of moonbeams, he could see several figures lying on the tables. All were covered with white sheets that looked gray in darkness. His hand skimmed the walls looking for the switch, suddenly it was grabbed by soft, tender hands. The lights went on. Katrin giggled when she saw Carlo. He cautiously lowered his hands from his face.

"Very funny! Let's get to work, that project is due tomorrow." Carlo snapped.

"Don't worry, we have your theory and all the chemicals right here. We'll be finished by five," Katrin answered sweetly.

At once the two students began their work. Fortunately there was no one to hear the tingling of stirring rods against flasks or their semi-romantic conversation echoing in silence. The hours ticked away and everything proceeded on schedule.

"Ok, I think we have it!" Carlo announced wiping his brow.

"What are you waiting for? Let's test it!" Katrin said barely able to control her impatience.

Carlo went to one of the drawers and pulled out a dead cat. It had died three weeks ago, due to the miracle of modern embalming, it had not yet begun to rot. Carlo sucked the green solution into his hypodermic needle and plunged a full dose into the cat's jugular.

The green fluid entered the blood stream. The synthetic braincells had to swim on their own power to reach the brain because the heart had stopped beating. The braincells moved rapidly to the cat's medulla and detached their tails. The medulla in turn started to send impulses to the heart. The heart started beating and blood flowed once again in the dead cat. With enough blood being supplied to the brain, almost all its systems clicked on. After three weeks of purgatory, the cat jumped up with its tenth life and made for the window. It barely traveled a few meters when it submerged under a heap of blood-thirsty street dogs. "So much for our project, at least it works. All we need now is another cat," Katrin said.

"Why try it on cats, when there's an ample supply of cadavers? Come on let's see what'll happen," Carlo said, glancing at the cadavers.

Katrin took a step backward, shaking her head in the negative. Carlo went for the flask of green fluid. Katrin grabbed it first and threatened to break it. Through soothing words and

visions of triumph, Carlo persuaded Katrin to give him the flask. Carlo took the syringe and sucked until it filled to capacity. He then confidently plunged it into his cadaver's jugular. He wheeled the heart beat monitor next to the body and hooked the machine. Katrin looked on, deciding not to help even though she was as excited as he was. Just as she expected, it was a flatliner. Suddenly, the lights went out.

"Blackout!" they both wailed.
 "Don't worry, we have Guider Power," Carlo said triumphantly as he turned on the switch and the UPS hummed to life.

"What's the use, it didn't work."
 The instrument lights glowed again and suddenly, there was a heart beat, and another, until it was near normal. Both of them froze with their mouths agape. Katrin turned on the 3D emergency lamp. The brainwaves were zero but the man was still alive. His chest moved up and down as he remembered to breathe. The same things were going on in their minds. They couldn't stop his heart because that would be murder, no one would know but they can't live with the guilt forever. If they just abandoned him in the streets, that would be murder too. If they told the school, they would be expelled for messing with human life. They looked at each others eyes, looking deep, for some form of escape. Ten years passed and the incident of the missing cadaver was forgotten.

Juan opened the door to his parents room and crept in. He reached for their closet door. He had opened every drawer in the apartment except this one. His parents warned him never to go to their bathroom. They warned him never to go to their bathroom. They warned him never to touch their things or else something might get lost. Juan forgot all these warnings. He loved new places, new cabinets with new things in them. Right now he could only guess what was inside the closet. Super Nintendo games, GI Joes, X-Men, were the thoughts dancing around his head. His curiosity overwhelmed his logic. He inserted the stolen key and turned. The padlock snapped open. He pulled the handle, without even passing second, his face turned white and his mouth fell open. Guess what he saw.



M **Foot** in UTH

BY TOBIN STEERS

"A friend of mine? Yea, he's a friend of mine. Sometimes I wonder why. He just can't keep from fucking up and taking it out on others. His problem becomes everyone's problem. Know what I'm saying?"

You don't always get nice days like this one. A little hot for the tastes of some. Overall, a real treat for those used to the early death of summer. We were on the sidewalk at the corner of Sixth and College heading to the cottages to visit a friend. At least I was; George was heading to Pearsons, the hub for philosophy majors.

"I mean, people don't always meet your expectations. Big deal. You set them up above your head and they'll only break and crash. Why the fuck does everyone have to be so fucking perfect for him. I'll tell you something, I can't live up to his fucking standards. Someone's got to sit him down on their lap, like a little wimp kid, and explain that people aren't angels. Jeff is really lame that way."

Just before we got to the stairs of Pearsons, George taps on my shoulder and motions with his head for me to turn around. A look wasn't needed to know that Jeff was about 6 paces behind me. My eyes met his left eyebrow and his met the cleft of my chin. As much as we both tried, there was no chance of our eyes meeting. It was a moot point anyhow. I could only turn back around and pretend he was never there.

"See you later, George." He casually walked up the stairs and I ambled on towards the cottages. The air had

gotten a lot hotter and the breeze had died in its tracks. Even the birds stopped singing. Black thunder crashed against the trees and bushes. Thunders sprawled out across the horizon while blazes of searing rain now fell. My face was wet and my heart was beating and I blinked and it was all gone. The weather was back to being pleasant but the day would never be the same.

I didn't turn around again until I was right next to the cottages. God's perverse sense of humor had finally subsided and Jeff was gone. I think he had gone to visit a professor in Carnegie. Maybe he was off crying or buying a gun or something, I don't know. All I cared about was that I could breathe again, although not too clearly.

I decided to skip the visit to my friend's place and circle back to campus. Instead of walking back up on College, I walked over behind Alexander Hall and headed over to the gym. Was this all a big set-up? Joke's on me; George knew Jeff was there all the time, didn't he? I was in on it too. I was just playing around, picking the words that would set Jeff off. No sense pretending; I had picked them a little too well.

I guess that I was due for "the big one," I thought. Shit has been talked and mistakes in timing have been made before. Using my amazing (in fact, near God-like) powers of communication, however, I was always able to avert disaster and hurt by some clever twist of language. In this instance, no language in the world could have saved me.

It's not as if it was all lies. They were things about his behavior that bothered me all strung together with frustration. I could have told him all this with words a bit more delicately chosen. Instead, he had to hear it as a non-participant while I played my opinion on a broken violin.

As I was about to cross Sixth, I saw George walking from College. He was wandering up slow and with little determination, knowing I wasn't going anywhere. There was no pity or self-righteousness or anything on his face. I preferred it that way.

"George, man, did I fuck up or what?"

"Yeah, you kinda did." His passivity startled me.

"I didn't really mean all that."

"Yes you did. You know what the problem is here. You had something to say but didn't have the nerve to say it right. If you had told him all this, you wouldn't have told me. Nor would you have stuck your head so far up your ass. Know what you gotta do? Tell him how you really feel and he'll see the bullshit. He'll see how much of it was just you being pissed off. Otherwise, all he'll ever know is what you just said out there, true or not."

We shook hands and I headed up to school. Most things in life can be repaired, but nothing worth fixing comes with instructions. I never expected something like this to be easy; then again, I never really expected it to happen at all. You don't expect to fuck up, you just do•.

~El Otro Lado~

1. You know what?

I'm not ready
I'm not ready to let you go
There's so much I still
 want to share with you
Everyday I think of you
I wonder if you'll wake
 up tomorrow
I feel so far and yet so
 close
I'm not ready
I'll never be ready to
 let you go

Let you go physically - that is
WAIT! Don't give up
I want you to take my children to the park
I want you to hold their hand
 like you held mine

WAIT! I'm not ready
You give me strength
You give me life!
Please don't give up!
I need you!
MALDITA ENFERMEDAD - el SIDA!!!

2. Esa cosa chiquita es muy "chingona"

No se deja de nadie
La insultan, la amenazan, le hace n bloqueo
 pero alli sigue
Hermosa como siempre
Me da risa como alguien tan supuestamente poderoso
no te puede
 destruir
Ya llevan mas de 30 años y nada
Pero ellos nunca entenderan
Ellos nunca entenderan que cuando las cosas se hacen
con amor
 y nacen del corazon
 son indestructibles
Esa cosa chiquita se llama CUBA!!!

por Carla Rodas

3. Creo que ese pedestal en el cual te tenia a ti

Desaparecio con una simple lagrima de mi madre
Desaparecio con el llanto de mi hermana y hermano
al no tener suficiente que comer
Desaparecio cuando me di cuenta que tambien vos
sos humano
Desaparecio cuando me di cuenta que esperarte era
algo en vano
Desaparecio cuando me di cuenta que tu lucha y la de
mi madre son la misma lucha
La lucha de mi madre fue y sigue siendo tan valiosa
como la tuya
Pero hay una diferencia muy grande
Ella nos vio crecer y vos no!

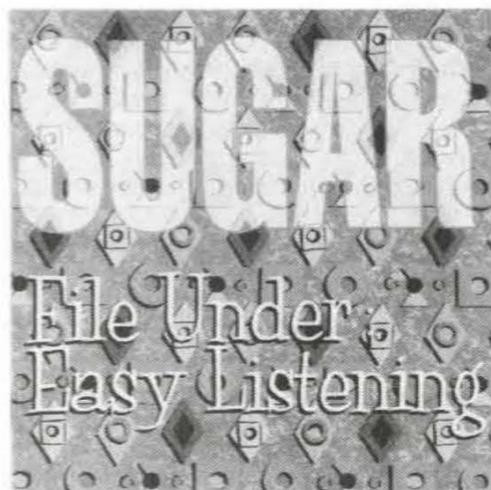
Para contribuir al Otro Lado o The Other Side, mandenos un disco de Mac a nuestra caja en Scott Hall, Pitzer College, 1050 N. Mills Ave., Claremont CA 91711. Llamenos a 909-621-8555, ext. 3652.

Music

Reviews

Someone once said that everyone becomes, at least once in his or her life, that which he (or she) most despises. So, in some ironic way, it somehow seems fitting that I, who feel that music critics are spineless worms who contribute nothing to an art form of which they know nothing, would become one myself. Call it an act of self-loathing but here I am, ready to review the finest in new music.

BY ZACH PALL



Sugar

File Under Easy Listening
Rykodisc

If you kids think that you are hip to that "alternative" scene then you shouldn't be caught without the new one from Sugar. Sugar, is former Hüsker Dü frontman Bob Mould's new band. This new one is called "File Under Easy Listening" which is, in a weird sort of way, appropriate. Nestled within all the feedback and his raspy voice are great pop melodies.

In a lot of ways, he has gotten a lot more pop-oriented over the past few albums, but he is also still lodged firmly in the tight, post-punk groove for which he writes so successfully. It does seem, however, that he has lost a lot of the rage and hopelessness which made his older work (both with Hüsker Dü and especially his two solo albums) so great and cathartic to listen to.

Which, of course, brings up the fact that his profoundly underrated solo work has been repackaged with some unreleased and live stuff and put out as "Poison Years." This is, of course no match for the actual albums, but for the initiate, it may serve to get one started.

All and all, "File Under Easy Listening" for its more pop-ish sound, still has the feel of a great post-punk album. Truly, Bob Mould is the real thing, far more than most of these alterna-pop bands will ever be able to begin to express.



Fun-da-mental
Seize the Time
Beggars Banquet

The music begins with a new one from Fun-da-mental—a new rap group from Britain's Asian community. It's a double CD on Beggars Banquet called "Seize the Time" and is one of the few rap groups to get my attention from the first listen on and never let go. The rhymes are a lot closer to old-style Public Enemy than Gangsta Rap (which seems to be all that is coming out anywhere right now). The single best part of Fun-da-mental's music is the heavy use of finely crafted multiple layers of Indian music as the backing beat. The message is a very political one, but that, I suppose, is to be expected. They are new and they are from Britain, which may scare some people off. The fact that their debut is a two-CD set isn't likely to help them any. Still, one hopes that there will be others who mourn the current domination of loping bass lines and mellow raps, and this may be a way of escaping them, at least momentarily.

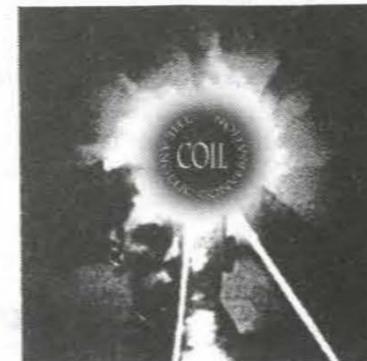
Coil

The Angelic Conversations
Threshold House

The most exciting release of late is Coil's soundtrack on Threshold House Records for the 1984 film by Derek Jarman called "The Angelic Conversation." The film is the story of two young men who fall in love and the music would probably be best described as

"haunting." The entire seventy minute disc is a bizarre and evocative soundscape with Shakespeare's sonnets spoken in parts.

Jarman, who recently died of AIDS, had a long-time friendship with Coil. It seems to me that the release of this CD now is at least in part a tribute to his passing and as such it provides a fitting and lasting tribute to his passing.



Very minimal, it varies between the extremely discordant and hauntingly beautiful. The second track "Enochian Calling" is in part taken from Coil's first EP entitled "How to Destroy Angels," but the rest of the disc is, to the best of my knowledge, previously unreleased. The use of Gregorian Chant in parts of "Angelic Conversation" is totally unlike the cheese-ball overuse of that form which seems so popular now to provide, as Mike Hamilton put it, "instant plastic ambiance." Rather, Coil used it sparsely and to great effect, blending it not with dance beats but with haunting melodies. Again, the use of Shakespeare is there to provide for this love story, in Jarman's own words, "the greatest love poetry in the English language, written by Shakespeare in his middle age to the young Earl of Southampton." This beautiful poetry, read by Judi Dench, is backed by the variously discordant, ethereal, minimal music of Coil.

This wonderful disc is unfortunately only available as an import at present which may keep many people from ever experiencing the sublime (and the word is fitting) beauty of "The Angelic Conversation." Even with the added expense and time involved in tracking it down, "The Angelic Conversation" is well worth it.

Bootsy Collins
Blasters of the Universe
Rykodisc

Changing directions radically, Bootsy Collins has a new double CD out on Rykodisc. The album is entitled "Blasters of the Universe" and features his new group, Bootsy's New Rubber Band. Bootsy is, for my money, one of the most amazing bassists out today. His story goes something like this: when he was 12 (yes 12) he joined James Brown's band as their bassist. This alone would qualify most people for Halls of Fame. Yet, he went on to an illustrious career in Parliament Funkadelic and then began a solo career. In recent years, he has been active with Bill Laswell (another amazing musician who has done just about everything under the sun) in the experimental funk band Praxis. Now, he has another heap of side-projects coming out through a Rykodisc spin-off called Black Arc. That kind of vision and versatility (not to mention talent) deserves to be rewarded.

He is still at it too. With "Blasters of the Universe," he returns to more traditional funk style (à la classic P-Funk) but has as much funk and groove as he ever did. The other players are of similar world-class talent, and include Jimi Hendrix's drummer Buddy Miles, Eddie Hazel, an old P-Funk member, and a number of other past and present P-Funk members. To say that it is an instant funk classic is all that needs to be said.

Oh no, I can feel myself already slipping into the eternal music critic cliché, writing things like "instant classic" and "ethereal." This is not good. At any rate, I will try to wrap this up fairly quickly. In a shameless plug, I would like to note that the campus radio station (KSFC 88.7 FM) is one of the best places for finding out about new music. Y'all ought to try to listen in once or twice if you are interested in new and exciting music of all sorts. •

THE BEASTIE BOYS'

by Elise Graner

Ancient chantings, cellos, violins, flutes and a upright bass, may make you think that you're about to hear a selection from the Masters of Classical Music, until the beat sets in and the funk begins to flow then you realize it's the Beastie Boys. Their latest album *Ill Communication* incorporates old school hip-hop, punk, rock and roll, and a vast array of instruments all played by the Beasties themselves. Similar to their last effort *Check Your Head*, *Ill Communication* is full of jam-style instrumentals that mesh together with an electric guitar, somewhat funky bass, and the simple but consistent drum beats of Mike D. Yet, unlike *Check Your Head* the playing is much tighter and there's much more experimentation with both their style of playing and the choice of instruments. MCA, for example, moves from a bass guitar to a upright bass on *Ill Communication*, which gives the songs more depth with a jazz like quality.

"Flute Loop", the thirteenth song on the album is both jazzy and sophisticated with the aid of a flute and piano that plays above the old-school style of a drum machine and scratching of D.J. Hurricane. "Futtermen's Rule", combines the hard sound of Ad-Rocks guitar, a drum solo, a "Starsky and Hutch" bass, and the spacey sound of the ever present keyboards. Although the instrumental songs on this album are more innovative and well put together than on *Check Your Head*, there is still one too many of these same seventies style garage band sounding songs. This nostalgic sounding instrumental playing works best when they rap on top of it, holding the song together in a tight package. The Beastie Boys, who originally started out as a young struggling punk band, resurfaces some of their punk sounds on tracks like, "Tough Guy" and "Heart Attack Man". Although I enjoyed the various styles of music on this album the Beastie Boys haven't seemed to figure out that punk music is more than playing fast and yelling out simple lyrics. Their punk roots however do succeed in "Sabotage". Although this song is radio friendly it possibly best demonstrates the new venture towards the fusion of punk and hip-hop.

Other highlights on this album include the first track, "Sure Shot", which starts off with a sample of a dog whining and moves into the sweet sound of the flute and the funky rhythm of the drums and the Beastie Boys in their old-style fashion of rapping.

Another wonder on this album is, "Get It Together", which is a collaboration of Q-Tip of A Tribe Called Quest,

one of the best rappers in the hip-hop world today, and the Beastie Boys. This song most clearly demonstrates the difference of rap styles between the smooth flowing lyrics of Q-Tip and the more choppy but unique and jovial style of the Beastie Boys. The song is an effort to show the hip-hop community that it must unify across boundaries of black and white, East and West, and the new and the old artists. It also contains some classic Beastie Boys lyrics. Just as on *Paul's Boutique* they said, "Rapunzel Rapunzel, let down your hair, so I can climb up and get into your underwear", and MCA made his self-proclamation, "I am a lava lamp", then on *Check Your Head*, "I go on to the crack of dawn mowing down M.C.'s like I'm mowing the lawn," and the classic sample used on "Professor Booty", "I hear you're girl has been givin' it to all them graffiti guys," "Yo, Shut the fuck up, chico man!" In this fashion in, "Get It Together", Ad-Rock professes his love for his wife Lone Skye, "Got to do it like Chachi and Joanie, she's the cheese and I'm the macaroni".

One of the most interesting tracks on *Ill Communication* is "Bodhisattava Vow", which uses ancient Buddhist chants and on which lyrics most show the personal growth of the Beastie Boys from beer guzzling womanizing young men on *License to Ill* to meditating self-reflecting men searching to expand their minds and cultural views. The last track on *Ill Communication* is a slow jam, and like most of their instrumentals makes one think back to long days of roller skating in the streets, tube tops, pink gloss, dolphin shorts, the soundtrack from "Super Fly", and re-runs of "Starsky and Hutch" and "Charlie's Angels".

Overall, *Ill Communication*, is a successful extension of their last album, *Check Your Head*. The Beastie Boys like few other hip-hop artists today, have combined their musical influences and expanded their musical abilities to include a vast audience of listeners that reaches beyond the hip-hop world. And yet they are still able to keep in close contact with their hip-hop roots and pay a tribute to such artists of today such as Biz Markie and Q-Tip. *Ill Communication* is a diverse effort that will allow the listener to discover some new nuance each time they listen to it. Although some of the instrumentals may seem too long and too much of the same, the others will have you grooving in Beastie Boy tradition. •



Sure Shot

CAN'T WE ALL JUST GET ALONG?

BY JUAN DELARA

This past summer I participated in a program sponsored by the American Sociological Association. The purpose of the Minority Opportunity through School Transformation Program was to gather students of color from the U.S. and Puerto Rico to discuss issues of multiculturalism in higher education and society as a whole. It is imperative that our society begin to seriously discuss such vital issues.

Current demographic changes indicate that in the immediate future, whites will no longer be the overwhelming majority group in the U.S. Indeed, in some parts of the country and in some larger cities, whites no longer comprise the majority. Such distribution trends, along with the fact that current social institutions do not provide a framework from which to analyze the experience of marginalized groups, are at the center of the argument which claims that society must re-evaluate dominant paradigms that serve to inhibit the progress and success of marginalized groups.

The debate between those in academia and society who either favor or oppose multiculturalism is one which increasingly moves towards the approval or condemnation of ethnic studies. Ronald Takaki claims that Allan Bloom is a "leader in the cultural backlash against cultural diversity". Bloom is an advocate of what Takaki claims is the going back to the "good old Great Books approach." In fact, Bloom is said to believe that one failure in race relations in that black students have become too ethnic. He believes that they have made their blackness an issue, which refuses to allow them to melt in to the pot like all other groups have. Bloom believes that programs such as Black Studies have cause an increased amount of separatism. He is an advocate of an assimilation process which would render a version of society which has a "fundamental basis of unity". Bloom argues that diversity is a threat to the social contract of America.

WITH THE INCREASE IN DIVERSITY, PEOPLE OF COLOR CAN NO LONGER BE PLACED IN POSITIONS WHICH TOKENIZE THEM.

Can't We All Just Get Along? (con't)

According to Bloom, the Black Power Movement of the 1960's is responsible for causing the Black community to bring their phenotype to the forefront in terms of defining who they are. He claims that such a process removes blacks from the realm where they can exist as human beings and drags them to a place where they bask in the perceived glory of being Black. Under such assumptions, Bloom would seem to claim that they chose to be Black. Such claims are severely lacking any kind of sociological imagination that would take into account the historical effects of social institutions upon the individual and the groups which chose those individuals comprise. Such an analysis by Bloom ignores the causes which lead minorities to rebel against a society that systematically oppresses them and uses phenotype as one of its weapons. What Bloom proposes is equivalent to blaming the victim. Bloom goes on to claim that affirmative action programs allow unqualified students to be affected by colleges and universities. The increase in Black students on campus led to an increased demand for Black Studies which Bloom claims, according to Takaki, added to the "discomposition of the University."

Bloom is only one of a few scholars who have criticized multicultural education. Diane Ravitch and Arthur Schlesinger are among those who favor an approach which celebrates our commonalities rather than accentuating our differences. Ravitch seems to be accepting of other people's culture but only if it is limited to the sharing of one another's food, music and art. Arthur Schlesinger believes that in order to keep the United States unified, people must assimilate into a common culture.

Takaki points out that it is useful to consider what Susan Faludi has called the backlash against women's liberation when analyzing the reaction by dominant academe against multiculturalism. The increase in diversity means that multi-ethnic faculty must also grown in size. With the increase in diversity, people of color

can no longer be placed in positions which tokenize them. Indeed, those who will not accommodate a diverse culture are in danger of becoming obsolete. White privileged men cannot longer be the sole owners of educational institutions and dominant paradigms.

...IN ORDER TO UNDERSTAND PEOPLE'S LIVES ONE MUST GO BEYOND RECOGNITION AND INCLUSION AND MUST "PERMIT THEM TO RESHAPE THE BASIC CONCEPTS AND THEORIES OF THE DISCIPLINE."

Increasingly, those who opposed multiculturalism claim that diversity is a threat to the stability of the nation. E.D. Hirsch claims that the U.S. is becoming a "Tower of Babel." He claims that such a transformation is capable of tearing the social fabric of the country apart. He proposes that the nation unite under a set of shared symbols. However, according to Takaki, the symbols which he puts forth "leaves out much of the history of minorities."

The critics Reyes and Halcon also address the problems that minority scholars face in the academic world. They claim that at the time when affirmative action regulations were at their peak, most of the faculty that were hired to meet the regulations were given non-tenure-track positions. Most were put into positions that dealt with minority issues and programs which were often marginalized within the institu-

tion themselves. Such positions not only left minorities with little power in terms of decision making but it also left them vulnerable to attack.

Chicanos and Latinos continue to be discriminated against. A study done in 1988 found that in California, there were no Chicano or Latino academic deans or department heads outside of ethnic or Chicano Studies. As Reyes and Halcon point out, in a state where the then current population of Chicanos and Latinos was 6.6 million, one has to wonder why such low employment of Chicanos and Latinos exists in positions of power inside of a public university system which is supposed to provide services to a population which is largely composed of said group. Such discrepancies can only be accounted to a system which discriminates against those who are at the periphery of power. Such distance from the center is continually propagated by a dominant group which seeks to maintain power within a society that is becoming more and more diverse. Power mongering cannot be a viable option for a society which seeks to be at peace.

The voice of multiculturalism is one which cannot die. Rather than bringing chaos to society, multiculturalism brings a forum through which the voices of those who have been oppressed for so long can finally being to be heard by a society which has long closed off its reality.

Maxine Baca Zinn and Bonnie Thornton Dill claim that recognizing differences between groups is not enough. They claim that in order to understand people's lives one must go beyond recognition and inclusion and must "permit them to reshape the basic concepts and theories of the discipline."•

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